





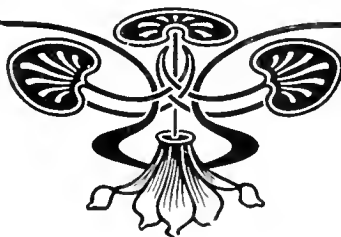
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Mrs. David H. Bergey

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The Pennsylvania-German

A POPULAR MAGAZINE OF
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Ever since the sixth of October, 1683, Germans have been busily helping to make American history. It is this German-American history that, with special reference to our own great commonwealth of Pennsylvania, this magazine is endeavoring to set before the world in its true light. Whatever interests the German settlers or their descendants in any part of this country, is a legitimate object of our study and research.

VOL. VII
JANUARY-DECEMBER, 1906

PRESS OF REPORT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LEBANON, PA.

Schpotjohr 320
 Wie Mer Unser Offa Ufg'schteilt Hen..... 320
 Hidden Prayer and Hope—Verborgenes Hehen
 und Hoffen 374
 Am Danksagungsstag 374
 Der Sam Gilderi uf der Freieret 375
 Electroengering Methods 376
 Die Christbaume—Christmas Trees 430
 Christmas Eve Seventy-five Years Ago 430
 'M Captain Jones sei Christkindel 431
 Worshipping the Infant Christ—Die Anbetung
 des Christkindes 433

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT 42, 86, 130, 212, 266, 322,
 377, 434
 Clippings from CURRENT NEWS, 44, 86, 134, 141, 213,
 252, 268, 302, 323, 376, 430
 Chats with Correspondents, 90, 91, 143, 215, 269, 325,
 381, 437
 Genealogical Notes and Queries, 143, 215, 279, 327,
 438
 Our Book-Table, 147, 92, 144, 216, 270, 328, 382, 439
 Fiction Dealing with Pennsylvania Germans, 272
 The Title of Shakespear's 383
 What Pennsylvania German Writers are Doing 44

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PORTRAITS:

Prof. Israel D. Rupp 2
 Rev. H. A. Weller, D.D. 25
 The Penna. German Society at Reading, Pa. 41
 William Pepper, M.D. 50, 159
 Rev. John Heckewelder 72
 Rachel Bahn 98
 F. R. Dufenderfer 113
 William H. Egle 115
 Hon. Gustav A. Endlich, LL.D. 116
 Isaac Heister, Esq. 117
 Bishop Nathaniel B. Grubb 118
 Hon. Samuel J. Kistler 129
 Rev. Charles E. Kistler 130
 Two Prominent Penna. Germans 140
 David Rittenhouse 153
 John Wanamaker 156
 Samuel D. Gross, M.D. 157
 Samuel S. Haldeman, LL.D. 158
 Joseph Leidy, M.D. 158
 Gen. John Peter G. Muhlenberg 162
 Gen. George A. Custer 162
 Gen. John D. Imboden 163
 Rear-Admiral Winfield S. Schley 163
 Michael Hillegas 166
 Frederic A. Muhlenberg 167
 Albert Gallatin 168
 William M. Heister 169
 Gov. Simon Snyder 170
 Gov. John A. Schulze 170
 Gov. Joseph Heister 170
 Gov. George Wolf 170
 Gov. Joseph Ritner 171
 Gov. Francis R. Shunk 171
 Gov. William Bialer 172
 Gov. John F. Hartranft 172
 Gov. James A. Beaver 173
 Rev. Henry Harbaugh, D.D. 179
 Lee L. Grumbine 180
 Col. Thomas C. Zimmerman 181
 William Dean Howells 183
 Rev. Michael Schlatter 183
 Prof. Charles Rudy 184
 Hon. Henry Houck 185
 Prof. Martin G. Brumbaugh 185
 August G. Spangenberg 188
 Dr. Henry M. Muhlenberg 188
 Rev. Philip W. Otterbein 189
 Dr. Chester D. Hartranft 190
 Bayard Taylor 195
 Timothy Horsfield 229
 Henry S. Dotterer 231
 Albert M. Sigmund, M.D. 235
 Henry M. Sigmund 236
 Frances Marion (Dolly) Harris 241
 William and Magdalene H. Gottschall 282
 Bishop Moses Gottschall 283
 David Grubb 284
 Peter and Catharine G. Grubb 285
 Moses Grubb 286
 Hon. John Ritter 293
 Peter Reinhold 297
 Frederic Krause 299
 Gen. John Sullivan 300
 George F. Baer, Esq. 336
 William H. Slingluff 337
 Frederic S. Hartman 346
 George C. Hartman 347
 George C. Hartman and Family 348
 Caspar Peter the Third 353
 Captain Michael Doudel 356
 Gen. Henry Miller 358

Major John Clark 359
 Barbara Fritchie (portrait, home, relics, etc.) 368
 Paul Henkel, D.D. 398
 Socrates Henkel, D.D. 399
 Rev. Ambrose Henkel 409

SCENES AND VIEWS:

Headwaters of the Perkiomen 8
 "Cradle of Heretofore Debating Club" 9
 Old Christmas Hill and Homestead 10
 Scene on the Perkiomen 12
 The Old Trappe Church 14
 Ursinus College 15
 Grave-stone of Jacob Ingel 18
 Site of River Brethren's First Love Feast 18
 Site of Organization of River Brethren 19
 Home of John Engel 20
 River Brethren's Baptizing Place 21
 Zion, the "Old Red Church" 23
 Site of Moravian Indian Chapel at Gnaden-
 huetten 28
 Monument to Martyrs at Gnadenhuetten 30
 St. John's Episcopal Church, Carlisle, Pa. 30
 First Presbyterian Church, Carlisle, Pa. 37
 Second Presbyterian Church, Carlisle, Pa. 37
 St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Carlisle, Pa. 38
 The Old Guardhouse at Carlisle 38
 Garrison Headquarters, Carlisle 39
 Parade Ground at Carlisle (three views) 59, 60
 Dickinson College, Carlisle 61, 62
 Old Court House at York, Pa. 65
 Figure of Justice on York Court House 66
 Liberty Bell and "Little Man" 67
 Mission Apple Tree at Gnadenhuetten, O. 75
 Monument to Martyrs at Gnadenhuetten, O. 78
 The Home of Rachel Bahn 92
 The Hessians' Burial Grounds 100
 Allentown in the Days of Our Grandfathers 103
 Allentown Seminary and Trout Hall 105
 St. Paul's Ev. Lutheran Church at Allentown 107
 Lehigh County Court House 109
 Basin of Crystal Spring, Allentown, Pa. 111
 Church at New Jerusalem, Pa. 124
 Third Ebenezer Church at Lyntown, Pa. 125
 House Built by Samuel Kistler in 1803 127
 A Pioneer's Log Dwelling 148
 An Old-Time Spring-House 149
 Old-Time Farm House and Barn 151
 A Penna. German Farm Scene of Today 153
 Views of Mount Gretna (five pictures) 201, 202, 203, 204, 208
 Lehigh County Jail 208
 Allentown Iron Works in 1860 210
 Wreck of Lehigh River Bridge 210
 Monument to Rev. John W. Weber 218
 Union Church at Harrold's, Pa. 220
 Reformed Pastors' Home near Greensburg, Pa. 221
 Weber Memorial Chapel 223
 Wyoming Monument, near Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 225
 Homestead of Peter J. Faust 238
 Hampton Schoolhouse 239
 Looking Down Hamilton Street, Allentown, Pa. 245
 Fountain House at Crystal Spring, Allentown 246
 Northeast Corner of Center Square, Allentown 248
 Soldiers' Monument, Allentown 257
 Old Fair Grounds, Allentown 251
 Old Union Church at Boyertown 260
 Old Longswamp Central Schoolhouse 262
 Homestead of Christian Meyer, Jr. 274
 Hans Meyer Homestead 277
 Hotel at Westcoast, Pa. 287
 Gottschall Homestead 281
 Memorial Stone for Sebastian H. Knauss 288

Original and Present Moravian Church at Emaus, Pa. 290
 Knauss Homestead, near Emaus, Pa. 292
 Cemetery near Swartzwald Church. 294
 Swamp Lutheran-Reformed Church. 296
 Oldest House in Lehigh County. 313
 House on Farm Formerly Owned by John U. Berge 330
 Lower Salford Mennonite Church and Graveyard 339
 Yost Homestead 340
 Portion of Daniel Yost's Shop. 340
 Old Schaeffer Homestead (two views). 386
 First Reformed Church, Reading, Pa. 392
 Secoud Reformed Church, Reading, Pa. 393

Reformed Schoolhouse, Reading, Pa. 395
 Present Farm Buildings on Wiegner Homestead 404
 An Old-Time School in Session 417
 An Old-Time School at Play. 418
 Rhoads Homestead 428

MISCELLANEOUS:

Pfeffer Memento in Church at Schaefferstown, Pa. 53
 Title-Page of Stereotyped New Testament 177
 Hand-Press Made in 1796. 294
 Baer Reunion Badges. 333, 335
 Naturalization Certificate of Jacob Yost 338
 Mother at the Spinning-Wheel. 412
 A Modern Santa Claus 415

AUTHORS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

* Quotations contained in other articles are marked with a star.

Albright, Jacob 276
 Allebach, Rev. H. G. 281
 Anonymous, 26, 35, 84, 123, 135, 139, 137, 150, 178, 240, 264, 265, 298, 314, 406, 431.
 Apple, Rev. J. H. 366
 Baer, Samuel A., Ph.D. 333
 Bahn, Rachel 101
 Beatty, Lieut. E. 310
 Belmer, Mrs. L. L. 237
 Bergey, D. H., A. M., M.D. 157, 331
 Berlin, Alfred Franklin 227
 Betz, I. H., M.D. 64, 99, 355
 Bittenger, Lucy Forney. 180
 Bolhuys, John H. von 319
 Bodmer, Henry 265
 Buehrle, Supt. R. K. 422
 Croll, Rev. P. C., D.D. 3, 51, 201
 DeLong, George Keller. 262
 Diffenderfer, F. R. *196
 Dotterer, Henry S. 112
 Dubbs, Rev. Joseph Henry, D.D. 188
 Earnest, Mrs. M. L. *236
 Editor 7, 31, 120, 174, 178, 183, 196, 198, 233, 411
 Egle, Dr. W. H. 5, 173
 Ellis J. Howard 341
 Eshelman, E. M. 293, 310
 Ettinger, Prof. G. T., Ph.D. 253
 Fegley, H. W. *233
 Fisher, Henry L. 419, *418
 Fisher, Sydney George 159, 193, 194, *197
 Fouse, Rev. D. S. 210
 Fretz, Rev. Allen M. 275
 Gayman, Prof. A. James 301
 Gerhard, Prof. E. S. 383
 Gleich, Lorenz 82
 "Goethe von Berks" 119, 255, 376
 Gruber, Prof. M. A. 80, 82
 Grumbein, E., M.D. 39, *414
 "Hahnwackel, Pit" 137, 321
 "Hanjerg, Old Schoolmaster" 84, 375
 Harbaugh, Henry 416
 Harley, Prof. Lewis R., Ph.D. 154, 331
 Hartman, Prof. W. L. 344
 H. A. S. 79, 82, 83, 135, 136, 374, 439
 Hauser, James I. 102, 268, 244
 Heber, Bishop Reginald. 433
 Heckman, Rev. Geo. C. 193
 Hehlig, Richard E. 393
 Held, Prof. Ernest 37
 Hemans, Mrs. Felicia 83
 Hensch, Hon. W. U. *166
 Hill, C. F. 83
 Horne, Dr. A. R. 415
 "Hulsbuck, Solly" 320
 "Hunchback, Little" 134, 256, 315, *371
 Jacobs, Rev. H. E. 197
 "Jeff, Onkel" 39, 260, 430
 J. B. 37
 Johnson, Rev. E. E. S. 122
 Jones, George M. 166
 Jordan, John W., LL.D. 160

Kauffman, Reginald Wright 180
 Kerchner, Katherine 423
 Kettoman, Geo. W. *241
 Kistler, Rev. C. E. 124
 Knauss, Ex-Supt. J. O. 287
 Kocher, O. E. 359
 Krauss, Fred. A. 231
 Krichel, H. W. 191, 211, 400
 Koons, Ulysses S. 169
 Kuhns, Prof. Oscar 159, 195, 311
 Lancaster Lawyer 164
 Langgard, Rev. Andreas. *291
 Leisenring, Dr. P. S. *234
 Loskiel, George H. 29, *229
 Mays, George, M.D. 38, 151
 Melchior, Prof. D. Montfort 223, 308
 Meschter, Prof. Charles K. 252
 Miller, Danjel 391
 Miller, John K. 17
 Mohr, P. P. 352
 Moore, Thomas 374
 Pennypacker, Hon. S. W. *16, *193
 Pickett, Mrs. L. C. *240
 Rapp Supt. L. M. 87
 Reichel, Prof. Wm. C. *121
 Reinhold, Rev. D. G. 295
 Rice, Rev. William H., D.D. 71
 Richards, H. M. M. 112
 Richardson, W. H. 360
 Riley, Rev. Thomas M., D.D. 55
 Ritter, H. S. 292
 Roberts, Charles R. 313, 428
 Roberts, Ellwood 68
 Rondthaler, Rev. Emanuel *121
 Rosengarten, J. G. 101
 Rupp, Prof. J. D. *196
 Sandt, Rev. Geo. W., D.D. 419
 Schaeffer, D. Nicholas, Esq. 387
 Schaff, Dr. Philip 193
 Schantz, Rev. F. J. F., D.D. 147
 Scheffel, Victor von 319
 Schiller 79
 Shimmell, Prof. L. S., Ph.D. 303
 Stapleton, Rev. A. 174, 397
 Stille, Chas. J. 192
 Stout, John Baer 242, 379
 Stump, Rev. Adam 135
 Tennyson, Alfred 37
 Trexler, B. F. *35
 Vollmer, Rev. Ph. *107
 Wallace, Wm. A. *193
 Wanger, G. F. P. 283
 Weller, Rev. H. A. 22
 Wicand, J. B. 279
 Wickersham, Hon. J. P. *183
 William, Major Ennion *226
 Wolf, Gov. George *185
 Wuerkert, L. 82, 430
 Yost, J. Irwin 337
 Ziegler, C. C. 375
 Zimmerman, Col. T. C. *197, 295

The Pennsylvania-German

JANUARY, 1906

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Frontispiece—Prof. I. Daniel Rupp	2
Prof. Israel Daniel Rupp—A Biographical Sketch, by Rev. P. C. Croll, D.D.	3
The Perkiomen Region and Its People—A Descriptive and Historic Survey, by the Editor	7
The River Brethren—A Historical Sketch, by John K. Miller	17
Zion, the "Old Red Church" in West Brunswick Township, Schuylkill County, Pa., by Rev. H. A. Weller, D.D.	22
The Gnadenhütten Massacres—A Brief Account of Two Historic Tragedies. I.	26
The Spelling of Our Dialect, by the Editor	31
Hunting "Elbetritche"—A Popular Story in Two Versions	35
Literary Gems:	
The Death of the Old Year—Des Alt-Jahrs Tod	37
Die Glock, by Dr. George Mays	38
Patrick McGlynn and the Hornet's Nest, by "Onkel Jeff"	39
Die Junga Richter, by Dr. E. Grumbine	39
The Pennsylvania-German Society at Reading, Pa. (full-page illustration)	41
Editorial Department:	
Editorials	42
Clippings from Current News	44
Chat with Correspondents	46
Our Book Table	47



Yours truly
J. D. Ruffin

The Pennsylvania-German

Vol. VII

JANUARY, 1906

No. 1

Prof. Israel Daniel Rupp

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY REV. P. C. CROLL, D.D.
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THERE is perhaps no other scion of the plain but sturdy race of Teutons which settled in Pennsylvania in the eighteenth century, who has done so much for the preservation of the history of these modest people as he whose name stands at the head of this article and who is here to be briefly sketched. Says the late Prof. Seidensticker,* of the University of Pennsylvania:

If we ask who was one of the pioneers in the arduous task of gathering materials widely scattered, of blending a thousand facts into an instructive story, of training the people to a proper appreciation of their local history, I believe that honor will hardly be disputed to belong to . . . Mr. Israel Rupp. . . . As far as his standing as an historian is concerned, Mr. Rupp has carved out his own career. There was nothing in the surroundings of his birth and early training that augured the distinction which he has attained. It was his father's pride to bring up his sons as thrifty farmers and good citizens. There was no library to develop his taste in the direction of historical inquiry, no institute of learning to initiate him in the ways of an author, not even a prominent scholar to serve him as a model. He was in the best sense, a self-educated man, and whatever opportunities he had were of his own making.

Mr. Rupp published upwards of twenty-five volumes, most of which were devoted to some phase or another of this favorite subject of his. His county histories, of which alone there are seven large volumes, covering the early history of twenty-two counties (some of which have since been subdivided), are to-day rare and valuable treasures, much sought after by antiquarians and genealogists. His "Thirty Thousand Names of German and Other Immigrants to Pennsylvania" has quite a reputation for its careful and critical work, and has become an invaluable storehouse of information on

the question of German ancestry and settlement. There are other works, in the nature of church histories, or descriptive of certain doctrinal tenets of several German religious sects, which shed much light on the history of the German settlements in Pennsylvania and the peculiarities of these people.

Mr. Rupp, though of German birth, was thoroughly American, being the grandson of the original Rupp immigrant, whose name was John Jonas, commonly written Jonas, and who landed in this country in 1751. He came of honored lineage and in time became the ancestor of a numerous and honored progeny in this country.

A few days after landing at the port of Philadelphia, the elder Rupp took up his abode with John Leonard Umberger, a farmer, who lived a few miles north of the present city of Lebanon, Pa. Here he united with the German Reformed branch of the old "Hill Church," built twenty years before by the German settlers of these parts, and then served by Revs. Conrad Templeman and J. Casper Stoeber, respectively, the Reformed and Lutheran pastors. Mr. Rupp was soon elected as *Vorsinger*, or leader of the singing, by this congregation.

In 1755 he married a German maiden by the name of Anna Maria Elizabeth Horst, whose father, Michael Horst, dead since 1742, had been a neighboring farmer, and whose widow had now become the wife of Mr. Umberger. The old Rupp family Bible records this happy event as having occurred on February 2 of said year, and the nuptials to have been solemnized by his pastor, Rev. Templeman. The new couple remained in the Umberger family until 1761, sharing many of the hardships these pio-

*Memoir in The Pennsylvania Magazine, Jan., 1891.

neer settlers then endured on account of the cruel incursions of the Indians during this period.

After residing in what was then Lancaster, but is now Lebanon county, for nearly twenty years, he purchased a farm in Cumberland county, several miles south of the Susquehanna river, where he took up his permanent abode and reared a large family. His farm, it is said, soon excelled in every respect those of his Scotch-Irish neighbors. He was industrious, frugal and pious, caring well for the temporal and spiritual welfare of himself and all his household.

Having been a leading layman, he was often asked to conduct religious services at funerals and on other occasions, in the absence of a regularly ordained pastor, whose parishes then commonly covered several counties. This shows the place he occupied in his church as a pious layman, and gives the secret of the many virtues transmitted to succeeding generations.

During the Revolution he rendered the American cause tangible services, and later some of his sons took part with Washington in quelling the "Whiskey Insurrection" of Pennsylvania.

In 1801 this Jonas Rupp, who was a grandfather of the subject of this sketch, died in his home, in the act and attitude of prayer, and was buried in the Friends Union church graveyard near the old home, north of Shiremanstown, Cumberland county, Pa., of which Reformed congregation he had been a pious and honored elder to the day of his death.

Prof. Israel Daniel Rupp was the fourth son of George, the seventh child of Jonas Rupp. He was born in the old Cumberland county homestead, July 5, 1803. Here he spent his childhood years and received his primary education.

Among the books of his library was found one, presented him by his teacher, Peter Blaeser, and dated August 26, 1809, with the following inscription in German:

This book I present to my much beloved pupil, Daniel Rupp, in the hope that the Mer-

ciful God may accompany the same with His blessing upon his tender heart, that he may learn therein how happy he will be if he will give his heart to God in early childhood and renounce the folly of silly youth together with its sinful lusts, and give himself wholly unto his Savior, Jesus Christ, in order that he may become a saved child. This is the wish of his teacher, who loves him tenderly.

Who can say what such a book and such a man did for the future goodness and greatness of this youth?

In his subsequent life Mr. Rupp often alluded to this childhood friend in words of respect and tenderest love. In his autobiography is found a brief sketch of this old-time professional school-teacher, whose career was itself quite conspicuous, he having been an author and somewhat of a poet.

The youth of Mr. Rupp was spent on the old farm, laying up practical knowledge and physical robustness, together with a mastery of the elements of an education for future service.

On July 19, 1827, he married Caroline K., the daughter of Dr. Philip Aristide, of Carlisle, with whom he had a family of eight children. One of his daughters was married to Captain J. C. Hathaway, who served gallantly and conspicuously in the Northern army during the late Rebellion. The following dispatch sent his wife explains itself and shows with what important errand he, with a detachment of his regiment, was entrusted:

Headquarters Fourth Michigan Cavalry,
Macon, Ga., May 13, 1865.

My Dear Wife:

I have just returned from the capture of Jeff Davis. We caught him at Irwinville, Ga., on the morning of the 10th inst. Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard is just starting to Fort Monroe with him.

Your loving husband,

J. C. HATHAWAY.

Another daughter was married to Lewis Wood Robinson, of the U. S. Navy, who rose to some distinction for services rendered in different naval engagements, in which he participated during the late war.

A few of his sons also led honorable business or professional careers.

Prof. Rupp's own life was briefly sketched by his personal friend, Dr. W.

H. Egle, the State Librarian at Harrisburg, Pa., who a few years before Mr. Rupp's death, which occurred in Philadelphia, May 31, 1878, published the same in the *Historical Magazine* (February, 1871). From this we learn that the future historian was an apt pupil in his childhood and an omnivorous reader of books, "especially such works of a biographical or historical character as he happened to get hold of. His father had bought a German edition of the 'Life of Benjamin Franklin,' which Daniel devoured with avidity. His reading was wholly confined to works in German, and he has always been partial to his vernacular. His father took a German newspaper, printed in Carlisle, and the boys were well posted in the current news of the day. Annually, for a few weeks, when the farm-work would allow a respite, Daniel paid a visit to his maternal grandfather, Daniel Boeshor, who was married to Anna Maria Wolff, a native of Amsterdam, Holland. There he learned Dutch (Hollandish), and in later life he found his knowledge of this language highly advantageous to his historical pursuits."

Between the years 1814 and 1820 he had the advantage of a few months of English schooling every winter. He especially praised one teacher, who had the skill of setting him early to independent thinking.

In 1821 he united with the church of his fathers by making a public profession of his faith after a course of catechetical instruction in the doctrines of his church. Rev. John Winebrenner, the founder of the sect that bears his name, was then a German Reformed minister and pastor of the Rupp family.

A severe spell of sickness was the providential means of leading the youth into the pursuit of linguistic studies, rather than follow the career of a farmer, for which his father had intended him. The family physician, Dr. Herring, of Mechanicsburg, interested the patient, upon his convalescence, in the study of Latin and Greek. It was now the wish of his father that Daniel might become a doctor, but the son disliked the profession. He devoted some time to the

study of the medical science, but had no taste for its practice. He determined to give himself to teaching, and therefore applied himself assiduously to the mastery of several modern languages. He was soon proficient in six different languages. He taught about twenty years, part of the time in advanced academies of his native State and Ohio.

We quote from the article by Dr. Egle already alluded to:

About the year 1827 he conceived the idea that a history of the Germans of Pennsylvania might be useful. There was then no material at hand—no local histories of counties were extant. He proposed to a friend, Jacob Weaver, M.D., to turn itinerant book-sellers—Dr. Weaver to improve his impaired health, Daniel to see the country and collect material for a history of the Germans. They fitted themselves out with a horse and wagon and a stock of books, and made a complete circuit of all the German counties of Pennsylvania. The result was that the doctor's health improved, while Daniel laid in a stock of historical material. A dissolution of partnership followed.

In order that he might have access to the Records and Documents at the State Capitol, Mr. Rupp shortly after, in April, 1828, located at Harrisburg and opened a school. The historical budget swelling year by year, he began to arrange his material, but found it meagre and imperfect. In July, 1829, he went to Pittsburg, and thence to Cincinnati, where he made an agreement with Robinson & Fairbank, to prepare the "*Geschichte der Märtyrer*." During that and the following year he lectured and in 1830 he superintended the printing of an edition of five thousand copies of Brown's American Grammar, in Cincinnati. At the same time he had charge of the Montgomery Academy, 14 miles east of Cincinnati.

He returned to Pennsylvania in 1832, translated several books, collected material for local histories of counties, etc., etc., while teaching school here and there. In 1842 Mr. Rupp removed to Lancaster, where he prepared for the press his first historical work, the "History of Lancaster County." This, his first venture in local history, the material for which was gathered while in search for whatever related to the Germans in Pennsylvania, was well received, and neighboring counties clamored for the same distinction. Having material on hand, several other county histories followed. After the lapse of thirty years these "locals" have become exceedingly scarce, and cannot be procured at any price. They have furnished the *historical storehouse* for numberless literary quidnuncs, who make a great show with large-paper copies of facts gathered in harvest-fields where they neither sowed nor reaped, while the one entitled to credit is not named.

In two or three of the counties of which Mr. Rupp prepared histories, others have followed, but have added nothing save, perchance, some meagre data gathered from official statistics.

Mr. Rupp was always an indefatigable worker. He was an excellent German scholar, with good conversational powers; he collected enough material to make a dozen historians rich. He has the peculiar faculty of finding out and getting possession of facts that few possess, hence his "locals" are repositories of his zeal and industry. . . . He discards fancies—deals only in facts. Myths he treats as myths, and does not force his opinions upon others, unsubstantiated by truths.

To proceed with our sketch: The time drawing nigh, as he then thought, to make the grand round of the State and stuff his Budget, he became a life-insurance agent, traveling from 1851 to 1856, and subsequently from 1860 to 1874—nineteen years. He found great changes since 1827, and a "History of the Germans" was now demanded. To further aid his efforts in collecting materials, he published "*Thirty Thousand Names*," proposing certain questions to be answered. The answers came in slowly. Having been offered a business in April, 1860, Mr. Rupp removed from Jonestown, where he then had charge of the Swatara Collegiate Institute, to Philadelphia, that he might have access to "many books" and documents. There he still resides,* pursuing his vocation, laying up treasures of history for the great work of his life, "*An Original Fireside History of German and Swiss Immigrants in Pennsylvania, from 1682 to 1775*." It is nearly completed, and it is hoped that Mr. Rupp will soon give it to the public, who have been on the lookout for the work so many years.

We shall not enter into a lengthy array of fine words about Mr. Rupp or his "locals." They speak for themselves; the high price they all command at the present day and the fact that no truthful history of Pennsylvania can be written without reference to them, is high commendation. He gleaned where none reaped save himself, and great is the debt due him by the people of Pennsylvania for rescuing from the hand of oblivion Time much historical material, that otherwise would soon have been lost forever. Mr. Rupp has translated, written, compiled, prepared for the press and edited the following books:

1. "*Martyrer-Geschichte*," (transl.) 1830.
2. "Collection of Choice Sermons," (transl.) 1832.
3. "Discipline of the Evangelical Association," (transl.) 1832.
4. "Wandering Soul," (transl.) 1833.
5. "Writings of Memo Simon," (transl.) 1835.
6. "*Das Ursprüngliche Christenthum*," (transl.) 1836.
7. "The Stolen Child," (transl.) 1836.
8. "The Lyceum Spelling-Book," 1836.

9. "Dr. G. S. E. Pfeiffer's Voyage and Captivity," (transl.) 1836.
10. "Geographical Catechism," &c., 1836.
11. "Practical Farmer," &c., 1837.
12. "The Bloody Theater," &c., 1837.
13. "The Farmer's Complete Farrier," &c., 1843.
14. "History of Lancaster County," 1844.
15. "*Die Pasa Ekklesia*—An Original History of the Religious Denominations in the United States," 1844.
16. "History of Berks and Lebanon Counties," 1844.
17. "History of York County," 1845.
18. "History of Northampton, Lehigh, Monroe, Carbon and Schuylkill Counties," 1845.
19. "History of Dauphin, Cumberland, Bedford, Adams and Perry Counties," 1846.
20. "Early History of Western Pennsylvania, and of the West," 1846.
21. "History of Northumberland, Huntingdon, Mifflin, Centre, Union, Columbia, Juniata and Clinton Counties," 1848.
22. "Mennonite Catechism," (transl.) 1849.
23. "Collection of Thirty Thousand Names," &c., 1856.
24. "Homeopathic Horse-Doctor," (transl.) 1857.
25. "Schwenkfelder Catechism," (transl.) 1863.
26. "Biographical Memorial of John Jonas Rupp and Family Register," 1875.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Rupp did not live to complete and publish the great work of his life, "The Fireside History of the Germans in Pennsylvania," as it is evident that no one else has had the peculiar faculty of obtaining the necessary data for this work which he possessed. However, his name has become a common household word in many a German family throughout all Eastern Pennsylvania, where it is likely that well nigh a hundred thousand copies of his different publications have been scattered. He left the finished manuscript, beside that of the work already mentioned, of a "Monograph of Hessian Mercenaries in the British Service, during the Revolutionary War, 1776-1781," and of "A History of Ten Defunct Sects in Pennsylvania, from 1683 to 1770." Also "Lectures" touching the sufferings, privations, hardships and wrongs endured by the German immigrants to America, and the impositions practiced upon them. It is hoped these several works may yet see the light of day in the garb of books.

*This was written in 1871

In closing this sketch it may be said that, as a teacher, Mr. Rupp was most conscientious in the discharge of his duties and most successful, both as an instructor and a disciplinarian. He was ever concerned in raising the standard of education and in introducing new methods and opening up new channels for the diffusion of knowledge. He was the originator of and the prime mover in the establishment of lycæums for mutual improvement, and succeeded in establishing nearly two hundred of these valuable schools in towns, counties, townships and families. These did for the youth of that day what the University Extension Course and the Chautauqua Scientific and Literary Circles are doing for the present and the rising generations.

Mr. Rupp was most systematic and painstaking in recording all the incidents of his own and the family life, from which the biographical sketches were written, under the title of "Biographical Memorial of John Jonas Rupp and Family Register," which was the last book he ever published. For upwards of fifty years he kept a diary, carefully noting the important events of his life. At the beginning of each new year, or upon the anniversary of his birth, he would commit to the sacred keeping of his journal most devout reflections. These admit

us into the innermost chambers of his heart and reveal to us the true man. We will quote but a single specimen. On July 10, 1869, he writes:

To-day I enter on my sixty-fourth year. I have great cause to praise God for thousands of temporal and spiritual blessings. Vigor of body and mind remain unimpaired. To what cause have I to attribute all this but to a God who blessed me with a strong constitution and a will to abstain from anything detrimental to my health? I have had no anxious thoughts about the morrow, no anxiety to lay up dollars and cents for the sake of dollars and cents. I am well assured that, with industry and economy and the blessings of my Creator, I shall not want any of the necessities of life. My natural wants are few. Luxuries I do not desire.

Mr. Rupp, at the time of his death, was a member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, the Minnesota Historical Society, and the Historical Society of Wisconsin. He was corresponding member of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, the Moravian Historical Society of Nazareth, Pa., and the York County Cabinet of Natural Sciences and Lyceum. He was an honorary member of the *Deutscher Pionier-Verein* of Cincinnati, O., besides holding honorary membership in a number of college literary societies.

Numerous relatives of his are scattered over all parts of the State, and his own family are principally located at Philadelphia.

The Perkiomen Region and its People

A DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORIC SURVEY BY THE EDITOR

THE Perkiomen—what a flood of happy boyhood recollections this name awakens in our mind! Perkiomen Creek people called it, and only a creek it was, as we saw it; but to our exuberant childish fancy, that magnified families into tribes and nations, and homesteads into countries and cities, it was a veritable river, by far the largest we had yet known.

HAPPY BOYHOOD REMINISCENCES

We remember the first time we saw the limpid stream that seemed so big to us then, and undoubtedly was bigger in those days, before the woodman's ax had

laid waste so much of the timberland from which its supplies are drawn. It was a summer morning, and my companions, who had led me thither, went in to bathe, as they had been accustomed to do. I would not follow their example then, but the time soon came when I was just as eager to go in for a swim as they. Hardly a day passed of the hot summer season but we would go over through the brush to the little pond and disport in its tepid waters to our heart's content. How the scent of the horsemint seemed to greet us as we drew near! It may be unpoetic to speak of memory's nose, but surely I can still smell that delicious

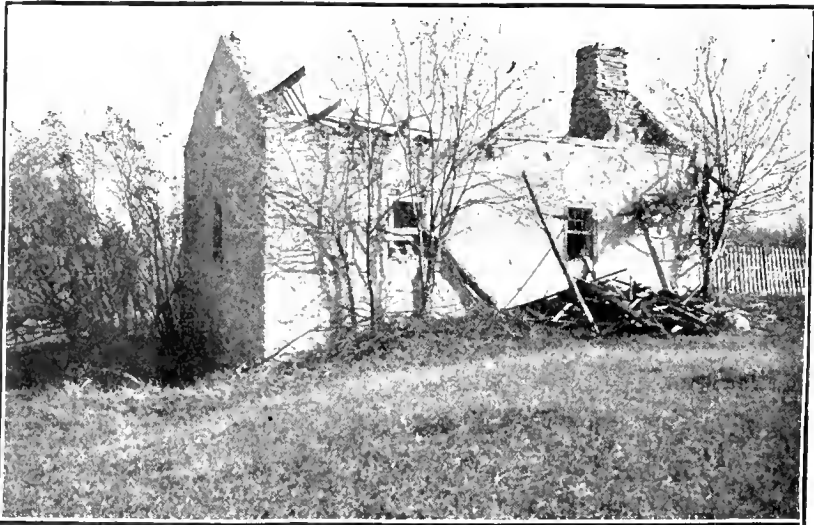
odor as distinctly as I can see three boys hastening toward that bathing-pool, each perhaps carrying a clean shirt under his arm to be exchanged for the old one after the bath.

The water in that pond was nowhere deep enough to drown us, but just deep enough to allow us to swim about a few yards when, after due practice on an old fence-rail or a board, we had learned to keep afloat by our own skill. Nor was bathing and swimming our only diversion there. Sometimes we would catch little suckers or sunfish by hand, or water-snakes looking out from the dam below with a wire noose; sometimes too,

away. If the reader has ever, barefoot and with trousers rolled up above the knees, waded about in slippery mud, trying to seize and hold a still more slippery eel, he can understand these joys far better than we can describe them.

Ah, truly, the Perkiomen bears a multitude of pleasant recollections of our early days! We may well quote the smoothly flowing verses in which Colonel Zimmerman, that gifted poet, sings the beauties of this stream, changing but one line to suit our own experience:

I sing of the Perkiomen,
Its sky-reflected hue,
Its wooded banks, its tranquil flow,
Its stone-fringed shallows, too.



HEADWATERS OF THE PERKIOMEN, NEAR HARLEM, PA.

moved by that spirit of mischief which seems to be an indispensable part of every boy's make-up, we prolonged our sport by throwing mud-lumps at each other, forcing the one that was hit to plunge into the water much oftener than he liked. Sometimes the offender met his deserts by being caught and thrown into the water, clothes and all.

It was quite a small pond in which the writer had these exhilarating experiences long years ago. But half a mile down stream there was a big pond, and when this was drained from time to time there was joy for the heart of another boy, whose home was only a few rods

'Tis a song of pleasant waters
In the days of long ago,
When we in joyous boyhood
Its banks roamed to and fro.

THE NAME OF THE PERKIOMEN

The name of this stream so closely linked with our daily boyhood life long had something of mystery for us. People called it *die Bergiamer*, and for a good while we were wondering how this name should be spelt. We were not the only ones that have been in doubt about this spelling; though the name has long been fixed in its present simple form, it has passed through more than a dozen transformations. Cranberries must have

grown formerly along the banks of this stream, or why should the Indians have called it by a name which is interpreted "place of cranberries"? *Pah-ke-homa* is the spelling of this name, as found in a legal document of 1684; in 1700 it had changed to *Perquamink*. Later spellings found in the Land Office of the Proprietaries are: *Parkecoming*, *Parkeatwink*, *Parkcomink*, *Parqueatwink*, *Parkeawmink*, *Purkeatwink*, *Parkeatwink*. Scull's maps of 1759 and 1770 give it as *Perkiomy*. According to Heckewelder, who is an authority on Indian languages, the spelling should be *Pakihm-*

sold a good many times. The farm in question subsequently belonged to a Mr. Matthan, from whom it passed successively to a Mr. Fisher, Jacob Fox, Frank Fox and its present owner.

In a field of this farm, which adjoins the road winding through between house and barn, and about 150 yards from the latter, stands the ruin of a stone building used as a dwelling for many years and by many families. When it was built, nobody around there seems to know; it is evidently very old. Henry Correll moved into it in 1861 and lived there three years; after him came Will-



"CRADLE OF HEREFORD DEBATING CLUB" AT HARLEM, PA.

munk. But *Perkiomen* it is now, and the name is applied, not only to the river, but to lands, towns, a railroad, banks, lodges, mills and many other places and institutions connected with it.

THE SOURCES OF THE PERKIOMEN

The *Perkiomen* rises among the hills of Hereford township, which forms the eastern end of Berks county, about a mile south of Harlem, on a farm now owned by Joel Schuger, of Albutis, and tenanted by Richard S. Bechtel. This farm is part of a tract of 460 acres, which Jacob Müller, a German immigrant, took up in that locality about 150 years ago. Since the days of that first settler this land has been subdivided and

iam H. Sallade, who made it his home for a few years more. Mr. Sallade, who since became a prominent resident of the lower end of Hereford, and has held several local and county offices, was the last tenant; the house has stood vacant about forty years. Its windows and doors have disappeared long ago; last spring the rest of the roof fell in, and part of it went for the repair of another building. Only the walls, with a part of the lower floor, and the fence which once surrounded the garden are left.

Underneath this ruin, which we had the pleasure of exploring recently, is a strong spring enclosed in a room of about 15 by 20 feet, from which the old-

time inhabitants of the house used to draw their water supply. This spring is the source of the Perkiomen Creek. A big clump of lilac-bushes stands just outside the wall where it issues forth. Tall green grass marks the course of the streamlet toward the brushwood below, where it is soon reinforced by another spring, known as the Sand Spring, and becomes a rivulet, meandering on in the direction of Harlem.

A BIT OF HARLEM'S HISTORY

This hamlet has been the polling-place of Hereford since 1814. Before that time the voters of the township used to perform their civic duties at the public house of Mr. Fisher, the afore-mentioned owner of the farm that holds the headwaters of the Perkiomen. The competition for the new polling-place was between Michael Gery, who owned the store and tavern of what is now Harlem for 40 years, and Joseph Weidner, who kept a hotel two miles below at Treichlersville. The contest was decided in favor of Mr. Gery by sixteen votes, and his place was named Perryville, in honor of Commodore Perry, the victor of Lake Erie, whose fame then filled the land. A

post-office was established there, and in 1882, at the suggestion of the late Congressman D. N. Ermentrout, the name of the place was changed to Harlem, to avoid the confusion which might result from the similarity of the old name to that of Parryville, in Carbon county.

For these items of local history as well as other material we shall use in this article we are indebted to our old friend Jacob M. Gery, who lives on a farm adjoining the Schuger place, and as a lifelong resident of that section is thoroughly familiar with its history and topography. Mr. Gery is a veteran school-teacher, now serving his thirty-third term. He began to teach in 1867, and with the exception of five or six terms, has followed his profession in the schools of Longswamp and Hereford ever since.

We can not leave Harlem without noting another event of its history. One evening in December, 1875, three teachers—James W. Sallade, J. M. Gery and R. L. Rauch—started, in a very modest way, a debating club in the hotel at Perryville, as the place was then called. Their weekly exercises soon attracted attention; other teachers and friends of



OLD CHRISTMAN MILL AND HOMESTEAD, NEAR HARLEM, PA.

education joined them, and to accommodate the growing audiences the meetings were adjourned to a room on the second floor of the hotel-shed. This shed still exists and is shown in one of our illustrations. The Hereford Debating Club, to which the writer had the honor to belong, had a prosperous season that winter and two years later was revived at another place as the Hereford Literary Society, which flourished many years, giving many public entertainments and gathering a considerable library, now kept in its headquarters, the school-house at Hereford. September 5, 1903, this society held a well attended and enthusiastic reunion, and its history has since been published in book form.

WATER POWER OF THE UPPER PERKIOMEN

But while we are lingering in Harlem, the Perkiomen keeps running on. A short distance east of this place it was strong enough to furnish power for a mill long operated by Ephraim Gery and later by his son, James N. Gery. This mill burned down several years ago and has not been rebuilt. Following the stream a little further we come to the old Christman mill, which with the homestead now is in possession of Calvin J. Christman. Thence crossing the line into Lehigh, we come to a creamery, built about twenty years ago by Captain Peter Faust and now owned and operated by his son, P. J. Faust. This creamery stands on the spot where years ago stood the Hampton Furnace, operated until 1868 by the late Henry Sigmund, and before him by his father, Frederic Sigmund, a German redemptioner. That was a very important industry in the middle third of the nineteenth century, and would furnish material for a long chapter of description and reminiscences, but time and space will not allow us to tarry here to-day. We keep to the Perkiomen, which half a mile further on sweeps around in a curve and supplies power from a big pond for the mill lately owned by Hiram Yeakel, now the property of his son, Daniel. Thence it passes on to a grist-mill, owned by Frank Moyer, which formerly was a clover-mill operated by David Schneider, and recrossing the line, flows back into the county

and township that gave it birth. It next propels the saw and grist-mill of Daniel N. Schultz and the grist-mills of David G. Treichler and Lewis G. Kriebel, the latter of which, built by Israel and Sarah Kriebel in 1837, for many years was run by the father and grandfather of the present owner for the making of linseed oil. It ceased to be an oil-mill a dozen years ago, the second last of a great many oil-mills in the Perkiomen region. Below this mill, which is close to the birth-place and boyhood home of one of the editors of this magazine, the Perkiomen makes another bend southward, flowing past Wiegner's Mill, now operated by Lewis Kehl, into Montgomery county, which embraces the remaining and by far the greater part of its territory.

THE PERKIOMEN'S TERRITORY AND TRIBUTARIES

The general course of the Perkiomen after emerging from its native hills is south. Beside Hereford and Washington in Berks, the two Milfords of Lehigh and a small portion of Bucks, it drains the townships of Upper and New Hanover, Douglass, Marlborough, the three Salfords, Franconia, Hatfield, Towamensing, Skippack, and Lower Providence, with parts of Upper Gwynedd, Worcester, Upper Providence, Limerick and Upper Pottsgrove—half the entire county of Montgomery and all its upper end, except a small corner around Pottstown. Its chief tributaries on the right or west side are the (West) Branch, the Deep Creek, Swamp Creek, Speck Creek and Landis Branch; on the left or eastern side it receives the Hosensack, Macoby, another Swamp Creek, the East Branch, the Skippack and others. The entire length of the Perkiomen, from its rise near Harlem to where it unites with the Schuylkill near Perkiomen Junction, 25 miles north of Philadelphia, is about 30 miles. Along its course there is rich and varied scenery of woodland and meadow, fertile fields and thriving towns, with many a "dark, sequestered nook" and many a spot of idyllic beauty, where the most fastidious poet may delightfully while away a long summer afternoon.

The Perkiomen and its tributaries



SCENE ON THE PERKIOMEN, NEAR EAST GREENVILLE WATER WORKS.

drain a territory of about four hundred square miles. Within this region are the boroughs of East Greenville, Pennsburg, Red Hill, Greenlane, Collegeville, Trappe, West Telford, Souderton, Lansdale and North Wales; some of its smaller towns are Bally, Clayton, Hereford, Chapel, Palm, Hosensack, Zionsville, Old Zionsville, Powder Valley, Perkiomenville, Schwenksville, Sunnyside, Salfordville, Telford, Hatfield, Skippackville, etc. It is as great in industrial and commercial enterprise, as important in its educational and religious life, as rich in historical associations as any other part of Pennsylvania-Germandom. We intend to delve deep into its treasure-stores by and by, but for the rest of this article must content ourselves with a brief survey, a sort of bird's-eye view of this most interesting section of our State.

HISTORY OF THE PERKIOMEN VALLEY

For several years the late Henry S. Dotterer published a monthly journal, entitled "The Perkiomen Region, Past and Present." To furnish a glimpse of the history of this region, we will quote a few sentences from the very first pages of his magazine. In his opening editorial Mr. Dotterer says:

Soon after William Penn founded Philadelphia European immigrants pushed inland to the Perkiomen Creek, entered its valley and settled upon its inviting lands. Others followed and ventured farther into the wilderness, establishing themselves upon Skippack Creek and farther north on the two Swamp Creeks, Old and New Goshenhoppen, and points farther east, north and west. Thus in a comparatively short time was peopled by civilized whites the territory drained by Perkiomen Creek and its tributaries. The work of subduing the forests and of making homes followed the advent of the colonists.

Our forefathers settled upon the lands while yet the Indians traversed them in their wanderings. No safeguards, no walls, no armies were placed there to keep the nomads back. . . . Think of the risks taken by the pioneers, and the courage required! . . . True, the streams of the Perkiomen region did not run red with the blood of tomahawked whites, nor did its hills echo the war-whoop of infuriate savages, bent on butchery. Never was the home of any of its dwellers consumed by flames kindled by the torch of the Indian.

Shall we decry our ancestors because they lived in amity with the children of the forest? Rather let us honor them the more. A thousandfold greater glory attaches to a record of peace and good will than to pages of history covered with the stories of quarrels, wrongs and bloodshed.

History records no battle fought in the Perkiomen Region, but the War for Independence came very close to its people. The battles of Brandywine and German-

town took place at their doors. In the interval of these battles Washington's army encamped at Pennypacker's Mills, now the country-seat of Governor Pennypacker; after the defeat at Germantown he led his suffering soldiers into winter quarters at Valley Forge, right across the Schuylkill. "The contending armies crossed and recrossed the Perkiomen and the Skippack and marched up and down the highways of this section of Pennsylvania. The inhabitants were not only observers of these stirring events," Washington was here in the midst of his friends, who not only espoused his cause, but drew the sword for its support and led their neighbors to battle for its success. The Muhlenbergs, Jacob Peterman, Arnold Francis, Abraham Wentz, Daniel Hiester, Jacob Reed, Frederic Antes, Michael Dotterer were a few of the brave men of the immediate vicinity who fought under him for independence.

In the political struggles that followed the establishment of the Federal Government in 1789, the inhabitants of this region took due part. A political event of more than ordinary local importance was the jubilee by which the election of General Jackson to the Presidency was celebrated October 6, 1828, at Sunnyside. A company of artillery, encamped in a beautiful field near the town, assisted at this celebration, at which fourteen regular and sixteen voluntary toasts were drunk, each followed by the booming of cannon and the hurrahs of the jubilants.

INDUSTRIES AND TRANSPORTATION

The employments of the first inhabitants of the Perkiomen Valley were mainly agricultural. As in every pioneer settlement, the first comers had to clear the land and then wrest their livelihood from it. But mechanical industries sprang up at an early date. A charcoal furnace, in which stoves were cast, was operated by Thomas Maybury on the (West) Branch in Hereford before 1753. Mount Chalfont Furnace, which later became Dale Forge Furnace, was located one and a half miles further south on the same stream. The Heimbach Furnace, later known as Hampton Furnace, was built by David Heimbach and others on

the Perkiomen in 1800. Powder-mills flourished in the earlier half of the nineteenth century at the place now known as Powder Valley, also in the vicinity of Sunnyside. In 1828 this "small village of several houses," 31 miles north of Philadelphia, numbered in a radius of two and a half miles 33 waterwheels propelled for the manufacture of gunpowder, flour, etc. Three thousand pounds of gunpowder could be made daily within five miles, besides large quantities of oilcake-meal, etc. Nearly all these mills were propelled by the Perkiomen, the Swamp Creek and the Valley Creek. There were a good many oil-mills, one of which has been mentioned above. The flax industry in another form flourished along the Indian Creek, where Abraham Yackel had built works for the breaking and dressing of flax by machinery. A cassinet-mill was operated in the Hosensack Valley, and an attempt was made, in the early '50s we believe, by Dr. Joel Y. Schelly and others to establish a silk-worm-farm in Hereford. Potteries were numerous, and saw-mills run by water-power had abundant work before the portable steam saw-mill appeared to ravage the woods. In 1790 John and Andrew Krauss, brothers, 20 and 19 years old, began the building of organs at Kraussdale, a business carried on continuously by them and their descendants at this day, though not at the same place. The first melodeon ever made was constructed by Andrew Krauss in 1828. His brother, John, established a machine-shop at Kraussdale in 1800, that was kept in operation for many years. During the Revolutionary War George Stall supplied the American soldiers with flour from his store in Hosensack, hauling his goods over the King's High Road, laid out in 1736 between the places now known as Sunnyside and Trexlertown.

In our day the industries of this region are still more varied and extensive. One of the chief of them is the harvesting and shipping of ice, which of late years has grown to enormous proportions along the Indian Creek and the Hosensack. The John C. Hancock Ice Company, which built its first dam and ice-

house at Greenlane twenty-eight years ago, now owns in the Perkiomen Valley alone six big ice-making plants. Its latest ice-houses were built in 1904 and 1905 near Hosensack Station; the older of these has a capacity of 35,640 tons, and the pond belonging to it covers 45 acres. Most of this ice is shipped to Philadelphia, whose people thus get in a solidified form some of the water of the Perkiomen, which some years ago they wanted to lead down to their city through pipes for household use.

The means of transportation in the early days here as elsewhere were the stage-coach for travelers and the big,

drivers forty years ago. But these vehicles, so serviceable in their day, have long been superseded by better means of transportation. The North Penn or Bethlehem branch of the Reading Railroad, connecting South Bethlehem with Philadelphia, traverses a corner of the Perkiomen Region, but the latter's main artery of communication is the Perkiomen Railroad, opened in 1875. This road, which was chartered in 1865 and built at a cost of \$2,887,374.68, runs from Perkiomen Junction to Allentown, a distance of 43 miles. At Etna a junction is made with the East Penn Road. On this road four trains now run daily each way.



THE OLD TRAPPE CHURCH, BUILT IN 1743.

lumbering Conestoga wagon for the produce of the farm and the manufactured goods obtained in exchanged therefor in "the city." The Conestoga wagon was the older institution. In the '50s and early '60s of the last century Treichlersville, now Hereford, was a great centre of stage-coach travel, its lines radiating to Trexlertown, Boyertown, Pottstown, Norristown, North Wales and other points. The stage-coach in those days carried Uncle Sam's mail, which was exchanged at the post-offices along the way while the passengers waited. Daniel and Henry Kehs, twin brothers, the former still living at Hereford, were noted stage-

Its conductors seem to know all the people who come aboard, the little children as well as their parents, and have a smile and a pleasant word for every one. They are all very popular, especially Cyrus and John, the old veterans.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL LIFE

The religious life of the Perkiomen Valley has been rich, diversified and highly interesting. This region early became the dwelling-place of many sects, of people of diverse and conflicting religious views, who sought in William Penn's province the liberty of conscience denied them at home. Catholic and Protestant, Lutheran and Reformed,

Mennonite and Schwenkfelder met here on the same ground and with equal political rights. Some of these people had not been taught the lesson of toleration at home, and found it hard to learn here. Contentions were the natural result, but notwithstanding these, all the different denominations prospered, organizing congregations, building churches and schools and sending out missionaries. The valley was a mission centre for all the State. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, the Lutheran patriarch, lived and labored in this field; so did Schlatter, the energetic visitor and organizer of the Reformed churches. Augustus Church, at Trappe, erected under Muhlenberg's supervision in 1743 and still preserved, is the oldest Protestant church in the United States. Count Zinzendorf, the Moravian leader, was a frequent visitor at George Hübener's house in Frederick township. Whitefield, the great Methodist preacher, passed through this valley in the spring of 1740, preaching to 2,000 people at Skippack, "16 miles from Montgomery, where the Dutch people live," and in the evening of the same day at Henry Antes' home in Frederick: "where was also a Multitude equally surprizing with that we had in the Morning." The Catholics, led by Father Theodore Schneider, established the "Mission of Goshenhoppen" at the place now known

as Bally, in 1741. In a small room on the first floor of his little two-story house, Father Schneider taught school in 1743. He lived on the best of terms with all the denominations around him, and the school he established was regularly continued until the introduction of the public school system. Jacob Albrecht, who became the founder of the Evangelical Association near the close of the eighteenth century, was born on the confines of the Perkiomen Valley, the upper end of which formed part of the ground in which the new denomination was first planted.

All the creeds that we have named are still represented in this region to-day, many by strong congregations, with beautiful and costly houses of worship replacing the log structures of their ancestors.

Closely connected with the religious life of this community were its educational interests. In the Perkiomen Region as elsewhere, the German pioneers planted churches and schools side by side. Higher education was fostered at an early date. September 1, 1700, the Schwenkfelders opened an "Academy" at Hosensack, in which, besides English, German and the ordinary school branches, Latin and Greek were taught. As early as 1718, Christopher Dock opened a school among the Mennonites



URSINUS COLLEGE, FORMERLY FREELAND SEMINARY.

on the Skippack and taught it for ten years; later he taught alternately three days each week at Skippack and at Salford. Pennsylvania Female College, organized about 1850 by Dr. Sunderland, of Freeland Seminary, at Collegeville, was the first college chartered in America for the higher education of women. Out of Freeland Seminary has grown Ursinus College, a leading institution of the Reformed church, and Perkiomen Seminary, at Pennsburg, has since its reopening in 1892 under the present management steadily increased its attendance and efficiency and to-day stands in the first rank of the private secondary schools of the State.

PROMINENT MEN OF THE PERKIOMEN REGION

The prominent men of this region—men who have helped to make their country's history and left the impress of their lives and character upon their fellows—form a long and inspiring array. Governor John F. Hartranft hailed from this section of Pennsylvania-Germandom; so did Governor Francis R. Shunk, whose remains now rest under a twelve-foot marble shaft at the old Augustus Church, at Trappe. Of this village, not a large one, by the way, the present Governor of Pennsylvania, now the owner of his ancestral home at Pennypacker's Mills, and a historian well known to fame, had this to say in an address delivered at Norristown ten years ago:

There lived in the last century Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, generally known as the founder of the Lutheran Church in America. Within its limits were born Frederic Augustus Muhlenberg, president of the First American Congress under the Constitution; Peter Muhlenberg, Major-General in the Revolutionary army and United States Senator, whose statue Pennsylvania has put in the Capitol at Washington, and Henry Ernest Muhlenberg, one of the earliest and most noted of American botanists and *litterateurs*. Here lived Francis Swaine, another Revolutionary general . . . Here were born Francis R. Shunk, Governor of Pennsylvania; "Honest Jacob Fry," Auditor General of Pennsylvania and member of Congress; S. Gross Fry, treasurer of Philadelphia. Here lived State Senators Horace Royer

and Lewis Royer, and Representative Henry W. Kratz. Hence emigrated in the last (eighteenth) century the ancestors of the celebrated Todd family, of Kentucky, and the Simpsons, the maternal ancestors of General Grant. I challenge any other community of like size in this broad land from Maine to Texas, not excluding Massachusetts and Virginia, to show that it has produced during the same time an equal number of men of influence and distinction in American affairs.

To these names we might add a great many more, both of men deceased and men still living, who hail from the Perkiomen Region, and of whom their fellow citizens are proud. We merely mention in passing, Prof. Chester D. Hartranft, D.D., the honorary president of Hartford Theological Seminary, a well known scholar and writer, who has spent many years in Germany, preparing a new and complete edition of the writings of Schwenkfeld and a history of his followers; Dr. Benjamin Schneider, who labored many years as a missionary in Broosa, Asia Minor, and Miss Sadie L. Weidner, of the Reformed church, who began her work as missionary teacher in the Girls' School at Sendai, Japan, five years ago. The Hosensaek Valley is the ancestral home of Dr. Joseph H. Dubbs, Professor of Church History in Franklin and Marshall College, and his brother, the late Dr. Alfred J. G. Dubbs, of Allentown; it was the birthplace of Rev. Reuben Yeakel, the historian of the Evangelical Association, of his brother, Rev. Jesse Yeakel, and the late Edwin H. Albright, who for more than twenty years presided over the courts of Lehigh county. For many years the Reformed congregation at New Goshenhoppen was served by Rev. Daniel Weiser and his son, Dr. Clement Z. Weiser, descendants of Conrad Weiser, the celebrated Indian interpreter. To this region also belong many others widely known to fame.

Surely, there is abundance of material of topographical, historical, biographical and even legendary interest in the valley of the Perkiomen. But we have reached the full limit of this first article and must reserve the details we hold in store for future contributions.

The River Brethren

A HISTORICAL SKETCH BY JOHN K. MILLER

IT was a sad group of sorrowing mothers that gathered about Anna Engel, in whose arms lay a helpless babe, only a few months old, at Philadelphia, in the autumn of 1752. It was the time when the final farewells were spoken, and each of the company of emigrants was about to set out to seek a refuge, a home, in a new and to them unknown land. Thirty families had set out together, most if not all of whom were natives of Switzerland. They had sailed in the good ship Phoenix, Captain John Spurrier, and by their side had sailed two merchant vessels, which carried their cargo. They sailed from Rotterdam, and when three days out at sea a violent storm arose and one vessel sank. In order to save the merchant vessels, they were lightened; among the goods consigned to the deep were the effects of Ulrich Engel. Some of the passengers leaped into the sea and swam to the merchant vessels, hoping to save their goods, but the ship's crew cut off their hands as they tried to climb aboard, and they fell back and perished.

During the voyage every infant in the entire company died and were buried at sea, save one, and that was the one that lay in his mother's arms when the bereft mothers gathered about her at the final leave-taking already mentioned. Not only was "Jockeli" the only infant that survived, but he was by far the youngest of the company. And when the circumstances under which he was born, and the almost miraculous preservation of both mother and child were remembered, it was little wonder these grieving mothers gathered about Anna Engel and her little one, to cheer and bless them at the separation. One by one they extended the parting hand, and as they did so, expressed the firm belief that God had in store a great lifework for the child, or he too would have died, as did theirs, on the voyage. How well ground-

ed were their convictions may be learned from the inscription on the tombstone in the accompanying illustration.

We next find Ulrich Engel and wife, with eight children, located in a reeking marsh at a point about two miles west of Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa., now known as "Wild Cat." Here a home was found, and here the father and mother and several children died and lie buried. "Jockeli," as he was lovingly called, was from infancy taught the doctrines of piety, as were all the children. At the age of twelve he united with the Mennonite church, but we find him much concerned about the salvation of his soul. At the age of eighteen, we are told, he was converted, after which he was much exercised about the mode of baptism. It will not be out of place, we hope, to say here that the Mennonites baptize by affusion, or pouring, and it seems "Jockeli" was not thoroughly convinced that this mode was the right one, hence his mental disturbance.

It might be of interest to state that "Jockeli"—or Jacob, as we should call him, for that was his name—was apprenticed to the weaver's trade at the age of fourteen, with a man by the name of Witmer, at Stackstown. After Jacob's conversion, Witmer joined him in the belief that immersion was the right mode of baptism, and so they applied to Otterbein, who refused them, saying that, as they had previously been baptized, he could not conscientiously perform the ceremony in the form they desired. Next they called on the German Baptists, stating they desired baptism by immersion. When questioned as to their connections, it was learned that they did not desire to sever relations with the Mennonites, but simply desired baptism by immersion. Whereupon the Baptist preacher declined, because if he immersed them, it would become necessary for them to unite with that church. Engel



GRAVESTONE OF JACOB ENGEL IN BONEGAL CEMETERY,
ADJOINING REICHS, FORMERLY PECK'S CHURCH.



SITE OF RIVER BRETHREN'S FIRST LOVE-FEAST: JACOB ENGEL
HOMESTEAD NEAR BAINBRIDGE, PA.

and Witmer were now in a quandary. The Baptist bishop relieved them, however, by suggesting that the applicants baptize each other, as did their founder, Mack, in Germany. This seemed feasible, and so they agreed to do, at their earliest convenience, and they performed the ceremony between them, the stipulation being that neither one shall ever divulge which should be the one to baptize first. They kept their pledge, and it is not known to this day which was first to perform the ceremony. It is believed that the baptism took place in the Susquehanna, near Bainbridge.

Engel and Witmer upheld the doctrine of immersion and made it a subject of conversation with friends and neighbors. It was not long until some became like-minded, and finally there were twelve that expressed a desire to be baptized with Engel's baptism. A day was set apart for the service. Engel having agreed to baptize the twelve. There was a large concourse of people present, some to mock, some curious, some friendly and ready to endorse the ceremony. When the twelve proceeded to the water,

the friends of one of them ridiculed him, wondering whether "he too is going with these fanatics." This proved too much for him, and he withdrew. The other eleven were however baptized. Among them were John Funk, of York county; ——— Gnauss, ——— Rohrer, Barbara Heisey, ——— Lichty and wife Barbara. The names of the rest are not known. After the ceremony they repaired to the home of Engel, and going into an upper room they held their first love-feast.

Shortly afterward they met at the home of Henry Engel, about a mile west of Schock's Mills, at which meeting the church was organized, and Jacob Engel was declared bishop. From that time forward, the church grew and soon became a religious force in the neighborhood. These events took place about 1778-80, for Jacob Engel and Witmer did not baptize each other until seven years after Engel's conversion, which occurred in 1771.

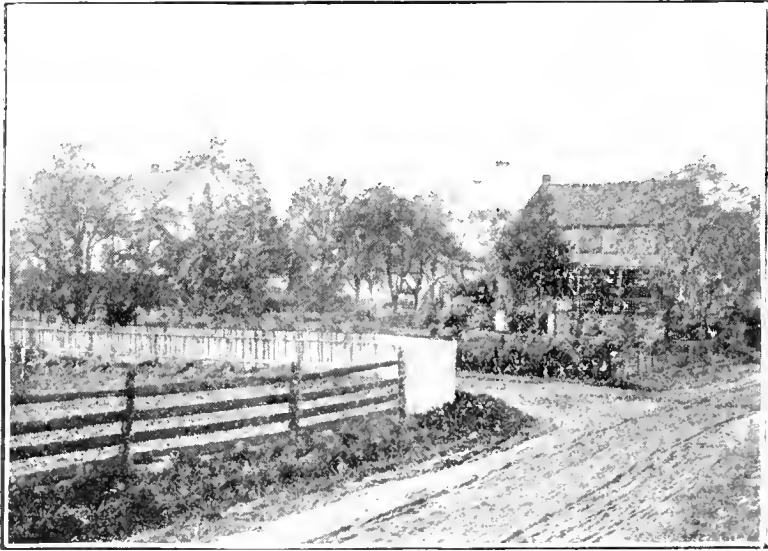
A branch of this church sprang up early in Canada; it had a following in York county and in various other sections. Some of Engel's sisters married



SITE OF ORGANIZATION OF RIVER BRETHREN: HOME OF HENRY ENGEL, A MILE WEST OF SCHOCK'S MILLS, PA.

York county men and of course settled there, which may account for the faith taking root there. These York county brethren afterward became a distinct and separate church, as we shall see later on; but it may as well be said now, that the wing known as "Yorkers" are really the old order, for they preserve to this day the traditions of the early church-fathers in the matter of dress, order of service, and place of worship. For it must not be overlooked that Engel undoubtedly prescribed, to a great extent, the "forms" he advocated; for in-

homes of the members. Love-feasts were held in barns, and provision was made for all who attended, both man and beast. No little trouble and labor did these meetings and love-feasts occasion, as they grew larger and larger, year by year. It seems some of the brethren were more popular than others, for some reason, and when meeting-day came at their homes, the gatherings were unusually large. As the accommodations were more or less limited proportionally, the idea of holding services in a house specially set apart occurred



HOME OF JOHN ENGEL, WHERE BRINSER WAS EXCOMMUNICATED.

About a mile west from Jacob Engel's Home.

stance, the wearing of a full beard was allowed, but the mustache was to be shaved off. Gnauss, on the other hand, insisted on wearing a full beard and mustache, and we are told "he fell back from the faith."

The new church, while moving along in peace, and through zealous effort growing steadily, was destined to rupture. Engel died in 1832 and did not live to see the fruit of his labor broken by discord. Up to about 1850, their religious services were held in the

to some. It was the development of this idea that split the church into three parts. Matthias Brinsler, the silver-tongued orator of Dauphin county, was the first to suggest the building of a house, to be used for holding worship in only. Some of the brethren thought it would be a good thing, but others did not think so. After much debating, followed the rupture above stated. At a conference held at the house of John Engel, near Stackstown, in the year 1853, just one hundred years after the

founder's birth, a stormy debate took place regarding Matthias Brinser's proposed building of a meeting-house, the session not adjourning until 2 o'clock in the morning. Brinser left the conference hastily, ignoring the counsel of the brethren, as one party said, while he declared he left so that he could reach home before the streams he had to cross were swollen too much. It had rained very heavily all day of the conference, and the weather conditions were not of that kind which would conduce to the peace and harmony of a religious con-

In the spring of 1853 some brethren of Dauphin county appointed a meeting to consider the building of a meeting-house, and as no objection was made thereto, they began to build a meeting-house in the vicinity of Matthias Brinser. The brethren in Lancaster county held a council meeting (*Kathversammlung*) at Jacob Engle's, where it was resolved to warn them not to build the house. They wrote their agreement in the following words and sent it to Matthias Brinser:

Conoy Township, Lancaster County, May 16, 1853.
The peace of God and the love of Jesus we wish unto you, dear brethren, as a hearty greeting. We, the undersigned brethren, have taken counsel among ourselves concerning the building of a meeting-house, which has been undertaken in your vicinity, and we have agreed to make request of you that ye desist.



SCENE ON CONOY CREEK, OPPOSITE HOME OF CYRUS ENGLE NEAR
BAINERIDGE, PA. FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL THE RIVER
BRETHREN HAVE BAPTIZED CONVERTS AT THIS SPOT

ference where radical differences existed. At this conference the breaches began to widen and the result of the deliberations at that time are set forth in a statement, which was printed in German, and of which the following is a translation:

THE SEPARATION OF THE RIVER BRETHREN.

As there are many people who desire to know the cause of the separation of the River Brethren, I will endeavor to state it as fully as possible.

For we believe that such a building will operate to cause great injury and severe suffering to many brethren; we therefore ask of you in heartfelt love that you will heed our loving advice.

Jacob Strickler,	Christian Musser,	David Engle,
David Stoner,	John Engle,	Henry S. Engle,
John T. Gusch,	Henry Engle,	Joseph Lehman,
Jacob Hostetter,	Henry Musser,	David Engle,
Jacob M. Engle,	Bernhard E. Musser,	John N. Gray Jr.,
Daniel Orville,	John B. Engle,	J. B. Homer,
Michael Heiman,	Isaac Hershey,	Jacob S. Erbe,
John Hostetter,	Christian Hoffmar,	Jacob Corder,
Bernhard Martin,	Jacob E. Corder,	

Some time in the summer of 1855 they held another council-meeting at John B. Engle's, in Conoy Township, and expelled Matthias Brinser and all his helpers in the following manner:

"This writing is to show thee, Matthias Brinser, that a decision has been reached in unity, that the advice which was given at Jacob Engle's shall be carried out with thee; it says: 'If he hear not the congregation, let him be as a gentile and publican.' And thou hast not heard, therefore thou canst no longer be a brother, until it be made known and the congregation be dissolved of thee and the brethren, who hold unto thee; and it has been determined that the congregation has failed in not carrying out, at the beginning, the advice which thou hast not heard."

It appears that it was the sense of that meeting, that conference regretted they did not act earlier in the matter of excommunicating Brinser; the reason for this doubtless was that now the church was split into three divisions, whereas, if conference had excommunicated him at a former session, it would have been broken only in two. As it transpired then, so it remains to-day. Brinser built his house of worship, and Zion's Children became an organic fact. York county could no longer "keep house" with Lancaster county, so an organization was effected there, and what was neither "Brinser" nor "Yorker" became "Brethren in Christ." So the three organizations as they stand to-day are, properly speaking, collectively the "River Brethren"—not because they baptized or do baptize in the or a river, but because the founder and his earliest followers were Mennonites, who as brethren lived at or near "the river," while the main body was located more remotely from the river. Taken as a whole, they are among the best citizens of the Commonwealth. Quiet, pious,

pure-minded, prosperous, happy, contented, peace-loving, kind, simple and plain, they exemplify in their lives the teachings of Christ and the Apostles to such a degree as to make them seem strange in the eyes of the world at large, who may more or less remotely come in contact with them.

It has been said that "history is but the lengthened shadow of a few men." The reverse is true in this case. Here we have a ray of light which focalizes in the heart of a pious mother. For prudent reasons the writer omits what might be interesting to know, but it will not be amiss to add that no mother can tell what results may flow from the emotions in her soul. Anna Engel obeyed the voice of conscience and thousands to-day are happy in the living of the faith formulated by her son, not knowing the genesis of their joy. She did not live to see her son's work. She may never have dreamed he would become the founder of a church. His lifework is the throb of a mother-heart, and the church as a whole, as well as the communities where it flourishes, may well arise and call her blessed.

Note.—We are indebted to the late Veronica Engel-Berg-Eyer, granddaughter of Jacob Engel; Elizabeth Hull, daughter of Sarah Meredith, who was a domestic in Ulrich Engel's family; Rev. Eli Engel, Newtown; Martin Musser, Rapho, and others, for data. We believe what they have contributed is trustworthy.

Zion, the "Old Red Church"

IN WEST BRUNSWICK TOWNSHIP, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PA.

BY REV. H. A. WELLER, D.D.

FOR several generations, from the early days of the eighteenth century until the restlessness of our hearty German pioneers induced the Proprietaries of the State to extend its lines to the Susquehanna, the Kittatinny or Blue Mountains formed the western frontier, not only of Pennsylvania, but of civilization in North America.

Crossing the crest of these Blue Mountains, or passing through the gap

which is the gateway of the Schuylkill river through them to the eastern slope, at the place where the prosperous borough of Port Clinton is embraced in the mountain side, and following the trail which the surveyor and engineer of the State appropriated when they laid out the old pike-road from Philadelphia to Sunbury, one comes shortly around to the foot of the knoll called the "Hill of Skulls," past the spot where once stood



ZION, THE "OLD RED CHURCH," AS REBUILT IN 1887.

Fort Lebanon, one of the colonial line of frontier forts. At a further distance of about a mile, as the crow flies, there comes into view, nestling on an elevation in Pine Valley at the foot of "Skull's Hill," as if still shrinking into the mountain's protecting embrace, the Old Red Zion Church, whose sesqui-centennial anniversary in early October, 1905, brought together in one great reunion several thousand people from over our country. From Connecticut to Virginia, and from the Atlantic shores to the rolling plains of Illinois, they gathered—descendants of the pioneers who with greater hardihood had passed the dangerous frontier confines of the colonies and sought homes in the pine-swamp valleys north and west of the Blue Mountains.

Here it was that in the early '50s of the eighteenth century the Rev. Daniel Schumacher, for some time pastor of Old Trinity Church in Reading, followed these pioneers to minister unto their spiritual needs. Coming frequently to them, his initiative moved them in 1754 to begin the erection of an unpretentious

log church, which was completed in 1755, and the Zion Evangelical Lutheran congregation of "Braunschweig über den Blauen Bergen in Berks an der Schuylkill" (a later designation) organized with the Rev. Daniel Schumacher as pastor, and Georg Michael Deuber, Casper Brach, Georg Huntzinger, Philip Pausmann, Christopher Schaber, Conrad Rein, Caspar Kahlbach and Paul Heym as elders and deacons. Scarcely had the preparations for the formal dedication of the pioneer church in this trans-mountain section been begun, when the "wild and heathen people of the so-called Indians," inflamed by the agitations of the French and Indian War, swooped down like an avalanche upon these peaceful German settlers, burned their homes and their church, massacred many, carried their children into captivity, and drove the remnant back in terror across the Blue Mountains, to find a sorrowful refuge among relatives and acquaintances from the fatherland, in Maxatawny and the region of the Tulpehocken. The horrible atrocities which caused this "skedaddle"

are of historical record and need no reiteration in this article.

After the tumult of fear which for several years rendered it unsafe for these pioneer fathers to return had subsided, they again gathered together what of belongings they had been able to save or accumulate, to take up the march across the frontier, to bury the bones of their dead, and to settle amid the ashes of their former log cabins and shacks. One of their first concerns upon coming again into their "homes" was the rebuilding of the "House of Prayer." This work they began on a more pretentious scale in 1765, upon the ruins of the church destroyed a decade before, and completed it in the year 1770, when, "before a great assembly of people," the Rev. Daniel Schumacher, on the first Sunday in Advent, inscribed a touching, metrically arranged prayer upon the church records and celebrated the dedication of the "Newly Erected Evangelical Lutheran Church—Zion—built here after the destruction of the first church by the rude and uncouth nations (*voelker*) of the so-called Indians, at whose hands we suffered many and grievous vicissitudes, to wit: 1755-1756."

It were of great historical interest to quote at large the excellently kept church records, or to follow out the legend and lore and to gather the annals of these pioneers and their church, a work that has been carefully begun by the resident pastor and the Historical Society of Schuylkill County. But the limits of this article restrain us, and future excursions of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN into this unwritten and unsung field of gallant deeds, great sacrifices and brave men and women may again open the pages of this journal to tell the story, rich in pioneer history and adorned with a legendary unique and poetic, well worthy of pens like those of Irving or Longfellow.

The congregation prospered thenceforth. Pastor Schumacher remained with these people until 1782, to minister unto them together with the various other flocks which he served in what now are the "upper townships" of Berks and

Lehigh. During 1782 and 1783 the congregation was supplied with pastoral ministrations by Rev. Frederic DeMiller; in 1784 they called the Rev. Abraham Gottlieb Deschler to their pastorate, who continued with them until the year 1788. During his pastorate the school for the young people was housed in a separate building which the congregation had erected on the church lands for the housing of "the school-master's family and the Christian school." From this school, as from so many others of a similar character in those days, went forth men and women whose many noble deeds and queenly sacrifices have made us, their descendants, proud of the rock from which we were hewn. William Audenried, afterwards a Legislator of our State during the days of Thaddeus Stevens and the public school agitation—a man to whom the success of the system in its inception is so largely due—sat, a youthful pupil, at the master's feet on the puncheon-and-slab benches of the Old Red School House at Zion Church. Many others whose names are familiar in our country's history as well as in local annals have pointed back to the days of the Old Red School House at Zion Church in Bruns-*wick*, and a kindly light of memory has shone in their eyes for the old days and the old school masters from whom they had imbibed the sturdy lessons which laid the foundation of Christian character and life.

After Pastor Deschler came the sainted Pastor Daniel Lehman, 1789-1791, followed by the Rev. John Frederic Obenhausen, 1792-1803. During the pastorate of Rev. Obenhausen the German Reformed people, who had begun to immigrate into this vicinity about 1778, and a few even earlier, organized a congregation of their confession in 1795, and built a church within a few rods of Zion Lutheran Church, calling the Rev. B. J. Decker to be their pastor. This congregation continued under the pastorate of Rev. Decker (1795-1809), Rev. Hartzell (1809-1814), Rev. Kroll (1815-1826) and Rev. Philip Meyer (1826-1863), to worship in their own church building until, in 1863, a large number

of members of the congregation joined with a number of members of the Lutheran church to build for themselves a union church more conveniently located, in Orwigsburg, about a mile and a half distant. The old building of the Reformed Zion Church having become dilapidated with age and unfit for longer habitation, the question arose whether to tear down and build a new church at this place or whether to make overtures to the Lutheran people, whose ranks had also been decimated by the removal of members to the congregations at Orwigsburg and Schuylkill Haven, to join with them in a union church arrangement. The latter expedient prevailed. The Reformed church was razed, and under agreement then made the Lutherans and the Reformed congregation have since worshiped in the church building on alternate Sundays. The church then became known as the Evangelical Lutheran and Reformed Zion Church. Since the retirement of Father Philip Meyer, the Reformed congregation has been successively served by Rev. S. S. Apple (1865-1873), Rev. Henry Leisse (1873-1902), and Pastor W. D. Stoyer (1903-1905); but Pastor Stoyer having resigned in the spring of 1905, the congregation had not yet called a pastor when the sesqui-centennial of the church was celebrated in October last.

During the pastorate of Rev. J. F. Obenhausen the membership of the Lutheran congregation increased so considerably that the building erected between 1765 and 1770 was found wholly inadequate comfortably to accommodate the people who desired to worship here, and it was determined to rebuild the church. Thus it came about that in 1799 they pulled down the old log church and began the erection of a commodious and costly stone structure, the corner-stone of which was laid October 14, 1799. The "*Memoir*" which was placed in that corner-stone and is now before the writer in a fair state of preservation, exhibits the lofty principles which governed those Lutheran pioneers in their actions, as well as their strong convictions of the



REV. H. A. WELLER, D.D.

soundness of the doctrines they believed and maintained. Some day, when these records shall have been put in the printer's hands for dissemination, many sons and daughters of such forebears will be found pardonable for taking pride in their pioneer ancestry. The new church walls were plastered with a red clay or mortar mixture, and for this reason it became known far and wide as "The Red Church." It was completed in 1803, and dedicated May 20th and 30th of that year, Revs. Daniel Lehmann and David Schaeffer, together with Pastor Obenhausen, conducting the dedicatory services.

In 1803 this congregation, heretofore separately supplied with pastoral ministrations, united with four other Lutheran congregations, which had been organized and established in this section since the founding of the Red Church beyond the mountains, to constitute one pastoral charge; these together called the Rev. John Knoske, who served the parish for eight years, from 1803 to 1811. In the year 1811 the Rev. George Mimmig re-

ceived and accepted the call to the pastorate of this parish. He labored here until 1833, when, the union with the Reformed people being consummated, he resigned and was followed by the Rev. William G. Minnig, whose labors here extended to 1845. The succeeding Lutheran pastors were Revs. Nathan Yeager, 1845-1851; G. W. Scheide, 1852; Julius Ehrhardt, 1853-1864; J. Leonberger, 1865-1866; G. F. Woerner, 1870; D. K. Kepner, 1871-1872; I. Newton S. Erb, 1873-1888; and H. A. Weller, 1889, whose labors have been blessed through all these years to the present time.

During the pastorate of Rev. I. N. S. Erb, the building dedicated in 1803, having become dilapidated and insufficient, was torn down to make room for a large new frame church building, with basement for school purposes, etc., which was dedicated in 1883. This present church building is modern in all its appointments; but a few years ago, when repainting and remodeling the same, it was thought best, because of the historical connections and the great beauty of the ancient goblet-pulpit, altar and lecturn, to restore these to their proper places, and the same now grace the chancel

space, at once a memorial to the fathers and a dearly treasured ornament to the building. The pipe organ, built at Quakertown, Pa., and placed in the church in 1868, is still serving its purpose admirably.

The cemetery connected with this church has been maintained since its beginning, one hundred and fifty years ago. Row upon row, tier upon tier, the modern tombstones rise up the hillside above their less pretentious brown-sandstone fellows and slate-slab sisters that mark the foot of the hill. This cemetery is a Mecca to which many annually come from far and near to lay a floweret of sweet memory or drop a tear of sorrow upon the grass-grown mounds that mark the graves of sainted fathers and beloved mothers whose ashes are resting in this peaceful place, the God's-acre of the Old Red Church, awaiting the trump of the last of days, to rise in glory and enter into the reward of the just who have been faithful in this life's responsibilities. May the spirit of the fathers return in blessing upon the children!

Lord, let Thy Church, from hirelings free,
Bloom as a garden fair to Thee!

The Gnadenhuetten Massacres

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF TWO HISTORIC TRAGEDIES

I.

THE Massacre of Gnadenhütten, whose hundred-fiftieth anniversary was commemorated at Lehighton, Pa., on the 24th of last November, was an event that deeply affected the German frontier settlers of our State. It is fitting therefore that the causes and circumstances of that fiendish attack of savage Indians on peaceful white settlers and missionaries should here and now be briefly retold.

The Moravian Brethren's mission at Gnadenhütten was the first settlement of white people in Pennsylvania north of the Blue Mountains. It was an outgrowth

of the mission at Bethlehem, which had been begun in the winter of 1740 to '41. The work of the Brethren at this place had been very successful from the start. A large number of Indians had been converted and baptized, and separate dwellings had been assigned them near the new town. These dwellings were called "Friedenshütten," Tents of Peace, because the inmates had renounced their savage life and determined to serve the Prince of Peace. The number of converts was increased by accessions from other Moravian colonies, and soon it was deemed advisable to found a new settle-

ment further up the Lehigh River. A tract of land was accordingly purchased on the Mahoning Creek, about half a mile from its junction with the Lehigh, near the present site of Lehighton, and there in 1746 a new town was laid out. The location had probably been selected by Count Zinzendorf when, four years earlier, he ascended the Lehigh, accompanied by two Indian converts as interpreters, to hold a conference with the dusky dwellers of that region.

The new town was named "Gnadenhütten," Tents of Grace. A log church was built in the valley, and half-way around this the dwelling houses were arranged on higher ground in the form of a crescent. Christian Rauch and Martin Mack were the Brethren who superintended this new missionary enterprise. August 18, 1746, they and their Indian friends partook of the first fruits of the land and their toil at a love-feast and gave thanks to God for the blessings he had bestowed on them.

For a while the new mission flourished like its parent settlement. Full liberty of conscience being granted them in Penn's province, many converts came down from the Moravian missions at Shekomeko and Pachgatotch in Connecticut, and soon Gnadenhütten contained more Christian Indians than both these older colonies. Each family lived alone and tilled its own grounds. Portions of the Scriptures were translated into the Indian tongue; there were public prayers and singing every morn and evening, with Bible lessons, and once a month the Lord's Supper was celebrated. This occasion the Indians called "the great day." In three years the congregation had grown to five hundred souls, and a new church had to be built, whose cornerstone was laid in September, 1749, by Bishop Johannes von Watteville.

Gnadenhütten was now a very regular and pleasant town. A saw mill erected there enabled many Indians to earn money by cutting timber and conveying it on floats down to Bethlehem. Hunting, however, remained their chief support, and frequently they shot fifteen to twenty deer or bears in one day. When

provisions became scarce, they would go into the forests and gather wild honey, chestnuts and huckleberries. But the farms on the Mahoning gradually became less productive, and for this reason the majority of the settlers in 1754 moved their dwellings across the Lehigh to where Weissport now stands. Here another church was built, and the new settlement was named Neu-Gnadenhütten or Gnadenhütten East. However the first settlement remained in the hands of the Brethren, who continued to till the land and transformed their first church into a *Pilgerhaus*, which served as a dwelling for the brethren and sisters remaining there and as a lodging-place for the missionaries who passed through on their journeys to the Indian tribes beyond.

The blessing of God was dropping on these missionary efforts in the wilderness, and the Brethren fondly hoped their little colony would continue to prosper and remain a permanent abode of peace and Christianity. But the outbreak of the French and Indian War in 1755 soon shrouded these happy prospects in gloom and rendered the position of those zealous gospel-messengers extremely dangerous.

∞ The frauds the agents of the English government had committed against the Indians in their land-purchases had alienated the Red Men and turned their former friendship into secret hate. The wrongs they had suffered rankled in their bosoms and they longed for an opportunity to take revenge. French emissaries stirred the smoldering fire by holding out to them the prospect of recovering their national independence and the homes of their forefathers. After Braddock's disastrous defeat on the Monongahela the Delawares of the East met the Delawares of the West in council, and war was resolved upon. All the land of which they had been deprived by the Walking Purchase of 1737, extending from Toluickon and the hills of Lechaneweki westward and northward to the plains of Wyoming, was to be recovered and all white settlers in that region were to be killed or driven out. Every war-

rior chief was charged to kill, scalp and burn within his own precincts, and a blow was to be struck simultaneously from the frontiers down into the heart of the settlements.

Then began a horrible border warfare which ravaged the frontiers along the Blue Mountains from the Delaware to the Susquehanna for many months. Almost every day brought new tales of carnage and murder, in which neither sex nor age was spared. "There was literally a pillar of fire by night and a pillar of cloud by day going up along the ho-

ing to a Moravian historian, did their exasperated fellow-Christians (?) conspire to exterminate them and their missions. The hostile Indians regarded the Brethren with special hate, because they had refused to compel the unwilling Delawares and Mohicans of Gnadenhütten to remove to Wajomek, now Wyoming, in compliance with repeated invitations sent them from the Susquehanna. Teedyuscung, a chief of the Delawares, who had been baptized at Gnadenhütten when fifty years old, left that abode of peace in 1754, rejoined his savage brethren and



SITE OF MORAVIAN INDIAN CHAPEL AT GNADENHÜTTEN, BURNT NOV. 24, 1755.

rizon, marking the progress of the relentless invaders."

This time of general distress was particularly trying to the Moravian Brethren. Their efforts to civilize and Christianize the savages were looked at askance by other white settlers, who were more intent on degrading, driving back and gradually destroying the Indians; these settlers denounced them as being in league with the savages in the interests of the French and deserving to be treated as a common enemy. Twice, accord-

soon afterward took up the hatchet against the whites. This wily and eloquent warrior succeeded in drawing away seventy of his fellow-converts, and when he failed to remove the rest, spread the report through the Indian country that the pale-faced preachers at Bethlehem were craftily holding Red Men in bondage.

Thus the Moravian Brethren were placed between two fires, with foes before and behind them. When the Indians began to lay waste the frontier, the other

white settlers near Gnadenhütten left their homes and fled. Only the Brethren declined to leave the post assigned them by Providence. Neither would they fight, though they omitted no precaution to ward off the threatening attack. Their Indian wards, by their advice, abstained from buying powder and shot and from hunting, to allay the suspicions of the whites. Yet all this care was of no avail to save them. Late in the evening of Nov. 24, 1755, their *Pilgerhaus* on the Mahoning was surprised by a band of hostile Indians and burned to the ground, and eleven of its fifteen inmates were cruelly slaughtered. Loskiel, the well known Moravian historian, describes this horrible affair as follows:

The inmates being at supper heard an uncommon barking of dogs, upon which Brother Sensemann went out at the back door to see what was the matter. On the report of a gun several ran to open the house-door. Here the Indians stood with their pieces aiming at the door, and firing immediately when it was opened. Martin Nitschmann was instantly killed. His wife and some others were wounded but fled with the rest up-stairs to the garret, and barricaded the door with bedsteads. Brother Partsch escaped by jumping out of a back window. Brother Worbas, who was ill in bed in a house adjoining, also jumped out of a back window and escaped, tho' the enemies had placed a guard before his door. Meanwhile the savages pursued those who had taken refuge in the garret, and strove hard to burst open the door; but finding it too well secured, they set fire to the house, which was soon in flames. A boy called Sturgeous leaped off the flaming roof and escaped, tho' upon opening the back door, a ball had grazed his cheek and one side of his head was much burned. Sister Partsch, seeing this, took courage and also jumped from the blazing roof. She too succeeded in escaping her enemies, and thus was granted the prayer of her husband, who in jumping out of the back window had cried to God to save his wife. Next Brother Fabricius jumped off the roof unhurt, but as he was trying to escape his enemies saw him and fired two balls into his body. He alone was treated by them like a sheep intended for slaughter; they struck their hatchets into his body, then scalped him and left him lying on the ground. All the rest were burned alive, and Brother Sensemann, who had gone out at the back door, saw with indescribable grief his beloved wife consumed by the flames. Sister Partsch could not run far for fear and sorrow, but hid herself behind a tree upon a hill near the

house. Thence she saw Sister Sensemann already surrounded by the flames, standing with folded hands, and heard her call out. "'Tis all well, dear Savior, I expected this." The house being consumed, the murderers set fire to the barns and stables also, by which all the corn, hay and cattle were destroyed. Then they divided the spoil, soaked some bread in milk, made a hearty meal and departed, Sister Partsch looking on unperceived.

This melancholy event proved the deliverance of the Indian congregation at Neu-Gnadenhütten, for, hearing the report of the guns, seeing the flames and soon learning the dreadful cause from those who had escaped, the Indian brethren immediately went to the missionary and offered to attack the enemy without delay. But being advised to the contrary they all fled into the woods and (Neu-) Gnadenhütten was cleared in a few moments, some who were in bed having scarcely time to dress themselves. Brother Zeisberger, who had just arrived in (Neu-) Gnadenhütten from Bethlehem, rode hastily back to give notice of this event to a body of English militia which had marched within five miles of the spot, but they did not venture to pursue the enemy in the dark.

That very evening at dusk Zeisberger, the untiring missionary, had arrived at Neu-Gnadenhütten with letters from Bethlehem. As soon as he had delivered these he set out, in spite of the most urgent warnings, to reach the *Pilgerhaus* beyond the river and accomplish his mission there. Brother Mack accompanied him to the banks of the Lehigh, which Zeisberger actually crossed on the back of his horse. Arrived on the other side he heard shots and saw flashes of fire in the direction of the Mahoning. Now he turned back and rejoining Brother Mack, both saw a blaze arise where the *Pilgerhaus* stood. They were not now in doubt about the tragedy that was being enacted there. Soon the Indian lad that had escaped the massacre came to New Gnadenhütten, confirming their worst fears. That same night Zeisberger rode back to Bethlehem and at five the next morning announced to the congregation assembled there his sorrowful tidings, which were soon confirmed by Brothers Worbas and Partsch and the latter's wife. The people of Bethlehem had been in an agony of suspense, for all had seen the glare of the burning buildings beyond the Blue Ridge.



MONUMENT TO THE MARTYRS OF GNADENHÜTTEN, AT LEHIGHTON, PA.

Next day the Brethren Sensemann, Martin Mack, Schmick and Grube with their wives and a number of Indian fugitives from Neu-Gnadenhütten, men, women and children, arrived in Bethlehem also. Brother Shabosh, an Indian, remained at the former place all alone that night and walking about the streets next day, called unto him many of his fellow-converts, who were hiding in the woods near by. Soon Martin Mack and Grube came up again and conducted as many of their people as they could find to Bethlehem, where they were kindly sheltered and fed. The rest of the inhabitants of Neu-Gnadenhütten had fled to Wajomick, as was learned later.

Neu-Gnadenhütten was now deserted. But the fugitive congregations petitioned the provincial government for protection, and the Assembly having passed a militia law, 560 volunteers were sent under command of Benjamin Franklin to Bethlehem in December. The Brethren here had now armed themselves, built palisades and were on the watch continually against an attack. As the missionaries at Neu-Gnadenhütten had left their entire harvests and other property behind them, a small body of troops was dispatched thither to save their possessions

and guard the frontier. These troops, however, were attacked by the savages on New Year's Day, 1756, and the whole town, with the mill and other property belonging to the Brethren, was laid in ashes. Soon after Franklin built a fort there, which was named in honor of Chief Justice William Allen.

The bones of the martyrs of Gnadenhütten lie buried in a common grave, now enclosed in the Moravian Cemetery at Lehighton and marked since December 10, 1788, with a large memorial slab. This bears the following inscription, still legible:

To the memory of
Gottlieb and Christina Anders,
with their children, Johanna,
Martin and Susanna Nitsman;
Ann Catharina Senseman,
Leonhard Gattermyer,
Christian Fabricius, clerk,
George Schweigert, John Frederick Lesly,
and Martin Presser;
Who lived at Gnaden Huetten,
unto the Lord,
and lost their lives in a surprize
from Indian warriors,
November the 24th,
1755.

Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints.—*Psalms* cxvi. 15.

[A. Bower, Phila., 1788.]

Through the efforts of the late Joseph Leibert, whose wife was a grand-daughter of Martin and Susanna Nitschmann, a marble monument was erected on the same spot August 7, 1848. This bears the following legend: "To honor and perpetuate the remembrance of the Moravian martyrs whose ashes are gathered at its base this monument is erected."

Such was the Massacre of Gnadenhütten in Pennsylvania a hundred and fifty years ago. A second Massacre of Gnadenhütten followed less than twenty-seven years later in Ohio. The story of this second tragedy, which was much bloodier than the first and more deplorable, since white men were the murderers and Indians the victims, will be told in our March number.

The Spelling of Our Dialect

BY THE EDITOR

THE difference between dialect and language is mainly one of limitation. A dialect is limited to a particular part or section of the country in which a certain language prevails. It is also limited in its vocabulary and consequently in its literature. As a number of small streams, each draining a small territory, unite to form a river, yet remain separate streams, so dialects uniting their word-stores have formed languages, while still remaining separate and distinct forms of speech.

In consequence of their literary use, languages have in the course of time and through the molding influence of the printers' art acquired a certain fixedness of form, or standard of spelling. In some, such as Italian and Spanish, this standard is very simple and almost phonetic; in others, notably English, it is very complicated and irregular. Dialects, being much less used for literary purposes, have not as a rule attained to a like degree of uniformity in spelling. Yet the spelling of the Germanic dialects of Europe—the Alemannic, Saxon, Swiss, *Berlinerdeutsch*, *Plattdeutsch*, *Westricher Mundart* and others—is order and system itself compared with that of our Pennsylvania-German vernacular, which is to be the subject of these remarks. Of this it was truthfully said by an eminent speaker at the latest meeting of the Pennsylvania-German Society, that every one has his own way of spell-

ing it, so that nobody, or hardly anybody, can make sense of what another has written. Let us consider briefly why this is so and what may be done by way of remedying this very unsatisfactory state of affairs.

Our dialect, as it is to-day, has grown from the dialects transplanted from Germany by our immigrant forefathers, especially those from the Palatinate. Travelers have told us that the popular speech of that section of the fatherland still greatly resembles the German spoken in eastern Pennsylvania, excepting, of course, the large admixture of English words in the latter. On page 13 of *THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN* for July, 1900, will be found a poem in *Pfäzlerdeutsch* by Franz von Kobell, which clearly illustrates this similarity.

Another proof that our Pennsylvania-German vernacular originated along the Rhine is found in the survival, at least in the speech of some of our older people, of certain words that are undoubtedly of French origin. Examples: *juschement* (Fr. *justement*), exactly, just right; *apartig* (Fr. *a part*), separate, particular; *sich kuschä* (Fr. *se coucher*, to lie down), to subside, submit; *sich sekundira* (Fr. *seconder*, to help), to help one's self; *Batallja* (Fr. *bataillon*), military drill. Years ago I have heard people speak of the Delaware river as *die Reiter*, a word evidently derived from the French *riche*.

It is probable that our dialect a hundred and fifty years ago contained a considerable number of French words. These have gradually dropt out, while English words and phrases have been creeping in and are still being introduced in ever increasing number. The Pennsylvania-German to-day is a mixture of the original Palatinate dialect (*Pfalzerdeutsch*) and English, this or that predominating, according to the locality or individual taste. Still in its essence or framework it is a German dialect, even as English, notwithstanding its large admixture of Latin, Greek and French words, is in its essence an Anglo-Saxon or Germanic form of speech.

In this dual nature of our dialect, its being part German, part English, lies the reason of the almost infinite diversity of spelling complained of before. The same causes that have made the orthography of English so complicated are at work here; however, our dialect is not destined, as was the conglomerate of Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French, to become a national language. Some writers, especially the older ones, write it in German characters and German sounds; the younger ones try to make it readable to those not familiar with High German by writing it according to English sounds; still others seek to attain their end by the use of some more or less phonetic system. Thus we find three general tendencies at work in the matter of Pennsylvania-German orthography.

Notwithstanding this diversity of form our dialect has a respectable body of literature. The amount of prose and verse that has been published therein would fill many volumes. Years ago "Pit Schweffelbrenner" showed by lectures and in a manual devoted to this purpose that our vernacular is capable of being used for the higher forms of literature, and by way of illustration translated passages from Shakespeare into "Pennsylvania-Dutch." Some of our local papers have for years had regular contributions of dialect matter, generally of a humorous nature. While much of this literature is necessarily ephemeral, some of it—for example, poems like those of Har-

baugh, Fischer, Grumbine, Zimmerman, and others, and occasional bits of humor and philosophy scattered through our periodicals—is certainly worth preserving. The proposal has been made to select what is best in Pennsylvania-German literature and publish it in suitable and permanent form. We certainly favor the idea and will lend some of our pages to this praiseworthy purpose; but in our judgment the first step to be taken in this direction is to set up some standard of spelling for the dialect, to agree, at least in its general outlines, upon the dress in which this literature is to be clothed. To open the way for doing this is the object of this article.

Among those who have adopted the German method of spelling our dialect, Dr. Harbaugh, who by general consent is ranked as a Pennsylvania-German classic, stands foremost. A few lines from "*Die neie Sort Dschent'leic*" will illustrate his method:

'Sis net meh so; m'r gebt juscht Notis dorch
die Editors,
M'r het geclost un dhert cumpaunde mit de
Creditors.
Wer so betriegt, der is en Dschent'mann.

These three lines contain six English words, four of which are adapted to German spelling and two remain unchanged, because the German reader would not be likely to mispronounce them.

Dr. Harbaugh evidently took for granted that every reader of his dialect poems was familiar with the literary or High German. In our day, unfortunately, there are thousands of our people who use the dialect in daily conversation at home, in the office, the shop and on the street, but who have not learned to read High German. To accommodate these, most of our later writers of the vernacular try to adapt its spelling to English sounds. Here is where the most deplorable confusion arises, from the simple fact that English orthography is so full of anomalies that it can hardly be said to have any rules, and can not therefore serve as anything like a reliable rule or guide. Besides, the dialect has sev-

eral sounds that are not found in English at all. We challenge any one who does not practically know the spoken dialect to read the following sample of this mode of spelling, and get the right pronunciation:

Tsvetlar shdrache, un gly dar drit!—
 Künthite's tsida—yora fit
 Far de shbeel-tsite, frish un harlich, vu so
 kshvint uns oll fargate.
 Lust uns drowarra far dar hofe,
 Voo mar kshbeelt hen mit em shofe—
 Voo mar olse de blumma kot han—voo mar
 kshvunga han om gate.

A German scholar who knows nothing of our dialect could hardly be made to believe that this is intended to represent anything akin to his language, though, if it were read to him as it is meant to be, he would understand it at once. There are but two English words in the whole stanza, *fit* and *gate*; all the rest is German. But to an eye accustomed to see German literature in its own dress, the above appears decidedly foreign and very grotesque.

Conscious of the inadequacy of English spelling rules, and knowing that the majority of their readers are unfamiliar with High German, still other writers have attempted to spell our dialect phonetically. The late Dr. A. R. Horne followed such a system in his Pennsylvania-German Manual, which recently appeared in the third edition. We subjoin a sample of his spelling:

Dr Nusbickel hüt êmol ên drub bôtreslâ òm
 m'hoishdük awg'drûfâ, un se sin ôls drum
 rum g'shprungâ. 'Ar hüt se no nêt ônersht
 drêfâ kênâ bis êr sej flindälawf grum g'bogâ
 hüt un hüt nâ no g'shûsâ. No we de shrot
 ôls rum sin kumâ is êr ôls in de ha g'jumpf.
 Sêlâ wêg hüt êr se ôl g'rickt.

This method has the advantage of being more scientific, but also the disadvantage of requiring special types that are not usually found in printing offices.

A strictly phonetic system of spelling our dialect, using an alphabet like that devised by the American Philological Association, in which every elementary sound is represented by one distinct character and no other, would probably be most satisfactory all around. Possibly

the dictionary upon which Professors M. D. Learned and Edwin M. Fogel, of the University of Pennsylvania, are said to be engaged will solve the problem for us and establish an authority of spelling to which we may all be willing to submit. Meanwhile, however, how should the Pennsylvania-German dialect be spelled?

We think it should be spelled according to German sounds, primarily because, as shown above, it is still a German dialect. As Dr. Croll has said: "We should remember the rock from which we were hewn." We surely have no reason to be ashamed of our German ancestors or the language they bequeathed to us, and why should we disguise this by dressing it in an English coat that fits it so ill? German sounds answer best for all its German words, such as still form the basis thereof, and should be used in preference to English terms whenever they render the thought and spirit equally well.

Another reason for writing our dialect in German sounds is that German spelling is much more regular than English spelling, and that the German vowels correspond more closely to those of the other leading languages of Europe and to the universal Scientific Alphabet devised for the spelling of all languages.

RULES OF GERMAN SYSTEM OF SPELLING

The general rule we have adopted for our guidance may be stated thus: Write according to German sounds and do not depart from the established mode of German spelling more than the difference of pronunciation requires.

The vowel sounds of this system, simple and double, are as follows:

i long, like Eng. e in *me*, heard in *ihv*, *Dier*,
fricra.

i short, like Eng. i in *pin*, heard in *driin*, *Flint*,
schinna.

e long, like Eng. a in *ale*, heard in *Beem*, *Esel*,
schma.

e short, like Eng. e in *met*, heard in *bescht*,
letscht, *welke*.

ä long, like Eng. a in *air*, heard in *Bär*,
Farschta, *wära*.

this sound is also represented by e, as in *her*,
Erd, *Gerschta*.

ä short, like Eng. a in *at*, heard in *Gans*, *Dänz*,
Länner.

This sound is also represented by e, as in
den, *Mensch*, *wenna*.

a long, approaching E. a in *all*, heard in *Aag*,
gar, *vermahna*.

a short, like Eng. a in *ask, sofa*, heard in *krank, bang, Lanna*.

This sound generally ends the plural of nouns and the infinitive of verbs, corresponding to the High German *-en*. We think a represents it better than e, though in conversation it generally slips into an obscure or neutral sound.

o long, like Eng. o in *ore*, heard in *so, blo, schona*.

o short, much like E. o in *not*, heard in *blott, for, kloppa*.

u long, like Eng. u in *ruler*, heard in *wu, schur, Schpula*.

u short, like Eng. u in *put*, heard in *., muss, brumma*.

ei, like Eng. ei in *height*, heard in *eich, fei, heila*.

oi, like Eng. oi in *oil*, heard in *Oi, Boi* (pie), *Roia*.

au, like Eng. ou in *out*, heard in *aus, Laus, maula*.

ui, no equivalent in English, heard in *,ui! hui!*

A double vowel, a vowel followed by h, and ie are invariably long: *Baam, deet, Ohr, Uhr, frih, grie*, etc. The doubling of a consonant always shortens the preceding vowel: *glatt, fett, plarra*.

The sounds of ö and ü, long and short, and of eu or äu, as heard in High German, are not found in our dialect. *Böse* in this becomes *bees; kounen, kenna; grün, grie; wünschen, wünscha; euch, eich; Lause, Leis*, etc.

The nasal sounds heard in *a', hi', nei'* and other prefixes and vowel endings, may be indicated by an apostrophe: *a'fang, ei'schtch, hi'gucka, u'mindig*, etc.

The consonant sounds are the same as in English, with a few exceptions. Ch represents two guttural sounds not found in English, one heard in *Lach, noch, Buch*, the other in *ich, bleech, gleiche*. G between two vowels, as in *Aaga, lega, ziega, Vögel, ruga*, also denotes a peculiar guttural, not found in English. J, as in High German, corresponds to English y in yet: *jaga, juscht*. Sch is equivalent to sh; v to f, as in *vor, Fich*; w differs but little from the corresponding letter in English, and z is equivalent to ts: *zeit, zucka*. In conversation the aspirates are generally softened, p tending to b, t to d and k to g.

As in modern High German, all nouns are begun with capital letters.

This, in brief outline, is the system of spelling we have after due consideration adopted as our rule and guide in writing the Pennsylvania-German dialect. How much it differs from the methods mentioned above will be best shown by re-writing the samples there given in our

way. Dr. Harbaugh's lines will suffer very little change; but the other quotations will put on quite a different face.

's is net meh so: mer gebt juscht Notis dorch die Editors,

Mer het geclost un deet cumpaunda mit da Creditors.

Wer so betriegt, der is en Dschent'mann.

Zwetter Schtreech, un glei der drit!

Kindheitszeita—Johra fit

For die Schpielzeit, frisch un herrlich, wu so gschwind uns all vergeht.

Losst uns traura for da Hof,

Wu mer gschpielt hen mit 'm Schof—

Wu mer als die Blumma g'hat hen—wu mer gschwunga hen am Gate.

Der Nussbickel hot amol en Trupp Batriesla am a Hoischtock a'getroffa, un sie sin als drum rum gschprunga. Er hot sie no net annerscht treffa kenna, bis er sei Flintalaaf krum geboga hot un hot na no gschossa. No wie die Schrot als rum sin kumma, is er als in die Hteh getschumpft. Sella Weg hot er sie all krigt.

The writer is convinced that this mode of spelling is preferable for all dialect words of German origin. It is only fair, however, to admit that English words are not so easily adjusted to this rule; yet English words must be used, in quite respectable numbers, if we want to write Pennsylvania-German "as she is spoke." For example, our people do not nowadays say *Juli*, but *July*. Shall we write *Dschulci*, or *Tschulci*, as uneducated people would be apt to say, or *July*? Shall we write *Dschodsch*, *dschodscha*, *gedschodscht*, or *Judge, judgca, gejudged*? We must confess that we do not fancy dressing up English words in German clothes any more than the reverse process, and that our sense of fitness in matters orthographical, or etymological rather, inclines us to favor the latter forms. English words used unchanged in sound had better, we think, as a general rule, be left unchanged in form; when they are pronounced differently or modified by the addition of prefixes or suffixes, the spelling also may be modified, if the change required be not too great. In this matter, as in the choice of words, some latitude must be left to individual taste.

The object of this article is not to dictate rules, but merely to suggest what in our judgment is the proper or best way of spelling the Pennsylvania-German. Contributions in the vernacular, if otherwise acceptable, will not be declined on account of spelling, though we ask the writers' consent to change this, if necessary, in accordance with the system here set forth. In choosing dialect literature for our "Literary Gems" we shall strive

to find what is best among the old and new, and as we believe it will be gathered here for permanent preservation, it seems altogether fitting and desirable to adopt some standard or method that is in harmony with the genius of our dialect and will lead to at least some degree of uniformity in its spelling. Will our contributors kindly lend their aid to the attainment of this "consummation devoutly to be wished"?

Hunting "Elbetritches"

A POPULAR STORY IN TWO VERSIONS

ON a bleak winter morning, when the frosty air quickly nips your uncovered ears, when the iron pumphandle is painfully magnetic to your touch, when folks outdoors all walk as if trying to catch an overdue train, you may still occasionally hear some Pennsylvania-German rustic make the remark we used to hear many years ago when a boy: "*Heit zeer atzer mol en gute Zeit for Elbetritscha fanga*"—which may be freely translated thus: "This would be an excellent time for hunting 'elbetritches.'"

That is a curious remark to make in cold weather, is it not? But there must be a reason for it, and it must have had its origin sometime and somewhere.

What kind of game are "elbetritches"? some one may ask. We confess that we do not know. None of the big English dictionaries—neither the International nor the Standard nor any other—defines the word, and no cyclopedia or work on natural history describes or pictures any creature called by that name. Some pronounce the word *Eljetritscha*, and this has led some one to suggest that the name may have some connection with our English word *elf*. But this is only an individual suggestion, which we give for what it may be worth. We offer no etymology and no definition, but we will let the author of "*Skizzen aus dem Lecha-Thal*," Mr. B. F. Trexler, tell our readers a very amusing story of hunting "el-

betritches," as he heard it years ago from the lips of an old friend. The story runs as follows:

A few miles south of the *Hexakop* (Witch's Head), along the road leading from Bethlehem to Doylestown, northeast of Bursonville, in Springfield township, Bucks county, on the line of Durham, stands a lofty hill, to which the Indians gave the name Buckwampan. From its crest the Delaware may be seen, and the prospect round about is exceedingly fine. This region was settled by our thrifty German ancestors, and German is spoken there to this very day.

Now we all know that in former times, as in our day, along with many good things a lot of superstitious stuff was brought across the sea; that then, as now, there were people who could be made to believe anything. The "green ones" were told, among other things, of horrible serpents living on the Buckwampan that would put the ends of their tails in their mouths, spread out like a hoop and run down the hill faster than a race horse could run. In their tails they bore a horny sting, with which in running along they would frequently strike a tree, making a big hole. Such holes were often found in chestnut trees, which proved the truth of what was said—and you don't need to laugh about it! Other gullible strangers were told of snow-white hares, four times as large as our common jack-rabbits; but not everybody could shoot those hares, because they were a sort of enchanted beings. Only a silver ball, it was said, would hit a hare of that kind. That of course was lucky for them, for silver dollars were not plentiful enough to be cast into balls, so they were let go.

Just like the hoopsnake! I broke in laughing. The white hare and the hoopsnake no doubt ran into the Delaware and were drowned.

Can't say, my friend continued, but don't you interrupt me again. I want you to listen; we are getting to hunting 'elbetritches' now, and that is the best part of my story. . . . Attention, now!

A short mile from the top of the Buckwampan a big stone house and barn are standing to-day. That house at the beginning of our (nineteenth) century was inhabited by a well-to-do family. Near the end of October the boys and girls were in the big kitchen boiling applebutter. Nearly all the young people of the vicinity were gathered there; most of them were slicing apples, some were boiling cider and stirring the butter and the rest were having all sorts of fun, making "slices without apples," as the saying goes. The most mischievous of the whole company was the farmer's oldest son, George. He told stories about the 'elbetritches,' what big prices could be got for them and how they were to be caught. Their fur was of different colors, exceedingly soft and beautiful, but very scarce and costly. A very cold winter night was the best time for catching them. To catch them, some had to hold a big bag or blanket spread out, so that the creatures would jump in, when driven on by others. The story was well received, and it was agreed that an elbetritch hunt should be made the first cold night.

One evening in December, when it was dreadfully cold, some neighbors were sitting together in the same kitchen. A tailor was at work in one corner, a shoemaker in the other, for the old custom of tradesmen going from house to house in search of a job still prevailed. The tailor was a rogue and just trying to think of some trick he might play on the shoemaker, who was somewhat simple-minded. In the third corner sat a sturdy young German, recently arrived from beyond the sea, and hired out to work off his fare across; he was shelling corn to be ground into meal for mush and to be fed the chickens. His name was Henrich, and he was very "green" indeed. In the fourth corner the housemaid was engaged in ironing and another woman in spinning. The rest sat in a half-circle around the hearth by the cheerful log fire, passing their time with all sorts of talk. All at once the door opened and roguish George came in. As soon as the tailor saw him, he cried out: "You are the very man we want; now is the time to hunt 'elbetritches'!"

This suited George exactly; the hunt was arranged, and at ten o'clock the party was on its way to the Buckwampan. George and the tailor were the leaders; the rest followed, all reckoning on a good catch. Henrich hoped to buy a good pocket-knife and a pair of mittens from his share of the gain; the shoemaker was speculating on a hat, a coat and a lot of tobacco; the spinster and the housemaid went along too, their minds filled with visions of fine bonnets trimmed with feathers, and red ribbons, of ear rings and finger rings.

On the top of the hill was a clear space of about twelve acres with woods and brush all around. When they arrived there, George stationed one hunter with a bag or blanket on each side of the clearing, giving them directions what to do; he and the tailor would walk around the clearing, start the elbetritches and drive them in.

So they went, but they didn't come back. They went straight home and waited there to see how long the victims would stick to their superstitious belief this bitter cold night. It seems that on the way home they startled a rabbit which, running across the clearing between Henrich and the shoemaker, made these believe that it was really one of the creatures they were watching for. Nothing more came, but the wind continued to blow, and the four watchers almost froze to death. One after the other began to declare they could stand it no longer. The maid and the spinster started for home, but Henrich was so eager to earn a pair of mittens and the shoemaker so anxious to earn a hat, that they agreed to watch a little longer. They stamped their feet to keep them warm in several inches of snow, wrapt their hands in the blankets and so held out a few hours longer, waiting for elbetritches. But it was all in vain, and at last they too packed up and started homewards.

Coming down the hill the shoemaker was about twenty paces ahead, when Henrich perceived a pretty little creature come out of a thicket. Quick as a flash he unfolded his blanket, ran after the animal and succeeded in catching and wrapping it up. Exultingly he cried out: "Upon my life, I have caught an elbetritch! What a fine fur it has!" The shoemaker came on the run to see the game. He put his arm in the blanket to seize the animal and keep it from running away. Then he stuck in his head, too, but the next moment he drew it out and began to swear like mad at the horrible stench that was now arising and quickly became so insufferable that both hunters closed their noses and beat a hasty retreat, leaving both their blanket and game behind them.

When they got home, they found George and the tailor still waiting for them by the fireside; all the rest had retired. Henrich and the shoemaker stank so fearfully that both the others quitted the room at once, the tailor going home and George to bed. The two hunters were so excited that they sat up for a long time, eagerly discussing the difference between elbetritches and such stinking creatures, the like of which were not to be found in Germany. Henrich still believed he had caught an elbetritch, but the tailor who had smelled it at much shorter range, swore as hard as he could that, judging by the odor, that beast must have come from the worst place he could name. Next morning George's mother was not in a very good humor and gave notice that if they went out again to hunt skunks, they should leave her blankets at home.

Another, much more modern story of hunting elbetriches is given in the following dialect poem which we quote from the Lebanon Report, merely changing the spelling to suit our taste:

DIE ELEFTRITSCHA JAGT.

Der Schnee, der graunst im Schternadicht;
Der Wind, der schneid em Ohr un Gesicht;
Der Mond wie'n Siehel sinkt jo bald;
Die Winternacht is heftig kalt!

Bei'm Nachbar sammelt sich en Crowd,
Die luschtig sin un wild un laud;
Versetza Tricks, no werd gelacht,
Un Gschpass un Narrheit ruht die Nacht.

Sie sitza um da Offa rum—
Der Gross, der Klee, der Grad, der Krumm.
Un manich Reetsel werd do flogt,
Un der Nickel Hans werd viel geplogt.

Wie gross die Crowd, es macht nix aus;
Wie klee die Zahl, es halt doch aus;
For, wie bei jeder Lumperei,
En Schpitzbuh is gewiss dabei.

Der is zum Nickel en Pein un Kretz.
Der Nickel hasst sei dummes Gschwetz,
Un doch plogt ihn der Wunnerfitz.
Wann gschwetzt werd vun ma Elfetritsch.

Er harcht un guckt un frogt dann glei:
"Was mechta Elfetritscha sei?"
"Ei, des sin Dinger, die hiewa die Kelt
Un gleicha nix besser uf dera Welt.

Do, heb den Sack wu der Wind recht zieht;
Dart is der Platz, wu die Trupp bei fliegt.
Ich jag dir 'n scheene Lot no nei;
Verwunnerscht dich dann un sagscht:
'Ei, ei!"

Wie gsaut, so werd es ah geluth.
En Umkrees nemmt der tricksvoll Buh,
Geht aussa rum un schmickt m's Haus;
Der Nickel sehcht im Kalta draus.

Er sehcht dart bis er schier verriert,
Bis er ken Zeha, ken Ohra meh schpiert.
Es lochert die Schterna dart weit in der Heh,
Den dumma Kerl selma dart hi' zu sehch.

Dann endlich kummt der Nickel doch bei,
Gans selteif un zitterig schmickt er rei.
Der Lach is gross, der Offa is heess,
Der Gschpass is siess, der Nickel is bees!

—J. J. B.

The author of this story evidently conceived "Elfetritscha" as birds, for he says they fly in flocks. This accords with Dr. Horne's interpretation of the word in his Pennsylvania-German Manual: "mythical bird." In Mr. Trexler's story the game sought was a fur-bearing quadruped, tho' not the kind that unlucky Henrich and his friend, the shoemaker, actually caught. Whether beast or fowl, it is an imaginary creature that has sometimes been used to play a rather mean trick on some unsuspecting, over-credulous fellow. But is there not more to it than these stories reveal, and may not the name and the trick date still further back than a hundred years? May they not, as Mr. Trexler's informant seems to intimate, have been brought across the sea?

Literary Gems

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the Old Year lies a-dying.
Old Year, you must not die!
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily—
Old Year, you shall not die!

He lieth still, he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day;
He hath no other life above,
He gave me a friend and a true, true love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.

DES ALT-JAHR'S TOD

GERMAN translation by PROF. ERNEST HELD.

Fast bis zum Knie liegt Winterschnee,
Und der Winterwind heult draend Verderben.
Horst du der Glocke traernd Weh'?
O, flust're sanft und lere geh',
Denn das Alt-Jahr liegt im Sterben.
Alt-Jahr, o, sterbe nicht!
Du kamst zu uns so eilig
Und bliebst bei uns so treulich—
Alt-Jahr, o, sterbe nicht!

Er liegt so still, bewegt sich nicht;
Er wird nicht seh'n das Morgenrot;
Auf's andre Leben er verzicht't.
Er gab mir den Freund und ein Liebchen
schlicht;
Doch das Neu-Jahr bringt ihnen Tod.

Old Year, you must not go!
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us—
Old Year, you shall not go!

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old Year, you shall not die!
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old Year, if you must die.

He was so full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my
friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps, the light burns low;
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die.
Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack, our friend is gone!
Close up his eyes, tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse and let him in
That standeth there alone
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend—
A new face at the door.

Alt-Jahr, du musst nicht geh'n!
Du warst so lange Zeit mit uns.
Du warst voll Fröhlichkeit mit uns—
Alt-Jahr, du sollst nicht geh'n!

Voll schäumten Becher bis zum Rand;
Solch' lust'ges Jahr kommt nicht so bald,
Hüllt auch sein Aug' ein Schleierband.
Wenn auch sein Feind manch' Schmähwort
fand,
Mir blieb er Freundes Haft.
Alt-Jahr, ach, sterbe nicht!
Wir lachten, weinten oft mit dir,
Fast möcht' ich ziehen fort mit dir,
Alt-Jahr, wenn's Auge bricht.

Er war stets voller Scherz und Lust,
Doch all sein Necken hört bald auf.
Ihn sterben sehn, mit keuchender Brust,
Kommt Sohn und Erb', wie'n Sturmwind just;
Doch Tod hat schnell'ren Lauf.
Ein jeder nimmt sein Teil.
Die Nacht ist kalt un hell, mein Freund,
Und das Neu-Jahr, kühl und schnell, mein
Freund,
Kommt hier und nimmt sein Teil.

Er atmet schwer! Aus fernem Ort
Tönt Hahnenschrei zur Morgenwacht,
Die Schatten flackern hier und dort;
Das Heimchen zirpt, der Döcht verdorrt;
'S ist beinah' Mitternacht.
Die Hand her, eh' du stirbst.
Alt-Jahr, wir trauern sehr um dich;
Gern thäten wir wohl mehr für dich—
Was? Sag's uns, eh' du stirbst.

Jetzt wird sein Antlitz scharf und dünn.
O weh, der Freund ist fort!
Schliesst's Auge ihm und bindet's Kinn,
Legt ihn sanft auf die Bahre hin.
Holt den herein, der dort
Steht wartend an der Thür.
'S ist neuer Schritt auf der Flur, mein
Freund,
Ein neu Gesicht an der Thür, mein Freund,
Ein neu Gesicht an der Thür.

DIE GLOCK

BY DR. GEORGE MAYS.

Hoch in dem Kirche-turm, dort hengt
En grosi alti Glock,
Un won sie ehre schdim rous lust
Don brumelt es im kop.

Om Sondag ringt sie g'wainlich frie
Un ruft der Kirche-leit.
So loud un klier is ehre schdim
Mer hehrt's uft meile-weit.

En monchmol hehr ich selli Glock,
We ich en buvle war.
Yes, monchmol meln ich heit ich del.t
Sie ols noch hehre klar.

So loud un heftich schlaught die Glock
Es schold dorch's gonse zirch.
Es scheid os won sie sauge deht:
"Ferges heit net die Kirch!"

Net immer schlaught die Glocke schnell,
Net immer is sie fro.
Es kumt en zeit won ehre schlaug
Loud gons betriebet un schlo.

Won epper selterbt, wo ich Lehr kum,
Saught mer's dem kuster klei,
Un ehr mocht dorch die Glo: bekond
We alt der tode sei.

So we sie ringt do heirt mer shon
 Os witter eppes faild,
 Mer wehs es is en todesfol
 Os sie uns dort ferzaild.

Klong-ong-ong-ong! Klong-ong-ong-ong!
 Schuld es so traurich fort,
 En monches schtuapt un horecht de weil
 Es zaild des yohr-zal dort.

Dort druve wohnd sie feeli yohr,
 Un ruft zu alt un yung,
 Dort duht sie ehre pflichte sha
 Mit ehre laude zung.

Ich wunner ep sie yamol denkt
 'Sis g'fohr in sellem turm.

Won sie so loud un heftich schlaucht
 Im hoche, wilde schtorm.

Duh guti Glick, kunsht ruich sei;
 Duh bist in kenre g'fohr,
 Der turm sichteht fesht, moch fort un schlaug
 So loud os we defohr.

Won au der wind dich schittle duht,
 Un efters schrecklich schtosed,
 Doch is es surely gor ken g'fohr
 Os ehr dich nummer blosed.

Duh lieve Glock, ich lauf duh schlaugsht
 Noch feeli yohre fort,
 Un os duh immer shenner singsht
 Dei shanes liedli dort.

PATRICK MCGLYNN AND THE HORNET'S NEST

BY "ONKLE JEFF."

Suggested by an actual occurrence of some thirty years ago.

A son of Erin, fresh and green,
 Patrick McGlynn by name,
 To seek his fortune and a home
 To this fair country came.

At Reading on his way he stopped,
 Employment there to seek,
 Where he soon found a steady job
 At smithing by the week.

On Sundays he was wont to stroll
 Around the country near,
 To feast his eyes on country sights
 And rural life so dear.

In rambling through the woods one day
 He saw upon a tree,
 Suspended from a lower limb,
 An object rare to see.

'Twas nothing but a hornet's nest
 That hung suspended there,
 But Pat McGlynn had never seen
 A thing so fine and rare.

Now Patrick, in his innocence,
 May unto you relate
 His experience with the hornet's nest
 He stopped to investigate.

"Oi went around admirin' it
 From iv'ry point of view;
 An interestin' sight it wor—
 To me 'twas somethin' new.

Oi saw wee objects flittin' out
 And crawl around the nest;
 Oi took thim to be little burds
 Wid yellow stripes on breast.

Oi watched thim closely and obsarved
 How swift they wur ov wing,
 And while Oi stood besoid the nest
 Oi thought Oi heerd 'em sing.

Oi shtuck moi cane into the hole
 To startt the burds to sing,
 But Oi didn't shtop to listen long
 When they commenced to sting.

Like paddles on a windmill, sor,
 Oi swung me arms in air;
 And thin me hat flew off me head
 And the burds got in me hair.

They flew right shtraight into me eyes
 And crawled all o'er me head;
 They stung me ivery shtep they took,
 Until Oi was half dead.

They followed me for two miles, sure,
 And stung me iv'rywhare;
 They kept a singin' all the toime,
 While they crawled around me hair.

Me eyes wor banged, so wor me ears,
 Me head was all the same;
 And sure Oi must have been half dead,
 For Oi'd forgot me name."

DIE JUNGA RICHTER.

Is It Ever Right to Do Wrong?

BY DR. F. GRUMBINE, MT. ZION, PA.

I
 Es war so gega 'm Friljohr gewest. Der
 Milddamm hot schon lang ken Eis meh ghat
 un die kleena Bächlin un Kricklin hen gsunga
 iwer die schteenige Riffel un zwischa da

griena Ufera as wamm die Frilingszeit schon
 do war.

Der Isrel Groh un der Hans Schwenk wara
 uf ihrem Heemweg—heem vum Dammhigel,
 wa die junga Leit im Schteedtel Sondag Na-

middags als hi' geloffa sin, for Wintergrie-Beerlin un Bletter zu sucha un ah for die Zeit herrlich zu verweila. Un's wara net 'uscht die Buwa allee, wu an der Damnhigel geloffa sin Sundags. Die Meel sin ah hi', zu zwet, zu viert, un ach, manchmols wara's zwee Buwa un zwee Meel—zwee Paar!

Es was Sundag Namiddag wie die zwee Buwa, der Isrel un der Hans, jeder so villeicht fufzch Jahr alt, vum Higel-owa rummer kumma sin un sin iwer die Race-Brick, um newa un Schwamm nuf noch'm Sctedtel zu geh. Dann kumma ihna entgega zwee annera Buwa, eppes greesser un selrtarker, u'gfahr sechzeh odder siwazeh Jahr alt. Die wara verhassta Kerls—Bullies, Eisafresser. Sie hen en lange Schtang ghat; mit dera rihra sie im diefa Wasser rum, wu der Race sich verbreet in da Damm, un bal ziega sie'n seehe nei Fischgarn, en Sctellgarn, aus 'm Wasser raus. Mit ihra Saekmessera verschneida sie des Garn zu Sctiecker, schmeissa die Zottela zurick in's Wasser un die Reeflin iwer die Mauer in da Schwamm. Dieweil as sie an dera Erwet wara, hen sie wieschterlich gflucht un da annera Buwa gedroht dass, wann sie ee Wort verzehla vum was sie do gsehna hen, dann schлага sie die Verzehler halwer doot 's neeksch mol as sie nanner a'treffa.

Der Hans un der Isrel hen gewisst dass die Schiffel schlecht genunk sin ihra Droha auszufihra. Es wara die Kratza Buwa, der Silas un der Jakey, un alles was kleiner war as sie hot sich gfercht vor na. Wem sel Fischgarn gheert hot, is niemols raus kumma.

II.

Villeicht eppes wie zwee Monet noch dera Zeit is der Isrel Groh ganga for die Kih hola vum der Wies. Es war 'uscht so am Duschper werra, un die junga Fresch wara am Kreischa un Peifa as wann sie'n Concert gewa deeta.

"Hui, hui! Du weissrickiger Deifel, du! Hui! Net dort nei! Geh net widder dorch!"

So hot der Isrel gekrischa zu eens vum seinu Kih; dann knelt er sei Geessel un singt:

"In Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf verlor'n,
Und ohne Strumpf geh' ich—"

Uf eemol war er meisleschtil, for er seht eppes. Er seht eppes, was ihu denka macht ans Fischgarn-verschneida selder Sundag Namiddag ans Grossa Damm. Dort vorna drans seht er eens vum sella Bullies, sella Feiertresser, da Silas Kratz, iwer die Fenz krattla, mit ra scheena, neia, helzerna, heem gemacht Muschkraftafall unner 'm Arm.

Der Isrel treibt sei Kih langsam heem, awer eb er heem kummt, weess er wu der Silas Kratz sei neie Muschkraftafall hi' gscheltt hot. Un er denkt da ganz Owet an die Fall un ans Fischgarn, wu er gsehna hot verschneida ans Grossa Damm.

III.

Es war sehr dunkel, wie's mol recht Nacht war. In der Alley newa seim Dady seim Haus war der Isrel Groh un sei Bruder, der Sam,

un noch drei annera Buwa, vum dreizeh bis sechzeh Jahr alt, der Hans Schwenk, der Hans Bassler un der Enoch Dunkel—fufa in all.

Es hot gelaut as wann der Isrel en Speech macha deet. In Pennsylvanisch-Deitsch verzehlt er die Fischgarn geschicht, mit eifriger un doch leiser Sctimm. Er hot's krafftig gemacht. Er hot ausgelegt, wie'n seehe nei Garn es war, wie die zwee Bullies des praechtig Sctellgarn verschmitta hen, wie sie gflucht un gschwora hen, wie sie gedroht hen 'm Isrel Groh un 'm Hans Schwenk 's zu macha wann sie eppes saga deeta. Die annera vier Buwa hen ghorcht so wie sie nie ghorcht hen in der Kerch. Dann verzehlt er vum der neia Muschkraftafall; wer sie nummer ins Eli Weseha Wies getraga hot, wu sie jetzt schlecht, un dass er sie finna kennt im Dunkla.

"Es war der Silas Kratz wu die Fall gscheltt hot. Er hot helfa ma u'schuldige Mann sei Fischgarn verderwa aus Schpeit un Deifelei. Nau, was solla mer duh mit seinera neia Muschkraftafall?"

As wie mit enera Sctimm is 's Urteil falla aus vier junga Hals: "Verschлага!"

"All right! Awer ihr misst all helfa. En jeder muss 'n Sctreech schлага!"

"Ja! ja! ja! Wu is die Ax?"

"Ieh geh un hol unserc," sagt der Isrel. Die Alley nuf schringa, iwer die Fenz krattla, unner da alt Bierabaam uf der Holzplatz geh un die Ax hola, hot 'uscht en paar Minutta genomma.

"Come on now!" un mit der Ax unner 'm Arm hot der Isrel die Viera die Alley nunner gfhrt im Dunkla, iwer die Poschtafenz, dorch die Wies, nummer unner da gross Weidabaam. Dort hot er 'n Zeit lang rum gsucht uf em weecha Wasem, dieweil as Freschlin gepiffa hen un's Wasser im Bächli gsunga hot.

"Do is die Fall," secht er, "nau schlagt jeders vum eich en guter Sctreech."

Vier Händ sin nausgschtreckt, awer der Isrel hot gsaat: "Do, Enoch, du schlagscht 's erscht."

"Krach!" hot's die Wies nuf gschallt, un die Freschlin hen ihra Peifa gschtopt for 'n karze Zeit.

"Nau du, Hans."—"Krach!"

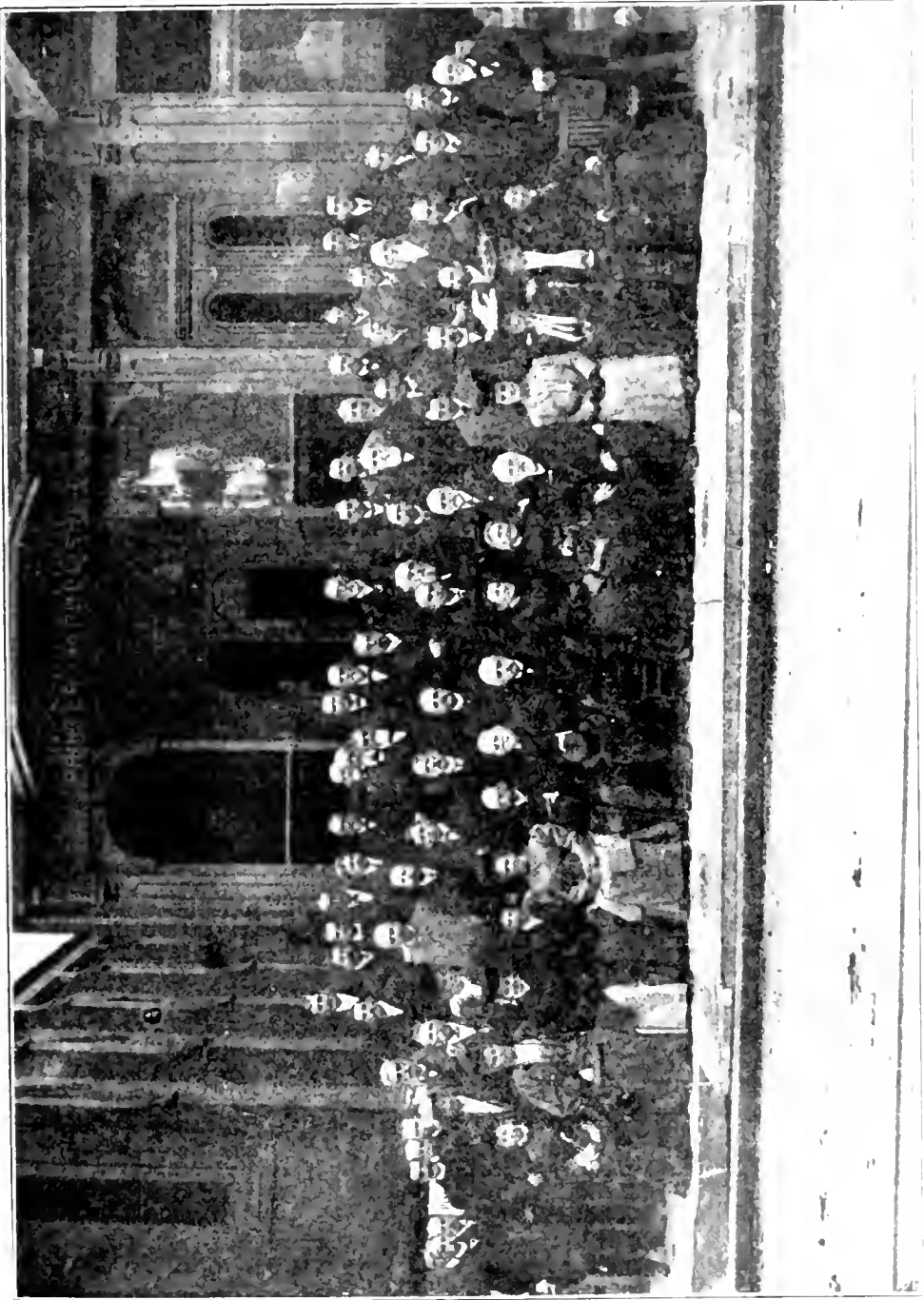
"Jetz dn, Sam."—"Krach!"

"Nau geb sie 'm Schwenk."—"Krach!"

"Jetz mach ich 's fertig!" secht der Isrel. Dann hot's noch a paar mol gekleppert, awer die junga Freschlin hen bal widder a'fanga zu schpiela, die Scterna blinzena im diefa, dunkla Himmel, un fuf Buwa sin zurick gsch'cha die Alley nuf un hen die Holzax iwer die Fenz gschmissa unner der alt Bierabaam.

Eb der Silas Kratz an sel verschmitta Fischgarn gedenkt hot wie er da neeksch Morga ganga is gucka, wu viel Muschkratte er in seiner Fall het, un 'uscht en Heifli Beinholz dort gfunna hot—sel hot niemand aus'funna. Des weess der Herr.

War es en Daniel zum Gericht kumma? Oder war's em Judge Lynch sei Court?



THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN SOCIETY
From a photograph taken at Reading, Pa., Oct. 25, 1906.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Beginning His Seventh Year

SIX years ago THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN was born into the world of periodical literature. Under the fostering care of his father, Rev. Dr. P. C. Croll, of Lebanon, Pa., the child, whose name was stamped on his very face, grew and thrived, winning friends near and far. Last October, as was then duly announced, the care of this unique journalistic youngster was transferred to our hands. Now, after much hard work in the outfitting, he is ready to make his first trip under our direction.

We beg to apologize for sending him out so late. An unfortunate incident, which we could neither foresee nor prevent, has delayed his getting ready for a whole week. We shall do our best to have him come promptly on time hereafter.

Filling the youngster's gripsack on this occasion was a somewhat difficult task, not for want of good things to put in, but for want of room in the wallet. We would have liked to give him so much more than he could carry. We trust we have succeeded in setting forth an intellectual repast that will satisfy every taste, tho' in the final making up we had to forego a few choice dishes specially ordered, which our purveyors failed to furnish in time. These will come later and be the more palatable for the extra time spent in the cooking.

In our October announcement we said that our boy would continue to wear his familiar coat and vest. But the six-year-old wants to grow, and we surely do not want to repress his growth by buttoning him up in a coat that is too small for him. So we have got him a new suit which, tho' of plainer cut than the old, will prove more serviceable, we hope, for his longer trips. Thus attired we send him forth, not only to those whom he has visited regularly before, but also into hundreds

of homes where his name and face are yet unknown.

In these new homes he is particularly anxious to win favor and make friends. We hope you will receive the little stranger kindly and give him a warm place, not only by your firesides, but in your hearts. Then you will not fail to invite him to call regularly and provide the means of his coming, for which he is dependent on you and confidently appeals to you, promising to bring you, as often as he comes, a rich and rare intellectual treat.

A Word to New Readers

To those who have opened their doors to him before THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN needs no introduction to-day. They know full well his mission and purpose. But to the many who now see him for the first time we wish to say that he wants to be, in the fullest and best sense, what his name and subtitle imply.

Whatever interests the Pennsylvania-Germans and their descendants as such will interest him. Whatever he finds relating to their past history or present condition, their character and achievements, legends and traditions, language and literature, he will consider it his duty and privilege to gather, arrange and set before you. In his quest for such material he will sometimes sail across the seas to the fatherland of our noble ancestors, to laugh and weep, suffer and migrate with them. He will follow them as they go bravely forth into the wilderness, to hew out homes for themselves and their posterity. He will describe their simple home life, their joys and sorrows, hardships and sufferings, their steadfast piety and heroic self-sacrifice. He will stand with them by the cradle, the marriage-altar and the bier; he will visit houses of worship and wander through cemeteries and battlefields, to gather the inspiring records of the past. While doing this, he will not neglect to notice what is hap-

pening now, for we are making history every day; nor will he confine himself to our great Commonwealth, for the scions of our sturdy stock have gone forth into every State of the Union.

Wherever these people have toiled and suffered, struggled and conquered, lived and died, he will feel free to go. While not disparaging or excluding any other class of American citizens, he will give first place to those of German descent. With such a rich store-house to draw from, he can not fail to bring in plenteous measure things profitable and pleasing to all.

The Pennsylvania-Germans at Reading

For the second time since its birth the Pennsylvania-German Society met in the capital of Old Berks on Friday, Oct. 27, 1905.

The day was not such a rare and radiant autumn day as favored the previous year's gathering at Germantown, and the turn-out of members was less than it had been there; but we have Judge Endlich's word for it that the meeting was the most distinguished and best-looking the Society has ever had. To enable our readers to form their own conclusions on this point, we reproduce on another page a group picture of the Society taken at the noon hour in front of St. Paul's Reformed Memorial Church, where the sessions were held.

Judge Endlich, who was then and there made President of the Society, warmly and eloquently welcomed its members in behalf of the local historians, and Mr. Lemberger, of Lebanon, who responded in the name of the guests, well expressed the general feeling of these when he said: "*Mer bedanka uns for da Willkum in dass mer so schec dahcem filia kenna do.*"

President Beaver, of Bellefonte, in his official address made a number of excellent practical suggestions. He recommended reprinting the earlier volumes of the Society's Proceedings, which can no longer be had, and wanted to see a full set of those Proceedings placed in every library in the State. He advised co-operation with the Pennsylvania Historical Society and the addition of a Pennsylvania-German alcove to the State Library

at Harrisburg. He was glad the Society was not merely an organization that met once a year for a good dinner, and hoped to see its membership—which, by the Secretary's report, has now reached 470—still largely increased. He did not advocate the ancestor-worship of the Chinese, but thought it proper that we should thank the God of our fathers for our devout and heroic ancestry.

The historical papers of the day were of great interest. Secretary Richards offered an exhaustive sketch of Joseph Hiester, the Pennsylvania-German farmer boy, who did good service in the War for Independence, and who afterwards, despite the meager school advantages he had enjoyed, made his way to Congress and to the gubernatorial chair of his native State. Bishop N. B. Grubb read a brief history of the Mennonites, their first coming to Pennsylvania and their further development as a religious body here.

The excursion of the day led over the well known Gravity Road to the summit of Mount Penn, the magnificent view from which of the city and the Schuylkill Valley was greatly enjoyed, tho' considerably obscured at the time by clouds and smoke. Returning the Society was treated to a series of lantern-slide views illustrating the history of Old Berks by Daniel Miller, the well known publisher.

At the banquet which followed in the evening reason and wit flowed freely. Gov. Pennypacker spoke admiringly of his German predecessors in office; Congressman Wanger, of Norristown, related praiseworthy instances of Pennsylvania-German patriotism; Dr. Ettinger, of Muhlenberg College, described in well turned phrases the virtues and graces of Pennsylvania-German wives and sweethearts; Frederic W. Unger, author of "With Bobs and Kruger," graphically portrayed our Dutch friends in South Africa, and Mr. Kauffman, of *The Saturday Evening Post*, discussed the Pennsylvania-German as he has been represented, or rather mis-represented, in some of the fiction of our day. Thus ended, at a late hour, a day full of interest and inspiration.

Judge Beaver's Kind Words for Us.

In connection with these remarks on the fifteenth annual meeting of the Pennsylvania-German Society we can not forbear to tell what, of all things we heard and saw that day, interested and inspired as well as pleased and surprised us most. It was this paragraph of President Beaver's official address:

We have in Pennsylvania, as you all know, what is doubtless a child of our organization, the magazine now in its sixth year, known as THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN. As this little quarterly is to assume more pretentious proportions, it seems to me that the members of this Society should interest themselves in giving the largest possible circulation to the magazine and in contributing to its pages recollections of the past and reminiscences of persons and places that will convey to the world at large a better idea of who the Pennsylvania-Germans were, what they have done and what permanent contribution has been made by them, through their well known characteristics, toward the upbuilding and general welfare of our

State and nation. I do not enlarge upon this thought, because it would not seem to be necessary to emphasize it, in view of the fact that our very organization stands for this as one of its chief aims and objects. But it is to be remembered and can not be too often or too fully spoken of, that this generation, particularly the older portion of it, has a mass of knowledge and a body of tradition that, if not embalmed by the "art preservative of all arts," must be finally lost to the world.

For this utterly unsolicited and unexpected recommendation of our journal to the Society's kindly notice and support, we repeat to Judge Beaver our heartiest thanks. And may we not venture to hope that the members of the honorable association to which he addressed these words have taken them to heart, and will come forward to strengthen our hands for the work we have undertaken, and which is so completely in line with the purposes for which the Pennsylvania-German Society was called into being?

Clippings from Current News

Three Notable Church Anniversaries

THE sesquicentennial anniversary of the "Old Red Zion Church," near Orwigsburg, in Schuylkill county, was very successfully celebrated on Saturday and Sunday, October 7 and 8, 1905. The program comprised a series of five services, historical and anniversary, by the Sunday-school and for thanksgiving, conducted in English and German. Sermons were preached by Dr. F. J. F. Schantz, Lutheran, of Myerstown; Revs. R. S. Apple and W. D. Stoyer, former Reformed pastors of the Red Church, and Rev. Carl G. Karsch, President of the Pottsville Lutheran Conference. The historical address was delivered by Rev. H. A. Weller, the Lutheran pastor of the church; other speakers were John N. Heim, a descendant of Paul Heym, one of the founders; Hon. D. C. Henning, President of the Schuylkill County Historical Society; Dr. J. H. Umbenhen, Dr. J. H. Eastman, Dr. S. L. Whitmore, Dr. W. F. Rentz and Rev. Henry Leisse. Good music was interspersed through all the exercises. An excellent historical sketch of the Red Church from the pen of Rev. Dr. Weller appears in another part of this issue.

Another sesquicentennial celebration began on Sunday, November 12, at St. Luke's Reformed Church at Trappe, of which Dr. S. L. Messinger is pastor. This congregation was

founded October 18, 1742, by Rev. John Philip Boehm, and its first church was built where the cemetery is now in 1755. Before this log building was erected, the congregation worshipped in the old Trappe Lutheran church. Its second church was built in 1835, the present one in 1874. This was renovated in 1877 and in 1904. The anniversary services were continued for a week.

On the same day, November 12, St. Michael's Evangelical Lutheran Church of Germantown began a three days' celebration of its hundred-seventy-fifth anniversary. Sermons and addresses were delivered by Dr. S. A. Ziegenfuss, the pastor, Rev. F. A. Kahler, Dr. Jacob Fry, Dr. W. Ashmead Schaeffer and others. St. Michael's congregation was first served by Dr. Dylander, next by Dr. Henry M. Muhlenberg, then by Rev. Peter Brunnholtz. The first church was enlarged in 1746 and four years later furnished with a fine new pipe organ. The present building was erected in 1806.

Rededication of Two Well Known Churches

The New Goshenhoppen Church near East Greenville, Pa., was thoroughly remodeled last fall and rededicated November 12. The services were in charge of the pastor, Rev. C. McDeLong. Dr. John S. Stahr, of Franklin and Marshall, preached the dedicatory sermon, and several other ministers assisted in the services. The congregation at this place is very

old. Rev. George Michael Weiss, the first Reformed preacher sent to America, served it from 1727 to 1730 and again from 1748 to 1761; his remains are buried in the old cemetery across the street. Other noted workers here were Michael Schlatter and the Weisers, father and son; the latter two labored in this field more than half a century.

Rededication of Augustus Lutheran Church

Augustus Lutheran Church, of Trappe, which has been undergoing extensive repairs, was reconsecrated on Sunday, December 17 and a new pipe organ costing \$2500 was dedicated. Dr. Jacob Fry, of Mt. Airy Lutheran Theological Seminary, who is a native of Trappe; Dr. O. P. Smith and Rev. I. B. Kurtz, both of Pottstown, and both former pastors, took part in the services. While repairs were being made, the congregation worshipped in the old church, a few steps to the left. This edifice was erected in 1743, is well preserved and well known as the oldest Protestant church in America.

Abandonment of an Old Cemetery

Judge Swartz, of Montgomery, has decreed the abandonment of the John Henry Sproggell burial ground at Pottstown, which was opened in 1715. It has not been used for twenty years and is surrounded by iron works and railroads. The opposition of persons who have relatives buried there was overruled, the Judge declaring that otherwise the ground could not be sold and the trustees would be left without means to continue the charity intended by the original donor.

Commemoration of Gnadenuetten Massacre

Under the auspices of the Moravian Historical Society of Bethlehem, Pa., the hundred-fiftieth anniversary of the massacre by Indians of Moravian missionaries at Gnadenuetten was celebrated at Lehighton, November 24. The exercises in Trinity Lutheran Church were conducted by Bishop J. M. Levering. Rev. Dr. William H. Rice, a lineal descendant of Martin Nitschmann, one of the murdered missionaries, delivered the memorial address. The second part of the celebration took place in Lehighton cemetery, at the monument erected there to the victims of the massacre.

Oley Academy Becomes a High School

The old Oley Academy at Friedensburg, Pa., has been changed into a township high school. It was opened in 1857 and has been in continuous operation ever since, graduating many students who have become useful and promi-

nent. Its last teacher was Prof. C. Waldo Lembach, who is now at the head of the high school.

Teachers Endorse the Penna.-German Society

The Berks County Teachers' Institute passed a resolution October 27, expressing their approval of the objects and aims of the Pennsylvania-German Society and urging all teachers "to give encouragement to the Society, which is doing so much toward uplifting the name and honor of our ancestors."

Obituary Notices

Dr. John H. Dickenschied died at Plover, Pa., October 17, 1905, closing a medical career of fifty-eight years. He was the oldest physician in continuous practice in Lehigh county and widely known in his profession. He was born June 4, 1826, on the farm where he died, and graduated from the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania in 1847. He was the last member of his family.

Dr. Joseph H. Hendricks, for forty-three years pastor of Trinity Reformed Church at Collegeville, Pa., died November 21. He was born in Upper Providence, December 21, 1834, and reared on a farm. In 1852 he became a public school teacher and afterwards a teacher and assistant principal of Freeland Seminary. He was ordained as a minister in June, 1861. He preached regularly at Collegeville, Skipackville and Iron Bridge, besides attending to constant special calls from all parts of Montgomery county.

Colonel Francis Wister, a noted veteran of the Civil War, died at Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia, November 22. He was born at Germantown and educated at the Germantown Academy and the State University, where he graduated in 1860. He entered the Union ranks as captain August 5, 1861, and served with gallantry four years. After the war he became a coal and iron broker. He was a descendant of John Caspar Wister, who immigrated from Germany in 1717.

John H. Weiss, President Judge of Dauphin county, died at Harrisburg November 22. He was born at Schaefferstown, Pa., February 23, 1840. He graduated from the Millersville Normal School and Jefferson College, and was admitted to the bar in 1865. He became Associate Judge of Dauphin county in 1899 and President Judge in 1903. Judge George Kunkel will succeed him in office.

Hon. George D. Stitzel died at Reading, December 12, aged 83 years. He served two terms as Associate Judge of Berks county. He was widely known as a railroad builder and one of the largest land owners of the State.

Chat With Correspondents

Germans the Frontier Guards of Pennsylvania

From Washington, D. C., an old friend and contributor writes as follows:

I am pleased to know that THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN is going to be a bi-monthly; I hope you will be able to retain the old subscribers and get numbers of new ones. It is a magazine that ought to be in the home of almost every Pennsylvania-German, for its mission is putting into the front ranks of history that class of people who have done so much for the upbuilding of this country, but whose worth is slowly recognized by those who write its deeds and affairs.

There is one fact of Pennsylvania history which few persons know and which historians have thus far failed to set forth in proper colors. We are told that the Indians never shed a drop of Quaker blood, but the writers of history have not ventured to give us the full details. The German immigrants were the great frontiersmen of Pennsylvania civilization. They settled like a strong bulwark around the Quakers and received the treacherous blow of the Indian's tomahawk, the Indians at no time being able to penetrate the barrier they formed. This setting of the Germans appears to have been a shrewd scheme of the early Pennsylvania authorities.

Pleased With Bi-Monthly Visits

From Davidsburg, Pa., another old "stand-by" sends these cheering words:

I have been a subscriber and reader of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN from the publication of the first number to this latest of October, 1905. The young fellow's quarterly visits were very welcome. I would gladly have had him come oftener, though on account of his youth this could not be expected of him. I am pleased to learn that he is to visit us bi-monthly hereafter, and hope he will soon grow so big and strong that he can come every month. I am willing to pay him better wages, that is, subscription rates.

Genealogical Notes and Queries Suggested

Another subscriber to THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN from the first, now residing at Berkeley, Cal., offers this suggestion:

Please remember that descendants of Pennsylvania-Germans have gone out to every State in the Union. Our interest is perhaps more traditional than dealing with the present day. I should like to see a page or two of Questions and Answers in Pennsylvania-German Genealogy. That would be a feature in which I should be deeply interested, and there are others just like myself. Both questions and answers should be published, and I believe it would be an excellent plan to give each query a number, then referring the answer to this number.....The Boston Transcript, the New York Mail and other papers maintain a department of this sort, but their queries are more confined to New England.....genealogy. Should this suggestion meet your approval I should like to send some queries myself, and I believe much use would be made of this department.

As stated in our October announcement, we intend to give particular attention to Pennsylvania-German genealogy and especially invite contributions relating thereto. We shall be glad to publish your queries as well as others of like nature.

Our Question Box

GERMAN SONG ON NAPOLEON.—There is a German poem on Napoleon I., describing his rise, military career, downfall and banishment in a dozen or twenty stanzas and containing these lines, which linger in my memory:

"Napoleon, du stolzer Geselle,
Du sitztest ja nicht fest auf deinem Thron."

Also these:

"Hättest du nicht nach Russland gedacht
Und hättest Frieden mit Deutschland gemacht,
So wärest du Kaiser geblieben," etc.

This poem was very popular in my younger days, many people being able to sing and repeat it. I am very anxious to have it for my collection. Have you a book that contains it or do you know where it can be obtained?—H. M. S., Hickory Corners, Pa.

We have not been able to find this poem yet, but no doubt there are some of our readers who can tell where it has been published or can reproduce it from memory, and such are requested to communicate with us on this subject.

VORSCHUSS.—What is the English term for *Vorschuss*, the word by which our Pennsylvania-German farmers call that side or part of the barn which projects over the stables and sheds in the basement, enabling one to walk under cover in front of these?—W. L. II., Allentown, Pa.

We have never heard an English word that corresponded exactly to the well known dialect word you mention. *Forebay* and *overshoot* have been used in this sense, but such use is not authorized by the Dictionary. *Vorschuss* itself is not used in this sense in High German. *Adelung* and others define it as: 1. a loan or money advanced for any purpose; 2. the first shot in a game of billiards or at target practice; 3. the first runnings of wine, cider, flour, etc. *Vorbau* may be taken to mean the same as the dialect term *Vorschuss* and would be more appropriate.

CIRCLES AND STARS ON BARN.—What is the reason for painting circles and stars on the front of a barn, as is the custom in this section of the State? Did these figures ever have any special significance in this connection?—W. L. II., Allentown, Pa.

Not to our knowledge. We never considered those circles and stars as anything more than ornaments, chosen for this purpose because they can be easily drawn and painted. Still it is possible that they originally had some mystic or symbolical significance which has been forgotten. Possibly some student of signs and symbols can enlighten us on this point.

Our Book Table

A Memoir of the First Treasurer of the United States. By MICHAEL REED MINNICH, A. M.

This well written and well printed monograph is offered by the author without apology and certainly does not need any. It is an attempt to do justice to the memory of a man whose important and long continued services to his country during its most trying period have hitherto been most strangely overlooked by those who undertook to write our national history. That Michael Hillegas was really the first Treasurer of these United States and in this position proved himself a true patriot, not only by faithfully guarding the financial interests of the young nation, but also by contributing liberally of his own means to its necessities, has been told the readers of this magazine before by the same author who now offers this more extended biography in book-form. Yet Mr. Minnich tells us that only two of our American historians, John Bach McMaster and Prof. Bolles, have even mentioned his subject in their works. No doubt Mr. Hillegas is the most conspicuous instance of a Pennsylvania-German of noble character and worthy achievement whom history has failed to honor as he deserves.

While the author of this memoir has aimed at condensation, he has added two chapters of data which abundantly verify his statements and throw an interesting side-light upon the details of his subject's long official career. These data are taken from the Votes (or Proceedings) of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, in which Mr. Hillegas sat from 1765 to 1775, and the Journals of Congress from July 29, 1775, to October 10, 1780. The book is a tastefully bound volume of 87 pages, illustrated with a finely engraved portrait of Michael Hillegas and a frontispiece in colors showing a recently discovered coat of arms of the Hillegas family. It is offered to early purchasers at \$1.50 and may be had from the author, at 18 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

Tombstone Inscriptions of Snyder County. By G. W. WAGENSELLER, LL.D.

As a means of studying genealogy and local history tombstone inscriptions are of undeniable importance and value. The burial ground always holds a particular interest for the inquirer in those fields, and many an interesting fact has been gathered, directly or indirectly, from the memorials of marble or granite, or maybe of rude old sandstone, placed over the graves of the dead. The writer has spent many an hour wandering in cemeteries where friends and neighbors have been laid to their last rest, reading the simple names and dates that might tell so little to a stranger, but call up a flood of memories, pleasant or sorrowful, to him. Even in new and strange localities these stone

records have a peculiar fascination, for fancy may be set to work where memory can not gain a hold.

The book before us offers in an octavo volume of 270 pages a complete list of the epitaphs found in Snyder county. Such a record, to be really useful, must be in a form convenient for reference, and we are glad to note that this need has been duly considered. The burial grounds of each township are listed separately, and each list of names is given in alphabetical order. The gathering of material the author tells us, has been the work of five years. The labor must have been very tedious, but it has not been missspent. It has produced a book which, though its reading may be dry as dead men's bones, is of inestimable value to the historian and antiquarian as a work of reference. We believe that similar "books of the dead" will soon be demanded in the other counties of the State.

Horne's Pennsylvania-German Manual. Third Edition.

Horne's Pennsylvania-German Manual—*im Horn sei Pensilfaenisch Deitsch Buch*—has been so long and favorably known in this part of the State that this new edition thereof will scarcely need a special introduction to our readers. It first appeared in 1875, while the author, the late Dr. A. R. Horne, was principal of the State Normal School at Kutztown, and soon won its way to popular favor. A second, considerably enlarged edition was issued in 1895. The present, third edition, still further revised and enlarged, has been prepared in response to public demand by T. K. Horne, a son of the author.

The book consists of four parts. The first embraces lessons in English pronunciation specially designed for German-speaking pupils. The difficulties these have with certain English sounds are here set forth in detail, and the exercises given are exceedingly valuable to teachers in districts where our German vernacular still prevails.

In the second part Pennsylvania-German is taught first on the picture lesson plan. Under each picture is given the name of the object shown in Pennsylvania-German, English and High German. Next the student is led through simple sentences, proverbs, nursery rhymes, etc. to poems and prose extracts from dialect literature. A good many pages are filled with these extracts, copiously illustrated and accompanied by English translations.

Part Third is a Pennsylvania-German Dictionary containing more than 6,000 words of this dialect, with their English and High German equivalents. Part Fourth is a complementary vocabulary, giving the dialect equivalents of about 10,000 English words.

Americanish Historie. By JOHANN KLOTZ.

This is indeed a queer little book. It is queer because it offers history in Pennsylvania-German; the dialect itself, as here used, is queer, both in spelling and diction; the story of our land is told in a queer way, and the 32 "original drawings" that illustrate the text are queerest of all. They look exactly as if a schoolboy had made them, even as the book itself is just such as the average schoolboy will delight in, if he can read it intelligently. The author's object evidently was not so much to teach history as to write a funny book, and we think he has succeeded in this. It amused us a good deal and will no doubt amuse others. This unique "Historie" may be had from the author, Jos. H. Warner, or the Journal Publishing Co., Annville, Pa., for 50 cents.

Heinrich Gernhardt and His Descendants. By J. M. M. GERNHARD.

Family histories have of late years become quite numerous in this country, but it is seldom that one sees a work of this kind so large and so handsomely gotten up as the book now before us. We are quite willing to believe the author when he tells us of the slow progress of his genealogical researches and the time and effort required to produce this work. It is a volume of 315 pages, six by nine inches in size, well printed and illustrated with five beautiful half-tones of homes and places and more than eighty portraits, some single, some in groups, of members of the Gernhardt family, which has now spread over twenty-six States. Beside the usual record of births, marriages and deaths the book contains a great many bits of personal history and description that are quite interesting even to one who can claim no kinship with the Gernerds, as they now prefer to spell their name. The book was originally sold by subscription only, but a few copies were left over and may be had of the author, J. M. M. Gernard, Muncy, Pa., on application.

Skizzen aus dem Lecha-Thale. VON BEN.

"Sketches of the Lehigh Valley. A Series of Accounts of the First Settlements of White People in this Region." Thus we translate the title and subtitle of this excellent historical work, the contents of which were originally contributed to the *Welthote* and *Allentown Friedensbote*, by B. F. Trexler, the founder and for many years chief editor of the former of these German weeklies.

The number of these sketches is eighty-two, and they fill a volume of 260 large, double-column pages. They are written in a simple yet attractive style and offer a mass of valuable historical information. While dealing chiefly with the Lehigh Valley and its pio-

neers, their hardships, manner of living, struggles with the Indians, the planting and growth of their churches, the founding and progress of their towns—Nazareth, Bethlehem, Emaus, Easton, Allentown and others—and the development of the coal industry down to the organization of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company in 1820, they are not confined to the Lehigh region. They relate also the sea-voyage of the Schwenkfelders in 1734 and their settlement in Hosensack and other places, the purchase of Berks county and the progressive subdivision of the "mother county," Bucks, the history of Henry Antes of Falekner Schwamm, the progress of the Lutheran, Reformed and Mennonite churches in Upper Milford and elsewhere, and other events and incidents. While the material is not arranged in strict order of time and place, it is well indexed, and the book as a whole is a rich mine of history and tradition relating to our forefathers in eastern Pennsylvania.

Literary Notes.

During 1906 the *Youth's Companion* will publish 7 serial stories reflecting American life, 50 special articles contributed by famous men and women, 200 thoughtful and timely editorial articles, 250 short stories by the best living story writers, 1000 notes on current events and discoveries, 2000 bright and amusing anecdotes, items of strange and curious knowledge, poems and sketches—all of which, with a beautiful calendar, is offered for \$1.75, the regular subscription price.

The Search-Light, formerly *The Great Round World* and *The Week's Progress*, has lately added illustrations to its many other excellent features. It is emphatically "a condensed weekly of the news and progress of the world," offering a review of current events and thought in a brief but very readable form. Its continuous index makes it a kind of cyclopedia that is always up to date. Published at 24-26 Murray St., New York, for \$2 a year.

The holiday number of the *Woman's Home Companion* is brimfull of Christmas matter. On the first page appears a poem by Edwin Markham, entitled "Christ With Us," and there is a big lot of stories, essays and general articles of use and interest meet for the holiday season. The editors are promising great things for the coming year, which may all be had for a dollar sent in advance.

From the Berlin Photographic Company, Fine Art Publishers, 14 East 23d St., New York, we have received a beautiful illustrated catalog, describing in detail their stock of photogravures, photographs, barytos and other picture prints.

The Pennsylvania-German

MARCH, 1906

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Frontispiece—William Pepper, M.D.	50
William Pepper, M.D., LL.D.—A Biographical Sketch by Rev. P. C. Croll, D.D.	51
A Garrison-Town in Pennsylvania Fifty Years Ago, by Rev. Theodore M. Riley, D.D.	55
The Continental Congress at York, Pa., 1777-78, by Dr. I. H. Betz	64
The Pennsylvania-German in Fiction, by Ellwood Roberts	68
Hope—From the German of Schiller	70
The Gnadenhütten Massacres—A Brief Account of Two Historic Tragedies. II. By Rev. William H. Rice, D.D.	71
Tombstone Inscriptions from Graveyard of "Little Tulpehocken Church," by Prof. M. A. Gruber	80
Literary Gems:	
Schneeglockchen—The Snowdrop	82
Trost im Winter—Consolation in Winter	82
The Graves of a Household—Die Gräber einer Familie	83
Die Kerch is Aus, by C. F. Hill	83
Is 's Maulhalta en Schcene Sach?	84
Editorial Department:	
Editorials	86
Clippings from Current News	89
Chat with Correspondents	91
Our Book-Table	92
What They Say of Us	95



William Veppin

The Pennsylvania-German

Vol. VII

MARCH, 1906

No. 2

William Pepper, M.D., LL.D.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY REV. P. C. CROLL, D.D.

SEVERAL years ago the present Superintendent of Public Instruction in Pennsylvania was called to the city of Richmond, Va., in the interests of popular education. In the course of an address delivered there he remarked that at the head of his State's educational system stood a University which "counted its buildings by tens, its instructors by hundreds, its students by thousands and its endowment by millions." As he made this statement he overheard a Southern cavalier ask his neighbor: "Does he mean what he says, or is the Dutchman lying?"

Surely the "Dutchman" uttered naught but sober truth that day. The institution thus characterized is the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, and the man who for many years stood at the head of this oldest of Pennsylvania's institutions, originally established largely by German effort and for the special benefit of the German population of the State, was he whose name stands at the head of this sketch.

To show that the above statement of our State School Superintendent is a literal fact, we append the following account of the University's second growth.

In January 1881, when Dr. Pepper was unanimously elected provost, the University was an institution of but average college grade. Despite its age, its endowment and consequently its general equipment were far from what was required in a broad-gauged and liberal school of ideal university type and proportions.

This lack was keenly felt by the new provost, and he set diligently to work to remedy the defect. With the powers and dignity of the provost's office greatly changed, he kept ever before him the one

purpose of raising the standards of the institution. Of course, such determination and unswerving devotion will generally bring success anywhere. This is especially true when the actor is guided by the wisdom and sagacity, the personal influence and magnetic power which characterized Dr. Pepper.

The interests of the institution were at once rapidly advanced. No former period of its history had seen such onward strides. The founding of the Wharton School of Finance and Economy in 1881 by Joseph Wharton of Philadelphia, who gave \$100,000 for that purpose, was a highly interesting departure in university education. It is the first instance of such a school in America. The introduction of the true idea of university education was promoted by the organization, in 1882, of the Department of Philosophy for post-graduates. The same year a strong bond of union was created between the University and the city of Philadelphia. For the consideration of \$10,000 and the establishment of fifty free prize-scholarships for the graduates of Philadelphia's public schools, City Councils granted the University thirteen more acres of land. The Department of Veterinary Medicine was added in 1883, largely through the liberality of J. B. Lippincott, the well-known publisher. The School of Biology, which, through the liberality of Dr. Horace Jayne, is the most thoroughly equipped in the country, was founded in 1885 under the directorship of the renowned naturalist, Dr. Joseph Leidy. The Department of Physical Culture was added the same year; the School of American History followed in 1891; the same year the Department of Archeology and Paleontology was estab-

lished, to consolidate under one management the museums of the University. These museums have grown with surprising rapidity since 1888. In many lines their collections are taking highest rank in the country.

Through the liberality of Mr. Henry C. Lee the Department of Hygiene was added in 1892. It is the only complete school of its kind in America. The characteristic liberality of Provost Pepper, which was conspicuous in aiding all these movements, has largely made it possible for the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching to gain the attention of the whole country. All these additions to the University have been made through the directing energy of Provost Pepper, who was mainly instrumental also, in 1871 and subsequent years, in establishing the University Hospital.

The reorganization of the College Department, placing all the schools under one faculty, and the introduction of better methods of teaching have succeeded in placing that Department on an excellent basis. The admirably equipped Library Building was erected in 1888-89. The Dental School is foremost in public esteem. The Law School now has a three years' course. Its famous Medical School, the oldest in America, now requires a four years' course of study, this important step having been achieved by Dr. Pepper's gift of \$50,000 for that purpose.

The assured prosperity of the University and the claims of professional and scientific work induced Dr. Pepper to resign the provostship in 1894. When he took charge of that office, February 22, 1881, the University site comprised 15 acres of land; when he retired, it had increased to 52 acres. During his administration the number of instructors grew from 88 to 268, that of students from 981 to 2180; the value of the grounds, buildings and endowments increased from \$1,600,000 to more than \$5,000,000. When it is remembered that during all the time he thus served the University he also attended to one of the largest professional practices in the country, the

greatness of the man and his capacity for work become apparent. Upon his retirement his associates showed their appreciation of his services by presenting to the University a bronze statue of him, made by Karl Bittner, which now adorns the grounds of the Archeological Museum.

The following story of Dr. Pepper's life has been summarized from published sketches and data gained by personal inquiry.

Born in Philadelphia August 21, 1843, as the second son of Dr. William Pepper, Sr., a distinguished physician who held the chair of Theory and Practice in the University of Pennsylvania, his *alma mater*, from 1860 to '64, his youthful environment was specially favorable for laying the foundation of so brilliant a career. His ancestors, who bore the name of Pfeffer or Peffer, had immigrated from Germany a few generations before and settled at Schaefferstown in Lebanon county, Pa., where they for some time conducted a brewery. In a letter dated November 12, 1895, the subject of this sketch wrote us as follows:

My ancestors at one time resided in Lebanon. . . . They represented a branch of an English family which had removed to Germany and subsequently came to this country. . . . My grandfather George Pepper's country-seat on the Schuylkill is one of the closest and happiest associations of my early days.

This grandfather's residence was probably located somewhere near Norristown.

In the History of Schaefferstown written by A. S. Brendle, Esq., it is stated that two members of the Pfeffer family, Henrich and Philip, did the carpentering work of the Lutheran church at that place, which church was completed in 1767, having been begun two years before. They left a memorandum in red chalk on the inside of the sounding-board, as follows:

Soli Deo Gloria
 Henrich Pfeffer
 Philip Pfeffer Schreiner
 haben diese Kirchen arbeit
 gemacht 1767 im
 Evangelisch gemeind, Juny Month.

Solig Des Glorre
 Young Philip
 Philip Philip
 Jakob Sieber Rindon Arbeit
 gemacht 1767 im
 Ehrengeliss gemaht, Juni Montz

PEPPER MEMENTO IN LUTHERAN CHURCH AT SCHAEFFERSTOWN, PA.
 Courtesy of A. S. Brundage, Esq.

These two carpenters no doubt were closely related and may have been brothers. Philip was an ancestor of the subject of our sketch. Henry had landed at Philadelphia September 10, 1751, in the ship *Edinburgh*, James Russel, master. This we learn from Rupp's "Thirty Thousand Names," from which it appears that this immigrant registered himself on his arrival as Henrich Pfeifer.

Young William graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1802, aged nineteen, as the valedictorian of his class, after having carried off the Senior English prize and part of the Senior Philosophical prize. Two years later he graduated from the Medical Department of the same institution. He at once entered upon the practice of his profession, in which he soon attained high rank. He became the peer of any physician in this country, and not infrequently he was called into consultation with the best medical men of his own and other States to the distance of hundreds of miles, making trips that usually meant enormous fees; yet it has been said of him that his unpaid work was probably larger than that of any other physician in Philadelphia.

Early in his career Dr. Pepper showed such marked ability and excellence that his *alma mater* demanded his services. He was lecturer on Morbid Anatomy in the University from 1868 to 1870, lecturer on Clinical Medicine from 1870 to

74 and professor of the latter branch from 1874 to '84, when he was elected to the chair of Theory and Practice of Medicine, succeeding Dr. Alred Stillé. In January 1881, upon the resignation of Dr. Charles J. Stillé, he was chosen the eleventh provost of the University without a dissenting vote.

In addition to his many other duties Dr. Pepper regularly continued his literary pursuits. He founded the "Philadelphia Medical Times" and was its editor in 1870-71. In 1866 already he and Dr. Forsythe Meigs had published a treatise on the "Condition of the Blood in Malarial Fever," which was one of the earliest studies in bacteriology. Perhaps his most important literary work was editing "A System of Medicine by American Authors" in five volumes, published in 1885-86. This work met with immediate success and is recognized as the best American authority on medical questions. It was followed by "A Text-book on the Theory and Practice of Medical Science," published in two volumes in 1893 under the editorship of Dr. Pepper, who himself wrote large portions of the work. With Dr. John F. Meigs he published successive editions of their work on "Diseases of Children." He also wrote "Trephining in Cerebral Diseases" (1871), "Local Treatment of Pulmonary Cavities" (1874), "Sanitary Relations of Hospitals" (1875), "Higher Medical Education: the True Interest of the Public and the Profession" (1877), "Report

of the Medical Department of the Centennial Exposition" (1877), "Catarrhal Irritation" (1881), "Report on the Mineral Springs of America" (1881), "Epilepsy" (1883), "Phthisis in Pennsylvania" (1886) and many other treatises of more or less extent.

Dr. Pepper also made many notable addresses. Those delivered at the opening of the medical courses of the University in 1877 and 1894 represent the beginning and the completion of a campaign of many years for a longer and better course of medical instruction. In 1886 he made a striking address before the National Medical Association on Dr. Benjamin Rush; his address as president of the Pan-American Medical Congress also attracted general attention.

Dr. Pepper was Medical Director of the Centennial Exposition, and for his services in this connection the King of Sweden made him a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Olaf. He was largely instrumental in founding the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art. He was president of the Philadelphia Free Library and the Wistar Institute, of the University Museum and of the Philadelphia museums, which form a great series of collections arranged upon a harmonious and scientific basis. He secured the establishment of the annual Charity Balls in Philadelphia, which have effected so much good for many deserving institutions. He was deeply interested in other civic projects, especially those for water filtration, laying out a great boulevard and reforming the school-system of the city and the State. During the last ten years of his life he was in constant communication with Senator Edmunds and others who were working for the establishment of a national university for post-graduate study at Washington. He was president of the Foulke and Long Institute for Orphan Girls, of the Pathological Society of Philadelphia from 1873 to '76, of the American Climatological Society in 1886, of the Association of American Physicians in 1891 and of the first Pan-American Medical Congress, which convened at Washington in 1893. He was a fellow

of the College of Physicians, member of the American Philosophical Society and for many years of the Assay Commission of the U. S. Mint. In many other scientific and learned bodies he held positions of active responsibility. For many years he was engaged in an unsuccessful attempt to have the insane patients of the Blockley City Hospital removed to a more suitable place and the pauper inmates put in a more satisfactory condition.

Dr. Pepper's eminence was duly recognized by his *alma mater* and other institutions in conferring upon him well merited honors and degrees. In 1881 Lafayette College bestowed on him the honorary title of LL.D., and in 1888 Princeton gave him the same distinction.

In his domestic relations Dr. Pepper was very happily situated. His wife, whom he married in 1873, was Miss Frances Sergeant Perry, a grand-daughter of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry and a lineal descendant of Benjamin Franklin. Their union was blessed with four sons, of whom three with the mother survived their father. The family lived happily and elegantly at No. 1811 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

Dr. Pepper was a man of magnificent physique, intense energy and marvelous working power. His numerous interests and constant activity entailed labor that few men could perform, and his almost irresistible persuasiveness was often brought into play in long and exhausting interviews with prominent politicians and others. He worked regularly nineteen hours a day and in many instances was engaged thirty-six hours without sleep. But the unceasing strain at last told on his vitality, and in 1897 his health began to fail. At the solicitation of friends he spent six weeks of the winter in Florida and came back somewhat improved. The beneficial results of his Southern trip, however, were soon lost through renewed activity. A longer rest became imperative, and a journey to the Pacific coast was decided upon. When he started on this in June 1898, he was weak and languid, yet his friends looked forward to his return with much hope of

his complete restoration. All his letters confirmed this hope. Consequently the news of his death, which occurred suddenly July 28, at Castle Verona, the summer residence of the widow of ex-Senator Hearst near Pleasanton, Cal., where he was staying as a visitor, came as a painful shock to his relatives, friends and

associates at home. Thus was cut off at the premature age of fifty-five a man of brilliant achievements and an energy that has rarely been equaled.

While the country is justly proud to have owned and honored such a man, the Pennsylvania-German is doubly happy in being able to claim kinship with him.

A Garrison Town in Pennsylvania

Fifty Years Ago

BY REV. FLORENCE M. RILEY, D.D.

SLEEPING midway between the North and South Mountains of the Blue Ridge chain, in what is known as the Cumberland Valley, lies an old town, British in name and in early associations — Carlisle, the shire town, in Pennsylvania as in England, of the county of Cumberland. Quiet and peaceful and, until comparatively late years, free from all industrial enterprises, it has lain dreaming away its simple and yet picturesque life more or less unheeding of the world about it. Founded about 1751, its nomenclature witnesses to its British antecedents. Its principal streets, besides the old High street, bear the names of Hanover, Pitt, Louthier and Pomfret, the two latter being called after two well known noblemen of the English county of Cumberland.

In its earliest days (those of the Indian wars) it was the rendezvous of British and Colonial troops. Washington himself visited the town, and until lately a tree used to be seen, to which he was said to have tied his horse.

A house on Hanover street is still pointed out as that in which Major Andre lived, while a prisoner on parole in Carlisle. Within a short distance of the town lies an old country graveyard, where are said to rest the ashes of a young lady whose friendship Andre had won and who, it is said, was the original of the pensive woman on a white horse depicted in the well known picture, "Alone at the Rendezvous."

The earliest residents of Carlisle were in the main of Scotch or Scotch-Irish descent. The Irvings, the Armstrongs, the Demys, the Murrays, the Stevensons, the Hamiltons, the Duncans, the Mahons, the Montgomerys, the Brackenridges, the McCoskres, the Grahams, the Hepburns, the Moores, the Hendersons, the Blairs, the McClures, the Alexanders, the Blaines, the Lambertons, the Gibsons, the Bairds, the Campbells, the Knoxes and others represent the Scotch element, while the Wattses, the Penroses, the Biddles, the Blaneys, the Thornes, the Parkers, the Stileses and others gave to the *personnel* of the town an English, Welsh, Cornish and Anglo-Irish admixture.

The social traditions were altogether British in one form or other. The manners and aspect of many of the residents of fifty years ago were strikingly suggestive of the old country. There was a certain distinction of person, a way of viewing life, standards of taste, breeding, feeling and bearing, which had crossed the sea with their forefathers and which until quite recently, more or less reigned in the old town. The parts of the county circumpacent to Carlisle had somewhat of the same British suggestiveness. The Stuarts, the Landsays, the Galbraiths, the Cargheads, the Bosslers and families of similar derivation were scattered largely over the fair farms of the county.



ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
Carlisle, Pa.

St. John's Episcopal church, founded in the Colonial times and whose original bell and altar-plate were the gifts of the good Queen Anne Stuart, was filled on Sundays with a very British-looking congregation. Some of the older women, great ladies of the town, looked, thought and talked as though they had come out of an English novel. Stately, grave, duchess-like, of High Church orthodoxy, with a consciousness of place and of personal claims, they quite resembled what one sees abroad, rather than what one sees in these days, so far removed from the Colonial traditions. And when one looked down on the same Sundays from the gallery of the old Second Presbyterian church, it seemed as if all Scotland were gathered in the pews below.

The chants of England and the old tunes of Scotland were heard on the Sunday air, decade after decade. The atmosphere of both countries lingered in the homes, prejudices, feelings, religion, speech and looks of the people.

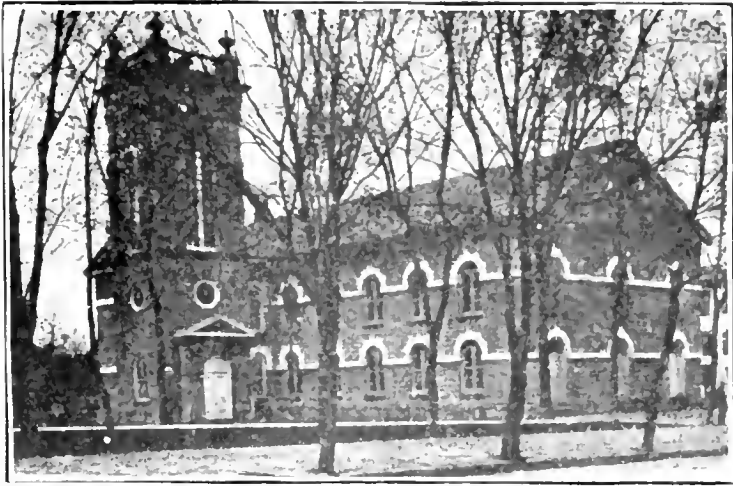
A certain German and even Swiss element from early days had its place in the makeup of the old residents—for example, the Humrichs, the Zugs, the Schaeffers and others; yet that element was not numerically powerful enough to affect the social atmosphere of the borough.

Things have changed in this respect in recent years. The old, distinctly British element has succumbed before the growth of the Germanic element in the community at large. While the old names and something of their old-time prestige still linger, the complexion of the town has changed. "Other times, other manners," is a maxim of universal force and experience.

What gave peculiar and exceptional picturesqueness to the town was its military traditions and color. A garrison was established at Carlisle in the earliest days of the National Government and remained there until after the Civil War. The barracks were built close to the town, so close that a few minutes' walk brought one from the flagstaff at garrison headquarters to the public square. The first building of the group of garrison quarters still exists and has always been known as the Guard House. It was built by Hessians, captured and sent to Carlisle by General Washington.

Fifty years ago the garrison was largely composed of cavalry or "dragoons," as they were then called. Lying close to the edge of the town, a state of things resulted which is seldom encountered in the United States.

It is not the etiquette of the army for officers to appear in uniform in the streets when off duty or out of garrison. The situation at Carlisle admitted, however, of the view that both officers and men were practically in garrison when in the town. Hence, in the old days the streets were at all hours brightened by groups of mounted dragoons and by officers in uniform riding or talking. Even the

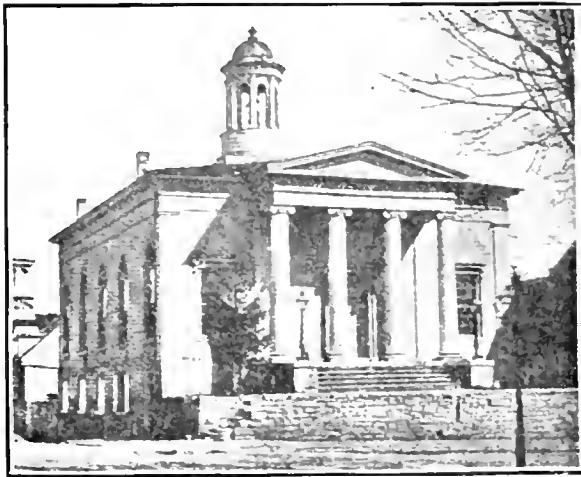


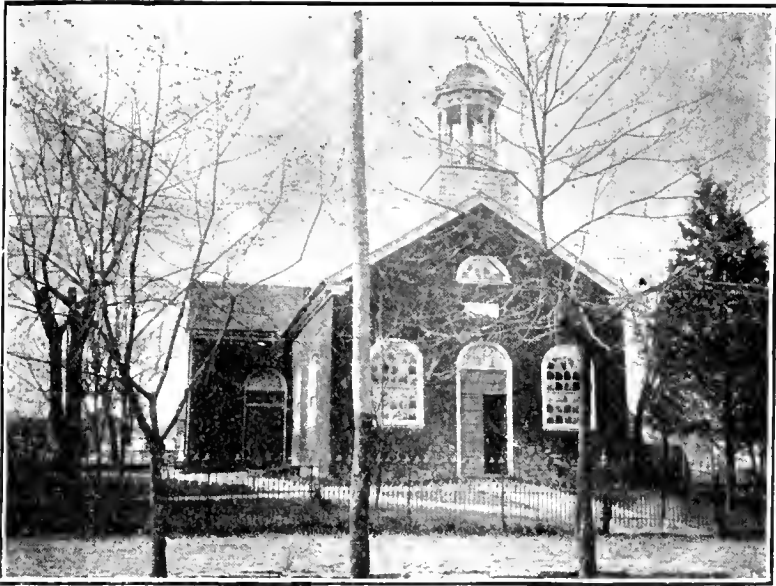
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CARLISLE, PA.

"officer of the day" was often seen riding into town decorated with the crimson sash which in those days indicated his function. The military band came into the town twice a week and played in the public square.

Military funerals frequently passed through the principal streets on their way to the "Old Graveyard" or to St. Patrick's "Burying Ground," where many valiant sons of the old army sleep their last sleep. How memory turns to those solemn military spectacles! Ordinarily the rector of St. John's officiated

at the funerals of the soldiers, clothed in the old-fashioned cassock, gown and bands; the hearse was attended by its guard of honor, the dead soldier's horse following close behind, with his master's boots reversed as they hung across the saddle. The Dead March played by the band gave a profound solemnity to the feelings, as the procession advanced to the grave, while the gay airs played on the return strikingly told of the brief impression death makes and of the easy forgetfulness which accompanies dissolution.

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CARLISLE, PA.
Built 1833. Rebuilt 1873.



ST. PATRICK'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, CARLISLE, PA. BUILT 1866

The garrison dress parades were always a delight to the towns-people; few Carlisle boys grew up in those days who have not dearly loved the army and the Stars and Stripes which hung over them

in so many bright and happy sunset hours. To this day every son of old Carlisle feels the pulse of youth beat in his veins when, however far from the old home, he hears the sound of a bugle, or



THE OLD GUARD HOUSE AT CARLISLE, PA.
Entrance to Garrison in the Distance.



GARRISON HEADQUARTERS, CARLISLE, PA.

the beat of a drum, or the piercing music of a military band, or looks up in the uniform of a National soldier.

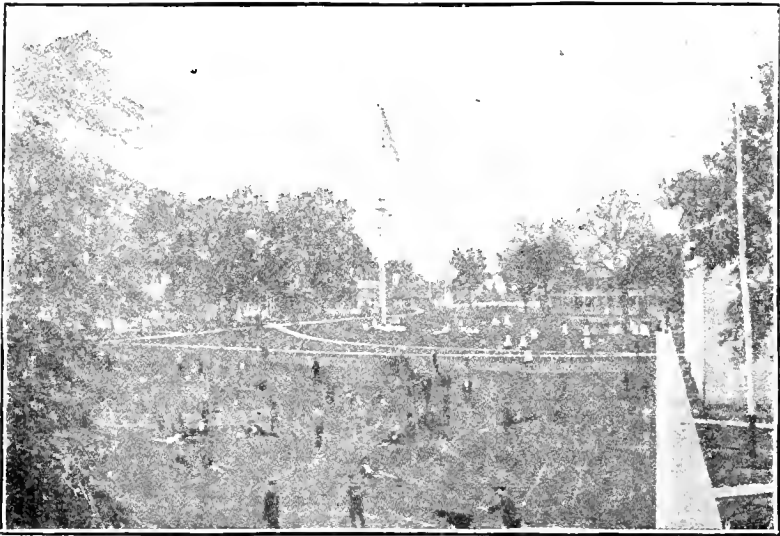
In intervals of duty the officers were often seen on promenade in the public streets, paying with military chivalry their *devoirs*, not only to a bevy of singularly beautiful and accomplished women within the garrison circle of ac-

quaintance, but to the wives and daughters of visiting officers, or to the ladies of army and navy families, who in those far off days made Carlisle a place of residence and retirement.

Frequently too might be seen in the afternoons gay parties of equestrians, officers and ladies, the latter dressed in the long skirts, hats and veils of the pe-



PARADE GROUND, LOOKING NORTH, THE OLD WALNUT TREE

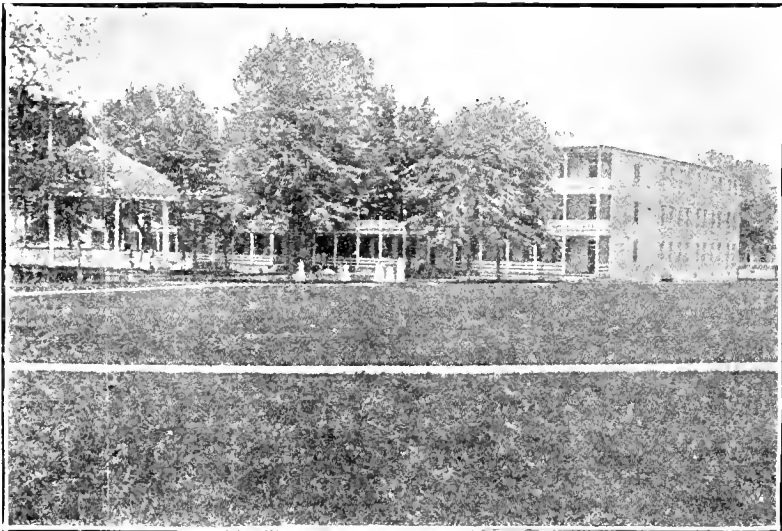


PARADE GROUND AT CARLISLE, PA. LOOKING WEST AND SOUTH.

riod. The old stories of knights and ladies seemed represented to the eye. The old chivalry seemed to have reappeared.

The presence of the garrison and its long identification with the town gave to the gayer society of Carlisle a tone and a cosmopolitan ease and charm which were very exceptional. A charm of the army always is its freedom from angular-

ities and provincialisms; and the army had been so long an element of Carlisle social life that visitors to the town were always struck with the polish of manners and the tone *du monde* there encountered. The writer has often — and after many years of observation of men and things, at home and abroad — expressed the conviction that in no city or court of Europe



PARADE GROUND AT CARLISLE, PA. LOOKING NORTH AND WEST.

could be found in proportion more beauty, or charm, or wit, or perfection of manners, than marked the society of his native borough of those old garrison days.

The presence of Dickinson College, built in 1782, of course did much to set a standard of fine intelligence. It was fifty years ago largely a Southern college, the majority of the students being Southern men; that meant of course the infiltration into the society of the town of the special quality of Southern breeding and manners. Southern families,

terial gravity of the Associate Judges—Stuart (father and son) and Woodburn—linger in the mind as pictures of a far off period.

The bench and bar of Carlisle still has distinction. Some of the old names, for instance those of Judges Biddle, Henderson, Watts and Graham, linger. Sons and friends of the old judges still are enrolled among the attorneys of the court, but all modern life suffers from changes which are not always improvements. The old British majesty of the court room, its old-fashioned bench, surmount-



DICKINSON COLLEGE CARLISLE, PA. EAST BUILDING.

chiefly from some association with the army or navy, had also made Carlisle their home, and the combination of all these influences—hereditary British traditions, military gayety and ease, academic habits of thought and Southern softness of manner and speech—all went to make up a community of singular urbanity and interest.

The bar of Carlisle, made forever memorable by the fame of Chief Justice Bannister Gibson, was fifty years ago one of highest dignity and distinction. The Wellington-like face of Judge Frederic Watts, the singular beauty of Judge Hepburn, the judicial dignity of Judge Graham, and the Scotch magis-

terial gravity of the Associate Judges, its tipstaves and candlelight—all that has gone; and while some of these things in themselves remain, they are not in their old places. A modern smartness has taken the place of the old picturesque gloom, and the old type of face has gone with the old lawyers and the old days.

The Carlisle of to-day is a different place from what it was half a century ago. It is now not a garrison or a residential town, but an industrial one. Factories have disturbed the old quiet, though perhaps they have brought something more substantial in their wake. The famous Indian School has supplanted the garrison and its ancient heroes.

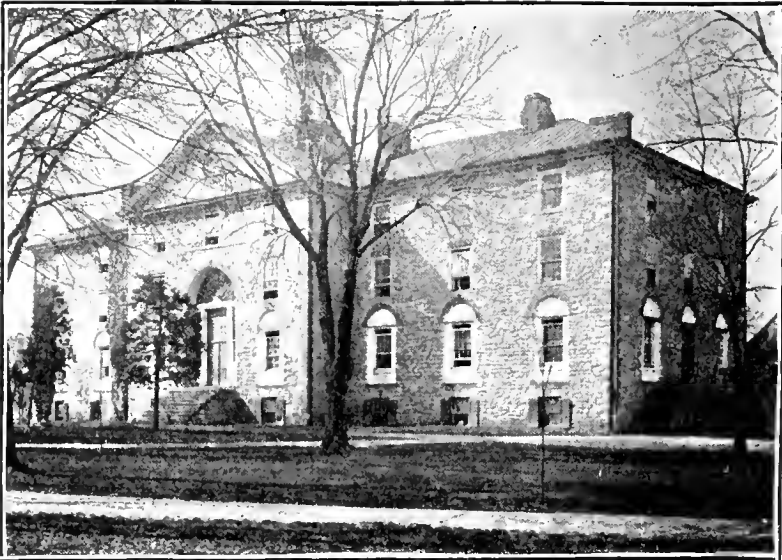
The people of fifty years ago are mostly in their quiet graves. Old names linger, but are echoes of the beautiful past. A new population full of vigor, intelligence, public spirit and of various abilities, has taken the place of the old inhabitants.

The churches even have felt the hand of change. Old St. Patrick's has utterly gone, with its memories of the Conewago Jesuits who founded it. In its place has risen a shrine beautiful indeed—compelling admiration for its taste and finish—but somehow the old was more homelike! St. John's has been enlarged, modified and adorned with a sanctuary far more appropriate and significant than the Georgian chancel of fifty years ago. The old Calvinistic Presbyterian church with its Palladian front has been succeeded by a red Gothic structure, far more costly and far less Scotch. The Presbyterian church on the public square still exists—but with "improvements." A number of new churches and chapels have been planted here and there. The Court House externally remains as it has been these many years. Its clock and bell on weekdays still call reluctant youth to school, strike terror to the hearts

of criminals, or on Sundays ring their sweet peal for public worship.

The college bell also in term-time rings through the air, like a voice long known and loved. The streets remain with their peace and breadth and shade. The stately and serene mountains lift themselves up in their blue distance over the sleeping valley, where gravestones memorialize names that once meant life, and grace, and dignity, and place, and power.

The old town has not been without its tragedies. More than once conflicts between soldiers and townsmen in the midnight hours have resulted in murder and bereavement. Corners of streets are still pointed out where young townsmen have fallen under the knife or pistol. Memories linger of a young officer, a native of New York, exceedingly handsome, manly, warm-hearted and accomplished, who, enlisting under some untoward circumstances, such as often befall young men of the best social relations, commissioned later as a lieutenant, ultimately fell by his own hand, a victim to circumstances he could not mend. This splendid and soldierly youth is still remembered in the prayers of some who knew and lamented him half a century ago. His finished



DICKINSON COLLEGE, CARLISLE, PA. WEST BUILDING.

manners, the splendor of his youth, his affectionate attachments and his sad end, have made pathetic his memory through all these years.

The old town had its humors and comedies. Who can forget the gentlemen of the "Beefsteak Club," or the hilarities of the old-fashioned New Year's Day? Who can forget the economies, the manners or the remarks of good old Mr. M——, whose cloak for a score of years was as well known as his face or walk?

Who can not recollect the Tory-like fidelity to the church of old Robert N——, who, when greeted by a cynical Presbyterian lady in the vestibule of St. John's with the declaration that she never entered the Episcopal church without being seized with a chill, hotly replied with a very red face: "Foul stomach, madam! Foul stomach!"

Who can forget the stately Mrs. T——, who spent much of her time in cutting out paper figures of the Devil and of the holy Apostles, and exhibiting them with never failing interest to the wondering eyes of the children admitted to that choice sight?—and who, when, on the morning of her husband's death, she met the servant of Mrs. McC—— in the hall bearing a carefully prepared partridge for the sick man and offering it with Mrs. McC——'s compliments, replied: "Give Mrs. T——'s compliments to Mrs. McC—— and say that Mr. T—— has just breathed his last, but that he is quite as much obliged for the partridge as though he had eaten it"?

These Germans (of Pennsylvania) are often called "the dumb Dutch," but in all colonial America there was not a group of people from Maine to Georgia who gave the world as much and as good literature as did the Pennsylvania-Germans. Therefore no man need be ashamed to be a Pennsylvania-German, but rather should he feel proud of his ancestry.—Dr. Brumbaugh.

Instrumental as was the Pennsylvania-German in the founding and upbuilding of our Commonwealth, because of his

Who has not heard of "Jenny White," a poor crazed creature of the very early days, or of "Judy Tominy," the fierce and swearing old negress who used to stone the boys, that yelled her name wherever she appeared? Who does not recall the memory of "Pompey Jim," the gray-haired and aristocratic old negro, whose attendance immediately behind the hearse at all funerals of the "quality" was almost a patent of nobility?

Among the old inhabitants there was an almost endless procession of characters, all of them harmless, all of them amusing—with that rareness of manners and speech of which country towns are so prolific. Too many of them would be recognized by the present denizens of Carlisle, were one to attempt their characterization. Many of them were worthy of Dickens, or Thackeray, or Trollope; but their stories must remain untold. Meantime to all who remember the Carlisle of half a century ago, these pages may call up memories and ghosts of the past—awaken recollections of sunny days of *ante bellum* peace; of hours of chivalrous gallantry; of evenings of music and love; of walks and drives and rides; of hospitable and generous and witty gentlemen and ladies of the old time; of the sweet Carlisle bells of which a local poet, now dead, once wrote so charmingly; of lovely faces faded in death; of citizens and students and soldiers of long ago. Peace be to their souls and sunshine to their memories. And as for the old town itself, "*Esto perpetua.*"

valve from an agricultural and industrial standpoint, yet in a still greater degree were his sterling qualities manifested when, as a patriot, he braved unflinchingly the onset of the savage and never permitted the Indian to cross the borderland which he inhabited.—Dr. M. H. Richards.

Almost every department of literature has its worthy representatives among the descendants of the Pennsylvania-Germans and would fill volumes of inspiring biography.—Lee Grumbine.

The Continental Congress at York, Pa. 1777-78

BY DR. I. H. BETZ

THE different sessions of the Continental Congress began as follows:

Sept. 5, 1774, also May 10, 1775, at Philadelphia;

Dec. 20, 1776, at Baltimore;

March 4, 1777, at Philadelphia;

Sept. 27, 1777, at Lancaster, Pa.;

Sept. 30, 1777, at York, Pa.;

July 2, 1778, at Philadelphia, which remained its meeting-place for the next five years;

June 30, 1783, at Princeton, N. J.;

Nov. 26, 1783, at Annapolis, Md.;

Nov. 1, 1784, at Trenton, N. J.;

Jan. 11, 1785, at New York, which thenceforth continued to be the place of meeting until the adoption of the Constitution of the United States in 1789.

From 1781 to 1788 Congress met annually on the first Monday of November, pursuant to the Articles of Confederation.

During the life of the Continental Congress from 1774 to 1788, a period of fourteen years, there were fourteen presidents of this body, succeeding each other as follows:

Peyton Randolph, Va., Sept. 5, 1774;

Henry Middleton, S. C., Oct. 22, 1774;

Peyton Randolph, Va., May 10, 1775;

John Hancock, Mass., May 24, 1775;

Henry Laurens, S. C., Nov. 1, 1777;

John Jay, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1778;

Samuel Huntington, Conn., Sept. 28, 1779;

Thomas McKean, Del., July 10, 1781;

John Hanson, Md., Nov. 5, 1781;

Elias Boudinot, N. J., Nov. 4, 1782;

Thomas Mifflin, Pa., Nov. 3, 1783;

Richard Henry Lee, Va., Nov. 30, 1784;

Nathaniel Gorham, Mass., June 6, 1786;

Arthur St. Clair, Pa., Feb. 2, 1787;

Cyrus Griffin, Va., Jan. 22, 1788.

Fifty-six members of the Continental Congress signed the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia in 1776. Very full studies have been made of these memorable personages by such authors as Sanderson and others. The membership of Congress, however, was constantly changing. The method of electing members and their time of service were regulated by each colony for itself. A certain number were elected, but not all these were required to serve, unless resignations or deaths occurred.

The Congress remained at York nine months. This period was certainly one of the darkest and most trying of that eventful time.

In THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN for April 1903 a table was given of the Congressmen who were present during the sessions held at York in 1777 and '78. That table, however, is incomplete and was published through an oversight. The total number of members present and the individual members which constituted that number have been differently stated in time past. But it must be remembered that, as said above, the *personnel* of Congress was constantly changing, and during three quarters of a year these changes would aggregate to a considerable number.

According to the Journal of the Continental Congress not more than seven members were to be elected by any State, and not more than four or five of these were expected to be present at one time, the remainder being alternates or supplies. At the same time one or two could represent the State. During this period at least a hundred delegates were elected, of which sixty-four at some time or other were present at York. A full collection of the pictures extant of these members would probably lack no less than ten of the entire number.



THE OLD COURT HOUSE AT YORK, PA.

built in 1754-6, razed in 1840, was nearly square, being 60 by 50 feet in size. It had two entrances, facing north and south. Each of these sides had five windows and a door opening on the Square. The east and west ends each contained six windows; each sash had nine panes, 8 by 10 inches in size.

The building stood in the center of the Square. The State House was erected in 1793 to the east of the Court House, leaving a passage of about twenty feet for a driveway.

To the west was the Market Shed. The one chimney of the Court House was at the west end. The Royal Coat of Arms was removed; as in other cities, indignation was heaped upon it and it was destroyed. Neglecting to do this would have been considered disloyalty to the patriot's cause.

Only some twenty Congressmen came to York in a body on the opening day, Sept. 30, 1777. Several others followed a few days afterwards.

It is fair to say that the number and the names of members present may be determined from the votes of the Con-

gress as recorded in its Journal. The first vote of the body numbered 24, the last and largest 34; the least recorded was 12. During most of the sessions not more than 18 to 22 members were present. We append a list of members arranged by States, which has been prepared with great care and is believed to be substantially correct.

Members of Continental Congress at York.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

1. Matthew Folsom, merchant.
2. George Frost, sea captain.
3. John Wentworth, lawyer.
4. Josiah Bartlett, physician and signer of the Declaration.

RHODE ISLAND.

5. John Collins.
6. Henry Marchant, lawyer.
7. William Ellery, lawyer and signer.

CONNECTICUT.

8. Eliphalet Dyer, lawyer.
9. Titus Hosmer.
10. Richard Law, lawyer.
11. Roger Sherman, lawyer and signer.
12. Samuel Huntington, lawyer and signer.
13. William Williams, merchant and signer.
14. Oliver Wolcott, physician and signer.

MASSACHUSETTS.

15. James Lovell.
16. Francis Dana, lawyer.
17. Samuel Holton, physician.
18. John Hancock, merchant and signer.
19. John Adams, lawyer and signer.
20. Samuel Adams, signer.
21. Eldridge Gerry, lawyer and signer.

NEW YORK.

22. Joseph Duane, lawyer.
23. William Duer.
24. Gouverneur Morris, lawyer.
25. Philip Livingston, signer.
26. Francis Lewis, signer.

PENNSYLVANIA.

27. Daniel Roberdeau.
28. Joseph Reed, lawyer.
29. William Clingan.
30. Jonathan Bayard Smith.
31. James Smith, lawyer and signer.
32. Robert Morris, signer.

NEW JERSEY.

33. Nathaniel Scudder, physician.
34. Jonathan Elmer, physician.
35. John Witherspoon, minister and signer.
36. Abraham Clark, signer.

DELAWARE.

37. Thomas McKean, lawyer and signer.

MARYLAND.

38. George Plater.
39. Benjamin Rimmsey.
40. William Smith.
41. James Forbes.
42. John Henry, Jr.
43. Samuel Chase, lawyer and signer.
44. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, lawyer and signer.

VIRGINIA.

45. Thomas Adams.
46. John Banister.
47. John Harvie.
48. Joseph Jones, physician.
49. Richard Henry Lee, signer.
50. Francis Lightfoot Lee, signer.
51. Benjamin Harrison, signer.

NORTH CAROLINA.

52. Thomas Burke, physician and lawyer.
53. Cornelius Harnett.
54. John Penn, lawyer and signer.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

55. Henry Laurens, President.
56. John Matthews, lawyer.
57. Richard Hutson.
58. William Henry Drayton, lawyer.
59. Thomas Heyward, Jr., lawyer and signer.
60. Arthur Middleton, lawyer and signer.

GEORGIA.

61. Nathaniel Brownson, physician.
62. Joseph Wood.
63. Edward Langworthy.
64. George Walton, lawyer and signer.

Doubtless some members were present at York who, tho' elected, were not sworn into office and whose names are therefore not recorded in the proceedings of the Congress. Members of former Congresses were present also, unofficially of course. Among these were Caesar Rodney, Drs. Rush and Ross and possibly others.

Of the foregoing names not one appears to be that of a Pennsylvania-German. From the New England and Southern States none would be expected. Pennsylvania had the largest population of any colony, but it seems the Germans were not found among its delegates. The reason of this is easily found. The Germans were quiet and unobtrusive, and parents discouraged their children from entering the profession of law even for a long time afterwards; they would rather have them enter the ministry and the medical profession. They were patriotic, however, and in full sympathy with



FIGURE OF JUSTICE IN THE OLD COURT HOUSE.

This figure stood to the rear of the Judge's bench and was a silent witness of the deliberations of Congress. It is still in existence and is shown at historical meetings.

the Revolution. Doubtless even the non-resistants among them, as a rule, sympathized with the cause of liberty, but their church-discipline did not encourage opposition to the "powers that be."

Of the 64 members of the Continental Congress at York 8 were physicians, 23 were lawyers and one was a minister. One member, Thomas Burke of North Carolina, was both physician and lawyer. Others were gentlemen of leisure, planters, farmers, merchants etc. A number were graduates of colleges. 26 had been signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Some of the members were large property-holders. John Hancock, who had been president of the body at Philadelphia, was the wealthiest; but there were others, like Laurens and Charles Carroll, who were men of affluence. Those of English descent largely predominated, with some of Scotch, Irish, Scotch-Irish and Welsh nationality. Some had de-



LIBERTY BELL ON THE OLD COURT HOUSE.

This old bell is now in the belfry of St. John's Episcopal Church. See *THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN* of January, 1903, pages 221 and 223. scended from Huguenot ancestors. Eight were foreign-born. Duer and Robert Morris were English, Burke and James Smith were Irish, Witherspoon and Harvie were Scotch, Lewis was a Welshman and Roberdeau a West Indian. Lewis was the oldest delegate, being 64 years old; Gouverneur Morris was the youngest, being 25.

The religious opinions and beliefs of the members were diverse. There were Congregationalists with some leaning to what was afterwards known as Unitarianism. There was one Catholic among them, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Md. There were also Episcopalians and Presbyterians. The newer sects, of course, were not then in existence.

However, while at York the members of Congress attended the Lutheran, German Reformed and Moravian churches. In the Episcopal church at York no services were held at that time. The Congress had two chaplains: White, Episcopalian, and Duffield, Presbyterian.

Philip Livingston, a member from New York, died here June 12, 1778. The funeral services were held in the German Reformed church and interment was made in its burial-ground close by. The chaplains of Congress and its members were on very friendly terms with the local ministers. The pastor of Christ Lutheran church, Rev. Kurtz, entertained the chaplains and some of the members.

Two of those men, who had also been signers of the Declaration a year before, were buried at York: James Smith and Philip Livingston. One of them, Witherspoon, married a York county woman, the daughter of Matthew Dill, founder of Dillsburg, the birthplace of the late Matthew Stanley Quay. A sister of Mrs. Witherspoon was married to the well known Richard McAllister, founder of Hanover in York county.

The Congressmen came hither mostly on horseback. Hancock and Ellery made the journey both ways in gigs. The crossing of the river was often perilous, owing to rocks and shoals. The old Monocacy Road, now vacated, was then the only highway from the river to York.

The Congress drew many other men of mark to this town. To house the new population was a matter of no small concern. Could the houses of the York of that period be restored, as they were



THE "LITTLE MAN" ON THE OLD COURT HOUSE

Which replaced the Royal Coat of Arms. It is the gilded figure of a dragoon, and was placed there in honor of Pulaski and his legion, which was partly recruited at York.

some time later by the pencil of Louis Miller, the collection would be invaluable. In fact, Miller's sketch-books in the York County Historical Society are simply priceless as they are.

Four of the old hotels of that time are still standing. They sheltered the Congressmen of that period. They are the old Schultz House, the Hiestand Valley House, the Baltzer Spangler House and the Cookes House. The house in which the Conway Cabal, which involved Lovell of Massachusetts and others, held its meetings is still standing. Other buildings also remain and many relics of that time are preserved. The Historical Society of York County has a large collection of mementoes of that period.

Outside of Philadelphia, York was the most important seat of the Continental Congress. The Government would do well to erect a memorial building here. The day is coming when this will be an accomplished fact. Many buildings have disappeared, including the old Court House, which would now be considered priceless. Many acts and events, consid-

ered of importance now, were then lost or forgotten, or at least not transmitted or recorded.

After the decisive battle of Monmouth, N. J., June 28, 1778, the Continental Congress bade adieu to York. The motion to locate it permanently at Wrightsville, making this town the capital of the Union, was lost by a single vote.

NOTE.—When the Congress met again at Philadelphia, the Articles of Confederation, which had been ratified by a majority of the States, were there engrossed and signed July 9, 1778. Forty-eight members signed this document; among these were four physicians, seventeen lawyers, one minister and seventeen signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration, five were physicians, twenty-six lawyers, and one was a minister.

The Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia consisted originally of fifty-five members, of which thirty-nine signed that instrument upon its completion, Rhode Island being the only colony that had no signing delegate there. Of these thirty-nine signers of the Constitution, two were physicians, thirteen were lawyers and four had also signed the Declaration of Independence.

The Pennsylvania-German in Fiction

BY ELLWOOD ROBERTS

EVERY people has its distinctive traits, which serve to differentiate it from every other. These may be due to training, to occupation, to the manner of living, or to location at a considerable distance from centres of intelligence or learning. But such traits or characteristics ought never by the observer to be made an excuse for prejudice or unjust censure. Their investigation is always a matter of general interest, and it can not fail to be profitable also to him who enters upon such study in the kindly and liberal spirit which befits the student of human nature.

Eastern Pennsylvania is the home of diverse races, which, while they have intermingled to a certain extent, have in a very remarkable degree preserved their distinguishing traits and maintained their identity under circumstances and environments which, it might be sup-

posed, were highly unfavorable to such preservation. The widespread diffusion of public school education and the prevalence of general intelligence in our day by means of newspapers and other agencies working in behalf of enlightenment, have had their effect in modifying previously existing conditions. So much has already been accomplished in this direction in the past quarter of a century that it may well be believed the next similar period will remove most of the distinctions of language and of dress, as well as other peculiarities, which have been so prominent and so noticeable in the past.

The German element has been a potent factor in the mental, moral and material progress of the various communities of Eastern Pennsylvania, of which it forms a part. The Pennsylvania-German needs no defence. His sturdy devotion to principle, his industry, his integ-

rity, his thrift and his good citizenship generally speak for themselves, and are among the most powerful reasons for treating him with that consideration to which he is honestly entitled.

The writer of this article, descended on his father's side from a Welsh Quaker who became convinced of the truths held by that Society in the days of George Fox, and who came with William Penn to the new Province of Pennsylvania, does not overlook the fact that he is, on his mother's side, the great-grandson of Christopher Sturtzebach (a name that has long since been Anglicized into Stotsenburg), who was a Revolutionary soldier, dying in Philadelphia in 1830, honored and respected by all who knew him. His home in his old age was located on Race Street, close to the grounds where are now held, in May of each year, the sessions of the Yearly Meeting of Friends. Christopher's grandfather was among those who came to Pennsylvania in the flood-tide of German immigration in the year 1732, he being a native of one of the Rhine Provinces. He settled on a farm at a distance from Philadelphia and became the progenitor of a line whose German origin, as in many other cases, is almost forgotten. The intermarriages of his descendants with alien races have been very frequent, but his traits have been transmitted to many now living in this and other States. None of them need be ashamed of their origin, their ancestor having come to America to attain that freedom from religious tyranny which he could not hope to enjoy at home.

It is therefore peculiarly appropriate, perhaps, that one of these descendants should attempt to vindicate the Pennsylvania-German race from unjust aspersions cast upon it by those who do not fully comprehend its character; who belittle, it may be unconsciously, its virtues; who magnify, in the most absurd manner, its trivial defects and otherwise do it the greatest possible injustice by holding up its members to undeserved ridicule. It is unnecessary, probably, at this time to point out how large a share in the making of this great State must

be placed to the credit of Pennsylvania-German character and Pennsylvania-German influence. What a long line of Governors of German extraction the Commonwealth has had in the course of a century—Snyder, Hiester, Schulze, Wolf, Ritner, Shunk, Hartranft and Pennypacker! These are honored names, and so are those of a host of others who have figured prominently in the councils of the nation at Washington. In every department of the State and National Government—in the military as well as the naval service of the country—distinguished men of Pennsylvania-German lineage have been found. On the pages of history and in the local annals of the State, the German element has left its impress for good, its members attaining to the highest standard of patriotism and good citizenship, and doing their duty in all respects.

Casting a glance over the literature of the present day, and especially its fiction, it is impossible to ignore the fact that many of those engaged in such work have been so occupied with the peculiarities of the Pennsylvania-Germans that they have usually missed the sturdy virtues of the race, or have placed these so far in the background of the picture they have drawn that they have passed unnoticed by the ordinary reader. It may be regarded as somewhat remarkable that fiction writers in general have so utterly failed to comprehend this interesting and picturesque people, and have treated them with almost uniform discourtesy, unfairness and injustice. If current fiction be judged generally by what has been published in reference to Pennsylvania-Germans, it must be placed on a very low plane of attainment indeed. It is, or should be, the aim of fiction to "hold a mirror up to nature," or to the time in which it is written, and if it fail to do so, it must be regarded as practically worthless. That can not be a reliable representation of the manners or morals of any age which dwells only upon the foibles of its characters, and overlooks or ignores their better attributes generally. Misrepresentation or exaggeration may very seriously work of

this kind, and produce upon the mind of the reader an effect which is the opposite of what is intended.

It is greatly to be regretted that so talented and successful a writer as Mrs. Helen R. Martin, in her "Tillie: a Mennonite Maid," a work which is full of interest from beginning to end, should have fallen, probably unintentionally, into this error. The trait of stubbornness, so often in these pages attributed to "Pennsylvania-Dutchmen," might readily suggest to the uninitiated reader that the entire race are totally insensible to the influence of reason or argument, however sound. The obstinate and unfatherly conduct of Jacob Getz, which is kept up to the very end of the book, is well calculated to prejudice the mind against all Pennsylvania-Germans. The persistency of different religionists is carried to an extreme which it is almost impossible to believe has any counterpart in real life. Any one familiar with Pennsylvania-German character must enter a protest against such treatment of this subject. How different the manner in which Charles Heber Clark, in his "Quakeress," writes of the Society of Friends, a people as peculiar in their way, perhaps, as Pennsylvania-German religionists and as much exposed to the criticism of the ignorant and unthinking as the Amish and Mennonites, of whom Mrs.

Martin writes! All three are similar in respect to fixed adherence to their faith and steadfast devotion to principle. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, another able fiction writer, has dealt much less fairly with the Quakers in his "Hugh Wynne," greatly to the regret of many of his admirers.

May it not be hoped that the novelist of the future will endeavor to do justice to Pennsylvania-German character, avoiding the exaggeration of defects which may be regarded as mere foibles, and the constant repetition of forms of speech which are used only by the ignorant, as though they were universal among that element of our population? It should be generally understood that the course which has been criticised in this article is repugnant to every intelligent and fair-minded reader. How much better to pass lightly over the peculiarities of religionists who are generally recognized as being among the most conscientious citizens of Pennsylvania, however mistaken others may imagine their views to be! The thrift, the fidelity to what is best and truest in their natures, and in general the manly and womanly virtues of a deservedly honored race should never be overlooked in the contemplation of their peculiarities in connection with their modes of worship or otherwise.

HOPE

From the German of Schiller.

Of happier days in the future's store
 Men ever are talking and dreaming.
 They're running to reach a goal that before
 Them in golden brightness is gleaming.
 The world grows old and grows young again.
 While betterment still is the hope of men.

Man enters life with Hope as his guide,
 Round the frolicsome boy she hovers;
 With her magic wand she stand, beside
 The youth, and ere the grave covers
 The grandsire's worn-out body, behold
 Him at the brink Hope's banner unfold!

'Tis no vain delusion, no phantom false
 Of a madman's brain that allures us.
 "We're born for something better!" loud calls
 A voice within that assures us.
 This voice within us can not deceive;
 Its promise the soul may safely believe.

The Gnadenhuetten Massacres

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF TWO HISTORIC TRAGEDIES

II

BY REV. WILLIAM H. RICE, D.D., GNADENHUETTEN, OHIO.

The first part of this article told the story of Gnadenhuetten on the Mahoning, in Pennsylvania; the second deals with Gnadenhuetten on the Muskingum, in Ohio. It gives us great pleasure to present this second part as it came from the pen of one of the foremost historians of the Moravian Church, who moreover resides on the site of this historic tragedy.—ED.

THE Moravian Church's missionary villages in the valley of the Muskingum (now named Tuscarawas) River were the first settlements of Christian communal life in Ohio.

Christian Frederick Post, the eminent Moravian missionary pioneer during the Colonial Period (whose services to the cause of England's supremacy over against that of France, in America, are a matter of historical record), was the first Moravian who came into the Ohio territory, with missionary purpose. This was in 1701. In that year Post visited the capital of the Delaware Indian nation, Tuscarawas Town, situated near the present town of Boliyar. Post came to arrange for the founding of a mission station. He was only partially successful in overcoming the opposition and allaying the suspicions of the Indian Council. He came back in the following year, the spring of 1762, bringing with him as his assistant, whom he had himself selected, John Heckewelder, a young man just nineteen years old. Heckewelder was to teach the school to be attached to the mission. But the unfriendly bearing of the Indians compelled the abandonment of the attempt in the late autumn of the same year, 1762.

Nine years later, in 1771, Rev. David Zeisberger (then in his prime, only forty-one years old) came to the Ohio territory on the urgent invitation of the Great Council of the Delaware nation, with a view to the introduction of Christianity among the Delawares. As a result of the negotiations the Great Coun-

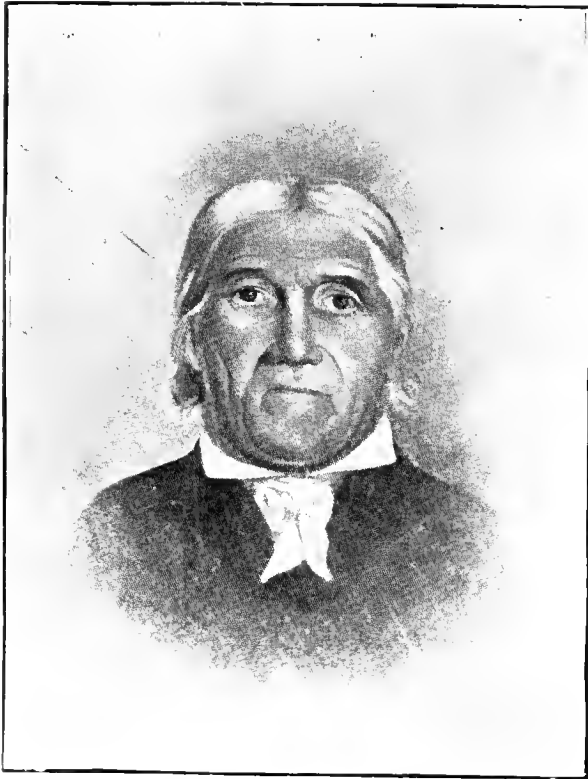
cil, under the lead of Chief Netawatwes, gave the Moravian pioneers the land in the Muskingum Valley extending from Tuscarawas Town (now Boliyar, Tuscarawas county) to the mouth of Stillwater creek, a branch of the Muskingum. Later an additional grant was made, extending from the mouth of the Stillwater to the vicinity of the new Indian capital, near the site of the present Newcomers-town, Tuscarawas county, Ohio.

In the spring of the following year, 1772, Rev. David Zeisberger returned to Ohio, with Rev. John Heckewelder as his right-hand man, to found the Moravian settlements in this valley, known later as the Tuscarawas Valley.

The site for the first settlement was decided upon by the Grand Council. Chief Netawatwes pointed out a spring of water, on the eastern bank of the Muskingum, about two miles south of the present New Philadelphia, the county-seat of Tuscarawas county. The Indian name, *Helik-Tuppeek*, signifies Beautiful Spring; in German it is *Schoen-Brunn*. This name was given to the first settlement of a Christian community, in Ohio, begun in May 1772.

In the autumn of the same year the second settlement was begun, on the eastern bank of the Muskingum, about nine miles south of Schonbrunn. It was named Gnaden-Huetten (Tents of Divine Grace), after the mission settlement in Pennsylvania which was destroyed by the savage Indians in the French interest, in the fall of 1755. It stood, practically, on the site of the present Gnadenhuetten.

The settlers who followed the leadership of Zeisberger and Heckewelder, and their collaborators, Jung, Jungmann, Senseman, Schmick and Edwards, were for the most part members of the Moravian Mission Church which had been gathered and organized from among the Indians during the years since the inaugu-



REV. JOHN HECKEWELDER.

ration of Moravian gospel work among the aborigines—"the first Americans"—in the year 1740.

For a generation this work had been carried on by the men and women of the Moravian Church who had been sent over from Europe with this main object in view, the Christianization of the Indians. A mere handful of feeble folk, the record of their success attained in this gospel effort, of the privations they endured, of the sacrifice of life heroically made, of cruel persecutions patiently suffered at the hands of savage and of Christian, of the cruelties inflicted by mob law and in the name of statute law, challenges comparison with the record of the sufferings of the early Christians themselves. Nothing could embitter the sweet spirit of their Christ-inspired love for the souls of men. They braved death, endured nameless privations and suffered the loss of all things for Christ and for

souls. The work only halted when death and the destruction of their material resources put an end to further effort.

Since the inauguration of this work under Rev. Christian Henry Rauch in the border counties of the provinces of New York and Connecticut, in 1740, when the work was mainly among the Mohican Indians, the record of the Indian Church had been like that of the people of Israel under Moses and Joshua—the story of a pilgrimage in the wilderness. The missionaries and their converts were driven out by the deadly hostility of the people and government of these provinces, to the more liberal province of Pennsylvania. There it grew in numbers, and flourished in the development of a consistent Christian character. The church at Gnadenhütten on the Mahoning, in what is now Carbon county, Pa., up to the time of the massacre of its missionaries and the dispersion of its In-

dian members, was a well appointed, thoroughly organized body of communicants, who followed Christ in good and in evil report, over against their pale-faced fellow-Christians and heathen red men. Their simple-hearted love for Christ and their unflinching faith in Him had wrought a marvelous change in their savage lives. No stronger proof of the truth and the power of the gospel of the New Testament could be furnished. And all this was achieved in the face of the troublous war times that characterized the years of strife between England and France for supremacy in the New World.

The work was resumed in 1765, under Zeisberger's leadership, at Machiwihilusing, on the Susquehanna, in what is now Bradford county, Pa., some two miles below the present Wyalusing. The settlement was given the name Friedens-Hütten (Tents of Divine Peace). The town is thus described: It had twenty-nine log houses, with windows and chimneys, like the homesteads of white settlers, and thirteen huts besides. These were built along the two sides of one street, in the centre of which at its head stood the church, thirty-two by twenty-four feet in size. It had a shingle roof, and a wing used as a schoolhouse. On the left side of the street, opposite the church, stood the parsonage or missionaries' dwelling-house. Each house-lot had a frontage of thirty-two feet. Between every two lots ran a ten feet wide alley. To the rear of the homesteads were gardens and orchards, stocked with vegetables and fruit-trees. A post-and-rail fence enclosed the town. In summertime the streets and alleys were kept remarkably clean by a company of women, who swept them with wooden brooms and removed the rubbish. Two hundred and fifty acres of meadow and farmland, between the town and the river, were enclosed with two miles of fencing. A canoe for each household was tied at the river bank. Cattle, hogs and poultry of every kind were raised in abundance. More time was given to farming than to hunting, and plentiful crops were raised. Corn, maple-sugar, butter and pork, together with canoes of

white pine, were sold to the white settlers and to visiting Indians. This is a type of the village-settlements subsequently built up in the Muskingum Valley in Ohio.

Hand in hand with this material prosperity went the work of Divine grace. The autumn of the first year at the settlement on the Susquehanna was marked by a gracious revival. Visiting Indians from near and from far — Mohawks, Cayugas, Senecas, Onondagas, Mohicans, Wampanoags, Delawares, Tutelas, Tuscarawas and Nanticokes — heard the story of Jesus. Zeisberger writes:

For several months a great revival has been prevailing among the Indians who visit us. All who attend the services are deeply impressed and listen as though they never had enough of the message of a Savior. Often while I am preaching the power of the gospel message makes them tremble with emotion and shake with fear, until they almost lose consciousness and seem about to faint. This shows with what violence the power of evil within them opposes the work of the Cross. As a rule, when such a paroxysm is over, they weep in silence. We have many candidates for baptism. Anthony, our national helper, enjoys the particular esteem of his unconverted countrymen, and he sets forth the Savior's love with such feeling that not infrequently his hearers burst into tears, and Anthony is constrained to weep with them.

Heekewelder, who at this time entered upon the work as Zeisberger's principal assistant, refers to the conversion of an Indian prophet, Papunhauk, as one of the fruits of this period. "Had Zeisberger inherited a kingdom, his joy could not have been as great as over the conversion of this Indian prophet." Baptized as John, he came to be in after years a faithful helper in the Indian Church in Ohio.

Because the land on which the settlement was located was to be sold to the white settlers, who were pressing in upon them, the scene was shifted, after a few years to the Allegheny Valley in north-western Pennsylvania. "Intelligence reached us that there were Indians living on the Allegheny River who desired to hear the gospel"—is the way in which Zeisberger puts it. With the two helpers, Anthony and John (Papunhauk), Zeisberger makes his way by canoe and

afoot, with a single pack-horse, through the almost impenetrable wilderness of northern and northwestern Pennsylvania, where the foot of white man has never yet trod, to the headwaters of the Allegheny, in what is now Potter county. Their destination was Goschgoschönk, a town of the Monsey tribe of the Delaware Indians, near the confluence of the Allegheny and Tionesta Creek, in what is now Venango county. A stay of seven days resulted in his obtaining leave to establish a permanent mission. He returned in June 1768 with Rev. Gottlob Senseman (whose mother perished in the massacre at Gnadenhütten on the Mahoning, in 1755) and the Indian helpers and other families. For three years, often in the face of the bitterest opposition of the heathen Indians, the work of the Indian Church engaged the labors of Zeisberger and his collaborators in this region. During this period it was transferred from its first site to a second and finally to a third site, within what is now the "Oil Region" of Pennsylvania, in Lawrence county, on the Beaver River, between the Shenango River and Slippery Rock Creek. To this settlement was given the name of Friedensstadt, City of Divine Peace.

The most conspicuous triumph achieved at this point was the conversion of the eloquent Indian captain, Glikkikan, noted as well for his bravery and prowess as a warrior, unequalled among whites or Indians. Like Saul of Tarsus he came to Friedensstadt, to find it his Damascus. He came to confound the heralds of the Cross and was himself confounded. One day after listening to a sermon on sin and grace, Glikkikan, deeply moved, walked to his hut along the village street, sobbing aloud. "This is wonderful," writes Zeisberger, "a proud war-captain sheds tears in the presence of his former associates. Thus the Savior by His word breaks the hard hearts and humbles the pride of the Indians." He was baptized, receiving the Christian name of Isaac. He was the wisest counselor and bravest captain of his chief. When the latter upbraided him for having gone over to the missionaries, saying: "In good time you will discover how miserably you

have been deceived," Isaac Glikkikan answered: "You are right; I have joined the Moravians. Where they go, I will go; where they lodge, I will lodge; nothing shall separate me from them. Their people shall be my people and their God my God." He came to be an honored elder in the Indian Church, the trusted counselor of the missionaries. Twelve years later this faithful elder and loyal disciple of the Lord sealed his faith and love, as a martyr, at the Gnadenhütten massacre.

We have now come to that period in the history of the Moravian Church's work among the Indians, to which reference was made at the beginning of this article—the period of its transfer to Ohio, in obedience to the urgent invitation of the Delaware nation's Grand Council. During this period, which extended from 1772 to 1781, the high water mark of success in this marvelous Indian work was attained.

In the course of a few years after its inauguration, in the spring of 1782, it had grown into a cluster of Christian communities in the settlements of Schönbrunn, Gnadenhütten, Neu-Schönbrunn, Lichtenau (Meadow of Light), near where is now the town of Coshocton and Salem, not far from the present town of Port Washington, all within the limits of the present county of Tuscarawas, all situated near the banks of the Tuscarawas or Muskingum River.

Here were dwelling in orderly Christian communities, in their separate municipalities, in peace and plenty, hundreds of Indian householders. A corps of devoted missionary pastors and their wives were the collaborators of the superintendent, Rev. David Zeisberger; Rev. John Heckewelder and wife, Rev. Gottlob Senseman and wife, Rev. John Roth and wife, Rev. John G. Jungmann and wife, Rev. John J. Schmick and wife, Rev. Michael Jung, and Rev. William Edwards.

The most striking evidence of the complete success which crowned their gospel labors, is the fact that just before the breaking out of the War of the Revolution, during the first half of this period, the Grand Council of the Delaware nation,



A MISSION APPLE TREE AT GNADENHUTTEN
BLOWN DOWN JULY 16, 1880

in its new capital on the site of the present city of Coshocton, solemnly adopted an edict, of which the following is the principal part:

Liberty is given the Christian religion, which the Council advises the entire nation to adopt. The Christian Indians are on an entire equality with the Delawares, all together constituting one nation. Christian Indians have like property rights in the nation's lands with the rest of the nation. Only converts may settle near the towns of the Christian Indians.

The following statutes for the government of these Indian municipalities were drawn up by Zeisberger and his advisers, both missionary and Indian. In accordance with them all their affairs were regulated. They may well be held up as models for the wise and just ordering of the affairs of these Christian communities, oases in the wilderness of that early day in the history of our western country:

1. We will know no other God but the one only true God, who made us and all creatures and came into this world in order to save sinners; to Him alone we pray.

2. We will rest from work on the Lord's day, and attend public services.

3. We will honor father and mother, and when they grow old and needy we will do for them what we can.

4. No one shall have leave to dwell with us until our pastors have given their consent, after due examination by the helpers.

5. We will have nothing to do with thieves, murderers, whoremongers, adulterers or drunkards.

6. We will not take part in dances, sacrifices, heathenish festivals and games. We will use no witchcraft in hunting.

7. We will obey our pastors and their helpers, appointed to preserve order in our public services and in the towns and in the fields. We will not be idle, nor scold, nor beat one another, nor tell lies. Whosoever injures the property of his neighbor shall make restitution.

8. A man shall have but one wife, shall love her and shall provide for her and for his children. A woman shall have but one husband, shall obey him, care for her children and be cleanly in all things. Young persons shall not marry without the consent of their parents and their pastor.

9. We will not admit rum or any other intoxicating liquor into our towns. If strangers or traders shall bring intoxicating liquor, our helpers shall take it from them and not restore it until the owners are ready to leave the place.

10. No one shall contract debts with traders or receive goods to sell for traders, without the consent of the helpers. Whoever goes on a hunt or journey must give due notice to the pastors or stewards. Whenever the stewards or helpers appoint a time to make fences or to do other work for the common good, we will assist and do our part. Whenever corn is needed to entertain strangers or sugar for a love feast, we will freely contribute from our supply. We will not go to war and will not buy booty taken in war.

The missionaries and the Indian helpers constituted the officers which administered the government in each town. Whenever the question of removal came up, the decision was always left to the vote of the people.

Agriculture and stock-raising were the main employments of the inhabitants of these settlements, although hunting was not given up altogether.

The material and spiritual prosperity of this cluster of Indian municipalities in the valley of the Muskingum excited the wondering admiration alike of the civilized white man and of the savage red man. Many whites and Indians came long distances to visit these remarkable habitations of peace and plenty, upon which rested the smile of God.

The Schönbrunn church had room for five hundred hearers and often proved too small to hold all the people who

crowded to hear the gospel message. Many chiefs of the various tribes of the Delaware nation, Mohicans, Nanticokes, Shawanese and others, were converted, and were a part of the gracious ingathering of souls into this remarkably prosperous and successful Indian fold. When, in September, 1781, at the sack of these towns by the British from Detroit and their heathen Indian allies, the inhabitants were compelled to leave these abodes of peace and plenty, and with their missionary pastors and their wives and children were forced to make their way a hundred miles westward into the barren wilderness of what is now Wyandotte county, they left behind their flourishing towns, each with a commodious house of worship; their comfortably furnished homes; their implements of husbandry; rich plantations with thousands of bushels of unharvested corn and grain, besides large quantities in barns; hundreds of cattle and swine; poultry of every kind and gardens stocked with an abundance of vegetables.

This was the culmination of the storm of trouble which broke in upon all this felicity and prosperity, when the Revolutionary War came to unsettle the relations between the Indian and the white settler who encroached upon his domain. These gospel pioneers and their spiritual charges gathered from among the heathen aborigines were placed between two fires. Situated about halfway between the American and the British western frontier lines — the headquarters of the one at Pittsburg (Fort Pitt) and of the other at Detroit (Fort Detroit) — the final catastrophe could scarcely be avoided.

The horrible sufferings from privation and exposure to the elements of that bitter winter in their hurriedly constructed wilderness lodge — Captives' Town they styled it — in Wyandotte county, can scarcely be estimated. White and brown, these Christian men and women, youths and children, suffered alike.

It was under the stress of the scenes of starvation and death which ensued that nearly one hundred of these exiles made their way back again, in February 1782, to their unharvested cornfields in

the fertile Gnadenhütten bottoms. Fathers and mothers, young men and maidens, boys and girls, constituted the company which made its way through the almost trackless wilderness back to their home-fields. Whilst they found empty houses, they also found an abundance of unharvested corn in the fields across the river from Gnadenhütten. With the joy of harvest in winter-time, they eagerly addressed themselves to the ingathering of food for the starving. Entire families had joined themselves to this company, bringing with them, in many cases, their infant children, so eager was their quest for food and for deliverance from starvation. Zeisberger says:

Since our Indian brethren heard that there was corn enough in our towns, and that they had nothing to fear to go there and get it, they made ready and went away. For they saw nothing else before them, if they remained there [at Captives' Town] than that they and their children must starve. When they got there [to Gnadenhütten and Salem], they believed themselves quite secure. Instead of hastening to get away again, they stayed several weeks in the towns and fields, having then enough to eat.

They worked day and night gathering the golden ears. They had been here some weeks when suddenly a company of about two hundred militiamen from the vicinity of Pittsburg, on the Pennsylvania border, came upon the eager and joyous harvesters.

They greeted our brethren as friends, and expressed their sympathy and admiration for them as converts to the common Christian faith. They said: "We have come to remove you to Pittsburg to a haven of safety from the murderous heathen Indians." Our brothers readily believed these protestations of friendly interest, because they had often met many of these bordermen in neighborly intercourse and traffic in the streets of Pittsburg. Dreaming of no ill intent they gave cordial assent to the militiamen's suggestion to give up their guns and knives.

As soon as our brethren — men and women — had thus been rendered defenceless, the professed friendship of the "white Christian brother" was changed with bewildering suddenness into the

merciless cruelty of enemies thirsting for the blood of their victims. They bound our brethren, brought them in boats across the river and imprisoned them in some of the houses that were still intact. A council of war was then held to decide what to do with the imprisoned men, women, young people and babes at the breast.

"Shall we carry them to Pittsburg, or shall we put them to death at once?" The militiamen were drawn up in line under command of their leader, Captain Williamson. Every one in favor of carrying the captives to Pittsburg, was commanded to make one step forward. Of the almost two hundred men, only eighteen stepped forward. All the rest voted to kill them there at once and to be done with it.

The question next to be decided was whether our brethren, this imprisoned company of men, women and children, should be burnt alive by setting fire to the houses and shooting down all that might attempt to escape, or whether they should be led forth and be separately tomahawked and scalped. By this second method the white Christian brethren (for they were praying members of churches who had matured their plan for the entrapment of these Moravian Indians at their prayer-meeting gatherings) would be furnished with the trophies of the scalps of their brown Christian brothers and sisters and their little children. This consideration decided the manner of their killing.

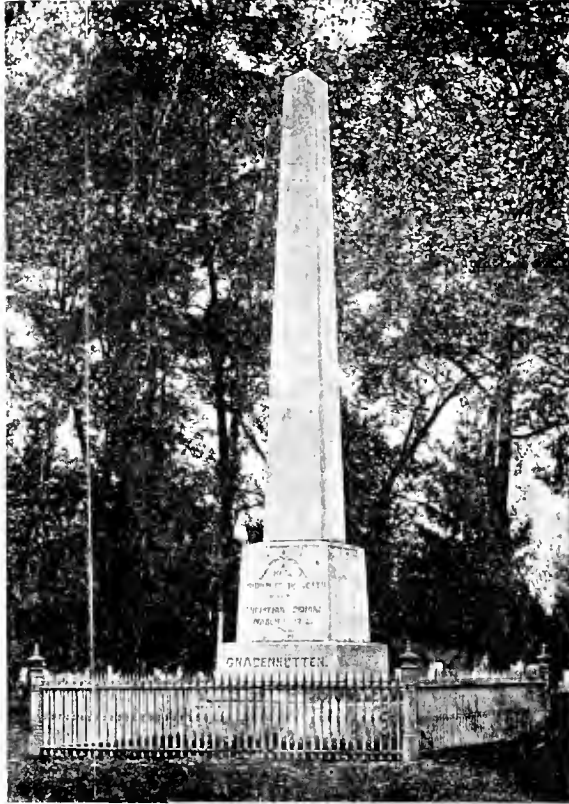
The first thought was that the plan to massacre be carried out at once, that same Thursday afternoon. But the brown Christians begged for a night's time of preparation, which was granted them.

On recovering from the first terrible shock of their announced massacre, our brethren and sisters, conscious of their entire innocence of the cruel accusations of their captors — that they had had a share in some Indian atrocities committed upon families of settlers on the Pennsylvania border — stood unshaken in their faith in Jesus Christ, when thus suddenly brought face to face with a

cruel death. Led by their elders — godly men like Isaac Glikkikan and others — they spent the hours of their last night on earth in prayer and in hymns of praise. They made mutual confession of their sins, asked forgiveness of one another, and exhorted one another to glorify their Redeemer's name by a faithful and loving endurance to the end. Old Abraham, "the Mohican" (so called to distinguish him from the helper Abraham), rose up early in the night to make humble confession as a backslider: "Dear brethren, you well know that I have been a bad man; that I have grieved the Lord; that I have caused our teachers much sorrow and that I have not done the things that I ought to have done. But now I give myself anew to Jesus, who forgives me all my sins, and I will hold fast to Him as long as I live."

Until early dawn they continued in fervent supplication and joyous praises unto God their Savior. They felt the peace of God, and were filled with cheerful resignation to their impending fate.

When asked at early dawn by their Christian murderers whether they were ready, our brethren gave ready reply: "We are ready! Jesus, to whom we have committed our souls, gives us the assurance that He will receive us!" The massacre at once began. Two houses had been selected as "slaughter houses," one for the killing of the men and boys; the other for the killing of the women and girls and infant children. The victims were led forth, two at a time, bound, into the houses. The cooper-shop was the slaughter house for the brethren and the boys. The man who led forth in the butchering of the men took up a convenient cooper's mallet, saying, as he handled it: "This exactly suits the business in hand!" Beginning with the venerable Abraham, "the Mohican," whose flowing white hair caused him to be marked out as the first victim, because it would make so fine a scalp-trophy, he killed him with two blows from the mallet, and he kept on despatching one victim after another with his mallet, until fourteen lay dead and scalped at his feet! Handing the mallet to a comrade, he declared: "You



MONUMENT TO THE MARTYRS OF GNADENHUTTEN, OHIO

take it now! I guess I've done pretty well; but my arm gives out!" Then all the men, old and young, and the little boys, were butchered in turn and scalped.

In like manner the sisters and children were brought out, two by two, and massacred in the "slaughter house" for the women and babies. When the massacre was completed, they set fire to the two "slaughter houses" in which the mangled bodies of their brown fellow-Christians lay, and proceeded to collect the plunder previous to their departure. Besides the bloody trophies of almost one hundred scalps of adults, children and infants, they carried off with them to Pittsburg about fifty horses, many blankets, and other articles of plunder.

* Loskiel writes: "There were 96 persons who glorified the Lord by this manner of death: 62 adults, among them five of the worthiest national helpers, and 34 larger and smaller children. Only two youths, each aged 15 or 16 years, escaped the hands of the murderers in an almost miraculous manner."—Ed.

The names of these Christian martyrs are preserved in the church records in the archives of the Moravian Church.

Five of the men were church elders, of whom Isaac Glikkikan was the most prominent. Since his conversion in 1770 during the revival on the Beaver River in Pennsylvania, he had approved himself a church member conspicuous for fidelity and prudence. In time of danger he had always shown himself ready and fearless in his devotion to the missionaries, in whose defence he was ever willing to lay down his life, if necessary. After twelve years of steadfast discipleship he sealed his faith in Jesus as a member of this church in the wilderness, with a martyr's glorious death, at the massacre.

Another elder was Samuel Moore, who was a member, as a youth, of Missionary David Brainerd's Presbyterian congrega-

tion in New Jersey. After Brainerd's death he had joined the Moravian church at Friedenhuizen on the Susquehanna. Educated by Brainerd, he had so complete a command of the English language that he for many years officiated on the Sabbath as the interpreter of the sermons preached.

Elder Tobias was also a former member of Missionary Brainerd's church, and with Elder Jonas had led a most consistent Christian life.

Another elder and interpreter was John Martin, a consistent and loyal disciple of Christ. He and his two sons, Paul, a young man, and Anthony, a mere lad, died together as martyrs at the massacre.

Of these five elders three were over sixty years of age, and two over fifty.

A goodly proportion of the massacred brethren and sisters were the children of Indian Christian parents who were converts of the mission church in Pennsylvania in 1763 and '64, and earlier. Children and grandchildren, born in Ohio, died the death of martyrdom. Heckewelder adds:

The loving children! who had so harmoniously raised their voices in the church, at school, and in their parents' houses in singing praises to the Savior. Their tender years innocent countenances and tears made no impression on these white Christians. The children (together with twelve babes at the breast) were all murdered with the rest.

Each body of immigrants, each element that has thus been added to our national strain, has contributed something of value to the national character, and to no element do we owe more than we owe to that element represented by those whom I have the honor this day of addressing.—From President Roosevelt's address to representatives of the Allied German Societies of Washington, D. C.

A grassy mound in the historic God's acre here at Gnadenhütten marks the spot where loving hands gathered up the bleached bones of our martyred members some seventeen years later, and laid them to rest in an honored grave. The near-by monument, erected in 1872, on the site of the Indian church, marks the spot of their martyrdom.

In 1768 Rev. John Heckewelder came to found a white Christian settlement hard by the site of the former Gnadenhütten begun in October, 1772, by Joshua, the Mohican elder. It was September 29, 1768, when he moved into the first house, the day and the year which was commemorated at our centennial celebration in 1868.

From year to year, in constantly increasing numbers, reverent pilgrims find their way to the monument erected in 1872, to commemorate the triumphant death of a glorious company of martyrs. The inscription on this monument reads thus: "Here triumphed in death nearly one hundred Christian Indians, 8 March, 1782."

A noble band of men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

I have carefully gone over the files of the Congressional Record from its first issue down to the present and find in every Congress from five to ten typical Pennsylvania-German names, representing the Keystone State at Washington. Other States, especially in the West, have often been represented by men who trace their origin to the early settlements of Pennsylvania.—Kuhus.

Tombstone Inscriptions

of Persons born prior to 1801, as found in the Grave yard at the "*Little Tulpehocken Church*," located about one and a half miles westward of Bernville, Berks County, Pa.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY PROF. M. A. GRUBER.

[Abbreviations b.—born, d.—died, m.—married, w.—wife, h.—husband, s.—son or sons, dau.—daughter or daughters.]

1. BATTEICHER, CATHARINE.
b. Jan. 12, 1780; d. Sept. 10, 1847.
w. of Michael Miller.
2. BAYER, HIERONYMUS.
b. May 11, 1747; d. Feb. 14, 1798.
3. BEYER, ANDREAS.
b. Feb. 2, 1710, at Ebstein, Chur-Pfaltz;
d. May, 27, 1708. 6 s. and 4 dau.
4. BOYER, CHRISTINA.
1st w. of John Wenrich (1784-1855).
(Name only on his tombstone.)
5. BRECHT, SUSANNA.
b. April 21, 1756; d. Feb. 22, 1827.
w. of John Wenrich.
6. EMRICH, MARIA MAG.
b. Dec. 14, 1775; d. July 26, 1852.
w. of John Schell.
7. FENGER, JULIANA.
b. Aug. 24, 1717; d. June 13, 1780.
8. GILBERT, MARIA SALOME.
b. Dec. 7, 1772; d. June 6, 1854.
m. May 30, 1789, John Miller.
9. GRAFF (GROFF), GEORGE HENRY.
b. March 25, 1715; d. March 22, 1797.
10. GROFF, SUSANNA.
b. June 20, 1731; d. June 20, 1794.
(Lies aside of George Henry Graff.)
11. GRUBER, SUSANNA.
b. Sept. 22, 1790; d. Dec. 24, 1869.
b. of John Zerbe (the miller).
(dau. of Albright and Susanna (Knob) Gruber.)
12. HAAG, JACOB.
b. Oct. 11, 1784; d. Feb. 8, 1855.
h. of Margaret Himmelberger (b. June 20, 1784; d. March 4, 1863; buried at Bernville, Pa.)
13. KIENE, ANNA MARIA.
b. Sept. 26, 1794; d. Oct. 26, 1858.
2d w. of John Wenrich (1784-1859).
14. LAMM, ROSINA.
b. April 3, 1797; d. April 21, 1864.
w. of Philip Zerbe.
15. LENGEL, JULIANA.
b. Aug. 24, 1717; d. 1780 (?).
16. LENGEL, MATTHAEUS.
b. March 5, 1780; d. Dec. 1, 1841.
h. of Eva Rosina Schaefer.
17. LIECKIN (?), SOPHIA ELIZABETH.
w. of Christian Serbe (?).
(Name only on his tombstone.)
18. LOEB, MAGDALENA.
b. May 3, 1797; d. March 26, 1883.
w. of John Radebach.
19. LUTZ, JOHN.
h. of Sarah Ritschart.
(Name only on her tombstone.)
20. MILLER, ANNA CATHARINE.
b. March 18, 1742; d. July 14, 1782.
21. MILLER, CATHARINE ——— (?).
b. Oct. 11, 1699; d. April 5, 1777.
w. of Jacob Müller.
22. MILLER, JOHN.
b. Aug. 25, 1766; d. March 6, 1846.
m. May 30, 1789, Maria Salome Gilbert;
left 6 s., 5 dau., 48 gr. children and 14
gt. gr. children.
23. MILLER, MICHAEL.
b. Aug. 11, 1777; d. July 23, 1830.
m. 31 years to Catharine Batteicher.
24. MILLER, SUSANNA CATHARINE.
b. Aug. 15, 1740; d. April 14, 1777.
m. 17 years; 9 children.
25. MUELLER, CATHARINE.
b. Oct. 17, 1737; d. Oct. 15, 1796.
26. MUELLER, DAVID.
b. Feb. 24, 1722; d. Aug. 9, 1794.
27. MUELLER, JACOB.
b. Oct. 22, 1697; d. Dec. 18, 1772.
m. 53 years; 10 children, of whom 3 dau.
and 1 s. survive him.
28. MUELLER, JOHN.
b. Nov. 9, 1733; d. Nov. 1, 1796.
29. NOLL, MAGDALENA.
b. Nov. 25, 1753; d. Feb. 22, 1824.
w. of Philip Noll.
30. NOLL, PHILIP.
h. of Magdalena Noll.
(Name only on her tombstone.)

31. PATTEICHER, ADAM.
b. Nov. 27, 1727; d. March 24, 1807.
32. PFATTEICHER, BARBARA.
b. May 8, 1761; d. Nov. 8, 1812.
w. of John Adam Potteiger.
33. PFATTEICHER, MARIA SIBILLA.
d. Jan. 18, 1777, aged about 40 years.
34. POTTEIGER, JOHN ADAM.
b. June 30, 1755; d. March 24, 1727.
35. RADEBACH, JOHN.
b. Aug. 2, 1793; d. Oct. 15, 1858.
m. Feb. 15, 1818, Magdalena Loeb; 6
children, of whom 2 preceded him in
death.
36. RICHARD, MAGDALENA.
b. April 24, 1785; d. April 10, 1808.
w. of John Schaeffer.
37. RICHARD, WILLIAM.
b. Jan. 4, 1796; d. Nov. 16, 1865.
h. of Elizabeth Spang.
38. RITSCHART (RICHARD), SARAH.
b. May 10, 1800; d. May 31, 1882.
w. of John Lutz.
39. SCHAEFFER, EVA ROSINA.
b. March 5, 1793; d. March 25, 1877.
w. of Matthäus Lengel.
40. SCHAEFFER, JOHN.
b. March 27, 1778; d. Aug. 25, 1853.
h. of Magdalena Richard.
41. SCHARFF, CONRAD.
b. March 22, 1697; d. May 15, 1776.
42. SCHARFF, MARIA MARGARET.
b. July 28, 1721; d. April 20, 1781;
(Lies aside of Conrad Scarff.)
43. SCHARFF, SUSANNA.
b. July 8, 1788; d. March 6, 1858.
w. of Leonhard Zerbe.
44. SCHELL, ANNA MARIA.
b. Dec. 18, 1751; d. May 2, 1812.
w. of Peter Schell.
45. SCHELL, JOHN.
b. April 13, 1778; d. April 18, 1836.
h. of Maria Mag. Emrich.
46. SCHELL, PETER.
b. Nov. 15, 1746; d. Feb. 13, 1797.
47. SCHMIEDEN, ANNA MARIA.
b. Nov. 19, 1730; d. Dec. 25, 1776.
m. 25 years; 2 s. and 7 dau.
48. SCHMIDT, JOHN HENRY.
b. April 17, 1784; d. Aug. 13, 1848.
h. of Catharine Wilhelm.
49. SERBE (?), CHRISTIAN.
b. Nov. 16, 1750; d. Aug. 6, 1800.
m. Aug. 26, 1774, Sophia Elizabeth
Lieckin (?).
50. SPANG, ELIZABETH.
b. Nov. 16, 1800; d. Feb. 2, 1863
w. of William Richard.
51. WENERICH, JOHN.
b. Nov. 11, 1760; d. May 16, 1827.
h. of Susanna Brecht.
52. WENRICH, CHRISTINA.
b. May 2, 1734; d. July 2, 1791.
w. of John Wenrich (1727-1793).
m. 37 years; 10 children.
53. WENRICH, JOHN.
b. July 18, 1727; d. June 12, 1793.
54. WENRICH, JOHN.
b. Nov. 14, 1784; d. Oct. 6, 1859.
m. Aug. 10, 1806, Christina Boyer, and in
1815, Anna Maria Kiene.
55. WENRICH, PAUL.
b. Dec. 15, 1768; d. April 12, 1832.
56. WILHELM, CATHARINE.
b. Nov. 1, 1789; d. July 14, 1863.
w. of John Henry Schmidt.
57. ZERBE, JOHN.
b. June 24, 1783; d. Dec. 21, 1857.
58. ZERBE, LEONHARD.
b. June 4, 1783; d. Sept. 16, 1854.
h. of Susanna Scharff.
59. ZERBE, PHILIP.
b. Feb. 14, 1793; d. July 17, 1872.
h. of Rosina Lamm.

NOTE.—Most of these inscriptions are in German, and quite a number on old sandstones, to decipher some of which required the forenoon sun (as the inscriptions face the east), also considerable care and patience. Several of them show the disintegrating effects of a century and more of sun, wind, rain, frost, heat and cold.
M. A. G.

The first number of the *American Historical Magazine*, issued for January, 1906, contains articles on The Board of Proprietors of New Jersey, The Morris Family of Morrisania, The Fur Trade in the Early Development of the Northwest, the Columbia River, The Discoverers of Lake Superior, The Charter and Constitution of Connecticut. From the editorial announcement we learn that the magazine will be issued bi-monthly at \$3 per year and be de-

voted to American history, biography and genealogy, undertaking to satisfy the best ideals of historical specialists and students. The addition of book reviews, editorial comment, correspondence and queries, societies, necrology and other miscellany is promised. The magazine starts out well and should win a place alongside of other journals conducted on the same general lines. Published at 41 Lafayette Place, New York.

Literary Gems

SCHNEEGLOECKCHEN.

BY LORENZ GLEICH (1798-1856).

Ich kenne ein Blümchen,
So einfach, so schön,
Wie Engel des Himmels
Im Lichtglanz zu seh'n.

Es hüllet bescheiden
In Demut sich ein;
Es ist dieses Blümchen
Wie Unschuld so rein.

Noch trauert die Erde
In starrendem Eis,
Da hüllt sich die Zarte
In blendendes Weiss.

Doch ehe die Nachtigall
Singet ihr Lied,
Da ist schon mein liebliches
Blümchen verblüht.

Es lächelt voll Wehmut,
Voll Mitleid mir zu;
Dann winket der Gärtner—
Es eilet zur Ruh'.

Ich liebe dich, Blümchen,
Auf schneeiger Flur,
Dich Botin der bessern,
Der höhern Natur.

O, ware das Leben
Ein Bild nur von dir,
Der Mensch wär' ein Engel,
Der Himmel schon hier!

TROST IM WINTER.

BY L. WUERKERT.

Mein Herz, was willst du klagen,
Dass Winter den Garten deckt?
Ein Frühling wird ja kommen,
Der Baum und Blume erweckt.

Warum willst du denn trauern,
Dass Feld und Weinberg ruht?
Schlaf bringt den Saaten Kräfte,
Den Reben stille Glut.

Und wäre Glück und Freude
Geraubt dir und erstarrt;
's ist nur ein Schlaf der Stärkung,
Der seiner Sonne harrt.

Und läge Volk und Leben
Erfroren und verschneit,
Nach stillem Winterschlaf
Kommt eine bess're Zeit.

THE SNOWDROP*

TRANSLATION BY M. A. GRUBER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A flow'ret I know,
So simple, so fair,
With the brightness of angels
Its petals compare.

In humility's cloak
It modestly hides;
Its innocence sweet
To purity guides.

While in fetters of ice
The earth is still bound,
Wrapped in glittering white
This flower is found.

Yet ere ever is heard
The nightingale's lay,
My dear little nower
Has faded away.

It smiles on me sadly
With pitying eyes;
The Gardener beckons—
Alas! it must die.

I love thee, sweet flower
Of the snow-covered plain,
Of higher things herald
In Nature's domain.

Were life, simple flower,
An image of thee,
Mankind would be angels,
Earth heaven would be.

CONSOLATION IN WINTER.

TRANSLATION BY H. A. S.

My heart, why wilt thou complain
That winter covers the earth?
Fair spring will come again and give
To trees and flowers new birth.

And why wilt thou be sad
That rest the field and the vine?
Sleep brings fresh powers to the seed,
New fervor to the vine.

Aye, tho' all pleasure and joy
Were lost to thee and gone;
'Tis but a sleep that strengthens all,
It waits a brighter sun.

E'en tho' mankind all lay
Shrouded in snow and numb,
When winter's sleep has passed away,
A better time will come.

* The snowdrop is a small bulbous plant with two narrow or linear leaves and a scape, about 6 inches high, bearing a single, pendulous, bell-shaped, white flower. It is a native of Europe or, as some claim, of Great Britain. Scarcely waiting for the winter's snows to leave the ground, the delicate flowers make their appearance in February, sometimes as early as Candlemas, or the feast of Purification; whence they are also known as purification flowers and fair maids of February. The botanical name is *Galanthus nivalis*, meaning milk-flower of snow.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

BY MRS. FELICIA HEMANS

They grew in beauty, side by side;
They filled one home with glee.
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mountain, stream and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each faded flow'r in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One 'midst the forest of the West
By a dark stream is laid.
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the lone blue sea hath one;
He rests where pearls lie deep.
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain.
He wrapped his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned.
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest who played
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee—

They that with smiles lit up the hall
And cheered with song the hearth.
Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O earth!

DIE GRAEBER EINER FAMILIE

GERMAN TRANSLATION BY H. A. S.

Sie wuchsen schon, voll Lust und Freud'
In einem Heim heran;
Doch ihre Gräber trennen weit
Berg, Strom und Ocean.

Dieselbe Mutter wiegt' sie ein
Des Nachts, saß alle ruh'n
Wie Blumenkelehe zart und fein—
Wo sind die Schlafer nun?

Wo rauscht ein Strom im dunkeln Thau,
Im fernem Abendland,
Liegt Einer; nur dem roten Mann
Sein Ruh'platz ist bekannt.

Und Einer sank ins tiefe Meer
Auf Perlegrund hinab.
Sie alle liebten ihn, doch wer
Weint über seinem Grab?

Wo Spaniens dunkle Reben glüh'n
Auf blutgetranktem Feld,
Sank Einer zu den Todten hin
Als tapftrer Kriegesheld.

Und Eine liegt im Myrtenhain
Italiens, wo lind
Sich über sie die Blüten streu'n
Im lauen Sommerwind.

So schied der Tod die Liebenden.
Als Kinder spielten sie
Um einen Baum, sie beteten
An einer Mutter Knie.

Ihr Lächeln strahlte voller Glück;
Sie sangen um den Herd.
Wie traurig, wär' der Liebe Blick
Bloss erdenwärts gekehrt!

DIE KERCH IS AUS

BY C. F. HILL

Die Kerch is aus; nan sin mer frei.
Nau geb mer g'schwind mei Hut.
Die Preddig war so arrig lang
Un ah so arrig gut.

Nau, Nochber Jake, geb mer die Hand.
Sag, bischt du als noch leddig?
Wie kumt dann eier Welschkarn a?
Un was denkscht vum der Preddig?

Er hot na mol die Meening g'saat;
Er hot's na gewa darch Dick un Dünn.
Mei Nochbersleit, die hen mol g'heert
Grad was for Vegel sie sin.

Ja, ja, die Preddig, die war gut!
Mich hot sie freilich net verschreckt.
Awer em Pit sei Heffele
Hot er, bei Tshinks! mol nigedeckt.

Ja, ja, die Preddig wär jusecht's Ding.
Die hot den Pit mol hart getroffen.
Hoscht g'schma, wie die Kerch aus war?
Grad is er ab un heem geloffa.

Der Pit—ich het's nau net gedenkt
Vun ihm; der hot mich arg beloga.
Du weescht, mer hen amol Geil g'schwapp't
Un wie hot er mich do betroga!

Sei Gaul war ken so schlechter Gaul—
Die Wohret muss ich saga.
Doch, denk jusecht mol—des Vieh war blud
An eem vum seinu Vaga!

Wann sei Gaul war all recht gewest,
Dann het ich net so schlecht geduh;
Hab noch en neier Sattel krigt
Un zwanzig Daler Geld dazu!

Ja, ich het recht gut ausgemacht,
Sei Gaul war gut un schmärt;
Der, wu ich ihm verhandelt hab,
War ken fünf Daler wert.

Ich hab 'm Parra mol en Daler gewa,
Er is gewiss en guter Mann.
Villeicht geb ich 'm ah mol widder eener,
Des heesst, wann ich 'n schpera kann.

Ja, ja, er is en guter Mann,
Un hot ah arrig viel Geduld.
Wann ich 'm nix meh gewa kann,
Is 's dem schlechta Pit sei Schuld.

IS'S MAULHALTA EN SCHEENE SACH?

A MORAL ESSAY BY "OLD SCHOOLMASTER HANJERG."

Du hoscht mer'n grosse Plessier gemacht, Mister Drucker—Editor sot ich saga, gel?—mit dem Magazine, wu du mer do neilich g'schickt hoscht, un ich bedank mieh vielmols, dass ihr da alt Hanjerg net vergessa het, wie ihr eier Samples nausgeduh het. Ich meen werklieh, du hetscht "first rate" geduh for'n Sehtart. Ich hoff du krigscht plenty Unnerschreiw, un lauter soicha wu ah glei bezahla so dass du fartmacha kamscht, wie sich's g'heert, in der guta Sach. Ich glaab, die menscha vun unsera deitscha Leit in Pennsilweni, die wissa noch net, dass's so'n Magazine gebt wu gedruckt werd grad for sie; ich hab's net gewisst, awer ich wohn ewa so weit nawa draus im Busch un kum wunnerselta meh noch Ellstaun. Du kamscht mieh awer neizehla emihau; ich bin bissel karz juscht alleweil, awer ich schiek der mei Subscription neekst Woch, wann ich mei Oiergeld krig.

Es hot mieh apartig gut gepliest, dass du ah pennsilweni-deitscha Sacha drucka duscht, un do is's mer eigfalla, ich kennt der ah alsemol so'n Schtiekel schreiw. Deitsch schwetz ich ah noch's liebscht, weil mer der schnawel so gewachsa is, un's geht mer ah handiger zu schreiw. Weescht, ich bin noch eener vun der alta Sart Schulmeeschter, wu besser Deitsch kenna wie Englisch. For's recht zu saga, ich bin schon lang ken Schulmeeschter meh. Ich hab die neia Branches un die neia Wega net gelernt, un soicha kenna sie heitzudag nimme braucha. Ich bin en "back number," wie die Englisha saga.

Ich meen ich wot dir alsemol so'n kleene Essay odder Moralpreddig schicka, des heesst, wann du so eppes jusa kamscht. Villeicht gebt's ah alsemol so'n kleene Shtory. Ich will net preddige iwer'n Text aus der Biwel. Sel mega die Parra dah; ich geb mieh net her for die Schrift auslega. Ich will ah net lectura, wie en deitscher Mann als hot, wu ich vor Jahra zurick als gut gekennt hab. Er hot siwa Schprocha gekennt, seller Mann, un hot als "Vortrage" ghalta in Schula un Kercha. Er war en arg guter Schwetzer—so gut dass er schier nimme hot schtoppa kenna, wann er mol gschürt war. Er hot die Aaga zugemacht, no hot er gschwetzt un gschwetzt, bis die Leit's gar nimme heera hen wolla. Im ewera End vun Lecha hot er mol in ra Kerch g'schwetzt un hot's ah so lang gemacht, dass Eener noch

'm Annera naus is un fort. Er hot als die Aaga zug'hat un hot's net gemerkt. 's letscht war juscht noch der Sexton drin. Der hot's noch 'n Weilcha g'schtänd, no geht er zum Schwetzer, klopt 'm uf die Schulter un secht: "Mr. —, wenn Sie fertig sind, dann seien Sie so gut un schliessen Sie die Thur." No is er ah naus. Ich war net dabei, awer ich hab's als heera verzehla.

Nau seller Mann hot zu viel gschwetzt, ganz zu viel. Was er gsaat hot, war all gut un schee un recht—diefa Gedanka un correct Hochdeitsch, wie's im Buch schleht—awer er hot net gewisst, wann's Zeit is for schtill sei. So gebt's leeder viel Leit, wu net wissa wann sie schtill sei solta, un sie geha net all rum Lectures gewa.

's is so 'n Schprichwort unig unsera Leit: "s Maulhalta is en scheene Sach." Du hoscht 's ah gewiss schon oft g'heert. Sel meent about 's seem as wann mer uf Englisch secht: "Speech is silver, silence is golden." Weil's Gold viel deirer un koschtbarer is wie Silber, war demno 's Maulhalta viel besser wie's Schwetza.

Is sel wabr? Halt sel Schprichwort aus? 's kumt grad druf a', wie die Umschtanda sin.

's Maulhalta is schee, wann mer eppes ganz schur weess un hot's eemol recht g'saat. No sot mer nimme argu driwer un widerhola, weil mer doch net meh saga kann, wann mer noch so viel Wortu macht.

's Maulhalta is schee, wann mer eppes ganz weess vun dem wu g'schwetzt werd. Mer hot werklieh no ken Recht eppes zu saga odder "neizublaffa," wie so Viel gern duhn. "Ein Narr, wenn er schwiege, würde auch weise gerechnet, und verständig, wenn er das Maul hielte." So schreibt der Solomon, un der war doch sehr en g'scheider Mann.

's Maulhalta is iweraus schee, wann mer beleidigt is worra un sagt nix meh davon zu Niemand, net zu sich selwer, weil mer eruscht prowit zu vergewa un zu vergessa. So oft heert mer saga: "Ich hab's all vergewa, awer ich kann's net vergessa." Wann mer's recht vergewa will, sot mer's gar nimme mensch'na.

's Maulhalta is ah schee wann mer Geduld hot mit Annera ihra Fehler, Dappigkeet un Dummheit, un losst sich net in Zorn neijaga for schelta, flucha un dowu. Wie Mancha hen

selle Lesson net gelernt, un wolla sie ah net lerna!

Wer sei Zung recht im Zaam halta kann, der hot en Grosses geduh.

's Maulhalta is ah ganz am Platz, wann mer net murr't un schelt iwer des Leida, wu der Herr uns zu-schiekt—Krankheet un Schmerz un alla Sorta Triebal; wann mer sei Kreuz geduldig trecht, weil mer glaabt, dass es am End ' Bescht is for em; wann mer net klagt bei Annera, weil 's doch nix bat un weil mer sie juscht schlecht fihla macht dadoreh.

's Maulhalta is 's allerschenscht, meen ich, wann mer's dut for Frieda zu halta un Schtreit zu verhiita; wann mer jo Aecht gebt, dass mer nix sagt, wu beesa G'fihla macht un Freund odder Noehbera hinmig nanner hetzt; wann mer jo net alles weiter verzehlt, wu mer saga heert vun annera Leit.

In all denna Umschanda is 's Maulhalta schee un recht. Es is awer net alferst schee; 's is manchmol letz un ah en Sin, so glaw ich emihlan.

's Maulhalta is letz wann mer zu sehtolz is for schwetza, wann mer meent mer war so viel g'scheider un besser wie die un uns rum, un unser Gedanka wara zu gut un zu schee for sie. Sel is en beeser Hochmuts-geischt. 's is net amol fair un ehrlich, dass mer do hi' hoekt in Company un heert Annera ihra Gedanka un Erfahrunga aussprecha un halt sei eeg'na zurick. Unner Umschanda mag's so notwendig sei; awer iwerhaapt, wer sich so zusehliest gega die Welt, darf net ekschepta viel Freund zu halta odder geglicha zu werra in Company. Wer nix gewa will, darf net hoffa viel zu kriga; sel halt aus in Company un in Business. Wann's ah so is, wie mer sich so gern e'bild, dass mer viel g'scheider is wie Annera, dann is mer so viel meh-schuldig mitzudeela; sunscht geht's em am End wie sellem faula Knecht im Gleichnis, wu sei Talent vergrawa hot.

's Maulhalta is ah letz wann mer juscht zu faul odder ewavielisch is for schwetza. Sel happent ah oft. Wer net schwetza will der sot net in Company geh. Mer hot ken Recht, uf B'such zu geh un an unner Leit ihrem Disch zu hoeka, wann mer net prowira will en arndliche G'schpreech ufzuhalta. Even bei seina Leit daheem sot mer Aecht gewa, dass mer net so maulfaul werd.

's Maulhalta is ah letz un en Sin, wann mer liegt dabei. Wie kann mer liega wann mer nix secht? Viel leichter as da annera Weg. Wann mer dabei is, wu eppes verzehlt werd, wu mer weess dass 's net wahr is; wann eppes g'frogt werd, wu g'saat werra sot un wu mer saga kennt; wu en schlechter Report gemacht werd wu epper wu mer recht macha kennt; wann villeicht gar g'schpott werd iwer die Biwel un Religion—un mer heert's a' un sagt nix, dann scheint's grad as deet mer ah so denka un meena, un sel is grad so gut geloga as wann mer's seem Ding saga deet.

's Maulhalta is ah arg letz, wann mer's aus Schpeit dut. Sel is abut so'n miener Weg as eener for Schpeit ansiwa, un doch wie oft

heert mer, dass epper sich verschweert ken Wort meh zu schwetza mit dem odder sellem, bis er a'langt. Ei, ich hab schun gelesa vun g'heierta Leit un G'schwischer, die hen viel Jahr lang beinander gewohrt un ken Wort meh zamma g'schwetzt, bis sie g'schtarwa sin! Sel Maulhalta hot schun ferchterlich viel Elend un Truwel in der Welt gemacht. Do is 's doch viel besser, wann mer bees werra muss, mer sagt eem die Meening grad raus un pro-wirt no glei widder ufzumacha.

's Maulhalta is ah ganz letz wann mer net eig'schteh will, dass mer letz war odder letz geduh hot. Sel is freihlich ah en Art Schtolz un kummt gewiss vun Beesa her. Mer meent 's kennt gar net sei, wie hart 's Mancha geht for saga, dass sie letz geduh hen, dass es sie reit un dass sie gern vergewa heita. Un doch is ken annerer Weg, wann mer Frieda hawa will im eeg'na Herz drin un Vergewing Anna, wu mer sie all mi'nanner so notwendig braucha. Wann so en Schullsei net en grosse Sin is, dann weess ich net was eene is.

's gebt noch en Sort Maulhalta wu ken bis-sel schee is; wann mer net 's Herz hot zu schwetza wu's em sei Pflicht is. Wann Annera a'g'schuldigt werra for was mir letz gemacht hen; wann guta, brava Leit nunner geromit werra mit Retscherei; wann junga Leit verlockt werra zum Saufa un annera Schlechtigkeeta; wann epper u'schuldig bejubelt werd; wann Ehrlichkeit dumm g'scholta, un Betriegerei un U'glawa ufgelobt, un des wu mir for recht un heilig halta, verschpott un nummer getreta werd—un mer heeren's un ferchten uns ufzuschwetza, odder schleicha hiewer davun, dann sin mer elendige Cowards un sotten uns schamma vor uns selwer. No is 's Maulhalta en Sin vor Gott un en Schan vor der Welt.

Nec, Mr. Editor, 's Maulhalta is net immer en schoene Sach. 's Schpriechwort halt net alferst aus. Du hosesht wul die Schtory gelesa vun sellera "Silent Academy," wu juscht hundert Members hot hawa darfa un wu juscht so wenig hen schwetza solla wie meglich—wie no'n Candidat kumma is, wie's Humert schun voll war, un der President hot 'n a Glas g'haufit voll Wasser hi'g'scheltt for em weisa, dass ken Platz meh uf war for en. No hot er 'n Rosablettel ufgepiekt un uf's Wasser gelegt, dass ken Trepple iwergeloffa is, un sie hen ihr Rule falla lassa un hen en ufgenumma. Scheene Schtory sel, awer ich halt's hiewer mit der Biwel, wu sagt: "Ein Wort geredet zu seiner Zeit, das ist wie goldene Aepfel in silbernen Schalen"

Du weescht wul ah vun sellem griechi-scha Philosoph, wu nix g'schwetzt hot in Company un sei hen en g'frogt for was er nix saga deet. "Ei, hot er g'saat," 's Schwetza hot mich alsemol schun gereit, 's Schtill-schweiga awer noch niemol's." Ich denk 's war so bei ihm, awer wann ich zurick guck uf mei Lewa, glaw ich ehrlich, dass es mich schun meh gereit hot wann ich's Maul g'halta hab as wann ich g'schwetzt hab. Sel g'heert awer net doher, un nau is 's Zeit das ich schtill bin for desm d.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Gather Up the Fragments

FOR a long time it could be truthfully said that our German ancestors did not receive from the writers of history what was justly their due. They were put in the background, overlooked and ignored, even misrepresented and maligned, while the parts played by other colonists in the upbuilding of our great Republic were set forth in eloquent detail.

Within a few decades the efforts of individual scholars and especially the labors of the Pennsylvania-German Society have brought about a gratifying change. Many more or less pretentious works relating to the lives and deeds of the German settlers and their descendants have been published. A flood of light has been thrown upon that part of our State and national history of which, tho' it should concern us most, we had hitherto known the least. The sturdy virtues and heroic acts of our forefathers are gradually being proclaimed to the world as they deserve to be.

Yet, while much has been done, more remains to be done. There is many an interesting and important part of our people's story that has been imperfectly told or barely touched. There were migrations and settlements that professional historians have but little noticed. Beginning probably in the early part of the eighteenth century, there was a great wandering of Pennsylvania-Germans southward to the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, even to the Carolinas and northern Georgia. There was a smaller exodus of our people before the middle of the last century to Indiana and other western States. There were adventurers among our kin who crossed the Rocky Mountains or sailed around Cape Horn to seek their fortunes in the newly found goldfields of California. Where shall we look for a fully detailed and authentic history of all these movements?

Even here in our own midst there is abundance of material of local or general interest that has not been worked up. Every township and village has its history and its prominent characters that, for the completion of the record of our race, should be chronicled and described. Many an interesting chapter can still be written of the various churches and congregations scattered through the land. The genealogical records of individual families open up a wide field of research. From the mouths of older people here and there may be gathered legends and stories of adventure as fascinating as any novel, that should not be lost to the world. In short, fragments of historical, biographical, genealogical and legendary lore are lying around in many places, waiting for some one to pick them up.

It is just such fragments that THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN is eager to get. It desires to become a repository of these things to those especially who do not own extensive libraries and rare historical works. To do its work well, to accomplish its mission satisfactorily, it needs the co-operation of its readers and friends. Let each of these gather up the fragments that lie within his reach and send them in.

Meeting of Lehigh County Historians

The first regular annual meeting of the Lehigh County Historical Society was held January 13, at Allentown. The attendance exceeded the expectations of the organizers, and that it was not mere curiosity which induced so many to come was proved by the fact that almost every one present who was not a member already, became such before leaving. Secretary Roberts, who all along has been one of the leading spirits of the organization, had the satisfaction of enrolling no less than forty-four "charter members"—gentlemen and ladies.

The officers of the Society are these: President, Dr. Geo. T. Ettinger; Vice-President, Philip W. Flores; Secretary, Charles R. Roberts; Treasurer, Leo Wise, Esq.; Executive Committee, Rev. S. E. Oehsenford, D.D., Judge F. M. Trexler, David A. Miller, David McKenna and O. P. Knauus.

Two very interesting papers were read at this meeting. A. F. Berlin, the well known archeologist, who has probably delved more deeply into the study of the aborigines of this section than any other man, offered "A Bit of Lehigh County Indian History" that was really choice and that we hope to lay before our readers at no distant day. Secretary Roberts read a long and exhaustive account of "William Allen, the Founder of Allentown, and his Descendants." This paper, the result of several years of study and original research, was accompanied with a number of interesting family-portraits and a fac-simile of the original draft of "Northampton Town" made in 1702.

A number of historical works were donated to the Society by James J. Hauser, upon whose motion the President was empowered to appoint a committee of three, to be charged with the task of preparing a full history of Lehigh County until March, 1912, when the centennial celebration of its formation will be in order.

The organization of this Society has been under way about two years. But the meeting just held gave ample promise that the Society is an assured fact, and that "Little Lehigh" will no longer lag behind so many of her sister counties in this important matter. It is to be regretted that the finances of the young organization will not allow it to accept the proposition made by Dr. Cooper, of Muhlenberg College, to purchase the old College building and preserve at least that part of it which was the original Livingston Mansion as its permanent headquarters and museum. Here is a chance for some moneyed man to enshrine his name in the grateful memory of this and many coming generations. Who will be the man?

New School Ideas from "Old Berks"

We have read with much interest the abstract of a paper recently read before the State Association of County School Superintendents at Harrisburg by Supt. E. M. Rapp, of Berks. His subject was "The Rural School Problem," and he treated it in a way that could not fail to rouse interest and leave an impression. We quote some sentences to show the drift of his ideas:

The rural school must be improved in order to furnish the training demanded by the new conditions affecting country life. A mere rudimentary education is not sufficient for the demands of modern life. The "little red school house" must be given great credit for the work it has done and may yet do. As the local institutional unit it is no longer the hope of the country. . . .

The best school of the future will be a rural school. The country could, and in time it will, by paying for them, maintain as good schools as the cities now support, and in addition the country school will always possess certain advantages that the city school cannot buy if it wanted to.

Altogether the greatest educational need in Pennsylvania, at this time, is home high schools for the country children. . . . I have in mind as the future rural school a centralized model rural industrial school from a tract having a radius of from eight to ten miles, consolidating from twenty to fifty schools, including half a dozen or more districts—a true farm school.

Such a school would be in a strictly farming community, and should have a ten-acre farm, with cottages for the principal and especial teachers who are trained in agricultural teaching. Part of the grounds would be equipped with groves for a shelter belt; with ornamental trees, shrubs, and flowers, with ample playgrounds, with small farm buildings, a gymnasium with a swimming pool, and part of the tract devoted to field crop experiments and demonstrations; agriculture is placed alongside the three R's for the boys.

A woman assistant trained to teach home economics, with the small equipment necessary for teaching, cooking, sewing, home decoration, etc., could in like manner place home economics alongside the three R's for the girls. . . .

Let every patriotic citizen of the State join in a righteous crusade at least for better rural schools, with better teachers, better surroundings and better facilities for the work of universal education. Let us unfold a new banner and inscribe upon it the words "For Pennsylvania and Her Children."

Unquestionably here is a man who has ideals as well as ideas, a truly progressive schoolman. And let our English neighbors not forget that he represents "Alt Berrieks," a county of which it used to be said that its inhabitants still voted for Andrew Jackson and parts of which were mentioned contemptuously as places that produced "the fat oxen and the stupid people." Evidently good old Berks is marching forward in the cause of popular education, and we rather think she will be found in the front ranks of the advancing host.

Yes, the old schoolhouse is going; the days of its usefulness will soon be past. But after the educator comes the historian, and for him we would say a word. There are scores of old schoolhouses out of use already, not only in Berks, but all over the State. Many of our most prominent men and women have there received their first training, perhaps all the school-training they ever got. Each of these decaying buildings has an interesting story, has been the scene of incidents fondly remembered. Who will write for us the histories of those old schoolhouses and send us pictures of them, ere it is too late? Here too are fragments that should be gathered, that *THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN* will most gladly preserve, if his friends will but pick them up for him.

A Warm Welcome and Many Compliments

Now, after all these monitions, reports and comments, what can we say more particularly of ourselves at this time?

Our growing youngster, whom we sent forth with so much paternal solicitude at the beginning of the year, has made the year's first round. He has visited all his old friends, and he has entered many new homes, eagerly seeking friends. Here and there he has also stopped by the wayside, to greet a familiar face and offer his store of choice mind-food.

We rejoice to say that almost all his old friends have given him a warm welcome. Quite a number have acknowledged his visit with words of approval and recommendation that delight the hearts

of his parents. We shall print a good many of those kind words on the following pages, giving first place, as is most befitting, to the very flattering testimonial of "Papa" Croll. Who so well qualified as he to judge of his boy's growth and development and promise of future usefulness? Saying this, we surely do not appreciate the good opinions of so many others any less.

It will delight "Papa" Croll, we doubt not, to be told that his boy is even now crossing the ocean to visit some friends over there.

A few of his old friends, we regret to tell, have closed their doors to our boy and tried to shut him out. He will knock there again, asking leave to enter, for he is very loth to give up an old friend. He would rather win a score of new ones, and he is pleased that the gains outbalance the losses as much as they do. He promises that he will visit his new-found patrons regularly and make himself so useful and agreeable that they will wonder how they could do without him so long.

Thanks, dear friends, for all your kind welcomes, your approving words, your helpful hints, your wise and well meant suggestions, your valuable contributions. All these are wonderfully cheering and encouraging, and we would not forego them. But there is something more cheering and encouraging still—something absolutely needful, aye, indispensable to our work. We surely need not tell you what it is. Alas, that nobody in this world can get along without it, not even *THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN*! Some of you have supplied that also, and we most heartily appreciate your prompt consideration. How earnestly we wish that all the rest might quickly follow your good example!

What We Have in Store for You

You remember, kind friends, that in our October announcement we opened our pantry-door "just wide enough to give you a peep at the good things on the shelves and a sniff of their sweet odors." We propose to do so again to-day, for we think it is your due to know, at least

in part, what is being prepared for you. It will whet your mental appetite even as, when we were boys, our physical appetite was whetted and we went to work all the more promptly and cheerfully when kind Mother had promised to cook our favorite dish of potpie, or apple dumplings, or doughnuts, or maybe *Sauerkraut un Schpeck*.

We are reaching out in all directions to gather choice material for our pages. Here is a partial list of articles that are in preparation and will appear in May and early numbers following:

- The Old Sproggell Burial Ground, by G. E. P. Wanger, of Pottstown.
 Baer Family Record, by Dr. S. A. Baer, of Harrisburg.
 A Brief History of Allentown, by James J. Hauser, of Macungie.
 A Brief History of Sunnyside, by Rev. J. L. Koush.
 Connecticut Claims in Pennsylvania, by Prof. D. Montfort Melchior, of Perkiomen Seminary.
 The Catholic Church at Bally, Pa., by Mrs. J. M. Kase, of Reading.

- Early German Publishers, by Rev. A. Stapleton, of Wrightsville, Pa.
 A Four-Hundred-Mile Journey for a Bride, by Dr. William H. Rice, of Gnadenhuetten, Ohio.
 A Bit of Lehigh County Indian History, by A. F. Berlin, of Allentown.
 The Pennsylvania-German Society, by M. H. H. Richards, of Lebanon.
 Historical Buildings in Southeastern Pennsylvania, and Daniel Bertolet, the Eccentric of Oley, by Bishop N. B. Grubb, of Philadelphia.
 Christopher Wiegner, the Diarist of Towamencin, and Poems and Translations of John Kelpius, by H. W. Kriedel.
 The Wild Rose of Bethlehem, an original story by "The Little Hunchback," will begin in the May number.

Now, dear reader, do not keep all this to yourself, but tell your friends and neighbors what good things THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN is going to bring, so that they may in good season secure a share thereof. You can but gain by so doing, for the more guests we have to sit down at our table, the greater will be the richness and variety of the feast spread before them.

Clippings from Current News

An Extraordinary Book Sale

December 14, 1905, a sale was held at the book auction rooms of Davis and Harvey, Philadelphia, that marks an epoch in the history of American book sales. S. V. Henkels, who compiled the catalog and conducted the sale, wrote thus about the Pennypacker collection, part of which was disposed of on this occasion: "There has never been such a collection offered at either public or private sale in the world. It embraces nearly three times as many titles as were contained in the great Stevens Collection, purchased by the Library of Congress for \$35,000, and it is larger by far than any other collection in either public or private hands. Governor Pennypacker has spent upwards of forty years of untiring research to make this collection a representative one, and this catalog will attest the great success which has crowned his efforts."

Will Meet Next Fall at Allentown

At the recent quarterly meeting of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania-German Society, held at the house of Rev. L. Kryder Evans, D.D., at Pottstown, Allentown was selected as the place of the next annual meeting in October, 1906. Provision was made for copying, from the official records in custody of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, the names of all the Redemptioners for incorpo-

ration in the Proceedings of the Society. Papers on "A Century of Pennsylvania-German Journalism" (1732-1832), "The Roads of Eastern Pennsylvania" and the Pennsylvania-German in his relation to education are being prepared for the same purpose. The last meeting of the Society at Allentown was held in 1898.

The State Federation of Historical Societies

held its second annual meeting at Harrisburg January 4. About eighteen counties were represented. Governor Pennypacker made a brief welcoming speech, congratulating the historians on the success they have achieved and suggesting that the accuracy of historical matter should be carefully looked after. The following officers were unanimously re-elected: President, John W. Jordan, of the State Historical Society; Vice-Presidents, Gilbert Cope, of Chester, Dr. Joseph H. Dubbs, of Lancaster, and Rev. Horace E. Hayden, of Wyoming; Secretary, Dr. Samuel P. Heilman, of Lebanon; Treasurer, Benjamin M. Nead, of Dauphin. The Federation will probably ask the Legislature of 1907 for a substantial appropriation.

Took Possession of Its New Museum

At the annual meeting of the Bucks County Historical Society held at Doylestown, January 10, its new Museum, which cost \$27,500, was

turned over by the Building Committee free of debt. The building was made possible through a donation of \$10,000 by the late William L. Elkins and will be occupied early in the spring. General W. H. H. Davis was re-elected President of the Society, John S. Williams Vice-President, Alfred Paschall Secretary and Treasurer, and Warren S. Eby Librarian. Several interesting papers were read at the meeting.

Rededication of Old Churches

The Lutheran and Reformed Church at Egypt, Lehigh county, was rededicated on Sunday, January 29, after a thorough renovation. Three services were held, each of which was well attended. Dr. J. D. Schindel and Rev. G. P. Stein, the pastors of the church; Rev. J. F. Lambert, of Catasauqua; Dr. J. S. Stahr, of Franklin and Marshall College; Rev. A. B. Frantz, of Catasauqua; A. Lobach, of Tamaqua, and H. J. Kuder, of Alliance, made addresses. (Egypt is the oldest German settlement on the Lehigh river, and the first congregation there was organized by John Henry Goetschius, a Reformed minister who came from Zurich. The first church there was built by the Lutherans and Reformed in 1704.)

The Old Brick Church at Pottstown, erected in 1770, now the home of Zion's Reformed congregation, was rededicated February 4. Rev. C. S. Wicand, who has served there as pastor for twenty-two years, was assisted in the services by Dr. J. C. Bowman, of Lancaster.

Appointed County School Superintendent

James M. Shelly, principal of the Doylestown High School, has been appointed to fill the unexpired term of County Superintendent Allen S. Martin, of Bucks county, who resigned to become school superintendent at Norristown. Mr. Shelly is a son of Rev. A. S. Shelly, pastor of the Mennonite church at Bally, and a native of Milford, Bucks county. He was educated at Perkiomen Seminary and Lafayette College, and before coming to Doylestown taught natural science in the public schools of Perth Amboy, N. J.

Normal Students in Greek Tragedy

Thirty students of the Keystone State Normal School on January 25 and 26 presented "Dido," a tragedy translated and dramatized from Virgil's "Æneid," to audiences of more than a thousand each. It was by far the best amateur production ever given at the institution. All the players were members of the Senior Class and directed by Miss Mabel G. Cobb. Considerable money was realized and given to the Christian associations to carry on their work at the school.

Elected Instructor in Seminary

Prof. Irwin Hoch DeLong, Ph.D., a native of Catasauqua, has been elected instructor in Old Testament science in the Reformed Theological Seminary at Lancaster. Prof. DeLong

has studied at the Keystone State Normal School, Muhlenberg College, Franklin and Marshall, the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, the University of Chicago, the American School of Oriental Study and Research in Palestine, and Frederic William University at Berlin. He has traveled through Syria, Palestine, Arabia and Egypt.

A Pennsylvania-German Prize Winner

Funk & Wagnalls Co., of New York, publishers of the Standard Dictionaries, recently offered \$400 in cash prizes for essays on sixteen assigned subjects, competition being open to any one in the United States. Prof. E. S. Gerhard, principal of the Huntingdon High School, won the \$25 prize for "Value of Word Study and How to Direct It." Prof. Gerhard is a Montgomery county "Dutchman," a graduate of Perkiomen Seminary and Princeton. His father lives near East Greenville.

Elected President of Medical Association

Dr. Elmer G. Kriebel, of Worcester, has been elected president of the Montgomery County Medical Association. Dr. Kriebel is a Hereford boy, and his old-time teacher heartily congratulates him on the honor conferred on him. He is a graduate of Jefferson Medical College, and has practiced about ten years.

Good Year for an Archeologist

D. N. Kern, of Allentown, a noted archeologist, last year added 652 specimens to his collection of Indian relics. In searching for them he visited 45 farms, the sites of old Indian villages, and walked more than 150 miles. His entire collection now numbers 6000 specimens, comprising 50 distinct kinds of Indian relics.

Collecting Material on "Pennsylvania-Dutch"

O. F. Hershey, of the law firm of Crain & Hershey, in Baltimore, is collecting material on the "Pennsylvania-Dutch" and will be pleased to correspond with persons who are in a position to give him aid.

A Mathematician Honored Abroad

William Weldman Landis, A.M., professor of mathematics in Dickinson College, Carlisle, has been admitted to membership in the Mathematical Circle of Palermo, Italy, the most exclusive mathematical society in the world. He is the fourteenth American to receive this honor.

OBITUARIES

PROF. JOHN S. P. FOUST, one of the oldest and best known musicians of Lehigh county, died of general debility December 24, at Allentown. He was born in Philadelphia November 15, 1817, and early developed musical talent. For many years he organized and taught singing schools and church choirs in Monroe, Northampton, Lehigh and Berks, and also had many private pupils on the organ, piano and violin. He was a resident of Allentown since 1849 and the first music teacher in the public schools of this city.

WILLIAM F. WEBER, junior member of the well known Weltbote Publishing Company at Allentown, died December 20. He was born at Coopersburg August 31, 1840. He became a public school teacher at sixteen and later served as clerk at the East Penn Junction of the P. & R. Railroad. In 1878 he became book-keeper for Leisenring, Trexler & Co., publishers, and in 1893 joined the firm, which then took its present name. He had been in failing health for a number of years.

FREELAND G. HOBSON, a man prominent in the legal, financial, religious and educational circles of the Perkiomen Valley, died at Collegeville, January 11, after a five weeks' illness of typhoid pneumonia, aged 48. He was treasurer and trust officer of the Norristown Trust Company, which he organized in 1888, treasurer of the Valley Forge Association and a prominent lawyer. He was a prominent member of Trinity Reformed Church and for years took an active part in the management of Ursinus College.

REV. JOHN W. HASSLER, D.D., one of the leading Lutheran ministers of Eastern Pennsylvania, died at Lancaster December 27, in his eightieth year. He was a native of Franklin county and a graduate of Gettysburg College. During a ministry of fifty years he served charges at different places, and through the

Civil War he was chaplain of the Fourth Regiment Penna Heavy Artillery. He established two flourishing missions in Lancaster.

REV. G. A. BRUEGLI, a Lutheran pastor at Phillipsburg, N. J., died there January 14, at the age of 68. He was a native of Wurttemberg and had studied at Tubingen before coming to this country. After studying theology at Capital University in Columbus, Ohio, he was ordained in 1861.

REV. HENRY S. FOGLEY, A.M., a well known Lutheran clergyman of New Tripoli and a trustee of Muhlenberg College, died there after three days' illness January 30, aged 62. He was ordained in 1890 and the same year succeeded Rev. S. S. Klein in a charge consisting of Ebenezer Church at New Tripoli, St. Jacob's Church at Jacksonvile, St. Peter's Church at Lynnvilleville, and Jerusalem Church in Albany. His pastorate was long and successful and he was greatly beloved by his people.

DR. MILTON VALENTINI, professor emeritus of systematic theology in the Lutheran Seminary at Gettysburg and one of the oldest and best known men of the Lutheran Church in America, died February 6. He was born January 1, 1825, and was a teacher of Pennsylvania College and the Seminary connected with it for forty years. Nearly all this time he was president of the College.

Chat with Correspondents

Correction of a Date

A friend in Columbia, Pa., who ordered a copy of the January number, writes:

I want it particularly for the article on the "River Brethren" Church. I am interested in that, because the original Ulrich Engel, who is buried at Wild Cat, was my great-great-grandfather. My mother was an Engel, and we descend from Ulrich's son, John.

I must take exception to the date of the landing of the Engels in this country, as given in the article in question. They landed in Philadelphia in October, 1754, not 1753. My authority is Prof. I. D. Rupp, who, I think, is the best we have. I have his "Thirty Thousand Names."

You are right. According to Rupp, Ulrich Engel landed as one of 554 passengers, immigrants from Franconia, the Palatinate and Zweibrücken, October 1, 1754.

Arrived in Bad Shape—Subscription Blank on Cover

A lady in Kenilworth, Ill., to whom probably belongs the honor of being the oldest subscriber of **THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN**—she says she will be eighty-two at her next birthday— informs us, in renewing her subscription, that she has taken the magazine since its first number, but complains of the condition in which our January edition reached her. She says:

I received this magazine in a worse condition than any of the others. The cover was about off. The wrapper, I think, was too thin. My others were so nicely done up; I wish you could see the contrast. . . .

It looks as though it had been crammed into a waste-paper basket.

There is a good deal of information on the cover. I see on the inside of the back cover a subscription blank. You must expect from what it says that readers will fill it out and send it back to you. Whoever heard of cutting off part of the cover for such a purpose?

We are sorry indeed that our magazine reached you in such bad shape, though it certainly was no fault of ours. Whether it was carelessly wrapped or handled too roughly in passing through the mails, we can not say; probably the latter, for our instructions are to have it wrapped flat and so that, with ordinary care, it could pass anywhere without injury. If other subscribers have complaints to make on this score, they will please report to us.

Yes, there is much information on the cover, which we want all our friends to read. The idea of putting a subscription blank there may be novel and not very practical, but then we wanted to use a reprint of that cover as an advertising circular, on which the blank is quite in place. Moreover, no one needs to cut off that subscription blank unless he or she wants to. You may copy it or use your own form, just so you don't forget to send your subscription. We consider the cover as only the shell, which, when the contents are bound into a book for final preservation, may be stripped off and thrown away.

Wants Address of Publishers Given

Your book notices are good, but I think you should give the addresses of publishers. T. A. J. S.

Your suggestion is well taken. We shall henceforth give the address of the author or publisher in every case, also the price, at the same time offering to furnish the work, as well as any other book our readers may want, at the publisher's price. We hope our readers will avail themselves of this offer and make their orders through us. Where no price is given, you may infer that the work is printed for gratuitous distribution.

Our Question-Box

WASSERSCHITZ.—What is meant by the word *Wasserschitz*, which I have heard among our farming population? T. K. H., Allentown, Pa.

A *Wasserschitz* is a rather low, flat wooden pail, with the usual handle or bail, and with or without feet, used for carrying water. We remember very well seeing this kind of vessel carried about the field in haymaking and harvesting time, filled with water or root beer for the thirsty workers. It was usually called simply *Schitz*, which is the generic term, for the vessel may be used for any kind of liquid. Adelung says the word *Stütze* is used in certain parts of Germany, especially Bavaria, for such a vessel as we have just now described. It is also spelled *Stitze* and is akin either to *Stutz* or *Staude*. *Stutz*, from *stutzen* to stunt or shorten, is used in composition for anything shorter or smaller than the usual size. Thus *Stutze* or *Stutzer* may signify a short rifle (*Stutzbuchse*), a small, low clock (*Stutzuhr*), or a short wig (*Stutzperrücke*). *Stützchen* are ladies' mitts that reach only to the knuckles.

Staude, from *stehen*, to stand, may mean the same as *Stütze* and is used in compounds, as *Badestaude* (bathing pail), *Spülstaude* (dish-water pail), *Wasserstaude*, etc. In some places, according to Adelung, the word *Ständer* is used in the same sense; but among Pennsylvania-Germans a *Schtännner* is a larger wooden vessel, an open barrel or vat, such as is used for salting down meat or sauerkraut.

FRANZJOCKEL.—I have occasionally heard some old people among the Pennsylvania-Germans say: "*Er is en Franzjockel*." What did they mean by that? T. K. H.

We can not answer positively, but we will venture a guess. *Franzjockel* is evidently a compound, and the first part, *Franz*, probably means a Frenchman, called in German *Franzose*, and sometimes by abbreviation *Franze*. *Jockel* or *Jäkel* is derived from *Jakob*, *Jacob*, and is used in some parts of Germany as a term of contempt to indicate a queer or silly fellow, a crank. Adelung thinks this use of the word may have been caused by the fact that painters used to represent the Apostle *Jacobus* (James) as a strange figure, adorned with all sorts of sea shells, or by the strange procession pilgrims formerly used to make to the shrine of St. James the Elder at Compostella, in Spain. When we remember that many of our ancestors came from the Palatinate and Alsace, where they were neighbors of the French, we can easily imagine how they came to use the word *Franzjockel* in a contemptuous sense in speaking of a Frenchman whom they did not like or respect, or of one of their own countrymen who favored or imitated the French. Here in Pennsylvania the word would naturally lose this specific meaning, but might still be used as a general term of contempt or derision.

Our Book-Table

Any book or pamphlet reviewed in these columns will be sent to any address by the Manager of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN on receipt of the publisher's price. Postage must be added when it is mentioned separately. Any other book wanted by our readers may be ordered through us at the publisher's price. Inquiries will be promptly and cheerfully answered.

The Jewish Colony at Tower Hill, Schaefferstown, Pa. By DR. GEORGE MAYS. 20 pp., duodecimo.

This is a well written pamphlet giving an interesting account of a settlement that stands somewhat unique among the colonial settlements of Pennsylvania. Dr. Mays contradicts the statements made by another noted historian; that this colony settled permanently in the Lebanon Valley and that, by reason of accessions from the German Protestants of the vicinity, it was at one time the most populous Jewish congregation in the colonies. He endeavors to show from tradition and history that the colonists in question probably arrived about 1730; that they were traders, who had no intention of settling permanently, but were allured by the hope of a profitable trade with the Indians; that they were never strong in numbers, received no increase from German

Protestants, either sectarians or orthodox church members, and that, failing in their expectations of financial gain, they left the place before 1741, the year in which Schaefferstown was founded.

Onkel Jeff's Reminiscences of Youth and Other Poems. By THOS. J. B. RHODES, M.D. 399 pp., duodecimo. Price \$2, postage 15 cents.

"Onkel Jeff" is no stranger to the readers of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN. Several of his effusions in dialect and in English have appeared among our Gems and been favorably received. The book before us is quite a collection, comprising 96 longer or shorter poems. By far the longest is *Genovefa*, whose pathetic story the author repeats in rhyming iambic pentameters as it was "related by the good old dames fifty or a hundred years ago" and as he heard it from his mother when "the youthful

flock of brothers and sisters" gathered eagerly around her chair on some long winter evening. The old legend is here reproduced in all its details in a very attractive form. The other poems contained in this book comprise a great variety of subjects—sentimental, humorous, narrative, descriptive and didactic. We mention a few titles picked at random: An Amusing Episode during a Fourth of July Oration at Boyerstelle in 1818, An Old-Time Battalion, Old Black Pete, Breaking Flax in Olden Time, Christmas Eve Sixty Years ago, Gathering Winter Apples, House-Cleaning, Lost and Starved to Death in the Alleghenies, Only a Tramp. The book is well printed and neatly bound.

The Pathos of Song and Other Poems. By GEORGE KELLER DELONG. 28 pp., small octavo. Price 25 cents, five copies for \$1.

Another young Pennsylvania-German has entered the race to win the poet's laurel wreath. His first work lies before us in a neatly printed pamphlet with white covers and title printed in blue, red and gold. A frontispiece picture of the author adorns the work, whose contents are arranged under five heads: Preude, The Pathos of Song, Memoirs of Childhood, Recitations, For Youth and Maiden. Mr. DeLong's verses bear marks of immaturity, but the spirit of poetry is in them and frequently finds beautiful expression. Whence know I then the Beautiful? Regret, Vocation and Rambles are gems which, with some needed polishing, would shine brightly. We hope Mr. DeLong will work on and reach the goal of his laudable ambition.

History of the Keller Family. By REV. ELI KELLER, D.D. 192 pp., 12mo. Price \$1.50; postage 14 cents.

We were much pleased when our esteemed old friend, the author, brought us this volume for review and we have looked it through with more than ordinary interest. Family histories may be ever so full and authentic, ever so valuable as a record and for reference, yet fail to hold the interest of the general reader, especially if he is an outsider so far as relationship goes, as this book held ours. We have spent several evening hours very pleasantly in perusing the story of Father Joseph Keller, the immigrant ancestor of the family—how, having wedded a schoolmate from the Bavarian fatherland, he built their home in the beautiful county of Northampton, between the Delaware and the Blue Mountains; how they toiled on together peacefully and happily, with their children growing up about them, until one dark day in November, 1757, when a band of Indians surprised the family while the father was away beyond the hilltop seeding, killed the oldest son and carried off the mother with her three-year-old John Jacob into captivity; how after three years of weary waiting that mother returned to her grief-stricken family, but her little son was never heard of again. The story is as fascinating as fiction and really more fascinating, because it is not fiction. Many other

life stories, some longer, some shorter, are told in the book, and the chapter of short reminiscences near the close was very enjoyable. The volume is illustrated with a fine portrait of the author and more than a dozen full-page pictures. It is copiously indexed and accompanied by a Family Chart recording seven generations of the Keller family.

Luther's Church Postil. Gospels: Advent, Christmas and Epiphany Sermons. Translated for the first time into English, with Introduction, Walch's Analyses and Bugenhagen's "Summaries," by PROF. JOHN NICHOLAS LENKER, D.D. Lutherans in All Lands Co., Minneapolis, Minn. 455 pp., duodecimo, cloth.

The great and praiseworthy enterprise of publishing "The Precious and Sacred Writings of Martin Luther, the Hero of the Reformation, the Greatest of the Teuton Church Fathers and the Father of Protestant Church Literature," in English for the benefit of the millions of Protestants in this country and England, has repeatedly been mentioned in the review columns of this magazine. The admirers of Luther—who count by hundreds of thousands even among those who are not his adherents in every point of doctrine—should give this work a hearty welcome everywhere. It brings them in English hardly less vigorous than the clear-cut Saxon which the great Reformer made the literary language of Germany, the fullness of his interpretation of the Word, on which, as upon an immovable rock, he planted himself so firmly, and his powerful invectives against the abuses of his day. The volume before us, the tenth of the series, contains twelve sermons on as many gospel lessons. Each is about twice as long as the sermons men hear or read nowadays, but each is fully outlined and carefully subdivided, and contains rich spiritual meat to repay the perusal.

The numbers of the volumes correspond exactly with those of the Erlangen edition, and the paragraphs with those of the Walch edition, so that the indexes of these German editions may be used in large measure for the English edition, until the English indexes appear. Price per volume \$2.25, to advance subscribers \$1.65, postage prepaid.

Apart from the importance of this work in a religious sense, it particularly deserves our notice from the fact that Dr. Lenker, the editor, is a Pennsylvania-German, born at Sunbury, Pa., where his mother still lives.

A Plea for Alphabetic Reform. By BENJAMIN FITZMAN, Cincinnati, O.

The question of a revised spelling of the English tongue has been agitated for years by scholars on both sides of the Atlantic. The pamphlet before us is a new addition to the mass of literature that has grown up around this subject. Coming from a well known authority on phonics and phonography, it sets forth in a very effective manner the need of the reform which it advocates.

That of all living languages English has the most irregular and complicated spelling has long been recognized by those who have given this matter due thought. The reason of this irregularity lies in the fact that our language has borrowed words from different sources—usually taking them as they were written in the languages from which they came. These word-forms were for the most part retained and made permanent by the printer's art, while the spoken words they represented gradually changed. To this growing apart of the written or printed and the spoken word we owe the variety of sounds given to each of our vowels and vowel compounds as well as to some consonants; to this also is due the large number of silent letters which, in the eyes of spelling reformers, disfigure the printed page and are so much waste of time, labor, paper and money. Probably the most conspicuous instance of letters still written but no longer sounded is found in the ending *ed* of the past tense of the verb and the past participle. Formerly this was invariably pronounced as a distinct syllable; now the final *d* is, whenever possible, attached to the preceding syllable and the vowel is dropt. Poets only retain it now and then when they find it necessary to fill out the measure of a line.

Mr. Pitman makes a strong plea, when, after quoting Franklin's dictum that "English is the gateway to all knowledge," he goes on to say: "Why then should we make it difficult for all and impossible for some, to enter this gateway? We unquestionably do this by trying to make twenty-three letters represent the forty sounds of English speech. (*K, q* and *x* are but duplicates of other letters.) The attempt to do so results in a lawless orthography, which gives 615 different ways of spelling our forty sounds, while the twenty-six letters of the alphabet are used with not less than 642 different significations. Can we longer treat with unconcern the dictum of practical educators, that our anontalous orthography wastes two years of every child's educational life, in its attempt to master the arts of reading and spelling? . . . If it costs two dollars a week to feed and clothe the average American child, and if two years are wasted by each of the nineteen million children who attend school, it means that this nation loses more than five million dollars a day by the use of its antiquated alphabet and grotesque spelling."

The reform Mr. Pitman offers is not a strictly phonetic system of spelling. As there are about forty elementary sounds in English, such a system would necessitate the addition to our alphabet of half as many letters as it now has or the use of many diacritical marks. Our author objects to new characters and the multiplication of marks on esthetic grounds. He thinks the eye that has been trained by the perfect symmetry of the Roman letters would be offended by the spotted appearance of the phonetic page. He seeks to attain his end by making the letters now in use so uniform in

their values that any new word may be read as easily as any new combination of figures. To indicate the regular long sound of the vowels he puts a dot over them. The sound of *a* in *alms* is represented by *aa*, that of *a* in *all* by *au*, that of *u* in *rule* by *oo*. The regular short vowel sounds are indicated by omitting the dot, also from lower-case *i*. The sound of *u* in *put* is the only one that requires a special diacritical mark. The single consonants are given their usual powers; the sound of *ch* is heard in *church*, that of *th* in *thigh*, that of *sh* in *sure*, that of *zh* in *vision*. The only new consonant introduced is a consolidated *th* for the sound heard in *thy*. The accompanying script alphabet, however, contains several new forms.

While Mr. Pitman's system will not be satisfactory to those reformers who insist on phonetic spelling throughout, the fact that he makes so few changes in the letters we have will, we believe, secure for his scheme a better prospect of acceptance. It is more practical than a strictly phonetic system would be. One point not to be overlooked in this connection is that, no matter how we spell, we must still have an alphabet, a well fixed, uniform arrangement of the letters in use. This is not absolutely necessary to teach reading and spelling, but indispensable for classification and enumeration in dictionaries and lists of words and names of every kind. The more we enlarge our alphabet, the longer and more unwieldy it will become for this purpose. Mr. Pitman, by casting out three letters and adding but one, has reduced the alphabet to twenty-four letters, just as many as it had before *I* and *J*, *U* and *V* were made separate and distinct.

We have given so much space to this discussion because we have long taken an interest in spelling reform and stand ready to welcome any practical system that will make English orthography simpler and easier to acquire.

Current Literature is much more than its title implies, for it reviews not only the literature of the day, but the world's history and the progress of science, art and religion as well. Persons in the Foreground also constitute a very interesting department. A late feature is the addition of a short story, translated from some foreign writer of note. Published at 34 West 26th Street, New York, at \$3 a year. A fine edition of Theodore Roosevelt's "Winning of the West" in six volumes is offered new subscribers for forty cents additional, the set to be sent free for examination.

The Christian Herald is an ever welcome weekly visitor. Its pages are always interesting and edifying, furnishing excellent reading for the home circle. Each number contains a sermon by some noted divine, well written editorials on the great moral questions of the day, and a number of illustrated articles on the chief events of the week in Protestant churches and missions at home and abroad.

What They Say of Us

KIND WORDS FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN

BY ITS READERS AND THE PUBLIC PRESS

The little youngster I bade such a reluctant good-bye three months ago paid his first visit to my door last evening. . . . His coming made me decline a pressing invitation to spend the evening in choice and congenial company elsewhere. I wanted to be with my little darling and hear him talk.

My, how he has grown and changed! We scarcely knew our boy. He has shed his kilts and came stalking in in knickerbockers (double-column pages, genuine pantaloons) like a man. But he has grown handsomer and more manly. He has lost his rustic bashfulness and gained the airs of a city chap. He resembles the regular city-bred Metropolitans. At this rate it will not be long ere he will take his place on all the book-stands and news-stands of the country and make his monthly trips across the Atlantic to the European centers of culture, alongside of other periodic visitors, hailing from New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

Well, let him have a chance! He has good blood and a laudable ambition. Besides this he carried a large basket, filled with good fruit, proving that he had had a successful vintage. My congratulations and best wishes!—Rev. P. C. Croll, D.D.

I subscribed to your publication for a year, as I think a great deal of it and want to have it. I am glad there is somebody who is willing to give us such excellent material at such reasonable rates—Ulysses S. Koons, author of "Brother Jaabez: A Tale of the Kloster."

I am very much pleased with the general appearance of the magazine and sincerely hope it will receive the support it so richly deserves.—Dr. George Mays, Philadelphia.

Permit me to congratulate you most heartily upon the undoubted success of your new venture. The cover is attractive, the size is convenient, the paper and type are excellent, the illustrations are interesting and artistic and the contents are fresh, original and instructive. You deserve a generous patronage for the high standards set and for the excellence of the work done. Long live THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN under its new management, and may it grow and prosper beyond the most sanguine expectations of its publishers—Rev. O. S. Kriebel, A.M., Principal of Perkiomen Seminary.

Let me congratulate you on your first number of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN. It gives us an assurance of many good things in the future.—H. M. M. Richards, Secretary of the Pennsylvania-German Society.

In forwarding my subscription I take the opportunity to express my sincere wish for the

success of the magazine. I consider it a valuable adjunct to the work of the Pennsylvania-German Society—James M. Landis, Philadelphia.

The January number of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN was received, and I am much pleased with it.—Daniel Miller, Publisher.

If you continue the appearance and the interesting matter contained in your first issue, I shall be much gratified. It is a decided improvement.—John P. Keller, Harrisburg, Pa.

You are making a fine beginning. The first number is a very creditable work and speaks well for the new management. I trust you will be greatly encouraged by a liberal patronage. You have my best wishes for unbounded success. Enclosed herewith I forward you check for renewal of my subscription.—W. H. Reed, Treasurer, Montgomery County Historical Society.

I would certainly like to see it grow into a monthly. Put me down as a perpetual subscriber.—Rev. A. Stapleton.

I want to congratulate you as heartily as I can on paper on your first number of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN. I have read it through from beginning to end, and it has made me wish that you could soon send it to us every month or even oftener.—E. A. Krauss, Reading, Pa.

I am pleased with the new series of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN. May it have a long and useful life.—Ellwood Roberts, Norristown, Pa.

THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN in its new dress has reached me. Permit me to offer my congratulations and best wishes for the continued success of this very interesting and most profitable publication. Our pleasures will now be doubled in that we shall have a bi-monthly instead of a quarterly issue. I always wait impatiently for the coming of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN and "devour" it when it reaches me. I say a hearty Amen to the eight "Reasons Why You Should Read The Pennsylvania-German," and hope they may be read by many who do not yet know what they have been missing.—Ira C. Schoeh, Selinsgrove, Pa.

I cannot see why it should not be a decided "go."—Prof. E. S. Gerhard, Huntingdon, Pa.

The magazine has always, under Dr. Croll's guidance, grown upon my liking, and I have no doubt that under yours it will continue to do so. How can any born Pennsylvania German fail to appreciate so able and interesting an advocate of his cause?—Nathan Stein, Alameda, Cal.

I value the magazine very highly.—John R. Laubach, Nazareth, Pa.

I hope your journal will meet with unlooked for success. There is a good field and it ought to flourish.—Ethan A. Weaver, Philadelphia.

THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN, for a copy of which I have been anxiously waiting, is in my hands. I am happy to say that I am more than pleased with it. When I received it I could not keep from reading until it was read through, and this at the expense of other important work pressing upon me. . . . I congratulate you on your new venture. To prove that I mean what I say I enclose my check for a year's subscription.—Bishop N. B. Grubb, Philadelphia.

First of all we do heartily congratulate the new publishers of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN upon the excellent beginning they have made. The variety and quality of information contained in the January number is decidedly pleasing and gives hopeful evidence of supplying admirably to the German stock of the good old State very welcome facts. You are beginning to do for the State a work similar to that which the late Mr. Dotterer did for the Perkiomen region.—Rev. E. E. S. Johnson Wolfenbüttel, Germany.

THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN is one of the most interesting of the many publications issued from the presses of the Report Publishing Company, and the current bi-monthly number . . . not only maintains all established prestige as "a popular magazine of biography, history, genealogy, folklore, literature, etc.," but it bears unmistakable augury and earnest of even greater and more distinguished achievement for the future.—Evening Report, Lebanon, Pa.

We are more than pleased with it. The magazine is neat in appearance, made up in the best and most approved style of the printer's art, and the contents are instructive and entertaining. Our Pennsylvania-Germans should not miss an issue of this valuable paper, as it deals largely with facts that relate to their ancestors and to the activities of the race. All who know the zeal and enterprise of its present owners and publishers can feel assured that every number will be a treasure-trove that can hardly be equaled.—Town and Country, Pennsburg, Pa.

It is brimfull of interest in all its forty-eight pages. . . . There are many appropriate illustrations.—Daily City Item, Allentown, Pa.

It is more attractive and interesting than ever. The January number is profusely illustrated with pictures of old Pennsylvania-Ger-

man landmarks, and the articles are replete with interest. The magazine has been considerably enlarged.—Chronicle and News, Allentown, Pa.

The January issue is a very interesting number. It contains articles of historical value and is finely illustrated and printed. . . . The publication should find a place in every home in this and adjoining counties, and every number should be preserved.—Macungie (Pa.) Progress.

This magazine contains much of interest to those of Pennsylvania-German descent and to the public in general.—Collegeville (Pa.) Independent.

This magazine contains a vast deal of interesting matter pertaining to the history and life of the Pennsylvania-Germans. Each number is finely illustrated.—Reformed Church Record, Reading, Pa.

Those who delight in reading the folklore and so forth of the Pennsylvania-Germans should subscribe for THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN.—Phoenixville (Pa.) Messenger.

Diese populäre Zeitschrift ist nun in ihrem neuen, schönen Gewande erschienen. . . . Ihr Aussehen und Inhalt macht einen so günstigen Eindruck, das wir den Wunsch hegen, alle Familien möchten das Werk in ihre Häuser kommen lassen, damit das junge Geschlecht die Geschichte seiner Vorfäter und der schönen ostpreussischen Heimat lernen könnte. Bisher war die Klage, dass die jungen Leute die Abhandlungen in deutschen Zeitungen und Schriften nicht zu lesen vermöchten, und diese Thatsache wurde allgemein geföhlt. Dem Misstand ist nun trefflich abgeholfen.—Weltbote, Allentown, Pa.

THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN in its new form and management makes a very conspicuous appearance. The historical sketch of the River Brethren, by John K. Miller, with five beautiful illustrations, is one of the many interesting articles this number contains. . . . Hunting "Elbetritches," a popular story in two versions, should be read by everybody.—Daily Journal, Middletown, Pa.

The January number . . . is more than usually interesting. It is profusely illustrated with old Pennsylvania landmarks.—Reformed Church Messenger, Philadelphia.

THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN is an interesting publication and ought to find adequate support. It is devoted to preserving the records of the Pennsylvania-German contributions to the aggregate history and life of the American people.—Lutheran Observer, Philadelphia.

The Pennsylvania-German

MAY, 1906

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Frontispiece—Rachel Bahn	98
Rachel Bahn, the York County Progress—By Dr. J. H. Berry, York, Pa.	99
Northampton Town and Allentown—A Historical Sketch by James J. Hauser	102
The Pennsylvania-German Society—Its Origin, Its Mission, Its Growth—By Secretary H. M. M. Richards, Lebanon, Pa.	112
The First Printed Pennsylvania-German Poem—By the Editor	120
More About "Elbetriches"—By Rev. Elmer E. S. Johnson, Wolfenbüttel, Germany	122
Hanjörg Kistler and His Descendants—By Rev. Charles I. Kistler, Reading, Pa.	124
The Wild Rose of Bethlehem—An Original Tale by the "Little Hunchback"	131
Literary Gems:	
Mai und Michaelis—May and St. Michael's	135
Die Muttersprach—By Rev. Adam Stump, D.D.	135
Ein Lied vom Tulpehocken-Thal	139
My Mother's Shingle—Der Mammy Bur. Schindel	139
Der schönste Frühling—The Fairest Spring	137
Was mer Ghappent is beim Hausbutz	137
Editorial Department:	
Editorial Comment	139
Clippings from Current News	141
Chat with Correspondents	143
Genealogical Notes and Queries	143
Our Book-Table	144



RACHEL BAHN

The Pennsylvania-German

Vol. VII

MAY, 1906

No. 3

Rachel Bahn, the York County Poetess

BY DR. L. H. BELZ, YORK, PA.

YORK county has hitherto been noted chiefly for its material activities. The work of the novelist, the poet and miscellaneous writer will come later. Much material exists within its borders that will be turned to good advantage in this direction.

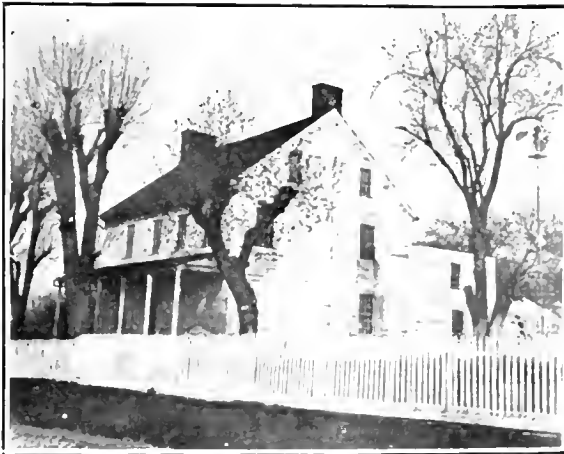
We have had several writers of English verse, chiefly based on local events and episodes. Among these may be named E. Norman Gunnison and H. M. Crider. Several others wrote chiefly in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. To these belong Henry L. Fisher, Rev. Adam Stump and Miss Rachel Bahn.

Mr. Fisher is the author of several volumes in the dialect, which are local in character and embody old-time customs and habits, incidents and traditions in all their quaintness.

Rev. Stump's efforts have been fugitive and published for the most part by the local and religious press. His work shows a wide knowledge of human nature, with aptness of expression and illustration.

Miss Bahn published a book of poems containing several hundred pages in 1861. About one tenth of the volume is Pennsylvania-German verse, mostly relating to the changes of season and objects contained in her limited field of observation, with fleeting glimpses of the social side of life. In much of her work she voiced rare beauty and pathos.

Her English poems are largely devotional in strain and express intense hope, patience and resignation. She has woven into her work much of her life experience, which was exceptionally sad and



THE HOME OF RACHEL BAHN

COURTESY OF REV. P. C. COLE, D.D.

affecting. The circumstances surrounding her were of such an interesting character as to demand more than a passing notice.

Rachel Bahn was a descendant of one of the oldest settlers of York county. She was born, lived and died on the old homestead in the beautiful Kreutz Creek valley, midway on the turnpike between York and Wrightsville. This turnpike was built as early as 1818. Her family was allied to the Harbaughs, Fishers and Spanglers, some members of which became known to literary fame. She was one of ten sons and daughters and survived all her brothers and sisters but one.

Having had but limited educational advantages earlier in life, Miss Bahn in her affliction turned her attention to the improvement of her mind. Her peculiar ailment and her sunny, social disposition appealed strongly to an ever increasing circle of friends and visitors. It is believed that she had thousands of callers, as her journals will show.

Thus her time passed pleasantly and she became well informed. None knew better than she what was happening in her community and the world at large. She was warmly attached to her church, altho' unable to attend its services. She kept journals of events and took notes



THE HESSIANS' BURIAL-GROUNDS
Containing over a thousand bodies.

Courtesy of Rev. P. C. Croll, D.D.

Rachel Bahn was born in 1830. In 1849, at nineteen years of age, she became the victim of a spinal disease, which permanently deprived her of the use of her lower limbs. From that time until her death in 1902, a period of fifty-three years, she was a helpless invalid, dependent on her family for comfort and nursing. Her father and mother having died at an early period of her affliction, the responsibility of ministering to her wants fell upon a sister, who tenderly cared for her up to within the last seven years of her life. When this sister died, Miss Bahn became dependent upon the good offices of strangers, but was very fortunate in the choice of her help.

of everything of interest. She wrote a genealogy and history of her family, with her autobiography, which as yet remains unpublished. She left many volumes of prose and poetry in manuscript.

Her home was situated within view of places of historic memory. To the south can be seen the site of the Hessian stockade and a short distance above appears its gruesome graveyard. Near by is the *Hessenthal*, a spot of romantic interest, immortalized by Henry L. Fisher in one of his best poems. A short distance away may be seen the old Glatz Hotel, still in an excellent state of preservation.

It was here the Continental Congress in a body tarried for refreshments while

on their way to York in 1777. The limpid waters of the Kreuz creek meander hither and thither, as if seeking an outlet to the river some miles distant.

Rachel Bahn related many anecdotes of the Hessians which were handed down by her ancestors. The changes of season from winter to spring, from summer to autumn, were charmingly described by her pen. We quote a specimen from her poem, "The Four Seasons."

The budding and the blooming spring
Doth joy and gladness ever bring.
How merry everything doth seem
When nature wears its garment green!

It is the childhood of the year;
It is the season that gives cheer,
How merrily the birds do sing
In chorus sweet in early spring!

The peaches blossom very fair;
The plums white bodices do wear;
The elms throw down their dingy shades
And tint their spray with verdant blades.

But soon these beauties pass away;
Soon they will wither and decay.
So too our life is fleeting by;
So too our end is drawing nigh!

Her Pennsylvania-German poem, "'s *Frihjahr*," sets forth her thought with equal nicety of expression.

Wie is 's Frihjahr doch so hilfsch
Mit seinem grüna Kleed!
Wie wohl un luschtig alles is!
Ja, alles is voll Freed.

Der Bauer geht mit frischem Mut
Noch seiner Erwet zu.
Er schafft un schwitzt—un denk mol dra!
Wie viel hot er zu duh.

Die Vogel singa frih un schpot.
Sie tshumpa hi' un her
Un bringa ihrem Schopfer Dank—
Viel Dank, viel Lob un Ehr.

Guck juseht mol selle Beem dort draus—
Wie bliha sie so seeh!
Ihr siesser Gruch mei Herz erquickt,
In fact, sel muss ich g'sehch.

Well anyhow, wann's Frihjahr kumt,
Bin ich gepliest; first rate.
Die Luft, so fair un angenehm,
Die Rose so lieblich weht.

Nau gehna mei Gedanka nuf
Wu's immer Frihjahr is,
Wu's kee Veränn'ring gewa dut,
Wu's herrlich is gewiss.

Der Baum des Lebens blühet dort
In sellem scheema Dal,
Wu Niemand meh werd med un matt,
Wu Niemand leidet Qual.

Dort is kee Sorges un kee No:
Un ah kee Truvel meh
Sie singa all: "Do kenna mir
In grossa Freedla geh."

Another of her dialect poems had for its subject "*Der alt Schockelstuhl*"—the old rocking-chair, which had been her life-long companion. Its opening lines are these:

Der alt Schockelstuhl, er schteht als noch
In meiner Schtub, dort an der Dühr.
Wann ich dra' guck, was dut er doch
So viel zum Denka bringa mir!

Still another poem was devoted to one of the trees that stood below, in front of the lower window seen in the picture. Of this she sings:

Guck juseht amol zum Fenschter raus!
Schier grad am unnera Eck yum Haus,
Dort schteht der alta Weida noch,
So gross, so stattlich un so hoch.

In 1800, when she had been an invalid for fifty years, she wrote an English poem, which she had printed with her picture, as prefixed to this article. This was her last poetic work. Shortly afterward she had an apoplectic attack which impaired her speech and power of expression.

This poem is entitled "A Half Century . . . 1840-1800," and consists of twenty stanzas, of which we select the following:

A half a century ago
Upon a couch of pain
The Lord saw fit to lay me low,
On which I still remain

My friends, who had surrounded me
When first I took my bed,
Are resting in the silent tomb,
Where not a tear is shed

The seventieth milestone of my life
I recently have passed,
Of them have fifty spent in bed,
Yet time sped onward fast

It onward sped, tho' pain I had,
 My sufferings were intense.
 Life was at times a blank to me,
 And I lived in suspense.

He often lifts his chast'ning hand
 To ease my burden some.
 My heart is weak, is weak indeed;
 His will be ever done.

The end is drawing nigh, my friends,
 When I shall bid farewell,
 Shall bid my last farewell to you;
 Its nearness none can tell.

O, what rejoicing there will be,
 To be released from pain,
 And wearing robes of snowy white—
 What an eternal gain!

On the evening of August 15 1602, the end came peacefully, and the life-long sufferer was relieved, dying as she had lived, in the hope of a blessed immortality. Her funeral was largely attended and beautiful words were spoken on that occasion.

Thus lived, suffered and died a woman of great force of character and one whose memory will linger long in the community.

Northampton Town and Allentown

A HISTORICAL SKETCH

BY JAMES J. HAUSER

Judge Allen's Land Purchases

ONE hundred and seventy years ago the site upon which the city of Allentown is built was still a mere wilderness. In 1732 the English crown granted to Thomas Penn five thousand acres, comprising the greater part of the Lehigh valley, for a yearly quit rent of one shilling sterling for every hundred acres. Penn assigned his land to Joseph Turner, who in 1735 sold three thousand acres of it, including the site of Allentown, to William Allen, a member of the Provincial Assembly who that same year was chosen mayor of Philadelphia.

William Allen was a son-in-law of Andrew Hamilton, who had been Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania under William Penn. His daughter Anne afterwards, in 1766, married Governor John Penn. His family connections gave him great influence with the proprietary government, and in 1750 he was appointed chief justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Allen's House and Trout Hall

Judge Allen was a shrewd speculator, who invested much of his money in uncultivated real estate in the valley of the Lehigh. He made no immediate at-

tempt to improve these lands, but built, for the convenience of himself, his family and friends, at what is now the corner of Jordan and Union streets, a log hut. This building, the first within the limits of what is now Allentown, is mentioned in the draft of a road surveyed in 1753 from Easton to Reading by David Schultze as "Allen's house." Many writers refer to it as Trout Hall, but from the diary of Judge Allen's son James, to whom in 1767 he deeded the greater part of his estates in the Lehigh valley, including the site of Allentown, it appears that the name Trout Hall was given by James Allen to a two-story stone house, about forty-five feet square, which he built about 1770 on what is now Walnut street. The residence of Walter C. Livingston was afterwards built a short distance west of Trout Hall. The foundations of Judge Allen's house were still visible in 1845, when Jordan street was opened.

Judge Allen was a great lover of hunting and fishing. At that time the Little Lehigh, the Jordan and Cedar creeks, as well as the Big Lehigh, abounded with fish of almost every variety, and fishing-laws were unheard of. Game also was plentiful—deer, bears and

the smaller kinds. Often the white hunters chased their game, but sometimes the tables were turned and they were chased by the Indians. Every summer the Allens would come up from Philadelphia with their friends to indulge in their favorite sports, and a rare old time they had at their Northampton country-seat.

It was the social and political center of the province during the summer, and every prominent man of Pennsylvania probably was a guest there some time. Once a gentleman called at the Governor's house in Philadelphia and was told that his Excellency was not at home, having gone with Mr. Allen to his fishing-place.

Judge Allen and His Sons

Everything went along well until the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. Then William Allen, who had resigned as Chief Justice, but retained his seat in the Assembly, sided with the Tories, and his example was followed by his eldest sons, John and Andrew. He probably went to England in 1776, but soon returned and died probably in Philadelphia or at Mount Airy, September 6, 1780. His fourth son, William, became lieutenant-colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment and served the American cause for a while under St. Clair, but after the Declaration of Independence he resigned his commission and joined the British. Only



ALLENTOWN IN THE DAYS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS

The above view is taken from Rupp's History of Northampton, Lehigh, Mercer, Schuylkill and Carbon Counties, published in 1845. Essentially the same picture, smaller and showing a man plowing in the foreground, appears in Historical Conceptions of the State of Pennsylvania, by Sherman Fay, a history of the State by counties, copyrighted in 1843. It is explained thus as follows: "The annexed view was taken from a road east of Jordan, Pa. It shows in the center the splendid stone bridge across the Jordan, with the town in the distance. The two large buildings on the hill, apart from the rest and from each other, are those of the Homeopathic Medical School. The clump of trees on the left in the distance conceals the elegant mansion of Mr. Livingston, one of the best of the original founders of the town. Mr. Greenleaf's house is on the left of the road leading past it."

The Homeopathic Academy, whose buildings were destroyed by the public school fires, was founded in 1835, and its corner-stone was laid with great pomp on August 17 of the next

James, Judge Allen's third son, now the owner of the land on which Allentown is built, remained true to the American cause—a happy omen that history has well borne out, for whenever since their country needed their services, the sons of Allentown were always ready to march forth and fight for her.

The Beginning of Northampton Town

The remoteness of Allen's place from the county-seat—Newtown, Bucks county—operated as an obstacle in the way of progress. However, in 1761 the nucleus of a settlement was begun, and in that year the few settlers there petitioned the court of Northampton county, which had been formed from Bucks in 1752, for a road that should pass thro' the Allen property, by the nearest and best way, from the King's highway which led from Philadelphia to Bethlehem. The court at first refused the petition, but after repeated trials the settlers succeeded in getting what they wanted. In June, 1762, viewers were appointed who reported in favor of opening a road from Grouse Hall in Whitehall township to the new town called Northampton, thro' Salzburg (now Salisbury) and Saucun to the King's highway.

Some one has said that James Allen was several centuries ahead of his ancestors in that he was determined to have a road built as a forerunner to the building of the town, just as a century later railroads were built in the far West to develop the country. The researches, however, of Secretary Roberts of the Lehigh County Historical Society, into the history of the Allen family have proven that James Allen has long been given credit that does not belong to him. The real founder of Allentown was Judge William Allen, whose son James in 1762 was studying law at the Temple in London, being then a youth of twenty. The original plan of the new town, now in possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, bears this inscription: "Northampton Town, Surveyed by order of William Allen, Esq., 1762."

The town was laid out for six squares from east to west, extending from the present Fourth to Tenth streets; but

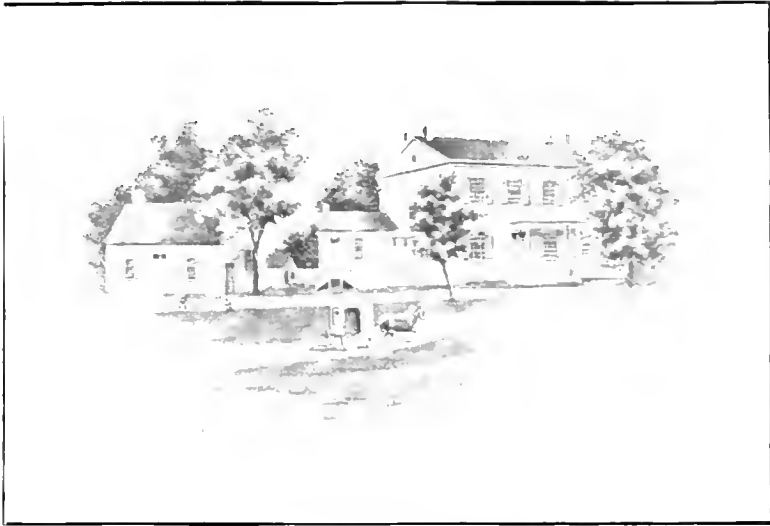
nearly all the houses were built on Water, now Lehigh street. It was evidently believed that the nearer the new town was to Salzburg, the better it would be for everybody.

Successive Transfers of the Allen Property

The deed by which on January 5, 1767, Judge Allen transferred the site of Northampton Town and its environs to his son James is recorded in Deed-Book A, Vol. I, p. 91, at Easton, Pa. A draft made by John Lukens, surveyor general of Pennsylvania from 1791 to 1789, shows that the tract was divided into seven parts. No. 1 contained two hundred acres, No. 2 seven hundred sixty-five, No. 3 five hundred, No. 4 five hundred, No. 5 five hundred, No. 6 two hundred fifty-seven, and No. 7 five hundred forty-one acres. To these tracts was added the island in the Lehigh river, containing seventy-five acres, making a total of three thousand three hundred thirty-eight acres, adjoining lands of Benjamin Eastburn, J. Earthman (Erdman), William Philips, M. Schneider, G. Stout, J. Zimmerman, J. Rothrock and Giles Windsor.

James Allen never was a permanent resident of Northampton Town, tho' he often came to sojourn at Trout Hall. He lived in Philadelphia, where he died in 1778. By his will he gave his property to his son, James Allen, and his daughters, Ann Penn Allen, Margaret Elizabeth Allen (afterwards married to William Tilghman) and Mary Masters Allen (afterwards Mrs. Henry W. Livingston), as tenants in common, in fee simple. James Allen, Jr., died in his minority and his interest in the estate went to his sisters. In 1800 Ann Penn Allen married James Greenleaf, after having, on account of Mr. Greenleaf's insolvency, executed a deed conveying all her real estate to William Tilghman and John Lawrence in trust, on condition that they should convey all or part of her estate to such person or persons as she might designate by writing. This deed is recorded at Easton in Deed-Book E, Vol. II, p. 650.

Some time before 1828 John Lawrence and William Tilghman, the trustees just



Copyright by Rev. J. C. Cooper, D.D., Allentown, Pa.

ALLENTOWN SEMINARY AND TROUT HALL IN 1848

In 1848 Allentown Seminary was opened in the Livingston Mansion at Fourth and Walnut streets, by Rev. Dr C. R. Kessler. The building was gradually enlarged, and in 1867 the institution became Muhlenberg College. Trout Hall is the small building to the left of the Seminary. In his history of the Lehigh Valley, published in 1860, M. S. Henry says that this "only remaining relic of the olden time" was used as a kitchen for the Seminary. It stood until the main building was enlarged in 1867.

named, died. The latter having left neither will nor deed, his estate descended to his heir-at-law, a minor and not a citizen of this State. The Assembly of Pennsylvania thereupon passed an act appointing Walter C. Livingston trustee in the estate of Ann Penn Greenleaf, in place of Messrs. Tilghman and Lawrence.

The Streets of Northampton Town

When Northampton Town was laid out, the streets were named after members and relatives of the Allen family. Hamilton street was named after Governor Andrew Hamilton, Judge Allen's father-in-law. Seventh street was called Allen, in honor of the founder's family. Linden street was called Andrew, Walnut John, Fourth Tilghman, Fifth Margaret, Sixth William, Eighth James, Ninth Ann, Tenth Jefferson. The principal road that passed thro' the town was that from Easton to Reading, a part of

what became known afterwards as the New York and Pittsburg route; it followed what are now Union and Jackson streets. Another road led from the Bakeoven Knob on the summit of the Blue Mountain past Helfrich's Spring to what is now the corner of Seventh and Allen streets.

None of the Allen family were among the first settlers of the town. However, Ann Penn Greenleaf resided here the latter part of her life and died in 1851, in her eighty-third year, in the house on the southeast corner of Fifth and Hamilton streets. Her sister, Margaret Elizabeth Tilghman, died in Philadelphia in 1768, in her twenty-seventh year, but her remains were brought to Allentown and interred under St. Paul's Lutheran church on South Eighth street. Mary Masters Livingston, the third sister, lived here many years, but died at Livingston Manor, N. Y., in 1855.

Slow Growth—Northampton's First Soldiers

In 1702 Northampton Town had only half a dozen houses. That year is said to have brought the greatest drought ever experienced in America. "From May to September there was no rain whatever. Grass was completely withered by August first, and the grain scarcely yielded as much as had been sown. Rye was harvested in June and corn in August"—because it was useless to wait longer.

This was one reason why the town did not grow fast during the first years of its existence. The principal cause, however, were the Indian hostilities, for it must be remembered that Northampton Town was then a frontier settlement and in constant danger of attack by the savages.

October 8, 1763, occurred the massacre of Whitehall, in which more than twenty persons were killed by the Indians and which caused great alarm in this whole community. Some of the most exposed settlers of the Whitehalls fled to Northampton, and the state of feeling in the little town may better be imagined than described. The anxiety of the people was so great that on the Sunday morning after the massacre the Rev. John Joseph Roth, the first preacher of the new town,* had to cut short his sermon and consider measures of defence. A military company was raised, but happily no attack was made, and no further harm came to the people of the neighborhood.

An Appeal to the Governor

The following is Rev. Roth's appeal to the Governor of the Province for arms, ammunition, etc., as found in the Pennsylvania Archives, Vol. IV, p. 124:

Northampton Town, the 10th of this Instant,
Octbr, 1763.

To the Honorable JAMES HAMBLETON, Esqr.,
Lieutenant Gouverneur and Commander in
Chief of the Province of Pensylvania, New-
cassel, Cent and Saxon, on Dalawar.

*The Protestant portion of the inhabitants succeeded as early as 1702 in building a little log-church, in which Lutherans and German Reformed held union services. According to the most reliable tradition it stood on the west side of Church alley, named after it, exactly opposite the present Zion's Reformed church.—B. F. T.

We send Greeting:

As I, Joseph Roads, of Northampton Town, Church Minister, of the Eighth of this Instant, Octbr, as I was a preaching, the people come in Such Numbers that I was abliged to quit my Sarmon, and the Same time Cornel James Bord was in the Town, and I, the aforesaid Minister, Spoke with Cornel Bord concerning this afares of the Indians, and we found the Inhabitance that the had nither Gons, Powder nor Lead, to defend themselves, and that Cornel Bord had Latly spoke with his Honour. He had informed me that we would assist the: with Gons and Ammunition, and he requested of me to write to your Honour, be cause he was just Seting of for Lancaster, and the Inhabitance of the Town had not Chose their officers at the time he set of. So we, the Inhabitance of the said Town hath Unanimus chose George Wolf, the Bearer hereof to be the Captin, and Abraham Rinker to be the Lieutenant; we hose Names are under writen, promiss to obey to this mentioned Captain and Lieutenant, and so we hope his Honor will be so good and send us 50 Gons, 100 Pounds of Powder and 400 Pound Lead, and 150 Stans for the Gons. These from your humble Servant, Remaining under the Protection of our Lord Saviour, Jesus Christ.

JACOB* ROTH, Minister.

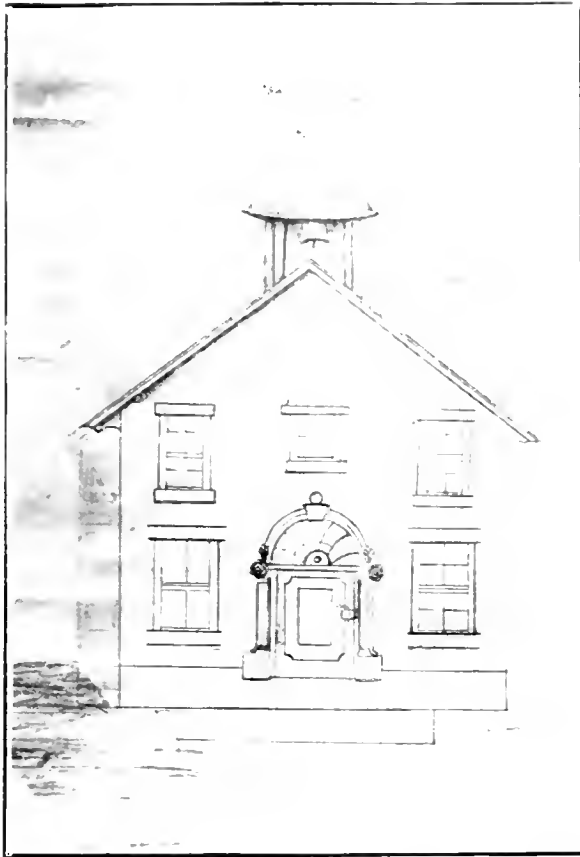
The names of the Gospel* of this said Northampton Town.

GEORG WOLF, Captain.
ABRAHAM RINKER, Lieutenant.
PHILIP KOGLER.
PETER MILLER.
FREDRICK SCHAKLER.
LEONHARD ABELL.
TOBIAS DITTIS.
LORENZ STAUCK.
SIMON BRENNER.
JACOB WOLF.
SIMON LAGUNDACKER.
GEORG NICOLAUS.
DAVID DESCHLER.
JOHN MARTIN DOURR.
PETER ROTH.
FRANCE KEFFER.
JACOB MORR.
MARTIN FROLICK.
GEORG LAUR.
DANIEL NONNEMAKER.
PETER SHAR.
ABRAHAM SAWITZ.
JOHN SCHRECK.
GEORG S. SCHNEPP.
MICHAEL READCOT.

Poor Equipment—Defenders Coming

These twenty-five men were the first soldiers enlisted at Northampton Town. They were poorly supplied with the implements of war, for in a letter to Governor Hamilton, dated October 17, 1763,

*Probably an error of the printer.



GIVEN BY REV. GEORGE A. GROSS, ALLENTOWN, PA.

ST. PAUL'S EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH

Erected in 1794 on South James (now Eighth) street, between Hamilton and John (Walnut). The engraving was made after a sketch drawn from memory. Under this building were buried, in 1768, the remains of Margaret Elizabeth Tilghman, a daughter of James Allen. It stood until 1854. In 1855 a second church was erected on the same site, followed in 1903 by the present building.

Col. James Burd says: "I will only mention that in the town of Northampton (where I was at the time) there were only four guns, three of which were unfit for use, and the enemy within four miles of the place." The only gun fit for use belonged to David Deschler.

Col. Horsfield was of the same opinion as Col. Burd and Rev. Roth, and wrote to the Governor to the same effect, urging him to hasten supplies to the defenceless town. It will be seen that under those conditions the newly formed company could not be of much use. Happily

the alarm soon subsided, and the company did not need to go into actual service.

Within twenty-four hours after hearing of the massacre the county of Bucks sent a company of mounted men, followed by two other companies, to the rescue of her northern neighbor. Northampton county, in which the new town was located, also speedily came to its help by sending companies under Captains Louis Gordon and Jacob Arndt.

The Governor, supposing there would be a general uprising of the Indians,

urged the Assembly in a special message to take immediate action in providing means for the defence of the frontier settlements. October 22, 1763, the Assembly voted twenty-four thousand pounds for raising and supporting an army of eight hundred men to suppress the Indians and protect the frontier. But after the raid of 1763 the savages never came to this side of the Blue Mountains again, tho' they committed murders just north of the mountains as late as 1780.

First Tax-List, Doctor and Ferryman

As early as 1763 the people of Northampton Town showed their enterprising spirit by making efforts to have the seat of justice located among them. They failed, because Easton was the private property of the Penn family and their interest retained it.

The first notice of an assessment list of Northampton Town occurs in 1764. In 1766 the town had thirty-three families; in 1774, twelve years after being laid out, it had forty-nine.

Dr. Gottfried Bólzius was the first physician to locate here; he came in 1766. As the practice of medicine did not require all his time and was not sufficient for his support, he bought David Deschler's shop and beer-house. Governor James Hamilton resided here for a time to be cured of a cancer, and he was the doctor's most distinguished patient.

Abraham Kinker was the first keeper of the ferry across the Lehigh river, established in 1753.

In 1776 the town had fifty-four houses, of which six were taverns. James Allen that year received ground-rent on seventy-one lots at nine shillings each. He owned six hundred acres of land, valued at eight pounds (about \$23.20) per hundred acres; his taxes amounted to about \$1.60.

The Patriotism of Northampton Town

When the Revolutionary War broke out Northampton Town had about 330 inhabitants. The citizens answered the call of the young republic in "the days that tried men's souls" with alacrity, which shows that the town even then was one of the most patriotic in the State and country. A number of its men were

with Washington in the campaign of 1776 in the vicinity of New York, taking part on August 27 in the disastrous battle of Long Island, where many laid down their lives on the altar of freedom as a sacrifice for country, home and family; also at the capture of Fort Washington, November 16, 1776, where many of them were killed or taken prisoners. The remainder followed Washington in his retreat across New Jersey and were with him in the battle of Trenton, December 26, 1776, which is regarded as the turning-point of the war and did much to revive the drooping spirits of the patriots.

A large number of the Hessians captured at Trenton were brought to Northampton and confined near the Jordan creek, where it is now crossed by Gordon street. Other prisoners were brought hither from other places, because, owing to the loyalty of the citizens, there was less danger here of their escape than in some other towns. The founders of Northampton were not only called upon to watch and guard those prisoners, but also to care for sick and wounded American soldiers. Their only church—a stone building, which replaced the log church above mentioned in 1773—was turned into a hospital in 1777. At the same time they had to keep a watchful eye on the hostile Indians.

During the Revolution the people of Northampton suffered greatly. Provisions were scarce, and meat was a luxury to many of them. The most common necessities of life were beyond their reach. Salt was sold for from eight to twenty dollars a bushel. Grease was obtained by boiling the stems of the candle-berry bush and was the only material available for making candles.

Notwithstanding all this, the patriotism of the people continued to burn undimmed. In September, 1777, the government cartridge-factory was removed from Bethlehem to Allentown, on account of the spirit of Toryism then prevailing in the former place. Arms, saddles, blankets and other military supplies were manufactured and repaired in Allentown, and in July, 1778, the colonial government had 12,000 stands of arms deposited here.

When the British threatened Philadelphia in 1777 the Liberty Bell and the bells of Christ Church in that city were brought to Northampton Town and hidden in the only church here, which stood on the site of Zion's Reformed church at what is now the southeast corner of Hamilton and Church streets. This patriotic service was duly commemorated by the Daughters of Liberty in the spring of 1902, when they placed a tablet suitably inscribed on the front wall of the church.

Once more only the people of Northampton were put in fear of the Indians,

the Wire-Mill now stands. As soon as they had rested, they proceeded up Lehigh street and wended their way to their posts of duty.

After the Revolutionary War

A third period of tribulation and trial thro' which the young town had to pass ere the century closed was the "Hot Water War" of 1798 and '99, also known as "Fries's Rebellion." John Fries, a veteran of the Revolution, living in Milford, Bucks county, raised an armed band to resist the house-tax law, a measure that was exceedingly unpopular in



LEHIGH COUNTY COURT HOUSE AT ALLENTOWN, PA.
Erected in 1814, enlarged in 1864

That was in June, 1778, when the massacre of Wyoming occurred, but happily the Indians did not come to this side of the Blue Mountains.

At last peace dawned upon the country and freedom came to dwell among her people. Never since then has Allentown been so close to any war scenes. The patriotism of its citizens, however, has not lessened; whenever the country was in peril, they were always found in the front rank.

It is a noteworthy fact that the Father of his Country passed this way on a tour of inspection a short time after the battle of Trenton. Washington and his staff rested and watered their horses at a spring at the foot of Lehigh street, where

the German counties of eastern Pennsylvania. The government had to suppress the insurrection by force. Fries and two other leaders were captured, taken to Philadelphia, tried for high treason and found guilty. Fries was sentenced to death, but pardoned by President Adams.

The center of business activity in Northampton Town in those days was along Lehigh, then called Water street. The people were slow in moving farther up the slope. The present northwest corner of Center Square, where the Eagle Hotel was built later on and which is now occupied by the large dry-goods house of John Taylor & Co., was a pond in which the boys used to go swimming,

The Rainbow Tavern was opened in 1795 on the opposite corner, where now stands the Hotel Allen. It was the place where the "slates were fixed" before the county-conventions. The first store of which there is any record was opened by Peter Snyder in 1794; it stood where the eight-story building of the Allentown National Bank stands now. This store was soon followed by others, among which was that of George Graff, on Hamilton street, near the square.

In 1800 James Wilson opened the first store worthy of the name in Allentown. Before that date Peter Neuhart (Newhard) had opened the first hardware store and John Frederic Ruhe the first drug-store.

The first post-office was established in 1802 in the Rainbow Tavern, with George Savitz, the proprietor, as post-master. Before that the people used to receive their mail-matter at Bethlehem, six miles away. This was very inconvenient, but then people did not get as much mail-matter as they do now.

The first inns of Northampton Town were opened by Georg Wolf and David Deschler in or before 1764. Names of some of the old-time hostleries were: Golden Lamb, Hornets' Nest, Rainbow Tavern, Spread Eagle, Black Horse, Bull's Head.

Weisel and His Grocery-Store

In those days, now over a hundred years ago, it was no fun to conduct a grocery-store in this town, as may be seen from the following tradition:

A young man named Weisel, or Wiesel, a stranger to this place, opened a grocery store on Water street, near Lawrence. He was an unassuming man, and so was his business. One night he closed his store, locked the door and left. The next morning he was gone, and the rumor went forth that he had absconded. Some one advanced the idea: "*'s is eppes arrig letz mit dem Kerl*";* another said: "*Ich weiss grad net was fehlt, aber 's is mer oft e'g'falla dass seller Mann net ganz gscheid waer. Er is*

nimme ins Wertshaus ganga."† So they continued to theorize. At last some one came to the rescue, saying he could tell them what was the matter with the man: "*Ich glaub wahrhaftig, dass seller Kerl verhext worra is.*"

The question was solved; the missing man was bewitched. But why did no one think of this before?

Several months later a thin, bronzed, thoughtful man came to town and reopened the store. It was Weisel himself. He had hired himself to a farmer in Bucks county in order to earn some money to carry on the store business thro' another winter.

Northampton Borough and County Seat

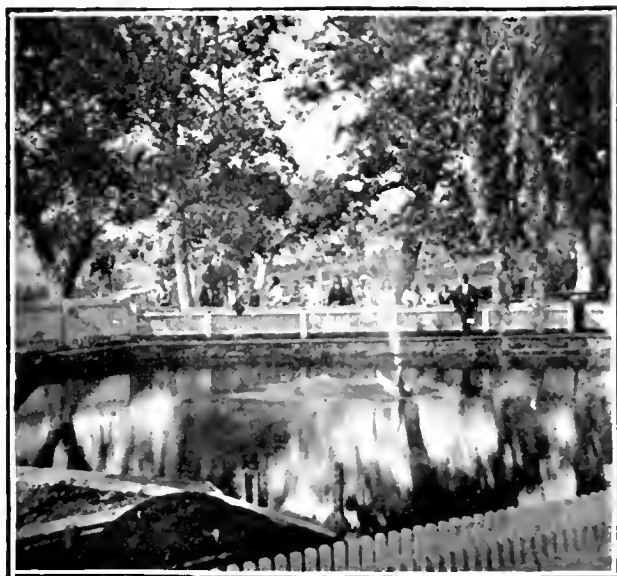
Before 1811 Allentown was a mere country village, distinguished from the surrounding farms by a few stores and many taverns. March 18, 1811, marked an epoch in its history, for on that day it became a borough, under the old name of Northampton, which, as one writer tells us, had been set aside at a town meeting held near the close of the eighteenth century in favor of Allentown. Gov. Simon Snyder, also a Pennsylvania-German, signed the incorporation act. At the same time, according to one writer, the first politician was born.

The first borough election was held in May, 1811, at George Savitz's tavern, a small stone structure erected where the Hotel Allen now stands. Peter Rhoads was chosen the first burgess, George Rhoads town clerk, and John F. Ruhe high constable. A town council of five members was elected, and its first ordinance was one forbidding the pasturing of cows on the public streets. This did not please some of the people; they thought they would have been better off without a borough.

The next event followed March 6, 1812, when the new borough became the county-seat of Lehigh county, then formed by an act of the Legislature from a part of Northampton county. The first court of Lehigh county was opened December 21, 1812, in George Savitz's

*"There is something very much wrong with that fellow."

†"I don't know just what is the matter, but it often occurred to me that man couldn't be quite right in his mind. He didn't go to the tavern anymore."



Courtesy of Edwin A. Barber, Allentown, Pa.

THE BASIN OF CRYSTAL SPRING.

Allentown's main water supply, as it appeared before its enlargement in 1865.

Rainbow Tavern, with Hon. Robert Porter as president judge and Peter Rhoads and Jonas Hartzel as associate judges. Nineteen cases were on the docket for trial.

The second court was held in the upper story of the jail, then located at the southeast corner of Margaret and Andrew (Fifth and Linden) streets. Here court was held until the court house was completed, at a cost, as shown by the commissioners' statement of April 15, 1819, of \$24,937.08¹/₂. Excepting necessary repairs, the court house remained in its original condition until 1864, when, having become too small and inconvenient for use, it was enlarged by building additions thereto. The cost of these improvements was \$57,235.86.

Lehigh county's first jail was built in 1813, at a cost of \$8,427.14; the second, near the southeast corner of Penn and Linden streets, in 1869, at a cost of \$200,222.95.

Water Supply, Market Prices, Public Scales

A water company was formed at Northampton in 1816 by an act of the Legislature. Its charter lapsed, because

the company did not carry out its work, but was revived in 1825, from which year may be dated the origin of municipal waterworks. The Northampton Water Company, as it was called, bought the Silver Spring, or Crystal Spring, near the present Fountain House, and in 1829 began to pump water into the town by water power.

Before 1815 the people of Northampton Town were guided by the market prices of Easton; after that date they had their own market prices, which were regularly quoted. In 1817 the first market house was built midway between the Eagle and Allen Hotels. The second was built in 1850, at the corner of Linden and Church streets. The present market place is on the first floor of the Lyric Theatre, on North Sixth street, between Hamilton and Linden.

In 1824 the provision dealers were for the first time required to have their weights and measures adjusted by the town clerk. In 1832 hay scales were erected on the public square, where they remained for a long time.

(To be continued.)

The Pennsylvania-German Society

Its Origin—Its Mission—Its Growth

BY SECRETARY H. M. M. RICHARDS, LEBANON, PA.

THE population of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in its early history, was made up of three separate and distinct elements, almost equal in numbers—the English Quakers, the Scotch-Irish, and the Germans. Of these, most in evidence have been the people of German blood.

Driven from the Fatherland by war, famine and persecution, they came to establish their permanent homes in a new world, and conquered the wilderness to do so; these homes they have never forsaken, and from them they have never been driven. Their ministers first carried the Gospel to the savage natives, and at their doors the Indian has never laid any claim for unjust treatment. With their homes they built their churches, and beside each church stood a schoolhouse. They became the bulwark of the Province during the French and Indian War, and by their untold sufferings in captivity, in cruel death, by merciless torture, through loss of property and loved ones, they formed a barrier which prevented the savage from ever penetrating into the lower counties and thereby retarding the onward march of civilization for a quarter of a century. Their representatives fought in all its battles, guided the government in the policy which finally led to peace, and were instrumental in the checking and eventual defeat of the outbreak planned by the wily and powerful Indian chief Pontiac. It was their printers who gave us the first copy of the Bible issued in this country, who published the largest and most pretentious work, and from whose presses came nearly as much as from those of all the English colonies put together. When Pennsylvania, with its Quaker Assembly of royal proclivity, was hesitating to join in the Revolution precipitated by Massachusetts, and the cause of freedom hung wavering in the balance, it was the votes of men of

German blood which decided the question and made the Declaration of Independence possible. They were the "First Defenders" of the Revolution, as they were the "First Defenders" of the Union in the Civil War, and the first to join Washington before Boston, as they were the first to enter Washington in 1861. By their blood and sacrifice they saved the army from destruction at Long Island. Only by their aid was victory gained at Trenton. From their granaries came much of the food for the army, and from their foundries many of the munitions for its artillery. By their people were nursed its sick and dying soldiers. It is claimed that one-half of the troops from Pennsylvania which fought for freedom from Great Britain had German blood in their veins. They furnished one-half the Governors of this State, and through the Pennsylvania-German Governors, by the aid of others of the same blood, was our great system of public school education instituted and brought to its present state of perfection. They have made the country to blossom like a rose, and in no onward movement have they been derelict in their duty.

With such a record it would be but natural to suppose that the pages of history would be filled with the achievements of the Pennsylvania-Germans; yet who, among the masses, had heard of them twenty years ago save as of ignorant, uncultured and uneducated boors who knew naught but an alien tongue—a mere gibberish—whose manners were most uncouth, and whose persons and habiliments were most unsightly? For this they themselves were greatly to blame. Conservative and unassuming by nature, they had been satisfied to live much by themselves, to cultivate their farms and enlarge their patrimony, leaving to others the task of rehearsing their own deeds and those of their ancestors,



A. R. Diefenderffer

so that eventually, when their children came to study the history of their country written largely in New England, there was but little cause to wonder that the Pilgrim Fathers had been unduly exalted and the Pennsylvania-German Pioneers either abased or totally ignored.

The day came, however, when "the sleeping giant" began to shake off his

lethargy and awake to the fact that, through his own fault, but scanty justice was being done to the memory of his ancestors. The thought was but father to the deed, and ere long a most healthy child was "to the manor born" and duly named "The Pennsylvania-German Society." As this birth marks an epoch in the progress of our people, it is but right

that its occurrence should not be lightly passed over.

During the months of December, 1890, and January, 1891, articles appeared in various Pennsylvania journals, more particularly the Lancaster New Era, the Lebanon Report and the Philadelphia Inquirer, advocating the formation of a Pennsylvania-German Society. In this matter the New Era of Lancaster was especially earnest, the result being a correspondence between one of its editors, Mr. F. R. Diffenderffer, and Dr. W. H. Egle, then State Librarian of Pennsylvania. This correspondence culminated in a visit by the latter, on February 14, 1891, to the editorial rooms of the New Era, where were present the following gentlemen, who had been invited to meet him: Rev. John S. Stahr, D.D., President of Franklin and Marshall College; Hon. R. K. Buehrle, Ph.D., City Superintendent of Public Schools; Rev. J. Max Hark, D.D., and Dr. E. O. Lyte, Principal of the State Normal School at Millersville, with Mr. F. R. Diffenderffer. After a full and free discussion of the whole question it was decided to invite a number of representative men in the German counties of Eastern Pennsylvania to an informal conference in the city of Lancaster, on Friday, February 26, 1891.

On the above mentioned day a number of gentlemen met in the study of the Rev. J. Max Hark, D.D., in the Moravian parsonage, when it was found that nine counties were represented, as follows:

Northampton, Hon. Jeremiah S. Hess and
Rev. Paul de Schweinitz;
Carbon, E. H. Rauch;
York, Hiram Young;
Lebanon, Rev. Theodore E. Schmauk, D.D.
and Lee L. Grumbine;
Luzerne, Rev. F. K. Levan, D.D.;
Chester, Julius F. Sachse;
Dauphin, Dr. William H. Egle, E. W. S. Par-
thomere and Hon. M. C. Eby;
Lancaster, Rev. J. Max Hark, D.D., Rev. H. A.
Brickenstein and F. R. Diffenderffer.

The meeting was organized by calling to the chair Dr. W. H. Egle, and by the election of Mr. Diffenderffer as Secretary.

A large number of letters were received in approval and encouragement of the project, many from men of eminence and distinction.

A discussion, covering the field in general, followed, and was terminated by the adoption of a resolution for the formation of a society to be known as the "Pennsylvania-German Society." This decision, however, was not reached until after some little argument with regard to the name. Several of the gentlemen present favored retaining the name of "Pennsylvania-Dutch," by which the people were more commonly known, but it was reasoned that such a name would not only be misleading, and give a wrong impression as to the derivation of those whose deeds were to be made public, but might tend to lower, in the general estimation, the society itself.

The name being happily settled, a committee of five was appointed to draft a general call for some future meeting. This committee was composed of the following gentlemen: Dr. W. H. Egle, Hiram Young, George F. Baer, LL.D., Rev. Theodore E. Schmauk, D.D., and F. R. Diffenderffer.

As this call has become a scarce paper, and as it was the inception of a great society, it seems but proper to rescue it from possible oblivion by reprinting it in full. Its text follows herewith.

"People who will take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants."—Macaulay.

To the descendants of the early German and Swiss settlers in Pennsylvania, wherever dispersed:

At a preliminary conference of descendants of the early German and Swiss settlers, held at Lancaster on the 26th of February, it was resolved to call a meeting on April 15th, 1891, to organize a Pennsylvania-German Society.

It is eminently proper that the descendants of these people should associate themselves in memory of those who "made the wilderness blossom as a rose," to show to the offspring of other nationalities that they are not behind them in any of the attributes which go to make up the best citizens of the best State in the best government of the world. In the art of printing, in the realm of science and letters, in religious fervor, in pure statesmanship, in war and in peace, the Pennsylvania-German-



WILLIAM H. EGLE, M.D.,

First President of the Pennsylvania German Society, 1891-92.

Swiss element has equalled any other race.

It has long been everywhere recognized by the descendants of the early American colonists as a matter of great importance to effect organizations of the character we propose, for the purpose of searching out and preserving all ancestral records; for the purpose of bringing their forefathers into such recognition in the eyes of the world, and especially of their own children, as they deserve; for the purpose of developing the friendly and paternal spirit that should exist between those in whose veins the same blood flows; for the purpose of lifting history, now unnoticed or unknown, into honor; and very particularly, for the purpose of preserving to posterity the old public records, landmarks and memorials, which in another generation will have entirely disappeared.

The co-operation of our fellow Pennsylvania-Germans is hereby cordially invited in this movement and they are earnestly requested to be present in the city of Lancaster at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 15th day of April, and we ask them to use their influence to secure the presence of all representative descendants of our common ancestry, that the meeting may prove a great success.

W. H. Egle, M.D., Dauphin county.
E. W. S. Parthemore, Dauphin county.
R. K. Buehrle, Lancaster county.

H. A. Brackestein, Lehigh county.
F. R. Diffenderfer, Lancaster county.
J. C. Zimmerman, Berks county.
A. R. Horne, Lehigh county.
Paul de Schweinitz, Northampton county.
Oram Young, York county.
L. L. Grumbine, Lebanon county.
S. P. Heilman, Lebanon county.
Julius F. Sachse, Chester county.
Benjamin Whitman, Erie county.
C. P. Humrich, Cumberland county.
Benjamin M. Neel, Franklin county.
Dane Eberle, Adams county.
Maurice C. Ely, Dauphin county.
John S. Stahr, Lancaster county.
J. Max Hark, Lancaster county.
E. O. Lyte, Lancaster county.
George F. Baer, Berks county.
Edwin Albright, Lehigh county.
Jere A. Hess, Northampton county.
E. H. Rauch, Carbon county.
Theodore E. Schmauk, Lebanon county.
Grant Weidman, Lebanon county.
F. K. Levan, Luzerne county.
James A. Beaver, Center county.
Boyd Crumline, Washington county.
S. W. Pennypacker, Philadelphia.
H. A. Muhlenberg, Berks county.

The result of this call was an enthusiastic gathering in Lancaster, on the date named, of one hundred and twenty-six or more gentlemen.

It was unanimously decided to organize a society such as proposed, and the following gentlemen were appointed a Committee on Constitution: L. L. Grumbine, H. L. Fisher, J. S. Hess, Julius F. Sachse and Dr. A. R. Horne. As a result of their labors the Constitution, substantially as now in force, was adopted.

The following were appointed a Committee on Membership: H. A. Muhlenberg, Samuel Groh, Rev. F. K. Levan, D.D., Dr. W. H. Egle and Grant Weidman.

As a committee to nominate permanent officers the following were appointed: Rev. J. S. Stahr, D.D., chairman; E. W. S. Parthemore, H. A. Muhlenberg, H. Young and J. H. Red-seker.

This committee reported the following nominations, and the gentlemen in question were duly elected, becoming the first permanent officers of the Society:

President—William H. Egle, Harrisburg.
Vice-President—Hon. Edwin Elbright, Allentown.
Secretary—F. R. Diffenderfer, Lancaster.
Treasurer—Julius F. Sachse, Berwyn.

Executive Committee—

Rev. J. Max Hark, D.D., Lancaster.
 L. L. Grumbine, Lebanon.
 H. A. Muhlenberg, Reading.
 E. H. Rauch, Mauch Chunk.
 J. S. Hess, Helertown.
 E. W. S. Parthemore, Harrisburg.
 Hon. S. W. Pennypacker, Philadelphia.
 C. Z. Weiser, East Greenville.
 C. P. Humrich, Carlisle.
 A. Hiestand Glatz, York.

This was launched on the sea of existence a babe already lusty and strong. How has this child prospered and grown? Has the vessel on which it embarked been tossed about on stormy seas, or has it been wafted along by peaceful and favorable breezes? Have its officers and crew been able to steer it clear of treacherous rocks, which have brought to naught many other similar ventures, or is it even now heading towards destruction?

With much thankfulness we can say that Providence has thus far been most kind towards the Pennsylvania-German Society. We say "Providence," because we believe that the work in which it is engaged is a great and grand work, the accomplishment of which can not fail to be of benefit to no inconsiderable part of the human family, and so, like all good efforts, has the approval and guidance of Divine power.

At the annual meeting, on October 24, 1892, the Secretary reported as enrolled on his books, 81 members, with 14 applications in hand which had received favorable action on the part of the Executive Committee, making a total of 97 persons. By January, 1906, this comparative handful had grown to the encouraging total of 470. Then it was necessary to advertise the Society and solicit applications for membership; now membership has become an honor eagerly sought. Then we were known within but a limited extent of territory; now the Society is represented throughout the length and breadth of our country, and even beyond its confines. A mere glance at the list of those who make up its roll of membership is evidence of their high standing, not only in the community, but in the State as well, and even in the Nation; the day has come when, instead of shrinkingly and shamefacedly retiring into the shad-



HON. GUSTAV A. ENDLICH, LL.D.,
 President of the Pennsylvania-German Society.

ows of human activity, we can unhesitatingly step into the full light of publicity, and exclaim with pride: "I, too, am a Pennsylvania-German!"

In the early history of the Society much discussion took place with regard to the establishment of permanent headquarters. It is a source of congratulation that this problem seems to be laid low, and that, instead of blindly stepping in the footsteps of others, we, ourselves, have become a leader and are blazing our own direct way towards the goal of success. It has been felt that the work of the Society, primarily, is the dissemination of historical information relative to our ancestors, and that this is even of more importance than the attempted gathering, with limited means, of what would necessarily prove to be but an incomplete—possibly so incomplete as to be worthless—collection of books, manuscripts, relics and curios in general, to be stored in a fixed location used as headquarters, which in itself would localize the Society and exhaust its means to such an extent

that publications of a high standard would be an impossibility, unless undue taxation were imposed upon the members, the result of which could be but to dwarf the growth of the Society. Thus, left free for untrammelled action, the members, in their annual meetings, and the Executive Committee, in their quarterly meetings, have been flitting about from place to place, constantly looking upon new scenes, constantly imbibing new and interesting historical facts, constantly the recipients of new and hearty hospitalities, and, above all, constantly keeping alive, in all localities, however far apart, a new interest in the work which they have in hand, without in any way infringing upon funds which are needed for a higher purpose.

It has been said that the proper work of the Society is embodied in its publications. Proud as we are of these volumes, I question whether even we fully realize their importance. Fifteen years ago there stood before us what was practically a virgin field. So vast seemed the undertaking that it was but natural we should plow as have done others, without imagining the treasures which lay beneath the surface. Therefore, interesting as they may be, in our first six volumes we find but a skimming of the surface and a general treatment of the subject as a whole, contained in a series of brief and unconnected papers. There came a great awakening, when, on October 10, 1895, at the annual meeting in Bethlehem, the Society decided to adopt suggestions embodied in the report of the Secretary, to leave the beaten path trod by others, and to give the world an exhaustive and critical history of Pennsylvania as developed under German influences, through the medium of a consecutive series of writings by various members of its own. To-day this history has become the most valuable publication of its kind in existence, is eagerly sought by all the leading libraries of America, and Germany as well, is recognized as standard authority on the subject, is unique in the experience of historical societies in general, is furnished its members free of cost, save for the payment of



ISAAC HESTER, ESQ.

Vice-President of the Pennsylvania German Society

annual dues, and is prized by them above many other things. And the plow is still pressed into the furrow, and for many a day we hope to see it throw up other priceless treasures, until the world is willing to acknowledge that the hitherto despised Pennsylvania-German is the peer, or more than peer, of any inhabitant of our globe.

The following brief and general mention of the papers belonging to the series, which have been already prepared, can not fail to be of interest:

Vol. 7—The Fatherland, 1450-1700, by Julius Friedrich Sachse, Litt.D., 224 pp.; The German Exodus to England in 1709, by Frank Ried Diefenderfer, Litt.D., 157 pp.

Vol. 8—The German Emigration to America, 1709-1740, by Rev. Prof. Henry Eyster Jacobs, D.D., LL.D., 125 pp.; The First Discoverers of America German not Latin, by H. M. M. Richards, 28 pp.

Vol. 9—The Settlement of Germantown, by Governor Samuel Whittaker Pennypacker, LL.D., 300 pp.; The German Emigration from New York Province into Pennsylvania, by Rev. Prof. Matthias Henry Richards, D.D., 103 pp.

Vol. 10.—The Domestic Life and Characteristics of the Pennsylvania-German Pioneer, by Rev. F. J. F. Schantz, D.D., 97 pp.; The German Immigration into Pennsylvania through the Port of Philadelphia, and The Redemptioners, by Frank Ried Diffenderffer, Litt.D., 337 pp.; The German Baptist Brethren or Dunkers, by Rev. George N. Falkenstein, 148 pp.; Pennsylvania-German Literature: *En Hondfull Farsh*, by Rev. J. Max Hark, D.D., 31 pp.; Descendants of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, D.D., by H. M. M. Richards, 87 pp.

Vol. 11.—The Lutheran Church in Pennsylvania, 1638-1800, by Theodore Emanuel Schmank, D.D., 355 pp.; The Reformed Church in Pennsylvania, by Joseph Henry Dulbs, D.D., LL.D., 357 pp.

Vol. 12.—The Music of the Ephrata Cloisters, by Julius Friedrich Sachse, Litt.D., 108 pp.; The Lutheran Church in Pennsylvania, 1638-1820, Part 2, by Theodore Emanuel Schmank, D.D., 256 pp.; A Study of the Pennsylvania-German Dialect, by Lee L. Grumbine, 60 pp.; Pennsylvania-German Literature: Metrical Translations from the German and English Classics, and from the Irish and Scotch Dialects, by Thomas C. Zimmerman, LL.D., 42 pp.

Vol. 13.—The Schwenkfelders in Pennsylvania, by Prof. Howard Wiegner Kriebel, 230 pp.; American History from German Archives, with Reference to the German Soldiers in the Revolution, and Franklin's Visit to Germany, by Major J. G. Rosengarten, 97 pp.; The Picturesque Quality of the Pennsylvania-German, by William H. Richardson, 31 pp.

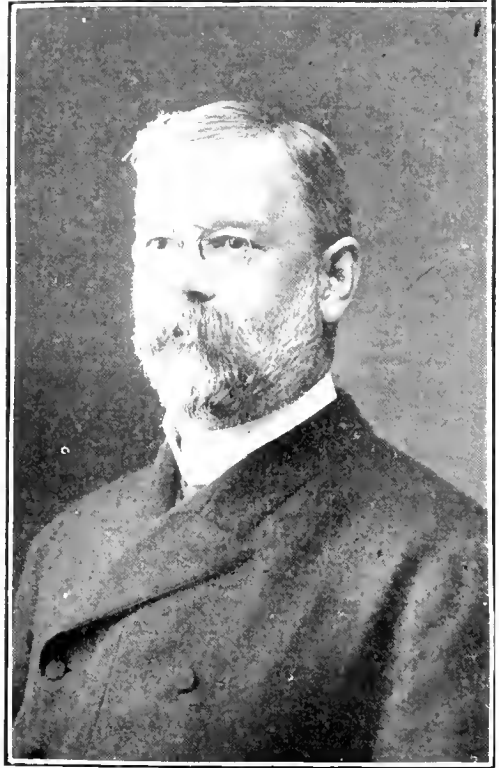
Vol. 14.—Daniel Falckner's *Curieuse Nachricht* from Pennsylvania, by Julius Friedrich Sachse, Litt.D., 250 pp.

Vol. 15 (in press).—The Pennsylvania-German in the French and Indian War, by H. M. M. Richards, 550 pp.

Vol. 16 (ready for press).—The Mennonites in Pennsylvania, by Bishop Nathaniel Bertolet Grubb; Biography of Governor Joseph Hiester, by H. M. M. Richards, 50 pp.; Genealogy of the Hiester Family, by H. M. M. Richards, 50 pp.

All the above are profusely illustrated with rare engravings, maps, facsimiles, etc., and, besides them, the volumes contain extensive church records, biographical sketches, etc.

As a society with hereditary-patriotic features, in addition to its historical work, action was taken, at the Bethlehem meeting of October 16, 1895, looking towards the adoption of suitable insignia. The result of this action was the beautiful and distinctive gold insignia, with the accompanying rosette, now in use, so emblematical of the birth and character of the Society. It consists of the Arms of



BISHOP NATHANIEL B. GRUBB.
Vice-President of the Pennsylvania-German Society.

the Province of Pennsylvania displayed upon the breast of the double-headed eagle, sable, of the old German Empire, the whole suspended by a black and gold ribbon combining the colors of the latter. The buttonhole rosette is a similar combination of the colors of the Society—black and gold.

No little part of the success of the Society has been owing to the high standing and character of its presiding officers and Executive Committee. Not only is such the case, but much of it is due to the fact that, for recent years, the *personnel* of the Executive Committee has not been materially changed, but that the members comprising it, who have been most faithful in the performance of duties for which they have received no remuneration whatever, have been enabled to lay plans, necessarily reaching into the future, and in addition to carry out the plans thus made.

The writer would fail in his duty were he not to express the obligations under which the Society rests to Julius F. Sachse, Litt.D., its Treasurer since organization, and a member of its Publication Committee. Himself a historian of no mean repute, noted for his original research, and an expert in the matter of illustration, Dr. Sachse has placed his knowledge and time at the disposal of the Society, without recompense, and to him its members are unquestionably indebted for much of the value which has been attained by the printed volumes issued.

To F. R. Diffenderffer, Litt.D., in addition, the Society owes much. Practically the originator of its existence, and its first Secretary, as well as the author of several of its most valuable papers, he was indefatigable in his labors to improve and elevate, and unflinching in his attendance at all meetings of the Executive Committee, until, owing to the pressure of other duties and to the universal regret of the members, he felt constrained to tender his resignation at the meeting in Reading on October 3, 1864, and was succeeded by Mr. H. M. M. Richards.

Mention has been made of the presiding officers of the Society, of whom a list is given herewith. A mere perusal of their names will convince the most casual reader that it is no idle boast to say that they are distinctive of the people they have represented, that their names would be an honor to any organization, and that the Pennsylvania-German Society can well be proud of them as its standard bearers.

April 15, 1891—Geo. F. Baer, LL.D., Reading, Chairman.

Presidents.

April 15, 1861, to October 24, 1892—Dr. W. H. Egle, Harrisburg.

1893—Henry L. Fisher, Esq., York.

1894—George C. Heckman, D.D., LL.D., Reading.

1895—Hon. S. W. Pennypacker, LL.D., Philadelphia.

1896—Frank Ried Diffenderffer, Litt.D., Lancaster.

1897—Theodore Emanuel Schmauk, D.D., Lebanon.

1898—Nathan C. Schaeffer, Ph.D., D.D., Lancaster.

1899—E. W. S. Parthemore, Esq., Harrisburg.

1900—E. J. F. Schantz, D.D., Myerstown.

October 26, 1900, to July 9, 1901—Thomas Conrad Porter, D.D., LL.D., Easton (died).

July 9, 1901, to October 25, 1901—Prof. Charles Francis Himes, Ph.D., LL.D., Carlisle.

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1909-'10—Daniel Wunderlich Nead, M.D., Philadelphia; Hon. Maurice C. Eby, Harrisburg.

Du kantscht en Gaul ans Wasser nemma
Am Haliter oder Zigel,
Doeh kann-echt du ihn net saufa macha
Mit Warta oder Prigel.

—Goethe von Berks.

Warum sin Zeha cent-Cigars
Wie'n arrig schee gedresse Miss?
Weil kens vun uns recht judgea kann
Am "Wrapper" was der "Filler" is.

—Goethe von Berks

The First Printed Pennsylvania-German Poem

BY THE EDITOR

FOR some time past we have been trying to ascertain what was the earliest printed production of the Pennsylvania-German muse. Our researches have not yet yielded all the results we desire, but we hope to continue them as opportunity offers, and invite those of our readers who are interested to aid us in the search.

The first published rhymed composition in our dialect that has come to our knowledge appeared in *Der Deutsche in Amerika* some time between 1840 and '45. But those verses are profane and hardly decent, and we shall not quote them here. Advertising doggerels appeared in the *Allentzen Friedens-Bote* as early as 1840, and similar attempts at dialect rhyming may probably be found in German newspaper files of still earlier date.

So far as we have been able to learn, the first printed Pennsylvania-German composition, worthy in form and substance of being called a poem, appeared in August, 1840, in the *Deutsche Kirchenfreund*, then edited by Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff. It is there entitled "*Abendlied*," and we republish it below from a copy kindly furnished us by Rev. C. H. Heilman, of Jonestown, Pa., who transcribed the poem into his diary while attending the Reformed Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa., from 1800 to '62. It was published anonymously, and as late as 1857 Dr. Schaff declined to give the author's name. Soon afterward, however, he attributed it to Rev. Edward Rondthaler, Sr., a Moravian minister who was a tutor at Nazareth Hall from 1835 to 1841, principal of the same school from 1853 to 1854, and who died at Nazareth, March 5, 1855.

It is possible that this poem was published before it appeared in the *Kirchenfreund*, but Dr. Schaff certainly believed it to have been composed at the time of its publication in his paper, and we have failed to find it in an earlier form. Mention is made of it in Kuhns's "German

and Swiss Settlements of Pennsylvania," page 122. It was published again as part of the appendix to Wm. C. Reichel's "Nazareth Hall and its Reunions," a book printed by the Lippincotts of Philadelphia in 1860. It there appears in a somewhat different spelling under the title "*Morgetz und Orvets*." Prof. Reichel says it is the creation of Rev. Emanuel Rondthaler, a tutor of Nazareth Hall between 1832 and 1830, who died in 1848.

Our further inquiries have proved the correctness of this statement. Bishop Edward Rondthaler, of Winston-Salem, N. C., a son of the Rev. Edward Rondthaler before mentioned, informs us that the author of the poem was his uncle, Rev. Emanuel Rondthaler, and that he, the Bishop, made a copy of it in his youth, under the title "*Abendlied*." Miss Elisabeth Rondthaler, a teacher in the Moravian Seminary, at Bethlehem, Pa., the only surviving daughter of Rev. Emanuel Rondthaler, tells us that the poem was written by her father when he was a tutor at Nazareth Hall, about 1835, he being then twenty years old. "He wanted to show that the Pennsylvania-German, so generally despised—at that time perhaps even more than later—could be used to express poetic or refined sentiment."

This same poem was published in a still different dress and as a "*Morgelied*" in THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN for April, 1900. An interesting note of the editor accompanies it there, and its closing line certainly appears in a more poetical form:

Denk bei ihm isch's enerle.

Unfortunately the original of this really beautiful little poem seems to be lost, and so we can not tell which of the two versions in our possession, if either, is an exact copy thereof. The evidence appears to favor the older version of 1840 and the title "*Abendlied*." For the purpose of comparison we reproduce both versions side by side.

ABENDLIED.

MORGETS UND OWETS.

Margets scheint die Sun so cho,
 Owets geht der gelh Mond uf,
 Margets leit der Dau im Klee,
 Owets tritt mer drucke druf.

Margets singe all die Vogel,
 Owets greischt die Loubkrot arg,
 Margets gloppt mer mit der Flegel,
 Owets leit mer schon im Sarg.

Alles dut sich ämern do,
 Nix bleibt immer so wie now,
 Was e'im Freed macht, bleibt nett so,
 Werd gar arg bald hart un rau.

Drowe werd es anners sein,
 Dart, wo's now so blow aussicht;
 Dart is Margets alles fein,
 Dart is Owets alles Licht.

Margets is dart Freed die Füll,
 Owets is es au noch so,
 Margets is e'm's Herz so still,
 Owets is mer au noch froh.

Aeh! wie duts me doch gelichte
 Nach der blowe Wohnung dart;
 Dart mit alle gute Chrischte,
 Freed zu habe, Ruh als-fort.

Wann sie mi in's Grab nein trage,
 Greint net, denn ich hab's so schö;
 Wann sie es des Owets sage
 Denkt—bei ihm is sell all-one!
 —*Deutscher Kirchenfreund*, Aug., 1849

Morget's scheint die Sunn so scho,
 Owets geht der gelh Mond uf,
 Morget's leit der Dau im Gfa,
 Owets drett mer drucke druf.

Morget's singe all die Feggel,
 Owets greischt der Lawbkrott arg,
 Morget's gloppt mer mit der Fleggel,
 Owets leit mer schon im Sarg.

Alles dut sich emere do,
 Nix bleibt immer so wie nau;
 Wos' em Frad macht, bleibt nett so,
 Werd gar arg bald harrt un rau—

Drowe werd es anners sein,
 Dart wo nau so blo aussicht;
 Dart is Morget's alles fein,
 Dart is Owets alles Licht.

Morget's is dart Frad die Fill,
 Owets is es o noch so;
 Morget's is ems Herz so still;
 Owets is mer o noch fro.

Aeh! wie dut mer doch gelichte,
 Nach der blo'e Woning dart;
 Dart mit alle gute Chrishte
 Frad zu have—Roo als fort.

Wann sie mich ins Grab nei drage,
 Greint nett—denn ich habs so schö,—
 Wann sie—"Ess is Owet!"—sage—
 Denkt—bei ihm is sell, "allone."
 —"Nazareth Hall and its Reunions," 1869.

Prof. Reichel in his introductory remarks upon Rev. Rondthaler's poem declares his belief that it is "one of the first attempts to render that mongrel dialect (!) the vehicle of poetic thought and diction." He commends the poem for the touching appeal it makes to the finer feelings of our nature and the spirit of Christian faith and hope with which it

is imbued, and appends a translation, which is however in a different meter and more in the nature of a paraphrase. For the special benefit of those readers who are unable to appreciate Rev. Rondthaler's "Evening Song" or "Morning and Evening" in the original we subjoin this translation, which certainly is not without poetic merit of its own.

(Translation by Prof. Wm. C. Reichel.)

In the morning the sun shines cheerful and bright,
 In the evening the yellow moon's splendor is shed;
 In the morning the clover's with dew all bedight,
 In the evening its blossoms are dry to the tread.

In the morning the birds sing in unison sweet,
 In the evening the frog cries prophetic and loud;
 In the morning we toil to the flail's dull beat,
 In the evening we lie in our coffin and shroud.

Here on earth there is nothing exempt from rude change—
 Nought abiding, continuing always the same;
 What pleases is passing—is past! oh, how strange!
 And the joy that so mocked us is followed by pain.

But above 'twill be different, I very well know—
 Up yonder, where all is so calm and so blue!
 In the morning there objects will be all aglow—
 In the evening aglow, too, with heaven's own hue.

In the morning up yonder our cup will be filled,
 In the evening its draught will not yet have been drain'd;
 In the morning our hearts will divinely be stilled,
 In the evening, ecstatic with bliss here unnamed.

And oh, how I long, how I yearn to be there,
 Up yonder, where all is so calm and so blue!
 With the spirits of perfected just ones to share
 Through eternity's ages joy and peace ever new.

And when to my grave I shall slowly be borne,
 Oh, weep and lament not, for I am so blest!
 And when "it is evening," you'll say—or, " 'tis morn"—
 Remember for me there is nothing but rest!

More About "Elbetritches"

BY REV. ELMER E. S. JOHNSON, WOLFENBUETTEL, GERMANY.

AS IS hinted at in the closing lines of the article "Hunting 'Elbetritches'", in the January number of your magazine, the origin of this familiar Pennsylvania-German word lies far back in the mythology of Europe. The term *Elbetrutsche* and its roots are common in the folklore of the Swedes and the Anglo-Saxons, as well as in that of the Germans. It is spelled in a variety of ways, as for example: *Elbentrutsche*, *alberdrutsche*, *elbentruetsch*, *drelpe-truetsch*, *hilfentrutsche*, *ilmedredsche*, *oel-petrutsche*, *toelpentruetsch*, *trilpentrutsche*, always meaning an awkward, simple person who has been taken in by the *elbe*.

In Pommerellen, a name formerly applied to a strip of land along the left bank of the Weichsel (Vistula), in West-prussen (Western Prussia), the common *Elberdroetschjagen*, *Trilpentrutschejagen*, is called *Rossmuckenjagen*. Apparently it was a New Year's trick, for at that time of the year the uninitiated was told to stand on the door-step and hold an open bag, as tho' waiting to catch something. Meanwhile the rest of the party ran all over the house, screaming at the top of their voices and making every imaginable kind of noise, as if they intended to drive the evil spirits out of every nook and corner. Weary of the fruitless chase, some one poured a bucket

of water over the unsuspecting neophyte at the door, and so the *Rossmucken* were caught.

Compare the English word *eldritch*, meaning weird, ghostly, unnatural, frightful, hideous, as used in the forms *elrich* (*tc.*), *elritch* (*tc.*), *elrich* (*tc.*), *elrich*, *elraige*, *rage*, *alriche*, *eldrich*, *eltrich*, *eldritch*, from 1508 down to the present time. So one might compare that other English word *elphritch*.

The word has in it the two roots, *elbe* and *drude*.. The root *elbe* is the Middle High German dative feminine of the Old High German *alp*, meaning nightmare. The Anglo-Saxon form of *elbe* is *elfen*, *elb*, *aelf*, hence our English *elf*. The German word *Elfe*, meaning fairy, is familiar. In German folklore *Alp* is very common: for example, in Silesia, round about Oels, on Good Friday and on St. George's day, April 23, the *Hausrater*, with a piece of consecrated chalk, makes three crosses over every door of his house, to guard against witches and the *Alp* as well as against all evil persons, who are said to be numerous at that time. Likewise in the case of a new-born babe, on whose breast the *Alp* is said to nurse, various remedies have been suggested: in Bunzlan a pair of the father's trousers, laid on the cradle; in Ludwigsdorf, near Görlitz, a heavy club; in Jauer, an old comb; in

Laban an old broom, laid crosswise under the cradle, will ward off the *Alp*. Those attending the baptism of an infant must only think of the beautiful and hope for good things from the child, when it grows up, since all things wished for on such an occasion will come to pass. To illustrate how seriously this was taken in Silesia, one may cite the baptism of a young child where one god-mother said to the other: "*Du, zeos soullen mer denn doas Kindla zean (zerden) lon, a Hexla oder a, Albla (.alp).*" A third person hearing this remark reported it to the minister, who immediately refused to baptize the child that day, but obliged them to come again the next.

In the Herzogtum Braunschweig (Duchy of Brunswick), the *Marte*, also called *Nachtmarte*, is the *Alp* that causes *Alpdruecken*,¹ pressing of the nightmare, in that he comes at night in a transparent form of smoke and lays himself on the chest of the sleeper, who is unable to move himself or utter any sound whatever, altho' perfectly conscious, while the *Alpdruecken* is going on; eventually the sleeping person thus afflicted awakens with a heavy sigh or a doleful groan. People whose eyebrows are grown together are said to be *Marten* or to be able to transform themselves into such at will. Those subjected to *Alpdruecken* should bathe the chest with cold water before retiring; care must be taken to draw

the hand only across the chest, the key-hole in the door of the sleeping apartment ought to be closed up carefully to keep the fellows out. As a last resort, in case they do get in, and if you are so fortunate as to know who is represented by the *Marte*, call them by name and they will vanish at once.

What evidently is the root of the second part of the word, *drude, drud, drut, drute, trud, trude*, etc., meaning a witch, is also common. In Bavaria and the Tirol the *Druten* or *Truden* are said to live in the hidden recesses of dense forests and in the dark crevices of great rocks. They infest stones, water, ice, trees, etc., as well as human beings. When unable to torment the latter they hunt out some fine young ash, pine or larch tree and worry it so that hideous knots, common to those trees, grow out. A tree infested by the *Druten* trembles all over when not a bit of air is stirring. When a fresh young branch on the tree dies people say: "*die Drut sei drauf gesessen*," and they call it *Drutenflaetschen*. They also call the whirlwind the *Drutenwind*. Many a mother in the Tirol, while rocking her child to sleep, sang the following lullaby:

1 Schlaf, Bubbe, schlaf,
Die Mutter giebt Acht,
Dass die Trud dich nit druckt,
Und der Alp nit erstuockt
Schlaf!—Holde, kumm!
Alb, dreh dich um!

2 Trudi, Trudi, druck mi net,
Ana, Ana, schluck mi net,
Rose Mutter, komm zum Bett,
Trudi, Trudi, druck mi net!

¹Mrs. H. W. Kriebel relates that her grandmother, Mrs. Jacob Kriebel, was accustomed to use this term. I do not recollect that I ever heard the word used in ordinary conversation by Pennsylvania Germans.—Ed.

DAS GLUECK

Dem Traumer winkte einst das Glueck
Er hat es nicht gesehen.
Da lachte es den Thoren an,
Der liess es achtlos stehen.
Dann nickte es dem Faulen, der
Wollt's sich gemachlich holen.
Da kam ein Schelm des Wezes her,
Der hat sich's keck—gestohlen.

FORTUNE

Fair Fortune once a dreamer hailed,
Who failed to see or hear her;
And then she smiled upon a fool,
Who cared not to go near her.
She beckoned to a sluggard, who
Came on, but while he tarried,
A rogue passed by and boldly seized
The prize, which off he carried.

Hanjoerg Kistler and His Descendants

BY REV. CHARLES E. KISTLER, READING, PA.

THE New Jerusalem church, known in the eighteenth century as the Allemängel church, is situated in Albany township, Berks county, near the Lehigh county line. This must have been the church where many years ago, on a Sunday morning, the pastor greeted his flock by saying: "*Guten Morgen, ihr Herren, besonders was Kistler heisst.*" On the pages of the old church register, which is remarkably well preserved, are found recorded the baptisms of hundreds of Kistler children. In the cemetery under the shadow of the church are scores of graves marked by stones on which the name of Kistler is inscribed. Near the center of the oldest part of the cemetery lies a slate stone, the under side of which contains the inscription: "I. G. K., 1767." This is very likely the stone which stood at the head of the grave of the progenitor of the large Kistler family in America. Legally he was known as Johannes. He is called Jorg or George by Pastor Schumacher, in his record. His neigh-

bors, in all probability, called him Hanjörg, that is Hans Jörg, or John George.

Johannes Kistler was a native of the Palatinate, in Germany. In 1737, on the fifth of October, he came from Amsterdam, in the ship Townshead, to Philadelphia. Soon afterwards he came to Falkner Swamp or Goshenhoppen, now in Montgomery county, Pa. No doubt he brought his wife, Anna Dorothea, and the oldest children with him from Germany. In 1747 he took out a warrant for land and moved to Albany township, Berks county, where he settled down permanently. This vicinity was then wild and barren. Consequently it received the name *Allemaengel*, meaning All Wants. Here Hanjörg Kistler taught his children the first lessons of industry and frugality. They had to struggle, but that made them strong, and their descendants inherited of that strength.

In 1756 Johannes Kistler was on the assessment roll of Albany, but not until September 10, 1761, did he become nat-



NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH IN ALBANY, BERKS COUNTY, PA.

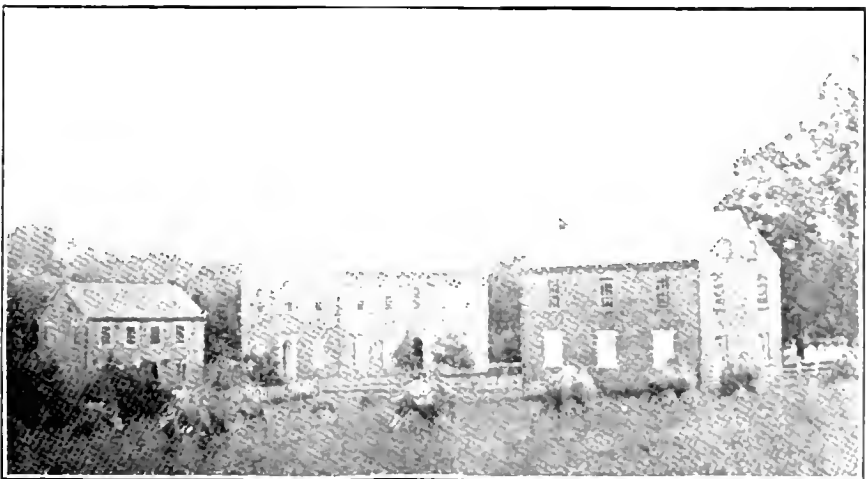
Courtesy of Rev. P. C. Coll, D.D.

uralized as a citizen of Pennsylvania. On that day he and his old friend and neighbor, Michael Brobst, appeared before the judges of the Supreme Court in Philadelphia, and there they received their naturalization papers. He was a communicant member of the Lutheran church, served as elder of the Allemangel church for a number of years, stood sponsor for his children when they were baptized, and at the proper age led them to unite with the church of which he was a member. Before, however, he was permitted to see the youngest of his children confirmed as members of the church he loved so much, he was called hence. The date 1707 on the slate stone lying in the old cemetery marks the time of his departure from this life. He left nine children named as follows: 1. Jacob, 2. John, 3. Samuel, 4. George, 5. Philip, 6. Michael, 7. Barbara, 8. Dorothea, 9. Elizabeth.

Nearly all of these moved to what is now Lynn township, Lehigh county, where they became extensive land owners. They brought up exceptionally large families. So rapidly did they multiply that soon the beautiful valley extending from Kempton to Lynnville, a distance of six miles, was called Kistler's Valley, which name it has kept ever since. Already in 1700, as the record of baptisms

at the Ebenezer church (*Lynnstoener Kirche*) shows, there were Kistler families living in the vicinity of what is now known as New Tripoli. Here one needs only to peruse the church-record or walk through the cemetery, to be convinced how exceedingly numerous the Kistlers have been at this place in the past. It would indeed be surprising to know how many people there are at present in Lynn and the surrounding townships, who have Kistler blood coursing through their veins.

As the Kistlers grew in numbers, many felt that their birthland could not contain them all, so they left their homes and sought their fortunes elsewhere. Now there is hardly a name more familiar in the rapidly growing city of Allentown than the name Kistler. They are favorably known in Lehigh, Carbon, Monroe, Schuylkill, Berks, Union, Perry and many other counties of this State. They are very numerous throughout Ohio; they have large settlements in Indiana; and not a few of them are scattered throughout the Far West. It is a conservative estimate to say that there are now ten thousand Kistler relatives living in the United States. It is remarkable that in a hundred and seventy years the descendants of one man can become so numerous. Hanjorg Kistler is the



THIRD EBENEZER CHURCH AT LYNN DOWN, PA., BUILT IN 1824.
Courtesy of Rev. S. W. H. ... A. C. ... P.

ancestor of at least eight generations born on American soil.

In giving a brief history of the descendants of Johannes Kistler, I shall simply devote a short section to each of his nine children, in the same order as they are numbered above.

1. Jacob, son of John George Kistler, was born on the twelfth day of February, 1751. He died October 20, 1811. His wife Christina died May 10, 1823. Two well preserved tombstones mark their resting places on the old cemetery. They left seven children: Philip, Jacob, Michael, Solomon, Daniel, Catharine and Magdalene.

Philip remained in Kistler's Valley. He was married to Maria, *nee* Fries. Samuel Kistler Brobst, an influential Lutheran preacher and publisher, who helped to establish the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Philadelphia and Muhlenberg College at Allentown, was a grandson of Philip.

Jacob, second son of Jacob Kistler, lived at Levan's tannery. He had two daughters: Louisa, wife of Elias Hartman, and Polly, wife of Joseph Sechler, who moved to Indiana.

Michael Kistler was a tanner in Kistler's Valley. He had seven sons and several daughters. Most of the sons followed the father's trade. Stephen owned tanneries in Lehighon, Tannersville, Stroudsburg, Great Bend, Bartonsville, Fennersville, and established headquarters in New York city. He dressed so plainly that no one would have suspected him of being a rich man. Once, when a shipload of hides from South America was to be sold at auction in New York, he started to bid on the hides. When the rich dealers noticed this they thought they would let the poor man have a few at his own price, and out of pity to him they stopped bidding. When the auctioneer asked him how many he wanted at that price, he said, to the utter consternation of everybody there: "I take them all."

To avoid confusion, I shall call the sons of Michael Kistler, Jr., brothers of Stephen. Perez or Perry Kistler, brother of Stephen, was the father of Nathan

Kistler, who for many years was chorister at the Grimsville church. Jacob, Willoughby and James, sons of Jacob (brother of Stephen), have entered the medical profession. Clinton, son of Willoughby, is practicing medicine with his father at Lehighon. Joel (brother of Stephen) was the father of William, who graduated from Muhlenberg in 1881. He was drowned while crossing the Rio Grande river, August 7, 1884. Michael (brother of Stephen) was a lieutenant during the Civil War, and for many years postmaster at Stroudsburg. He is still living. His son Hiram served several terms as burgess of Stroudsburg. Daniel (brother of Stephen), living in West Penn, Schuylkill county, is the father of William W., since 1894 pastor of the Coopersburg Lutheran parish.

The other children of Jacob, son of John George, were: Solomon, who moved to Ohio; Daniel, who settled near Catawissa; Catharine, who married Jacob Baily of Ohio, and Magdalene, who married Jacob Baer in Lynn township. Dr. Alvin J. Kistler, of Reading, Pa., belongs to this branch of the family.

2. John was probably one of the oldest sons of John George Kistler, and it is likely that he came with his father from Germany. In 1768, one year after his father's death, he was still in Albany township, which indicates that he remained on the old homestead. Among his children were John William, born May 29, 1757, and Abraham, born December 20, 1761. So many of his descendants were named John that it is very difficult to place them. The name John ran through at least five generations. There were those whose father, grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather were all called John Kistler. Not only the name, but the trade also, was handed down from father to son. For some successive generations the blacksmith trade was followed by them, so that the name "*Schmidt* John Kistler" became known far and wide. Although the last "*Schmidt* John" died nearly half a century ago, the name is still familiar to many. Many of the Kistlers who lived in the vicinity of New

Tripoli were descendants of John, the son of George. Aaron Kistler, an aged citizen of Lynn, is one of them. Jonas Kistler, who is buried at the Lowhill church, traveled extensively through Australia and other countries. A number of this branch of the family went to the West.

3. Samuel Kistler was the youngest son of John George. He was born September 20, 1754, and died April 24, 1822. His second wife, Catherine, *nee* Brobst, is buried alongside of him on the ceme-

tery with his first wife, Elizabeth *nee* Ladich, and twelve with his second wife, Catherine *nee* Brobst. Many of these brought up large families, so that the descendants of Samuel Kistler are more numerous than those of any of his brothers. A simple list of their names would fill a volume. A list of the names of his children and of the children of one of his sons will serve to give us some idea how rapidly his offspring multiplied. The designation of the place where each one is buried will show how they were scattered. The fol-



HOUSE BUILT BY SAMUEL KISTLER IN KISTLER'S VALLEY IN 1803
Now the Home of Anson C. Kistler.

tery in which his father rests. He was an extensive land-owner. In 1803 he built a very substantial stone mansion in Kistler's Valley, which remained his home to the time of his death, and has ever since been the property of his descendants. He also built Kistler's mill near New Tripoli. For many years he was an elder at the New Jerusalem church. It was while he was serving in that office that the present house of worship was erected. All these buildings stand as monuments to his good judgment and thoroughness. He was known as a leading man in his community. He had a family of fifteen children, three

following are the children of Samuel Kistler:

Barbara, married to Henry Sunday, buried at Dunkel's church;

Jacob S., buried at New Jerusalem church;

Samuel, buried at New Tripoli church;

John S., buried at New Jerusalem church;

Michael, died in Ohio;

Christian, buried at New Tripoli;

Daniel, died in West Penn. Schuylkill county;

David, died in West Penn. Schuylkill county;

Jesse, died in Ohio;

Levi, buried at St. James's church, Jacksonsville, Pa.;

Charles, buried at Newton Falls, Trumbull county, Ohio.

Maria Elizabeth, married to Jacob Snyder, died in Ohio;

Catharine, married to George Weida, died in Lowhill;

Salome, married to Jacob Mosser, the tanner, died in Allentown;

Magdalene, married to Solomon Mosser, probably buried at Lynnville.

Of the children of Samuel Kistler it is likely that his oldest son, Jacob S., had the largest family. John S., who remained on the old homestead, also had many children and grandchildren. The following is a list of the children of Jacob S. Kistler, sixteen in all:

John, buried at the New Jerusalem church;

Jacob, buried at the New Jerusalem church;

Nathan, buried at the New Jerusalem church;

Stephen, buried at the New Jerusalem church;

David, buried at the New Jerusalem church;

Reuben, died in Louisville, Ky.;

Jonas, died last March and is buried at the New Jerusalem church;

Charles, buried at the New Jerusalem church;

Salome, married to John Hermany, buried at Jacksonville, Pa.;

Mary, married to Elias Wertman, buried at Peoria, Ill.;

Lydia, married to Daniel Long, buried at New Ringgold, Pa.;

Catharine, married to Reuben Buck, buried at New Jerusalem church;

Elizabeth, living at Saegersville, Pa.;

Anna Fena, married to Charles Lenhart, buried at Bethel church, in Albany township;

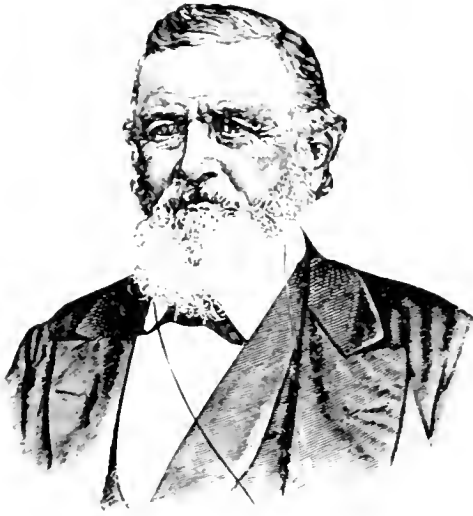
Helena, second wife of Daniel Long, died in Atchison, Kan.

Samuel J., buried at Heidelberg church, Lehigh county, Pa.

Even a skilled genealogist would have to work hard and long to trace all the descendants of Samuel Kistler. His children already went out from the old homestead in every direction. Their descendants are now scattered all over the United States. Nevertheless, so many remained in eastern Pennsylvania that most of the Kistler relatives in this section are descendants of Samuel, the youngest son of John George. It would require a long time to give only a brief account of each Kistler of this line, who has been successful in business or professional life. Occasionally all or nearly all the sons of large families have entered the higher professions. Five sons of

William B. Kistler, grandson of Samuel, studied medicine. Four of these still remain, and all of them enjoy lucrative practices: William and Milton are in Minersville; John, who in connection with his profession, has also been highly successful in business, lives in Shenandoah; and Douglass, the youngest of this family of physicians, practices in Wilkes-Barre. Another family of professional men is that of William S. Kistler, great-grandson of Samuel. His oldest son, Jesse, is a physician at Germansville; Elmer, for many years a school teacher of Lynn township, is justice of the peace; William C. and Charles E. are ministers of the Gospel in the Lutheran church, the former having a charge at Pennsburg, the latter at Reading. Drs. Nelson Kistler and Abraham Kistler, of Allentown, Chester Kistler, of Reading, Seth Kistler, of Nanticoke, Oliver Kistler, of Wilkes-Barre, and Drs. E. H. and G. M. Kistler, of Lansford, are all descendants of Samuel. So are Revs. E. H. Kistler and J. D. Kistler, of Reading, two of the most successful ministers of the United Evangelical church. Rev. E. L. Kistler, pastor of a Lutheran parish near Sunbury, and Rev. Jacob Kistler, of Stroudsburg, belong to this branch of the family. Perry Kistler, a great-grandson of Samuel, who lives in Lehighton, was the first Burgess of that borough. He traveled extensively through Europe and there met some native Kistlers, with one of whom he is corresponding now. For fear that this sketch might become too long, allusion to each one of the many successful Kistler business men of this lineage, and to every prominent man whose wife or mother was a Kistler, must be regretfully omitted.

An account of the descendants of Samuel, son of John George Kistler, would not be complete without reference to Samuel J. Kistler, who for many years was justice of the peace in Heidelberg township, Lehigh county. He was very widely known, and was probably the most prominent Kistler of his generation. To him, more than to any other member of the family, belongs the credit of arranging and preserving a record of the first



HON. SAMUEL J. KISTLER.

Member of State Legislature and Family Historian.

three generations of Kistlers in America. His article on the Kistler family in the "History of Lehigh County" is remarkable for brevity, exactness and completeness. It will be helpful to all Kistlers and their relatives who are interested enough to trace their ancestry to the progenitor of the family. Samuel J. Kistler was also a member of the Pennsylvania legislature before the Civil War. Later he served as associate judge of Lehigh county. His son Samuel J., a member of the Lehigh county bar, succeeded him in the office of justice of the peace.

Jonathan Kistler, a grandson of Samuel, son of John George, was for forty years a justice of the peace in West Penn township, Schuylkill county. He was the oldest justice in the State, when he died about twelve years ago, aged 96.

The record of this branch of the family is more complete than that of any other. If the others could do as well, the difficulty of presenting a full record of the Kistler family would be solved. May the day soon come when this shall be realized.

4. George, son of John George Kistler, remained in Berks county. In 1779 he was the owner of 248 acres of land and a grist-mill. In 1778 he was elected

as elder of the Allemangel church. At that time he was already referred to in the church record as George Kistler, Sr. This indicates that he had a son named George. The Archives of Pennsylvania show that a George Kistler served in the Continental army during the American Revolution. He was, in all likelihood, the son of the second George Kistler in America. It is a great satisfaction to know that the Kistlers were loyal to the colonies during their struggle for independence, and that at least one of their number took an active part in it.

5. Philip, son of John George Kistler, was born October 10, 1745, and died August 28, 1809. His wife, Elizabeth Barbara, was born June 14, 1758, and died February 1, 1811. They are buried side by side on the old cemetery. Two marble tombstones mark their graves. They lived on the Billman farm in Kistler's Valley, where they brought up a family of nine children, named as follows: Jacob, John, Ferdinand, Philip, Jonathan, Barbara, Maria, Catherine and Elizabeth.

Jacob, born June 11, 1780, served as an ensign (second lieutenant) during the War of 1812. John, born February 6, 1783, remained on the old homestead. He became a noted manufacturer of fine beaver hats. He was married to Sallie Merkel, and left three children: Benjamin, who lived in Allentown; David, who moved to Iowa, and Judith, who was married to Jacob Kistler. Ferdinand moved into Schuylkill and had two sons, Adam and Isaac. Philip settled near Orangeville, Columbia county, and Jonathan in Schuylkill county. Barbara was married to Jacob Wannamaker, Maria to Tobias Wehr and later to Jacob Fetherolf, Catherine to Daniel Wannamaker, and Elizabeth to Peter Greenawalt.

Drs. Wilson P. Kistler and son Eugene of Allentown, are descendants of Philip Kistler, son of John George. So was Rev. Reuben Kistler, who served large charges in the vicinities of Quakertown and Cherryville.

6. Michael, son of John George Kistler, had a family of five sons and two



REV. CHARLES E. KISTLER, READING, PA.

daughters: John, Michael, Joseph, Nathan, Monroe, Salome and Judith. All these moved to Ohio and remained there.

7. John George Kistler had three daughters, one of whom, Barbara, was married first to a Mr. Brobst and afterwards to Michael Mosser, of Lowhill.

8. Dorothea Kistler was married to Michael Reinhart.

9. Elizabeth Kistler was married to a Mr. Keller, near Hamburg, Pa.

This then is a partial record of the descendants of John George Kistler. So brief an account of such a large family must necessarily be very incomplete. It may have been noticed by the readers of this article that reference is made only to Kistlers that were born in the eastern part of Pennsylvania, with the exception of John George and probably a few of his children, who came from Germany. The Kistlers of Perry county could give an interesting account of themselves. Several of them graduated from Pennsylvania College and entered the ministry.

One of them has been a missionary to Africa. Another was superintendent of the Loysville Orphans' Home. Rev. Dr. John Luther Kistler is a professor in the Theological Seminary at Hartwick, N. Y. Kistler post office has been named in honor of one of the Perry county Kistlers. It is likely that they are descendants of Philip, son of John George Kistler.

Large numbers of Kistlers live in Ohio and Indiana. About a hundred twenty-five years ago Michael, son of John George Kistler, moved with his family of five sons and two daughters into Ohio. Since then hundreds of Kistlers have left eastern Pennsylvania for the West. Thro' correspondence and from travelers it has been learned that they are prosperous, and that very many of them have become doctors and lawyers. It has been said that the most prominent physician of the large city of Minneapolis is a Kistler.

After all, none of the Kistlers has ever become renowned, and none ever may. According to the name, the original Kistler must have been a chest-maker.* Like him, most of his descendants have pursued the humbler walks of life. No matter in what occupation they are found, as a rule they are faithful, honest and industrious.

Among the largest of the many family reunions held in this section of the State is that of the Kistler family. The seventh annual reunion of the Kistlers and their relatives will take place this year on the sixteenth of August, at New Tripoli, Pa. Henry D. Kistler, of New Tripoli, is president of this association; Elmer C. Kistler, of Lynnville, Pa., is the recording secretary, and Dr. W. P. Kistler, Allentown, Pa., corresponding secretary. These reunions have always proven pleasant and interesting. Here a closer acquaintance with one another and a bet-

*In Rupp's lists the name of the immigrant John George Kistler appears as Johan Küstler, but the asterisk appended shows that the name was not written there by himself. Supposing, however, Küstler to have been the original spelling, it would seem more probable that the name was first applied to one who lived near the Küste, or coast, of the fatherland.—Ed.

ter knowledge of the family history have been cultivated.

It has been asked whether all the Kistlers in America are descendants of John George Kistler, who came to this country in 1737. This question is worthy of consideration, but it is very difficult to answer it with any degree of certainty. It is a fact that other Kistlers came from

Germany to this country. On the twenty-second of June, 1777, Thomas Kistler took the oath of allegiance to the State of Pennsylvania in Bart township, Lancaster county. He may have had descendants. It is, however, safe to say that very nearly all the Kistlers on this side of the Atlantic can trace their ancestry to John George Kistler.

The Wild Rose of Bethlehem

An Original Tale by the "Little Hunchback," Translated
From the German

I. Nobscofen

MORE than a hundred and fifty years ago, when the now flourishing town of Bethlehem, under the austere rule of Spangenberg, still maintained the separations and strict formalities of the Economy, being peopled by Moravians exclusively, this industrious, peaceful community was the center of zealous missionary efforts among the aborigines of this country. The Indians not only made transient visits there, but many of them settled permanently among the Moravians, and their daughters especially were educated in the Big Girls' House just like the children of the community. This intercourse with the Indians was so familiar that the neighboring settlers bitterly complained of thus "entangling the murderous red-skins," and Spangenberg himself declared his people feared the red men less than the Irishmen of the vicinity.

One evening in the spring of 1754 the head of the Economy and some of the leading brethren were seen engaged in serious conversation with several Indians that were encamped on the banks of the Lehigh at Bethlehem. The subject of their talk was the admission of an Indian girl to the community school. Nobscofen, a prominent Mohegan warrior, whom the wandering missionaries had induced to cross the Blue Mountains and visit the good friends of his people on the Lehigh, had brought her from afar, as he said, and wanted to see her admitted without further probation or preparation. His influence among the Indians near and far was well known; but the eighteen-year-old girl, tho' her features seemed unmistakably Indian, had such a strangely pleasant look that Spangenberg could not help suspecting that he had before him a child stolen from the whites. To all inquiries in this direction, however, Nobscofen returned a haughty and contemptuous No, and continually appealed to the girl herself, who called him father, tho' with evident shyness of manner. Finally the Moravians agreed to take the girl, and Nobs-

copen and his companions promised to come again in two months.

The girl, who gave her name as Wild Rose, was given in charge of one of the older sisters and soon roused general admiration by her aptitude, the readiness with which she learned German words and the ease with which she conformed to the dress and observances of the community.

Within two weeks Rosie, as she was familiarly called, was permitted to wear the peaked cap and dark red ribbon peculiar to her class, and to join the inmates of the Big Girls' House. Here she continued willing and obedient and showed so much zeal in learning German that she soon became a general favorite. No wand then, however, the prioress observed that the girl would start as if suddenly frightened, then look for some moments fixedly at one spot as if she harbored some deep grief.

Two months glided quickly by. One Sunday afternoon Rosie and the other girls were walking by pairs under the eye of the prioress on the banks of the Lehigh. The sky was bright and clear; cooling breezes blew over the green hills and fields; the limpid waters of the river faintly murmured along its banks. A solemn Sabbath stillness pervaded all nature. Suddenly the girls were startled by a rifle-shot on the opposite river-bank; the piercing yell of an Indian and two other rifle-shots followed in quick succession. The prioress and the terrified girls were amazed to see Rosie jump out of their ranks, run down the river-bank, cross the stream half wading, half swimming, and disappear in the thick brush beyond. They hastily turned back, the head of the community was notified of what had happened, and three friendly Indians were sent out to follow Rosie. They soon discovered her.

The unfortunate girl was sitting under a big tree beside the dead body of Nobscofen. She had pulled off her cap and her hair hung

disordered over her face, as she gazed fixedly upon the bloody countenance of her father, whose right hand she grasped convulsively with both her own. Only the promise to bring Nobscofen's corpse to the Economy induced her to return thither. As a matter of course she was not allowed to re-enter the Girls' House, and she declared positively that she could stay no longer in Bethlehem. She passed the night watching beside her father's body in a neighboring Indian hut, and before he was buried the next morning she carefully removed from the murdered man's neck some shells suspended there by a string.

Nobody could tell who had shot the Indian and why, and the girl herself seemed unwilling to give any information or cast suspicion upon any one. Spangenberg was much worried, not only because he feared to lose the girl, whom he had fondly hoped to convert, but also because of the evil consequences which this murder might have for the settlement. The Indians in and about the Economy, who belonged to another tribe, also believed that the admission of the Wild Rose was in some way connected with the murder of Nobscofen and were not disposed to receive the poor girl into their lodgings. All Bethlehem was greatly excited and at a loss what to do, when the right man appeared just in time.

Conrad Weiser had learned that Governor Denny with other high officials from Philadelphia was going to spend some days with his friend Allen at Trout Hall,* at the juncture of the Little Lehigh and the Jordan, and he had started to meet the Governor there and give him information about the feeling of the Indians. On his way he stopped to visit Bethlehem, and so he happened to come at this momentous hour. When he had heard the whole story he assured the fearful Moravians that, in view of all he knew of Nobscofen, no evil consequences need be feared for the Economy or the girl, and offered to take the Wild Rose under his own protection. That same evening the two wandered up the Lehigh Valley to Trout Hall.

2. Trout Hall

In 1754 William Allen's isolated, romantic country-seat, near the site of the present old Muhlenberg College building, was the only building in what is now the city of Allentown.

Allen was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the province of Pennsylvania. A son-in-law of Andrew Hamilton, who had been lieutenant-governor under William Penn, and related to the Penn family by the marriage of his fair daughter Anne, he maintained his ancestral pride and the lofty bearing of the English aristocracy so well that, when the Revolution broke out, he sided with the Tories, as did also two of his sons, Andrew and William.

Being on good terms with the surveyors, Judge Allen had managed to locate and purchase the best portions of eastern Pennsylvania, and in 1760 he owned no less than three thousand acres in what is now Lehigh county, including the site of the town since called by his name.

To draw the attention of would-be purchasers to his possessions on the Lehigh, Allen was in the habit of spending a few months each summer at Trout Hall, and when there would amuse himself and his friends with fishing and hunting. The streams of the vicinity swarmed with trout and the Big Lehigh abounded with shad. Prominent people of Philadelphia and the Governor himself often came to spend some weeks with Judge Allen, and so it happened that in the middle of June, 1754, a distinguished party was gathered there, including Governor Denny.

Judge Allen and his charming wife, the Governor and his lady and some British staff-officers—among these young Major Glendon Heatherfield, a kinsman and as it were the adopted son of the Governor—had come from Philadelphia on horseback, attended by a number of negro servants and stablemen. Trout Hall had suddenly been transformed from a quiet hermitage into a house of feasting, a first-class inn. On the front lawn, in the shade of the trees, tables and chairs were placed, and there the tiled company could be seen at night chatting familiarly. The laughter of the ladies often rang out loud as the gallant officers sang songs and told jokes for their diversion. Pat Mulligan, Allen's tenant, and his busy German housewife were working and perspiring continually to provide for the needs and comforts of their honored guests, and the settlers scattered within a day's journey around Trout Hall, especially toward Whitehall, came to greet Mr. Allen and to speak with the Governor. Adam Deschler, Peter Kohler and other hearty pioneers of that day had come again on this occasion, while groups of friendly Delawares now and then drew near to stare at the red coats of the officers, the fine horses, the richly gowned ladies and the proud-looking Governor. These Indians were always ready to run errands for Pat Mulligan to Bethlehem or Friedenthal and to join hunting and fishing parties.

One evening when this Trout Hall company had spent the day fishing near the Devil's Hole (now Helfrich's Spring) and taken their merry supper under the open sky in front of the house, while the ladies and officers were amusedly watching a group of hungry redskins devouring the remnants of their meal, the Governor and Judge Allen sat earnestly talking before the door. The character of the neighboring settlers was the subject of their conversation. Governor Denny spoke decidedly in favor of the German settlements and remarked, with characteristic plainness of speech: "Say what you please, Allen; before a century has passed these brawny German fists will have chanced the wilderness of Northampton into a garden of flowers."

*The writer of this story evidently shared the opinion generally current formerly, but lately proved erroneous, that Trout Hall was built by the elder (Judge) Allen. See the history of Northampton Town and Allentown in another part of this number.—Ed.

"I have no objection," Allen answered, smiling. "It is all one to me, to whom I sell my land, and the sooner it is cultivated, the better for me and mine; but as the settlements grow, your Excellency will find that their foreign language will cause trouble in court-proceedings."

"I fear nothing of the kind," replied the Governor. "In Wales, the Scotch Highlands and Ireland we have British subjects to whom the English tongue is as foreign as to these Germans, and nobody dreams of seeing therein any danger for the British empire."

"That may be," said Allen, "but what I fear of the new settlement of Easton at the juncture of the Lehigh and Delaware, makes me fear that the Germans in that neighborhood will embroil us in a quarrel with the Indians."

"How so?"

"I am told that often, when they come to town, they drink too much whisky and also make the Indians drunk, so that quarrels frequently ensue between them and the red men. This, I fear, will some day make an end to all our plans for the speedy settlement of this region."

The Governor shook his head gravely. After a short pause he replied: "Whatever a few drunken German boors, whose rude pioneer-life has stripped off their better manners, may spoil on the one hand, all that and much more will be repaired by the Moravians in converting and educating the Indians. The fact, Allen, that six hundred intelligent, strictly religious, industrious and peaceable people have settled at one time in Northampton county has exerted an irresistible influence upon the whole province, and tho' the severe formalities of these good people will in time be relaxed, their good influence will continue for generations to come. And if their native tongue survive equally long, it will be a worthy memorial of the services they have rendered in the conflict with the wilderness and the redskins."

The Governor had scarcely finished when Major Heatherfield approached him with a stranger. Both gentlemen rose hastily and the Governor delightedly shook hands with the new comer. "Welcome, Weiser," he said, "glad to see you here in Trout Hall." Conrad Weiser greeted the Governor and Judge Allen with becoming deference and then was invited into the house, where the negroes had lighted the heavy oil-lamps. The ladies and the rest of the men gradually followed, and Weiser, who had had a private talk with the Governor on the feeling of the Indians and the machinations of the French on the north-western border, then raised his voice and told the adventure of the Wild Rose of Bethlehem in language so simple and touching that tears glistened in the eyes of the women and the officers drew their chairs closer to him.

"And where have you left the poor girl?" asked Mrs. Allen.

"I have brought her with me," answered Weiser, "hoping to find temporary lodgings for her with your tenant Mulligan until I go beyond the Blue Mountains again among the Mohicans, where I certainly can learn something about Nobscopen and herself. If it please the ladies, I will bring her in; she stayed down at the Jordan."

Mrs. Allen wanted to send an Indian for the girl, but Weiser insisted on bringing her up himself. Soon he re-entered with the maid, who scarcely dared to raise her eyes. As she stood motionless beside him, her raven hair hanging down her back, her hands folded as if in prayer and her eyes cast down, she was more like a vision of despair than a living being. Mrs. Allen drew near and took her hand. Rosie raised her eyes and gazed in her face, then timidly extended her right hand and forced a smile. Major Heatherfield, who had closely scrutinized the girl's profile, and immediately had the same thought about her as Spangenberg when he first saw her, arose and set a chair before her, intending to question her further. Rosie sat down, but in reply to every question said in broken English: "Ask me nothing, there is a heavy stone upon my lips." Mrs. Allen bade her follow into one of the little log-cabins that belonged to Trout Hall and gave her in charge of Mrs. Mulligan for the night.

The company continued for quite a while to talk with Mr. Weiser about the girl and agreed with him that she must be a half-blood daughter of the Mohican chief Nobscopen. Heatherfield kept his conjectures to himself. The company parted late, and the manner in which these distinguished ladies and gentlemen were quartered for the night was quite in contrast with the magnificent style in which they used to live in Philadelphia. The negroes and hostlers slept in the shed and Rosie in the hut where the Mulligans had taken refuge during their visitors' stay.

3. Rosie's Secret

Early next morning all was commotion at Trout Hall. There was to be a horseback-ride to the settlements of Lynford Lardner (whose white-painted house gave rise to the name Whitehall), George Jacob Kern, Peter Troxel, Nicholas Säger, Egender, Schreiber and others at the Egypt church. Only Weiser, who had to go in another direction, Heatherfield, who was to receive messages which the Governor expected from Philadelphia, Mrs. Mulligan and Rosie stayed behind. The Governor, Mr. Allen and the officers, with the ladies and their attendants, mounted immediately after breakfast and after bidding a hearty good-by to Weiser soon disappeared in the Jordan valley. Weiser did not tarry much longer, and Heatherfield soon gained what he had been earnestly wishing for since his first view of Rosie—an opportunity to speak to her alone and learn, if possible, the secret of her origin. Rosie was ready to help

Mrs. Mulligan in cleaning the house and yard, but Heatherfield observed that now and then she fixed her gaze upon his uniform as tho' she meant to say that the uniforms of British officers were not new to her.

After dinner Mrs. Mulligan went down to the Little Lehigh to get some fishing-nets, while Rosie remained to clear the table. Heatherfield saw his opportunity had come. With friendly mien he approached Rosie and whispered in her ear: "You have a friend in me who can lift the heavy stone from your lips. Confide your secret to me, for I know some secret is gnawing at your heart, and I promise, upon the honor of a British officer, to help you."

Rosie looked at him amazed, as tho' unable to comprehend, then turned back to her work. But Heatherfield, who had caught the idea that this girl belonged to a respectable family and that some interesting adventure was connected with her stay among the Indians, would not thus be foiled. Despite the girl's Indian behavior he thought he saw in her the rudiments of a good education, and his eagerness for a romantic story made the broken English of his heroine seem a mere pretense. He took her hand and threw his arm around her neck, but the girl broke away from him and ran out into the bushes. Heatherfield at first believed she had gone into a neighboring hut; but suddenly realizing that she might run away, he followed. She was not there and he could not find her anywhere.

Much troubled about her behavior, he seized a gun and hastened to the woods. After a long search he found her sitting under a tree, her hands before her eyes, seeming lost in thought. As she heard him come, she looked up in fear, and he saw she had been crying. This fully confirmed his suspicion; the tear, he told himself, is the symbol of a higher civilization. He

sat down on the grass beside her. She looked long into his blue eyes; then with a clearness of utterance and in a tone of command that surprised him notwithstanding his suppositions, she said:

"Who are you, importunate man, who thus crowd between me and my destiny? What evil spirit has moved you to rob a poor orphan of the last comfort of her loneliness, far away from and forgotten by her deadly foes, to find new friends under the mask of an Indian, which a cruel destiny forces upon her? Do you want to drive me to despair?"

Heatherfield shuddered as she spoke, but now that he had full evidence of the correctness of his instinctive belief at first view of the girl, his noble soul swelled within him. "Fear nothing from me, Rosie," he said, seizing her hand. "I swear by the blue vault of heaven above us, by my honor as an officer, by all that is sacred and dear to me, that not a syllable, not even a look of mine, shall betray you or anything you may confide to me. I felt drawn toward you at first sight. By means of those mysterious influences of soul-life that must forever remain inexplicable to us, my pure feeling has darkly revealed to me your destiny, and now I have heard enough from your mouth to convince me I was not led astray by a fanciful sentiment. Rosie, allow me to lift the heavy stone from your lips." Thus saying he drew the weeping girl to his breast and kissed her fervently.

The ice was broken. Timidly Rosie looked around, then, leaning close to him, she whispered: "I can not resist the magic power you exert over me. I too felt drawn toward you at first sight and still more by your name, Glendon Heatherfield. Come what may, you shall know the secret that hangs over me. Listen then."

(To be continued.)

Burial Ground to Be Vacated

The bodies interred on the old Sprogell burial ground at the lower end of Reading, are being removed to a new resting place, a site purchased by the Cemetery Association in Upper Pottsgrove, Montgomery county. The transfer is to be completed about May first. The old graveyard is 100 by 200 feet in size, surrounded by a stone wall. John Henry Sprogell donated the ground nearly two hundred years ago, and the remains of his wife and two children were buried there. His own body rests in the fatherland.

OBITUARY

REV. NEVIN W. HELFFRICH, a widely known Reformed clergyman, died suddenly at his

home in Allentown, April 20, of paralysis of the heart. He had been ailing for some time, but on Sunday, April 15, still attended to his pastoral duties. He was born March 4, 1855, as a son of Rev. William A. and Amanda Fogel Helffrich, and had studied at Ursinus and Heidelberg College. He and a surviving brother, Rev. William Helffrich, represent the fourth generation of a family of preachers introduced into this country by their great-grandfather, John Henry Helffrich, who came from the Palatinate in 1772. Their grandfather, Rev. John Helffrich, was the first graduate of a homeopathic medical school in America. Their father, Dr. Wm. A. Helffrich, wrote a book of sermons and an extensive autobiography, which is now in press.

Literary Gems

MAI UND MICHAELIS

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Ein Jüngling wallte im Garten hin;
 "Freut euch, ihr Lilien und Rosen!
 Ihr sollt in den Locken der Schönsten d'rin
 Als Brautkranz flüstern und kosen.

Ich führe sie heim im lieblichen Mai—
 "O, ich kann es kaum erwarten!"
 Und als Michaelis kam herbei,
 Da wallte er wieder im Garten.

Er wallte das Beet wohl um und um:
 "O ihr holden Blumenengel,
 Und du, meine grosse Ehestandsblum'—
 O, wärt ihr doch wieder am Stengel."

MAY AND ST. MICHAEL'S

TRANSLATION BY H. A. S.

A youth in the garden one sunny morn
 Was strolling: "O lilies and roses fair!
 Rejoice, for Beauty herself ye'll adorn,
 A bridal wreath in her shining hair.

I shall lead her home in the lovely May—
 "O, I scarcely can wait till then!"
 And when autumn brought St. Michael's day,
 He strolled thro' the garden again.

He strolled all around the flower-bed:
 "O bridal blossoms, so charming to view!
 Would that, with the big woman-flower I've
 wed,
 Ye were still on the stalks whereon ye
 grew."

DIE MUTTERSPROCH

BY REV. ADAM STUMP, D.D., YORK, PA.

Die erschte Worte, die mer weess,
 Die's diefscht in unsre Herze g'sunke,
 Die, immer gut un niemöls bees,
 Hen mir mit Muttermilch getrunke—
 Wie doch des arme, schwache Kind
 Die Sproch so siess un lieblich find!

Wie kenne mir die liewe Sproch
 So leichtsinnig im Stolz verlosse!
 Der alte Strom, so noch un noch,
 Is noch net ganz un gar verlosse.
 Mir henke fesch am alte Stamm,
 So wie die Braut am Breitigam.

Es gebt en Sproch, die is nix wert:
 Die roschtig Flint is glei versprunge.
 Lateinisch, Greek, sin g'schwind verkehrt;
 Ei, sie verdrehe jo die Zunge!
 Ja, Englisch un Hebreisch ah—
 Mit denne is mer iwewel dra'.

Die Muttersproch, die lebt un geht
 So gut wie Brod un Salz im Esse:
 Un wie der Fels am Berg dra' steht,
 So kenne mir sie net vergesse.
 Wie uns die Mammü g'unge hot,
 So denke mir noch all'gebot.

So wie mir g'heilt hen, hen mir g'lacht
 In selle siesse Kindheits-Dage,
 Wie Gott die Blum in d' Welt gebracht;
 Ja, eppes will ich dir grad sage:
 Die Blum vergesst den Dau nie net,
 Der sie geki-st—wann sie ah wet.

Die Traub, die hasst die Rank jo nie,
 Wann mir sie ah um ihr wegreise.
 Mir sin net schlimmer wie des Vieh:
 En Hund du nie sei Freund wie-scht beisse!
 O Muttersproch, du bischt uns lieb!
 In deinem Ton is selger Trieb.

Weit z'rick in unsrer Zeits-gebert
 Bischt du schon uns entgege kumme,
 Un wann des Dodes Lewe plarrt,
 Dann gebst du uns ah siesse Wonne.
 Uf deinem Bussem schlof ich ei—
 Der erscht Kunrad, der bleibt getrei!

Un wann ich mol in meinem Grab,
 In meinem kiehle Bett ei'kehre,
 Ja, Esch zu Esch, un Staab zu Staab—
 Dann mag mei Grasdach sich vermehre,
 Die Ihm, der Vogel, ohne Drang,
 Die Singe mir ihr Lewe lang.

Ja, in der Schockel, in der Lad,
 Bleib misre liewe Sproch dieselwe:
 So peift der Wind, so brummt's Spinnrad:
 Von dere Erd bis aus Gewelwe
 Schweizt alles zu uns jo so klar,
 Wie's als daheim ah eemol war.

O sanfte, deire Mutter-sproch!
 Wie Hunnig diebst sie darch mei Sinne!
 Un wann ich mol im Himmel hoch
 Mei scheene Heemet duh gewinne,
 Dann heer ich dart zu meinem Wohl!
 En Mutterwort—ja, ah eemol.

EIN LIED VOM TULPEHOCKEN-THAL

O Tulpehocken, liebes Thal!
 Nächst meinem Herzen ruhest du.
 So reizend bist du überall,
 Mit Sinn und Mund jauchz' ich dir zu.
 An wald'gem Hügelufer schlingt
 Dein Silberstrom sich hin und her;
 Sein Wasser tanzt und tönt und singt
 Auf seiner Bahn zum fernen Meer.

Wie blüh'n die Rosen da so schön
 In bunter Menge überall!
 Wie herrlich bist du anzuseh'n,
 Mein liebes Tulpehocken-Thal!

O Tulpehocken, liebes Thal!
 Nächst meinem Herzen ruhest du.
 Wie milde sinkt der Sonne Strahl
 Auf deinen grünen Au'n zur Ruh'!
 Hier springet alles auf mit Lust,
 Wohin das Auge sich gewandt.
 O, welchen Schatz birgt deine Brust,
 Du reich gesegnet, fruchtbar Land!

Wie blüh'n die Rosen da so schön, u. s. w.

O Tulpehocken, liebes Thal!
 Nächst meinem Herzen ruhest du.
 Befreit von Sorgen, Not und Qual,
 Wohn' ich vergnügt in deiner Ruh'.
 Ich liebe Hügel, Strom und Teich,
 Ich liebe Wiese, Wald und Feld;
 Wir danken Gott für dieses Rei. t,
 Wo uns das Los so lieblich fällt.

Wie blüh'n die Rosen da so schön, u. s. w.

O Tulpehocken, liebes Thal!
 Nächst meinem Herzen ruhest du.
 Muss ich forwandern, jedesmal
 Eil' ich dir sehnd wieder zu.
 Giebt's auch auf Erden manchen Platz,
 Der Freunde mir und Freude gab,
 Hier bleibt stets meines Herzens Schatz,
 Hier sei dereinst mein grünes Grab.

Wie blüh'n die Rosen da so schön, u. s. w.

MY MOTHER'S SHINGLE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

When the angry passion gathering in my
 mother's face I see,
 And she leads me to the bedroom, gently lays
 me on her knee—
 Then I know that I will catch it, and my flesh
 in fancy itches,
 As I listen for the patter of the shingle on my
 breeches.

Every tinkle of the shingle has an echo and a
 sting,

And a thousand burning fancies into active be-
 ing spring;

And a thousand bees and hornets 'neath my
 coat-tail seem to swarm,

As I listen to the patter of the shingle—O, so
 warm!

In a splutter comes my father—who I sup-
 posed had gone—

To survey the situation and tell her to lay
 it on;

To see her bending o'er me, as I listen to the
 strain,

Played by her and by the shingle in a wild and
 weird refrain.

In a sudden intermission, which appears my
 only chance,

I say: "Strike gently, mother, or you'll split
 my Sunday pants."

She stops a moment, draws her breath, the
 shingle holds aloft

And says: "I hadn't thought of that, my son;
 just take them off."

Holy Moses and the angels, cast your pitying
 glances down!

And thou, O family doctor, put a good, soft
 poultice on!

And may I with fools and dunces everlast-
 ingly commingle,

If I ever say another word when mother
 wields the shingle.

DER MAMMY IHRA SCHINDEL

DIALECT TRANSLATION BY H. A. S.

Wann im G'sicht vun meiner Mammy sich en
 G'witter zammaziegt,

Wann sie mich nei in die Schlofschub führt un
 iwer's Knie mich biegt—

Dann weess ich, dass es gei ei'schlacht, un ich
 fang a' zu schnepp'ra,

Un es finkelt mer im Rick schon eb ich heer
 die Schindel klepp'ra.

O die Schindel, wie sie klingelt, un die Mammy,
 wie sie klopft!

As wie tausend Feierschrahla fährt mer's
 nuf bis in da Kop.

Uinner 'in Rockschwanz fihlt's wie Ihma, ja, un
 Weschpa, 'n ganzer Schwarm,

Un die Schindel kleppert als fart—un sie is so
 siedig warm!

Im a Schlutter kummt mei Dady—hab ge-
 gemeint g'hat, der war fart—

Sacht der Mammy: "Geb's dem Schlingel nau
 mol gut, schla' juscht recht hart!"

Er gumt mer noch mei U'glick—un die Mam-
 my biegt sich vor,

Un die Music vun der Schindel klingt mer
 double-quick ins Ohr.

Uf eemol schopt die Mammy; denk ich: nau
 is 's Zeit, schwetz uf!

"'s sin mei Sundagshossa, Mammy, schlag
 doch net so wesch do druf—

Du verschprengst sie jo"—die Mammy losst
 amol die Schindel runner:

"Sel is so, ich hab's vergessat well, die ziega
 mer juscht nunner."

Guter Moses, liewa Engel! war sel net en
 dummer Schtreech?

Kumm doch dapper, alter Dokter, mach mer
 'n Poultrice, kuhl un weech!

Awer 'n Esel will ich werra, un sei Ohra will
 ich b'halta,

Wann ich nochdem widder neischwetz for die
 Schindel vun mer halta.

DER SCHOENSTE FRUEHLING

Der Fruhling des Jahres,
Wie glantz er im Mai!
Doch wenige Wochen,
So flog er vorbei.

Der Fruhling der Jugend,
Wie blucht er so schon!
Doch wenige Jahre,
So muss er verweh'n.

Der Fruhling des Herzens,
Ein schönes Gemut:
O liebliche Gabe,
Die nimmer verblucht!

THE FAIREST SPRING

The spring of the year,
How glorious in May!
But a few weeks only—
It glideth away.

The spring of our youth
Is with flowers o'erland,
But a few years only—
They wither and fade.

The spring of the heart,
A mind good and pure,
Is the best gift of Heaven,
'Twill ever endure.

WAS MER G'HAEPPENT IS BEI'M HAUSBUTZA

A DOMESTIC EXPERIENCE RELATED BY "PIT HAHNEWACKEL."

Es is nau Frijjohr un bal werd's widder Moi heesa. No gebt's als a wunnerscheene Zeit, wann alles gri'e werd in Felder un Schwamm un Bisch, wann die Obschtbeem weiss voll Blumma hanga, un die Vogel Neschter bana un luschtig peifa da ganza Dag lang. Ken Wunner dass die Dichter all so gern Liedelecher schreiwa zum holda, lieblich Mei, wu alles singt un schpringt vor Luseht un Freed.

Awer mind you, der Moi hot ah sei dunkle Seit! Ich meen net juscht, dass er manchmol so wiescht rauh Wetter un Scharm bringt. Sel is arg genunk, awer was 's argecht is: un Moi geht's for common an's Hausbutza, un no, wann mer net ausklieria kam, is's mit aller Plesier am End—enihau bei mir.

Is's net karrios, dass grad in der allerschen-schta Zeit, wann die ganz Nadur em a'lacht un er-lad, nau- zu schpazira in da Busch, for Blumma sucha, odder fischea zu geh—dass no die Weibleit die Butzwut kriga un a'fanga ufrei-sa un alles drunner un driwer macha, dass mer sei ega Haut bal nimme kennt? Sie werra all uf en Art verrickt selle Zeit, un jede will's g'schwindscht fertig sei mit Butza. Da ganza hewa langa Dag heert mer no Carpet drescha, un sel is net all; mer muss selwer noch Hand a'schlagra for Carpet nausschleefa, kloppa un widder nunner taeka. 's Furniture runhewa, un krigt alldieweil noch 'n bees G'sicht gemacht un werd abg'schnapt, wann mer eppes nei'sacht.

Ich will der nau juscht mol verzehla, Mr. Editor, was mer g'happent is 's letscht Frij-johr bei'm Hausbutza. No wer-scht nimme wunners, dass ich ken Schtock nem im "wunnerscheena Monet Moi."

Wann mer 'n bissel watscht, kann mer glei die Symptoms merka, wann die Butzwut bei der Frah ausbrecha will. Wann sie a'fängt da Carpet zu beguecka un die Ceiling, as wann sie die Patterns schtudira wot; wann sie nimme viel schwetzt un karze Antwort gebt, wann mer eppes frogt; wann sie alta Kleeder a'dut, en

Scharz um da Kop bind un die alta Besem un Emer zamma-sucht—no hot's g'schellt un 's is Zeit dass mer sich aus 'm Schaab macht, wann mer da Battel net schtanda will. Ich hab des all gewisst, awer ich war doch zu schlo; ich hab noch erscht eppes fertig macha wolla in meinra Office, ob ich zusehlessa doct, un iwer-dem is's Wetter losgebroscha.

Kum ich do middags heem zum Schtedtel un fin alles 's unnerscht 's ewerscht. Mei Of- fice war uferissa, all die Carpets un Rugs wara draus uf der Lein, die Fenscha wara all run uf un die Suss—sel is mei Frah—un die Maad wara am Kehra un Schkrubba dass 's gerauscht hot. Ich bin verschroeka un wir schur grad widder rumgedreht noch 'm Schtedtel, awer mei Alte hot mich schun er- blickt g'hat. "Kumscht endlich mol beigu- schlichia?" hot sie g'saat. "Mer hen schun lang gewart uf dich; nau bleibsch da Namid- dag do un helfsch, dass mer fertig werra bis Owet. Du biseht gross un schtark, un des geht der mol bi-sel Exercise, wu g'sund is for dich."

Nau ich bin net extra gross un schtark, un die Sort Exercise hot mer gar net gebasst. Ich reiss mich iwerhaupt net for schtreunige Erwet un het viel liewer Garta grawa odder Holz haeka wolla. Awer die Suss hot so kreftig g'schwetzt un ihra Schtimm hot so en brass- ner Doh g'hat, dass ich net getraut hab en Protest zu macha. Hab bei mer selwer gedenkt: Du biseht nau drin dafor, un's bescht is du helfsch recht schmart, no geht's glei zum End.

's Middag war juscht en kalter Lunch. "Mer hen ken Zeit heit, for viel kocha," hot die Suss g'saat. "'s is jo nix gekocht," haw ich g'saat, awer so leis, ich denk sie hot's net g'heert. Die Weibleit hen allebeet Scharz um die Kep g'hat un so wild gedeut, dass mer's erkum- ma is, wann sie juscht noch Feddera uf-schtecka geeta, wara 's rechta In-scha. Awer ich hab sel beleiwa net laut gedenkt.

Well, 's Essa war glei vorbei, no haw ich an die Erwet geh missa. 's is 's erscht zimlich gut ganga. 's Carpetkloppa hot mich net so g'sehtreent as wie's Schittla; die Weibslait hen so hart g'schnerrt as ich gemeent hab, sie deeta mer die Aerm ausreissa. Ich hab gemeent, ich wot bissel Fun macha, u hab die Suss g'frotg eb sie net schun gewünscht het, der wu's Carpetschittla ausg'funna hot war ufg'hangt worra. Hab gedenkt, sie sot lacha, awer sie hot juscht noch beeser geguckt. "Nee," sacht sie, "awer die Mannslait, wu ihra Weiwer 's ganz Johr so harte Erwet duh lossa u helfa na nix, die sotten ufg'hangt werra." Ich hab no nimme geprowirt Schpass zu macha.

Wie der Carpet gebutzt war, haw ich mit uf da Scheicher gemisst, for'n helfa lega. Sel is ah zimlich gut ganga, bis ich mer mol uf da Finger geklopt hab. 's hot schterns weh geduh, awer ich het's net viel gemeind, wann die Frah mich bissel gedauert het. Sie hot gar net geguckt darnoch. Wie ich no 's Bureau gelippt hab, for da Carpet drunner lega, war ich widder u'glicklich; der Schtolla is raus ganga u n's Eck is mer uf der Zeha g'falla. Sel hot schaudernhaft weh geduh; ich hab gemeent 's het a Vertelschunn genumma, bis ich widder los war; hab's Bureau selwer wider lippa missa, die Suss war zu schwach. "Bischt ah zu dappig," hot sie g'saunt u hot en annera Weg geguckt. Ich hab en deel wieschta Wortu verzottelt, bis sel iwerschanna war. Hab no mei Schuh aus u mei armer Zeha 'n Weil gedatschelt u g'howa, no bin ich widder so langsam dra'. 's neekschet tret ich mit meim Schtrumpfuss uf en Tack, dass ich laut nausgeplarrt hab u drei Fuss in die Heh g'schumpt bin. "Was fehlt der dann?" sacht die Suss. "Bischt nimme g'scheid?" Ich hab g'scholta, dass sie den Nagel dart hi'gelegt het, awer sie hot juscht g'schmuzzelt u gemeent, 's war mei Bisness zu gucka, wu ich hi'treta deet.

Selle Red hot mei Humor ganz verdorwa; ich hab mich hi'g'bockt u die Frau mol allee schaffa lossa. Wie's schier fertig war, sacht sie: "Nau, Pit, trag den Emervoll dreckig Wasser nunner u hol mer frisches; kannsch noch besser die Schteg uf u ah wie ich, hoscht noch net so viel g'schafft heit."

Nau sel war net wohr; ich bin hart lahm ganga. Awer ich hab gedenkt: Sella Weg kum ich frei; ich geh nunner u schick no die Maad ruf an mei Platz. Ich nem den Emer voll Wasser u geh. Wie ich an die Schteg kum, dart leit en Schtick Seef; hab's awer net g'sehna, bis ich druf getreta bin. Wutsch! bin ich abg'schluppt n's neekschet as ich weess, geht's die Schteg nunner uf'm Sitz—rupp, rupp, vun eener Trepp uf die anner, mit 'm Emer uf'm Schoss. 's hot mich g'schnerrt as wann mer alla G'werwer ausnanner fabra wotta. Halbwegs drumma war noch unser Willie uf der Schteg. Ich hab laut gejohlt vor Aengschta, wie

ich des Kind g'sehna hab. Ausdreha haw ich net kenna, awer wann Glick haw ich 'n gegrabscht u wedder mich gedrickt, u mer sin minner weiter g'fahra. 's war mer himmeldoot bang, mer deeten im Eck drumma wedder die Wand schloga u n's G'nick verbrecha. Iwerdem macht die Molly drumma uf u schpringt rei—sie hot's Gedunne g'heert u sehna wolla was's gebt—u mir alla Drei fahra mit voll Force uf sie. Sie hot en heller Krisch geduh, wie en Indschein, wann sie verschtimmt is, u ich hab mei Kop wedder da Poschta geremnt, dass alles voll Schterna u mich rum g'foga is. Ich hab g'heert, dass die Suss owarunner kumt u brifft: "Willie, o mei Willie!" no is mer's dunkel worra.

Ich war bissel darnlich, bin awer glei wider zu kumma. Dunner u n's Knalleisa! war des awer'n Mixup im Scheichereck dort. Die Maad hot dart gelega, weschpuddelnass; der Emer voll Dreckbrieh hot sich g'rad iwer sie ausgeleert g'hat. 's Bewy hot g'heilt u die Frah is a'ganga wie net g'scheid. Iwerdem is die Maad wacker worra u hot a'fanga schelta u uf mich losschloga wie wietig; sie war so vergeschtert dass sie gemeent hot, ich het des Wasser parpes nunner g'schitt uf sie. Die Hausdihr hot ufg'schanna, u die Leit sin selchete bliwa uf der Schtröss—sie hen gemeent 's war en Riot im Haus. Deel sin neikumma u hen ah neig'schwezt, u wie der Schpectakel 's ärgschet war, kumt ah noch en Police dazugedappt. Wie der die Maad g'heert hot, hot er gemeent sel war "assault and battery," u er deet mich fascht nemma. No is awer mei Frah eig'schanna for mich, schunschet glaw ich meiner Sechs, dass er mich mit het noch'm Lockup. Ich het gern alles explent, wie's g'häppent war, awer's hot so lang Niemand harcha wolla; ich hab en sindlicher Trawel g'hat, bis 's mol wegnig Ruh gewa hot. Bis 's fertig war, war ich so dodelig, dass ich nimme hab selchete kenna. Ich hab mich uf die Lounge g'schmissa, u g'saunt, sie sotta geh for da Dokter. Sel war net notwennig, hot die Suss gemeent, sie wot mich erscht selwer unnersucha. Ich hab nix verbrocha g'hat, awer 'n wieschter Schrunna uf der Schtern; ich was so ufg'schittelt, dass mei Maga angewa hot, u no selteif bin ich worra, dass ich drei Dag net hab uf'hocka kenna. En ganze Woch haw ich Plascher ufleia g'hat u mich eireiwa lossa mit Liniment.

Sel hot's Hausbutza g'schopt for mich, u ich hab innerlich en Eed gemacht, dass ich nochdem nimme dabei sei will. Wann's wider a'geht, duh ich juscht mei Sach in mei Desk, schliess 'n zu u selteck der Schlissel ei'; no geh ich fort uf B'such u kum net meem, bis die ganz verflixt Butzerei vorbei is. Wann ich widder die Schteg so nunner fahra muss, ohne Waga, kennt mer's noch viel schlechter geh.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Pennsylvania's Public Records

NOT long ago, while prospecting in the interests of his magazine, the manager of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN had the pleasant privilege of spending a short time in the Department of Public Records at Harrisburg, Pa. A brief statement of what we saw and learned there will no doubt interest our readers.

We found this department packed and crowded into a room in the basement of the State Library Building, small, damp, hard to ventilate, and hampered by various conditions unfavorable to work. Mr. Luther R. Kelker, the custodian, was at his desk, surrounded by typewriters, files, cases, papers and toiling assistants. True to his spirit, he generously allowed his visitor to ply him with questions, all of which received due and courteous consideration.

Without attempting to give a history of the various steps that led to the organization of this department, it seems proper to note a few salient points bearing thereon. In 1900 Prof. Herman V. Ames, of the University of Pennsylvania, came to Harrisburg as a representative of the American Historical Association, to examine the character and condition of the State Archives. He found in Mr. Kelker, who already had done considerable research work among the dusty, musty, crumbling old papers, a reliable, well informed, enthusiastic guide and walking catalog. Professor Ames took occasion to give credit to Mr. Kelker for "generous services and valuable information" and suggested the advisability of creating a Department of Public Records.

The Creation of the Department

followed by act of Assembly in 1903. In June of that year it began to assume shape in the appointment of Luther R. Kelker as custodian. To be duly prepared for his new duties Mr. Kelker made a tour of exploration, in the course

of which he examined the New York State Library at Albany, the Astor and Lenox Libraries in New York City, the Pennsylvania Historical Society's Library and the Congressional Library. He found but little to build upon or copy from. After looking around he decided to make his present quarters the temporary home of his unique collection. He began by clearing the room, removing old cases and rubbish and making the place habitable. Equipment was planned, approved, constructed and by October 12, 1903, duly installed.

The first assistants began work October 19, 1903, by unpacking forty big boxes of documents stored in the attic and basement of the State Library Building. A little later 2500 files of papers from the offices of the Secretary of the Commonwealth and the Auditor General were added to the collection. These documents were assorted and provisionally classified as letters, petitions, military papers and miscellaneous papers. One can easily see in imagination how the dust flew and fingers were blackened as the mass of heterogeneous material, reaching from 1681 to 1830, was unpacked, dusted and pigeonholed.

System of Classification

The general assortment being finished, a closer and fuller classification followed, based in the main on the following lines of division:

- a. All provincial papers (1681-1776)
- b. Committee and Council of Safety
- c. Supreme Executive Council
- d. Counties organized until 1830 (53)
- e. Early wars (1744-1794)
- f. War of the Revolution, under regimental heads.
- g. The Pennsylvania navy
- h. The Board of War
- i. Confiscated estates
- j. Early elections.
- k. War of 1812-4

While the work of classification proceeded, matter for additional archives began to accumulate. The original mus-

ter-rolls were compared with the published records; this led to the discovery of several thousand clerical errors and the re-editing of Volumes II, X, XI, XIII, XIV, XV of the Second Series, and Vol. XXIII of the Third Series of the Pennsylvania Archives. In addition to this 25,000 names of soldiers of the Revolutionary War were compiled, of which no published records exist. Material for twenty-one new volumes of Archives has been collected and is now in the hands of the printers, a fruitage of the labors of Mr. Kelker and his assistants.

"Doctoring" Old Documents

Quite interesting and instructive is the process by which these trained workers patch up, doctor and rehabilitate the creased and brittle, even torn and crumbling manuscripts. These are first removed from their old-time packages and bundles, yellow and black with a century's accumulated dust. They are brushed, cleaned, moistened, spread out flat, dried under heavy pressure and thus prepared for convenient handling. The edges of the torn paper are beveled and glued together with rice paste, after which both sides are re-enforced and protected by crepeline, a thin, strong, transparent textile fabric that serves this purpose admirably. The last step is to fasten the documents in specially prepared blank-books. In this way fifty volumes of manuscripts have already been prepared, and many scores will be added as the work progresses.

While Mr. Kelker and his assistants—numbering twelve at present, tho' more have at times been employed—have been doing these things, letters have been coming and going. The records show that during this same time nearly five thousand letters, calling for information of a political, civil, military or genealogical nature, have been received and answered. The answers, varying in length from three lines to seventeen pages of type-written matter and satisfactory in ninety-five cases out of a hundred, have meant for Mr. Kelker much burning of midnight oil as well as careful personal research, owing to the absence of catalogs or indexes.

A Pioneer in His Chosen Field

These lines are not written to sing the praises of the custodian of the Public Records at Harrisburg, but it would be unjust not to say at least this, that Mr. Luther R. Kelker is doing conscientious, telling, pioneer-work, this being the first organized effort to make State archives directly accessible to students. He is a faithful, efficient worker, in love with his work and doing a service to true history. We hope life, health and position may be his to complete what he has so wisely and auspiciously begun. And don't forget that he is a "Pennsylvania-Dutchman," not ashamed of his ancestry or even the vernacular. *Er schreuetzt deitsch als emol, wann's em a'kummt.*

In concluding these remarks we take the liberty to say that our mind's eye is fixed with growing hunger on the rich store of historic matter comprised in those Records. We hope from time to time to print selections from them, and shall count it a great favor if our readers will suggest what particular line of inquiry will be most likely to interest them. Brethren and sisters, be free to speak your mind.

Wilkes-Barre's Centennial Jubilee

The centennial of the incorporation of Wilkes-Barre will be celebrated in a three-days jubilee, beginning May tenth of this year, which is intended to surpass any similar celebration ever held in this State.

The election of a Queen of the Carnival, a novel feature, has been progressing for four months. The young lady elected by the citizens to this position will give the prizes offered in the various contests and occupy the place of honor in the grand parades that are part of the program. Beside a mammoth military parade, embracing the entire Third Brigade of the State militia, there will be a gigantic civic pageant in which all the commercial and industrial establishments of the Diamond City will be represented. The celebration will close with a magnificent mummies' parade.

The thousands of visitors expected will be given the opportunity of a trip thro' the caverns, tunnels, chambers and

driveways extending to the depth of 1700 feet beneath the surface, from which the town and the whole surrounding region derives the chief source of its wealth—anthracite coal, poetically but truthfully called "the black diamond."

Wilkes-Barre, the capital of the magnificent Wyoming valley, was laid out in 1773 and named after two staunch friends of the American cause in the British Parliament, John Wilkes and Col. Barre. Its early history is associated with the Wyoming massacre, Gen. Sullivan's expedition and many civil disorders that

arose from the conflicting claims of Connecticut and Pennsylvania to that region during the "Pennamite and Yankee War." The story of this conflict will be laid before our readers shortly in an article from the pen of Prof. D. M. Melchior, of Perkiomen Seminary. Moreover, we hope that some one or other of our Pennsylvania-German historians will be roused by the forthcoming celebration to write for our pages a brief history of this enterprising and flourishing town, with particular reference to the part the German settlers had in its making.

Clippings From Current News

Catholic Church Anniversary

St. Patrick's Roman Catholic church at Carlisle celebrated the hundred twenty-seventh anniversary of its founding by Jesuit brethren from Conewago, by a three-days festival, February 11 to 13. Rev. Charles Sewall in 1770 located at Carlisle the first Catholic church in Pennsylvania west of the Susquehanna. Since then three edifices have been reared on the site of the first mission, the latest in 1895.

Historical Society Elects Officers

At the annual meeting of the Montgomery County Historical Society at Norristown, February 22, Joseph Fornance was elected president, Miss Frances Fox recording secretary, Mrs. A. Conral Jones corresponding secretary, and Dr. W. H. Reed treasurer. Bishop N. B. Grubb, of the Mennonite Church, delivered an address on "Snatches of Mennonite History."

First Lady Official in Adams

Miss Elsie I. Slaybaugh, who was chosen a school director in Biglerville without opposition at the last election, is the first woman elected to a public office in Adams county. She taught in the school of Biglerville five terms and later at Guernsey.

Indian Relics for a College

Dr. Ellis N. Kremer, pastor of Salem Reformed church, Harrisburg, will present his collection of Indian relics to Franklin and Marshall College. He has more than 1500 specimens, most of which are prehistoric. Some of the most beautiful were gathered by the late Harlan P. Gottschall.

First Luther Hospice in this Country

The first Luther Hospice in the United States has been founded by Rev. Frank N. D. Buchman at Philadelphia. Some years ago, while traveling in Europe as pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Overbrook

he studied the hospices of Switzerland and conceived the idea of founding a similar institution in America. The Inner Mission Society of the Evangelical Church of America enabled him to carry out his plan. Rev. Buchman was born and reared in Pennsylvania, Pa.

New College President

Rev. Dr. A. P. Funkhouser, of Harrisonburg, Va., has been elected president of Lebanon Valley College, at Annville, Pa., succeeding Prof. Hervis C. Roop. Dr. Funkhouser is a graduate of Otterbein University; he was formerly president of the Western College and later founded the Shenandoah Institute.

Will Go to China as Missionary

Fearing neither war nor race hostility, Miss Lilla Snyder, a Reading school teacher, will go to China as a missionary of the United Evangelical church. She was born in Oley and graduated from the Reading Girls' High School in 1890. She will sail for Hunan September 1, with Rev. and Mrs. Suhr, of Nebraska, missionaries of the same church, and will teach in the school for girls.

Old-Time German Society

Recently the hundred and fortieth anniversary of the German Friendly Society of Charleston, S. C., was celebrated. There are still many Germans in some of the Southern cities—Reformed Church Record, March 15.

Reading Wants Room to Grow

At a recent meeting of the Reading Board of Trade enthusiastic speeches were made in favor of expansion and a committee was instructed to report on the subject. The boundaries of the city have not been extended for forty years, and as a result it has become greatly congested. Nearly all the building-space has been used and statistics show that

100,000 people are housed in 20,000 buildings on 4000 acres of ground, an average of five persons to one building.

Gave Library to College

The valuable library of the late Dr. J. H. W. Stuckenberg, consisting of 2500 historical, sociological and theological works, has been presented by his widow to Gettysburg College. She also announced her purpose of giving the institution two desks which once belonged to Alexander von Humboldt, and on one of which he wrote his *Cosmos*.

Northampton Historians Organize

A society for the collection and preservation of everything pertaining to the early history of Easton and vicinity was organized March 26, as follows: President, Dr. B. Rush Field; secretary, Henry E. Marx; treasurer, Rev. John C. Clyde. It is to be known as the Northampton County Historical and Genealogical Society.

Missionary at Home on a Vacation

Rosa Lambert, daughter of Rev. George Lambert, of Elkhart, Ind., and granddaughter of Rev. William Gehman of Dillinger, Pa., of the Mennonite Brethren in Christ, has come home on a vacation from Hadjin, in Asiatic Turkey, where she has been serving as matron in an orphans' home since December 18, 1898. She has given a number of addresses, describing the scenes of her labors and the Armenian people.

Bergey Family Association

The Bergey Family Association recently held a meeting at Lansdale. Dr. D. H. Bergey and Rev. James R. Bergey were appointed a committee to make arrangements for the next annual meeting, which is to be held in Lower Salford in August and at which a memorial of John Ulrich Berge, the family ancestor, is to be unveiled.

More Students Than Ever Before

Perkiomen Seminary at Pennsburg, has begun its spring term with 200 students, the attendance being far greater than that of any previous spring term in the history of the institution.

The following have been added to the faculty: Darius W. Berky, Franklin and Marshall, Latin; Oswin Frantz, Franklin and Marshall, mathematics; Henry Jones, Bucknell, Greek and history.

Fort Augusta Threatened

Fort Augusta in Sunbury is threatened by the march of modern progress. The old magazine, built of bricks brought from England in 1709, stands on the line of a proposed street extension, and the town authorities seem determined to sacrifice the landmark. They will be opposed in the courts by Mrs. Isaac Gross, who bought the fort property at a sheriff's sale and lives within the historic enclosure.

Mrs. Gross will be backed in the contest by the local chapter of the D. A. R.

The great-grandmother of Miss Frances Donnel, regent of the Sunbury chapter, D. A. R., when a little child was carried through the tunnel from the river bank into the fort stockade, while her parents were fleeing from an Indian raid. This same girl later made a sketch of the fort without the stockade, which picture is still in existence.

OBITUARY

THOMAS MOHR, last surviving burgess of Allentown, died February 19 after a short illness. He was born between Bingen and Hellertown December 25, 1822, and came to Allentown when eighteen years old. He was a contractor and erected many buildings, among them St. John's Reformed church. He served as burgess in 1855 and 1858.

JOHN RUPP, one of the ablest and best known lawyers of Allentown, died March 2 of sarcoma of the jaw and throat. He was born July 9, 1841, in Weissenburg, a son of Solomon and Maria Frey Rupp. He had a large practice before the county court, as well as before the Superior and Supreme Courts of the State.

LEWIS REHRIG, a veteran of the Civil War, died at East Penn, Carbon county, March 11, aged 68. He enlisted February 28, 1864, and served until July 1, 1865, partaking in a score of battles and suffering imprisonment for six months.

GEORGE K. CARL, who served as commissioner of Lehigh county from 1881 to 1884, died March 14, at Zionsville, in his seventy-eighth year.

JACOB DORNBLASER died at Mattoon, Coles county, Ill., March 27. He was born near Emaus, Pa., August 1, 1819, and went West in 1839. He made his way thro' Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Terre Haute and Mount Carmel, Ill., to Coles county, where he settled down and spent the remainder of his life as farmer, carpenter and auctioneer.

Dr. JEFFERSON H. CHRISTMAN, a well known physician and surgeon of Allentown, died March 29 of heart disease. He was born June 22, 1855, at Pennsburg, of Hollandish ancestry. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1876.

MAHLON SCHULER, a retired carpenter and furniture maker, died at Emaus April 1. He was born at Vera Cruz, Pa., August 1, 1830, and enjoyed but ordinary school advantages, but in later years became an enthusiastic student of the higher mathematics and astronomy. He was an expert in these sciences and left a number of interesting manuscripts relating thereto.

WILLIAM LEISENRING, oldest member of the Leisenring family in America, died April 6 at Cementon, Pa. He was 87 years old and a son of Daniel and Annie Groff Leisenring. He was one of the best informed men in this section, and a devoted church worker.

Chat With Correspondents

Not the Oldest Protestant Church

ALL I had time for criticizing your statement that the Augustus Church at Trappe, Pa., is the oldest Protestant church in America?

There are many other original church buildings in America, for instance, not to go far from home: The Swedes' Episcopal church at Philadelphia was dedicated in 1700, and the date stone on St. David's, at Radnor, Delaware county, Pa., reads 1717. If you had said that Augustus Church was the oldest Lutheran church in America, no doubt your statement would have been indisputable.

J. O. K. R.

We made our statement upon what at the time we considered reliable authority, referring, of course, to church buildings only. We admit the error and hope Mr. R., or some one else who has the necessary data, will soon favor us with an article on the oldest churches in eastern Pennsylvania.

The Author of "Die Sternlein"

This poem, which was printed in Vol. I, No. 3, of THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN, was composed by Ernst Moritz Arndt (1769-1800), author of "Habe ich die Teufel, ein Vaterland." It is found, slightly changed and entitled "Die Sterne der Nacht" on page 6 of *Die Lansonen wachen Lieder*, a collection compiled in 1889 by the Wenckebach sisters, of Wellesley College.

M. A. G.

"Elbetritsch"—Albatross

From Mr. Trexler's story in your January number it appears that the *Elbetritsch* was a fur-bearing animal. I remember hearing it said in the days of my youth: "Haut vor auser mol en gute Zeit fo. Die P. sa tangu." I learn from Webster's Dictionary that the albatross is a web-footed sea-bird of great size. Is it not probable that the dialect name of this bird is *Elbetritsch*?

L. Y. K.

We have had the same idea without ever using the word *Albatross* used by our people. However, we publish in this number an article in which the "elbetritsch" is traced back to the folklore of Germany, and the albatross is left out of view.

Words of Praise from Utah

From Logan, Utah, Capt. H. D. S., of the United States Army, writes:

I read with much pleasure the January number of THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN. As an enthusiastic student of our folklore and literature generally, I consider it a valuable addition to existing writings.

"As the Roses Grow"

"Take your magazine very well so far. If you keep giving such interesting matter and editorials, your PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN will grow as the roses grow."

S. G. C.

Thanks, kind friend, for the well meant wish. But the growth and beauty of the roses is for a few days only at best. We would rather grow as the acorns grow, only a little faster.

A Call from Brazil

From Florianopolis, Santa Catharina, Brazil, J. B. K. makes this request:

Will you kindly send me a sample copy of THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN, January number preferred? I saw a notice of the magazine in the Chronicle and News of Allentown, on Jan. 16. I am of Pennsylvania-German stock and feel some interest in this sturdy people. My honored father was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Albutis, Pa. I have been in Brazil since 1884.

Genealogical Notes and Queries

This department is open to all our subscribers. Contributors will please state their questions and information as clearly and briefly as possible, being particularly careful in writing names and dates.

I.

My name is William H. Miller. I am a son of Jacob J. Miller, a grandson of Joseph Miller and a great-grandson of Jost Miller, who came from the neighborhood of Reading, Pa., to Somerset county in 1775. From the Archives of Pennsylvania I learn that Jost and his brother Jeremiah were Revolutionary soldiers.

In your January number you state that an immigrant named Jacob Muller took up 400 acres of land near Harlem, Berks county. I would greatly appreciate further information about this Jacob Muller and his descendants. I have reason to believe that he was the first settler of the name Müller, as it was originally spelt. The Millers of Somerset are of the Lutheran faith.

W. H. M.

Stoyestown, Pa.

II.

It has long been a source of pride to me that I am a descendant of the Pennsylvania-Germans, and since reading your valued journal I have more than ever wished to possess

genealogical data to substantiate my claims. My father's line runs back to royal Scotchmen, to families of "Oble Englonde," to Mayflowers and all that, but my maternal ancestry is altogether too obscure to please my cosmopolitan nature.

I had a great-grandfather, Jacob Williams, who lived on an island in the Allegheny river called "the Eddy," with his German wife born as Eliza Bowers (Bauer?) April 4, 1800, in Braddock's Field, Pa. Williams was born in Fairfield, Adams county, Pa., August 18, 1802. His mother, I believe, was of Hollandish ancestry, but his wife's parents were genuine Germans. Her mother's father was named Jungst and came from Germany with his father shortly before 1755 or 1775. When sixteen years old he was driver of a supply wagon in the Revolution, as my great-uncle says, but I surmise that he was with Braddock's army in 1755. These Jungsts were connected with the Wamamakers. Could you help me to trace them?

Gro. T. Esson.

Olathe, Kan.

Our Book-Table

Any book or pamphlet reviewed in these columns will be sent to any address by the Manager of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN on receipt of the publisher's price. Postage must be added when it is mentioned separately. Any other book wanted by our readers may be ordered through us at the publisher's price. Inquiries will be promptly and cheerfully answered.

Outline Studies in the Acts, the Epistles and Revelation. Prepared by Rev. Oscar S. Kriebel, Pennsburg, Pa. 31 pages, 12mo, 15 cents.

These Outline Studies are divided into two main parts: 1. Life and Epistles of Paul, 2. The Other Epistles and Revelation. In the first we have ten chapters or sections devoted to the Apostolic church, Paul's missionary labors, and his epistles, taken in chronological order; the second treats of the epistles of Peter, John James and Jude and the Revelation. The sections are carefully subdivided and the notes, though necessarily brief, cover the field well. This pamphlet carries us back to our own student days, when our esteemed teachers required us to write outlines of our studies and impressed the importance of preserving them for future reviews. We have quite a number of such outlines laid by, but the reviews have long been suspended. However, we thoroughly believe in the use of outlines and doubt not that this little work will be very serviceable to Bible students especially in Sunday-school.

The Marvelous Story of Selim, the Algerine Castaway. By Rev. A. Stapleton. Huguenot Publishing Co., Wrightsville, Pa. 28 pages, 16mo. 10 cents a copy, four copies for 25 cents, postpaid.

We have read this story with great interest and can affirm that it is appropriately called marvelous. It is not fiction, but "a true narrative of a strange life," collected from trustworthy sources. A picture of the hero, from a painting by Peale, forms the frontispiece of the booklet. By the way, this story intimates what possibilities of fascinating biography lie in the history of our colonial period.

Historical Papers. From the Lancaster County Historical Society we have received pamphlets containing the papers read before its meetings on January 5 and February 2, 1906 and the minutes of those meetings. The former treat of "The Musical and Literary Organizations of Landisville and Vicinity," "The Flight of the Empress Eugénie from France to England," and "The Social Life of Washington." The first is by D. B. Landis, the last two are by Dr. J. H. Dubbs, the well known historian.

Dr. George G. Groff, of Lewisburg, Pa., an ex-surgeon of the United States army, has sent us a number of pamphlets from his pen, among them the Proceedings of the Wyoming Com-

memorative Association, July 4, 1904, containing an address by Dr. Groff: "A Colony out of the Northern Wilderness."

University Studies. From the Johns Hopkins Press at Baltimore we have received Nos. 11-12, Series XXIII, and Nos. 1-2, Series XXIV, of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science. These studies are published monthly in regular annual series, comprising about 600 pages with index, at \$3 a year.

Among the Magazines

The Four-Track News is a very attractive monthly, offering a great variety of matter copiously and finely illustrated. Most of its articles are sketches of places and persons of historical and general interest, more readable on account of their moderate length. They are interspersed with poems, jokes and anecdotes, while several full-page pictures enhance the charms of this dainty magazine. Published by George H. Daniels, New York. \$1 a year, 10 cents a copy.

The Open Court, "a monthly magazine devoted to the science of religion, the religion of science and the extension of the Religious Parliament idea," is an old acquaintance, met again after many years in a new dress, which indicates growth. Those who love to philosophize on the nature of things, the origin and destiny of man, and to follow the speculations of those thinkers who like to be considered free, will here find rich food on which to feed. The February number is largely occupied by the exponents of the old Indian philosophies, which have of late years gained a considerable number of adherents in our Western land. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. \$1 a year, 10 cents a number.

Munsey's Magazine is publishing a series of Race Articles each month. The third paper of this series, "The Germans in America," appeared in the March number. It was written by Herbert N. Casson, occupies fourteen pages and is illustrated with twenty-four portraits. It treats of the Germans in the United States as scholars and teachers, as musicians, as prominent in art, literature and journalism, as leaders of business, etc., the earliest German settlers, men who fought with Washington, the Germans of 1848 and the trend of German immigration. It is a very instructive and well written contribution.

The Pennsylvania-German

JULY, 1906

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Frontispiece—Two Prominent Pennsylvania-Germans	146
The Pennsylvania-Germans: Who They Are and What They Have Done	
The Pennsylvania-German as Pioneer and Homebuilder—Dr. F. J. F. Schantz	147
The Pennsylvania-German as Farmer—Dr. George F. Mays	151
The Pennsylvania-German as Manufacturer and Merchant—Prof. L. R. Harley	154
The Pennsylvania-German as Scientist—Dr. D. H. Bergey	157
The Pennsylvania-German as Artist—Dr. John W. Jordan	160
The Pennsylvania-German as Patriot and Soldier—J. H. Rosengarten	161
The Pennsylvania-German in Law—A Well Known Member of the Lancaster County Bar	164
The Pennsylvania-German as Statesman and Legislator—George M. Jones, Esq.	166
The Pennsylvania-German as Governor—V. S. Koons, Esq.	169
The Pennsylvania-German as Printer and Publisher	174
Early German Musical Publications in Pennsylvania—Rev. A. Stapleton	174
Gustav Sigismund Peters, Pioneer Stereotyper and Color-Printer—Rev. A. Stapleton	177
The Pennsylvania-German in Literature	178
Some Pennsylvania-German Story Writers—Reginald W. Kauffman	180
Education Among the Pennsylvania-Germans—Editor	183
Religious Life of the Pennsylvania-Germans	186
The Pennsylvania-German as Churchman—Lucy Forney Bittinger	186
German Church-Life in Pennsylvania—Dr. J. H. Dubbs	188
The Pennsylvania-German as Champion of Religious Liberty—H. W. Kriebel	191
Characteristics of the Pennsylvania-German—Sydney George Fisher	194
Some Pennsylvania-German Statistics—Editor	196
Where the Pennsylvania-German Has Been First	198
The Pennsylvania Chautauqua: Mount Gretna—Dr. P. C. Croll	201
The Pennsylvania-German as American Citizen—Dr. Thos. C. Zimmerman	205
Northampton Town and Allentown—A Historical Sketch by James J. Hauser (continued)	208
Em Mark Twain sei Kameel—Translation by H. W. K.	211
Editorial Department	212
Clippings from Current News	213
Chat with Correspondents	215
Genealogical Notes and Queries	215
Our Book-Table	216



HON. SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER, LL.D.,
Governor of Pennsylvania



DR. NATHAN C. SCHAEFFER,
State Superintendent of Public Instruction

TWO PROMINENT PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

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through the Frankfort Company, and in June, 1683, the first German emigrants sailed for Philadelphia in the ship Concord. It is worthy of note that a number of the party were weavers. On their arrival in Philadelphia the settlement of Germantown was at once begun. Jacob Telner, of Crefeld, who had extensive business interests in Amsterdam, spent thirteen years in the new colony. His wide experience as a merchant proved to be of great value in promoting the growth of the new town. Cornelius Bom, a member of Telner's party, opened a notion store in Germantown and occasionally went out on peddling tours among the Indians. The town soon became noted for its industry. The first settlers had learned the art of weaving at Crefeld, and they now followed this pursuit so diligently that Pastorius, in devising a town-seal, selected a trefoil of clover, one leaf bearing a vine, one a stalk of flax and the third a weaver's spool, with the motto, "*Vinum, Linum et Textrinum.*" The manufactures of Germantown were noticed by foreign travelers in later years. Rev. Andrew Burnaby, of England, writing in 1775, says: "The German-town 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 pair."

An important branch of manufacturing had its origin near Germantown in 1690, when William Rittinghuysen, the ancestor of David Rittenhouse, erected on a branch of the Wissahickon creek the earliest paper-mill in America. Here the paper was made which was used by William Bradford, the pioneer printer of Pennsylvania.

In the year 1724 Christopher Sower and family arrived at Germantown. Although he is generally recalled as a printer, it may be appropriate to refer to him as a manufacturer and merchant. Born at Laasphe, Germany, in 1693, there is a tradition that in early youth he learned the trade of a tailor. One authority says: "Saur is a very ingenious man. He is a separatist who has become dexterous in at least thirty trades.



DAVID RITTENHOUSE.

Astronomer and Maker of Mathematical Instruments
(See full sketch in *The Pennsylvania-German*,
Jan., 1901)

For, having come over to America as a tailor, he has since become a printer, apothecary, surgeon, botanist, clock and watchmaker, cabinet-maker, bookbinder, newspaper-maker, manufacturer of his own tools, wire and lead drawer, paper-maker, etc., etc." Dr. Brumbaugh, in his "History of the Brethren," criticizes the above statement, claiming that Sower was a doctor of medicine and a graduate of Marburg University. Dr. Brumbaugh says: "He was not, according to all the records of his descendants, a tailor." Friedrich Kapp, an excellent authority, is of the opinion that Sower "learned the manufacture of spectacles in his native city." In 1731 Christopher Sower erected a large mansion in Germantown, and here he began the business of an optician. A few months later he also became a clockmaker and apothecary. I shall not refer to his career as a printer, for that will, no doubt, be considered in another article. He was a

man of wonderful energy and ingenuity. We find him casting his own types, manufacturing paper, mixing printers' ink, inventing a new six-plate stove, making clocks which indicated the hours, months and phases of the moon, and compounding medicines to heal the sick.

Several prominent German names are associated with the iron industry in colonial Pennsylvania. About 1750 John Huber erected a furnace in Lancaster county, and a few years later sold the property to Henry William Stiegel, Charles Stedman and Alexander Stedman. The following legend was inscribed on the furnace:

Johan Huber, der erste Deutsche man
Der das Eisenwerk vollföhren kann.

Baron Stiegel, the new owner, rebuilt the furnace in 1757, and also erected glass-works. He was a native of Mannheim, Germany, and at one time a man of considerable wealth. He operated the furnace for more than eighteen years, when he met with financial reverses. Stiegel manufactured the famous "jamb stoves," which were set in the jamb of the fire-place, and passed through the wall so as to heat the adjoining room. The stoves bore the following inscription:

Baron Stiegel ist der Mann
Der die Ofen machen kann.

The Elizabeth furnace, as it was named in honor of Stiegel's wife, finally passed into the hands of the Coleman family.

Among the German merchants of Philadelphia in the eighteenth century the name of Michael Hillegas, Sr., stands prominent. Besides having the care of large business interests, he looked after the welfare of the German immigrants. The lamented Henry S. Dotterer pays him a glowing tribute in the following letter, published in Minnich's "Memoir of the First Treasurer of the United States":

The German colonists he (Penn) brought here represented a far higher level of education than his English colonists. They were more advanced in the



JOHN WANAMAKER. Merchant

In my judgment Michael Hillegas, the merchant, is a more noteworthy character than his son, the Continental treasurer. He deserves high regard from us of Pennsylvania-German extraction. He was one of the few German merchants in Philadelphia at that time, some thirty years before the Revolution, and he was one in whom the inland farmers trusted. The plain country people needed just such a man at that period, when they had no friends to speak of outside their own nationality in the province. . . . Michael Hillegas was their friend and in a degree their main protector. If you study his character from this standpoint, I feel sure you will find him a man worthy of honor from us—a useful, helpful, picturesque character.

As the space assigned to me is filled, I shall not be able to consider the manufacturers and merchants of the nineteenth century. I hope to do so, however, in a subsequent issue of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN.

arts, they were better versed in letters, and they represented a higher educational standard than existed in England, whose schools were at their lowest ebb.

The Pennsylvania-German as Scientist

BY D. H. BERGEY, A.M., M.D., PHILADELPHIA.

THE activities of the descendants of the early German and Swiss settlers of Pennsylvania have taken foremost rank in all callings, but science has received remarkable attention at their hands. The impression which they have left upon the page of science is so pronounced that it is impossible to do more, in this instance, than merely call attention to the work of some of the more important performers.

The advancement of science at the hands of the Pennsylvania-Germans is notable in astronomy, mathematics, chemistry, physics, geology, anatomy, physiology, botany and zoology, as pure sciences, and especially so in the applied sciences of medicine and surgery, in which the greatest number have labored.

In astronomy and mathematics the foremost investigators were David Rittenhouse (1732-1796) and John Lukens (1720-1789). Rittenhouse constructed the apparatus and was assisted by Lukens in making the first observations on the transit of Venus, November 9, 1769, that had ever been made. Rittenhouse subsequently made observations on several eclipses and on comets, the results of which he communicated to the American Philosophical Society. As surveyors both rendered invaluable services in establishing the boundaries of Pennsylvania and other States. Rittenhouse also achieved renown thro' the construction of two orreries, one for Princeton College and one for the University of Pennsylvania, which exemplify the movements of the heavenly bodies.

In chemistry and geology the foremost investigators were Caspar Wistar (1761-1818), Samuel S. Haldeman (1812-1880), Joseph Leidy (1823-1891) and Theodore G. Wormley (1820-1897). Wistar became professor of chemistry in the College of Philadelphia in 1786, and thus became one of the early exponents of this science in America. Haldeman was connected with the geological sur-

veys of New Jersey and Pennsylvania and made contributions to the utilization of anthracite coal in the manufacture of iron. Leidy made numerous advances in our knowledge of geology and especially of paleontology. Wormley's Micro-chemistry of Poisons has for years been the recognized standard work on toxicology thro'out the scientific world, while his services as chemist to the geological survey of Ohio were most distinguished.

Anatomy and physiology have been materially extended thro' the investigations of Caspar Wistar, Joseph Leidy and Samuel D. Gross (1805-1884).

Botany and zoology, along with general biology and comparative anatomy, have had many workers amongst the



SAMUEL D. GROSS, M.D., M.D.
 (1805-1884) BORN IN PHILADELPHIA
 DIED IN PHILADELPHIA

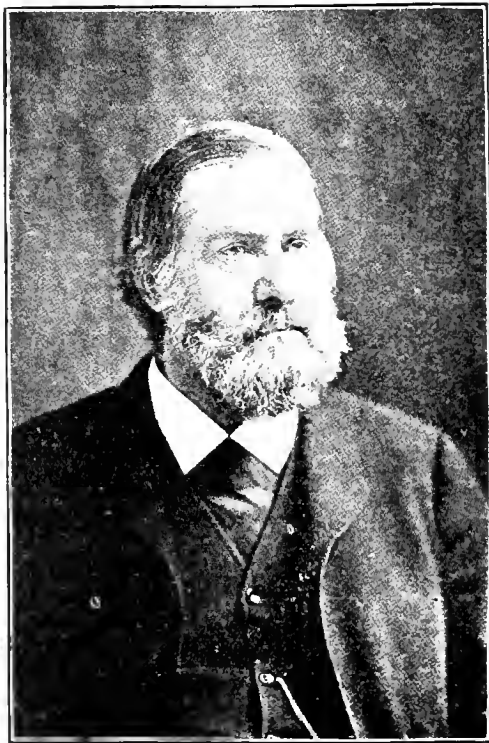


SAMUEL S. HALDEMAN, LL.D.
(See full sketch in *The Pennsylvania German*,
July, 1905)

Pennsylvania-Germans. Adam Kuhn (1741-1817), Henry Ernst Muhlenberg (1753-1815), Lewis David von Schweinitz (1780-1834), John Eberle (1787-1838), Timothy Abbot Conrad (1803-1877), Samuel S. Haldeman, Francis Wolle (1817-1893) and Joseph Leidy are those most widely known. The publications of greatest importance by these investigators are: Muhlenberg's *Catalog of the Plants of North America* and his *Description of the Grasses and Sedges of North America*; von Schweinitz's work on the *Fungi and Sedges of North America*; Eberle's publication on *Botanical Terminology*; Haldeman's *Fresh-Water Shells of North America*; Conrad's *Marine Conchology* and his work on *Fossils and Fresh-Water Bivalve Shells*; Wolle's *Fresh-Water Algae* and Leidy's *Fresh-Water Rhizopods*.

Physical science has been advanced thro' the ingenuity of Rittenhouse in the construction of astronomical instruments, and that of Wolle in the invention of a machine for making paper-bags.

In the applied sciences of medicine and surgery there has been a host of workers amongst the Pennsylvania-Germans, the more prominent of whom were: Kuhn, professor of materia medica and botany in the College of Philadelphia (1768-1789), professor of theory and practice of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania (1789-1792) and professor of physics (1792-1797); Wistar, professor of chemistry in the College of Philadelphia (1789-1792), adjunct professor of anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania (1792-1808) and professor of anatomy (1808-1818); Eberle, professor of materia medica in the Medical College of Ohio (1831-1837) and professor of practice of medicine in the Transylvania University (1837-1838); Leidy, professor of anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania (1853-1891), director of the Biological Department and professor of zoology, professor of zoology in the



JOSEPH LEIDY, M.D., LL.D.
(See full sketch in *The Pennsylvania German*,
Jan., 1905)



WILLIAM PEPPER, M.D., LL.D.
(80) full sketch in *The Pennsylvania German*
March, 1906

Veterinary Department of the University of Pennsylvania, president of the faculty of the Wagner Free Institute and professor of natural history in Swarthmore College; the elder Gross, professor of pathological anatomy in Cincinnati College (1835-1839), professor of surgery in the University of Louisville (1840-1850), professor of surgery in the University of the City of New York (1850-1851), professor of surgery in University of Louisville (1851-1855) and professor of surgery in Jefferson Medical College (1855-1882); the elder Pepper, professor of the theory and practice of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania (1860-1864); his son, William Pepper the younger (1843-1868), professor of clinical medicine in the University of Pennsylvania (1873-1884) and professor of the theory and practice of medicine (1884-1898); the younger Gross (1837-1889), professor of the

principles of surgery and clinical surgery in Jefferson Medical College (1882-1889); Wormley, professor of chemistry and natural science in Capitol University, Columbus, O. (1852-1895), professor of chemistry and toxicology in Starling Medical College (1854-1877) and professor of chemistry and toxicology in the University of Pennsylvania (1877-1897).

It is not alone thro' their professional functions that these men assisted in advancing and molding the scientific thought of their day, but also thro' the books and papers they have published, by which means they have reached a far larger audience. The important works published by these gentlemen are: Wistar's *System of Anatomy*; Eberle's *Botanical Terminology, Treatise on Therapeutics and Materia Medica*, two volumes, and *Notes of Lectures on the Theory and Practice of Medicine*; Leidy's *Treatise on Human Anatomy*, and his numerous papers on zoology, paleontology, comparative anatomy, etc.; the elder Gross's treatises on the *Bones and Joints*, the *Urinary Organs*, on *Foreign Bodies in the Air Passages*, on *Wounds of the Intestines*, his *System of Surgery*, and his *Manual of Military Surgery*; the younger Pepper's *System of Medicine* and his numerous important contributions on pathology and internal medicine, and his public addresses on the organization of medical schools and on medical education.

The records of these men of science is a proud heritage for any country. The production of but one of these intellectual giants would be ample apology for claiming attention to them as Pennsylvania-Germans, but when we can point to such illustrious names as those of Kittenhouse, Gross, Leidy and Pepper no such apology is necessary. The gratifying fact that many other prominent scientists of to-day trace their ancestry to the same early settlers of Pennsylvania gives promise that the high order of work in the past will be maintained by their representatives in the future.

Pennsylvania was the only one of all the colonies where modern science was at all

prominent or pursued with anything like ardor and success—S. Inez George Fisher.

The Pennsylvania-German as Artist

BY JOHN W. JORDAN, LL.D., LIBRARIAN OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNA.

THE Province of Pennsylvania was early attractive to emigrants from other countries because of its free constitutional government and the character of its fundamental laws; its fertile soil and temperate climate, and its adaptation to a large and rural population. The dissatisfaction prevailing among intelligent, industrious and enterprising men in Europe, directed their attention to the American colonies, and Pennsylvania was generally preferred for their abode, particularly by those from the German States. These Germans were a hardy, frugal and industrious people, many of whom had abandoned their homes for conscience's sake and others to better their condition. They were educated and not unacquainted with the arts and sciences, and they and their descendants have had their influence upon the life and institutions of the Commonwealth.

The first portrait in oils claimed to have been painted in Pennsylvania, 1705, is that of Johannes Kelpius. The artist, De Witt, however, was not a German, although associated with them. It is preserved in the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Gustavus Hesselius, a Swede, who came to the Province in 1711, is recognized as the first resident artist; five of his portraits are also in the collection of the Historical Society. As artists and designers the Germans were undoubtedly in the van, but the space allotted to me will only permit of some reference to one whose meritorious ability is recognized, and two who are not so well known to the general reader.

Among the settlers of Germantown in 1728 was John Christopher Meng, from Mannheim, Germany. His son, John Melchior Meng, born in Germantown, February 6, 1724, was a painter of fair ability; little is known, however, of his short professional life. Three portraits by him have come down to us, one of his father, one of himself, and an un-

finished one of an unknown lady. He died in his twentieth year, while on a visit to the West Indies. These portraits are also in the Collections of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

John Valentine Haidt was born October 4, 1700, at Danzig, and two years later his parents moved to Berlin, where his father was appointed goldsmith to the king. Having at an early age, developed a love for painting and drawing, and being disinclined to follow his father's trade, he was sent to Dresden for instruction in the profession he desired to follow. In 1718 he entered the Benedictine School at Rome, and later studied in Florence and Paris, and in 1724 established himself in London, where he married. Uniting with the Moravians, between 1740 and 1752, he visited their settlements in Germany and Holland, following his profession, and in the latter year returned to London. In 1754 he emigrated to Pennsylvania, and resided at Bethlehem until his death, in January of 1780. Haidt painted numerous Biblical scenes and portraits of prominent Moravians, in Europe and America; a large collection of both are preserved in the Moravian Archives at Bethlehem, and attract much attention.

Jacob Eichholtz, born in Lancaster in 1776, owing to the circumstances of his father, received a limited education. At the early age of seven years he developed signs of the inborn talent which in after life enrolled him among the painters of high repute. It was upon the walls of the garret in his father's house, with a piece of red chalk, that he was in the habit of delineating the early specimens of his art, but there was no member of the family to appreciate and encourage the budding genius. Besides a few lessons obtained from a local sign painter, he received no instructions in the knowledge for which his whole soul was aspiring. He was apprenticed to a coppersmith, and while in his employ, drew sketches in charcoal of his fellow ap-

prentices. At the expiration of his term of service, he began business as a copersmith on his own account, but the ruling passion of his inner life was continually manifesting itself. The chance visit of a painter to Lancaster was the turning point in his career, for he at last had an opportunity to receive instructions and advice with regard to his art. Prior to this, he relates: "I made some crude efforts with little success, having nothing more than a boot-jack for a palette and used anything in the shape of a brush." Later he was fortunate in obtaining a few half worn brushes from the artist Thomas Sully, when on the eve of his departure for London. But for some time after his marriage, he was compelled to continue his business, as the income arising from his painting was insufficient to support his family. However, as the specimens of his skill grew in number, his reputa-

tion as steadily increased, and he determined to remove to Philadelphia, where his opportunities would be greater for success. Here he resided ten years, and his fame as a portrait painter spread. He visited the artist Gilbert Stuart in Boston, and his frank, simple and unpretending manner gained him many friends. It was while residing in the city that he painted the portraits of Nicholas Bidelle, President of the Bank of the United States, Chief Justice John Marshall, of the United States Supreme Court, Commodore Gales, T. B. Freeman, and other well known citizens. Eichholtz returned to Lancaster and died there, May 11, 1842.

The most celebrated Pennsylvania-German painter was Peter F. Rothermel, whose best known work is his picture of the Battle of Gettysburg. A full sketch of Mr. Rothermel with portrait appeared in THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN for July, 1904—Ed.

The Pennsylvania-German as Patriot and Soldier

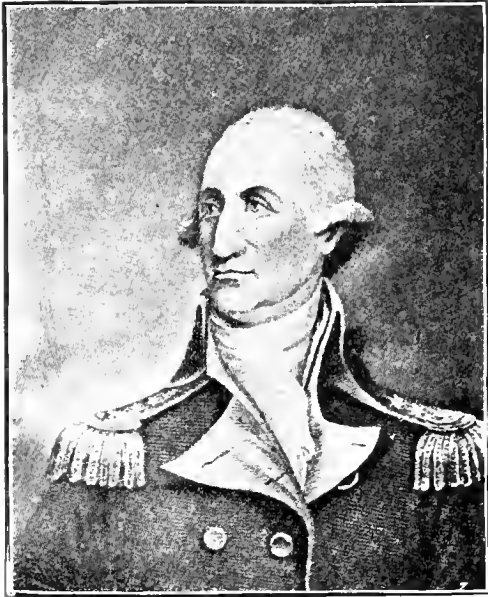
BY J. G. ROSENGARTEN, PHILADELPHIA.

EVIDENCE of the services of the Pennsylvania-Germans as soldiers can be found in early colonial times. In 1710 they supplied volunteers for the invasion of Canada. In 1755 Conrad Weiser was appointed colonel of a regiment of volunteers raised to protect Pennsylvania from Indian raids. In 1756 the English government undertook to raise a regiment to be officered by German and other Protestants, the ranks to be filled in America by Germans. It was to consist of four battalions of a thousand men each, and it served with great credit in the "Old French War" from 1754 to 1763. It took part in campaigns in Pennsylvania and New York, in Canada under Wolfe, in Martinique and Havana, in South Carolina and Florida, and among its officers and men were many who later on fought for American independence.

In 1774 Dickinson wrote to Lee of "those brave Germans, many of whom have seen service." In 1775 a letter from Philadelphia to London said: "It is

amazing to see the spirit of the Germans among us." In that year they organized in support of Congress under Michael Hillegas, Christopher Ludwig, George Schlosser, Jacob Schreiner, Jacob Arndt, Caspar Weitzel, all Pennsylvania-Germans. In 1775 the vestries of the German Lutheran and Reformed churches of Philadelphia wrote to the Germans of New York and North Carolina, stating that the Germans in near and remote parts of Pennsylvania had formed a militia and a corps of sharpshooters, ready to march whenever they might be required. They urged the Germans of other colonies to give their sympathy to the common cause, to carry out the measures of Congress and to rise in arms against the oppression of the English government.

The German battalion organized by Congress in 1776 had as officers Weltenner, Burckhardt, Bunner, Boyer, Baltzel, Rice, Hubley, Myers, Bayer, Schrauder, Weidman, Sugart, Greineth, Cramer, Swartz, Derenderfer, Spech, Rabolt,



GEN. JOHN PETER G. MUHLENBERG;
(See full sketch in *The Pennsylvania-German*,
January, 1902.)

Drux, Glichner and Helm. Captain John Paul Schott raised a troop of light horse; John Philip Dellaas was a colonel; the sons of DeKalb were commissioned ensigns in the Pennsylvania line in 1781, as a tribute to their heroic father and at his dying request.

The name of Muhlenberg is enshrined in history for services both in war and peace. Reading sent three Hiesters to the field, one of whom afterwards became governor of Pennsylvania. The Germans of Northampton county were active; more than half the local committee were Germans, and so was a large proportion of the Provincial Conference in Philadelphia. Of the militia enrolled from Northampton county in 1775, the Easton company had 88 Germans out of 101 members; all the commissioned and nearly all the non-commissioned officers were Germans of Pennsylvania. Their colonel, Kichlein, who had served in 1762-'63, led his regiment under Hiester against the Hessians at the battle of Long Island, where it won praise for its gallantry.

From Pennsylvania many of its German settlers went to Virginia; at the

mouth of the valley of Virginia Shepardstown was settled by the Schaeffer family. It was as pastor of a German Lutheran congregation in the Shenandoah valley that John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, born in Montgomery county, Pa., in 1746, throwing off his clerical gown, showed his military uniform, and over three hundred of his hearers followed his example, enlisting in the Eighth Virginia regiment, which he commanded, with Abraham Bowman and Peter Helfenstein as his field-officers. The war over and independence gained, he resigned as major-general and entered public life. He became vice-president of Pennsylvania under Franklin, helped to secure the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1789, was a member of three successive Congresses and speaker of the House of Representatives.

From Virginia these Pennsylvania-Germans went to North Carolina and Kentucky. Frankfort, the capital of the latter State, was so named by those whose ancestors came from Frankfort-on-the-Main. Hambright, a Pennsylvania-German, was a colonel at the battle



GEN. GEORGE A. CUSTER.

who fell, with upwards of 300 officers and men, in a battle with Sioux Indians near Little Horn River, Mont., June 25, 1876.

of King's Mountain and in spite of severe wounds kept on fighting until victory was won and Cornwallis forced to retreat to Virginia.

There were Pennsylvania-Germans in the War of 1812 and in the Mexican War, and in these as well as in the war for the Union they won honor by their gallant services. Both in the regular army as graduates from West Point, and in the navy, Pennsylvania-Germans were noteworthy. Helleman, who fell in Florida; Nauman; the Ammens, one a brigadier-general, the other an admiral; Gen. Schriver, Gen. Shiras, Gen. Haupt, Gen. Hagner, Gen. Heintzelman, Gen. Custer, and Greble* and Hambright were all of good old Pennsylvania-German stock. Pennsylvania-Germans to the number of over seventeen thousand served in the war for the Union, and Hartranft and Pennypacker are famous



REAR ADMIRAL WINFIELD S. SCHILLY

alike in peace and war as men who served their State and nation with honor.

Many of Pennsylvania-German stock fought on the side of the Confederacy. Major-General Hoke of the Confederate army was a grandson of a German Re-



GEN. JOHN D. IMBODEN

(See full sketch in The Pennsylvania German, Jan., 1904)

*Lieutenant John T. Greble was born in Philadelphia in 1834, graduated from the High School and the West Point Military Academy. He fell in an attack upon the Southern forces at Big Bethel, Va., June 10, 1861, the first officer of the regular army killed in the Rebellion. Bates in his Mutual Deeds of Pennsylvania, after describing an advance of the Union troops against the foe and their subsequent repulse by superior forces, says: "Greble, fearing the effect of a counter-dash by the foe, he stood by his guns, fighting them himself, and dealt double charges of canister with such rapidity and effect as to silence the rebel artillery and to deter an advance for nearly two hours. In the meantime Pierce (the commanding officer) had prepared for a second assault. It was made and for a time with the prospect of success; but again, having fired into each other and a portion of the attacking force having been thrown into confusion, it was finally withdrawn. The day was lost, but Greble still maintained his position. Only five of his men were left, and he could work but one gun. He was appealed to by an officer to withdraw or to dodge, as others had done. His reply was: 'I never dodge.' When I hear the bugle sound a retreat I will leave, and not before." That order soon came; but it had scarcely been received, when he was struck by a ball from the enemy's gun, a glancing blow on the right side of the head. "Sergeant," he exclaimed, "take command—go ahead!" and then fell dead by the side of his gun. In his last gasp was found a noble period, addressed to his wife, in which he said: "God give me strength, wisdom and courage. If I die, let me die a brave and heroic man; let my spirit fly above the grave and be a sign to Devils by and by, and may we be heart's love, Amen."

formed clergyman in Pennsylvania, named Hoch. General Zollikoffer was descended from a Swiss settler in Pennsylvania, who moved southward into Kentucky and Tennessee. The story of the Pennsylvania-German settlers in Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North and South Carolina and Missouri, can also be traced in the records of the Confederate army, where many of the familiar names can be found. Much might yet be done to rescue them from oblivion and to show that Pennsylvania-Germans served with credit in the Southern struggle for separation.

In the Revolutionary War the Pennypacker family gave to the Continental army a captain, a lieutenant, an ensign, a corporal and a private. Two of its members served in the War of 1812 and three in the Mexican War. To the war for the Union it furnished two major-generals, an adjutant-general, a colonel, a surgeon, an assistant surgeon, two captains, one lieutenant, five sergeants,

eight corporals, one musician and sixty-five enlisted men. All these were descendants of a bishop of the Mennonite church. No doubt other Pennsylvania-German families could show similar records of good service done their State and country.

The need of full records of such achievements justifies the efforts of the venerable German Society of Pennsylvania to gather into its archives the facts relating to its own members. The Pennsylvania-German Society has contributed much valuable material on the services of Pennsylvania-Germans as patriots and friends of liberty. This magazine (*THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN*) urges its readers, the people of this State and Pennsylvania-Germans everywhere, to make known the splendid records of their ancestors in the public service, both civil and military, for the information and emulation of their descendants.

The Pennsylvania-German in Law

BY A WELL KNOWN MEMBER OF THE LANCASTER COUNTY BAR.

THE characteristic quality of the Pennsylvania-German in litigation is honesty. He is eminently fair. By the more artful Yankee or the more polemical Scotch-Irishman he would be considered stupid. But counsel and opponent find him truthful, straightforward and honest. He is "slow to wrath" and not disinclined to "agree with his adversary"; but when driven into a corner and compelled "to go to law," whether to defend or to recover his rights, his stubborn and staying qualities are seen and felt to advantage by those who are in charge of his interests. In the selection of a legal adviser he is conservative and even suspicious; but his confidence once gained is seldom lost, unless the forfeiture is well deserved. As a fee-payer he is liberal and uncompromising; he prefers to pay often and in instalments; but in the aggregate he cheerfully makes ample compensation, especially for orphans' court business. He is, however, seldom taken advantage

of more than once by the same sharper. The so-called "sect-people," who make up such a large element of the solid population of Lancaster county, are rather averse to litigation; the Reformed Mennonites will suffer serious imposition rather than engage in it; and many disputes that would otherwise blossom into lawsuits are settled effectually by the church-authorities among the Amish, Dunkers and Mennonites.

Strangely enough, tho' there has been a long and illustrious line of Pennsylvania-Dutch governors, comparatively few of this strain in our citizenship have figured in the law-department or judicial branch of the State-government. Among those who have been Attorneys General W. Uhler Hensel's name is one that attests this nativity on both sides of his ancestry. One of his predecessors, Amos Ellmaker (1816-1819), who rose to national distinction in law and politics, was of German stock, tho' educated at the Presbyterian college of Princeton.

Among some hundred and fifty judges of the Supreme and Superior Courts of Pennsylvania during more than two hundred years, it is notable how sparse has been the representation of the Pennsylvania-German. I think the list of Chief Justices shows not one, tho' Judge Jere S. Black had some infusion of this blood. Christopher Heydrick (1891) alone among the Associate Justices bears a Teutonic name, and both of his father's parents were of pure German lineage. Justice J. Hay Brown is of Lutheran family, but his paternal forbears were of English Friends' stock. The Philadelphia Quaker and Episcopalian and the rural Scotch-Irish Presbyterian have grabbed and kept nearly all of these places for over two centuries.

Quite as notable, however, is the other circumstance that during the last generation a large number of distinctly representative Pennsylvania-Germans have distinguished themselves on the County-Courts, attained great professional eminence and displayed much public usefulness as *nisi prius* judges. Among these the late Edwin Albright, of Lehigh county, John J. Metzger, of Lycoming, and the present President Judge of York, John W. Bittinger, outlived bitter opposition to their first elections, gained the respect of their original opponents and won and kept well merited public confidence in their ability and integrity. Judges (now Governor) Pennypacker, lately, and A. M. Beidler, now of the Philadelphia Common Pleas; Weand, Schwartz and Solly, of Montgomery; ex-Judge Harmon Yerkes and Judge M. H. Stout, of Bucks; Trexler, of Lehigh; James S. Ermentrout, of Berks (Judge G. A. Endlich is rather of what we call the "foreign German" type); Ehrgood, of Lebanon; Heydt, of Carbon; Landis and Hassler of the Common Pleas, and Smith of the Orphans' Court, of Lancaster; Wanner, of York; Capp and Kunkel, of Dauphin; Kooser, of Somerset; Reppert, of Fayette; Slagle, Over and Shaffer, of Allegheny, are and the late M. C. Herman, of Cumberland, and John H. Weiss, of Harrisburg, deceased, were conspicuous examples of the judicial ex-

cellence to which the patience, the thoroughness and the instinctive Teutonic sense of justice, characterizing the Pennsylvania-German, will lead their lawyer possessors.

The last judicial appointment in Pennsylvania, being that of William H. Staake to a seat on Court No. 5 of Philadelphia, was one of the most popular ever made, having been approved by the unanimous voice of the press and bench and bar of that city. Mr. Staake, if not strictly a Pennsylvania-German, as the term is understood in the rural sections of the State, is of a long line of German ancestors. He has been prominently identified with the Lutheran church, and, for the purpose of this argument, may fairly be counted as of the race which it is intended here to commemorate.

To these names might easily be added, upon recall, those of the late Judge William H. Yerkes, of Philadelphia; Henry Hice, of Beaver; William J. Baer and J. H. Longenecker, of the Bedford-Somerset district; A. D. Furst, of Clearfield-Centre fame; D. L. Krebs, of Clearfield; S. S. Dreher, of Monroe; O. H. Myers, of Easton; D. M. Smyser, of Montgomery, and one of "the noblest Dutchmen of them all," the late Robert J. Fisher, of York, whose surviving son became the well known author of many valuable contributions to the literature of the Pennsylvania-Germans.

In a class almost by themselves are Joseph C. Bucher, of Lewisburg, for twenty years a judge of great brilliancy in Central Pennsylvania, and Hon. Chas. A. Mayer, of Lockhaven, recently deceased, near the end of his fourth term—a patriarch in appearance, but a youth in feeling and intellectual vigor. Both of them were typical of the race we commemorate, and both are graduates from that Franklin and Marshall College, which has done such magnificent work for the people of Eastern Pennsylvania.

In an address at a Scotch-Irish dinner in Philadelphia about a year ago, ex-Attorney General Hensel, referring to the diffidence of his own race of people in entering public life, said:

Although the relative increase of the Pennsylvania-German after the Revolution was greater and his acquisition of land-ownership much more marked, it was nearly three generations before he attained a commanding voice in public affairs. If the Scotch-Irish could not write all "the songs of the nation," they, at least, felt themselves competent to make its laws. At bench and bar it was near the middle of the century before any Pennsylvania-German attained distinction (in Lancaster county), professional honors prior to that time being divided between such of the English line as Yeates, Ross, Atlee, Franklin, Hopkins, and the Scotch-Irish Thomson, Barton, Wilson, Lewis, Rogers and Montgomery. On the first grand jury drawn in Lancaster county there were no Germans; and of the four Quakers on it all were subsequently "read out" of meeting. The first petit jury was com-

posed almost entirely of Scotch-Irish. . . Few if any of Pennsylvania-German descent represented the Lancaster district in Congress or sat upon its bench before 1850. On the other hand, from the beginning, in medicine, the German asserted himself, and for a hundred and fifty years that race in my county has contributed to the healing art such names as Neff, Carpenter, Kuhn, Ebersole, Ziegler, Breneman, Muhlenberg and Musser. . . I need not say that when the Pennsylvania-German came, he came to stay. If he was kept out of the offices for a hundred years, he gets them all now—and he keeps them. If he was denied the judgeship when there was but one on the bench, he now claims all three, with Congressman and Senators "thrown in." The heel-print of the Presbyterian, once plowed down, was never uncovered.

The Pennsylvania-German as Statesman and Legislator

BY GEORGE M. JONES, ESQ., READING, PA.

THE germs of parliamentary constitutions are to be found in the forests of ancient Germany. The Teutonic kings co-operated with the local princes on the one side, and with the whole community of freemen on the other. The Roman lawmakers found in barbaric Germany a new theory of the State.

The Teuton does not derive law directly from the will of the nation. He claims for himself an inborn right, which the State must protect, but which it does not create, and for which he is ready to fight against the world, even against the authority of his own government. The Teutonic freeman sacrificed to the State a part of his individual freedom in order to keep the rest more secure.

The Teutons have therefore never been an eminently political people. A Teuton submitted reluctantly to the sovereignty of the whole body. His strong, confident and self-willed individuality interfered with the common consciousness and checked its power. Roman influence supplied the check that made Teutonic individualism a practical means of establishing the divine rights of freemen. The absolutism of Europe was broken by the Teutonic nations. Personal freedom has been the heritage of Germany, Scandinavia, England, Holland, Switzerland

and the United States. These nations have led the world in defending liberty, and their heroes of war and peace have shown that the grace of God bestows sovereignty upon subjects rather than upon kings.

In the New World Teutonic freemen originated representative democracy, defending the brotherhood of man and the common priesthood of Christians.



M. H. Kellogg

(See full sketch in *The Pennsylvania-German*, October, 1901)

The colonial lawmakers of America were descendants of the Anglo-Saxon and Norman Teutons that invaded England and settled there in the fifth and eleventh centuries. The Swiss and German colonists of Pennsylvania were barred from political rights, but made no complaint. They wanted personal and religious freedom, rather than political power. They avoided the towns, seeking quiet inland homes, where their Teutonic individualism developed. They were free indeed, for God's truth had set them free from spiritual bondage before Penn's invitation had set them free from political oppression. Their personal life was beyond the scope of ordinary legal and political business, because governments are most concerned in preserving the peace and collecting money to pay for doing it. These people needed no watching and avoided those that did. They paid their taxes, even unjust ones, rather than sacrifice peace. Each one was a statesman of fine quality, because his life embodied the well-being of any State in its virtue, industry and moderation.

Such personal qualities contain the key to all that has been said about the peaceful, mild-mannered, industrious and reserved Pennsylvania-German. His peace has been attributed to dullness, his mild manners to boorishness, his industry to ignorance, and his reserve to selfishness. Consider this individual, not by English, Scotch or Irish standards, but by the standard of common sense, and his indifference to Colonial legislation and state-craft is justified. Teutons place political sagacity below personal sagacity. They are not therefore unpatriotic and selfish, rather the opposite, because men, not statesmen, make States. The English statesmen of the Colonies found a rockbound fortress in the patriotism of the Pennsylvania-Germans, whose powers lay in their instinctive support of the truth, altho' denied a part in defining it in the Provincial Assembly.

In 1776 half the population of Pennsylvania were German and Swiss, having practically no representation in the General Assembly, having little voice in the



FREDERIC A. MÜHLENBERG.
(See full sketch in *The Pennsylvania German*,
April, 1902.)

government, and wanting no more. In 1775 the Tories controlled legislation, supporting England and her unjust oppression. The Germans were ready to fight for independence, altho' not privileged to vote for it. The English patriots knew there were no German Tories and resolved at any cost to give the Germans a voice in the general elections. On June 19, 1776, by a peaceful and powerful revolution, Pennsylvania was given a new frame of government, extending the franchise so that it included the Germans and thereby ousted Tory statesmen. This step made the Germans a political factor in Pennsylvania, without making them ambitious politicians. The honors of public life never tempted the average Pennsylvania-German to forsake the ancient Teutonic rule, that the citizen is the protector of the State, instead of its *protege*. He was willing to

vote public honors to his English cousins, whose Teutonic fathers had learned paternalism from the imperial examples of Rome and France.

This review of the political attitude of the German introduces us to the modest place taken by Pennsylvania-Germans in the legislative history of our State and Nation. They have always chosen the places demanding zeal and work. Sensational publicity annoys the sensibility of the German temperament. Our statesmen and legislators of German ancestry have occupied positions of great responsibility in crises when the public passed by the ambitious office-seeker and pressed into office the fittest citizen to be found, who has usually been a German citizen.

The Germans in the General Assembly of 1780 secured the adoption of the first law for the gradual abolition of slavery in Pennsylvania. Of sixty-two members of the General Assembly in 1787 twelve were Germans, who held the balance of power. Under the leadership of Peter and Frederic Muhlenberg every German voted for the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, Pennsylvania being the first great State to adopt the Constitution.

First on the roll of Pennsylvania's statesmen stand the names of her German governors, whose services are honored elsewhere in this magazine. Most of them had served in the State or National legislatures with such wisdom that they were called to executive duties in the critical years of our history, notably the fight for the common schools, in which cause Schulze, Wolf and Ritner exemplified the self-sacrificing, personal elements of German statesmanship. As masters of the details and small essentials of public business, Michael Hillegas and Albert Gallatin have never been surpassed. These men illustrate the German and Swiss type of patriotism, that serves in places where the public eye is turned only when duty is neglected. Hillegas was in turn Provincial, Continental and United States Treasurer, holding office from 1776 to 1780. In those years of bitter trial he often loaned



ALBERT GALLATIN

was born at Geneva in 1761. He came to America in 1780, served the cause of Freedom under Captain John Allen, helped to revise the Constitution of Pennsylvania in 1790, became U. S. Senator in 1793, Secretary of the Treasury in 1801, and helped to negotiate the treaty of Ghent in 1814. He served as Minister at Paris from 1815 to 1823 and in 1826 went to London as special Ambassador. He was president of the National Bank (1831-'30) and the first president of the Ethnological Society of America. He died Aug. 12, 1849.

his own money to maintain the Continental army. His unappreciated work was done with the utmost skill and complete integrity. Gallatin was Secretary of the Treasury from 1801 to 1813. He established the system of annual appropriations for each department of the government and thereby reduced the public debt and the taxes. His greatest triumph was the treaty of Ghent, in which he showed himself the equal of the best European statesmen.

Gen. John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg and his brother, Frederic A. Muhlenberg, were leading members of the first Congress, the latter being Speaker of the House and being re-elected to Congress for three succeeding terms. As chairman of the committee of the whole on Jay's treaty in 1796 he cast the de-



WILLIAM M. HIESTER,
Secretary of Pennsylvania, 1858-61

ciding vote in a tie, supporting the treaty. Peter Muhlenberg was elected to the United States Senate in 1801. Other Pennsylvania-Germans in the same body have been Michael Leib, Richard Brodhead and the Camerons, the last having a Scotch name but a large heritage of German blood. Fifteen per cent. of the names of Congressmen, twenty per cent. of the names of State Senators, and twenty-five per cent. of those of State Representatives have been

of German origin. Many other legislators, like the Camerons, were more German than their names.

In executive and diplomatic offices Germans have been very profitable public servants. Our State treasury has been guarded by David Rittenhouse, Christian Febiger, Isaac Weaver and Eli Slier. The office of Secretary of the Commonwealth has been held by Francis R. Shunk, Jesse Miller and William M. Hiester. Hon. Henry A. Muhlenberg held the post of Minister to Austria from 1838 to 1840. In every branch of public service, calling for honorable and competent men, the Pennsylvania-German has been tried and found true. Corrupt practice in office has seldom been proven against him. Office-holding has come to him as a duty, not an achievement; a care, not a berth. Our German statesmen have been true to the traits of the ancient Teuton. They made the personal factor the chief factor in the State. Our English, Scotch and Irish statesmen would give us too much law and constitution, if German conservatism did not check them. On questions of economy, education and private rights the Germans have taken the lead, holding the balance of power and gaining their purpose. German political influence has been the keystone of the Keystone State since 1787. Other names are more prominent, but none deserve more honor, because the German has been the balance-wheel and the rudder of our public business.

The Pennsylvania-German as Governor

BY ULYSSES S. KOONS, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "A TALE OF THE KLOSTER."

IT is hardly within the scope of this article to consider the Colonial period, covering the time from the discovery of the Delaware to the grant of Pennsylvania to Penn; or the Provincial period, extending from Penn's grant in 1681 to the Revolution in 1776; or the Revolutionary period, which ended with the adoption of the State Constitution of 1790.

The early colonies: Dutch (1614-1654), Swedes (1638-1655), Dutch again (1655-1664), English (1664-1673), and once again the persistent Dutch (1673-1674), had respectively sought to establish themselves upon the Delaware; but, as has been very justly said: "These early colonies lasted too short a time to attain permanent growth or to permanently affect the later settlers of Pennsylvania.



SIMON SNYDER,
Governor of Pennsylvania, 1808-'17



JOHN ANDREW SCHULZE,
Governor of Pennsylvania, 1823-'29



JOSEPH HIESTER,
Governor of Pennsylvania, 1820-'23



GEORGE WOLF,
Governor of Pennsylvania, 1829-'35



JOSEPH RITNER,
Governor of Pennsylvania, 1835-39

The governors were not governors of Pennsylvania, but of colonies on soil that afterwards became Pennsylvania."

Nor are we concerned with the governors, deputies and representatives of the Provincial period and William Penn's difficulties with them. It is sufficient to say that among these officials there were no Germans.

But it is an interesting fact that during the thirteen years of the Revolutionary period the list of eight governors (or "presidents of the Supreme Executive Council," as was their official title), considering them chronologically: Thomas Wharton, Jr., George Bryan (acting president *vice* Wharton, deceased), Joseph Reed, William Moore, John Dickinson, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Mifflin, does not contain, as their names clearly indicate, a single representative either of Dutch or German blood. But when it is recalled that every one, without exception, of these eight presidents of the Supreme Executive Council was a Philadelphian, it is perhaps not so difficult to understand why those whom Franklin unwisely and unphilosophically designated as "Palatine boors" and whose rapidly growing numbers the Eng-

lish feared, were not represented in the Supreme Executive Council. Moreover, it is well known that during the Colonial period the German immigrants came into Pennsylvania under the protection of the English, at first by the encouragement of the Quakers and afterwards by the encouragement of the British government, and while it is not claimed that the Germans were ungenerously treated upon their arrival, it is nevertheless true that a comparatively small number settled either in Philadelphia or in the immediate vicinity. On the contrary, they were scattered far and wide thro'out the frontier districts, where they strove and struggled with might and main to establish, free from religious persecution and royal oppression, a home in this strange New World and incidentally bear the brunt and burden of the dangers and privations and sufferings that life on the frontier entailed, especially in those days. Whether or not, separated as they were from our decidedly English metropolis by distance and differences in tongue, customs, manners and traditions, the early German settlers had any inclination or aptitude for politics, is of little consequence, since it has been freely admitted by even their worst critics that the



FRANCIS B. SHUNK,
Governor of Pennsylvania, 1845-48



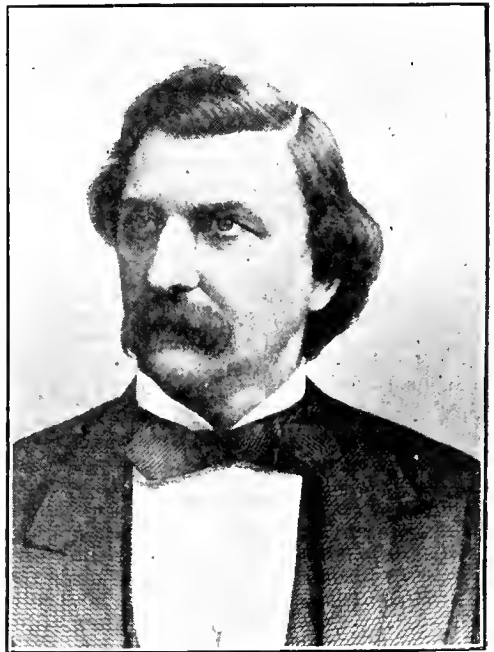
WILLIAM BIGLER,
Governor of Pennsylvania, 1852-'55

Pennsylvania-German has never wavered in his loyalty to the land of his adoption and has always been ready to do and dare for it. The undeniable fact is that in those days they had no time for politics merely for politics' sake. There were sterner, more exacting duties at hand; the making of a home for wives and children, the wresting of a livelihood from the wilderness. This first and imperative duty they performed like men, with true, unflinching Dutch vigor, perseverance and thrift. When this was attended to, as became their orderly, logical, evolutionary (not revolutionary) way of doing things, they proceeded to pay some attention to politics and commercial pursuits, and whatever criticisms, wise and otherwise, may be made of the Pennsylvania-Dutchman, it must be conceded that with all his alleged slowness and oft-heralded, so-called conservatism, he was heard from with no uncertain voice when, after the establishment of his home, he found time to go into politics; for with the adoption of the constitution of 1790 the tide turned most decisively, so that from that year to 1838, the expiration of the first constitution of this Commonwealth, we find that out of eight governors during that period five were of undoubted German parentage. These

five were Simon Snyder, who served from 1808 to 1817, three terms; Joseph Hiester, 1820-1823, one term; John Andrew Schulze, 1823-1829, two terms; George Wolf, 1829-1835, two terms, and Joseph Ritner, 1835-1839, one term.

In the period covered by the constitution of 1838 to the constitution of 1873 we were not so well represented, there being during that time eight governors, only two of whom, Francis Rahn Shunk (1845-1848) and William Bigler (1852-1855), were of Pennsylvania-German descent.

Since 1873, the year of the adoption of our third constitution, there have been, including the present incumbent, eight governors, three of whom, John Frederic Hartranft (1873-1879), James Adlams Beaver (1887-1891) and Samuel Whitaker Pennypacker (inaugurated in 1903), are properly enrolled among the number of Pennsylvania-Dutch governors. Out of the twenty-four governors, therefore, from 1790 to the present time, there have been ten Pennsylvania-



JOHN F. HARTRANFT,
Governor of Pennsylvania, 1873-'79

Dutchmen chosen to the Executive chair at Harrisburg, or 41 2-3 per cent. of the whole number—surely not a bad showing for a people who are not conceded to number more than about one third of the population of this Commonwealth and especially a people who, tho' properly admitted to be amongst the best farmers of the world, have never, according to the popular supposition, had any particular aptitude for politics.

But far better than pride or exultation over mere numbers is the fact that we are amply justified in holding in the highest esteem and veneration the memory of our Pennsylvania-Dutch governors. Not that there is any disposition to extol them above those of different race or origin, but Pennsylvania-Dutchmen may proudly boast that not one of their representatives in the Executive chair of this Commonwealth needs any apology. They were and are the peers of any and all others that ever sat there and, as Daniel Webster said of Massachusetts, they require no encomium. Among them are numbered the soldier, the lawgiver, the jurist, the scholar, and whether in war or in peace we find them steadfast, loyal and active in the preservation and up-building of this Commonwealth. They stand out as splendid types of all that is best in Germanic character and temperament. Their thrift and profound love of liberty, their conservatism, no longer ridiculed as mere obstinacy, made them safe, wise, judicious rulers, planning carefully and executing their plans resolutely to the end. They are all characterized by an intense and inexorable love of right, honest dealing and justice, for tho' many of their own people foolishly opposed them, Ritner and Wolf stood firm for our common-school system, and in our time our present governor's leading position, looking toward the establishment of much needed re-



JAMES A. BEAVER,
Governor of Pennsylvania, 1887-91

forms in our divorce-laws, is well known. And instead of condemnation he deserves the greatest praise for his unwavering courage and wisdom in effecting, tho' the yellow newspapers might foam and rage, the passage of a libel act to protect the people of this State against heedless, rampant journalism, in its tyrannical interpretation and outrageous abuse of the "freedom of the press."

Patriotism—incessant, untiring industry, stability, deep religious spirit without cant or vain display, an abiding love of home and the sacredness of the marital relation—all these are essentials for the preservation of a state, and all these, with other virtues, we can truthfully say, are fully exemplified by the Dutch governors of Pennsylvania.

For the past one hundred years a large proportion of the prominent men in our legislative halls have been of Pennsylvania-German

ancestry, while in every branch of our State government the impress of the same class of men has been remarkable—Dr. Egler

The Pennsylvania-German as Printer and Publisher

WHETHER we give the chief credit for inventing the world-transforming art of printing from movable types to Laurens Coster of Haarlem, to John Faust of Mayence, to Peter Schöffer or to Johann Gensfleisch of Guttenberg, it will still be a Dutchman or a German to whom the honor belongs. The descendants of the Dutch and Germans in Pennsylvania have not lagged behind in using and furthering the wonderful "black art" that is such a mighty power in the world to-day.

The first German printer and publisher in America was Christopher Saur, the elder, of Germantown, who in 1738 secured from the fatherland a printer's outfit of press and type and the same year began work, very appropriately it would seem, with an *A B C-Buch* and an almanac, which latter was issued annually for forty-nine years and was a regular text-book of valuable information. The next year he printed the *Zionitischer Weyrauch's Hügel*, a hymn-book of more than 800 pages, for the Ephrata Community. Four years later, in 1743, Saur published a quarto edition of the Bible in German, which was the first edition of the Holy Scriptures printed in America in a European tongue and preceded the first American English Bible by forty years. More than two hundred works issued from Saur's press from 1738 until 1758, a list of which, as well as of those published by his son and successor of like name, was given in *THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN* for April, 1901.

The second German press established in America was that of the Ephrata Community, already mentioned. From this was issued in 1748 the *Martyrer-Spiegel*, a work of about 1500 pages, translated by "Brother Jabez" from the Hollandish of Van Braught. A large number of smaller works, all of a religious character and including many hymnals, proceeded from the same busy printing-shop in pre-Revolutionary times.

The Pennsylvania-Germans printed the Bible three times and the New Testament seven times before it was printed by the English in this country. Before the Revolution they printed more books than New England and New York together. And they have kept on printing and publishing books ever since.

In the field of journalism also they have la-

bored early and late. The honor of printing the first German newspaper in America belongs to Benjamin Franklin, who in 1732 issued his *Philadelphische Zeitung*, a small four-page sheet in Latin type, which appeared fortnightly on Saturdays and proved a short-lived venture. But it was Samuel Keimer, most probably a German, who in 1728 started *The Universal Instructor in All Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette*, the first newspaper in Pennsylvania, which Franklin bought a year later and continued to publish as *The Pennsylvania Gazette* until 1765, when it passed into other hands and became *The Saturday Evening Post*. And it was Christopher Saur, by the way also the first type-founder in America, who published the first American German paper in German type, *Der Hoch-Deutsch Pennsylvanische Geschichtschreiber*, which flourished from 1739 until the Revolutionary War. His son, Christopher Saur, Jr., in 1764 began the publication of his *Geistliches Magazin*, the first religious periodical in America. *The Reading Adler*, established in 1796, still takes its weekly flight as the oldest German newspaper in the United States. *The Unabhängige Republikaner* of Allentown was born in 1810; the *Allentown Friedens-Bothe* followed in 1812. Both these papers are still published from week to week.

These were the beginnings, or some of them, of Pennsylvania-German periodical literature; to follow its development further would consume entirely too much time and space. We therefore refrain from every attempt to enumerate other journals or to name the men and women of our stock who are employed today upon the German and English newspapers of the State and country.

No more will we try to enumerate the book-publishers among the Pennsylvania-Germans since the days of the Saur's, or their leading works. Much valuable information along this line has been supplied to this magazine by the Rev. A. Stapleton, who has made the earlier bibliography of Pennsylvania a field of special and very successful research. We take great pleasure in offering under this subhead of our Symposium two contributions from his pen, which are particularly appropriate and will no doubt be found of special interest in this place. —Ed.

Early German Musical Publications in Pennsylvania

BY REV. A. STAPLETON, A.M., M.S., WRIGHTSVILLE, PA.

IN our opinion, the sons of the fatherland have for many centuries led the van in the musical world. The proof of this will instantly appear to any one who will make a list of the ten most

famous musical composers of a century or more ago. It will be found that fully half the number were Germans.

The music of the Germans has characteristics of its own. It is grand, stately

and deeply sympathetic, and appeals to the strongest instincts of the soul. The music of the Latin races, such as the French and Italian, may be more gay and lively, but it appeals to the passing fancy rather than to the deeper emotions of the soul; hence it is ephemeral in character, and comparatively few Latin composers have achieved permanent fame, while the grand old German masters are no less famous *now* than when they launched their immortal oratorios and symphonies upon an admiring world.

We hold that the great masters of melody and song, whose compositions have enabled mankind to anticipate, in a measure, the musical harmonies of the celestial state, should be accorded an honor just as exalted as those who have created epochs in other realms of human experience. Did Luther, Calvin, Zwingli and Knox open new avenues of spiritual expression?—no less did Handel (1685-1759), Bach (1685-1750), Haydn (1732-1803), Weber (1786-1826) and many others open new realms in the musical world, by which mankind is brought into closer touch with the infinitudes of the unseen world.

The dominant musical characteristics of the German race were early manifested in their descendants of the New World. No one who has read the valuable work of Dr. Julius F. Sachse, "The Music of the Ephrata Cloister,"* but will admit that the music of the Ephrata fraternity indicated the highest development of the art in America. This high-grade music of the Ephrata Cloister existed only in manuscript form and its singing was confined to the Brotherhood. In 1739 the Brotherhood had printed by Saur the famous *Weyrauchs Hucgel*, which was not only the first hymn-book but also the first publication in German type in America. In 1766 they printed on their own press the *Wunderspiel*. Both books are very large, but consist of text only.

In 1753 Saur printed for the Reformed people the "Lobwasser hymn-book,"* which book was used by that church in Europe. In this book and its subsequent editions the Psalms and some other hymns have the first stanzas set to music in soprano. In 1762 Saur printed the magnificent Schwenkfelder hymn-book, and in 1786 appeared the authorized Lutheran hymn-book, but in neither was there music. In 1797 appeared the first authorized Reformed hymn-book, which also contained the one-part music of the "Lobwasser book." The Reformed was the only hymn-book, to our knowledge, that contained music. Up to this point, so far as we know, German music, *distinctively American*, had not yet made its appearance.

When and where was the birthplace of German-American musical publications? We can not answer this question definitely, but hope the results of our researches, which we give herewith, may throw some light on the subject. We have in our possession quite a number of old note-books, several of them the only copies known to exist, which we think illustrate the evolution of German-American music and enable us to approximate the period of its birth. We will number the books that indicate successive steps of advancement in musical publication. All the musical note-books we have found are of the same type, namely, oblong in form, ten by six inches in size. This was the favorite style of musical note-books, both English and German, within our easy recollection.

In No. 1 we have a book of almost a hundred pages. The title-page and preface are unfortunately torn out, so that the date and place of publication are lost. The peculiarity of this book is that the text and staff, as well as the titles of the music, are printed, while the music is all written in hand. Let the reader consider what time, patience and skill would be necessary to get out an entire edition in this manner! The titles are

*Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society, Vol. XII, 1903.

*So called because it contained the metrical version of the Psalms made by Dr. Ambrose Lobwasser.—Ed.

printed in English and the tunes are modern, which stamps it as an early specimen of German-American musical publication.

No. 2 is even more peculiar. The entire work is printed from engraved plates, the size and shape of which are clearly indented on every page of the heavy plate-paper of the book.

The work contains an elementary department, two series of numbered plates and many unnumbered ones. It does not seem to have had a title-page, as the first page is blank and the second page is the first plate.

The work contains about 160 pages, some of which are blank. The tunes are not titled, and we believe them to be mostly original. The engraving was done by a master-hand.

No. 3 is the oldest dated German-American music-book known to us. The work contains ix and 109 pages, besides index. It was published in 1798 by Conrad Doll at Lancaster, Pa. The tunes derived their titles from the hymns. With this book the evolution of German-American music seems complete.

We now come to the German-American publishing house of Wyeth & Co., of Harrisburg, Pa., which led all others in musical publications.

In 1810 John Wyeth published for Joseph Doll a splendid music-book of the regulation form, having xi and 108 pages. It is wholly distinct from that of Conrad Doll. A second edition followed in 1814, and a third in 1821. In 1815 Joseph Doll issued Part Second of the original work, which contains some very beautiful music.

Wyeth was the printer and publisher of all these works. The firm was composed of John and William Wyeth, the latter of whom died in 1827. Younger members of the family continued the business for many years, anglicizing the name to White and Company.

The Wyeths seem to have been a musical family. In 1813 John Wyeth brought out his "Repository of Sacred Music," an English work of the regulation size, which passed thro' many editions. In 1821 he issued for Johannes Rothbaust the "Franklin Harmony," a book of over 150 pages, which was bilingual, that is, English and German. This shows the encroachment of the English language into German-American church-life. In 1830 the "Franklin Harmony" was brought out in a much improved edition, also bilingual, by Henry Ruby, of Chambersburg, Pa. In 1840, Francis Wyeth, of Harrisburg, published his bilingual "Pennsylvania Collection of Church Music." The only other book of the class we have described was the splendid *Choral-Buch*, published by Zentler, of Philadelphia, in 1813, under the auspices of the Lutheran churches of that city. It was wholly German and contained 160 pages. The music of all the "note-books" we have described is written in three parts, and is generally easy and pleasing.

With the introduction of the note-books, the character of both song and music in the German churches rapidly changed. The long hymns of from twenty to thirty verses were thrown out of the church hymn-books or were cut down in length. Many new hymns were introduced, arranged in meters now in vogue. In the "Franklin Harmony" of 1821 the tunes all have English names, and the meters are of the present order, while a great number of the standard tunes, which are still very popular among us, make their first bow to an English-German public. In the "Franklin Harmony" of 1830 are given as "an-thems": Clairmont, Denmark, Easter Anthem, New York and The Rose of Sharon.

We might adduce many additional points of interest in relation to this subject, which we may give in a subsequent article, so as not to encroach upon other matter knocking at the door of this number for admittance.

Gustav Sigismund Peters, Pioneer Stereotyper and Color-Printer

BY REV. A. STAPLETON, A.M., M.S.

THERE is all too little known of the life and work of Gustav Sigismund Peters, one of the early German printers of Carlisle and Harrisburg, Pa. Mr. Peters was born in 1793 near the city of Dresden, Germany, and died in Harrisburg, March 26, 1847.

Scarcely had he arrived at the age of manhood when he was called to the defense of the fatherland against the aggressions of the great Napoleon. He participated in many bloody conflicts and only left the service of his country upon the final overthrow of the French at Waterloo. Several years after this, Mr. Peters, at the earnest solicitation of an older brother, who was a prosperous brewer of Baltimore, came to America. Soon after his arrival he entered the employ of Samuel Sower, a grandson of the noted Christopher Sower (Saur), of Germantown, Pa. Mr. Sower was then proprietor of a type-foundry and printing-establishment in Baltimore.

Mr. Peters made the best possible use of his opportunities, and during his service with Mr. Sower, learned the printer's art in all its branches, including stereotyping, which was then in its infancy. After remaining with Mr. Sower a number of years, Mr. Peters in 1823 formed a partnership with John B. Moser, a German printer, of Carlisle, Pa., and the firm, under the name of Moser and Peters, began the business of printing and publishing on an extensive scale. Together they published *Der Pennsylvanische Anzeiger* (The Pennsylvania Advertiser). In 1824 appeared from the press of Moser and Peters the New Testament in heavy leather, 12mo., which is one of the earliest stereotyped books of the State. The work was done by Mr. Peters, who had but a small amount of type at his command. It is said that he was able to set up but a few pages at a time, which he then stereotyped, after which he used the same type over and over again. This process was



unserer
Herrn und Heilandes
JESU CHRISTI.

Nach der Deutschen Uebersetzung
von

D. Martin Luther,

Mit fünfzehn Tafeln eines jeden Epistels, vollständiger Anweisung
allerer Gebrauchsarten, und aller Sonn- und Festtagslektüre
Evangelien und Episteln.

Mit 12 Bildern decorirt.

Erste mit Stereotypen adreute Auflage.

Carlisle, Pa; 1824.

Verdruckt und zu haben bey Moser und Peters.

Title-Page of New Testament Stereotyped by Peters.

wonderful to old Dr. Todd, of Carlisle, who was ignorant of the new art. Said he: "That fool of a Dutchman expects to print the New Testament with a stocking-full of type." He was probably more surprised when the book made its appearance, "a thing of beauty," not even surpassed at the present day. In one year the Testament had passed thro' five, and in four years thro' nine editions.

In 1825 they also published a stereotyped edition of *Stark's Handbuch*, a splendid work. In 1827 the firm of Moser and Peters removed their establishment to Harrisburg, where they continued the publication of the *Anzeiger*, and greatly extended their book-busi-

ness. From the fact that Mr. Peters was the literary and executive end of the firm, it seems proper to speak of him in a distinctive manner.

Mr. Peters published a large number of books, some of which, including his *Anzeiger*, do not appear in Prof. Seidensticker's "First Century of German Printing in America," hence may be considered quite rare.

After their removal to Harrisburg, Moser and Peters did not long continue the publication of their *Anzeiger*, as the local field was well occupied by two older periodicals.

Besides the popular New Testament and *Stark's Handbuch* already noted, Moser and Peters published the following works, some of which passed thro' many editions: Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," 1828; the same, illustrated with plates made by Peters, 1832; Bunyan's "Holy War," 1837; Sermons by Rev. Lochman, 1828; *Kirchen-Ordnung*, 1827; *Kern des Christenthums*, two volumes in one, 1830; "Ready Reckoner," 1820; Smith's "Family Physician," 1826; Kunst's German-English Dictionary, "Heart of Man," 1820; Records of the Pennsylvania Legislature, 1827 and thereafter, besides many smaller works. All the above were of course in German. They also published some works in English.

It was held by the late distinguished Dr. W. H. Egle, who in his boyhood knew Mr. Peters well, that he was the first chromatic or color-printer in Pennsylvania, and one of the first in America. While this may be so, we are not prepared to substantiate the claim, but by giving some particulars those competent to judge may draw their own conclusions. We are not aware of ever seeing an example of chromatic printing dated prior to 1826. During this year Mr. Peters published his "Seven Ages of Man," after Shakespeare (in German), printed in colors, from plates which he himself prepared. Some of the marriage, baptismal and confirmation certificates of Peters, printed in colors, are still occasionally met with in old German homes of Central Pennsylvania. Some years ago we discovered a well preserved copy of "The Last Supper" in colors, by Peters, but unfortunately without date. The oldest dated example of Peters' color-prints in our collection is a baptismal certificate of 1827. In this connection it may be proper to say for the benefit of those not "posted," that the beautiful and highly colored pictures and certificates so highly prized by many old families, if produced prior to 1826, were printed in one color from a plate and then colored *by hand*.

The Pennsylvania-German in Literature

IN his Compendium of American Literature, first published almost fifty years ago, Prof. Charles D. Cleveland answered the assertion of the *Edinburg Review*, that the Americans have no native literature, as follows:

True, we have had as yet but little literature of our own. We have had a greater, higher, nobler work to do than to write books. We have had to found a great nation. A vast continent was before us to be subdued. The means whereby to live were first to be provided. Dwellings were to be built, schoolhouses and churches were to be erected; literary, scientific and religious educational institutions were to be founded. In short, instead of writing a great work, we were acting a still greater one. We were creating those very objects upon which the future historian, traveler, essayist, poet might employ his pen for the delight and instruction of other generations.

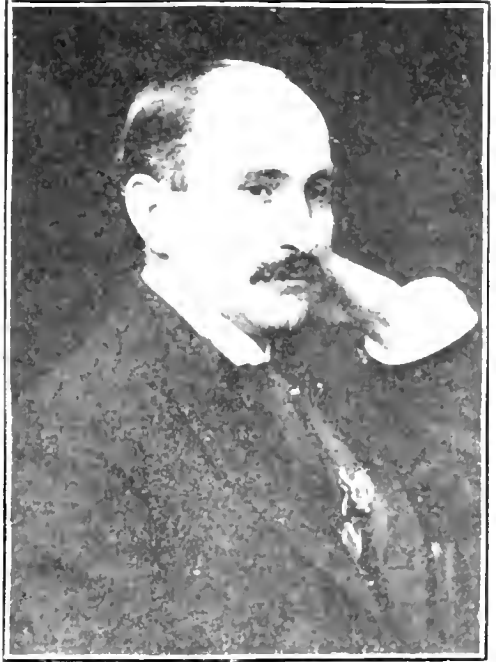
Substitute "a great commonwealth" for "a great nation" and "a vast territory" for "a vast continent," and all the words here quoted will apply just as truthfully to the German settlers of Pennsylvania as to the whole

American people. Engaged in the arduous task of hewing homes for themselves out of the wilderness, of breaking up the virgin soil, of establishing home industries to provide food, clothing and shelter; building churches for worship and beside them schoolhouses for elementary education; compelled, moreover, every now and then to fight off the stealthy and murderous savage from their scattered settlements—how could our pioneer ancestors find leisure for writing books? Even their preachers, many of whom had been educated in foreign universities, were so much occupied in visiting their widely sundered charges and attending to their immediate duties as pastors, that they had no time left for literary efforts, except such as duty and necessity required. Very naturally then we find the literature of Pennsylvania in those early days consisting mainly of letters, diaries and pamphlets, sometimes descriptive of the new country and its

people, but frequently also of a theological and controversial nature. It is significant, however, more perhaps in an educational than in a literary sense, that Francis Daniel Pastorius published a primer in 1698, fifteen years after his arrival in Penn's colony.

The Ephrata Kloster, like the monastic retreats of Europe in the Middle Ages, was a literary work-shop in the ante-Revolutionary period. There John Peter Muller ("Brother Jabez"), who became the head of the mystic brotherhood after the death of its founder, translated the history of the persecutions of the Anabaptists from the Hollandish tongue into the High German. It was the same indefatigable worker and skilled linguist who afterwards translated the Declaration of Independence into seven languages.

Nearly all the many books and pamphlets issued at Ephrata and by the Saur, father and son, at Germantown, were of a religious character, thus plainly showing the leading feature in the mental makeup of the German settlers. It was to be expected that theology would be well represented in the literature of their descendants, and such has been the fact. As said, the pioneer preachers were more active with the tongue than with the pen, but the names of Kunze, Morris, Schmucker, Seiss, Jacobs, Krauth, Weidner, among the Lutherans; Nevin, Gerhart, Schaff, Bausman, among the Reformed; de Schweinitz among the Moravians and Bishop Dubs, now of the United Evan-



LEE L. GRUMBINE.

(See full sketch in *The Pennsylvania-German*, October, 1904.)



REV. HENRY HARBAUGH, D.D.

(See full sketch in *The Pennsylvania-German*, April, 1904.)

gelical church, with many others that do not now occur to us, are well and favorably known. Dr. Schaff, a voluminous writer, was born in Switzerland and spent the latter part of his life in New York, but Pennsylvania-Germans certainly have some claim to him by reason of his long connection with the theological seminary at Mercersburg. Dr. Harbaugh also, best known as a Pennsylvania-German poet, made important contributions to theology and church-history. It must be remembered, moreover, that in our day the various church-periodicals absorb the literary productions of preachers to such an extent that fewer books are produced along this line than formerly.

The earliest scientific work produced not in Pennsylvania only, but in America, is said to be the "Four Treatises" by Father Pastorius already mentioned, who wrote fluently in seven or eight languages. David Rittenhouse, the famous astronomer and clockmaker, contributed a score or more of articles on optics, magnetism, electricity, mathematics and astronomy to the early volumes of the American Philosophical Society. Henry Ernest Muhlenberg, the theologian-botanist, wrote but two books, both small but of permanent value to students: a catalog of North American plants and a treatise on North American sedges and grasses. Prof. Gross, chiefly known as a teacher of anatomy, surgery and medicine,



COL. THOMAS C. ZIMMERMAN.
Journalist and Poet

enriched the literature of those sciences with a great many essays, memoirs and reviews, and his *System of Surgery* is a standard textbook. Haldeman wrote a multitude of essays on scientific subjects—astronomy, zoology, geology, chemistry, philology and archeology. The writings of Leidy, the great naturalist, comprise more than eight hundred titles, ranging from pamphlets to treatises of several volumes each, all on biological subjects. Dr. Pepper also was a prolific writer on subjects relating to medicine and surgery.

Of historians, political and ecclesiastical, we have quite an array. We again quote names at random, at the risk of overlooking many that are equally deserving of mention: Dr. Seidensticker, J. H. Dubbs, Oscar Kuhns, Lucy Forney Bittinger, Pennypacker, Sachse, Diffenderffer, Richards, Schmauk, Rosengarten, Schantz, Falkenstein, Brumbaugh, John W. Forney, Rupp, Mann, Weiser, Levering, Reichel, Schaeffer, Brobst, Trexler, etc. Others might be added who are well known to the readers of this magazine.

When we turn to the poets and hymn-writers the versatile Pastorius again heads the list. His polyglot verses may hardly deserve

to be called poems, but they show the many-sided talent of the man. John Kelpius, the "hermit of the Wissahickon," also wrote hymns in German and English. Many religious hymns, some quaintly interspersed with Latin and Greek phrases, were produced by the Moravian brethren, and the activity of the Ephrata brotherhood in this direction need only be alluded to. To the 917 hymns contained in the Schwenkfelder hymn-book of 1762 the members of this denomination in Pennsylvania contributed 123; the book itself, comprising almost 800 pages, was one of the most ambitious attempts in hymnology in the colony at that time.

A noted hymn-writer of the Lutheran Church was William A. Muhlenberg, best remembered as the author of "I would not live away."

Among our dialect-writers, who properly constitute a class by themselves, the foremost place is generally conceded to Dr. Harbaugh, whose poems, especially *Das alt Schulhaus an der Krick* and *Heemwech*, have probably found wider publicity than any others of their kind. Other successful laborers in this field are: Lee L. Grumbine, author of *Der Dangelstock*, cut off in the prime of his strength August 18, 1904; Henry L. Fisher (*'s alt Markhaus mites in der Stadt, Wie's als vor Alters war*); Thomas C. Zimmerman, the gifted editor of the *Reading Times*; Dr. Eli Keller (*'s Meha mit der deutsche Sens*); "Goethe von Berks," "Pit Schweffelbrenner," "John Schumacher," "der Alte vom Berg," the author of *Boonstiel*, and many more that might be enumerated.

In the field of fiction, which is the most attractive to the great majority of the reading public and calls for special faculties of a high order, Pennsylvania-German names are beginning to draw attention. But at this point we cheerfully stand aside and make room to one much better qualified by training and experience to discuss this particular phase of our general subject. We trust, however, that what we have said here in a desultory way will suffice to show that the Pennsylvania-German, even while conquering the wilderness, founding towns and industries to make a living for himself and his own, and while hampered more or less by the difference of language, has made and is making a mark in literature of which he need not be ashamed. —Ed.

Some Pennsylvania-German Story-Writers

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST," AUTHOR OF "JARVIS OF HARVARD," "THE THINGS THAT ARE CAESAR'S," "MISS FRANCES BAIRD, DETECTIVE," ETC.

EVER since, back from his day's fishing, the first cave-dwelling story-teller spun yarns of the ichthyosaurus that he didn't catch, the

critic, who can't fish at all, has been endeavoring to determine just what qualities go, in the last analysis, to the makeup of the essential story-teller. The re-

sulting list—as a product of the ages—is, not unnaturally, a long one, but for my part I believe that it is unnecessarily so, since, as I take it, the requisite virtues of the genus are but three in number: the ideal story-teller must have clarity of vision, simplicity of utterance and sincerity of purpose.

Great story-tellers there have been and will always be, with only one or two of these qualities. Boccaccio was faulty in the first, James and Meredith lack the second, and Hugo had neither of the last two. But the completed trio make the ideal writer of fiction as we find him in Scott at his best, Zola in his earlier manner, Howells, Hardy, Turgenieff and Thackeray—and without one or more of these three essentials no literary artist can be truly successful.

It is because these qualities are the birthright of the Pennsylvania-German—because they are in his good red blood; it is because they are essential characteristics distinguishing him from all other races in our somewhat multifarious civilization, that I look confidently to the Pennsylvania-German stock for the production of genuine artists in American literature.

I am not pre-empting these qualities for the writing of fiction alone. They are requisite, in varying quantities, to the artist in any department of literary endeavor, and by the same token I look for the Pennsylvania-German's success in all such departments. It is merely that, since my own work has chanced to fall rather in the field of fiction, I hesitate to speak *ex cathedra* of any other field. In like manner I shall not, in this brief space, seek to go into our immediate past or deal with authors of a less direct claim to Pennsylvania-German ancestry. Therefore, tho' W. D. Howells, the dean of our American novelists, has told me that he was at least part Pennsylvania-German,* and tho' I can easily trace that heritage thro'out his work, I

*In a letter received from Mr. Howells he says: "My grandmother Dean's maiden name was Dock, and she was of pure Pennsylvania-German stock, tho' whether primarily from the Palatinate or from Holland (as some of the family think) I do not know. She could not read English, but had her old Luther Bible. On my father's side I am, as my name shows, pure Welsh."—Ed.



Courtesy of Harper Brothers, N. Y.
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

shall here go less farther afield and content myself rather with four writers, of course of smaller attainment, but, in the nature of their case, better adapted to prove mine. I mean Helen Martin (*nee* Remensnyder), "George Shock," Elsie Singmaster and John Luther Long.

I have already said that none of these authors quite met my ideals concerning the correct presentment of the Pennsylvania-German as a character in fiction,* and from that position I do not now retreat; but I wish to be equally positive in the statement that their work—viewed not as a picture of men and manners, but solely as literary production—embodies, if indeed it does not entirely depend upon, one or more of the three qualities which I have above defined.

Mrs. Martin's writing possesses, in its better moods, an honest simplicity which is so altogether charming that one loses patience with those intervals, when—perhaps because of a false ideal of her task—the author lapses into its antithesis

*Speech at annual banquet of Pennsylvania German Society, Reading, Pa., 1905.

and covers the gaps of narrative with the most uncertain of philosophical or psychological bridges. Her sense of proportion is, I should say, absolute zero, but her humor, tho' femininely feline, is genuinely sane. Her endeavor, at such moments, is to amuse—in itself an aim sufficiently legitimate—and no unprejudiced reader may truthfully deny her its achievement. Precisely, then, because her flashes of simplicity are so favorably forcible and her darts of humor so exceptionally excellent, it becomes increasingly difficult to forgive her a blindness to natural background, an inability to draw living men and women, a shallow insincerity, a distortion of the real without its correlative rise into romance and a curious lack of passion which, everywhere evident, either negatively chills or positively repels. I have sometimes felt that these faults were temperamental; I am certain that they are not racial.

On the other hand, of faults temperamental I can in "George Shock" discern none at all. She believes in emotion and consequently sees life in the terms of its true values. It is this which, in its fullest realization, makes for her admirable quality of aloofness and, by the same token, generates that toleration which robs her humor of all unkindness and gives even her pathos some faint foreshadowing of a smile. In a word, she rings true: it is the artistic sincerity of purpose which, above all else, convinces and compels. Here and there, I have heard, she fails in truth to this or that detail of life, but of life as a whole, as a scheme of things, she has, as I have said, so clear a vision that fundamental infidelity is impossible. The clarity of her vision is therefore undeniable, and when she errs it is rather in the sometimes unconsciously strained simplicity of her utterance—the least difficult of all faults, because, after all, a fault not so much of temperament as of experience.

In her emotional outlook, Miss Singmaster has not a little in common with "George Shock." George Santayana has said that to portray passion is admirable and to betray it despicable. By the same course of reasoning, it has always seemed to me that an author may or may

not experience passion and in no wise affect his work, but that the moment he loses faith in passion as the great determining force of life, that moment he loses hold upon his art. Miss Singmaster has never yet lost that faith. Thro'out her work she exhibits a splendid trust in passion and consequently in man. The result with her also is a humor that is kindly and a delicate sense of proportion, quite equal to "George Shock" and far superior to Mrs. Martin. Sincere of purpose, simple of utterance and clear of vision, she needs only a view somewhat enlarged—such a view as not so much seeing as feeling life can adequately accomplish.

There remains from the little list which I have drawn only one figure more for present consideration: John Luther Long. I have said that Mr. Long failed in interpretation of the Pennsylvania-German character, but I have also said that I meant here to discuss the broader aspects of the authors upon whose work I chanced to touch, and I should, therefore, begin this consideration of Mr. Long's writing with a word about what seems to me to be his most serious fault: his lack of sincerity. I confess freely that this lack in his writing personally annoys me. Mr. Long is an artist. Were it not for this one fault he would soon be almost a great artist. And I find it well nigh impossible to forgive a failing which alone bars the way to greatness. With a thousand virtues, this simple lack of sincerity militates against honesty of vision and drives the man whom it possesses to all those excesses of false coloring and sentimentality which are, more and more, obsessing his complete work.

And yet, I repeat, Mr. Long is, fundamentally, an artist—above all, an artist at his best in simplicity. Now and again there are in his pages effects produced by sheer simplicity which are nothing short of masterly. His humor is kindly, but vital—which, indeed most other sorts of humor are not. Simple and tender, his fine-spun delicacy of sentiment glimmers like those dew-spangled cobwebs of the dawn that dot the summer-morning grass by an old Pennsylvania-German

garden-side. His tact in the manipulation of words—now a shining circle about your head and again a sudden sharp rapier-thrust to your heart—is supremely his own.

More than of mere promise is, then, the outlook for the Pennsylvania-German in the art of fiction. The achievement is, I repeat, bred in the bone. The Pennsylvania-German is nothing if not direct: induce a Pennsylvania-German farmer to tell you some tragedy of his daily life, and you will think you are listening to one of the Norman tales of de Maupassant—there you will find his clarity of vision. Draw him on to sketch his own life to you, and for simplicity of utterance you might be reading Tolstoi's

"Master and Man." Go further and, should you be fortunate enough to lead him to open his reticent soul, then—in this descendant of the men who fought Tilly at Heidelberg in 1622, or were trampled beneath the cavalry of Bernard of Weimar after the defeat at Nordlingen in 1634—you will find still aglow that sincerity of purpose which sent his fathers on a pestilential passage overseas and gave them the strength to make the wilderness blossom. Clarity of vision, simplicity of utterance and sincerity of purpose—add to these his native humor, his native sense of proportion and his Teutonic heritage of imagination, and you will see why the Pennsylvania-German possesses the material for artistic fulfilment.

Education Among the Pennsylvania-Germans

BY THE EDITOR.

WE had hoped to be able to give our readers an article on this topic by our esteemed Superintendent of Public Instruction, Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, but press of work prevented the worthy educator from answering favorably to our final appeal for a contribution. It has seemed fitting to substitute words from the pen of an earlier State Superintendent who has been termed the best judge of educational matters of the State, James Pyle Wickersham. Having been of English descent and thoro'ly equipped to pass judgment in the case, his words are reliable and can not be viewed as coming from a partisan.

In his *History of Education in Pennsylvania* Mr. Wickersham gives a brief account of the organization and efforts of the "Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge among the Germans in America" and continues thus:

The plan of educating the Germans in Pennsylvania, of which some account has now been given, however well meant, was not entirely acceptable to any class of the people it was intended to benefit, and not at all to the plain sects of Mennonites, Dunkers, Amish and others. The Germans were sincerely attached to the language and the ways of the fatherland and did not want to be disturbed in their use. In some places schools of their own had been established, and they strenuously objected to

having them broken up by what they considered a foreign importation. Some of them felt able to educate their own children and were independent enough to decline the prof-



REV. MICHAEL SCHLATTER
1780. Full sketch in *The Pennsylvania German*,
October, 1900.

ferred charity. Besides, not a few among them thought they saw a political, if not sectarian, motive at the bottom of the movement.

The introductory paragraph to his chapter on Private Education in Early Days contains these words:

When they (the Germans) came in bodies, they were usually accompanied by a clergyman or a schoolmaster or both. They were not highly educated as a class, but among them were some good scholars, and few could be found who were not able to read. The impression has prevailed that they were grossly ignorant; it is unjust; those who make the charge either do not take the pains to understand, or wish to misrepresent them. Their average intelligence compares favorably with that of contemporary American colonists of other nationalities. If they did not keep pace with others in subsequent years, their backwardness is easily accounted for by their living for the most part on farms, frequently separated by many miles, and extending over large sections of the country; their division into many religious denominations, among which there was little unity; their inability, scattered and broken as they were, to support ministers and schoolmasters, or even to secure the advantages of an organized community; their use of a language which in a measure isolated them from the neighboring settlers and shut them out from the social, political and business currents that gave life to the communities around them; their unacquaintance with the proper forms of local self-government and the habit brought with them of looking for help, in all public concerns, to some outside or higher authority; above all, perhaps, their quiet, confiding disposition, quiet in comparison with the ways of some of the more aggressive, self-asserting classes of people with whom they were brought in competition.

We gather the following from subsequent pages of the work: . . .

It is only just to say that to all that has gone to build up Pennsylvania, to enlarge her wealth, to develop her resources, to increase her good government, from the first, the German element has contributed a full share. Better citizens can not be found in any nation on the face of the globe. The outline that is to follow of what was done for education by the different churches in the early days will go far to prove them worthy of the words of commendation thus freely accorded them. . . .

One who has carefully examined all the old records relating to the subject, Rev. Dr. Schmucker, says, stating of the Lutheran congregations what is equally true of the Reformed: "Each congregation formed in Pennsylvania established a congregational school alongside of the church, at the earliest possible period after its formation. This is a rule so absolute as scarcely to have an excep-



PROF. CHARLES RUDY,

Founder of the Association Internationale des Professeurs in Paris

(See full sketch in *The Pennsylvania-German*, Jan., 1903)

tion. Even before a pastor could be obtained a school was built, and the schoolmaster conducted Sunday-service and read a sermon." . . .

From the coming of Muhlenberg and Schlatter to the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, the German population increased with great rapidity, spreading out into all of what are now known as the original German counties, and everywhere making themselves prosperous by industry and economy. As the old congregations grew stronger and new ones were formed, churches and schoolhouses were erected in large numbers, and the work of education, outside of that directed by Schlatter, began to look promising; and when, in 1763, the scheme of charitable schools came to an end and the schools that had depended upon foreign contributions were thrown back upon the churches to which they belonged for support, it was happily found that the burden was no longer too great to be borne. . . .

It is only just to add that all that has been said is but a fragment of the whole story. The period now under consideration extends more than a hundred years from the first German settlements. In that time Reformed and Lutheran Germans had come to form the bulk of the population in one third of all the counties in the State and had planted themselves in large numbers in many of the fairest parts of

other sections. Wherever they found homes they built churches, and wherever they built churches they established schools. If they failed in either, it was on account of circumstances beyond their control. The scattered facts recited above, therefore, are simply examples of the more numerous facts of like nature that remain ungathered. The hope is entertained, however, that they will be sufficient to make known the deep interest in education felt by a people whose history has been either badly learned or greatly misunderstood.

The Moravian Brethren, both in the Old World and the New, have been greatly distinguished for their efforts in behalf of education. From the founding of the church by the followers of the Bohemian reformer, John Huss, in 1547 down to the present day no other religious organization, in proportion to membership, has done so much either to provide a good education for its own children or to plant schools among the heathen in different quarters of the globe. . . . Throughout their whole history, the Moravians have been distinguished for their labors in the missionary field, and it is a fact worthy of note that the brethren selected for this service have generally been teachers as well as preachers, and seem to have relied in their good work quite as much upon the school as upon the church.

But, notwithstanding there were highly educated men among the founders and earlier members of the plain German denominations



PROF. MARTIN G. BRUMBAUGH,
University of Pennsylvania

here spoken of, the fact remains that as denominations those who settled in Pennsylvania have been characterized by their opposition to higher education — in some cases by determined and bitter opposition. This opposition never extended to elementary education; few grown persons could be found among them at any time who could not read and the men of every period, almost without exception, if not the women, could write and keep accounts.

After giving reasons for opposing higher education, the author continues:

Let it be admitted that in all this these simple-hearted Christians mistook the abuse of learning for its use; but he who will take the pains to understand their history and their faith will cease to wonder at the position they assumed, much less will he blame them for it.

It was Governor George Wolf, a Pennsylvania-German, who said in 1831:

Of the various projects which present themselves as tending to contribute most essentially to the welfare and happiness of a people, and which come within the scope of legislative action and require legislative aid, there is none which gives more ample promise of success, than that of a liberal and enlightened system of education by means of which the light of knowledge will be diffused



HON. HENRY BOUCK,
Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction.

throughout the whole community and imparted to every individual susceptible of partaking of its blessings, to the poor as well as to the rich, so that all may be fitted to participate in and to fulfill all the duties which each one owes to himself, to his God and to his country. The Constitution of Pennsylvania imperatively enjoins the establishment of such a system. The state of public morals calls for it; and the security and stability of the invaluable privileges which we have inherited from our ancestors, requires our immediate attention to it.

A severe storm broke out against the free-school system, but in the face of this Governor Wolf said in his message of 1834:

That the system of education for which the act in question provides is decidedly preferable in every conceivable point of view to that now in operation, no man who will give himself the trouble to draw a faithful comparison between the two, can for a moment hesitate about or doubt. If the act now under consideration goes into operation, the odious distinction between rich and poor, wealth and indigence, which has hitherto precluded the children of many indigent though honest and respectable parents from a participation in the advantages of education under the present system, will be exploded; and the poor man's child will be placed on an equality with that

of his wealthier neighbor, both in the school-room and when indulging in their necessary recreations.

Time and space do not permit us to discuss the work of Pennsylvania-Germans in the field of education to-day: the normal schools, the colleges, the private secondary schools; the steady stream of young men and women who go to our leading colleges and universities, not infrequently to capture tokens of distinction; the hosts of "Dutchmen" who have risen to positions of honor, influence and responsibility within and beyond the limits of our State. Even the New England Yankeedom has been invaded by the ubiquitous German and has profited by the invasion. We hope some day to have the pleasure of presenting to our readers a symposium on "The Pennsylvania-German in the Field of Education" and to show that good has come out of Pennsylvania-Germandom along this line, notwithstanding Franklin's cruel characterization of our ancestors as "Palatine boors, the most stupid of their race."

Religious Life of the Pennsylvania-Germans

Religious thought and feeling has ever been a predominant trait of German character. Our immigrant ancestors were men and women of strong religious convictions, and with a great many of them the hope of living and worshipping according to these convictions unmolested was the most powerful motive for coming to Pennsylvania. Their descendants of to-day have inherited a full measure of this worthy and ennobling trait.

We take pleasure in offering our readers two papers describing the religious life of the Pennsylvania-Germans, both prepared by well known authorities on State and church history. The first is more distinctly historical and largely confined to the Colonial period, of which the author has made a special study; the second presents a more general view of the subject and bears more immediate relation to the church-life of our people at present.—Ed.

The Pennsylvania-German as Churchman

BY LUCY FORNEY BITTINGER,

AUTHOR OF "GERMAN RELIGIOUS LIFE IN COLONIAL TIMES," "MEMORIALS OF J. B. BITTINGER, D.D.," ETC.

IT is peculiarly appropriate to speak of the Pennsylvania-German in his religious relations, for this was the strongest factor in his mental development, the strongest motive in beginning the great German immigration of the Colonial period, which brought to our shores more Germans than members of any other continental nation.

The fact that the persecuted "sects"—so called in distinction from the tolerated "churches," the Lutheran, Reformed and Catholic—sent the earliest immigrants, for two generations after the founding of Germantown gave a predominantly sectarian character to the colony, and the movement was noted by Muhlenberg in the *Halle'sche Nachrichten*. And the



AUGUST G. SPANGENBERG,
Moravian Missionary and Bishop, 1704-92

sects—the Mennonites, Dunkers, Schwenkfelders, the small communities like those of the Labadists in Maryland and the "*Weib in der Wueste*" on the Wissahickon, as well as the hermits and isolated mystics who were so numerous in Colonial times—have an honorable and interesting history.

From the Mennonites proceeded, as early as 1688, that first protest of any religious body against slavery, whose simple and searching words still stir our hearts. From among them too, arose the first American writer on education, Christopher Dock, "the pious school-master of Skippack," closing a long and useful life when he was found dead on his knees in his school-house. The Dunkers show us the two Christopher Saur, father and son, two very interesting and useful men, founders of the German press in the United States and instructors of its Teutonic population down to the time of the Revolutionary War, when ruin engulfed the press of the younger Saur. And that fanatical monastic offshoot of the Dunkers, the famous Ephrata Kloster, with its spiritual tyrant,

Beissel, his opponents and victims, the Eckerlin brothers, his meek and learned successor, Peter Miller—what other colony or people can show such a page? Time would fail us to tell the sweet and simple story of the Schwenkfelders, their sufferings in Silesia, their exodus across the sea and their pastoral lives in Pennsylvania.

When, in that distracted decade of 1740-'50, the "church people" began to arrive in such numbers that they craved organization, there came also the Moravians and the forerunners of the Methodist movement, which was introduced into America largely under German auspices. The Lutherans and Reformed were equally represented as to numbers in the early immigration; but the genius and perseverance of the Lutheran patriarch Muhlenberg gave his church an advantage over that led by the gifted but somewhat mercurial Schlatter, who was not behind his fellow-laborer in evangelizing or organizing work, but, discouraged by dissensions, relinquished it, so that many Reformed churches of his planting were absorbed in the Presbyterian body. During this same period the Catholics sent their first German-speaking Jesuits to minister to the Teutonic members of their communion.

The home-missionary labors of the Moravians were causes of dissension, hatred and misrepresentation even beyond that which attended their endeavors to convert the Indians by foreign missions. Count Zinzendorf, a nobleman as impractical as he was pious and devoted, inflicted upon the Brethren's Unity a blow almost fatal to their outward growth and development, when he insisted that the system of "tropes," which was feasible in the religious and political conditions of Europe, should be transplanted to our shores. The labors of Whitefield, as well as those of his successors, the Methodists, were at first often disturbing and divisive.

The next epoch in German-American religious history which followed this period of organization, was that of the Revolutionary War, which was as far-reaching in its ecclesiastical as in its po-



DR. HENRY MELCHIOR MÜHLENBERG
(See full sketch in *The Pennsylvania-German*,
July, 1900)

litical results. The effect of the separation from England was almost wholly good, at least after the critical period of readjustment was past. The various governing bodies in Europe—such as the “fathers in Holland” of the Reformed church, those of Halle among the Lutherans, the Moravian elders at Herrnhut—had with the best intentions become a hindrance rather than a help to the youthful American churches. Tho’ at first the separation from the stream of European culture showed its natural effects in a lower intellectual standard among the clergy and an exaltation of petty differences among the laity, yet, when the youthful nation found its feet, its tottering infantile gait became

the vigorous and steady stride of young manhood.

Those later years of the Colonial era and the opening years of the nineteenth century showed, under the influence of an exaggerated insistence on indifferent matters, the rise among the Germans of several new denominations. Such were the United Brethren in Christ, founded under the influence of Asbury by a number of German Reformed ministers led by the zealous and devoted Otterbein. Similar to this is the founding and history of the sect which calls itself “the Church of God,” but is often known as Winebrennerian, after its leader, a pious clergyman of the Reformed church, John Winebrenner. More closely connected with Methodism is the Evangelical Association, the work of Boehm and Albrecht. Earlier than this the Mennonite body had given rise to two sects: the Reformed Mennonites, led by Herr, and the “River Brethren,” who derive their quaint name from the fact that most of them live near the Susquehanna, which is pre-eminently “the river” in the speech of Eastern Pennsylvania.

These divisions arose, as had most of the older denominations brought hither from Germany, from the thirst of pious souls for “a closer walk with God,” “a purer light to mark the road” which might lead them to the Lamb. And under all the pettiness, the narrowness, the ignorance and schism which divided and marred the body of Christ, we must give the Pennsylvania-Germans honor for what is undoubtedly their strongest and noblest characteristic—that for which multitudes of men have faced imprisonment, spoiling of goods, exile, torture and death—liberty of conscience and freedom to worship God according to its dictates.

German Church-Life in Pennsylvania

BY JOSEPH HENRY DUBBS, D.D., LL.D., LANCASTER, PA.

THE Quaker historian, Robert Proud, remarked in his “History of Pennsylvania”—written before the Revolution—that “there is a greater number of religious societies in

this province than in any other thro’out the British dominions; but,” he added, “it is apprehended there is not more real harmony anywhere known in this respect, even under the most despotic hier-

archies, than in Pennsylvania." Similar remarks might very properly be made at the present day. It might almost be observed of Pennsylvania, as was once playfully said of Rhode Island, that "if any one in all the world had lost his religion, he might be almost certain of finding it there." It has been estimated that in Lancaster county alone there are upwards of thirty separate religious organizations, of which the majority are of German origin. To a foreign visitor this might seem to indicate a state of utter confusion; and it would be difficult to convince him of the fact that all these denominations live together in peace, and that there is probably no place in America where there is less violent religious controversy.

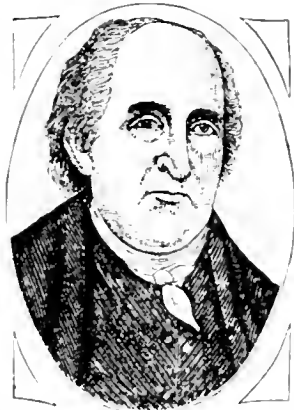
On closer investigation the observer would, however, be convinced that the differences between the denominations are often more apparent than real, and that most of them have reached their present position by genuine historic development. Traditional customs and observances have a tendency to maintain the integrity of societies whose origin is now almost forgotten. In most instances these peculiarities were brought from the fatherland at the time of the earliest settlement, and the present generation can hardly be held responsible for their existence.

It is well known that as early as the days of the Reformation it was usual to distinguish between two main classes of Protestants, who were respectively known as *Kirchenleute* and *Sektenleute*, that is, church-people and sect-people. In the use of these terms there was nothing invidious, tho' the people themselves were often greatly at variance. The church-people were those whose confessions were recognized by the government and who accordingly came to be known as state-churches; the sect-people were those who belonged to the minor bodies, whose confessions were not thus recognized. Some of the latter were among the earliest settlers of Pennsylvania, and in Lancaster county their descendants probably still constitute the majority of the German population. Tho'

they are now divided into many separate organizations, they generally cultivate the graces of honesty and humility, and for their moral excellence are very highly esteemed. Their religious services are simple and devout, and they cling with great tenacity to the methods of their fathers. Some of them wear a distinctive garb, but this peculiarity is by no means universal. In the brief space assigned us we have no room to speak at length of their religious and social life; but it contains many elements which are worthy of study and admiration.

The term "church-people" has been usually applied, not only to the Lutheran and Reformed, who are directly derived from the state-churches of the fatherland, but also to the more recent denominations, whose most prominent founders were originally connected with one or the other of these bodies. Considered in this broad and comprehensive sense they constitute, of course, the great majority of the German people of Pennsylvania.

To consider the theological distinctions of our German churches is not our present purpose; but the fact that they have produced a large number of eminent theologians will not be called into question. It is not necessary to enumerate the names of the men who, more than half a century ago, fully held their own in controversy with the professors of New England. Perhaps this is due to



REV. PHILIP WILLIAM OTTERBEIN,
Founder of the United Brethren in Christ

the fact that a large proportion of the earliest German ministers in this country were educated men. Dr. Schaff once made a list of upwards of sixty early ministers of the Reformed and Lutheran churches who had been trained in German universities, but he did not get them all. The natural result has been that the people have a traditional respect for education, and are never quite satisfied unless they believe their pastors to be educated men. They may have been slow in the establishment of important literary institutions, but now have many colleges and other schools of advanced grade, and have recently manifested great liberality in their endowment. It may be true that on this ground the preaching in their churches has a tendency to be intellectual rather than emotional.

The oldest German settlements have always been noted for the size and beauty of their churches. The earliest type of building was brought from the fatherland, and in its day was regarded as dignified and imposing. Many of our readers will remember the old square churches, with their lofty galleries and high "wine-glass" pulpits. An organ was a necessity, and without a good one the structure was not regarded as complete. Tho' most of these ancient edifices have passed away, their place is supplied by modern churches, which are as convenient and beautiful as the congregations have been able to make them. In this respect, at least, the people have not been parsimonious.

It has often been observed that in such communities the church continues to be the center of religious and social life. Tho' in many respects they fall short of their ideal, they feel profound respect for the place of worship. They would never agree to use the church for ordinary business-meetings or secular elections, as has been usual in certain other portions of our country. There is still much of the ancient patriarchal relation between pastors and people. The congregations are numerous, and it is believed that the proportion of communicants to the general community is unusually



DR. CHESTER D. HARTRANFT,
Ex-President of Hartford Theological Seminary

large. In a general way it may be said that one of the characteristics of German religious life in Pennsylvania is profound reverence for the house of God.

Before the Germans can become enthusiastic for any interest of general benevolence, they must be convinced of its excellence and necessity. When this is done they are ready to make all possible sacrifices in its behalf. In this respect there have been great advances; but it has been observed that their sympathies are most readily excited by whatever concerns the alleviation of human want and woe. Orphans' homes have been founded and supported with exceptional liberality. A great national calamity, like the recent earthquake at San Francisco, is sure to call forth a stream of responsive benevolence, fully equal in volume to that which appears in other portions of our country.

More than fifty years ago Dr. John W. Nevin called the State of Pennsylvania a sleeping giant. He meant, of course, that the State possessed gigantic re-

sources, but that much of its strength had never been properly developed. Since that time there have been great changes, but the figure has lost but little of its appropriateness, especially when applied to our German churches. With all their diversity they possess a common life which might prove a blessing if it were diffused thro' all the land. They pos-

sess mighty resources of which, as a whole, they seem to be hardly conscious. If co-operation were possible, the results would be marvelous. We think we see signs of a better day, and hope our German churches and communities may soon be awakened to a full sense of their unusual privileges and duty.

The Pennsylvania-German as Champion of Religious Liberty

BY H. W. KRIEBEL, EAST GREENVILLE, PA.

ONE of the greatest blessings of liberty in the United States is hinted at in Bryce's American Commonwealth, where he says:

Half the wars of Europe, half the internal troubles that have vexed European states, from the Monophysite controversies in the Roman empire of the fifth century down to the *Kulturkampf* in the German empire of the nineteenth, have arisen from theological differences or from the rival claims of church and state.

It will be the object of this paper to show, in bare outline and by quotations where possible, that without disparagement to any other class of citizens it can be maintained successfully that the Pennsylvania-Germans have from their earliest settlement in the colony rendered essential and material aid in the establishment, maintenance and popularization of this invaluable spirit of religious liberty promulgated by William Penn in 1682 and embodied in our State constitutions ever since.

Religious freedom is affirmed and guaranteed by Section 3 of the Declaration of Rights of the present Constitution of Pennsylvania in these words:

All men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences; no man can of right be compelled to attend, erect or support any place of worship or to maintain any ministry against his consent; no human authority can, in any case whatever, control or interfere with the rights of conscience, and no preference shall ever be given by law to any religious establishments or modes of worship.

These words are but an elaboration of the thirty-fifth of the forty laws signed

by William Penn in England, May 5, 1682, which reads as follows:

All persons who confess and acknowledge the one Almighty and Eternal God to be the creator, upholder and ruler of the world and that hold themselves obliged in conscience to live peaceably and justly in civil society, shall in no wise be molested or prejudiced for their religious persuasion or practices in matters of faith and worship, nor shall they be compelled at any time to frequent or maintain any religious worship, place or ministry whatever.

The cause of the migration of the Germans to Pennsylvania was in the majority of cases a religious one, more or less clearly defined—a search for liberty. Most of the immigrant Germans of whatever "sect" or church were advocates of freedom of religion. Some represented faiths that for generations had stood for a complete separation of church and state; others had been made to hunger and thirst for liberty of conscience by the Pietistic school of Halle; all had been taught by inference from the treaty of Westphalia, as well as by the cruel barbarities and enormities of the Thirty Years' War terminated by this treaty, that men's convictions can not be changed by physical means or force of arms or legal enactment. They had learned to love and practice kindness and moderation to opponents and thus came prepared to appreciate, welcome, defend and exemplify true religious liberty. Nor was their choice of Pennsylvania a matter of chance or an accident. They had had ample opportunity to know of William Penn and his views, the principles of his

government, and thus came as those well informed, not as the ignorant or as mere adventurers. How much their mere coming to Pennsylvania meant for the State and nation, I will not speculate on.

The Germans in Pennsylvania practiced what they stood for. They believed in, taught and lived true religious liberty—"not as an expediency or concession, but as a principle and right." They never persecuted; they respected those who differed from them. Without at all claiming exclusive credit for them, it can safely be said that they helped to foster a state and church life that merits these just words by Charles J. Stillé:

Here no men or women were ever burned because they were heretics, or expelled from our territory because they were schismatics. We never punished any one on account of speculative opinions, or because he did not conform to the rites and usages of any form of religion. We had no established church here whose clergy was supported by general taxation. In every period of our history we permitted the celebration of any form of Christianity, even that of the Roman Catholics, for it is said by Hildreth, the historian, that the Catholic church of St. Joseph in this city (Philadelphia) was the only place in the original thirteen states where the mass was permitted to be publicly celebrated prior to the Revolution.

The failure of Zinzendorf's "Congregation of God in the Spirit" and of the "charity-schools" a few years later can, in part at least, be attributed to the love of liberty of the Germans and their unwillingness to surrender their privileges.

The industry, frugality, stability and conservatism of the Germans helped to make Pennsylvania as a colony a power and thus aided in the cause of liberty. Situated geographically between the Quakers and the Scotch-Irish, they held the balance of power in the colony and thro' their peculiar situation in great measure made the Declaration of Independence a possibility at a critical stage. In the words of M. A. Foltz:

More than one impartial historian asserts that had it not been for the Pennsylvania-German the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776, would not have thrilled the world. Congress could not proclaim the independence of the colonies, because Pennsylvania and Delaware were opposed to separation from England early in 1776. Pennsylvania came to the

rescue. Her German settlers had been deprived of representation in the Assembly and many were without the right to vote, because of the limited franchise under the charter of 1701. A meeting of representatives of counties was called in Philadelphia to form a new management. The Germans were given the right to vote and to send their people to that convention, and the convention authorized Pennsylvania's members of Congress to vote for independence. A majority of them did so and July 4 was made possible by German influence. The English members of the Assembly were divided; the Scotch-Irish were for independence, but not strong enough to have a deciding vote, and the German votes, the first they had cast, determined the issue in favor of the independent nation we now proudly call our own.

To speculate on what Pennsylvania would have been with respect to true religious liberty without the Germans, would be idle and probably lead to unsatisfactory conclusions. Whatever may be said of them, they can not be held accountable for the wide departure from the theories of Penn himself, as shown in the laws and practice of the colony. Others occupied the seats of power and authority. Nor must we forget the power of the home government. In the words of Stillé:

Such was the authority of the Privy Council and so completely was the necessity of conforming to it felt by the Provincials, that the representatives of the same people who had passed in 1701 the law of liberty of conscience did not hesitate in 1705 to require by law religious tests for all intending office-holders as strict as those existing in any of the colonies or in England herself. In this way it happened that the legal guarantee provided for the firm establishment of the two great principles which underlay his ideal system of government—the right of trial by jury as provided by Magna Charta and religious toleration—were swept away and destroyed.

A comparison of the life in Pennsylvania with that in other states will be interesting, instructive and make manifest the advanced, almost prophetic position held by the despised Germans. In the words of Bryce in his *American Commonwealth*:

In early days the states were very far from being neutral. Those of New England, except Rhode Island, began with a sort of Puritanic theocracy and excluded from some civil rights persons who stood outside the religious community. Congregationalism was the ruling faith and Roman-Catholics, Quakers and

Baptists were treated with great severity. The early constitutions of several states recognized what was virtually a state-church, requiring each locality to provide for and support the public worship of God. It was not till 1818 that Connecticut placed all religions on a level. In Massachusetts religious equality was first fully recognized by constitutional amendment in 1838. In Virginia, North and South Carolina and Maryland Episcopacy was the established form of religion till the Revolution. In New York the Dutch Reformed and afterwards the Anglican church had in colonial days enjoyed a measure of state favor. Even Rhode Island and New Jersey did not enjoy a full measure of religious freedom.

Dr. Philip Schaff has said:

Nor is our own America free from the reproach of persecution. The first English settlers fled from persecution in their native land, and sought freedom of worship for themselves, but for themselves only. . . . There was a time when dissenters were fined, imprisoned, exiled and even hanged for religious opinions, to the extent of the power of the civil authorities of our free country, even in the enlightened state of Massachusetts, and such persecution was justified on the basis of the union of church and state.

During the Revolutionary War, itself the great struggle for civil and religious liberty, the Germans played an important part. To discuss the political, economical and social significance of the German element is not germane to our present object, but we can not forbear quoting these words of the late Rev. George C. Heckman:

The Germans have especially suffered in not having just recognition in the origin and growth, the social and religious history of American civilization. Yet their place in the councils and armies of the country is so important that we may assert with absolute truth that there would have been no united colonial rebellion nor any United States of America, but for the patriotism of the Germans of the colonies.

In another connection the same author says:

The heroic deeds of our fathers and the molding energy of the German life in American colonization has been largely ignored in

our national history. It is only recognized by those of wider and rarer information that but for the patriotism and piety of the German settler in America there would have been no United States.

Not unmindful of the conclusion of Sydney George Fisher that "our (national) Constitution is neither an invention nor an imitation, but almost exclusively a native product of slow and gradual growth," the writer believes that in words like the following of William A. Wallace a deserved tribute to the Pennsylvania-Germans is implied, even if not expressed:

That system of religious toleration, our pride and our boast, crystallized in the Federal Constitution in the words, "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States," and "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," is the direct result of that policy which Penn in 1682 engrafted on his original frame of government and code of laws. . . . This was solemnly reasserted in Penn's last charter of privileges in 1701, under which the colony was governed until 1776, when it was slightly changed, and in our constitutions of 1790, 1838 and 1873 it is substantially the same.

We can close these words on religious liberty most fittingly by quoting the concluding paragraph in Governor Pennypacker's Settlement of Germantown:

Those burgers 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 to the light of the nineteenth century, from the oppression of the past to the freedom of the present. Holding as they did opinions banned in Europe and which only the fullness 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.

Philadelphia and Pennsylvania stood out conspicuously as the home of American liberalism, and for a hundred years and more claimed an unusually large share of the atten-

tion of the civilized world. They were regarded as the most remarkable and successful evidence of liberalism that had yet appeared—Sydney George Fisher

Characteristics of the Pennsylvania-German

BY SYDNEY GEORGE FISHER, AUTHOR OF "THE MAKING OF PENNSYLVANIA," "THE TRUE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN," ETC.

SOME will have it that there is no real difference between the German and the English stocks, because they both come from the same people, the old Saxons, who lived on the mainland and the islands of the North Sea and the Baltic. The English are Saxons and the Germans are of the same race; and many apparent differences between them are superficial, imaginary, or due to the mere national conceit of one or the other.

Our old friend, Mr. Dooley, showed his usual profound and impartial study of this as of all other questions when he said that "an Anglo-Saxon is a German who has forgotten where he was born"; and Governor Pennypacker, with a trifle less of impartiality, has often said that there is no difference between the German and the English except that the German is a little the better.

But, of course, there is a difference. General statements about race and the persistence of race-qualities are easy to make, are interesting and romantic, and in consequence are apt to be vague, inaccurate and misleading. The important thing is nationality. National qualities count for more, are more concrete, practical and to the point.

There are undoubtedly certain general race-qualities characteristic of Germans, Scandinavians and Englishmen, as, for example, light-colored hair, skin and eyes, and an absence of excitement and gesticulation, which are in striking contrast to the dark complexions and nervous excitability of the Latin races. But such generalizations help us very little. When we want a practical determination we must know the nationality of the particular individual in question, for there is a vast difference, for example, between a Frenchman and a Spaniard, altho' both are of Latin blood.

The scientific reason for this is that environment is more important than heredity and race and controls them both. What we call a race was originally

caused by environment. A certain people lived so long in a certain locality that their qualities became fixed by the locality, and historians called them a race. Take some of them to a new and different locality and, if they remain there long enough, they will be completely altered in their qualities, and the alteration may go so far as to make a new race.

Some interesting studies have recently been made on this subject among animals, especially race-horses and hunting-dogs, and all to the effect that, whatever race or stock you start with, the practical qualities, the qualities that are of use, are entirely the result of environment and work. The word "work" is a good one to carry out and supplement the word "environment"; for it is the work that man, dog and horse do in their environment that makes them what they are.

The American environment is a great changer of race. It has created the trotting-horse out of an animal which, compared to the modern American trotter, could scarcely trot at all; and it has made of the plump, short, reposeful, slow Anglo-Saxon a totally different sort of person, who is tall, thin, large-boned, angular, keen, quick and always in a hurry. In a similar way it is transforming the German stock until in time it will become almost unrecognizable.

The phlegm of the German has been more successful in resisting the American environment than the reposefulness of the Englishman. The Anglo-Saxon in a few generations with us, or even in one generation, usually loses all his quietude and becomes a typical, restless hustler. But many German families of my acquaintance, who have been in the country for a hundred and fifty years, go about their occupations with marked deliberation and show in neither face nor figure those lines of strain and hurry which have become almost the essential marks of Anglo-Saxon origin.



BAYARD TAYLOR

They enjoy the simple, wholesome original pleasures of life; they are less perverted by a frantic craze for fashion and society, or by any undue ambition which degenerates the natural and primitive instincts of humanity.

I am confining myself to the Pennsylvania-German, and am not speaking of the Western Germans or the Maryland Germans. The resistance to hurry is a valuable quality. I am particularly interested in it because, being fond of ease, I gladly welcome countenance and encouragement of it from any race or nationality. Governor Pennypacker has several times told me, what from him is a very high compliment, that I must be mistaken in supposing myself of Anglo-Saxon origin; that I must be German and that my name shows it. I suppose he will consider my love of ease another proof of my supposed mistake in ancestry.

The average Pennsylvania-German of old was every whit the equal in intelligence and education of the average New Englander. Wherever he went the church and the schoolhouse rose side by side. His influence on education is not

I do not mean to say that our Germans are lazy. On the contrary, they are among the steadiest and most effective workers in the country. In this respect the American environment has improved on the original stock. They have lost the heaviness of figure of the fatherland-people, and have become more compact in form and quicker in movement. They have become very democratic. Emperor William, I fear, would not care to have them back. If many of them returned, he would have to become a private citizen.

The Pennsylvania-Germans have developed a great love of country-life. They believe in farming and follow it, not as a makeshift or a stepping stone, but as something worth while in itself. Not a few have grown rich at it, and thousands have enjoyed in it prosperity and happiness. It is fortunate to have a class of this sort who keep their feet on the earth. There are quite enough who rush to the cities and lose individuality as well as vigor.

Our German has a reputation for reliability in positions of trust. If you leave him in charge of your farm or other property, it will all be there when you come back. I think I have read somewhere that Dr. Rush mentioned this and punctuality in paying debts as among their traits in Revolutionary times. Many of the most solid characters Pennsylvania has produced have been drawn from our Germans. Ten of our governors have been of that stock—Snyder, Hiester, Schulze, Wolf, Ritner, Shunk, Bigler, Hartranft, Beaver and Pennypacker. Dr. Gross, one of the most eminent surgeons of Philadelphia, and Dr. Leidy, Philadelphia's most eminent man of science, were of German stock. Jeremiah Black, the most striking character we have had since the Revolution, and Bayard Taylor, the only man of literary genius born on our soil, were both half German in origin.

confined to schools and colleges within the borders of the Keystone State itself. Her sons have gone to the East and West, and you will find many of them teaching in the halls of even the colleges of New England.—Oscar L. Kuhns.

Some Pennsylvania-German Statistics

BY THE EDITOR.

TO enable our readers who have no source of information at hand to get a reliable conception as to the number of Germans that in early days came to Pennsylvania, it was deemed desirable to collect a few statistics from trustworthy sources. Much more might be added, but what is given will be helpful and can be depended on. It seems in place first of all to quote from the introduction to Rupp's Thirty Thousand Names, edition of 1876. He says after making a number of general statements:

In the first period of twenty years, from 1682 to 1702, comparatively few Germans arrived; not above two hundred families. They located principally at Germantown.

The period from 1702 to 1727 marks an era in the early German emigration. Between forty and fifty thousand left their native country—"their hearths where soft affections dwell."

In 1708 and 1709 thirty-three thousand, on invitation of Queen Anne, left their homes in the Rhine country for London. Of the large number that came to England in 1708 and 1709, seven thousand, after having suffered great privations, returned, half naked and in despondency, to their native country. Ten thousand died for want of sustenance, medical attendance and from other causes. Some perished on ships. The survivors were transported to English colonies in America. Several thousand had embarked for the Scilly islands, a group southwest of England; but never reached their intended destination. Ten sails of vessels were freighted with upwards of four thousand Germans for New York. They departed the 25th of December, 1709, and after a six months' tedious voyage reached New York in June 1710. . . . In the spring of 1723 thirty-three families removed and settled in Pennsylvania, in Tulpehocken. A few years afterwards others followed them.

Because of relentless persecution and oppression in Switzerland, a large body of defenceless Mennonites fled from the cantons of Zurich, of Bern and Schaffhausen about the year 1672 and took up their abode in Alsace, above Strassburg, on the Rhine, where they remained till they emigrated, in 1708, to London, thence to Pennsylvania. They lived some time at Germantown and in the vicinity of Philadelphia. In 1712 they purchased a large tract of land from Penn's agents in Pequena, then Chester, now Lancaster county. This Swiss settlement formed the nucleus or

center of a rapidly increasing Swiss, French and German population in the Eden of Pennsylvania. . . . Scarcely had the Mennonites commenced making their lands arable, when they sent a commissioner, Martin Kendig, to Germany and to Switzerland, to induce others to come to Pennsylvania. He was successful. There were large accessions to this new colony in 1711 and 1717, and a few years later. So great was the influx at this time of Swiss and German immigrants, as to call forth, as already stated, public attention, especially of those in office.

In 1717 Governor Keith said "that great numbers of foreigners from Germany, strangers to our language and constitution, having lately been imported into this Province, daily dispersed themselves immediately after landing, *without producing certificates from whence they came or what they are*, and as they seemed to have first landed in Britain, and afterwards to have left without any license from government, or as far as they know, so, in the same manner, they behaved here, without making the least application to him or any of the magistrates. That, as this practice *might be* of very dangerous consequence, since, by the same method, any number of foreigners from any nation whatever, enemies as well as friends, might throw themselves upon us." This observation by Governor Keith led to the adoption of a measure, which has prevented the loss of the names of upwards of thirty thousand of the first German immigrants to Pennsylvania. His jealousy has been overruled to preserve the memory of the oppressed and persecuted.

In 1719 Jonathan Dickinson remarked: "We are daily expecting ships from London which bring over Palatines, in number about six or seven thousand."

Speaking of the book itself the author, Mr. Rupp, says:

This collection contains upwards of thirty thousand names, etc., and some historical notes. The present descendants of the early German, Swiss and French immigrants, now numbering millions, living in Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, Virginia and in the Western States, will be enabled, if they procure this publication, to ascertain the time of their ancestors' arrival and other facts of value to most of them. (This was written in 1875.)

F. R. Diffenderffer, in his German Exodus to England in 1709, says:

During the entire period which elapsed from the establishment of the Pastorius colony in 1683 to the year 1700, the immigration was sporadic and unimportant. I have been unable

to ascertain with exactness the number of Germans in Pennsylvania in the last named year, but it is almost certain that it did not exceed two or three thousand individuals, which would give us an average immigration of about 100 individuals annually during the entire period.

The following words are quoted from *The German Emigration to America, 1709 to 1740*, by Rev. H. E. Jacobs, D.D., LL.D.:

In the year 1719 some six thousand are said to have landed; in 1732 ten vessels came with three thousand passengers, and Proud avers that in the year 1749 twelve thousand Germans arrived in the Province. Sypher claims that prior to 1727 fifty thousand people, mostly from the Rhine country, had emigrated to the Quaker colony. At the middle of the century the German population was about one half of the whole. Not until 1717 was any record of passengers kept, but as the stream began to flow in large mass the wise precaution of Lieut.-Governor Keith, requiring all immigrants to take the oath of allegiance and be registered in Philadelphia, furnished the historical data which the late Mr. I. D. Rupp has industriously gathered and embodied in his valuable *Thirty Thousand Names*. These lists of male immigrants over sixteen years of age began in 1727. It is possible they are incomplete, as there are gaps that may and yet may not be explained, since these vessels all arrived at the same period of the year. Thus there are no records between October 1727 and August 1728, September 1728 and August 1729, September 1729 and August 1730. In the last three weeks of 1732 no less than 1500 people arrived, while in August and September 1733, 1369 are reported.

The Lutheran pastors, Muhlenberg, Brunnholtz and Handschuh, in reporting the religious condition of the German immigration to Halle in 1734 divide the history into five periods. The first was from 1680 to 1708; the second from 1708 to 1720. Of the latter they say: "In the years 1708, 1709, 1710 to 1720, when there was a great movement from the Palatinate to England and a large number of people were sent thence to New York, under Queen Anne, not a few came from the same source to Pennsylvania also." The third period is from 1720 to 1730 with a large immigration from the Palatinate, Wurtemberg, Hesse-Darmstadt and other districts, as well as many of the New York Palatines. At the close of this period and the beginning of the next, from 1730 to 1740, a still more extensive immigration followed.

With some marked exceptions, it may be said that the communities composed of separatists from the State Churches came first; then came the Reformed, then the Lutherans, then the Moravians. The Reformed pastor, Weiss, reports in 1731 no less than 15,000

members of his church in Pennsylvania. Twenty years later Rev. Schlatter estimated the entire population as 100,000 of whom 90,000 were Germans and 30,000 Reformed.

Welcomed at first, and their labor in advancing the general prosperity recognized, the extent of the immigration began as early as 1717 to occasion apprehension on the part of the English settlers, which increased to positive hostility as years brought no cessation to the stream. In 1728 Governor Thomas estimated the Germans as constituting three-fifths of the entire population. The words of Benjamin Franklin in 1751 may be recalled as a proof of the vastness of the movement: "Why should the Palatine boors be suffered to swarm into our settlements, and by herding together, establish their language and manners to the exclusion of ours? Why should Pennsylvania, founded by the English, become a colony of aliens, who will shortly be so numerous as to Germanize us, instead of our Anglifying them, and will never adopt our language or customs any more than they can acquire our complexion?"

Col. T. C. Zimmerman has said:

As early as 1700, when the total population of Pennsylvania did not exceed 435,000, there were already 145,000 Germans. It is estimated that from this stock have sprung descendants in this State to the number of nearly 2,000,000.

So great is the infusion of the German element in the population of our country that in a volume recently written by Prof. Goebel, at the head of German Literature in the Leland Stanford University, it is claimed that it is not an exaggeration to say that at least one-third of all the white inhabitants of the country, and perhaps one-half, have some German blood in their veins.

Sydney George Fisher, in his *Making of Pennsylvania*, says:

The German element has been variously estimated as composing from one-third to one-half the population of Pennsylvania and has unquestionably had a great influence on the development of our State.

Rev. Ph. Vollmer, Ph.D., D.D., in an article on the Germans as a factor in our national life, says:

There are now in America over 10,000,000 of people, either born abroad or descended from German ancestors. In some States, as Wisconsin, the Germans are in the majority. New York City is the third largest German city in the world. Pennsylvania has always been a banner-state of German immigration. It has been asserted and never disproved that three-fifths of the present inhabitants of Pennsylvania have German blood running in their veins. Their present names are not a criterion of national descent, because thousands of Germans, some from worthy and others from unworthy motives, have Anglicized

their names. There are to-day seven hundred thousand people in Pennsylvania speaking that homely and mellow Pennsylvania-German dialect.

It would be both interesting and instructive to take up by counties a detailed study of the constituent elements of the population with respect to ancestry, but as space forbids the matter must be deferred until a more convenient occasion. Snyder county is probably the banner Pennsylvania-German county, so far as

ancestry and use of dialect is concerned. George W. Wagenseller, editor and proprietor of the Middleburg Post, used the following words recently in a business communication:

The county is made up almost entirely of Pennsylvania-Germans—the language being spoken among the natives almost exclusively. They have about \$1,000,000 on deposit in the four banks of the county, and that too among only 17,000 people, which shows them to be well-to-do, sturdy and successful people.

Where the Pennsylvania-German Has Been First

THE following facts have been compiled chiefly from two articles: The Pennsylvania-Dutchman and Wherein He Has Excelled, contributed to the Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography for January, 1899, by Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker, and Pennsylvania's Proud Record, by Dr. G. G. Groff, published in the Lewisburg Saturday News, April 13, 1906.—Ed.

In Agriculture and Civic Progress

The first kitchen-gardens in America were in Pennsylvania, planted by her German settlers.

The richest agricultural county in the United States is Lancaster in Pennsylvania, chiefly inhabited by descendants of Germans.

The best-tilled farms and the finest farm-buildings, not in Pennsylvania only, but all over the country, are owned and managed by Pennsylvania-Germans. Such is the general verdict of travelers.

The first water-works in this country were built in 1754 in the German Moravian town of Bethlehem, Pa. The same town had the first hand fire-engine in the United States, brought over from London in 1698.

John Galt's *Life of West*, published in 1816, mentions the town of Lancaster as a place which in 1750 was "remarkable for its wealth and had the reputation of possessing the best and most intelligent society in America. It was chiefly inhabited by Germans, who, of all people in the practice of emigrating, carry along with them the greatest stock of knowledge and accomplishments."

In Manufactures, Arts and Sciences

On the 17th of Ninth month, 1686, before the Provincial Council of Pennsylvania "the Petition of Abraham op den Graeff was read for ye Gov'rs promise to him (who) should make the first and finest pece of linnen cloath."—Colonial Records.

The first paper-mill was erected on the Wissahickon in 1690 by William Rittinghuysen (Rittenhouse).

The first mathematician and astronomer of note in America was David Rittenhouse, a great-grandson of the first paper-maker. He was the first to calculate with approximate accuracy the distance of the sun from the earth and the first to introduce "spider-lines" into transit-instruments. He was the first observer of a transit of Venus in America. Thomas Jefferson said of him: "He has not indeed made a world, but he has approached nearer its maker than any man who has lived from the creation to this day."

The first clock and the first pipe-organs in America were made by Dr. Christopher Witt at Germantown. The first oil-paintings in this country were made by Dr. Witt. The first botanical gardens in America were Dr. Witt's at Germantown and Bortram's at Gray's Ferry, Philadelphia.

The earliest American book on entomology was published by Frederic V. Melsheimer at Hanover, Pa., in 1806. Thomas Say calls him "the parent of entomology in this country."

Of the two largest telescopes in the world that in California was erected by James Lick, of Lebanon, and that in Chicago by Charles T. Yerkes, of Philadelphia.

Leidy in science, Gross in surgery, Pepper in medicine, Cramp in ship-building have reached the highest rank. As a merchant, no American has ever surpassed John Wanamaker.

In Literature and Printing

In 1662 Peter Cornelius Plockhoy, who afterwards died at Germantown, laid the foundation of our literature and history by publishing the first book by a resident concerning the country bordering on the Zuydt, now Delaware river.

In 1692 Francis Daniel Pastorius published his *Four Treatises*, the first original American scientific work. The most eminent scholars among the early emigrants to America were Pastorius, who wrote fluently in eight languages, and Henry Bernard Koster, who had translated the Bible from the Septuagint Greek, both of Germantown.

The first attempt at bibliography in America was made by the Schwenkfelders of Pennsylvania about 1740.

In 1743 Christoph Saur the elder published his quarto German Bible, the first in a European language to appear in America. In 1744 he published his first New Testament. Saur was also the earliest type-founder in America.

The earliest original American essay upon music is the preface to the *Turtel-Taube*, a hymn-book printed at Ephrata in 1747. In 1748 was issued from the same press Van Braght's *Martyrer-Spiegel*, translated from the Hollandish, the most extensive literary production of the Colonies.

In 1764 Saur the younger began his *Geistliches Magazin*, the first religious magazine in America.

John Peter Müller a Pennsylvania-German, translated the Declaration of Independence into seven languages for the Continental Congress. He was believed to be the only American then living who could do this.

Before the Revolution more books had been printed by the Pennsylvania-Ger-

mans than in all New England and New York together.

Tench Coxe's *View of the United States*, 1794, informs us that "the first premium for excellency in printing was adjudged by the Pennsylvania Manufacturing Society to the publishers of a book in the German language in the inland town of Lancaster."

The first genealogical work in America was done among the Moravians. Our knowledge of the language, manners and customs of the aborigines of Pennsylvania is mainly due to the Moravian missionaries Zeisberger and Heckewelder.

The first Pennsylvania history of the Revolution was written by Col. Bernard Hubley, and published at Northumberland in 1806.

In 1814 the Bible was first published west of the Alleghenies by Frederic Goeb, of Somerset, in German.

Bayard Taylor, one of the most celebrated American travelers and writers, was partly of Pennsylvania-German descent.

In Education, Secular and Religious

The earliest original Pennsylvania schoolbook was the primer of Francis Daniel Pastorius, published in 1698.

The earliest American work on pedagogy was Christopher Dock's *Schul-Ordnung*, written in 1754 and printed in 1770.

Payne's *Universal Geography* of 1798 says: "The schools for young men and women at Bethlehem and Nazareth, under the direction of the people called Moravians, are upon the best establishment of any schools in America."

The first young ladies' seminary in the United States was established by the Moravians at Bethlehem in 1749. In 1793 such a school was proposed at Plymouth, Mass.; but the proposal was defeated, because in such a school women might become more learned than their future husbands.

Lady teachers were first employed in Pennsylvania high-grade schools among the Moravians.

The first normal-school department in America was established at Nazareth Hall, a Moravian institution, in 1807.

Sunday-schools were maintained by the Schwenkfelders since their coming in 1734. Sunday-school tickets, red and blue, with Scripture-verses, were first printed at Germantown in 1744. (About 1781 Robert Raikes opened a Sunday-school in Gloucester, England.)

In Morals and Religion

The earliest American essay on etiquette was Dock's *Hundert Sitten-Regeln*, published in 1764.

The Wistar parties, the best known of early social events in Philadelphia, were established by Dr. Caspar Wistar, a German.

September 24, 1734, two days after their landing, the Schwenkfelders established their *Gedächtnisstag* or Memorial Day, a thanksgiving-service that has been repeated annually ever since—an event without a parallel.

A pamphlet published in 1755 says the Germans "have schools and meeting-houses in almost every township thro' the province, and have more magnificent churches and other places of worship in the city of Philadelphia itself than those of all other persuasions added together."

In Philanthropy, Patriotism and Public Service

The first American colony to proclaim that human slavery could not exist within its borders was that of the Dutchman Peter Cornelius Plockhoy in Pennsylvania, in 1662.

In 1688 Pastorius, Dirck op den Graeff, Abraham op den Graeff and Gerhard Hendricks, by a public protest, made the first effort in America to overthrow the institution of slavery.

The first contribution of real estate to the Pennsylvania Hospital was made by Matthias Köplin, of Perkiomen.

The savages who defeated Braddock in 1755 were overthrown by the Swiss-German Bouquet in 1764.

The first force to reach George Washington after he assumed command of the Continental army at Cambridge, Mass., in 1775, was a company from York county, Pa., under Lieutenant Henry Miller, which had marched over five hundred miles. The "First Defenders" to reach President Lincoln at Washing-

ton in 1861 were five companies from Reading, Allentown, Pottsville and Lewistown, Pa.

At the Thermopylae of the American Revolution, the battle of Long Island, the American army was saved by the Pennsylvania Riflemen under Col. John Peter Kichlein, a German. These men stood their ground until as many as 79 men in one company had been killed and the rest of the army had completed its retreat.

George Washington was first called "Father of his country" in a German almanac printed at Lancaster in 1779.

When Thomas B. Read wrote:

Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words of freedom came. . . .
And grasping in his nervous hand
Th' imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king—

he referred to Gen. John Peter Muhlenberg.

The first Continental treasurer was Michael Hillegas.

The earliest effort in Pennsylvania in behalf of the adoption of a Federal Constitution was a petition from two hundred and fifty residents of Germantown. Of the nineteen members of the Pennsylvania Assembly who voted against the submission of that Constitution to a popular vote, not one was a German; of the forty-three who voted in favor of it, twelve were Germans.

The first president of our National Congress was Frederic Augustus Muhlenberg.

When Whittier wrote:

Thank God for the token! one lip still is free,
One spirit untrammell'd, unbending one knee!
When traitors to Freedom, and Honor, and
God,
Are bowed at an idol polluted with blood;
When the recreant North has forgotten her
trust,
And the lip of her honor is low in the dust—
Thank God, that one man the shackle has
broken!
Thank God, that one man as a freeman has
spoken—

he referred to Governor Joseph Ritner, of Pennsylvania, who in 1838 was the only free-state governor that, in his annual message, made a bold stand against slavery.

The Pennsylvania Chautauqua: Mount Gretna

BY REV. P. C. CROLL, D.D.

Note.—Mt. Gretna is the home of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, which might be called the Chautauqua of and for the Pennsylvania Germans, as it was founded by them, is presided over by them, controlled by them, largely supported by them and is located in the very heart of the section known as Pennsylvania German-dom. So the theme has certainly some relation to the character of this Magazine.—P. C. C.

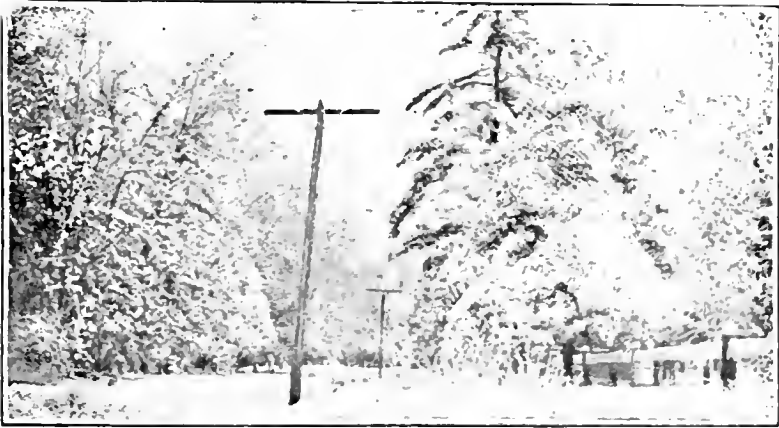
MOUNT GRETNA IN WINTER

Last week I broke a fixed rule:
I kept my ten-year boy from school
To visit fairy-land.
A chilly rain, the day before,
Had caught and held the landscape o'er
In Frost-King's icy hand.

While orchard-trees and shrubs and grass
Stood clad in armor of clear glass,
And weighted down quite low,
The mystic weavers of the sky
Sent down a blanket from on high,
Of woolly, flaky snow.

The brooklet flowed 'round isles of snow,
While birch and maple, bending low,
Built crystal arches o'er.
A hundred huts the pines supplied,
By elfin all were occupied,
From glassy roof to floor.

A myriad Christmas-trees stood decked,
Whose brilliants did the sun reflect
Like thousand tapers bright.
Such glory ne'er did wealth command;
No palace-halls were e'er so grand,
Illumined by such light.



"CRYSTAL GLORIES."

When morning dawned quite brisk and clear,
And snow and ice clung everywhere,
I thought of Gretna's hills.
Where goblins, sprites and fairies all
Such days must dance thro' sylvan hall
And play by pearlly rills.

On iron horse the mount we scaled,
To find the forest-trees regaled
With crystal glories bright;
No palace ever looked so grand!
No glass-emporium in the land
E'er shone in such a light!

Cathedrals grand and towers high,
From snow-white earth to soft-blue sky,
Reared up their charming walls;
While candelabra, set with pearls,
And diamond stars, ne'er worn by ears,
Lit up their magic halls.

Where churches camp, Chautauquans meet,
We waded through each sylvan street
Of alabaster snow.
No song or eloquence was heard;
No note was stirred by man or bird,
Save one by lone Jim Crow.

Acolus now woke slumbering breeze;
To harps he turned the tops of trees,
And deftly picked their strings.
Then played a glass harmonica,
Ten sylvan tumbleronica—
An orchestra on wings.

Reluctantly we turned away
Where acres of choice diamonds lay,
Where music passed all rule;
But as we homeward turned our way,
I heard my little youngster say:
" 'Twas worth a day in school."

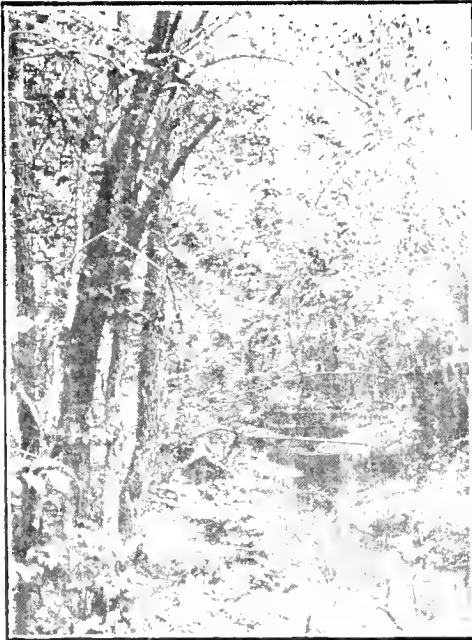
MOUNT GRETNÄ IN SPRING

The Winter's cold and surly blast,
 Its snow and ice have fully past;
 The frigid months are spent,
 Now robin's breast and blue-bird's wing—
 Those early harbingers of Spring—
 Their color-schemes have blent.

And everywhere, in woods and fields,
 In varied shades, the richest yields
 Of colors now appear;
 The blue tints all the meadow grass,
 The red flames near each mountain pass—
 'Tis Springtime of the year.

With swollen brooks one's heart does swell,
 And bird-songs lure, as with a spell,
 To God's sweet out-of-doors.
 So at their beck I all day long
 Have followed bloom and sweets and song
 O'er blossom-spangled floors.

I've roamed my favorite hills again;
 From dell and glen to upland plain
 Stretched one transfigured mount.



THE BROOKLET.

'Twas clad in pale forget-me-nots,
 In violet and arbutus plots;
 The bluebells none could count.

Skunk-cabbage thro' the marsh had pushed—
 By tasseled alders all ambushed—
 Its purple, yellow spathe;
 While beds of hibernated fern
 Their curling fronds from Winter's urn
 Like scabbards did unsheathe.

Within a rocky, thorny nook,
 On higher ground than ran the brook,
 The snow-white blood-root bloomed.
 The wild plum, in a hedge-row nurst,
 Its myriad pinkish vials burst,
 To lend its rich perfume.

The birch and maple, finely laced,
 Their foliage-garments skyward traced,
 Adorned where'er I'd rove.
 Big, bursting buds tipped other trees;
 'Mongst early blooms the hum of bees;
 In woods, the cooing dove.

The mating of the birds had come;
 Each pair now built a summer home,
 Their work was well pursued;
 The sun had coaxed the squirrels out,
 They frolicked merrily about
 In giddy altitude.

Charmed by the Springtime's fresh delight—
 These resurrection-wonders bright—
 I sat to think and look.
 My hands were full of posies gay;
 My heart flowed full, as flows in May
 The little mountain-brook.

I thought of all the works of God
 Revealed above, beneath the sod,
 And promised in His Word.
 My sermons came from budding green,
 The birds sweet anthems sang between;
 I worshipped there my God.

And though my heart was very glad,
 A moment it was strangely sad,
 When I o'er by-gones thought;
 For here with me, in springs now past,
 A dearest child, now long since lost,
 Arbutus-blossoms sought.

Yet do not now its petals teach,
 And does not every blossom preach
 For faith to spread her wing?
 Be still, sad heart, look up and wait;
 Time's changes soon shall ope the gate
 Of an eternal Spring.

MOUNT GRETNÄ IN SUMMER

No need is now for breaking rule—
 In all the land there is no school,
 Except in woodland-hall;

With birds one builds his summer-nest
 Upon this famous wooded crest,
 And hither hies with all.



TOWARDS EVENING ON LAKE CONEWAGO.

The brooklet broke its icy bounds,
 It babbles now in liquid sound—
 Along its winding way,
 Tall grasses wave from either bank;
 The daisies nod and reeds, grown rank,
 Hold o'er it mimic sway.

The trees are clad in summer green;
 A mossy, leafy, velvet sheen
 Is for one's carpet spread.
 A thousand songsters sing to you;
 A hundred fairies bring to view
 Your daily mental bread.



CROSSING THE FOOT BRIDGE.

Along each sylvan path abound—
 Sprung from a rich and moldy ground—
 A hundred growths, run mad;
 In homespun dress from Nature's loom—
 On many a plant some fragrant bloom—
 Each shrub is simply clad.

O'er rocks and stumps the vines have spun;
 In graceful curves they run along
 In cobweb-fashion all.
 The spider taught them how to spin,
 So all the spaces are filled in
 To leafy, shingly wall.

On hill, in dale, on moor, in fen,
 In every rocky vale and glen
 Grow many varied ferns;
 The ground-pine and the creepers low
 Where lay in depths last winter's snow
 Have twined their dainty urns.

And Jack within his pulpit-wall
 Is preaching to his listeners all
 To doff their shoes from feet.
 Here laurel's burning bush is found,
 Hence he proclaims it holy ground,
 Where one his God may meet.

Once more my favorite hills I seek;
 With Tell I'm almost moved to speak
 To all these upland slopes;
 Altho' here rear no Alpine heights,
 Yet all around stretch soul-delights,
 Which kindle fondest hopes.

September's Equinox has blown;
 In copious tear-showers he made known
 His grief at Summer's fall.
 October now, that artist gay,
 In golden splendor holds his sway
 O'er fields and forests all.

In every green and blooming bush
 The chewink, robin and the thrush
 Their feathered choirs train;
 Both matin and sweet vesper songs
 They sing to Whom all praise belongs,
 In sunshine and in rain.

Not strange that in these fairy heights
 Olympian gods should find delights
 And build their potent thrones.
 Here Jove on many a sultry day
 Hurls forth his bolts to one's dismay,
 In rattling, thunderous tones.

Minerva here her light outpours
 Thro' all the rich Chautauquan hours
 From many a well filled lamp;
 Her horn of plenty Ceres opes,
 While Venus, decked in beauteous robes,
 Sits by Apollo's camp.

E'en Mars has come with beat of drum,
 To pitch his temporary home
 Upon this rolling sward;
 But Cupid with his fatal darts
 Has brought down more unwary hearts
 Than Mars with gun and sword.

MOUNT GRETNNA IN AUTUMN

This landscape-painter of the wold
 His brushes dips in gore and gold,
 His pictures to complete.
 So here, framed in by lake and sky,
 His latest product charms the eye—
 Tho' old, not obsolete.

The poplars he in yellow dressed,
 While scarlet seems for maples best
 And for the sassafras.
 The dog-wood stands in crimson red,
 In russet-browns the oaks instead,
 In richest green the grass.



AT THE SPRING.

YOUNG FRIENDS HAVING A JOYOUS TIME.

The sumac vies, in gayest frocks,
 With berry-vines, spun o'er the rocks,
 Where clearings mark the grove;
 For what in June were concert-halls
 Have changed to picture-gallery walls,
 Outrivaling the Louvre.

The piping, red-eyed vireo,
 The wood-thrush with his piccolo,
 Their concerts now have closed.
 I came across their empty nests
 Where, red as dog-wood, few plumb breasts
 Of robins still reposed.

Few other warblers could be heard;
 The "full-dressed" and the feathered bird
 From music-halls had fled.
 The crows their dying echoes mocked,
 While cawing wild-gee-e, V-shaped flocked,
 Their southward flight fast sped.

His drum the pheasant played unseen,
 The wood-pecker his tambourine
 Upon some hollow tree;

While nutting went the squirrel's clan,
 Along a sleek, successful plan—
 A busy reaper he!

The day is o'er; I'm in my cot;
 O'er hearth-fire hangs a steaming pot,
 And chestnuts sputter round.
 The frosty chill has been dispersed;
 Few old-time tales are soon rehearsed,
 While eager ears abound.

But sunshine bright and blazing fire
 Give me an early, strong desire
 For dreamland to set sails;
 So, canopied o'er by autumn-leaves,
 Tucked in by dreams Dame Nature weaves,
 The sweetest sleep prevails.

And now, my favorite mountain dear,
 All seasons thou hast drawn me near
 Thy great and loving breast:
 I've threaded all thy winding paths,
 I've seen thy face in smiles and wrath—
 Thy dearest gift is rest.

The Pennsylvania-German as American Citizen

BY COL. T. C. ZIMMERMAN, L.L.D., READING, PA.

BLANCROFT says of the Germans in America: "Neither they nor their descendants have laid claim to all that is their due." It has been said that this may be attributable partly to language, partly to race-instincts and hereditary tendencies. Quiet in their tastes, deeply absorbed in the peaceful avocations of life, undemonstrative to the verge of diffidence, without clamish propensities, they have permitted their more aggressive neighbors to deny them a proper place even on the historic page.

What they have done, however, in peace forms an interesting chapter in the story of the Germans of America, for they have contributed largely to industry, to education, to science, to art, to all that goes to make the life of the American people happy and prosperous and honorable and successful: they have been an important factor in the upbuilding of our Commonwealth and in the development of Eastern Pennsylvania.

In the magnificent development of her vast natural resources—in her teeming manufactures of every variety—in her splendid and scientifically cultivated farms—in her railroads, canals and pub-

lic works of every description—in her busy and progressive cities, towns and villages—in her institutions of learning, her noble public-school system and her newspapers, Pennsylvania stands to-day the peer of any other state in the Union. Her natural advantages are the endowment of beneficent Nature, but their unparalleled development and her steady progress are in great measure attributable to the sterling character of the Pennsylvania-Germans.

Their social life, pure as the streams that ripple in their meadows, is the outcome of a simplicity born of a wealth of native cheerfulness and manliness that scorns ostentation and cares nothing for the glittering baubles of ultra-fashionable life. As immigrants they did not look upon the United States as an El Dorado, but as the best country under heaven for a man or woman willing to work, and Germans are workers. They had heard of this new country, with its promise of fertility and loveliness and enduring treasures.

The list of Germans who have achieved eminence in this Commonwealth and who have contributed to its glory and

development might be indefinitely extended, so plentiful is the material represented in all the avocations that go to make up our social, educational, professional, industrial and commercial life.

It may with truth be said, that in many portions of the State the descendants of the Pennsylvania-German settlers are to-day the central influence and impelling power of a large proportion of the more important activities: in commerce, industry, education, agriculture, as well as in the professions. They are not only on your farms and in your workshops, but at your bars, in your pulpits, in your colleges, on your newspapers. They have become teachers, professors, scientists, judges, senators, congressmen and governors—aye, in every calling of life, be it high or low, you will find a brilliant array of men—descendants of ancestors who not only made this portion of the State so rich in historic reminiscence and its people so tolerant of religion, but who laid deep the foundations of a stable and enduring prosperity. Look wherever you will, you will find well-nigh countless evidences of German genius and German skill, while along every artery of trade are felt the quickening currents of German life. Throughout the whole of Eastern Pennsylvania there are industrial quarters, especially in the manufacturing districts, where the Germans introduced various handicrafts in a modest way, that are now grown to be among the largest in this country.

In our own day the names of the Germans who are foremost in finance, in science, in art, in every branch of work that contributes to the public weal and private happiness, ought to be gratefully borne in mind. The triumphs of peace are as great as those of war, and when the orators on "German Day" speak only and mostly of the Germans who were soldiers in the wars of the United States, they tell but half—and that the less important part—of the story of the Germans in America: their achievements along the lines of peaceful avocations.

The marvelous growth of the colony of Pennsylvania and the wonderful prosperity which has attended the well di-

rected industry of the generations which grew out of it recall, in the one case historic memories of a most worthy ancestry, and in the other reflect the sturdy qualities of their numerous progeny. They tell a story of thrift and prosperity that must be read in the fruitful valleys and on the cultivated sides of our mountains; in the blooming orchards and flower-fringed gardens that may be seen on every hand; in the rich garniture of golden sheaves and in the extensive cultivation of the purpling grape with its imprisoned treasure of liquid sunshine. One too may read the story in the comfortable homes that everywhere dot the landscape, as well as in the splendid physical development and hardiness of the race of good men and true who, after enduring afflictions compared to which those suffered by the Pilgrim fathers were mild experiences, came here and wrought out the blessings and comforts of civilization.

One does not see and hear around the habitations of these people the silvery splash of iridescent fountains; one does not see pillared corridors encompassing garden and bower and grotto, nor trains of liveried servants with flowing garments dancing attendance upon pampered guests; nor does one behold any of the glitter and tinsel of luxurious civilization. But, what is far better, in what was once unbroken wilderness one may see the kindling dawn bathing in roseate beauty the humble abodes of a happy people; one may see in the shining crest of the mountain, on the sun-illuminated field and meadow, in the rippling stream with its tremulous surface enmeshed in a net-work of sunbeams, on the corn-clad upland and along the fringes of the dewy dell, upon the clambering vine and over the hanging woods, on the patches of dark moss and in the transparent green of the leaves—indeed all around the peaceful homes of these people, homes that once were the lairs and abiding places of wild beasts and savages—one may behold the flood of golden beauty like that which, coming from some angel of light, must have transformed the streams and fountains of the lost Eden into visions of crystalline loveliness.

Where is there a worthier people? No golden visions haunt their healthy sleep, nor do they have day-dreams of fortunes made by doing nothing. With their sturdy character, modest demeanor and good, quiet citizenship, making progress in every path of life; with their simple tastes and contempt for all forms of ostentation and extravagance; with candor, honesty and fair dealing as the foundations of success in life, what need of rhetorical artifice in depicting the full rounded manhood of these people?

I might add that the same characteristics; the same full measure of patriotic devotion; the same spirit of forbearance; the same sterling virtues of thrift, honesty and sobriety; the same love of personal and political liberty; the same spirit of religious tolerance; the same general aspirations for freedom; the same respect for the domestic virtues, the same sweet simplicity of character; the same all-pervading spirit of conservatism; in short, the same racial traits that were observed by Roman historians two thousand years ago and chronicled in the pages of Cæsar and Tacitus, are present in the Pennsylvania-German of to-day—qualities which have come to them by inheritance and which they have transmitted unimpaired through the waste and injuries of centuries of time and tide.

As for their treatment in literature, the Pennsylvania-Germans have been sneeringly depicted by cheap newspaper-scribblers as a typically stupid people. Some of these writers have no doubt portrayed some illiterate specimens of rustic simplicity—perhaps some loungee in a bar-room of a country town, exaggerated his peculiarities, or, having no sentiment, manufactured a deliberate lie, in the hope that it might find lodgment in the vacant cell of some already prejudiced mind. The prejudice against these people is as unjust as it is ill founded. Malignant ingenuity could hardly concoct a viler slander than that which emanated from the correspondent of a paper who described them as a people in whom ignorance, selfishness and greed are the governing traits.

The vital characteristics of the Pennsylvania-Germans are earnestness and manhood. The great Commonwealth within whose borders we stand to-day, owes much to the solid character of this element in her population, who from the beginning of our statehood until now, have illustrated in their lives the development of an uncommon respect for law, the establishment of ideal homes, the adornment of every sphere of private and public service and, last but not least, the building up and perpetuating of a system of husbandry that has drawn from the depth of earth's mighty productivity a steady and luxuriant return that has not only enriched the State and promoted the general welfare, but beautified her broad acres until it may be said, they blossom as the rose.

Looking back we see, or seem to see, an ethereal bridge spanning the centuries—one of its approaches supported by the golden traditions and precious memories of noble ancestry; the other resting upon the deep-laid foundations of an undying reverence and affection of a grateful progeny. Generations of dear ones are clasped in loving embrace across the shadowy structure, and the clasp starts an impulse that is felt along the line of the departed years. Although the farther shore is dim, yet across "the pulsing stream there are lines of lights" by the aid of which the imagination may behold the sainted splendor of sacred shrines whereat our forefathers syllabled their hopes and fears in prayerful petitions, and found fancy linger lovingly for a little while upon the parental nest where patriotism and valor and all the domestic virtues were tenderly nurtured, and where frugality, honesty and sweet content had their habitation. Better and far more sacred than "the glowing purple of Tyre, the gold of the Ark, the sapphire and ruby of Persia, the unforgotten spoils of ruined Babylon, that tinged the reveries of the early Christians as they slept in the dens of amphitheatres, awaiting death," are the sainted memories of our forefathers for the successful transmission of which we should labor unceasingly.

Northampton Town and Allentown

A HISTORICAL SKETCH

BY JAMES J. HAUSER.

(Continued.)

During the War of 1812

THE same year that ushered into being the county of Lehigh and elevated Northampton Town to the dignity of its county-seat marked the beginning of another war between this country and Great Britain. This in its earlier stages did not affect the people of this section very strongly, but when Gov. Simon Snyder, July 18 and 22, 1814, issued general orders to the militia of Pennsylvania to organize and meet the enemy, the patriotic citizens of Lehigh were quick to respond. Captain Abraham Rinker's "Rifle Company" and Captain John F. Ruhe's "Northampton Blues" were mustered in at Allentown August 18, the same day that a hundred regulars

from Reading under Captain Schell marched thro' to New York. Captain Rinker was a veteran of the Revolution.

The sorrowful news of the capture of Washington by the British, which followed four days later, induced the court of Lehigh county, just convened, to adjourn immediately, in order to enable the militiamen to get ready for the march. September 6 three companies, the two already named and another rifle-company under Captain Dinkey, left for Philadelphia to defend the coast, and were followed in a few days by Captain Ruch's cavalry. About a thousand men lay encamped at Bushhill near Philadelphia a few weeks, and then proceeded to Marcus Hook and the Brandywine.* These men had no opportunity to measure swords with the enemy, and the camps were broken up November 30. Soon after the rest of the Lehigh militia were also sent home from their winter-quarters in Chester.

The news of Gen. Jackson's glorious victory at New Orleans did not reach Allentown until February 28, 1815, six weeks after the event. It was celebrated with great rejoicing amid the thunders of a little cannon, the ringing of bells and the inspiring strains of the Bethlehem Band. A big procession, headed by prom-

*In our boyhood days we had the privilege of an acquaintance with one of those Lehigh county veterans of 1812. He lived near us and used to go to Allentown to draw his pension—"bounty" he called it—of forty dollars a year. Sometimes he drank rather freely and when thus stimulated was fond of relating his experiences of camp-life at Marcus Hook. One morning, he said, a battle was expected, in anticipation of which the soldiers got no breakfast, but all the whiskey they cared to drink, to put them in proper fighting trim. The battle however was called off, and Mr. S. proceeded to explain the reason. It is customary in war, he said, when a battle is to be fought, for the commanding generals of both parties to meet beforehand and freely tell each other all about their strength and preparations—how many men they have, how many guns, ships, etc. When this was done that morning, the *Engländer* soon perceived that his forces were too weak to have any chance of victory; as a consequence he withdrew and no battle was fought.—Ed.



LEHIGH COUNTY JAIL, AT ALLENTOWN, PA.
Erected in 1867.

inent citizens and the band, marched thro' the principal streets of the town. The weather was very favorable, and the jubilee was not marred by any disorder.

Final Naming—First Firemen's Parade

April 16, 1838, is another red-letter day in the history of Allentown. On that day the Legislature passed an act changing the official name of the town from Northampton to Allentown and the membership of the borough-council from five to ten. Allentown it has been ever since and no doubt will continue to be, tho' Allen City might now be more appropriate. Just about this time the town began to grow in earnest.

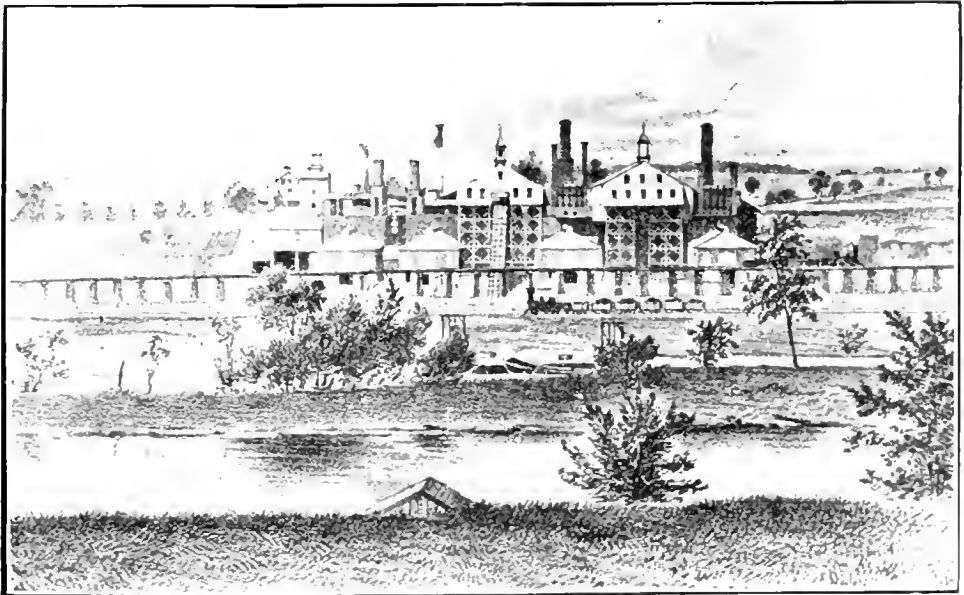
The beginning of our fire-department dates back to 1811, when an ordinance authorized the purchase of fire-ladders. About 1820 the first fire-company, the Friendship, was organized and a fire-engine was procured. Ten years later a hose-wagon was added. The Lehigh Hose Company and the Humane Fire Company were successively organized, and on August 26, 1843, took place the first firemen's parade of Allentown. In 1856 the "old water-house" was built on

the little Lehigh, at the foot of a steep hill on Lawrence street.

Annexation of "Mingo"—Wards and Burgesses

In 1852 the boundaries of Allentown were enlarged by the annexation of a part of Northampton township. In this new portion lived a number of colored people who claimed to be natives of San Domingo. This name being too long for use in ordinary conversation, the new acquisition was called Mingo—a name that still clings to it. By a legislative act passed April 28, 1853, Allentown was divided into three wards: Lehigh ward, comprising the territory between the rivers Jordan and Lehigh, now constituting the First and Sixth wards; South ward, west of the Jordan and south of Hamilton street, later changed to Second and Third wards, and North ward, all west of the Jordan and north of Hamilton, which since became the Fourth and Fifth wards.

During Allentown's fifty-six years' existence as a borough, a burgess was chosen every year. John J. Krauss was elected to this office five times in succession, serving from 1830 to 1835. Among the more prominent burgesses were Rob-



THE ALLENTOWN IRON WORKS IN 1860
FROM M. S. BERRY'S HISTORY OF THE LEHIGH VALLEY

ert E. Wright, Sr., elected in 1845; Samuel Runk, who served in 1839 and '40, and Peter Wyckoff, chosen in 1846. The last burgess was William Kern, the last town-clerk Elisha Forrest, the last high constable Jacob M. Ruhe.

Mexican War—Allentown's Industrial Growth

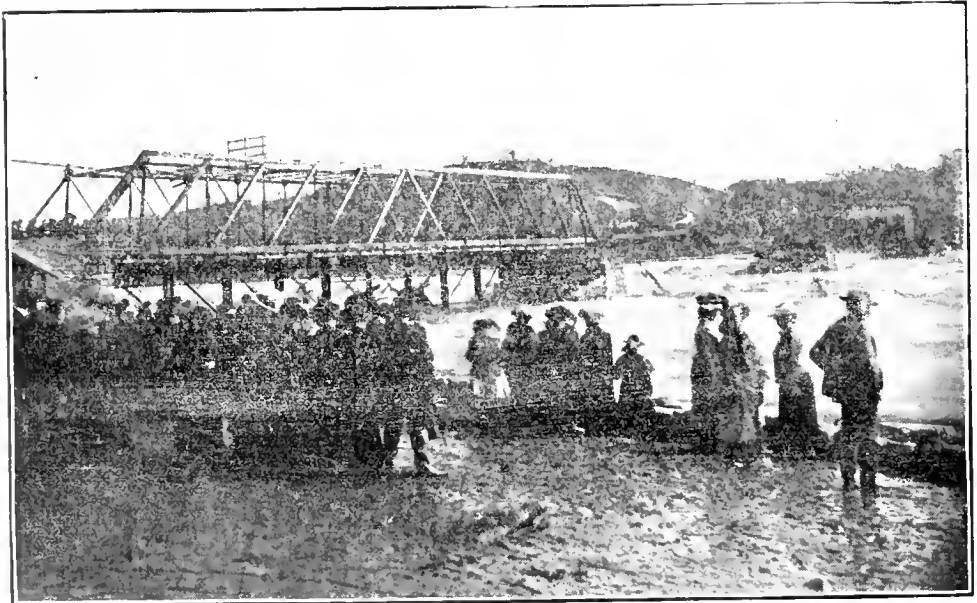
In 1845 the annexation of Texas by the United States brought on a war with Mexico. This being in the extreme south of our country, most of the volunteers needed were drawn from the Southern States and comparatively few from the North. Still Allentown had a few representatives in that war, among them Colonel H. C. Longnecker, who served as an aide on the staff of General Winfield Scott, with the rank of a captain.

Situated in the midst of a fertile farming-district and surrounded by rich beds of iron-ore, zinc, limestone, cement-rock, etc., Allentown has many advantages as a manufacturing town. The enterprise of its citizens also has been a leading factor in its industrial development. In his *History of the Lehigh Valley*, published in 1860, M. S. Henry enumerates fifty-seven manufactories located here, among those seven of agricultural implements,

five of carriages, four merchant mills, four breweries, four iron-furnaces, eight brick-yards, three coverlid-manufactories, two foundries and machine-shops, two distilleries, two shoe-factories, two last-factories, two stocking-factories, etc., also a rolling-mill in process of construction. The four furnaces, which comprised the works of the Allentown Iron Company, had been erected near the Lehigh Valley Railroad in 1846, 1847, 1852 and 1855, and produced about 20,000 tons of pig-iron a year. They were managed for a long time by Samuel Lewis as superintendent, and contributed much to the town's growth and prosperity.

Important accessions to Allentown's industries in later years were the Iowa Barbed Wire Works, now occupied by the American Steel and Wire Company; the works of the Barbour, now Allentown Spinning Company, the Allentown Hardware Works, and the works of the Excelsior Knitting-Machine Manufacturing Company, along the Jordan; the Heilman Boiler-Works, and others.

Within the last quarter century the silk-industry has attained large proportions in



WRECK OF THE LEHIGH RIVER BRIDGE AT ALLENTOWN, PA., MARCH 1, 1902

this place. The first silk-mill, the Adelaide, was opened in 1881, and has since been followed by six more, besides four other establishments for silk-dyeing and the manufacture of silk-mill supplies.

However, the career of Allentown has not been uniformly prosperous. Like other towns she has suffered severe setbacks from time to time. The chief causes of these were floods, fire and financial disaster.

Five Destructive Floods

The earliest recorded flood in the Lehigh Valley occurred October 6, 1786. It is known as the Tippy flood, from the drowning of two children of a Mr. Tippy, near Weissport. Other destructive floods followed in 1830, 1841, 1862, 1869 and 1902.

The flood of January 8, 1841, rose twenty feet above low-water mark and carried away the bridge across the Lehigh on Hamilton street, erected some thirteen years before.* Much more calamitous was the flood of June 4 and 5, 1862, which was caused by the breaking of dams and locks along the upper course of the Lehigh, from White Haven to Mauch Chunk. It rose eighteen inches

higher than that of 1841 and carried away every bridge across the river, except those at the Lehigh Gap, Bethlehem and Easton. More than fifty persons perished in the rushing waters that fearful night, and the destruction of property was enormous.

The flood of February 28, 1902, rose twenty-two inches higher still than that of 1862, carrying off the greater part of the bridge at Hamilton street and causing great damage along the Little Lehigh and the Jordan also. Fortunately this inundation came in the afternoon and there was no loss of life, tho' the city had to do without trolley-service as well as without gas and electric lights for two days afterwards.

(To be continued.)

*The first ferry across the Lehigh, as stated above, was established about 1753. Abraham Riker served as ferryman until 1776, when he joined Washington's army with a company of volunteers. Caspar Weaver became his successor and was in turn followed by John Klorer about 1795. The latter held the post until 1812, when a chain bridge was built at a cost of \$15,000. This was destroyed by fire April 13, 1827. The second bridge was swept away by the flood of 1841. It was followed by a wooden bridge on stone pillars, which fell before the "great flood" of 1862. The fourth bridge, which was of stone and iron, was wrecked in 1902. The present fifth bridge across the Lehigh at the foot of Hamilton street was built by the State and opened in 1905.

Em Mark Twain Sei Kameel

A SELECTION FROM "INNOCENTS ABROAD," TRANSLATED BY H. W. K.

Amol wie ich in Syria war, hot en Kameel Possession genumma vun meim Iwerroock un hot en alliver so knaps unner-ucht as wann er en Notion het er wot sich ah cener macha lossa. Wie er mol fertig war, den Roek zu bezueka as en Schtick Kleeed, no hot er in g'examinat as en Schtick zu essa.

Er hot sei Fuss drauf g'schleht, hot cener vun da Aermel uf'g'howa mit da Zeh, drauf ge-chawed un ge-chawed un en lang-sam g'schleckt. Alldieweil hot er die Aaga uf- un zugemacht, so vergniegt un zufriede as wann er sei Lewa noch nix so Gutes g'schmaekt; het wie en Iwerroock. Dann hot er die Lefza g'schmatzt un g'schleckt un niwer gelangt for da anner Aermel.

's neek-scht hot er da Velvet-Collar geprowirt un so fremdlich g'schmunzelt, dass es plain gewissa hot, er deet meema, der Collar war 's Bescht am ganza Schtick Kleeed. 's neek-scht hot er da Rockschwanz a'gepaekt mitsamt Pulwer un Schrot, Zucker-saeh, Feiga un dergleichen, wu drin g'schoeka hen.

Darno sin mei Zeitings-brief raus-g'falla, wu g'schriwa wara for die Zeitinga daheim, un er hot sei Glick geprowirt an denma. Nau is er awer uf g'earlicher Grund kumma. Er hot a'g'fanga mei grosse G'schehnet in sella Babiera zu chawin, un sel war hart uf sei Maga. Alsemol hot er in oppes G'schpassiges gebissa, un des hot en g'schreit bis die Zeh gekleppert hen. Es war ganz bedencklich mit em, awer er hot als Kurasche un Hoffnung g'hat un als a'ghada.

Endlich is er an Sacha kumma, wu even en Kameel net schueka kann ohne G'fohr. Er hot a'g'fanga zu warasa, schwer zu schmaufa un hot sich ganz krattelig hi'g'schleht. In ra vertel Schun is er umg'falla, so schteif wie en Howelbank, un is en schrocklicher Dod g'schriwa in unaussprechliche Schmerza. Ich hab em des Babier aus'm Maul genumma un hab umg'numma, dass er verwarst is an eens vun de schen-eha un zartes-eha Sacha, wu ich g'schriwa hab for die Len zu lesa.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

"Something Extra Good and Nice"

WITH smiling face and sprightly step our "boy" goes forth this bright summer morning to his customary round. He is particularly glad to be sent out so much earlier than usual and to carry a basket so much larger, well filled with choice mind-food for his friends. He feels like hailing each one from afar: "Look here! I have something extra good and nice for you."

We hesitated to use the word *nice* in this connection. Like *awful*, *splendid*, *cute*, and some other adjectives, it is overworked and needs a rest. Yet the expression here set down is just that which, under the circumstances, would most readily rise to the lips of every boy, and of nine out of ten of us trained and knowing grown folks as well.

It matters not whether you call it nice, or fine, or delightful, or lovely—just so you read it gladly and enjoy it thoro'ly, which we doubt not you will do.

A Special Midsummer-Menu

is here set before you, the preparation of which has cost us much labor and thought. True, we have been acting mainly as caterers only; nearly all the individual dishes have been prepared by other and abler hands. To these kind helpers each and all, whose contributions have made our scheme possible, we again tender our hearty thanks. Yet we claim credit for planning, gathering and arranging the material here presented; and this work has kept both manager and editor busy for many a day and even at some unseasonable hours of the night.

Not a Perfect Piece of Work

Now that it is done, let us not be too bashful to own that we are well pleased, yea, even proud of the result. We do not consider it a perfect piece of work; we have not reached our ideal of what such a Symposium should be. By the way, we have never done a perfect piece of

work, nor ever expected to; nor do we find here cause for regret, for according to our philosophy progress must stop the moment perfection is reached.

This Symposium might have been better, if we had had more time for the preparation or more room for the finished product. In regard to illustrations especially, we have often been disappointed, failing to obtain what we most desired. This fact, with the inevitable limit of time and space, must serve to answer those who may feel disposed to criticise our choice of pictures and to ask why this, that or the other portrait was omitted.

Our Pride and Our Prayer

But notwithstanding all its shortcomings, we repeat that we feel proud of this Symposium on the Pennsylvania-Germans. Nothing like it has ever before been attempted for them or, so far as we know, for any other class of American citizens. We send it forth with the hearty prayer that, wherever it goes, it may produce better knowledge, truer appreciation and more earnest emulation of the excellent qualities and noble achievements of our sturdy sires and their descendants to-day. Especially may it inspire the youth of our State and country with loftier ideals of social, civic and religious duty.

Our school-children are the hope of our land. Those of our own State should be carefully taught its history and have the worthy examples of their forefathers held up before them constantly. For this reason we make a special appeal to our teachers and normal-school students to help us increase the number of our readers and widen the sphere of our influence.

Other Matter Crowded Out

This Symposium has been growing on our hands in the making; it has outgrown the limits first set for it. As an inevitable result, tho' we increased the number of pages by one half, other matter intended

for this number was crowded out. "Onkel Jeff's" poem on the old Union church at Boyertown had to be postponed, and the readers of *The Wild Rose* of Bethlehem must patiently wait a little longer for the revelation of Rosie's secret. Yet we feel confident that "Papa" Croll's fine versified description of Mount Gretna in all seasons and Col. Zimmerman's essay in poetic prose will in some measure substitute the accustomed variety of *Literary Gems*, and that our readers, knowing the situation, will pardon the omissions that had to be made. "*Aufgehoben ist nicht aufgehoben.*" says Schiller.

An Earnest Closing Word

Finally, what shall we say for ourselves in sending out this special edition that has cost so much extra time, labor and money? Are we not justified in ex-

pecting an extra return, not merely in kind words, which are very grateful indeed, but in acts as well? We strongly condemn the practice of sending out children to beg; but neither do we want our dear "boy" placed in the position of that other boy whom a preacher sent out to gather mountain-tea for him. (Dr. Croll has told the story, and you may look it up at your leisure in the files of this magazine.)

Seriously, it is a vital question to our boy whether or not he is to receive adequate support, and we urgently call on all our present subscribers to make earnest efforts to bring in new ones, in order that our good work may not be halted before it is fairly begun. Do not fail to read our *Business-Talk* on the second page of the cover and in the Advertising Section of this number.

Clippings From Current News

Recent Work of Penna.-German Authors

Elsie Singmaster, of Gettysburg, Pa., the well known young story-writer, has contributed "The Millerstown Yellow Journal" to the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and "The Half-Acre Lot" to the Memorial Day number of *The Youth's Companion*.

Lucy Forney Bittinger, of Sewickley, Pa., author of a number of historical works, has written a new book, "German Religious Life in Colonial Times," to be published by the J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

Oldest Building in Quakertown Razed

Allen Faul has razed the oldest building in Quakertown, erected probably in 1747 or 1748. It was built of logs, lined with brick; the frame-work was of solid oak and hickory. The oldest buildings in Quakertown now, as far as known, are a part of the Red Lion Hotel, a part of Ammon Trumbauer's stone house on Bethlehem avenue, and the well known "Liberty Hall" on the Green property, built in 1772.

Four-State Lutheran Reunion

The annual reunion of the Lutherans of Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, West Virginia and the District of Columbia will be held July 25, at Penmar, Pa. The program will consist of speaking, vocal and instrumental music. Rev. Charles Steck, of Frederick, Md., will make one of the principal addresses.

A Bishop's Golden Jubilee

In memory of the fiftieth anniversary of his entering the ministry the friends of Bishop Rudolph Dubs, of the United Evangelical Church, gave him a reception in one of the Harrisburg churches, April 20. Addresses were made by two ministers who have already passed their golden jubilees: Rev. C. S. Haman, Reading, aged 75, the oldest preacher in the East Pennsylvania Conference, and Rev. B. Hengst, York, aged 80, the oldest representative of the Central Pennsylvania conference. Bishop Dubs was born in the Palatinate, May 31, 1837, came to America in 1852 and was received into the Illinois conference of the Evangelical Association April 20, 1850. He labored many years as missionary among the Germans of Iowa and Kansas, and edited the *Christliche Botschafter* from 1867 to 1875, in which year he was elected bishop. He now edits the *Evangelische Zeitschrift*.

Haydn's "Creation" in Perkiomen Seminary

The first rendition of Haydn's "Creation" in the Perkiomen Valley was given April 27, in Perkiomen Seminary, by the Perkiomen Oratorio Society, under the direction of Prof. J. Henry Kowalski, of Philadelphia. Like the "Messiah," which the Society sang at its first public appearance last December, the production was a great success. All the solo parts but one were rendered by members of the Society.

Anniversary of Alliance with France

The 128th anniversary of the alliance between the United States Government and France was celebrated at York, Pa., May 1, under the auspices of the York Historical Society. A large portrait of Ellis Lewis, late Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, was presented to the Society. George R. Powell, curator and librarian, spoke on Benjamin Franklin and the Continental Congress at York.

The Hundredth Anniversary of Wilkes-Barre

was celebrated according to program, May 10-12, in the presence of thousands of visitors and with an enthusiasm that raw weather and occasional showers could not dampen. It was officially opened with a meeting on the river-commons, at which Mayor Kirkendall welcomed the visitors, Congressman H. W. Palmer delivered a historical address, Alexander's Ninth Regiment Band played and 600 school children sang a special jubilee-march. The principal feature of the second day was the great parade in three divisions—civic, educational and industrial. Later came the crowning of the king and queen of the carnival, Frank Schappert and Stella May Daley, and a grand military parade.

Williamsport Will Come Next

The next of Pennsylvania's thriving towns to celebrate the centennial of its birth will be Williamsport, the county-seat of Lycoming and the glory of the West Branch Valley. Its jubilee days will be July 3 and 4. The lumber-industry, which at first was its main reliance, and the various manufacturing establishments that have contributed to its prosperity in later years, will be appropriately represented in the forthcoming display.

Moravian Church Centennial

The hundredth anniversary of the dedication of the old Moravian church at Bethlehem, Pa., by Bishop Loskiel, May 18, 1806, was celebrated May 20 by an order of services similar to that used a hundred years ago. Bishop J. M. Levering preached a sermon, Rev. A. D. Thaeler read a historical paper and Bishop C. L. Moench, of Philadelphia, made an address at the centennial love-feast.

The Old Mill Shall Stand

The old mill at Eaglepoint, Berks county, built by Jacob Levan in 1730 or 1740, from whose porch Count Zinzendorf a few years later used to address large crowds of white, red and black people while doing missionary work, is still staunch and strong, and the descendants of the builder have determined that it shall be preserved. It is the only architectural monument left of the time when the Moravian missionaries came to the New World to spread the gospel. Both the house and barn built by Levan, himself a religious teacher, have been torn down.

\$20,000 for Perkiomen Seminary

Rev. O. S. Kriebel, principal of Perkiomen Seminary at Painsburg, Pa., has secured from Andrew Carnegie the promise of \$20,000 for a public library building, to be erected on the Seminary grounds. The gift is conditioned on raising an endowment fund of \$20,000 and paying off the floating debts of the Seminary, which amount to about \$25,000. The library will contain 2000 volumes already gathered by the Seminary and the collection of books and manuscripts belonging to the Schwenkfelders, valued at \$50,000.

"Corpus Schwenkfeldianorum" in Press

Advance sheets of the first volume of the *Corpus Schwenkfeldianorum*, the great work upon which Prof. Chester D. Hartranft and his assistants have been laboring since 1885, have been distributed among the patrons of the enterprise and the whole volume is expected to follow in a few months. This monumental work, which will comprise all the writings of Caspar Schwenkfeld, many of them hitherto unpublished, and the history of his followers down to their exodus from the fatherland in 1734, will be issued from the press of Breitkopf & Härtel at Leipsic and probably consist of sixteen volumes.

Honors to Pennsylvania-German Schoolmen

Hon. Henry Honck, our popular, jovial Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction, has been nominated as Secretary of Internal Affairs by the Republican State Convention at Harrisburg. We believe all the public-school teachers in the State will vote for him—the ladies, unfortunately, excepted. (In sending his portrait for our Symposium, he remarked that THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN with it would be "more attractive than ever." We trust it may prove to be so.)

Prof. Martin G. Brumbaugh, of the University of Pennsylvania, has been unanimously elected Superintendent of Schools in Philadelphia, succeeding Dr. Edward Brooks, who resigned on account of failing health.

OBITUARIES

MILTON COOPER, a prominent resident of Coopersburg, died May 3, aged 86. He was a son of Peter Cooper and a great-grandson of William Kupper, who came to Bucks county from Nassau in 1775.

WILHELMINA C. SCHMAUK, widow of Rev. B. W. Schmauk, died at Salem Lutheran parsonage, Lebanon, May 5. She was born August 4, 1820, in New York, as a daughter of John and Frederica Hingle, and married to Rev. Schmauk in 1857.

DR. WILLIAM H. FOCHT, a well known physician and active citizen of Tiffin, Ohio, died May 14. He was born in Allentown, Pa., January 18, 1858, and was a graduate of Heidelberg University and the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Baltimore.

HENRY A. MUEHLBERG, printer, of Reading, died May 15, aged 57. He was a descendant of Gen. Peter Muhlenberg of Revolutionary fame.

DR. JACOB E. RAUB died suddenly May 21, in his office in the Pension Department at Washington, D. C. He was born in Northampton county, Pa., May 13, 1830, graduated from a

Philadelphia medical college, and held a surgeon in the Civil War.

ROBERT BAER, one of the oldest book-binders and printers in northwestern Pennsylvania, died at Hazleton, Me., 30, aged 81. He was a native of Wurttemberg and published the *Deutschischer Wähler* at Wilkes-Barre for forty-eight years.

Chat With Correspondents

Penn.-Germans Americans, not Germans

A subscriber in Lynn, Mass., comments and criticises as follows:

I think it is a glorious work you have undertaken, and hope you will make it so great a success that some day we may have at least a monthly magazine. I would like to see questions and answers on genealogy, as we poor mortals, who have migrated from the State of our birth, have a rather hard time in looking up our lines of ancestry.

I notice that your writers never apply the word Americans to us. When not calling us Pennsylvania-Germans, they say Germans. This may be allowable in Pennsylvania, but is not understood outside of the State. In Massachusetts a German is a native of Germany and must be naturalized to become a citizen of America. After the great things the Pennsylvania-Germans have done for this glorious country, they should be called Americans, but never Germans.

E. E.

Thanks for the kind wish. A department of Genealogical Notes and Queries has been opened, as you see. Our writers evidently do not think it necessary to refer to our class of citizens as Americans, because everybody knows that they, like the settlers or immigrants of other nationalities, have long ago become Americans, having been naturalized, even as in your State. We see no impropriety in calling them Germans, to indicate their origin and distinguish them from the English,

Scotch-Irish, French and other settlers and their descendants. While Germans in descent and to some extent in language, they are Americans as good as the best in all other respects.

Sprogehl Burial-Ground Wrongly Located

W. J. R., of Philadelphia, writes to correct an error which crept into our news-item relating to the vacation of the Sprogehl burial-ground on page 134 of the May number. This burial-ground is at Pottstown, Pa., not at Reading.

Unprinted Church-Records

Another correspondent asks whether church-records have been put in print. We would answer Yes and No. We are not prepared to say what records of this class have been made available to the student and historian by printing or copying. The question calls attention to a great mine of undeveloped historic material. Many invaluable records of births, deaths, etc., are no doubt mouldering somewhere in dust and will soon crumble and become illegible. Can THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN not do something to increase interest in this field of research? Suggestions and contributions relating to the matter will be welcome to our pages.

Genealogical Notes and Queries

This department is open to all our subscribers. Contributors will please state their questions and information as clearly and briefly as possible, being particularly

III.

Wanted—the ancestry of ANDREW TAYLOR, who lived in Philadelphia. He was born about 1765 and died December 31, 1842. Married Elizabeth Deacon, of Burlington, N. J., in 1799. Had six children: George, David, James, William, Edward, Mary Ann. A family-tradition says they came from Germany (being named Schneider and tailors by trade) before the Revolution and settled in or near Philadelphia, changing their name to Taylor. Andrew's father died while he was young; his father married again—whom?

MRS. O. I. KIMBALL.

Newton Centre, Mass.

IV.

My great-grandfather, Jacob Williams, who, as stated in a previous letter, was born in

Fairfield, Adams county, Pa., August 18, 1802, and married to Eliza Bowers, was the second and youngest son of MARK WILLIAMS. Mark married a girl of a "Pennsylvania-Dutch" family, of Hollandish descent. He was supposed to have come from a Welsh family, but through intermarriage with Germans was practically a Pennsylvania-German and spoke only their language. However, according to tradition, his mother was a Spanish woman. His father's name is not known.

I desire information about this Mark Williams, of Adams county, Pa., and his wife, also about his parents. I am particularly interested in the history and ancestry of his Spanish mother. I shall greatly appreciate hearing from any one possessing data relating to these persons.

GEO. T. FISON.

Olathe, Kan.

Our Book-Table

Any book or pamphlet reviewed in these columns will be sent to any address by the Manager of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN on receipt of the publisher's price. Postage must be added when it is mentioned separately. Any other book wanted by our readers may be ordered through us at the publisher's price. Inquiries will be promptly and cheerfully answered.

A Final Word as to Regina, the German Captive. A Paper read before the Lebanon County Historical Society, August 18, 1905, with Appendices. By S. P. Heilman, M.D., Heilmandale, Pa. 52 pages, 40 cents, postpaid.

The story of the German girl, who was carried away by the Indians at a tender age; who after spending years among the savages, was brought back, with a crowd of other recovered prisoners, to be restored to her family and friends, and eagerly sought for by her bereaved mother, whom she recognized only when that mother, at the suggestion of the officer in charge, began to sing an old German hymn, thus bringing about a happy reunion—this beautiful, touching story is familiar to us all. Its truth was never questioned, nor was the name applied to the heroine, Regina Hartman; only the place of her capture was a matter of dispute. Some contended for the place in Schuylkill county, where Orwigsburg now stands; others put forth their claims in favor of Lebanon county. It remained for Dr. Heilman and Secretary Richards of the Pennsylvania-German Society, to discover a printed document which conclusively proves that the family-name of the German captive was Leininger and that the scene of her capture was on Penn's Creek, near the present town of Selinsgrove, west of the Susquehanna. The date was October 16, 1755. The pamphlet before us contains much interesting matter relating to this story, and we congratulate the author and his friend on their undoubted success in finally settling this long vexed historical question.

Publications of the Pennsylvania Society of New York. Organization, Constitution and Membership, September, 1899; Report of First Annual Festival, held October 31, 1890; Year-Books, 1901 to 1906.

The Pennsylvania Society of New York was organized April 25, 1890. Its specific object, as stated in its constitution, is "to cultivate social intercourse among its members and to promote their best interests; to collect historical material relating to the State of Pennsylvania, and to keep alive its memory in New York." Its Year-Books of 1900 and '01 are mainly devoted to the addresses made at the annual dinners, which make very enjoyable reading; the later issues swell very considerably in bulk and contain also a great deal of historical matter, illustrated with many pictures and fac-similes. The Year-Book of 1904

contains "Pennsylvania: A Primer," a work of 256 pages on the chronology, history and political organization of our State, prepared by Barr Ferree, secretary of the Society. This "Primer" is a complete text-book for study and invaluable as a book of reference for a busy man. In the Year-Books of 1905 and '06 many pages are devoted to a description of Pennsylvania publications and memorial celebrations. The Pennsylvania Society of New York is flourishing; its membership, which numbered 165 in September, 1899, had grown to 755 on January 1, 1906. All its publications are well printed and copiously illustrated.

We are indebted to P. K. Gable, proprietor of the Rambo House, Norristown, Pa., for the **History of the Gable Family**, a very attractive pamphlet, compiled by Frank Allaben. It traces the history of the descendants of John Philip Gable, who immigrated from the Palatinate in 1730; it contains a fine portrait of P. K. Gable and the Gable Family-Tree.

Transactions of the Historical Society of Berks County. Vol. II, No. 1, embracing papers contributed during the year 1905.

This well printed pamphlet of 96 pages contains, among other things: Berks County Militia at Brandywine and Germantown, by Morton L. Montgomery; Old Charcoal Furnaces in the Eastern Section of Berks County, H. Winslow Fegley; War's Alarms in Reading during the Confederate Invasion of 1863, Louis Richards; Pennsylvania Militia Called in 1862 for State Defense, Richmond L. Jones.

State School-Publications

The Department of Public Instruction at Harrisburg has sent us the Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction and School-Laws and Decisions for 1905.

A Fine Reprint

We have received from W. H. Richardson a copy of his interesting essay, *The Picturesque Quality of the Pennsylvania-German*, reprinted from Vol. XIII of the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania-German Society, bound in paper.

The Coming of the Germans

We acknowledge the receipt of the second and third of a series of papers on the above subject, read by P. Henrichs before the Erie County Historical Society. We hope to find opportunity later to say more about them.

The Pennsylvania-German

SEPTEMBER, 1906

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Frontispiece—Monument to Rev. John William Weber	218
Rev. John William Weber, Pioneer Reformed Preacher of Western Pennsylvania. By Rev. D. S. Fouse, Lisbon, Iowa	219
Connecticut Claims in the Wyoming Valley—By Prof. D. Montfort Melchior, Perkiomen Seminary	223
A Bit of Lehigh County Indian History—By Alfred Franklin Berlin, Allentown, Pa.	227
An Estimate of Henry S. Dotterer—By Fred A. Krauss, Reading, Pa.	231
The Hampton Furnace—Reminiscences of an Important Industry and Its Old-Time Owners—By the Editor	233
Dolly Harris and Sadie Smith—Two Youthful Barbara Fritchie's of a Pennsylvania Town	240
Weather-Prognostications and Superstitions among the Pennsylvania Germans—By John Baer Stoudt, H.	242
Northampton Town and Allentown—A Historical Sketch by James J. Hauser (concluded)	244
The Rainbow Chaser—By Charles K. Meschter	252
Our Pennsylvania-German Wives and Sweethearts—By Prof. Geo. T. Ettinger, Ph.D., Dean of Muhlenberg College	253
The Wild Rose of Bethlehem—An Original Tale by the "Little Hunchback," Translated from the German (continued)	256
LITERARY GEMS:	
The Old Union Church at Boyertown Sixty Years Ago—By "Onkel Jeff"	260
A Lament for My Alma Mater—By George Keller DeLong	262
Juscht en Deppich—By E. M. Eshelman, Washington, D. C.	263
Cupid Using a "Dolme'scher"—A Short Story with a Moral	264
Das Muhlftrad—The Mill-wheel	265
Pennsylvania-German Proverbs	265
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT	266
Clippings from Current News	268
Chat with Correspondents	269
Genealogical Notes and Queries	270
Our Book-Table	270
Fiction Dealing with Pennsylvania-Germans	272



Monument to Rev. John William Weber in the old Mahleisen
or Mill-Iron Graveyard

The Pennsylvania-German

Vol. VII

SEPTEMBER, 1906

No. 5

Rev. John William Weber,

Pioneer Reformed Preacher of Western Pennsylvania

BY REV. D. S. FOLSE, LISBON, IOWA.

THE Germans, centuries ago, were a home-loving people. They had little delight in roaming over the earth as did the English and the Spaniards. Whatever may have been their disposition in their earlier history, they have now come to be a people that is found in every quarter of the globe. This new departure in their character seems to have taken place at the time of the religious wars in central Europe and at the time also when the New World offered such exceptional opportunities to the daring spirits of all nations. The very earliest settlers of this country were not generally Germans. Except the Dutch in New York, the pioneers of the country were from other nationalities. But there came a time in the history of this people when their internal conditions were anything but inviting. There were wars and dissensions; they were divided into hostile factions. Their princes were often men lacking in the sterner and nobler qualities of manhood. Some of them were really ignoble in character. True, others were of the best types of character and by these the German characteristics were maintained. Then, too, the religious wars made the home-land anything but pleasant and comfortable to these home-loving people.

Then began that remarkable movement which sent thousands of them to America, where they settled along the Atlantic coast from Nova Scotia to the Carolinas. They came from every German province and section, New York, eastern Pennsylvania, Maryland and the

valley of Virginia received the thousands who were continually coming to the new country. But when these thousands came to this western land, even Harvard College had been founded almost a hundred years. This shows that our German forefathers were slow to leave their ancient home and many, no doubt, came only to find that peace and political freedom which they could not enjoy in their native land.

But when once these sturdy and industrious people had settled in their new homes, they soon made themselves felt. The impress of their character is stamped upon every section of the land where they are found. They soon made a paradise out of a wilderness, and wherever the Pennsylvania-German is found to-day there is thrift and prosperity. Their dialect may be peculiar and their manner of life may differ from their neighbor's, but they are respected everywhere and admitted to be among the best and most thrifty, as well as the most loyal of our American citizens.

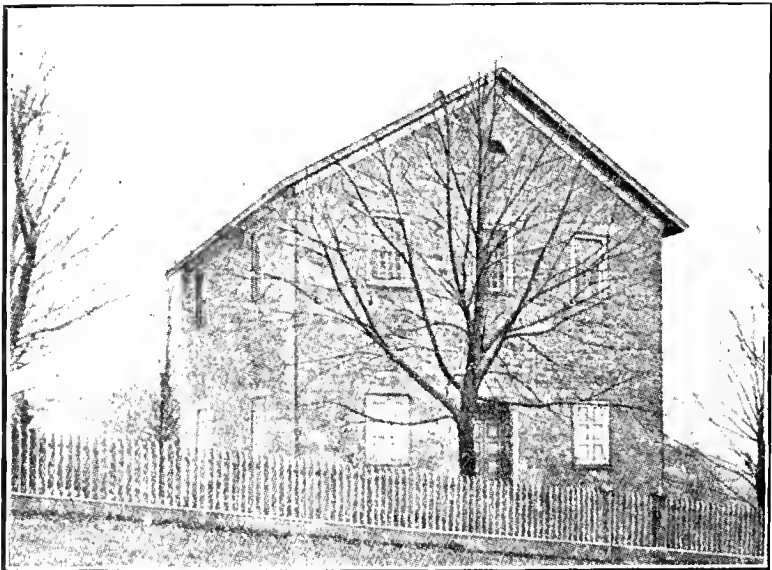
Religiously the great majority of these people were trained in the Reformed and Lutheran faith. They were trained in the confessions of their church. With them religion was not a mere sentiment, but a principle which controlled their lives. In many instances they brought their ministers with them, but perhaps more frequently they came without their pastors. But they longed for the church of their fathers, and when possible received pastors from Europe.

Among the Reformed people were some faithful pastors who in the opening years of the eighteenth century went from place to place and supplied these scattered and destitute people with the means of grace. Later the Church of Holland sent Rev. Michael Schlatter to this country to organize these people into congregations and take spiritual oversight of them. He was instrumental in organizing the first Reformed Synod in 1747. From that time there was more order and method in the church-work among the Pennsylvania-Germans. Classes were formed and additional men came from the fatherland to help in the good work.

In the meantime also the colonies began to spread. These people moved farther inland, taking up new districts for their homes. Some of them went beyond the Allegheny Mountains and formed new settlements to the westward. This was but natural in a new country and among a people who had now become more roving in disposition. Very probably also the love of adventure and a desire for increased worldly opportunities had grown among them.

Among their ministers were heroic spirits, who were willing to sacrifice much for the general good of their people. Among these noble spirits was Rev. John William Weber. He was the pioneer Reformed pastor in western Pennsylvania. This good man was born in the province of Wiltgenstein, Germany, March 5, 1735. After some service as a school-teacher in his native land he emigrated to America in 1764. He was married in Falkner Swamp, Montgomery county, Pa., October 5, 1767, to Anna Maria Born, a native of Baden-Baden. His wife died, as the record has it, in 1784, and later he was married to a Mrs. Robinson. He had in all eighteen children, thus maintaining the traditions of his people for large families. His descendants are now generally known by the name of Weaver and are scattered all over the land.

Mr. Weber seems to have had charge of one of the parochial schools which were established in eastern Pennsylvania and Maryland by means of benevolent funds raised in Europe by Rev. Schlatter. October 10, 1771, Mr. Weber appeared before the Reformed Coetus, or



UNION REFORMED AND LUTHERAN CHURCH AT HARBOLD'S, PA., 1829-1892
This building succeeded the original log schoolhouse and church erected about 1785

Synod, convened at Reading, Pa., and requested to be examined in divine truth and if found capable, allowed to supply with preaching and catechetical instruction vacant congregations in special need of such services. He was examined and allowed to preach and teach under care and direction of the nearest pastor, who "shall carefully watch over his doctrine, life and conduct," as the record reads. When the Synod met in Lancaster, Pa., in 1772, he and others asked for ordination. The request was backed by the congregations which he had served during the year. The Synod seems to have hesitated, but a committee was appointed to give him, with others, a thoro' examination, and if satisfactory, to ordain them. They were ordained, which is proof that they had passed the final test. But it might be stated here, that the church-authorities of Holland, which then had jurisdiction over the scattered German Reformed congregations in this country, did not approve of the ordination of the men without first receiving the sanction of the Holland church. This irregular step was taken evidently in order to supply the great need of ministers.

In the report of the Synod held at Lancaster in 1776 Rev. Weber is mentioned as present and pastor at Plainfield, or of the Plainfield charge, which consisted of four congregations. We mention this fact only to show that he was now a regular pastor.

The record gives many facts in this man's history during the next three years, but these facts are not necessary for what we have in view. The question is, how did this man get to western Pennsylvania? The record tells us that at the meeting of the Synod in 1782 a congregation in Westmoreland county, Pa.—a district near Pittsburg—a new settlement, where no German minister had been heretofore, very earnestly petitioned for an able minister, to whom it promised eighty pounds annually together with other necessities of life. The Synod recommended Mr. Weber. He accepted the call and took up the work. From the above we might suppose that this was an entirely new field, and from the spirit of the man we might also suppose that he was full of the missionary spirit and just the man for the task. But later the record tells us that Dominic



HOME FOR REFORMED PASTORS NEAR GREENSBURG, PA.

This engraving shows the house and barn, Weber Memorial Chapel and the graveyard, in which rest the remains of Luther Weber.

Weber took charge of the congregations that called him, namely, Fort Pitt, Hantown, Hempfield and Mt. Pleasant. Here then is the question: Who organized these congregations? How did they come into existence? These are questions not so easily answered. In fact there is no definite record on the matter, so far as we know. Some suppose that these congregations were organized, or at least their foundations laid, by the chaplains in Colonel Bouquet's army, as they were evidently Swiss Reformed. Just how these congregations came into existence, we cannot tell; but that they were there can hardly be disputed.

We then have Rev. John William Weber west of the Allegheny Mountains as early as 1782. He was evidently also the first regular Reformed pastor west of the mountains, altho' other ministers of that church may have visited that section. Early in 1783 he removed his family to western Pennsylvania. His salary was 116 pounds, 100 bushels of wheat and a free house and firewood. After all, this early pioneer received as large a salary as some of the ministers on the frontier to-day. We are told, however, that the people were poor and were exposed to frequent raids from Indian savages, making life unsafe.

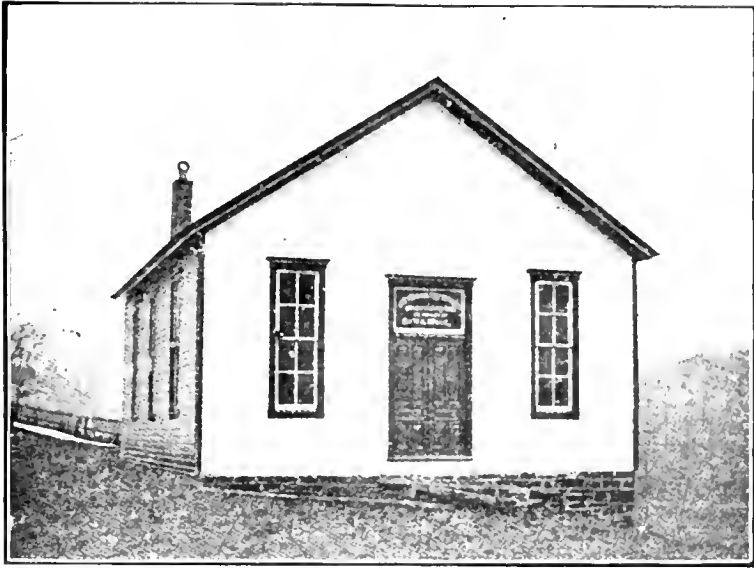
Rev. Weber soon began to extend his labors. While Westmoreland county and the four congregations mentioned were the scene of his early operations, he soon began to extend his labors to Washington, Fayette and other counties. He organized many congregations in the regions where he resided. Of course the county was settled in communities, and he was compelled to go from one to the other in order to engage in his ministrations. What are now the counties of Somerset and Westmoreland were originally settled by Germans. Of course there were some foreign Germans, but the majority were Pennsylvania-Germans from the eastern counties of the State. These industrious Germans crossed the Allegheny Mountains and settled in the valleys and along the streams of this section. Here Father Weber with other pastors, who came to his help later,

organized congregations among them. We had occasion a few years ago to visit many of the congregations in this region and found the Pennsylvania-German predominating even to-day. Many of the people speak the language of eastern Pennsylvania and have the same customs and habits that are found farther east. They are a hospitable, kind and good people.

One can easily judge of the nationality of the people when he studies the church-statistics of that section. When we were in Somerset county we found only two or three Presbyterian churches. The Reformed and Lutheran churches are numerous and strong in all this region, which indicates plainly the fact that the people are of German origin. When one gets farther west into the Scotch-Irish settlements, he finds the Presbyterian churches strong and numerous. Many of the leading families of the Reformed church in and about Greensburg belong to the congregations that were originally founded by Father Weber. In fact the 22,000 members of the Pittsburg Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States are the fruits of his missionary labors. The foundations that he laid so well have endured and will endure for ages to come.

Toward the last of his life Mr. Weber secured a farm of over seventy acres some five miles southeast of Greensburg, as a future home for Reformed pastors. This is still claimed by the church, altho' there has been some dispute about the matter. There is a graveyard attached to this farm and there Father Weber lies buried. Westmoreland Classis erected a monument to his memory in 1874.

To us it may seem a small thing that this man should have taken his family so far to the westward a hundred and twenty-five years ago. But we must remember that at that time western Pennsylvania was a wild country, sparsely settled and Indians roaming thro' the wilderness. His parish was almost equal to the western part of the State; his appointments were in the settlements, far apart, poor roads, few bridges and little to make life pleasant aside from the work in which he engaged and which he loved.



WEBER MEMORIAL CHAPEL

No railroad traversed this section for seventy years after he settled there. Today one can go to the Rocky Mountains with perfect ease and safety, but not so this pioneer pastor who crossed the Allegheny Mountains in 1782 to lay the foundations of his church in the wilderness. The young minister of to-day may well draw a lesson of service and sacrifice from his life.

It remains only to be said that in personal appearance Rev. Weber was tall, well formed, fine-looking and attractive in his manners and bearing. It is also said of him that he was quick-tempered, quick of utterance and rather sensitive. These latter are usually the characteristics of noble, earnest souls. His memory lives in his works and he will not be forgotten.

Connecticut Claims in the Wyoming Valley

BY PROF. D. MONTFORT MELCHIOR, PERKIOMEN SEMINARY, PENNSBURG, PA.

HAD Pennsylvania been forced to give up those parts of her territory that were claimed by her neighboring colonies, she would indeed have been an insignificant figure in the great tragedy so early produced on the world's new stage—the American continent. Virginia laid claim to the southwestern corner of the province, including the junction of the Allegheny and the Monongahela; Maryland insisted that her northern boundary should extend to the fortieth parallel, thus cutting off Philadelphia; our lake-frontage was for a long time a matter of doubt; but most

formidable of all was the claim made by Connecticut to the land between the forty-first and forty-second parallels of latitude—in other words, to more than one third of our entire State.

The source of the trouble with Connecticut was that which was at the bottom of nearly all the controversies between neighboring colonies—the overlapping of charter-grants.

In 1662, at the request of the people who had settled south of Massachusetts and in the valley of the Connecticut river, the colonies of New Haven and Connecticut were united under a charter given

by Charles the Second. By the terms of this charter, solicited by John Winthrop, its territory was defined as:

"All that Part of New England in America, bounden on the East by Narraganset River, commonly called Narraganset Bay, where the said River falleth into the Sea; and on the North by the Line of the Massachusetts Plantation, and on the South by the Sea; and Longitude as the Line of the Massachusetts Colony running from East to West—that is to say, from the said Narraganset Bay on the East, to the South Sea on the West Part . . . (if the) granted Premises, or any part thereof, be not then actually possessed or inhabited by any other Christian Prince or State."

In other words, the province of Connecticut was to skip the southeastern corner of New York, and then extend westward to the Pacific ocean.

Nineteen years after the granting of this charter the same Charles the Second granted to William Penn a charter for a tract of land the northern boundary of which was to be the forty-second parallel, thus overlapping by about one degree of latitude the Connecticut claim, the southern boundary of which was about the forty-first degree.

Connecticut's claim was of course based on the priority of her charter, but let us consider for a moment whether that claim was a valid one. We Americans are accustomed to a government whose rights and privileges are strictly limited by a written constitution, and for that reason can hardly realize what absolute authority lies in the English Parliament. This body has the power, by a single vote, to set aside the long established principles and laws contained in the sacred documents so dear to the British people.

As to land-grants, Parliament to-day has the right to make a grant of land to a certain person, then turn around and grant a part of it to some one else, if it so desires. Now Charles the Second belonged to the house of Stuart, which dynasty had usurped many of the rights and privileges before and since held by Parliament. Among these rights since enjoyed by Parliament was that of granting to private individuals and corporations tracts of land in the British provinces. Charles the First had made several grants, and his son, Charles the Sec-

ond, began active work along that line immediately after his restoration. He granted Connecticut her charter in 1662; he gave his brother, the Duke of York, New Amsterdam in 1664; in 1673 he gave away the whole of Virginia to one of his friends, and in 1681 he gave to William Penn the province of Pennsylvania. To all these grants there were prior claims, but in no case save that of Connecticut against Pennsylvania was the *legality* of the transaction questioned. The *justness* of it sometimes was, and Charles the Second was twice persuaded to rescind parts of his grants. Therefore, since it is the absolute right of the sovereign power in England to grant away a part of the public domain already given to some one else, and since in the middle of the seventeenth century the kings wielded that sovereign power, the grant made by Charles the Second to William Penn was legal and valid.

The people of Connecticut knew their claim was not good, as is shown by the fact that they at one time during the contest applied for a new charter, which was refused.* Nor were the people of Connecticut themselves at first in favor of urging the claim. One of their own writers sees in it only a controversy "that will bring them under a heavy Load of Expense, which they are not able to bear, without the most distant Prospect of Success; and which, if obtained, would be of no real Advantage; as it would drain the Colony of its Inhabitants and lessen the present value of their Lands." Another says: "For Connecticut to claim any Part of what is West of the Line confirmed by King William in 1700, may be of fatal consequences to its Charter, which it has long enjoyed without any Inquiry into its Validity." Still stronger evidence of the validity of the Penn charter is shown in the report of Sir William Jones, attorney general to the King, who after having carefully examined all former grants says: "The tract of land desired by Mr. Penn seems to be undisposed of by his majesty, unless the imaginary lines of New England patents, which are bounded westerly by the main ocean, should give them a real

*Provost Smith.

tho' impractical right to all those vast territories."*

The white man did not recognize the Indian's claim to the land, tho' the Penns were always careful to appropriate no land without a clear Indian title, and in pursuance of this policy had bought in 1736 options on all the lands within their charter-limits. This the chiefs of the Six Nations did not recognize and in 1754 at the Albany convention sold the Wyoming Valley to the Connecticut claimants. The Penns, irritated at this, solicited the aid of Sir William Johnson, influential with the Indians, and finally at Fort Stanwix in 1768 the sale of 1754 was repudiated and the valley was sold to the Penns.*

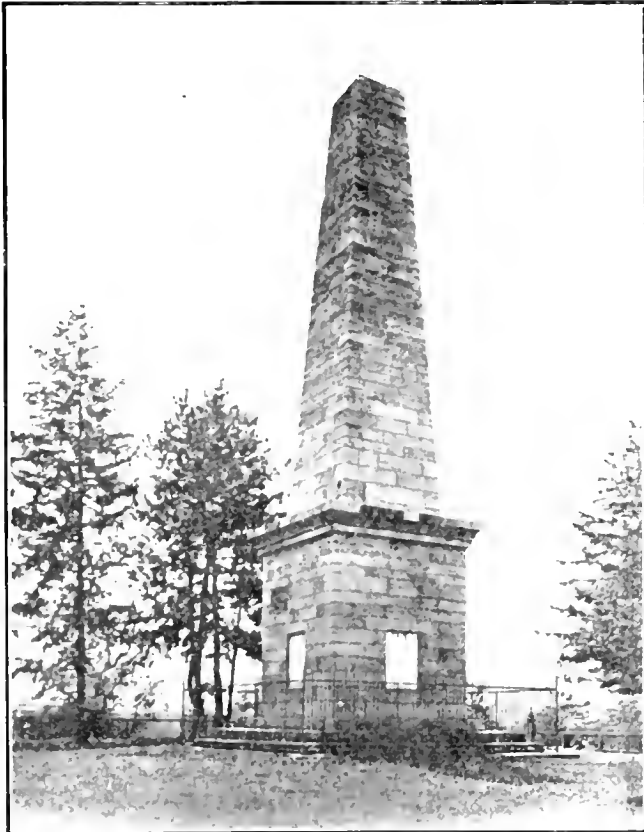
We thus see that, as far as legal title to the disputed territory was concerned,

the Penns had good reason to consider their claim real and secure. But the Connecticut people had heard of the charms of the Wyoming valley and wanted it. They had come to believe in the doctrine of "squatter sovereignty," and in their defence of that doctrine and their belief in the legality of the prior charter they indeed verify the statement that "the Connecticut men are lusty and stout in general and seem determined to turn out on any alarm to support their liberties."†

In 1753 a company of about six hundred persons, mostly from Connecticut, known as the Susquehanna Company, was organized for the purpose of settling the Wyoming valley. As to the charter of this company we find this in the journal of Major Ennion Williams:

*Fisher: "The Making of Pennsylvania."

†Journal of Major Ennion Williams.



WYOMING MONUMENT AT WILKES BARRE, PA.
Erected in Commemoration of the Massacre of July 3, 1778

I spent the evening happily at our lodgings in company with a . . . member of Assembly from Norwich, a man of property, of good education, of good sense and social disposition. . . . Respecting the Connecticut claim to a part of Pennsylvania, he informed me it had a right to Wyoming, etc., yet the Government would not have resolved to insist on this land unless Colonel Dyer and a few others had been indefatigable in persuading the Assembly. He tells me that the Susquehanna Company consists of a great number of members and that they have not had any meeting, and have not given any orders to disturb the Pennsylvanians, and he is certain that the Assembly or Government have not known or been concerned in this unjustifiable, hostile attempt. He condemns it and assures me it is generally disapproved. The report of the defeat came to hand three days ago and the Wyoming people will not be supported in this desperate scheme. He tells me the people there in general are bankrupts, runaways, lawless persons, etc.

After several unsuccessful attempts to settle the valley, this company in February 1761 sent a band of thirty men to the Wyoming valley, to prepare the way for a band of three hundred who were to follow in the spring. They were led by Colonel Zebulon Butler, a man trained in the art of war and skilled in the cunning of the savage. They were all given titles to land, provided they made a permanent settlement. Long before they started lots were laid out, the sites of buildings indicated, ministers and doctors chosen—in short, everything conducive to a speedy, strong and peaceful settlement was provided. What was the surprise and astonishment of this vanguard, when they found that the Pennsylvania proprietors had already sent out a band of men to settle the valley and to warn off intruders! And a strong band they were, led by such men as John Jennings, sheriff of Northampton county, and Amos Ogden, hero of many battles and crafty master of Indian warfare. With his characteristic dash and daring, tho' he had but ten men to Butler's forty, he seized three of the New Englanders, put them under arrest and hustled them, followed by the thirty-seven, across the mountains, down the Lehigh river to Easton, a distance of sixty miles, where they were at once released on bail. At once they started out again for Wyoming, followed by the dauntless Jen-

nings, who had summoned the Northampton county posse. No sooner do the settlers again reach the valley than Jennings surrounds them, arrests the entire party, and again marches to Easton, where for the second time they are released on bail. In midwinter they had covered the distance of sixty miles four times!*

Other New Englanders now came, under the leadership of Captain Durkee, and after suffering much at the hands of Ogden and Jennings, were driven out of the valley, they in one direction, their cattle in another.

Then a certain Lazarus Stewart, who had espoused the Connecticut cause, drove out Ogden, only to be driven out himself when Ogden returned with a sufficient number of men. After various vicissitudes Ogden was surrounded by a superior force and his position became very dangerous. He was not only unable to slip away with his garrison, but it was almost impossible to send away for aid. Finally, becoming desperate, he decided that he himself must go to Philadelphia for help. One bright, starlight night he slipped to the river's bank, which he knew was being carefully guarded, slipped off his clothes, tied them in a bundle, which he attached to his waist by means of a long rope, and plunged into the river, towing his clothes after him.

Hardly was he started before the crack of a rifle gave testimony to the alertness of the sentinels. When he finally landed he found his clothes riddled with bullets, the ruse in all probability having saved his life. He accomplished the distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles to Philadelphia in three days.

But all his energy and daring were of no avail. The reinforcements that he led back to Wyoming were soon overpowered, and thus what is known as the First Pennamite War was over, leaving the Connecticut claimants in possession, tho' they had been driven out of the valley to a man five times.

It is unfortunate that the Penn claimants at no time had a sufficiently large

*Fisher.

force to keep out the Connecticut invaders. It is said that a permanent garrison of one hundred men would have been sufficient to hold the valley against the intruders. But it must be remembered that the province of Pennsylvania belonged not to the people, as did that of Connecticut by charter-right, but to the heirs of William Penn. The people of Pennsylvania naturally were not much interested in the outcome of a struggle which would add or would not add to the estate of private individuals. Their sympathies often indeed were not with the Penn heirs, who had not wholly followed in the steps of their illustrious ancestor. Had the sturdy settlers of Philadelphia, Bucks, Montgomery, Northampton and Lancaster counties felt a personal interest in the contest, the Susquehanna Company would have been shattered almost before it was formed. The Penn heirs could not afford to maintain a garrison of a hundred men in the valley, and thus the Connecticut settlers felt they had made sure their hold in this garden-spot of Pennsylvania, the home of the deer, the wild duck and the bear, and which the clear, crisp air, the fertile plains, the dense forests, the bold and rugged mountains made deserving of one of the bitterest contests in our colonial history.

For six years Westmoreland—thus it was named by the New Englanders—was peaceful and happy. But in the meantime the opening gun of the great American revolution had been fired, the desire for independence had begun to take root, and a new spirit was being awakened in the American breast. If the British yoke were thrown off, Pennsylvania would no longer be the property of private individuals, it would belong to the Quaker, the German and the Scotch-Irish, now united in a common cause, and the far-famed Wyoming, now usurped by a sister colony, would be theirs for the taking of it.

Besides, the Penns, to recuperate their failing fortune, had sold their claims in Wyoming to speculators, who in turn sold them to others, until a goodly number of Pennsylvanians also had claims to the fertile fields now claimed and held by the Susquehanna Company.

We are not surprised, then, to find that when, in the closing days of the year 1775, a new expedition, headed by a man, William Plunkett by name, started for Wyoming, there was a band of nearly a thousand men willing to fight for the possession of their coveted territory.

(To be concluded in October.)

A Bit of Lehigh County Indian History

BY ALFRED FRANKLIN BERLIN, ALLENTOWN, PA.

Paper read before the Lehigh County Historical Society at Allentown, Pa., Jan. 1, 1906.

ONE half mile southwest of the village of Ironton, and about six miles west of this city, is to be found a copious spring. At this place once lived a Shawano Indian, Kolapechka. Of him more as we proceed with this paper.

Around this spring have been picked up many stone and flint relics of Indian manufacture, such as spear- and arrow-points, knives, scrapers and other implements, evidences of an Indian village or encampment. A few steps from this fountain is still to be seen in place a part of the rock or boulder, about one half of it, in which was once the mortar used by the aboriginal people to grind their corn

—for, mind you, they grew this grain in their cultivated fields not far from here—and other cereals and roots. That portion of the rock which contained the mortar was ruthlessly destroyed a number of years ago by the farmer then living on the property.

Coplay creek, now a small stream, meanders near by. Along its banks are also found the evidences of aboriginal occupation.

This stream was named Coplay in honor of the Shawano chieftain, Kolapechka. A local historian of note appears, however, to think differently. On page 300 of his work, "History of the Lehigh Valley," etc., printed in 1860, M. S.

Henry, of Easton, Pa., in a foot-note says:

Coplay is the name of a creek emptying into the Lehigh river near Catasauqua (west). The proper and original name for the stream is *Copechcan*, which is an Indian word signifying "that which runs evenly" or "a fine running stream."

Not a word does he mention of the Shawano chieftain; but further on in his very interesting book, in another foot-note, on page 303, acknowledges great indebtedness to the late Joseph J. Mickley, Esq., of Philadelphia, "for much valuable information of this (Lehigh) county, as likewise by the use of his valuable library he has been the means of adding many items of an interesting character to the whole publication."

Now in Mr. Mickley's "Brief Account of the Murders by the Indians in Northampton County, Penna.," page 24, occurs the following note:

Coplay is a corruption from Kolapechka, which was the name of an Indian, the son of a Shawano chief named Paxinosa. He lived at the head of the creek named after him, and was on friendly terms with the white inhabitants. He was an honest and trustworthy man. Timothy Horsfeld, Jr., employed him on several occasions to carry messages to Governor Hamilton at Philadelphia.

Northampton county, in which occurred the terrible murders spoken of by Mr. Mickley, embraced at this time about all the land now contained in Northampton, Lehigh, Carbon, Monroe, Pike, Wayne and Susquehanna counties, also small parts of Bradford, Wyoming, Luzerne, Schuylkill and Columbia. These murders were caused by the outrageous acts of the whites upon the Indians. I believe it will be no digression to tell of them here.

The original character of the better tribes of American aborigines, as found by the first white people who met them, and substantiated by most historical accounts, was kind, hospitable and generous, so long as they were treated with justice and humanity.

Christopher Columbus—we all know who he was—wrote of them in letters to his king: "There are not a better people in the world than these, more affectionate, affable or mild. They love their neighbors as themselves." The navigator

spoke for the southern Indians, who were already an agricultural and stationary people. Of the New England red people, who were a part of the great Algonkin or Algonquin nation—to which belonged the Lenni Lenapé or Delawares, who once lived in this (Lehigh) county—the Rev. Mr. Cushman, in a sermon delivered in Plymouth, Mass., in 1620, says:

The Indians are said to be the most cruel and treacherous people in all those parts, even like lions; but to us they have been like lambs, so kind, so submissive and trusty. As a man may truly say, many Christians are not so kind and sincere.

The Moravian missionary Heckewelder, and no man knew the Indians better than he, passed similar encomiums on them. Las Casas, one of the most remarkable men of the sixteenth century, and the Abbé Clavigero give similar testimony of the Mexican Indians. So did William Penn. Similar are the praises given them by other historical authorities.

Now we may ask, what was it that changed these kindly and hospitable people into brutes and savages who committed the most awful murders, regardless of age or sex? The story is easily told. The writer will mention here a few local occurrences which he has taken from the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder's "Indian Nations," an authoritative work.

In the summer of 1763 some friendly Indians from a distant place came to Bethlehem to exchange their furs for such articles as were most needed by them. Well satisfied with their exchange, they started for home. The first night they put up at John Stenton's tavern, distant from Bethlehem about eight miles, and a short mile north of the present Hometown, Northampton county. Stenton not being at home, his wife encouraged those who came there to drink to abuse the Indians, adding "that she would freely give a gallon of rum to any one of them that would kill one of these black devils." They were, however, not disturbed by the whites, but upon preparing to depart discovered that they were robbed of some of the most valuable articles purchased by them. Upon complaining of their loss to a man who

appeared to be the bar-keeper, they were ordered to leave the house. A few of them returned to Bethlehem, where they made complaint before a magistrate. This officer gave them a letter to the tavern-keeper, pressing him to at once restore the stolen articles. The letter was delivered, and they were answered that, if they valued their lives, they must leave at once, which they did without the property belonging to them.

Scarcely had these Indians left when in another place, about fourteen miles distant from Stenton's, was committed another outrage. Loskiel mentions it in his "History of the Missions of the Indians in America," as follows:

In August, 1703, Zachary and his wife, who had left the congregation in Wechquetank, on Head's creek, north of the Blue Mountain, returned on a visit. A woman called Zippora was persuaded to follow them. On their return they stayed at the *Buchkabuchka* overnight, and went unconcerned to sleep in a hay-loft. *Buchkabuchka* is the Indian word which the Munseys, Heekewelder informs us, had for the Lehigh Watergap. The word means "mountains butting opposite each other." During the night the Indian lodgers were attacked by some of the soldiers under command of Captain Wetterholt stationed there. Zippora was thrown down upon the threshing-floor and killed. Zachary escaped out of the house, but was pursued and, with his wife and little child, put to the sword, altho' the mother begged for their lives upon her knees.

One Jonathan Dodge, a worthless villain, a lieutenant in Captain Nicholas Wetterholt's company, committed many atrocious acts against the Indians, who were in every instance friendly to the whites. In a letter to Timothy Horsfield bearing date August 4, 1703, he writes:

"Yesterday there were four Indians came to Ensign Kern's. I took four rifles and fourteen deerskins from them." After the Indians had left he continues: "I took twenty men and pursued them, then I ordered my men to fire, upon which I fired a volley on them, could find none dead or alive."

One more instance. This same cowardly Dodge and one Jacob Warner, a soldier in Wetterholt's company, while searching for a gun, when about two miles above Fort Allen, now Weissport, met three Indians painted black. Dodge killed one of them. Warner also fired,



TIMOTHY HORSFIELD 1708-1773
From "A History of Bethlehem, Pa., 1741-1892," by
Bishop J. M. Lebering

and states that he thought he had wounded another. The Indians had not fired upon them, as they were friendly. These are only a few of the many dastardly outrages committed upon the natives by the whites.

We will now note the result. On the eighth of October, 1703, burning with revenge, a number of Indians, consisting of Delawares and Shawanos, attacked the Stenton tavern during the night, killing its proprietor, John Stenton, and Captain Wetterholt, besides several soldiers. After this most deplorable affair they attacked the house of Andrew Hazlet, shot him and tomahawked his wife and two children. One of the little ones recovered. Twelve Indians then proceeded toward the Lehigh river, crossing a short distance above Siegfried's bridge, known to this day as the Indian Fall or Rapids. They first reached the farm of John Jacob Miekley, and there killed two children, a boy and a girl. From there they went to the house of John Schneider and killed him, his wife and three children. In this awful foray were murdered, we are told, twenty-three people, many of them innocent; besides many were

dangerously wounded and much property was destroyed by fire. Laden with plunder, the Indians then struck for the wilderness, north of the Blue Mountain, whence they had come.

The frontier at this time extended along and a short distance beyond the line of the Blue Ridge, from Fort Hunter on the east bank of the Susquehanna river, a few miles above Harrisburg, to Dupui's Fort on the west bank of the Delaware river, near the Delaware Water-gap. This mountain-range practically marked the limit of the actual settlement by the white people.

Timothy Horsfield, noted several times by the writer, was born in Liverpool, England, in April, 1708. He came to America and settled first on Long Island in 1725. He then moved to Bethlehem in 1740. In May 1752 he was appointed a justice of the peace for Northampton county; was commissioned lieutenant and colonel, and as such superintended and directed the two military companies commanded by the two Captains Wetterholt, which were ranging along the frontier. To him were forwarded their reports, and he corresponded with Governor Hamilton at Philadelphia. He resigned his offices in December, 1763, and died at Bethlehem March 6, 1773. His remains lie buried in the old and interesting Moravian burying-ground, and the house in which he lived can still be seen, somewhat modernized, at No. 49 Market street, only a short distance from his grave. In this house, a two-story building erected in 1749, was opened in 1753 at the west end the first general store and trading-place in the Lehigh valley. This part of the house was demolished in 1879. A metal tablet fastened into the Market street wall during the sesqui-centennial celebration held at Bethlehem in 1892 gives us this interesting information. Mr. Horsfield was at that time of great service to the Government as well as to the frontier inhabitants.

Kolapechka and his father, Paxnas or Paxinosa, belonged to that migratory and restless tribe of Indians often called Shawnees, but the right name of which is Shawanos. They were known as the most depraved and ferocious tribe of all

the Indian nations, and were continually at war with their neighbors. They were one of the most important of the Algonquin tribes. Their most noted chief was the great Tecumtha. Their earliest historical home appears to have been on the middle Savannah river. About the year 1692 most of those remaining in South Carolina moved northward, and settled upon the upper Delaware river with their relatives and friends, the Leni Lenapés and Mohicans.

Paxnas, the father, was, so says the missionary Heckewelder, a chief of prominence. The Moravian missionaries knew that the Shawano Indians were a fierce people, and because of this sought to gain their friendship, so as not to be molested when passing from one Indian mission to another. After the death of Shekellemus, the friend of the whites, who died in Shamokin in 1749, the missionaries were fortunate in gaining the friendship of Paxnas, who proved this by sending his son to escort a missionary to Bethlehem from Shamokin, where he was in the most perilous situation, the French and Indian War having just broken out.

To again resume as to the name Copley: Dr. J. H. Dubbs says in a letter to the writer that "Mr. Mickley was an historical authority of eminence, and was thoro'ly familiar with the locality. I may add, however, that in the days of my boyhood the fact that Copley had resided at the place indicated was never called in question in the vicinity of Iron-ton." Both Mr. Mickley and Prof. Dubbs were born and raised in the neighborhood. In the "Genealogical History of the Race of Balyard," by a descendant, Dr. L. B. Balliet, now a resident of this city, in his preface to the book, is found the following:

I am indebted to old Aunty Copley for reliable information relating to our family prior to her time. She was called by that name from the circumstance that the place on which she lived was the home of an old Indian chief named Copley, at the time our forefathers located this tract, about the middle of the eighteenth century.

Nowhere do we find any authority that the creek was ever called Copeechan; but abundant evidence, as you have

heard this afternoon, that it was named after Kolapechka, or as Dr. Balliet appears to think, Kolapecha.

The supposition is that the name Copechan was invented about fifty years ago by gentlemen living near the present village of Coplay, assisted by antiquarians from Philadelphia, who knew nothing of the real origin of the name, and

who, having discovered in the Indian vocabulary that *Copechan* meant "a smooth or fine running stream," took it for granted without any investigation, that the latter must be the original form. This would not be the first occurrence where Indian names were manufactured to order. This then settles the matter as to the origin of the name Coplay.

An Estimate of Henry S. Dotterer

BY FIELD A. KRAUSS, READING, PA.

IT is sometimes possible to form opinions and impressions of people without ever meeting them. The writer had such an experience in the case of

Henry S. Dotterer from handling hundreds of sheets, covered with a fine and firm handwriting, while a compositor in the *Free Press* office, at Quakertown,



By courtesy of Robert S. Dotterer, Philada.

Henry S. Dotterer

which printed Mr. Dotterer's two monthly publications, "The Perkiomen Region," and "Historical Notes Relating to the Pennsylvania Reformed Church." In addition to these the same office published a Dotterer family-history, upon which Mr. Dotterer was engaged at the time of his death, and which was completed in the shape of a memorial volume by his widow. Copies of all these are in the writer's book-case and are regarded as almost priceless treasures.

Those readers of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN who are familiar with the routine work of a "print-shop" know how tedious it is to handle the manuscript of slipshod writers, that is faulty in construction, careless in chirography and orthography; most of all, sparsely and illy punctuated. Mr. Dotterer's was none of these, for there was in his copy every attention to detail and every consideration for the man whose ability to make time depended on the legibility of the author's handwriting. Hence we deduced that Mr. Dotterer was of a thorough, painstaking nature, thoroughly solicitous for others, lacking none of the virtues that compose the Christian gentleman—nature's veriest nobleman, who perhaps wore not the laurel crown in recognition of his achievements, but on whose brow now rests the diadem in the kingdom just beyond the burden of life!

Mr. Dotterer's work on "The Perkiomen Region" extended over three volumes of matter that was gathered with careful attention and with a view to "render merited honor to the worthy men and women, of whatever nationality, who have during the past two centuries made their homes within its borders"—to quote from his introduction to the second volume. The mechanical work on the first volume was done elsewhere, and it is the writer's regret that he could not also do this, but that certainly is no fault of his.

Mr. Dotterer's manuscript made such a profound impression on the writer's mind that he determined to engage in a

little family research of his own, and acting on this inspiration, he wrote to Mr. Dotterer concerning his (the writer's) grandfather, Samuel Krauss, and his ancestry, who were intimately connected by business and social ties to the Perkiomen Valley. With this explanation, the first letter received from Mr. Dotterer will speak for itself, and it is given herewith in its entirety:

1605 N. 13th St.,
Philadelphia, April 25, 1900.

MR. FRED. A. KRAUSS, Quakertown, Pa.

Dear Sir: I am very glad to learn about your grandfather, Samuel Krauss. He will make an excellent subject for "Our Old People." Please ascertain from whom he learnt the art of clock-making. I presume it was from Daniel Scheid (Scheid), the Sumneytown clock-maker. Possibly, too, your grandfather can give us reminiscences of Daniel Scheid.

I presume your grandfather is descended from the Schwenkfelder Krausses and Schultzes. Do you know where his ancestors came in touch with those mentioned in the published Schwenkfelder genealogy? When we prepare his biography we must give it a strong genealogical flavor, giving all the dates and names. . . . This will make it of permanent value. Get me what you can in this connection, then I will write to the persons whose names you give me.

I am pleased to know that you feel an interest in the copy I send. Were it not for that, I dare say there would be trouble occasionally. As it is, everything comes along just as it ought to.

When I was about seventeen I had my first experience in setting up historical manuscript. It was Wm. J. Buck's History of Montgomery County within the Schuylkill Valley. It gave me my taste for this kind of literature.

Yours truly,

HENRY S. DOTTERER.

It is needless to add that this letter at once endeared Mr. Dotterer to the writer, and as a testimonial to the memory of one who never met him face to face let it be here recorded that in the daily pursuit of his duties, among the rattle of type and machinery, there was born a taste for family history and local research that strengthens with each recurring day. This goes to illustrate the oft-quoted theory that personal influence is not necessarily confined to personal contact.

The Hampton Furnace

Reminiscences of an Important Industry and its Old-Time Owners

BY THE EDITOR.

Furnace-Glow and Furnace-Teams

YEARS ago, when still a boy, I would sometimes, sitting outdoors in the evening or looking thro' the window, watch a fitful glow in the northern heavens, now blazing out bright, then gradually fading until it was but faintly visible.

"That is the furnace," my mother would say. Then she proceeded to tell me, in terms suited to a child's comprehension, what that furnace was, where it was and what men were doing there.

It was Sigmund's Furnace, less than two miles away across the Lehigh county line, that made its nearness known by that nightly glow in the sky. The name Hampton Furnace was hardly mentioned to me then. And notwithstanding its nearness years passed before I came to see it with my own eyes. Long previously I made the acquaintance of those big wagons with long, deep, quaintly shaped bodies, passing along the road, drawn by four or six mules, loaded with charcoal or limestone, and was told that those teams were in the employ of Sigmund, the iron-master, hauling their loads to his furnace. There were similar teams on the road, hauling in the iron-ore, but these came from another direction, and I seldom got a view of them.

The Charcoal-Burners and Their Work

I learned to know the charcoal-burners also, before I saw the furnace for which they too were working. I knew the round spots in the woods, where they had done their work, leaving the bare, charred ground. I knew some huts in which they had dwelt, and sometimes would pass the big smoking woodpiles where the burning was still going on. Some of those charcoal-burners passed our house week after week, and I remember a few occasions when my mother sold them big loaves of home-made bread,

baked to their order in the old-fashioned brick oven.

The process of charcoal-burning had to be well understood and carefully watched. In a paper read before the Berks County Historical Society my friend, H. W. Fegley, lately of Hereford, has described it so well that I take the liberty of quoting some paragraphs from him for the benefit of the rising generation, to which charcoal-furnaces are a thing of the past.

The charcoal-burners took large saplings and planted them in the ground on a level place previously cleared, and around these the wood was piled. This was cut in lengths of three or four feet, and the pieces were placed on edge around a center pole. Three lengths were placed on top of one another. When the pile was completed it was conical in shape, twelve to fourteen feet high, and thirty to forty feet in circumference. It was then covered with leaves and earth to a depth of three or four inches, to make it air-tight. The center-pole was drawn out and the vacant space was filled clear to the top with chips and shavings, which were ignited and covered. The fire had to burn downwards, and to do this to perfection, eight or more openings or vents were made at the bottom of the pile, to provide a downward draft.

No flame was allowed. Two men were always on hand to keep the burning process when the charcoal-burner used to call a dead fire. Now came the critical moment for the attendants. The heap had to be closely watched, so that one side would not char faster than the other; sometimes it became necessary to close some of the vents, to lessen the draft. The time required to burn such a heap varied from one to two days, and sometimes required a week. When the burning was completed, the charred heap was only about half as high as at first and proportionally smaller in circumference.

The burners usually traveled in pairs, and as the charring needed constant watching, they were obliged to remain with the burning heap. While one was on active duty for twelve hours, his partner was in the hut sleeping. Their huts were made of saplings, and the interiors were filled with leaves and earth. . . . Their bill of fare was not elaborate. It was generally made up as follows: for breakfast, fitch and potatoes; for dinner, peaches and fitch; for supper, meat and potatoes.

Seeing a Casting — Hampton Furnace Stoves

Just when I saw the Hampton Furnace for the first time, I can not tell; but I remember quite distinctly one Sunday afternoon when, with one or two of my cousins, I was there, watching the process of making a cast and marveling to see the iron flowing like water along the molds of sand on the floor. That was some summer-day in 1865 or '66. They made only pig-iron there in those later days, but ten-plate wood-stoves were made there at some previous period, for we had one of those stoves with the inscription "Hampton Furnace" in our old shop. I would remember that stove even if it had not one day, when I was quite small and had been feeding it with shavings, suddenly thrust out its fiery tongue and come near licking my face. That was a lesson such as every child should have that ventures to play with fire.

My father, who was a skilled carpenter, did considerable work for Mr. Sigmund, during or immediately after the Civil War. He was well acquainted with the furnace and its proprietor, and told me a good deal about it that was interesting. It was my mother, however, who told me that Frederic Sigmund, the father of the man who owned the furnace then, had come from Germany in his youth and served his time as a redemptioner, being too poor to pay his passage across the ocean.

Builders and Owners of Hampton Furnace

Mr. Sigmund's furnace at a previous time had been called Mary Ann Furnace; Hampton Furnace had been the original name. It stood on the Perkiomen creek in Upper Milford, Lehigh county, a short distance east of the line of Berks. It was built by David Heimbach, Wisserman and Coverly in 1809. Heimbach soon bought out his partners and conducted the furnace alone for twenty-three years. August 13, 1832, he sold the furnace-property, then comprising ninety acres of land, to John V. R. Hunter, of Northampton borough (Allentown), who conducted it for two years. May 20, 1834, the property was transferred to Daniel V. R. Hunter, for \$9,000, along with two tracts in Upper

Milford, one of 42 acres 120 perches, the other of 22 acres 154 perches, for which the sellers were to receive \$1,000. March 31, 1838, followed a reconveyance for the same consideration to John V. R. Hunter and Paul Miller.

The New Hampton Works, as, according to the day-book and journal of the firm Hunter & Miller, the enterprise was then called, must have been a losing venture in those days. A crisis came in November, 1844, when "they got stopped by the sheriff." The property was sold to John Gross, of Allentown. Under date of February 7, 1850, we find a deed given by Charles Ihrie, sheriff, to Frederic Sigmund, for the Hampton Furnace and three tracts of land, comprising 67 acres and 42 perches, more or less, sold for \$3,525, to recover a debt of \$1,230.82, which Frederic Sigmund and Horatio Trexler, assignees of Hunter & Miller, recovered against John Gross.

Mr. Sigmund seems to have acquired only a quarter of the furnace-property by this sale. By the next deed, given April 15, 1858, Frederic S. Hunter, of Leesport, Cyrus J., Nicholas and David Hunter and their wives, Dr. H. H. Muhlenberg and Henry S. Eckert, children and heirs-at-law of the late Nicholas V. R. Hunter, of Reading, conveyed to Frederic Sigmund, for \$9,000, a quarter part of the Hampton Furnace property, including the three contiguous tracts of land in Upper Milford. And on October 29, 1859, John McManus and Jacob V. R. Hunter, both of Reading, sold to Frederic Sigmund one half of the same property for \$3,500.

The Palmy Days of the Hampton Furnace

Under the management of Frederic Sigmund the Hampton Furnace enjoyed its greatest prosperity, as the following recollections kindly furnished us by Dr. P. S. Leisenring, now of San Diego, Cal., will show:

I first knew the Hampton Furnace in the spring of 1852, soon after I had located in Millerstown, now Macungie (Lehigh county, Pa.). Its owners then were the Hunter Brothers, of Reading, and Frederic Sigmund. Later Mr. Sigmund became sole owner of the property. For some time previous he had had the

entire management of the furnace. I was told that before his taking charge it was a losing investment, in fact a failure; but his careful, judicious management soon made it a paying business. Things in and about the property soon put on a more attractive appearance. New tenement houses were built, the old ones were repaired. A larger barn was built and arrangements were made to build a larger and more comfortable dwelling for the owner's family, then consisting of one daughter and two sons. The building of the dwelling-house was materially hastened by a very severe electric storm, that came one night, with a heavy down-pour of rain, blowing off the roof of the old house, drenching the inmates pretty thoroughly, and compelling them to occupy one of the tenement-houses until the new dwelling was finished. Improvements on and about the property were made from time to time, until it became one of the most prosperous and desirable charcoal-iron plants in the State. The metal made there was first class, always commanding the highest prices and a ready sale. During our Civil War it was largely used for the manufacture of government-cannon. Mr. Sigmund became one of the most successful charcoal-iron makers of his day. He was active, industrious, honest, progressive, of correct habits and good morals, dealing justly with his employees and with all who had business-relations with him. In short, he was an old-style business-man and gentleman.

The immediate surroundings of Hampton Furnace were hilly and rough. The location was somewhat isolated, but decidedly picturesque and attractive, especially during the spring and autumn months. The summers were warm, the winters mostly dreary.

The large, well kept six-mule furnace-teams were one of the features of the neighborhood, as during most of the year they made daily trips to and from the furnace with heavy loads of charcoal, limestone, iron-ore or pig-iron. Pottstown was the nearest railroad-station, from which most of the metal was shipped. Scarcity of wood in the immediate neighborhood of the furnace often made it necessary to get a supply of charcoal from a great distance. As a rule that had to be hauled over rough roads and during the wet and freezing months of the year the heavy furnace-teams kept them in a miserable condition, making travel on horseback or in light vehicles slow work. This often sorely tried our patience, as well as our patients, when haste was required. However, as the furnace was the biggest business-enterprise of the neighborhood, but little outward complaint was heard. When the turnpike from Shimmersville to Treichler-ville and beyond was made, travel became less trying.

Professional calls on the families of the furnace-men were frequent, and after a time the writer always particularly enjoyed them, not only for the fees they brought, but on account of a more substantial attraction he often



HENRY M. SIGMUND,
Last Owner of the Hampton Furnace

(Courtesy of Mrs. L. E. Bolmer Osborne, D.

met there. It was the same "old, old story"; Cupid with his dart left a wounded heart, and in due time the furnace-master's pretty little daughter became my wife. This naturally caused me to have a still higher appreciation of the old Hampton Furnace and its surroundings.

In the spring of 1857 we moved from Millers-town to Selmsgrove, Pa. As a consequence we heard less of the doings at the furnace, tho' we still kept in touch with it. After the departure of Father Sigmund the furnace came into possession of his son Henry, who later disposed of the property. I love to recall to mind and linger in thought among the scenes of the old Hampton Furnace. May they ever be a green spot in my pilgrimage thro' life.

Frederic Sigmund's Successors — Old Deeds and Account-Books

Frederic Sigmund died at Hollidaysburg, Pa., June 25, 1860, aged 53 years, 2 months, 25 days. He died intestate, leaving three children: Henry M., Albert M. and Emma E., wife of Peter S. Leisenring. The records of the Lehigh county orphans' court show, under date of May 14, 1861, that these children agreed to divide their father's estate, the brothers accepting the three tracts of land at the following valuation: No. 1, including the Hampton Furnace and measuring 67 acres and 42 perches, at \$7,000; No. 2, 11 acres and 42 perches, at \$275, and No. 3, 2 acres and 4 perches, at \$62. The proceeds were equally shared by the three heirs.

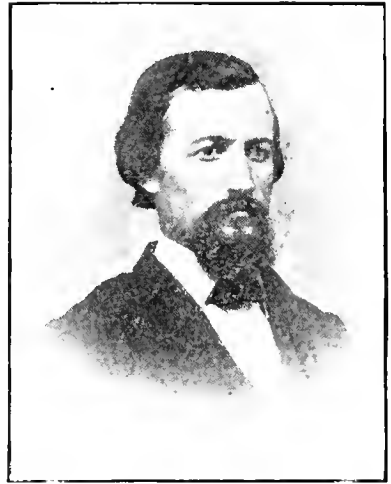
For these facts concerning the successive transfers of the Hampton Furnace I am chiefly indebted to Mr. Peter J. Faust, the present owner of the property, who kindly allowed me to look over the old deeds and account-books in his possession. From the latter we learn also that the owner of the furnace in 1836 (Daniel V. R. Hunter) owned a canal-boat named Albany, the cost of which is entered under date of May 10 of that year at \$280. May 10, 1836, we find an entry noting the tolls for that boat from Weissport to Allentown and back at \$4.23. Another item in the old "leger" on the attic of Mr. Faust's home informs us that on the morning of December 8, 1866, at seven o'clock, the thermometer at the Hampton Furnace registered 13 degrees below zero.

Father Sigmund's wife, *née* Elizabeth Miller, was killed in a runaway in 1842, when they were returning home to Dale Forge from a visit to her people below what is now Old Zionsville. She and her husband are buried at Huff's church. The joint ownership of the furnace by Mr. Sigmund's sons, Henry and Albert, lasted until November 1, 1865, when the latter and his wife sold out their share to Henry M. Sigmund for \$3,500. During the interval Henry had managed the business while Albert served as a surgeon in the Federal army and paid him a large salary. Dr. Sigmund enlisted in July, 1862, and served until the close of the war. After the division of property just mentioned he bought the home of Dr. Jacob S. Shimer near Shimersville, Lehigh county, where he continued to practice his profession. He died there April 10, 1872.

Hampton Furnace in War-Times

Of the life at Hampton Furnace during the Civil War Mrs. L. L. Belmer, of Osborne, O., who then was the wife of Dr. Albert M. Sigmund, has given us a vivid picture by the hand of her cousin, Mrs. M. L. Earnest, of Millinburg, Pa., who writes as follows:

Among the pleasant memories of long ago is that of a visit to Hampton Furnace. It was early in the sixties, when the war-clouds were hanging heavily over our beloved country, that Dr. A. M. Sigmund brought to the



ALBERT M. SIGMUND, M.D.

Courtesy of Mrs. L. L. Belmer, Osborne, O.

old homestead there his fair young bride of eighteen summers. Henry M. Sigmund was then a widower, having buried his young wife, Adelaide Schelly, a short time before, and now it fell to the lot of his brother to furnish a mistress for the place. Dr. Sigmund was married to Lydia Leisnering on the first of January, 1862, at Selinsgrove, Pa., and brought her in company with the writer, to Hampton Furnace on the twenty-second of the same month. It was a wonderful change for her, coming from a locality where only English was spoken into a neighborhood so German as this. Two servant-girls were there, "Betsey" and "Kitty"; neither of them could speak a sentence in English. But "never say fail" was the motto adopted by their young mistress, and it was marvelous how quickly she picked up the language. Did she never make any mistakes? O yes, plenty of them, and none could laugh at them more heartily than she, when told of them. Her husband, fearing she might become discouraged in trying to learn, forbade that any of us should laugh at her mistakes. But his own powers of self-control were often put to the test at the manner in which she rushed pell-mell into the "Dutch." For instance, on one occasion, having a number of workmen at table, after the plates were all helped she smilingly said: "*Nau fressst eich satt!*" It brought a broad smile to every face, the doctor's not excepted. At another time when she saw a storm coming, wanting something done quickly, she called to Betsey: "*Spring dapper, es kummt en Donnerwetter.*" Again one day she asked a neighbor how to make "*zerdämte Kneep,*" meaning steamed dumplings or *Dampkneep*, as she should have said. Many similar mistakes she made, but these instances will suffice. She rarely made the same mistake a second time, and many a laugh we have had about them since then.

Of the furnace itself I have only a very indistinct recollection. It was midwinter and there was not much doing. I left the latter part of March and have never been there since. So my memory goes back mostly to the people I met in that section. Such a whole-hearted, hospitable, sociable set of people it is very pleasant to recall. What delightful evenings we spent at home and abroad! Sleighting was good part of the time, and we made good use of it. The Sigmund brothers were always ready for a trip somewhere, when the roads were good. What pleasant memories are awakened by the names Schelly, Schall, Young, Dickenschied, etc., with whom we spent delightful evenings! Young people often came over from Allentown, so that life there, tho' it was winter in the country, could not become monotonous. How many of those friends of "ye olden days" have passed into the life beyond!

Dr. Ambrose Schelly, a bright, promising young man, died early that same year. Oliver Young soon followed; both these were sons of prominent physicians. Were we to have roll-call of those who lived at that time, how few there would be to respond! The Sigmund brothers are both gone, but they live in the memory of thousands.

I recall some of the old churches with their high galleries and egg-shell pulpits, and the German preaching of Dr. C. Z. Weiser and Dr. A. J. Dubbs. We went to hear them, tho' we could understand but little. I recall an evening which Rev. Kramlich spent at the Furnace, entertaining us with an account of his experience on the Great Eastern and their narrow escape from shipwreck. That same night in commemoration of Washington's birthday, Dr., Mrs. Sigmund and I repeatedly fired off a revolver, a new experience for us. Henry M. Sigmund also gave me some lessons in shooting at mark. In those war-times it seemed necessary that women should learn to handle fire-arms. Speaking of shooting reminds me of poor old Bob, owned by Henry, a terribly ugly mastiff, but an affectionate creature to those he knew. It became necessary to put him out of the way. Much against his own inclination, his master undertook to shoot him. He did shoot him, but did not kill him instantly. The dog crept up to him and licked the hand that shot him. It was more than Mr. Sigmund could bear; he rushed into the house, tears coming fast. I do not remember his words; I only remember the incident as showing what tenderness of heart is oft-times found where we do not look for it.

To this Mrs. Belmer adds these words of her own:

Very distinctly do I recall the heavy cannonading we heard during the battle of Gettysburg,* and how Henry M. Sigmund and I planned to go or send the teams with valu-

*This cannonading no doubt was done at Reading by way of practice. Gettysburg was too far away to hear the noise of the battle.—Ed.

ables to the mountains, to escape the rebel army, should General Lee be victorious. How we used to enjoy the light of the furnace while sitting on the upper porch, a light more brilliant than an electric light of to-day! How much I enjoyed the casting, nearly always done at night, which added much to the weirdness of the scene! I have never forgotten the kindness and hospitality of the dear friends of that neighborhood, nor my happy life at Hampton Furnace.

Stories of the Sigmund Brothers

A writer who knew Dr. Sigmund well has told us there was a strong prejudice among the rural folk at that time against moustaches, and when Dr. Sigmund returned from the army wearing that facial ornament he offended the sensibilities of many of his old friends to such a degree that it required some time to regain their confidence and recover all his former practice.

Henry M. Sigmund continued to operate the old furnace until some time in 1867 or '68, when it was blown out forever. He was married successively to two daughters of the late Dr. Joel Y. Schelly, of Hereford, both of whom preceded him in death. His last wife was Clara Schuler, a daughter of Aaron Schuler; she died in January, 1903, in Philadelphia, and is now buried beside him on the cemetery of the Lutheran church at Old Zionsville. March 14, 1870, Mr. Sigmund sold his furnace-property to Captain Peter Faust, father of the present owner. He died at Shimersville August 11, 1876, leaving two daughters, the younger by his last wife.

As owner of the Hampton Furnace Henry M. Sigmund was one of the most prominent men of his community. He possessed qualities and performed deeds of which the oldest inhabitants still have much to relate. Like his brother, the doctor, he was of strikingly handsome physique; he had an iron will and, having taken boxing-lessons in his youth, was abundantly able to "take his own part" in a fight. I have heard my father say that on one occasion he saved his father from a severe beating at the hands of one of his employees, by standing up in his defense. The teamsters who hauled his iron-ore, charcoal and limestone were for the most part rough,

hard-drinking fellows, and when they met at the taverns, as they often did, there were usually bloody noses and swollen eyes. The only man who could prevent or check those rough-and-tumble fights was their employer, Mr. Sigmund. If they would not listen promptly to his sharp words of command, he himself, tho' weighing hardly more than 140 pounds, would jump between the combatants, dealing out blows right and left, and in a very short time they would cry "Enough." The story is still told of a noted ruffian named Miller, who,

woods with his friends, he would catch a blacksnake sunning itself on the rocks by the tail and, swinging it around his head like a driver's whip, would pursue his friends, who ran away at the top of their speed, shrieking with terror. How many of these stories are founded on fact, we are unable to say.

A Powder-Mill That Was Blown Up

When Mr. Faust had bought the property, he started a powder-mill in the old furnace-building. This was operated a few years and was in charge of



HOMESTEAD OF PETER J. FAUST NEAR SIGMUND, PA.
The Site of the Old Hampton Furnace Property.

it seems, did not belong to Mr. Sigmund's men, but had long sought the opportunity of getting a whack at him with his fists. The two finally met in C. K. Henninger's tavern at Zionsville, and then the fun began. It was a terrible fight, but Sigmund came out victorious after having pummeled his antagonist's face until it looked more like a piece of raw beef than a human countenance. This is the story as told by a witness who had taken refuge under a table in the bar-room.

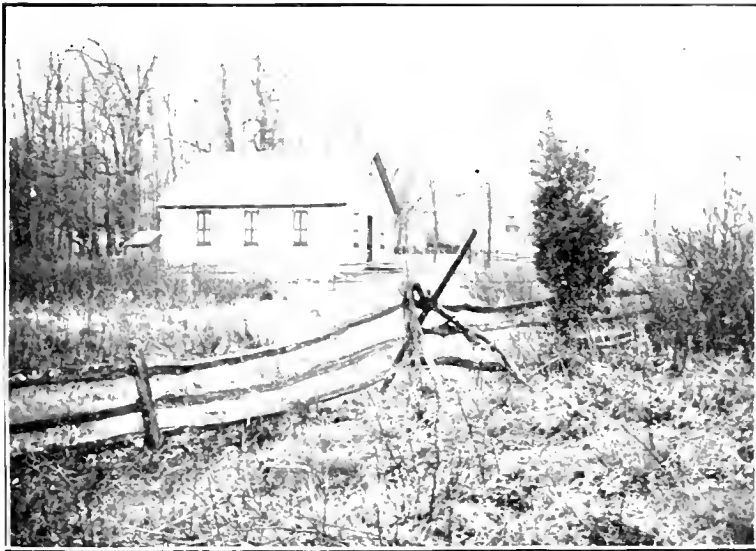
It is further related of Mr. Sigmund that sometimes, when out walking in the

an English-speaking man, James Watson. Tradition says that, while that powder-mill was still going, a tramp passed the place one day. When he came near, he started to run and kept on running until he was at a considerable distance on the other side. He evidently knew the powder-mill might be blown up at any moment, so the quicker he would get away from it the sooner he would get out of danger. This was practical philosophy on the part of the hobo.

One afternoon in March, 1874, as I was sitting in my room studying, there

was a boom, and quickly the people guessed what it meant. From near and far they came, some on horseback, to see what was left of Mr. Faust's powder-mill. It was just as they expected. The powder-mill was gone, and poor old Jimmy Watson lay dead in his little house by the roadside a quarter mile away. His head was burned black, a gruesome sight, but the doctor was probably right who said he had never known what killed him. No tramp had probably been near, but one of Mr. Faust's sons was so scared by the shock

a little distance below the ruins of the furnace. The school established there was named Hampton school, and it was the writer's privilege to teach it for three successive terms of five months each. The school was never large numerically, but the pupils all were docile, well behaved and willing to learn, and their teacher's reminiscences of his work among them are the most pleasant of the whole ten years of his professional career. Three neighboring families contributed the larger part of the school. Teaching there was really



HAMPTON SCHOOLHOUSE, ERECTED IN 1877, AND SIGMUND POST OFFICE

that he overturned the express-wagon in which he was giving his younger brother a ride. On our way home we met a woman who lived in a tenement-house near the powder-mill. We told her what happened, and she began to wring her hands, crying out: "*O, mei G'scherr! mei G'scherr!*" She expected to find her chinaware shattered, and this worried her more than her old neighbor's sudden and violent death.

The Hampton School

That explosion put an end to the manufacture of powder in that locality. Three years later, in 1877, a schoolhouse was built at the juncture of the roads,

a delight, and the master's earnest efforts for the advancement of his pupils were not bestowed in vain.

In later years the Hampton school became so weak in numbers that it was discontinued and the schoolhouse threatened to fall into ruins for want of use. Last year, however, it was reopened for the benefit of the community's children.

A Creamery on the Old Furnace-Site

In 1886 Mr. Faust built a creamery on the spot where once stood the Hampton Furnace. This creamery with the homestead now belongs to his son of like name, Mr. Faust the elder, who was a

veteran of the Civil War and a man of more than ordinary intelligence, proved a good friend to the writer while the latter had charge of the Hampton school, frequently visiting him and occasionally inviting him to his house. He died in November, 1900, of a lingering illness, probably caused by a severe fall sustained a few years before.

The Survival of Old Names

The Hampton Furnace is gone forever; so are the men who operated it forty, fifty and more years ago. But its memory remains and one half of its name will be perpetuated for genera-

tions to come in the hill which rises steep and hard behind it to the northwest, known since the days of our grandfathers as *der Furnace-Berg*. The prior half of its name is given to the school near by, and the name of Sigmund is kept alive in that of the post-office a little further on, now conducted, along with a general country-store, by Ambrose R. Kemmerer. There are still living a very few persons who were connected with the Hampton Furnace in the days of its activity, and we cherish the hope of being able some day to add their reminiscences as a sequel to the present story.

Dolly Harris and Sadie Smith

Two Youthful Barbara Fritchies of a Pennsylvania Town

FEBRUARY 17, 1906, died at Chambersburg, Pa., a woman whose name, like that of Barbara Fritchie, has passed into song and story as that of a heroine who, loyal to the Union and bold in its cause, dared to flaunt the Stars and Stripes in the face of an advancing Confederate host and was honored and cheered for the act. History knows her as Dolly Harris, and the incident that made her famous happened one day in June, 1863, while Gen. Lee's army was passing thro' the town of Greencastle, Franklin county, Pa., on its way to Gettysburg.

Mrs. LaSalle C. Pickett, widow of Gen. George E. Pickett, the hero of the famous charge at Gettysburg, gave the following version of Dolly Harris's story in a recent magazine contribution:

To the ringing notes of the "Bonnie Blue Flag" Pickett's men were marching through the town of Greencastle, in Pennsylvania, when a young girl, in a house upon the line, caught up a United States flag and, fastening one end about her waist, ran out on the porch. She waved the flag and shouted out at the top of her voice: "Come and take it who dares!"

There was a growl along the line and a halt in the swinging tramp of the stern soldiers, when Pickett hurried on ahead and, lifting his cap, bowed with courtly grace to the maiden, saluting her flag with all a soldier's reverence. He wheeled his horse out of line, his head bared, his flashing eyes issuing his

only command. But his men understood, and as they filed by every cap in the long line was swung aloft, and the "Rebel Yell" echoed thro' the streets of Greencastle, in honor of the girl and her flag.

The little girl, who was overcome by this touch of Southern chivalry, called out: "I wish I had a rebel flag, and then I'd wave that too!"

A brother officer asked Pickett how he could bring himself to salute the enemy's flag. Fire flashed in his tiger-gray eyes as he replied: "General, I saw only the heroic womanhood in the heart of that little girl, and the banner under which I won my first laurels."

A reader of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN in Chambersburg has kindly given us the following particulars about this remarkable girl:

Frances Marion Harris was born at Greencastle, Pa., November 2, 1845. Her father was of Scotch descent, and is said to have been of strong Southern sympathies during the war; her mother was of German origin. Her father was born on the ocean during the voyage of his parents to America.

While the Civil War raged, the border-towns of Pennsylvania and Maryland had improvised hospitals for sick and wounded soldiers, and, as was natural, the women, both married and single, acted as nurses and attendants. All or most of them wore Union flags as aprons, and it was an apron-flag that was flaunted in the face of Lee's veter-



FRANCES MARION (DOLLY) HARRIS

ans. A cousin of Dolly Harris, a Confederate soldier, pointed out to her the various regiments of soldiers as they passed in the march.

But Dolly Harris was not the only heroine of that day and occasion. Another girl, Sadie Smith by name, dared to wave her flag at Pickett's veterans. This is evidently the true solution of the controversy that has been going on for some time about the identity of the girl who performed the bold act. Both girls named share the honor.

The Daily Calumet of South Chicago, after printing Mrs. Pickett's story as above quoted, goes on to say:

There has been published time and again the Sadie Smith incident of the Civil War, when this pretty girl, tall and with light hair hanging down her back, hurled a Union-flag apron in the face of Pickett's division, marching thro' the little town of Greencastle, Pa. Miss Smith died in Youngstown, Ohio, in 1884. Colonel Aylett of Pickett's division, in his speech to the Grand Army at Gettysburg way back in the nineties, and the correspondence that occurred between the colonel and Mr. Smith's family pronounced Sadie as the brave girl, and as such she will go down in history. Her brother, A. P. Smith, is now with the Illinois Steel Company in the auditor's office at South Chicago and remembers many talks around the family-circle of her brave acts while the Confederate army lay

around Greencastle. At the time of Miss Smith's death she was the wife of Hiram L. Gibbs, whom she had married at Greencastle in 1865.

Dolly Harris was married, November 10, 1865, to John Leshler or Leshner, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., who had enlisted in Company K of the 107th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was captured in a raid on the Weldon railroad and imprisoned for seven months. He was wounded three times in the first battle at Fredericksburg, and again by a sharpshooter in front of Petersburg, Va.

Mrs. Leshler became the mother of four sons and two daughters. One of the sons, Caleb D. Leshner, is a prominent official of the Erie Railroad, a man of marked ability and fine presence. Another of her sons, George Leshner, married a sister of George W. Kettoman (whose poem appears below). She was an enthusiastic member of the Ladies' Circle of Peter B. Housum Post, G. A. R., of Chambersburg. She collected every scrap of history relating to incidents of the Civil War and was unusually patriotic.

She died suddenly in Simon's ice-cream parlor at Chambersburg, February 17, 1906, and was buried with military honors February 21, 1906, in Cedar Grove cemetery, Revs. Stine and Brewbaker officiating.

Many years after the occurrence the friends of Dolly Harris suggested that she should have her photo taken and sell it for revenue as well as for fame, but her husband and friends dissuaded her from doing so. The picture given herewith was taken from a crayon, by permission of her daughter.

In *The Lady of Winderslee and Other Poems*, a volume issued in 1890 by Geo. W. Kettoman, of Highfield, Pa., the South Mountain Bard, Dolly Harris's act has been immortalized in these stirring verses:

No more the cannons furrow deep
The mold wherein our fathers sleep;
The meteor flare of sunlit sword
No more lights up the bloody sward;
The beat of hoof and battle-yell
No more affrighten hill and dell;
The right has won, the conflict's past,
And peace serene is ours at last.

Now we delight at fall of night
 To gather 'round our firesides bright,
 And list to glorious battle-rhymes,
 Or read the tale of iron times.
 For martial is the human heart
 And never will from valor part—
 In peace we deck our battlefields
 And burnish our forefathers' shields.

'Twas on a sunny day in June,
 And wearing thro' the afternoon,
 That General Pickett, under Lee,
 Led up his Southern chivalry
 Thro' old Greencastle's loyal town;
 And "stars and bars" and bayonets shone,
 When out ran Dolly Harris true,
 Wrapped in the old Red, White and Blue.

One hand lay hidden in a fold,
 And clasped a dagger in its hold.
 "Come, tear this from my loins," she said—
 "The wretch that dares it—he is dead!
 Vile traitors to our fathers' trust,
 You should long since have bit the dust.
 Your whole curs'd army I defy,
 And I shall scorn you till I die!"

She flung aback her tangled hair,
 Her eyes put on an angry glare;
 The pendent portion of her flag
 She shook, and sneered the "rebel rag."

Louder she shouted in her wrath:
 "Why do you seem to shun my path?
 Come, take the flag you have betrayed—
 Rebellious horde, you are afraid!"

"Halt!" said the Southern general. "Halt!
 Return salute for such assault!
 Present arms!—She's a noble maid—
 A true American," he said.
 Five thousand rifles glittered clear,
 Five thousand men sent up a cheer
 For her, the bravest of the brave,
 Unawed by prison-cell or grave.

"Forward, once more!" brave Pickett cried—
 "Such girl should be our nation's pride,
 And ever hold a lofty place
 In the proud annals of her race!"
 Then as the heavy ranks moved on,
 With bayonets slanted in the sun,
 A many a Southern hero gazed
 On that young woman's face amazed.

An hour brave Dolly Harris stood,
 Draped in her country's flag, and viewed
 The massive columns passing by,
 With proud contempt and flashing eye.
 Was ever braver woman born,
 A nation's record to adorn?
 Is there no place for Dolly's name
 On Pennsylvania's roll of fame?

Weather-Prognostications and Superstitions Among the Pennsylvania Germans

BY JOHN BAER STOUT.

II.

(The first article of this series appeared in Vol. VI, No. 3 (July, 1925), page 328.—Ed.)

PRACTICALLY all our German ancestors have been tillers of the soil. The abundance of their harvests, in fact their very lives, depended on the conditions of the weather. Therefore they closely scanned the sky, the air, the earth, for signs that would indicate the weather for the coming day or season. In this way, by observing weather-sequences and noting the effect of certain atmospheric conditions on their stock and objects in the world about them, they acquired a rich store of weather-lore. The knowledge thus acquired has been handed down from generation to generation in the form of trite sayings and proverbs. Some of these sayings possess real merit and are not to be ridiculed

as merely idle talk of old women, or of weather-fools; others have lost their potency by having been transplanted to foreign lands, where dissimilar climatic conditions prevail, while a large proportion are based on unscientific and partial observation, or are the offspring of fancy and superstition.

Thunder on April Fool's day brings good luck.

Thunder before seven, seven more thunder-showers during the day.

Snakes will not awaken from their stupor in spring until after the first thunder-storm. The thunder shaking the earth awakens them.

If you kill a snake, particularly a blacksnake, and hang it on a fence or the limb of a tree, rain will come. (Undoubtedly, if you wait long enough.—Ed.)

Snakes expose themselves, especially in spring, on the approach of rain.

The singing of a tree-frog always foretells rain.

When the sun goes down behind a cloud on Thursday evening, expect rain before Sunday.

If the sun sets clear on Friday evening, no rain will come before Monday.

If it rains on John Huss's day (July 6), the chestnut crop for the year will be small in quantity and poor in quality.

Rain on Good Friday portends a dry spring. Rain on Easter Sunday will be followed by seven rainy Sundays.

Rain on Whitsunday will be followed by six weeks of wet weather.

In dry weather, when creeks and springs have gone dry and suddenly become moist again, or when, in common parlance, they "sweat," a heavy rain may be expected.

Drains, ditches, manure-heaps, pig-sties, as well as old smoke-pipes, become more offensive before rain.

Flies sting and are more troublesome before rain.

Tobacco becomes moist (sweats) before rain.

Fish bite readily and swim near the surface of the water just before rain.

If the cat runs wildly about the house, rain is sure to follow.

If the cat basks in the sun in February, it must go back to the stove in March.

Im Horning geht's schon scheena Daga,

Die uns zum Fröhling wolla saga.

(Fair days come even in February, to tell us of the coming spring.)

Lamp wicks crackle, candles burn dim, soot falls down, walls and pavements are damp, just before rain.

When corns, wounds and sores itch or pain more than usual, rain will fall shortly.

When the perfume of flowers is unusually perceptible, rain is sure to follow.

If it clears up during the night, the fair weather won't last long.

When the heron flies up the stream, it searches for water; if it finds some, it will stay for some time and rain may be expected. But if it returns soon, it has found no water and a dry spell will follow.

The appearance of wild ducks, or herons, except along large streams, indicates rain for several days.

If geese splash their wings in the water, it is going to rain.

If fowls roll in the dust, rain is at hand.

When wrens whistle about the house, rain is sure to come.

Rain before seven, clear before eleven. (English.)

Die friha Rega un die Alta-Weiteer-Danz, die halta net lang d'. (Early rains and old women's dances do not last long.)

First robins indicate the approach of spring.

Unusually fine and warm days during the colder months are called "weather-breeders"—it being expected that a change for the worse will shortly follow.

Lichtmess, Spinnu vergess,

Un's Fuder halver g'ress.

That is, we are now half thro' the winter and ought to have one half of our fodder still in store.

Candlemas Day! Candlemas Day! (Feb. 2.)

Half our fire and half our hay. (English.)

Wann's regert macht'nass,

Wann's kisselt macht's Eis,

Wann's schneet macht's weiss.

(Rain makes wet, fine hail makes ice, snow makes white.)

Sunnblucker macha die Rega dicker. (Sun-peeps thicken the showers.)

Mattis bricht's Eis;

Hat er keins, so macht er eins.

(St. Matthias' day (Feb. 24) will be warm enough to break ice, or cold enough to make ice.)

Margarot macht Backa rot,

Oxetrot bringt drucka Brot.

(Morning red makes the cheeks red, evening red brings dry bread.)

Un nasser April un en kihler Mai

Bringa viel Frucht un viel Hoi.

Nasser April und kühler Mai

Füllen den Speicher und machen viel Heu.

(German.)

(A wet April and a cool May

Bring plenty of grain and hay.)

A dry May and a wet June

Make the farmer whistle a merry tune.

(New England farmers.)

Benedict macht die Zwievela dick. (St. Benedict (March 21) makes the onions grow thick.)

Peter, Paul,

Macht em Karn die Wurzel faul.

(On Peter and Paul's day (June 29) the roots of the grain begin to decay.)

Bartholomä:

Wer Gras hot, der meh,

Un wer Karn hot, der se.

(On Bartholomew's day (Aug. 24):

Who hath grass, let him mow;

Who hath grain, let him sow.)

Duuner im derra Wald

Bringt viel Kalt.

(Thunder when the woods are bare brings much cold.)

Wann's duunert im März,

Lacht 'm Bauer's Herz.

(Thunder in March delights the farmer's heart, as it foretells a rich harvest.)

Bei Regadaga ruht mer,

Bei scheena Daga plugt mer.

(On rainy days we rest, on fair days we plow.)

Northampton Town and Allentown

A Historical Sketch

BY JAMES J. HAUSER.

(Concluded.)

The Great Fire of 1848

ON Thursday afternoon, June 1, 1848, Ascension Day, fire broke out in a stable or barn belonging to John Eckert, and in less than three hours nearly half of Allentown was laid in ashes. Boys playing with matches are said to have been the cause. The flames ran westward from the Square along Hamilton street and swept the leading business-houses away before them. Seventy buildings, among these thirty-six dwelling-houses and eight large stores, were devoured. The loss reached about \$200,000 and fell heavily on the property-owners, few of whom had insured their buildings and stock. A public meeting was held next morning, and an appeal for aid was sent thro' the country. Philadelphia, New York, Washington, New Orleans and other cities, as well as the surrounding counties, responded generously, and the sum total of their contributions was \$13,397.49. One effect of the great fire of 1848, still noticeable among our people, is the disposition to make a holiday of Ascension Day, on which, as stated, the fiery visitation occurred.

Failure of the Northampton Bank

Another disaster, of different nature and the first of its kind, befell the town in 1843, when the Bank of Northampton failed, after having done a successful business for thirty years. The breakdown was caused by the president, John Rice, who had been speculating with his own and the bank's money. The deficiency, amounting to \$263,059.11, crippled business and ruined many small traders. The president of the bank tried to abscond, but, as the conveniences of travel were not as great in those days as now, he got only as far as Coopersburg, nine miles south of the scene of his activity. There he was overtaken by the sheriff and urgently invited to return

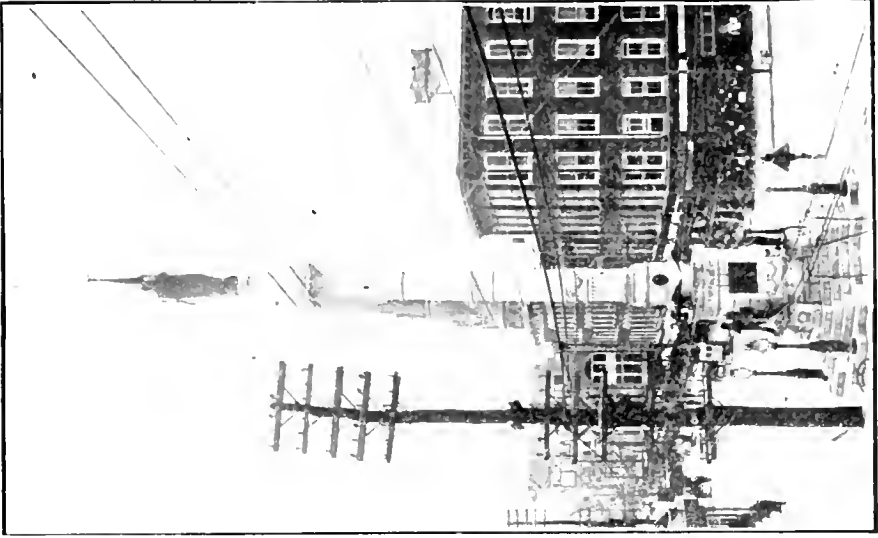
home. He gave bail for \$10,000 and at a citizens' meeting was burned in effigy. That wound up the affairs of the Northampton Bank and permanently closed its doors.

Calamities Were Blessings in Disguise

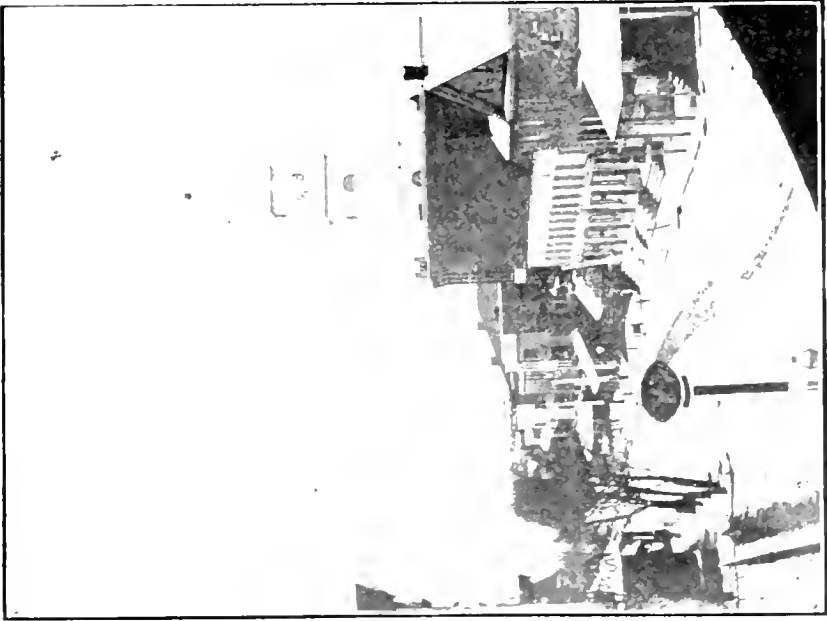
After each of these calamities there were people who thought the backbone of Allentown had been broken, but they were all mistaken. Floods, fire and bank-failure were blessings in disguise, rousing the inhabitants to fresh exertions, pointing out the need of a more efficient fire-department and more substantial banking institutions. Only the lesson of the floods has not yet been properly heeded by setting a well defined limit to the rivers and creeks when they go "on a rampage." If there were an ordinance governing building along the riverbanks, requiring all structures to be kept at a certain distance from the bank, so as to leave room for an overflow, some at least of the disastrous effects of the floods might be avoided.

The Progress of Education

The early history of education in Allentown is very meager. The first schools were parish schools, taught by the pastors of the congregations. In 1773 an octagonal schoolhouse was built, as one writer tells us, in the rear of Zion's Reformed church. In 1795 an Irishman named Brown began to teach our great-grandparents the rudiments of knowledge. Mr. Brown was followed in turn by Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Eberhard and John Ryan. There were very few schoolhouses in those days, and schools were held wherever they found room. The school-furniture was of the rudest kind. The teachers were free and easy. Tuition cost fifty cents a month and the school-term lasted three months. There was no free-school system then, and the teachers were not responsible to any one for their acts in the school-room.



MAY 15, 1906



OCTOBER 1, 1902

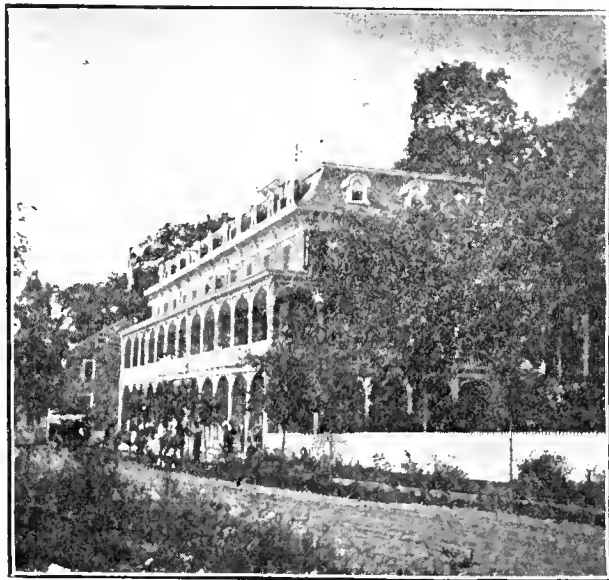
LOOKING DOWN HAMILTON STREET EAST, FROM TOP OF HANSON, NOW GIFFIN, STUDIO, A SHORT DISTANCE ABOVE CENTRE SQUARE

John Boyd, an Englishman, opened a school in Northampton Town early in the nineteenth century. He understood no German and his pupils no English. The birch and cowskin were freely used to stimulate his pupils to study. Such were the educational advantages our forefathers here enjoyed a hundred and more years ago.

In 1813 a school for girls was opened. A young ladies' seminary appeared in 1831, and in 1867 the Allentown Female College, now known as the Allentown

building erected with State aid on the northwest corner of Eighth and Walnut streets in 1825. It remained in operation about forty years and many of our foremost citizens were educated therein.

The Allentown Seminary, another boys' high school, was opened in 1848 in a building erected near Trout Hall by Messrs. Pretz and Weinsheimer, two enterprising merchants. This institution developed in 1867 into Muhlenberg College, a Lutheran school, which has proved a great blessing to the community.



THE FOUNTAIN HOUSE AT CRYSTAL SPRING, ABOUT 1870

College for Women, was organized with Rev. W. R. Hofford as its first president.

This institution, at the corner of Fourth and Linden streets, is under the auspices of the Reformed Church and offers superior advantages for the higher education of young ladies.

The first teachers' meeting of Allentown was held at Worman's Temple, later known as the Fountain House, at the Crystal Spring, in 1827. A superintendent of schools was appointed in 1851. The Allentown High School was opened in 1858.

Allentown Academy, Muhlenberg College

The Allentown Academy was incorporated March 18, 1814, and opened in a

The first president of the new college was Rev. F. A. Muhlenberg, a descendant of Dr. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, the honored patriarch of the Lutheran church in America. This institution gradually outgrew its quarters, and in 1904 was transferred as "Greater Muhlenberg" to the spacious and elegant buildings erected on its new grounds west of Greenwood Cemetery, near the western boundary of the city. Standing on rising ground, those buildings make an imposing appearance and afford a beautiful view of the surrounding country. For two years the institution has been under the care of Rev. Dr. J. W. Haas.

The Periodical Press of Allentown

The first newspaper of Allentown, so far as known, was the *Unabhaengiger Republikaner*, a German weekly, established in July, 1810, by Christian L. Hutter. It is one of the oldest German periodicals in the country and is now edited and published by William F. Schlechter.

Der Friedens-Bothe, und Lecha County Anzeiger was started September 28, 1812, by Joseph Ehrenfried & Co. It opposed the war with England and advocated peace, hence its name, Herald of Peace. Later it became the *Allentown Friedensbote*. It has passed thro' many hands during the ninety-four years of its existence, and is still making its weekly rounds. Wilson J. Hartzell is the present proprietor.

The *Weltbote*, also a German weekly, was founded in 1854 by Benjamin F. Trexler and has a large circulation among the German-Americans of the West. It is now also owned by Mr. Hartzell. Another German paper long published here is the *Jugend-Freund*, a monthly, established by the late Rev. Samuel K. Brobst in the interests of Lutheran Sunday-schools.

In 1817 C. L. Hutter started the first English paper in the county. It was called *Lehigh Centinel* and lived only a short time. In 1837 John Royer established the *Lehigh Bulletin* as the successor of the *Centinel*. In 1847 he changed the name of his paper to *Allentown Democrat* and sold it to Rafferty & Hannum. In 1850 the *Democrat* was bought by C. Frank Haines and W. K. Ruhe, who launched it on a very prosperous career. It is preeminently a paper for local news.

The *Chronicle and News*, a Republican daily, was founded in 1870 by the late Robert J. Iredell, Jr., and conducted by him for many years. From the same office issues the *Lehigh Register*, a weekly, founded in October, 1846, by A. L. Ruhe.

The *Daily City Item* was established January 1, 1878, as successor to the *Daily Herald* and ably edited for many years by Cyrus Kuntz, who died in July, 1904. It is Democratic in politics.

The *Allentown Critic* was started in 1883 by Samuel S. Woolever and suspended in 1885. Three years later it was revived and became the *Allentown Morning Call*, which since October, 1904, has been doing well under the ownership and editorial guidance of David A. Miller. The *Allentown Daily Leader*, the only penny-paper in the county, dates from August 28, 1893.

Of short-lived journalistic ventures Allentown has had quite a few. Such were the *Lehigh Democrat* (1843), the *Allentonian* (1850), the *Evening Dispatch* (1868), the *Evening Bulletin* (1875), the *Bugle* (1876), the *Evening Telegram* (1882), the *Allentown Critic* (1883-'85) and others.

At the Outbreak of the Civil War

After the Mexican War Allentown, with the rest of the country, enjoyed peace for fully thirteen years. The firing of the Confederates on Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861, roused its people anew to war. On that memorable day Governor A. G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, received the following telegram: "The war has commenced. The batteries opened fire upon Fort Sumter at 4 a. m."

When this great civil conflict broke out, each section of the country regarded the other with contempt. The people of the North believed it would be "only a breakfast," but before it was over they had had breakfast, dinner and supper. The people of the South were equally confident; they said they would capture Washington in a short time and compel the government to make peace. How sadly both sides erred was seen during the four long years of bloodshed that followed, until the great struggle was decided in favor of the North and the glorious Stars and Stripes floated once more above a united nation. This war taught both sections what they had not known before. It taught them to know and respect each other better and it showed foreign nations the true valor of the American citizen. Slavery, that great blot on the nation's shield, was thereby wiped out forever.

"First Defenders" and Later Volunteers

When, on April 15, 1861, the immortal Lincoln issued his proclamation, calling out the militia of the loyal States to quell the Rebellion, little Lehigh, the gem county of the Lehigh valley, responded nobly. The Allen Infantry under Captain Thomas Yeager, of Allentown,* were one of the first five companies that offered their services to the President, the others being the Kinggold Light Artillery of Reading, the Logan Guards of Lewistown, the Washington Artillery and the National Light Infantry of Pottsville. These "First Defenders" were mustered in April 18, 1861, and at once set out for the defense of Washington, where they arrived the same day after having passed unarmed thro' a furious mob at Baltimore. For this action they received the thanks of the House of Representatives, which were rarely tendered, only for great and signal services, and

*This company, consisting of 48 officers and men, left Allentown on Wednesday afternoon, April 17, 1861, for Harrisburg. The Allen Rifles under Captain Tilghman H. Good, with which the Jordan Artillerists had united into one company of 78 men, followed a few days later, and on Saturday, April 20, the Allentown Rifles, a company recruited in two days by Major W. H. Hanger, comprising 33 officers and men from Allentown and 40 from Catasauqua, left Allentown for the State capital.—Ed.

which were expressed in the following terms:

Thirty-seventh Congress of the United States, July 22, 1861. Resolved, That the thanks of this House are due and are hereby tendered to the 530 soldiers from Pennsylvania who passed thro' the mob at Baltimore and reached Washington on the 18th of April last for the defense of the national capital.

GALUSHA A. GROW,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

The sons of Allentown and Lehigh nobly served their country during the great Rebellion. They were represented in thirteen regiments of the Union army and saw service in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee and their own State. One half of the Forty-Seventh Pennsylvania regiment, recruited by Colonel Tilghman H. Good, of Allentown in August, 1861, consisted of Lehigh county men. Our people proved their patriotism not only by deeds of valor on the field of battle, but also in caring for and keeping want from the doors of the dear ones whom the soldiers had left behind.

City of Allentown—List of Mayors

March 12, 1867, was another red-letter day for Allentown, for then the borough put off her short dress and came forth a



NORTHWEST CORNER OF CENTRE SQUARE, ABOUT 1870

full-fledged city. Then some proposed to call her Allen City, which would be quite appropriate, but the old name had become too firmly fixed in the minds and mouths of the people for any further change. Allentown she is and no doubt will continue to be as long as she endures.

The first city-election was held May 1, 1867. Samuel McHose was chosen as the first mayor, and served two years. His successors in office were the following:

1866 to 1872, Col. Tilghman H. Good.
 1873, nine months, Thos. C. Yeager.
 1873, three months, Herman Schuon.
 1874 to 1876, Col. Tilghman H. Good.
 1876 to 1878, E. B. Young.
 1878 to 1880, Dr. Alfred J. Martin.
 1880 to 1884, Dr. Edwin G. Martin.
 1884 to 1886, Edward S. Shimer.
 1886 to 1888, Werner K. Ruhe.
 1888 to 1890, H. W. Allison.
 1890 to 1893, Col. Samuel D. Lehr.
 1893 to 1896, H. W. Allison.
 1896 to 1899, Fred E. Lewis.
 1899 to 1902, James L. Schaad.
 1902 to 1905, Fred E. Lewis.
 Since 1905, Dr. Alfred J. Yost.

December 5, 1905, Dr. C. D. Schaeffer was chosen acting mayor in place of Dr. Yost, who is sojourning for his health in Colorado.

News, Travel and Transportation

A century and more ago letters and messages were carried to and from Northampton Town, as elsewhere, by post-riders. Then came the stage-coach for personal travel. The Lehigh Canal was opened in 1816, and freight was conveyed on river-arks and canal-boats. The first railroad to strike Allentown was the Lehigh Valley, which was opened in 1855 and marked a new epoch in transportation. The East Pennsylvania, the Lehigh & Susquehanna, and the Perkiomen Railroad followed in due time.

A line of street-cars drawn by horses was opened by the Allentown Passenger Railway Company May 23, 1868. The first trolley-car was run in Allentown June 30, 1861, by the Allentown & Bethlehem Street Railway Company. February 3, 1893, the Lehigh Valley Traction

Company appeared on the scene and in 1894 bought out the first-named company. By building new roads and absorbing others this system has since become one of the largest in the State. Trolley-lines now radiate from Allentown in all directions, extending to Chestnut Hill (Philadelphia), Macungie, Slatington, Siegfried's, Egypt, Bangor, Easton, Bethlehem, Nazareth and other places. The Allentown & Reading Traction Company operates a trolley-line between these two cities. Dorney Park, Central Park and Manhattan Park are some of the amusement-resorts developed by the trolley-companies in the vicinity of Allentown.

Two telegraph-companies, the Western Union and the Postal, have offices in Allentown, open continually. There are also two telephone-exchanges, that of the Pennsylvania Telephone Company, opened in 1876, and that of the Lehigh Telephone Company, organized in 1900 and now a member of the Consolidated Telephone Companies of Pennsylvania.

During the War with Spain

After an interval of thirty-three years of peace our country was again involved in war, in consequence of Spain's bad treatment of the people of Cuba. Again Allentown and Lehigh county responded promptly to the President's call, by sending two full companies and many individuals who enlisted elsewhere. The two Allentown companies were Co. B, under Captain Medlar, and Co. D, Captain Spangler; they belonged to the Fourth regiment of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, commanded by Colonel D. B. Case, of Lancaster, and Lieutenant-Colonel O'Neill, of Allentown. They gave a good account of themselves by their services in Puerto Rico, proving that the spirit of patriotism which had actuated their fathers and forefathers in the Civil War and the days of the Revolution was still alive in their own breasts.*

*For the names of the gallant sons of Allentown and Lehigh who served in the wars of the Union see Mr. Hauser's History of Lehigh County.—Ed.

Lehigh County's Soldiers' Monument

A long cherished patriotic purpose of the people of Allentown and Lehigh was successfully accomplished October 19, 1899, by the unveiling of a magnificent soldiers' monument erected at a cost of \$42,000 in the middle of Center Square. This monument of Vermont granite is 97 feet high and rests on a foundation 35 feet square. On each side five steps lead up to the first section of the monument proper, where the four branches of the national army—infantry, cavalry, artillery and navy—are typified by bronze figures of heroic size. The east side also shows a beautiful group symbolizing the reunion of North and South under a common flag. On the same side is a bronze tablet with a suitable inscription, and the other sides are ornamented with bronze medallions of Generals Hartranft, Meade, Hancock and McClellan. From this section rises a tall shaft, surmounted by a goddess of Liberty, thirteen feet high. The day chosen for the dedication-ceremonies was the thirty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Cedar Creek, Va., in which many Lehigh county soldiers took an honorable part, and the hundred-eighteenth anniversary of Lord Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, Va. It was a glorious autumn-day and brought forth an enormous crowd to witness the military and civic display and hear the stirring addresses.

A Glance at Allentown To-day

A brief description of Allentown as it is now will most fittingly conclude our historical sketch.

The "Queen City of the Lehigh Valley," as it is sometimes called by its admirers, is located at the confluence of the Little and the Big Lehigh, about sixty miles northwest of Philadelphia and ninety miles almost due west of New York, in latitude north 40 degrees, 36 minutes and 4 seconds, and longitude east of Washington 1 degree, 34 minutes and 14 seconds. This is worth noting, tho' not necessary to know in order to reach the place, for Allentown is connected by rail and trolley with every part of the outside world, as already said.



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT ON CENTER SQUARE,
As it appeared on the morning of its Unveiling Day,
Oct. 19, 1899

Taking Center Square at Seventh and Hamilton streets as a hub, the city now extends north one mile, south one mile, east half a mile and west two miles. Its limits are Whitehall street to the north, the Lehigh canal to the east, the Little Lehigh to the south and Twenty-third street to the west. Its area, divided into eleven wards, is figured at 2216.25 acres or 3,524 square miles, and has room for 22,000 buildings. For twenty years the

city has been growing rapidly to the north and west. 488 buildings were erected in it last year, 480 in each of the two preceding years, and 580, the largest number, in 1901. The total of buildings now is about 7000.

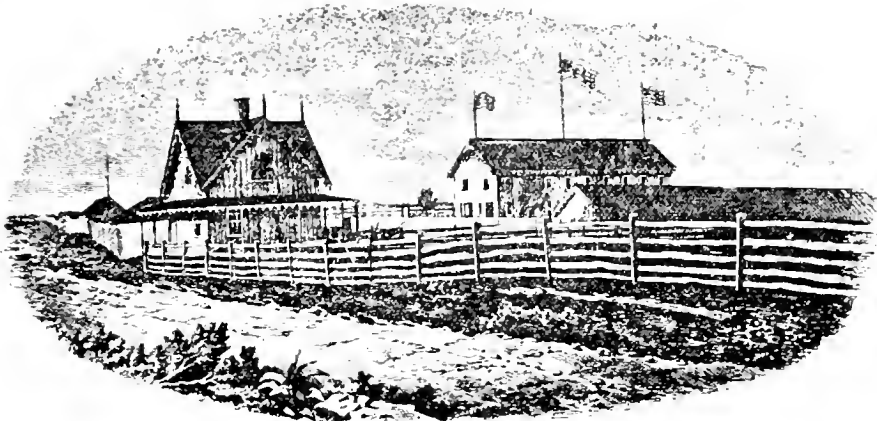
The population of Allentown in 1880 was 18,063, in 1890, 25,228, in 1900, 35,410. The directory of 1906 registers 44,831 names, exclusive of unbaptized infants and exclusive of the suburbs—East Allentown, South Allentown and Southeast Allentown.

Allentown is a healthy place. Its death-rate last year, based on an estimate of 41,000 inhabitants, was 14.06 per thousand. Two reasons contribute to this

\$11,000,074, and they employed 8447 wage-earners.

The public-school system of Allentown comprises 110 schools, 132 teachers and about 6200 pupils, also 17 school-houses with 124 school-rooms. There are upwards of forty religious congregations, many of which worship in large and imposing churches. The Y. M. C. A. has a handsome six-story building at the southwest corner of Centre Square, erected in 1902, and the Y. W. C. A. has a comfortable home at 722 Walnut street.

The tallest building in Allentown is the new eight-story structure of the Allentown Bank at the northwest corner of Center Square, which rises to the height



THE OLD FAIR GROUNDS AT SIXTH AND LIBERTY STS.
Site of the Allentown Fair for thirty-six years, from 1851 to 1888.

favorable showing: the elevation, 404 feet above sea-level at the highest point, and its abundant supply of pure spring-water. In 1895 the basin of Crystal Spring was greatly enlarged, and in 1901 a loan of \$225,000 was created for the purpose of drawing water from Schantz's Spring, five miles to the west, for the growing needs of the city. In this marvelous spring, which is supposed to be connected by a subterranean channel with Lake Erie, the water pours from an opening three feet in diameter and apparently bottomless.

In 1900 there were 491 manufacturing establishments in Allentown, an increase of 109 for the preceding decade. The capital invested in those industries was

of 127½ feet. At Sixth and Turner streets a Federal building is being erected for the use of the post-office at a cost of \$115,000. A public park, five and a half acres in extent, is to be opened this year in the western portion, between Linden, Turner, Fifteenth and West streets.

The Allentown Hospital, at Seventeenth and Chew streets, was opened May 22, 1899. The number of patients treated there until the close of 1905 was 3792. At Rittersville, two miles east of Allentown, the State is building a Homeopathic Insane Asylum, for which the Legislature has hitherto appropriated \$350,000. The administration-building of this institution is practically finished; it has a frontage of 40 feet.

"The Great Allentown Fair"

No description of Allentown would be approximately complete without some reference to its annual Fair. On this, more than anything else, the fame of the city abroad is founded. "The great Allentown Fair" is a phrase known, not only all over the State, but over a great part of the United States, and it is no exaggeration. The annual exhibition of the Lehigh County Agricultural Society, begun in 1852 on a tract between Walnut and Union streets and continued since 1889 in its new grounds at Chew and Seventeenth streets, is great and growing greater all the time. The present grounds comprise nearly 52 acres, and the annual receipts of the Fair have increased from \$1200 to \$57,861.50. The

attendance on "Big Thursday" last year was estimated at eighty thousand people.

Allentown's Good Name

After all, the most solid foundation for the good name of Allentown lies in the fact that her people are industrious, honest, law-abiding, hospitable, patriotic and religious. The great majority of them are of good, sturdy German stock, and it is no discredit to the town that the Pennsylvania-German vernacular is still heard daily upon its streets, in its stores, factories and homes. May the "Queen City of the Lehigh Valley" ever continue to grow and prosper, and may the virtues of her founders descend upon their children and successors for generations to come.

The Rainbow-Chaser

BY CHARLES K. MESCHTER, BETHLEHEM, PA.

O'er the hills one day I strayed
On a path which cattle made;
Toward me came a little boy
With a face brimful of joy.

"Whither goest thou, my child,
O'er these pastures, wide and wild?
Come with me and we shall roam
To your peaceful hillside home."

"No, no, mister, I'll go there
Where the rainbow paints the air!"
And his little chubby hand
Pointed to the rainbow-land.

"That's the toy I'll get for me
And my sister, don't you see?
It will not take long to bring
Back that pretty colored thing."

On the little fellow ran,
Thinking rainbows off a span;
Down the hill the urchin flew,
Quickly vanishing from view.

On the cattle-path I trod,
Smiling at the works of God.
Soon a man came into sight,
Shoulders bent and hair of white.

We met. "How d'you do!" said I;
"How d'you do!" came in reply.
Then to rest we briefly sat
While we talked of this and that.

"Friend," began he, "I've grown old,
Gathering all I could of gold;
That has been the sole delight
E'er for me, now stooped and white."

We soon rose; the stranger went,
His hoard was his sole intent.
Happiness, what is it, pray?
Tell me ere life slips away!
Man with gold or boy in glee,
Rainbow-chaser, which is he?

Retires from the Ministry

Owing to impaired health and advanced age Rev. Andrew B. Shelly, pastor of the West and East Swamp Mennonite congregations, has asked to be relieved. He was born in Milford, Bucks county, September 23, 1834, as the only son of Joseph and Elizabeth Bauer Shelly, and is a direct descendant of Abraham Shelly, who came from Switzerland or France early in the eighteenth century. He was ordained to preach on Good Friday, March 24, 1864.

The President to be Invited

The seventeenth annual gathering of the Reformed people of southern Pennsylvania, Maryland, the two Virginias and the District of Columbia took place July 19 at Penmar, Pa. It was unanimously decided to send a special committee to Washington to invite President Roosevelt to next year's meeting. The attendance at the meeting was estimated at more than 15,000. Rev. Dr. J. A. Hoffheins, of Martinsburg, W. Va., presided.

Our Pennsylvania-German Wives and Sweethearts

Toast at the Banquet of the Pennsylvania-German Society, Reading, Pa., Oct. 27, 1905

BY PROF. GEORGE F. ETLINGER, PH.D., DEAN OF MUELLENBERG COLLEGE.

OF the many customs in vogue in the United States Navy one seems to me to be particularly beautiful. At midnight of the last day in the year, as the clock strikes the hour that rings out the old and rings in the new, the men drink to the health of their absent wives and sweethearts. It is equally fitting that we, at this evening hour, which marks the end of one year of our Society and the beginning of another, should drink to the health of "Our Pennsylvania-German Wives and Sweethearts." But would that this most tender of toasts had fallen, if not literally at least figuratively, into more worthy and competent hands; for this is a theme too delicate for awkward lips to salute, too tender for rude hands to touch—a theme that tolerates not the tampering of a mere tyro, but requires the thoroughness of the expert and the skill of the specialist. The head, the heart and the hand must unite to do justice to this dearest of toasts.

It is, therefore, I assure you, with great trepidation, increased as my eyes run along the tables adorned by the beauty of "our Pennsylvania-German wives and sweethearts"—it is, I repeat, with great trepidation, that I attempt to say something even faintly befitting the subject.

To add to my difficulties, I must confess, I have conscientious doubts as to the constitutionality of the toast, as it is limited to "our Pennsylvania-German wives and sweethearts." Now we all know that not all of our wives and sweethearts are eligible to membership in the Pennsylvania-German Society. The phraseology of the toast, therefore, seems to me to partake of the nature of class-legislation and consequently to be unconstitutional. In fact, at one time I had serious thoughts of submitting the entire question to the Attorney-General, but knowing the intimate relations which ex-

ist between that legal dignitary and one of the most prominent members of this Society, I refrained from drawing the State-Government into the case. I shall, accordingly, take the liberty of embracing (please, ladies, do not be alarmed) in my remarks all our wives and sweethearts, whether Pennsylvania-Germans by birth or by conquest and annexation. I shall, furthermore, regard the terms "wives" and "sweethearts" as synonyms, inasmuch as our wives ought to be our sweethearts and our sweethearts, if they are not already our wives, should be very promptly brought into that permanent relation. Nay, in my loose and rather free interpretation of the terms of the toast, I shall include also our mothers and even our mothers-in-law. For where in the wide universe shall we find a better human friend, one that still believes in us when all others have failed us, than the mother that gave us birth, the mother that watched by the cradle of our infancy, the mother that in sickness nursed us back to life, the mother that has been the ideal and the inspiration of all that is true and noble, the source of all the purity, all the hope and all the courage with which we fight the battles of life?

Those of you that form your ideas of the mother-in-law from reading the comic columns of our sensational press, may be surprised that I should be so bold as to include in our toast the mother-in-law, who, in the minds of many, has become proverbial for a superabundance of acidity in her mental make-up and an unfettered disposition to interfere in the affairs of the younger generation. The observation and the experience of many years have led me to the inevitable conclusion that the Pennsylvania-German mother-in-law, in spite of all the obloquy heaped upon her devoted head, has been, is now and in all human probability will continue to be a most useful, nay invaluable mem-

ber of society. I can, therefore, not agree with Pat who upon inquiring about the prevailing styles of dress for occasions of mourning learned that, if the deceased had been very nearly related, the proper style was a black suit, black hat and black gloves; if the departed had been more remotely related, a black band three inches in width might be worn on the left sleeve; and if still more distantly related, the band might vary in width with the degree of the relationship. "Oho!" said Pat. "I see—so that's the shitoil! Well, give me a shoesthring; it was my wife's mither."

"In all ages woman has been the source of all that is pure, unselfish and heroic in the spirit and life of man." Orators have lauded her influence, poets have sung her charms, painters have portrayed her beauty, priests have praised her purity, and philosophers have analyzed her virtues. Comedy has caught her smiles; while tragedy, thro' the alchemy of the ages, has crystallized her tears into the priceless pearls of truth and purity. Beautifully has Goethe sung in his immortal "Faust":

*Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichniß;
Das Unzulängliche,
Hier wird's Ereigniß;
Das Unbeschreibliche,
Hier ist es gethan;
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan.*

And all that has been said and sung in praise of woman in general is equally true of the Pennsylvania-German women, whether of the past or of the present. No less than their highly lauded sisters, the Pilgrim mothers of New England, did those sturdy German maids and matrons of earlier days brave the anger of tempestuous waves, face the dangers and difficulties of the savage wilderness and of still more savage men, bringing with them from the Fatherland those sterling traits of character which aroused the admiration of the Roman historian Tacitus nearly two thousand years ago.

It is thro' the help of the noble women of the colony of Pennsylvania that we are what we are today. And as we gather around this brilliant banquet-

board, rendered still more brilliant by the presence of the descendants of those faithful women of earlier days, let us not forget the times when our forefathers lived in cabins in the wilderness, around which the wintry wind whistled its woe-ful strains, the ferocious wolves howled in angry and discordant chorus, and the savage and unrelenting Redman waged his fierce but futile warfare. Those were the days that tried men's souls. In the fiery furnace of physical suffering and self-sacrifice were forged the sturdy characters that have made Pennsylvania the greatest and the noblest of our great and noble Union of States. Then was lighted the pure flame of faith, love, patience, fortitude and heroism, which, by the help of the Almighty, shall never die. As over the ashes of the Roman Cornelia was inscribed the loving legend: "The Mother of the Gracchi," so over the graves of those brave and pioneer women may we proudly write: "The Mothers of the Republic."

So much for the Pennsylvania-German women of colonial days. What shall I say of their descendants, our wives and sweethearts? In beauty, wit and ability, in virtue, piety and goodness, in domestic skill and housewifely thrift, in every lovable and endearing quality, in short, in all that constitutes true womanly worth, our Pennsylvania-German wives and sweethearts are second to none on the face of the globe.

By their skill in combination, by their cleverness of invention, by their deftness in manipulation, they have elevated and added cooking and baking to the fine arts and become the successful rivals of the proverbial French *chef*. So, those of you who happen to be so unfortunate as not to have had Pennsylvania-German mothers or wives, do not form your opinion of Pennsylvania-German baking from the farmer's remark, when for the first time he delved into the mysteries of a cream-puff. As, in expectation of a solid bite, his monstrous molars closed upon the delicate and delicious morsel and the rich amber-colored contents trickled down his unkempt beard, he exclaimed: "*Die Kuche sin, bei dust, noch net gar.*"

In domestic cleanliness, our Pennsylvania-German wives and sweethearts have no equals, and but one rival, their Dutch sisters across the seas. I know of Pennsylvania-German women so clean that they wash their Exton crackers before using them; and I understand that one of them, upon her removal to Philadelphia, actually first washed the water in which she afterwards washed the crackers. It is no uncommon sight to see these inveterate foes of filth, these apostles of cleanliness, down on their knees, scrubbing, with brush in hand, the boardwalks and the brick pavements of their model homes. If cleanliness is next to godliness, then our Pennsylvania-German women can surely enter the pearly gates.

In the virtue of economy, likewise, these daughters of German descent are unexcelled. I have heard of some who, in their enthusiastic and earnest endeavors to have forty-nine cents do the duty of two dollars on bargain-day, in the mad crush of their rival bargain-seeking sisters, ruined twenty-dollar dresses.

And when occasion demands, she can also become eloquent. At early morn when in the language of the poet

"Slow buds the pink dawn like a rose
From out night's gray and cloudy sheath;
Softly and still it grows and grows,
Petal by petal, leaf by leaf"

a belated and well-laden Pennsylvania-German, a lawyer that had practiced at the wrong bar, was found vainly endeavoring to unlock the door of his domicile with the burnt end of a match in lieu of a key and exclaiming in his disappointment and disgust: "*Die verdollte Rascals hen mir wider's Schlisselloch g'stohle!*" Is it any wonder that his spouse, the beloved partner of his bed and board, grew eloquent, even at early dawn, when she beheld the plight in which her liege lord and master presented himself, and that she very promptly

proceeded to exercise her oratorical powers upon her very select and limited audience of one?

These Pennsylvania-German wives of ours are our best and keenest critics. Themselves lovers of the ideal and of perfection — what aesthetic tortures, in view of their own angelic perfection, must they not suffer because of our glaring defects! Alas, in our treatment of the charming dears, the lover too frequently degenerates into the mere husband, as was the case with our friend Wilhelm, who was seen strolling down the street in company with a woman. His friend Franz, meeting him next day, asked: "Wilhelm, who was dot lady you valked mit yesterday?" "Dot lady? Yesterday? Vy, dot was no lady, dot was my wife."

In their love of liberty and in devotion to their country, our Pennsylvania-German women are the peers of their patriotic sisters of antiquity. The sons of Pennsylvania-German mothers, the husbands of Pennsylvania-German wives were among the very first to respond to the call to arms when the Rebellion rolled up its unhallowed waves to engulf our Ship of State. With loving hearts and with willing hands they prepared the boxes of food and clothing for the soldiers in the field; and by their sympathy and their prayers they aided the righteous cause that eventually triumphed. High on the scroll of American patriotism are enrolled the names of Pennsylvania's citizen-soldiers, and first among those citizen-soldiers come the patriots of Pennsylvania-German descent. From their mothers, their wives, their sweethearts, came the inspiration to do and to dare.

Then here is to the health of our Pennsylvania-German wives and sweethearts!

May we ever be as loyal as they are lovely, as courageous as they are charming, as hopeful as they are helpful, and as brave as they are beautiful.

Die Hahna wu's menscht fechta duhn,
Hen net all langa Schpora;
Un viel vun unsra greeschta Esel
Hen ah ken langa Ohra.

—Goethe von Berks.

Die Hund wu alfert so laut gauza,
Duhn Menscha net oft beissa,
Un Männer wu am lautschta pralla,
Duhn ah net viel verreissa.

—Goethe von Berks.

The Wild Rose of Bethlehem

An Original Tale by the "Little Hunchback," Translated
from the German

(Continued from May number.)

NOBSCOPEN saved my life, but he was not my father," said Rosie, with trembling voice, pressing her hand to her eyes. After a short pause she continued: "Your name, Major Heatherfield, leads me to suppose that our parents were good friends, if they were not really blood-relations. This circumstance and your royal uniform—which uniform my father too used to wear, as I remember—have emboldened me to break the vow of secrecy, which indeed has ceased to bind me since the assassination of Nobscopen, altho' the revelation brings back to my mind with unspeakable sorrow my dreadful separation from my parents and my lonely orphanage. Since my tenth year the murderer of my whole family is pursuing me as an avenger of blood."

Again she pressed both hands to her face and broke into convulsive sobs. Heatherfield, deeply moved, drew her gently to his breast and asked with intense interest: "And your father's name?"

"Colonel Glendon, of the First Regiment of Highlanders," answered Rosie.

"What!" cried the young officer, astonished. "Is it possible? O, wonderful ways of Providence! And you are Esther Ellen Glendon, the sole surviving heir of the Glendons, so long considered lost?"

"How! You know my history? My name is Esther Ellen, and here are the only keepsakes of my family, which my faithful friend Nobscopen carefully guarded and kept for me." Saying this she drew a string of shells from her bosom and handed it to the major, who viewed them so intently that he took no note of what was going on about him. Not so Rosie. Scarcely had she put the string in his hand, when she sprang up, seized his gun and struck a powerful blow at some object with the butt end. The same moment the officer uttered a cry and sank stunned at Rosie's side. But near him lay another unconscious form: an Indian, who had crept up behind the tree and dealt him a stunning blow, only to be felled himself the next instant by the Wild Rose with Heatherfield's gun.

With flashing eyes and disheveled hair, looking like a maniac, the girl quickly loosened the sash of her friend, turned over the half dead savage and tied his hands behind his back. She shook Heatherfield and blew her breath into his ears until he recovered consciousness; then, without giving him time to understand what had happened, she adjured him to return to Trout Hall. Just as they emerged from the thicket and caught sight of

the Hall and the Lehigh Mountain beyond, she slackened her pace and seized her companion's arm.

"Glendon Heatherfield," she said, "you have sworn by all that is sacred and dear to you, not to betray my secret; I expect you to keep your solemn vow. My tracks are discovered. Before you leave Trout Hall I shall find opportunity to tell you why I may not now reveal my history."

Heatherfield, who felt like one dreaming, solemnly assured her of his faithfulness and would have sealed his promise with another glowing kiss, if Mrs. Mulligan's shrill voice had not disconcerted him.

4. Scandal and Separation

The major hurried ahead of Rosie, and Mrs. Mulligan advanced to meet him. She told him that a rider had come from Philadelphia who wanted to see him and the Governor on urgent business, and could hardly express her astonishment that such a fine gentleman had been strolling in the woods with a vagabond Indian girl. Heatherfield answered nothing, but hastened to the house, where he found the messenger and ere long was engaged in a conversation so pleasant that he almost forgot his sore head and his adventure in the woods. Rosie had to suffer much more from Mrs. Mulligan, who bitterly reproached her and threatened to tell Mrs. Allen all about her bad behavior. Rosie found it hard, after thus pouring out her heart, to return to her subordinate place, and she feared the consequences of the angry woman's garrulity to herself and her new friend. With a beating heart she awaited the return of the guests.

The fatal hour of her defamation came soon enough. The last rays of the sun were gilding the light clouds above the Lehigh Mountain, when the hoof-beats of approaching horses began to re-echo thro' Trout Hall. The party returned along the road laid out the previous year from Bakeoven Knob on the Broad Mountain. Heatherfield and the messenger hurried to meet them, and soon the whole company, evidently pleased with their visit to the respectable settlers of Whitehall, were comfortably seated before the house. Mrs. Mulligan and the negroes prepared a meal while the Governor, the new comer and Heatherfield carried on an animated discussion of the latest news from Philadelphia. Naturally Mrs. Allen had to inquire at once of Mrs. Mulligan concerning her new Indian ward, and could hardly believe what the bab-

bling woman told her. She was worried, for she had been thinking of the girl all day, being firmly resolved to adopt her and send her to school in Philadelphia for at least a year. She was keenly disappointed and could hardly repress her displeasure with Heatherfield for the part he had played in the affair. She took the first chance to tell Mr. Allen, and half an hour after the home-coming of the party the negroes and hostlers as well as the guests, all but the Governor—who was still busy talking with the messenger—knew the awful story of Major Heatherfield's rambles with a young squaw.

Mrs. Denny was mad at this behavior of her stepson, as she used to call him, and repeatedly approached the Governor, to tell him the whole affair; but she could not make up her mind, whom to address first, the major or her husband. The Governor, noticing her perturbation, arose and asked the cause. As soon as he heard the charge against Heatherfield, he called him and demanded an explanation. Heatherfield succeeded in giving such a turn to his story that the first storm of anger was allayed. He said he had wanted to ask the girl her origin and startled her so that she ran away; then he had sought her out and induced her to turn back.

Poor Rosie was treated contemptuously by the servants, and all the good humor of the party seemed upset. The ladies gave curt answers to the young major and his brother-officers looked at him significantly, as if to say: "Old fellow, you have stirred up a hornets' nest." After a short talk with his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, the Governor stepped up to Heatherfield and said sternly:

"Glendon, you go to Philadelphia to-morrow morning, and you, Guthrie," turning to the messenger, "you go to Gnadenhütten to-morrow, and take this troublesome girl along and leave her with the Mohegans settled there."

Heatherfield tried to make excuses, but the Governor cut him off by saying: "Not a word." During this unpleasant scene supper had been almost forgotten, and when at last the guests remembered their appetites, Heatherfield stayed behind pouting, but really hoping to find an opportunity of being alone with Rosie a few moments. He failed in this.

Neither he nor Rosie slept that night. Often as he tossed about on his couch he thought of revealing the whole secret of the innocent girl; but he again remembered the Indian's attack, his own solemn promise and the fact that Rosie had not told him why she must still guard her secret. Day had scarcely begun to break when he heard Mulligan and his wife up and talking in the neighboring hut. A new thought flashed thro' his mind, which he promptly carried out. He arose, dressed and noiselessly passed thro' the house to Mulligan's cabin, where a handful of silver quickly accomplished his purpose. Rosie was called, and the lovers were allowed to talk together alone in the hut.

When the door had closed, Rosie nestled close to her friend, who fervently kissed her. "Glendon," she said, "if you can make it possible before leaving to find the place where the Indian surprised us yesterday, search at once for the string of shells which in our excitement we forgot there. I am resolved to the utmost; with a heavy heart I go among the Mohegans. They will receive me kindly, but I have a presentiment of blood, murder and arson which I shall see there."

"Esther Ellen," Heatherfield broke in, "why will you not allow me to reveal your origin and bring you back to your countrymen, as the bride and future wife of Glendon Heatherfield?"

"Not now, not now," the girl answered, convulsively clasping his neck and hiding her flushed face upon his breast. "One year more, and I shall be free. Yours, Glendon, yours alone then shall be my love, my life, my all."

"And may I not know the cause of this unnatural separation, the key to this tormenting secret?"

"I trust you fully. I feel drawn to you irresistibly. I love you, Glendon, but dare not, can not tell you more than this: Keep the string of shells, it is my talisman. As long as it remains in safe hands, my life and my future are safe; if it fall into the hands of my implacable foes, my life is forfeit. How is it, Glendon, can't you manage to see me in Gnadenhütten?"

"Be assured, dear girl, I shall be with you ere six months have passed. And you promise then to remove the veil entirely from this strange secret?"

"Glendon, with love to you hope revives in my heart. In the visions of my feverish slumbers last night appeared the pale, bloody form of my mother, as I saw her last, when the cruel red-skins dragged her about by the hair and murdered her before my very eyes. The phantom smiled upon me and thrice in succession appeared before my restless couch; each time she seemed more friendly and whispered: Trust in Providence and your new, faithful friend. Within a year, probably even sooner, you will be free and safe." Rosie trembled all over as she related this.

"Dreams are delusions," said Glendon. "Let not these feverish fantasies disturb you. If there is nothing more to prevent you from telling your secret than a feverish dream, I will lay the whole matter before our friends this very day. The orders that threaten to separate us will be withdrawn, and Esther Ellen Glendon will be recognized as the bride of her Heatherfield."

Rosie released herself, stepped back and pointing her finger at him with solemn mien said: "Glendon, we human beings are nearer the spirit-world than our rude senses allow us to perceive. Only after years of pain and sorrow does the mind become less susceptible to external impressions and acquire some slight consciousness of the spirit-world, which sur-

rounds us everywhere. The loving guardian spirit of my mother has informed me that thro' you, Glendon, I shall be freed, but it has told me also that this can not be done yet. I know not why," and again she caressed her friend, "but I would be denying myself, if I did not trust this information and act accordingly. And you must find and faithfully guard the string of shells. Go then, ere it be too late, and try to find it. The Shawnee warrior, whom in despair I knocked down with your gun, would hardly hunt for it; as soon as he recovered consciousness—my feeble blow did not hurt him seriously—he ran away, fearing pursuit. Go, ere it be too late, and if I can see you depart in possession of my token, I shall hope the more confidently for our next meeting in Gnadenhütten."

The lovers parted affectionately, never imagining that Mrs. Mulligan had watched them all the while thro' a cleft in the back door.

Glendon Heatherfield hurried to the woods, and before the guests of Trout Hall had awakened from their nap, he returned—with his sash, but without the string. The sash was tied to a branch of the tree and to it was fastened a short piece of the string, as a sign that the daring warrior had carried off the rest in triumph.

Two hours later Major Heatherfield was ready to depart and said a cold good-by to the Governor, Mr. Allen, the other officers and the ladies. He had found no further chance to speak to Rosie, but she had seen the sash in his hand and understood. She knew, if the Indian had left behind him the sash, he certainly had taken the string of shells. Sadly she looked after the young rider until his red uniform disappeared in the bushes, and soon after she had to leave also.

The Governor gave Guthrie a letter to the head of the Moravian community at Neu-Gnadenhütten, and accompanied by two Delaware Indians as guides the Wild Rose with a heavy heart left the place where in so short a time she had learned to know and love Heatherfield, where her talisman had fallen into the hands of her foes and her pure, noble character had been so rudely assailed by a tattling, foolish woman that she was scarcely deemed worthy of a kind word at parting.

When Rosie and Heatherfield were gone, Mrs. Mulligan put fresh oil on the fire of dissatisfaction by telling Mrs. Allen of the lovers' secret conference, tho', knowing very little English, she could not repeat what they had said. Still her story confirmed the suspicion that Heatherfield had made love to a dissolute Indian girl, and the Governor, who found it out soon enough, was much incensed. He threatened to send the major with Braddock's army to Fort Duquesne, in order to drive those foolish whims out of his head. He was so much displeased that but for a wedding on the Lehigh Mountain, to which his officers were invited, he would probably have returned to Philadelphia the next day. Moreover Mr.

Allen had arranged, for his diversion, a big shad-catch by the Indians on the morrow.

5. A Wedding-Frolic and a Shad-Catch

The British officers, whose visit to Trout Hall was their first trip to the frontiers of civilization, were delighted to partake in a wedding-frolic at the foot of the mountain. Rev. J. J. Wissler Dillenberger, a Reformed preacher who had been pastor of the Egypt church the previous year, had come on a visit and was to perform the ceremony. He and some young settlers from Whitehall accompanied the officers to the bride's home, a little log-hut in which oiled paper served for window-panes. There he tarried while his companions rode on to meet the bridegroom's party coming from the south side of the mountain.

Among the scattered settlers weddings were great festivities, anticipated with pleasure for weeks by young and old. On the morning of the great day the groom would gather his friends at the house of his father and proceed with them to the house of the bride, which was usually reached by noon and in which the ceremony took place.

Imagine a group of merry lads and jolly lasses, in a region where neither store, tailor nor milliner can be found within thirty miles, all riding horses whose accoutrements showed that blacksmiths and saddlers were equally far off, along rugged forest-paths and Indian trails. The men were clad in linsey hunting-shirts, leather breeches and moccasins; the women all wore linsey petticoats, sacques of woolen or linen stuff, coarse shoes and stockings, handkerchiefs tied over their heads and buck-skin gloves. Here and there might be seen buckles, rings, buttons and the like—family-heirlooms, brought across the sea by their parents. Old saddles, bags, blankets, fastened in many cases with ropes, served as seats upon the horses' backs. The party came up the narrow woodland-path in double file, while their songs and laughter resounded thro' the forest.

The young Whitehaller who led the officers' party espied them from the top of the hill, gave the signal agreed upon and hid with his companions in the bushes. When the bridegroom's party halted in the clearing to rest their horses, those in ambush fired off their pistols, and the scene that followed was amusing in the highest degree. Some horses reared on their haunches, others broke away; the girls were screaming, while the older people laughed and the young gallants tried hard to save their ladies from falling. Shouts, laughter, cheers and even some angry swearing commingled in a babel of sounds. Here a plump lass lay laughing on the ground; there another tumbled right into the arms of her jealous lover's rival, tho' the former did his best to keep her in the saddle. Everybody knew it was only a friendly surprise, and the

young officers were greeted with thundering hurrahs.

About a mile from the bride's home another prank was played. Two young fellows were chosen to ride a race across trunks, brush-wood, trenches and whatever else might be in the way, to the bride's house, where a bottle of whiskey, usually called "black Betsey," awaited the victor. A loud yell was the signal to start; in less than ten minutes the victor returned and handed the bottle to the groom, then to the officers, after which it was passed around among the rest.

When the ceremony, rendered more impressive by the presence of the officers, was performed and all the guests had congratulated the newly wedded pair, the feasting began. Tables and benches, rudely fashioned from tree-trunks with an ax, were placed around the house and soon the whole company was seated. The dishes were of old pewter and wood, some of the spoons of horn; knives and forks were so scarce that they had to be supplemented with hunting-knives. The viands corresponded with the pioneer-style of table-furnishings. There was plenty of meat—pork, fowls, deer- and bear-steaks—and an abundance of potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables. When dinner was over, dancing began, to last until the next morning. The British officers were so well pleased with it all that they forgot their military dignity and would not return to Trout Hall before they had danced a few "square fours" and "jigs" with those rosy-checked, jolly German lasses.

In the evening Judge Allen and his guests witnessed the interesting process of catching shad, as performed by the Indians at the lower end of the big island in the Lehigh. A dam had been built there across the river, with plaited work in the middle, resembling a perforated box. Here some Indians were stationed to catch the fish with their hands and throw them into their canoes, while others dragged ropes made of wild vines and having limbs of trees fastened to them at intervals of two rods slowly down the stream from the upper end of the island. Still others aided the process of driving the fish into the box in the middle of the dam by beating the water with poles and howling like demons. The full moon added to the wild picture-queeness of the scene, and the Philadelphians were astonished at the quantity of shad caught in this primitive manner.

By noon of the next day Mr. Allen's solitary forest-dwelling was deserted as usual, only Mulligan and his tattling wife having remained behind.

6. A Horse-Thief's Fate

Meanwhile Rosie was tramping on wearily beside the two Indians and Guthrie, who was mounted, toward her destination. Her way led along the Lehigh, toward the Gap. Where beautiful farms, imposing iron-foundries and prosperous towns now mark the triumph of

civilization, she only saw the little columns of smoke curling up here and there from the scattered cabins of the settlers. Millions of blackbirds and a multitude of croaking crows seemed to share possession of the river-banks with the squirrels that filled the woods. Now and then a herd of deer fearfully bounded past the wanderers. Toward evening they reached Oplinger's inn, later known as Craig's tavern, on the north side of the Lehigh Gap. Guthrie, more intent on saving his horses than on getting to Gnadenhütten as quickly as possible, decided to stop here for the night.

Oplinger had seen the rider from afar and was glad to entertain the Governor's messenger, who could give him reliable information about the latest happenings in Philadelphia. The Indians sought the kitchen, while Guthrie and Rosie entered the little bar-room, where a few other guests sat busily talking and stared at them with wide open eyes. Without a word Rosie sat down sideways on a chair, pillowing her flushed brow on her folded hands. Guthrie was soon engaged in a lively conversation with the host, who had to ask all sorts of questions. The other guests put in a word now and then, and a social glass of whiskey did not check the talkativeness of the host. When he had at last satisfied his curiosity, he could not restrain himself from telling an adventure he had met early in the morning.

"The barking of the dogs roused me just as day began to break. I got my gun, stepped to the window and there distinctly heard that some one was in the stable among the horses. Calling the boys I rushed down stairs, and just as I turned the corner I saw one of those accursed redskins clear the palisade upon my best horse. Crack! my rifle-ball went after him, but the red beast was gone. The whole house was alarmed, and in less time than it takes to tell it the boys were mounted and following the thief across the fence. But my trusty rifle seldom fails, you know."—here the narrator paused and took a drink of whisky, the guests following his example—"and it didn't fail in this case. Less than a hundred yards from the house the boys found the blamed Indian, bearing his bloody death-warrant near the heart; but the frightened horse ran away and it took a long time to capture him."

"And what have you done with the Indian?" asked Guthrie.

"What shall we do with him? He is dead as a door-nail. He is lying back of the stable, and we are going to bury him to-night. He is no friendly Delaware or Mohegan; he is a Shawnee, and the devil knows what brought him hither to steal our horses."

At the word "Shawnee" Rosie raised her head and put her long, black hair behind her ears, so as to hear better.

(To be continued.)

Literary Gems



THE OLD UNION CHURCH AT BOYERTOWN, SIXTY YEARS AGO

BY "ONKEL JEFF."

Come, join me in a ramble on this pleasant summer day
 Back to our years of childhood, when the people on their way
 Were going to the old brick church that stood on hallowed ground
 Where now that stately edifice, the Reformed church, is found.

The older people living yet remember now quite well,
 When that time-honored edifice was minus tower and bell;
 When people flocked from every point to hear old Miller preach,
 To point the way to heaven and the Bible truths to teach.

They gathered in that edifice, or stood outside to wait
 The coming of the preacher with his firm and steady gait.
 How eager some would forward press to grasp the proffered hand,
 While words of kindness he addressed to the yeomen of the land!

The greetings being over, Conrad Miller led the way,
 To preach a pointed sermon to the sinners of the day.
 "Zum Anfang unseres Gottesdiensts," again methinks I hear
 Fall from the honored pastor's lips so earnest, so sincere!

I hear again each line called out before the same was sung,
 While from the organ's well-worn keys old Storb the music wrung.
 I see him sitting on the bench, the organ to his rear;
 His tremulous and squeaky voice again I plainly hear.

While leading off in singing as each separate line is read,
 To aid the rest in singing, who their "sing-books" would forget,
 How nervously he pulls the stops and fumbles on the keys,
 To ring out notes of melody the audience to please!

That tune of tunes, "Old Hundred," to arouse the weary soul
 In German by the crowd is sung, while loud its echoes roll;
 Or else some tune in minor key, with music sweet and slow,
 Sung by the timorous organist and the older folks below.

We're on the eastern gallery, midway from end to end,
 And listen to the preaching, or pity some dear friend
 Whose creeping sense of drowsiness shows sadly needed rest,
 By the drooping head and eyelids with his chin upon his breast.

The thought then comes upon me: What might cause this drowsiness?
 What influence have religious thoughts to cause this man's distress?
 Has preaching then the magic power to calm and soothe the brain,
 To put to sleep in one brief hour these heavy-headed men?

Men who enjoy the tricks and jokes of fakirs on the street,
 And tire not while standing out for hours on their feet,
 While here in church in tranquil rest, removed from Satan's power,
 They lapse into a peaceful sleep in one fourth of an hour.

But might it not be lack of faith that fills the sleeper's mind?
 Indifferent to holy truths—to worldly ways inclined,
 That when the Word of God is preached, tho' eloquent the theme,
 It falls upon unfruitful soil, where Satan reigns supreme?

I see Reverend Conrad Miller, on the pulpit quaint and high,
 With the canopy above him and the dove about to fly;
 With words of wisdom he expounds the Scriptures to us all,
 And cautions all to walk aright, lest we may err and fall.

The *Klingelsäck* again I see, with tassel and with bell,
 Securely made and lined inside to hold collections well;
 With fringe around the border, and with long and slender pole;
 To compass pews from end to end the deacons these control.

I hear them on their mission with the tingling of each bell,
 To rouse up all the sleepers and to take collections well;
 I see one deacon pausing, then give a vigorous shake
 Of the *Klingelsäck*, to ring the bell, some sleeper to awake.

Some weary, worn-out farmer, minus tie and coat and vest,
 Who, filled with words of wisdom from the sermon, sank to rest;
 Then I see the deacons coming with contributions all;
 Well filled with cash the *Klingelsäck* are hung against the wall.

Down yonder, 'neath the gallery, the girls in Sunday trim
 Are joining in the services with fervor and with vim;
 I see they're gazing upward to imbibe the gospel truths,
 To scan the men up yonder, or their lovers, or the youths.

The boys are casting glances down upon the ladies fair,
 Who just return the compliment with upward steady stare.
 So goes the world: the older ones join in the fervent prayer,
 And listen to the Word of God which is expounded there.

The middle-aged go at times to rest from toil and care;
 But nature soon asserts her power—they fall asleep when there,
 While others, filled with Christian faith, sit calmly and serene,
 And drink in all the gospel truths—this clearly can be seen.

While preachers rack their fertile brains, worn out with constant care,
 And spend whole days and sleepless nights their sermons to prepare,
 Their words of wisdom often fail to catch the listless ear,
 To interest the lazy ones, devoid of sense and fear.

Like water down a gosling's back their eloquent appeals
 Roll harmlessly on barren soil, to be trodden under heels;
 Or like the echoes of a sound, which, passing on, we find
 Roll swiftly over stony ground and leave no trace behind.

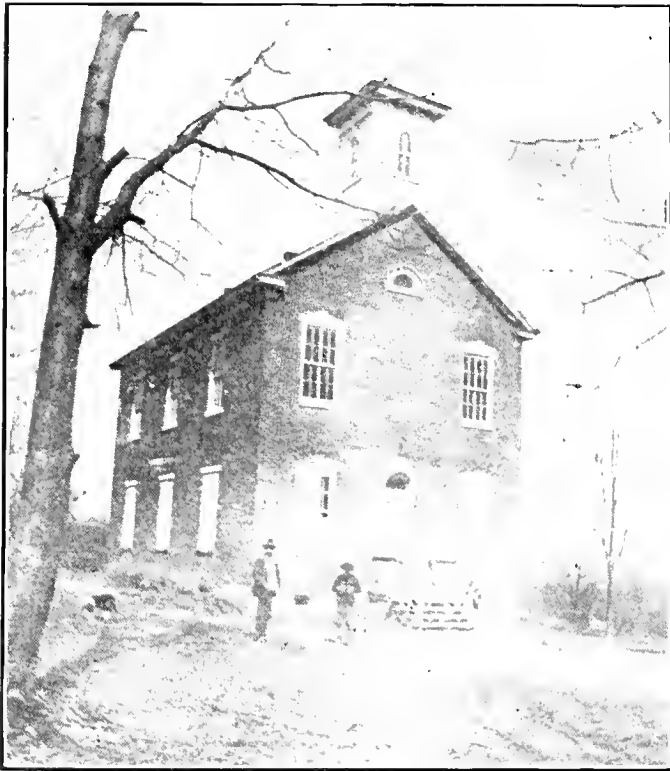
Author's Note—The old Union church-edifice of Boyertown was owned jointly by the Lutheran and German Reformed congregations. The ground was donated for that purpose by Henrich Stauffer, grandfather of our townsman Frederic K. Stauffer. Henrich Stauffer had purchased a certain tract of land from Rutter & Potts about the year 1772, of which the above was a part.

The church was without tower and bell. About the year 1850 a small tower was placed upon the roof and the old bell of the Court House at Reading was placed therein. A large gathering witnessed the dedication of the bell.

The pulpit was raised from the floor some ten feet, octagonal in form, and stood on a

pedestal. A canopy, the size and shape of the pulpit, was over it, to the front of which was affixed the figure of a dove, to represent the descent of the Holy Ghost.

The old male members of the congregations occupied the pews directly beneath the eastern gallery. On the gallery sat the young men and boys. The middle-aged men sat in the gallery opposite, and under that gallery sat the young ladies and girls. The whites of the eyes of the girls looking up at the boys on the gallery formed a pleasing contrast to the tanned features of the farmers' daughters in those days and caught the eye of many an ardent admirer. Looking up to the preacher in the pulpit it was an easy matter to cast side-glances over the gallery, about on a level with the preacher in the pulpit.



THE OLD LONGSWAMP CENTRAL SCHOOLHOUSE

A LAMENT FOR MY ALMA MATER

BY GEORGE KELLER DELONG.

Written March 14, 1905, upon hearing that the Longswamp Central School-Building was to be torn down at the end of the term.

Once "Woodman, spare that tree," the poet wrote,
 And with his tears did melt the woodman's heart.
 Now to my alma mater I devote
 My flowing tears, which crystallize to art.

Beneath the spreading tree the poet played;
 Thus to his heart became the spot endeared.
 Within thy walls infinities have swayed
 Which to the land a zealous poet reared.

Beneath those leaves, which fluttered in the breeze,
 Long after many tourists sought the spot;
 The thought to crystal art my tears does freeze,
 For when they fain would seek thee, thou art not.

Tho' thou must fall, since progress so demands,
 And I must miss thee thro' each after year;
 Tho' I must weep, yet shall my busy hands
 Upon thy grave a monument uprear.

Not like the Pyramids of Egypt's plains;
 Not like the marble marks of mortals' grave—
 But an immortal dome, wrought with my pains,
 That I from doomed oblivion thee might save.

Author's Note.—The Central Schoolhouse of Longswamp township, Berks county, Pa., stood on the site where the new Township High School now stands as a monument to the progressive spirit of the Pennsylvania-Germans, who are to-day, as they always have been, foremost in educational matters. The Longswamp Central School was one of the first graded rural public schools in the East Penn

valley, and the high school that followed it is a model as well as a pioneer of its kind.

That old Central Schoolhouse was all the alma mater to which the writer can lay claim, and when he heard that it was to be razed, he felt inspired to write the lines here reproduced as a memorial tribute to a place endeared to him by many happy associations of his school-boy-days.

JUSCHT EN DEPPICH

BY E. M. EHELMAN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In loving remembrance of MRS. MARY MOYER-FERNSELER, who died at Lebanon, Pa., May 23, 1903,
 and in appreciation of her patch-work quilt

's is jusch en commoner Deppich—seh!
 En Quilt alt Fashion—awer shee.
 Wie scheckig guckt's! Die Patches fei,
 Die scheina Schpotjohrsbletter zu sei.
 Hoscht du die Scheeheet schon betracht
 Vun so ma Deppich, heemgemacht?

So scheena Plaeka, gross un klee'.
 Die Farwa all in Reia sehleh;
 Drei- un viereckig, lang un karz,
 En jeder grad am rechta Platz.
 Alles in Ordnung zamma g'neht;
 Jusch druf zu gucka is en Freed.

Deel Patches hen so Dippla drin,
 Un deel hen scheena Blumma drin.
 Die Farwa—geel, rot, himmello,
 En helles un en dunkles no.
 Un all in ee shee gross Design:
 Ich sag dir was—'s is "something fine."

Viel langa Schtun un Erwet g'wiss,
 Bis mol so 'n Deppich fertig is.
 Als fleissig dra'—noeh nie verleed,
 En jeder Schtich aus Lieb geneht.
 Ken Nehma-chin—all Handeswerk;
 's is awer shee un gut un schtark.

Sie hot als Nama for sie g'hat:
 Do is en grosses "Eechablatt."
 En "Sunnadeppich," lang un breet—

Paar dausent Patches zamma g'neht.
 So darrich nanner geht der do.
 Sel is der "Ewig Jager" no.

En "Bettelmann" is ah dabei,
 Un seller soll "Log Cabin" sei;
 En "Siwaschtern" gar wunner-chee,
 En "Ganstuss" un en "Backaschtee."
 Sie hot gemacht en hunnert schier;
 Des war der Grandmiam ihr Plessier.

Nun schoekelt sie un singt un neht;
 So Sach zu macha is en Freed.
 Uf Schuhl un Disch, uf alla Seit
 Es voll klee g'schnittna Patches leit.
 Der Nehkarb sehleh do newa her,
 Mit Nodla, Fingerhut un Scher.

's war uf en Disch ah, ohne Fehl,
 En deutsche Biwel, alt un geel.
 Zur Himmelreis' war sie bereit.
 Sie war en christlich Weiblichkeit.
 "Schaff net jusch for die Welt do hi',
 Schaff ah for deine Seel," sagt sie.

Sie hot net jusch an sich gedenkt;
 Die ganz Freindschaft hot sie beschenkt.
 Wer in die Freindschaft kumma is,
 Der muss en Deppich hawa gewiss.
 Die Grandmam sagt: "'s kummt händig nei';
 Die Kinner missa warem sei."

Sie schafft die Sehtunna fleissig weg;
 En nitzlich Lewa, hocher Zweck.
 Guck mol ihr G'sicht, wie fromm un mild—
 Nau, is sel net en scheenes Bild?
 O, halt in Ehr un Dankbarkeit
 So guta, fleissige, alt-fashioned Leit!

Jetz is die Gründmäm nimme do;
 Sacht schloß sie unner'm Himmelsblo.
 Ihr Händ sin nau zur Ruh gebracht,
 Ihr letschter Deppich hot sie g'macht.
 Ihr Lewa christlich, herrlich, siess—
 So 'n Seel, die geht in's Paradies.

Cupid Using a "Dolmetscher"

A Short Story with a Moral

HE was a German youth, but lately arrived from the fatherland and little acquainted with the language of this country. She was an American girl and knew nothing but English.

They met at a hardware-store. She was a winsome lass, and the glances she gave him struck home to his heart. He ventured to speak to her, and she answered him very sweetly and courteously. They met again at a social gathering and the acquaintance was continued. A moonlight stroll followed and the young man was desperately smitten. He felt there was but one woman in the world for him, and here she was. He declared his love, and the lady did not say no. Possibly she had not quite understood him, but he was full of hope.

Now, love has a language all its own and needs no interpreter. Only the other day the newspapers reported the marriage of a couple, neither of which understood a word of the other's language. All their wooing had been by signs and caresses. But Herr Grünschnabel, being of a literary turn of mind, felt the need of formally declaring his passion to the lady of his choice. So he set about writing her a letter.

He was well educated in his own tongue and had bought a *Dolmetscher*, which promised to teach the learner to read, write and speak English fluently in six weeks.

This is his letter, as he thought it out in his mind, in pure and faultless High German:

Angebetete und heiss geliebte Marie:

Du kannst Dir keine Vorstellung machen, wie oft ich Dein gedacht habe, seit ich Dich damals in der Schmittwarenhandlung traf. Wie freudig erinnere ich mich des Augenblicks, da wir beim Einbruch der Nacht mit verschlungenen Armen spaziren gingen; als ich Dir die erste Liebeserklärung machte und Du beschämt die Augen niederschlugst! Wie oft schon habe ich mir den Kopf zerbrochen, in Deiner englischen Sprache auszudrücken, wie unaussprechlich ich Dich verehere! Leider bin ich nur mit Hilfe meines Wörterbuchs im Stande, Dir diesen Zettel zu schreiben. Aber ich mache mir nichts daraus, denn bald werde ich bei Deinem Vater um Deine Hand anhalten, und ich bin überzeugt, wir werden uns schon verstehen, wenn wir einmal getraunt sind. Und was geht es Andere auch an? Wenn die Hochzeit kommt, wirst Du sehen, dass ich mich nicht lumpen lasse.

O, wie schwillt mir das Herz bei dem Gedanken, Dich bald als meine Braut begrüßen zu dürfen! Wenn nur Dein gestrenger Herr Papa meiner Werbung nicht ungünstig entgegen tritt.

Nun, teuerster Schatz, muss ich schliessen. Glaube mir, dass ich es ehrlich meine und rede, wie es mir um das Herz ist. Ich schliesse Dein zwischen Wehmuth and Freude schwebender
 A. G.

Nachschrift: Nimm Dich in Acht, dass dieser Brief nicht in unrechte Hände gerät.
 DER OBIGE.

And this is the letter he produced after a few hours' hard work with his *Dolmetscher*:
 On-prayed and hot-beloved Maria:

You can you no presentation make, how often I your thought have, since I you then in the cutware-action hit. How joyous remember I me the eye-glance, where we by the burglary of the night with swallowed arms walk went; when I you the first love-explanation made and you shameful the eyes down-knocked. How often already have I me the head broken, in your English language to squeeze out, how un-out-speakable I you reverence! Sorrows am I only with the help of my words-book in station, you this ticket to write. But I make me nothing there-out, for soon shall I near your father for your hand stop, and I am over-clothed, we will us already understand, when we once trusted are. And what goes it others too on? When the high-time comes, will you see, that I me not rags let.

O, how swells me the heart by the thought, you soon as my bride greet to dare! When only your severe Lord Papa my recruiting not unfavorably contrary trends.

Now, dearest treasure, must I shut. Believe me, that I honest mean it and speak, how it me around the heart is. I shut your between hurt-courage and joy soaring
 A. G.

After-writing: Take you in eight, that this letter not in unright hands succeeds.

THE UPPER.

The letter was duly sent, but the recipient failed to reply and the "high-time" is not yet announced.

Moral: Never write a love-letter with the aid of a *Dolmetscher*.

DAS MUEHLRAD

GERMAN FOLKSONG. AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Dort unten in der Mühle
 Sass ich in susser Ruh',
 Und sah dem Raderspiele
 Und sah den Wassern zu.

Sah zu der blanken Säge—
 Es war mir wie ein Traum—
 Die bahnte lange Wege
 In einen Tannenbaum.

Die Tanne war wie lebend;
 In Trauermelodie,
 Durch alle Fasern bebend,
 Sang diese Worte sie:

"Du kehrest zur rechten Stunde,
 O Wanderer, hier ein!
 Du bist's, für den die Wunde
 Mir dringt in's Herz hinein.

"Du bist's, für den wird werden,
 Wenn kurz gewandert du,
 Dies Holz im Schoss der Erden
 Ein Schrein zur langen Ruh'."

Vier Bretter sah ich fallen;
 Mir ward's um's Herz so schwer.
 Ein Wörtlein wollt' ich lallen—
 Da ging das Rad nicht mehr.

THE MILL-WHEEL

TRANSLATED BY HENRY BODMER.

Down yonder by the sawmill
 I sat in sweet repose,
 And gazed upon the mill-wheel
 And the water as it flows.

I saw the saw-blades blinking—
 I felt as in a dream—
 With great strides they were cutting
 Into a pine-tree beam.

The pine-tree was as living;
 In low, sad melody,
 With every fibre trembling,
 These words it sang to me:

"Thou stoppest in good season,
 O traveler, at this spot!
 'Tis thou for whom this steel-blade
 Deep in my heart does cut.

"For thee this wood's intended;
 At thy short journey's close
 'Twill shrine thee in Earth's bosom
 For thy long last repose."

I saw four pine-boards falling;
 My heart felt sad and sore.
 A word I tried to utter—
 The mill-wheel ran no more.
 —Wilkes-Barre Record.

PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN PROVERBS

I.

Die kleena Dieb hangt mer, die grossa losst mer lauta. (Small thieves are hung, big ones go free.)

Der Hunger is der bescht Koch. (Hunger is the best sauce.)

Egalob schtinkt. (Self-praise is not becoming.)

Der Appel fallt net weit zum Schtamm. (Children take after their parents.)

Wer net heera zeill, muss fhla. (Who refuses to hear, must feel.)

Wer's erscht in die Mühl kummt, krigt's erscht gemahla. (First come, first served.)

Wer schteht un lauert an der Wand,
Der heert sei eg'ne Schimp un Schand.

(The eaves-dropper hears his own shame.)

Der Hehler is so schlecht wie der Schtehler.

(Hiding stolen goods is as bad as stealing.)

Was mer net weiss, macht em net heess. (We never worry about what we do not know.)

Er is nix nutz ze'u'n die Haut d'regt. (He is utterly worthless.)

Wu Schmok is, is ah Feier. (Where smoke is, there is fire.)

Kleeder macha Leit. (Clothes make men and women.)

Luschtig gelebt un selig g'schtorwa
Is 'm Deivel sei Rechling verdorwa.

(A merry life and at death salvation.
 Spoils the devil's calculation.)

Die Kinner un die Narra saga die Wohret. (Children and fools speak the truth.)

Frish gezoegt is halkeer gecoenna. (A bold venture is half won.)

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Midsummer Day-Dreams

A TEMPERATURE of eighty-three in the shade is not very conducive to mental activity. Heat is a powerful moving force in the physical world, but exerts a retarding influence on the machinery of the mind. This at least is our experience. It would be much more pleasant in these sultry midsummer days to stroll in the woods where the foliage is thickest, or to lie somewhere under a spreading tree (not necessarily a beech, as Virgil has it), beside a clear running stream, and while away the long afternoon-hours in sweet doing nothing. We would rather sit there and watch the finny tribes at their play than try to catch them, as many are doing, with baited hook and wide-spread net. Fishing never attracted us either for sport or profit; but we would enjoy going to that old mill-pond in the Perkiomen for a good swim, if we could be boys again and bring back the boy friends of old.

An Editor Who Has No Vacation

Such are a few of the dreams we indulge of a midsummer-vacation that has not yet come for us. "Editors and devils never have a vacation," we were told by way of consolation, in the glowing summertime years ago, by an esteemed friend, schoolman and journalist, since gone to his reward. We do not know about the second party mentioned in that statement—epigram perhaps we should call it—but we know that no vacation has yet come to the editor of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN. Whether the winter-winds be howling over the wide wastes of snow or old Sol send down his scorching beams in the dog-days, whether the trees stand robed in the bridal glories of the newborn spring, with gentle zephyrs playing about them, or the rude northwestern blasts disport themselves among the many-colored leaves of golden October—the one monition ever before his mental eye, ever ringing in his mental ear, is: "Write!"

Writing, Thinking and Being

Now, it would be easy enough to write—as our friend, old Schoolmaster Hanzjerg, remarked one day, quite pertinently, we thought—if it were not for the thinking which has to be done all the while. That is what often makes it so hard. True, philosophers have told us that man is always thinking, that this very fact is proof of his being: *cogito, ergo sum*. But we have our doubts on this point and rather side with Schüller, when he says in *Die Philosophen*:

*Denk' ich, so bin ich. Wohl! Doch wer wird immer auch denken?
Oft schon war ich und hab' wirklich an gar nichts gedacht.*

Not Envy, but Congratulations

These reflections are not prompted by a spirit of base envy. We rather wish to congratulate our more fortunate brethren and sisters of the pen who are now sweetly resting in some cool mountain-resort or quaffing the life-giving odors of the sea-breeze somewhere on the Atlantic coast. As to our readers to whom this blessed privilege comes during the hot season, we felicitate them still more and hope they will enjoy it to the uttermost—provided, of course, they do not keep our faithful "boy" waiting for his just dues while they spend their surplus cash in personal gratification. If the latter, we hope their conscience will remind them of their neglect. We know an editor who once said he could afford a trip to the White Mountains, if all his delinquent subscribers would pay him what they owed; possibly we could afford a day's excursion to the seashore or up the Lehigh valley on the same condition.

A Word to the Ladies

A new issue of our magazine is about ready for the printer, and we shall do our best to have it reach you all in good time. We hope it will please you all. We hope it will be especially attractive to our lady readers, for we have had these more

particularly in mind in preparing this number. That is quite fair and proper, for it appears from some of the letters recently received that many of the men are really too busy to read *THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN*. We can only pity these and turn the more hopefully to our friends of the gentler sex for encouragement and appreciation.

The story of Dolly Harris and Sadie Smith, those loyal-spirited Pennsylvania girls who dared to play the part of Barbara Fritchie in their teens, should be of special interest to our lady friends. And these will certainly not fail to peruse the graceful, eloquent tribute to our Pennsylvania-German wives and sweethearts—sweethearts and wives would seem the more logical order—which some of them may have heard as it flowed from the lips of our witty friend, the author, at the Pennsylvania-German Society's banquet last fall. It is a tribute well deserved, and we confess that we have been slow in reproducing it. Moreover, we wish to entreat the ladies to take a more active interest in our magazine and to contribute more frequently to its pages than they have yet done.

Fiction a Regular Feature Henceforth

Another point that our readers will note is the continuation of the story begun in the May number, but which unfortunately had to be omitted from the July issue. It will be regularly continued unto the end and will probably be completed in November. And when the "Wild Rose" is happily disposed of, some other story, suited to our people and their environments, will follow. The demand for fiction—good, healthy, fascinating fiction—is general, has a good reason for being, and we will henceforth do our best to gratify it. While this is a history-magazine rather than a story-magazine, a good story, short or serial, shall henceforth be considered indispensable to its monthly makeup. In sooth we hope to place before you stories of absorbing interest which you can not find anywhere else in all the wide expanse of periodical literature. And please do not forget the great genealogical symposium scheduled for October.

No Lack, but a Pressing Need

To sum up, there is no lack of material, historic, biographical, genealogical, literary, folklore, fiction and what not, for the continuance of *THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN* along its chosen lines. What we do need is readers who, by promptly paying the laborer his just hire, will support our enterprise. If all our subscribers will prove their faith in us by their works, this pressing need will soon be supplied.

If each reader will make it his or her purpose to bring in two new ones—not a hard thing to do, for the magazine will recommend itself—our list will be tripled. And that will mean a marvelous increase of power to work up toward our ideal.

Pennsylvania History Exhibit at Jamestown

We have received a circular outlining the general plan of the Pennsylvania History Exhibit at the Jamestown (Va.) Tercentenary Exposition of 1907. This Exhibit is in charge of Prof. Marion Dexter Learned, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Albert Cook Myers, of Kennett Square, Pa.

It will comprise as general subjects: 1. the early settlement and development of Pennsylvania, and 2. the extension of settlement from Pennsylvania into the Great Valley and Piedmont region of Virginia, and the opening of the South and West. The form of the Exhibit will consist: 1. of a series of large wall-maps indicating the movement of population, the location of racial elements and other data of social and economic development; 2. a collection of classified objects, photographs, drawings and other things, so displayed as to illustrate this development; 3. historic documents and statistic material, explaining the maps, charts, photographs and other objects shown. In the preparation of the maps use will be made of original sources, the information of State and county archives and in private hands. A number of historical and antiquarian societies, as well as individuals, have already promised assistance, and the aid of all such is respectfully solicited.

The plan is endorsed by the provost and the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, also by a large number of societies and teachers of history all over the country. *THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN* is in full sympathy with the movement and hopes it will be made a great success.

Clippings from Current News

Will Work for Pocahontas's Monument

Miss Harriet De Benneville Keim, of Reading, a lineal descendant of Thomas Randolph and the Indian princess who saved the infant colony of Virginia from massacre and starvation, has been elected a vice-president of the Pocahontas Memorial Association of Washington, which will erect a monument to Pocahontas, to grace the coming tercentenary exposition at Jamestown, Va.

Enlargement of Valley Forge Park

The Valley Forge Park Commission has added twenty-six acres to the historic park by the purchase of two more parcels of ground. One of these, lately the property of Bernard McMenamin, includes the famous "Camp School," one of the earliest public schoolhouses in the country and perhaps the only one of the Colonial period still standing. It was built in 1790 on the site of the encampment and will be preserved as long as possible in its original state.

Laudable Work of the Lenox Library

Richard E. Hellig, curator of the Lenox Library in New York, is making continued efforts to add to its already very extensive collection of books, magazines, papers and manuscripts relating to the history and genealogy of the German settlers in the United States and their descendants.

A Towel Made in 1785

Grier Scheetz, of Perkasie, member of the Bucks County Historical Society, received for the latter from Mrs. Mahlon H. Myers a towel made by her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Ruth, of Line Lexington, in 1785, which date is embroidered upon it, with a number of beautiful flowers and birds. In one corner is Mrs. Ruth's monogram.

Centennial of the Swamps Church

The Lutheran and Reformed church at Swamps, Lancaster county, celebrated its hundredth anniversary June 17 to 23. The present church was erected in 1806 on land originally granted for the purpose by William Penn.

Corpus Christi Procession at Bally

Throngs of people witnessed the Corpus Christi procession at the Church of the Most Blessed Sacrament at Bally, Berks county, as conducted by the rector, Rev. Charles J. Sowers, June 17. This church is the only Roman-Catholic church in the Perkiomen region and the second-oldest in eastern Pennsylvania, the oldest being St. Joseph's, in Willing's Alley, Philadelphia. Its property comprises 160 acres, surrounding the ancient house of worship erected in 1743.

Battle of Red Bank Fought Over

The famous battle of Red Bank, N. J., in October, 1777, in which several hundred Hess-

sians were captured by a small body of Americans under Lieutenant Christopher Green, was reproduced on the same field June 21 with thrilling effect. The bloodless fight was the chief feature of the celebration which marked the unveiling of a tall granite shaft erected in memory of the heroes of that occasion. Three Governors, Pennypacker of Pennsylvania, Utter of Rhode Island, and Stokes of New Jersey, were present with their staffs, also two great-great-grandchildren of Lieut. Green, Miss Mary and Edward Aborn Green, who had come from Rhode Island with Governor Utter.

Muhlenberg College Commencement

Twenty-one students graduated from Muhlenberg College at Allentown June 21, as the thirty-ninth class sent forth by that institution. The valedictorian was John D. M. Brown, of Lebanon, the salutatorian Luther A. Pflueger, of Ringtown, Pa. The German oration by Howard H. Krauss, of East Greenville, was a fine tribute to the character and achievements of the Pennsylvania-German.

Dedication of a Parochial School

The fine new four-story parochial school of the German Catholic church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in Allentown was dedicated with imposing ceremonies, June 24, by Archbishop Ryan and Bishop Edmund F. Prendergast, of Philadelphia. Addresses were made by Rev. McDevitt, Mayor C. D. Schaeffer, Rev. Regnery, of Easton, Dr. Carl F. Bruehl, of Manayunk, and Rev. J. J. Nerz, rector of the church of the Sacred Heart. The history of this congregation dates back to May 13, 1851, when Bishop John Newman consecrated its first house of worship. Its first school was opened October 6, 1858, with thirty children, which number is now increased to 360. Its present church was dedicated November 6, 1870, and enlarged by Rev. John B. Maus, predecessor of the present pastor, in 1807.

Croll Family Reunion

The descendants of the late John Croll, of Schnecksville, Pa., recently held their fourth biennial outing at Hancock Park. All the living children: Martin Croll and Mrs. Oliver Rohrbach, Topton; Hiram Croll, Schnecksville; Squire Silas G. Croll, Trexlertown; Rev. Philip C. Croll, D.D., Lebanon; Mrs. Elmira Bittner, Schnecksville, and Charles C. Croll, Frankfort, Ind., were present. The only one deceased of the family is Rev. A. D. Croll, of Lyons. Including children and grandchildren there are eighty-five descendants of John Croll.

Sixty-two Graduates from Perkiomen

The fourteenth annual commencement of Perkiomen Seminary at Pennsburg was celebrated June 29 in the main hall of its new gymnasium. Sixty-two students, constituting

the largest graduating class in its history, were awarded their diplomas, after which Franklyn Spencer Edmonds, of Philadelphia, delivered an edifying address. Special mention was made by Principal Kriebel of Lazar Scheidt, one of the graduates, a German, who entered the Seminary last fall, not knowing any Latin or Greek, but made such progress that he will enter Princeton College next fall without conditions, thus affording "a new instance of Dutch pluck and perseverance."

Williamsport's Centennial Jubilee

The hundredth anniversary of Williamsport was celebrated officially with much enthusiasm July 3 and 4. The program opened with the welcoming of the visitors and a very interesting historical address by Emerson Collins. A splendid carnival pageant followed in the evening, winding up with a grand costume-ball in Market Square. The leading feature of the second day was a parade in six large divisions—civic, industrial, mercantile, historical, military and societies. A reception to old-home visitors followed at the city hall in the afternoon. The city was richly decorated and entertained thousands of visitors during the week.

Wyoming Massacre Commemorated

The annual celebration of the massacre of Wyoming, July 3, was partaken of by several hundred descendants of the victims of that awful tragedy, gathered around the monument which marks its site at Wilkes-Barre. The address of the day, delivered by Albert B. Hart, professor of history at Harvard, was on Benjamin Franklin as a Founder of the Republic.

Pennsylvania's Building at Jamestown, Va.

Ground was broken July 20 for Pennsylvania's State building at the Jamestown Exposition. The building will be an exact reproduction of Independence Hall at Philadelphia. It will cost \$22,800 and will be presented to Virginia at the close of the Exposition.

OBITUARIES

DR. CHARLES EBERT, of March Chunk, was killed by a fall down stairs June 20. He was born in Minder, Prussia, January 8, 1825, as a son of Henry Ebert, who came to March Chunk in 1834 as the first German settler at that place. Dr. Ebert was a druggist of rare ability and followed the business for fifty years.

EMMA HOFFDITZ KELLER, wife of Dr. Eh Keller, one of the oldest clergymen of the Reformed church, died at Allentown June 24. She was born at Centerville, Northampton county, in 1837, and married to Rev. Keller in Ohio in 1857.

JACOB G. GEITZ, postmaster and one of the most progressive citizens of Milton, Pa., died June 25. He was born in York county, Pa., November 20, 1805, and moved to Milton twenty years ago.

FREDERIC HAYS, last grandson of "Mollie Pitcher," the heroine of the battle of Monmouth, who lived, died and was buried in Carlisle, died there June 28, aged 82. His body was laid close to that of his grandmother in the "Old Graveyard." (A sketch of Mollie Pitcher appeared in THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN, July, 1901.)

JOSEPH W. SHELLY, district attorney of Bucks county, died suddenly at Willow Grove Park, June 20, aged about 40 years. He was one of the ablest lawyers of his county and serving his second term.

JOHN MINNICH, one of the oldest residents of Lehigh county, died July 13, at Minnich's, formerly Mechanicsville. He was born June 25, 1811, in Hanover township and employed successively as carpenter, undertaker, general merchant and hotelman. Minnich's post-office was named after him.

LADY CURZON, wife of the ex-viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, formerly Mary Victoria Leiter, died in London July 18. She was a daughter of Levi Z. Leiter, of Chicago, and a descendant of Jacob Leiter, who settled on a farm in Washington county, Md., in 1702, and gave his name to the town of Leitersburg. She married Lord Curzon in 1895 and ranked second only to the Queen of England herself.

Chats With Correspondents

A Sunday-School Worker in Michigan

E. K. Mohr, of Grand Rapids, Mich., in asking for a sample copy of our July issue, encloses a booklet and papers relating to the Kent County Sunday-school Association, of which he is secretary. From this booklet we learn that Kent county fifteen years ago had an awakening to her Sunday-school possibilities, as a result of which interdenominational cooperation was secured and an organization formed that has its branches in every township, holds regular township- and county-conventions and works under the supervision of regular visiting officers. A standard of excellence is set comprising ten requirements,

and schools are classified accordingly as "banner-schools," "star-schools" and "front-line schools." This county association is part of the Michigan State Sunday-school Association, which will convene at Jackson November 13-15. In his letter Mr. M. says: "The enclosed booklet gives you a little idea of what one Lehigh county 'Dutchman' is doing with the time he can spare from business."

The Wrong New Jerusalem Church

Mr. H. D. K., of Kutztown, Pa., calls our attention to the fact that in our May issue we had a picture of the wrong New Jerusalem church. There are evidently two churches of

this name in Berks county. The one referred to in the article on Hanjörg Kistler and his descendants is located in the northern part of the county, while the one whose picture is given is at the village of New Jerusalem, about five miles south of Kutztown or a few miles

from Lyons station, where Dr. Croll, of whom we borrowed the engraving, is well acquainted.

Our mistake is due to the similarity of names. We thank Mr. D. for his correction and will do our best to avoid such errors in future.

Genealogical Notes and Queries

This department is open to all our subscribers. Contributors will please state their questions and information as clearly and briefly as possible, being particularly careful in writing names and dates.

V.

I am very much interested in the Germans of Pennsylvania, as my husband's people, the Reeds, and my people, whose name was Kuhn, Koon or Coon, were originally from Pennsylvania. I understand that JOHN PHILIP REED came from Germany October 10, 1727, settled in Montgomery county, close to Philadelphia, and became the ancestor of the Reeds of Montgomery county. Where can I get information about this branch of the Reed family?

MRS. D. W. REED.

Greeley, Col.

VI.

Can you tell me anything of THOMAS BOONE, who his father was and when he went to South Carolina? He was born in Reading, Pa., and lived in Kentucky about 1791. My father thinks we have descended from "Squire" Boone, but Thomas Boone is as far back as I can go.

I know that George Boone was the first of the family to come to America. He came from England in 1832, but there are two generations between him and Thomas Boone.

MRS. GEORGE M. WOODFILL.

520 N. East St., Greensburg, Ind.

VII.

I would like to ask for information relating to the Fornwald family. I have a record, thro' Rupp's Thirty Thousand Names, of JACOB VORNWALD, who came from Rotterdam in the ship Edinburg in 1750. The Pennsylvania Archives also mention several other Fornwalds who paid taxes in Lancaster and Berks counties. My great-grandfather, Peter Fornwald, was born at or near Reading in 1771. He was a hatter and married Ann Elizabeth Rupert. Can any of your readers furnish any or all the connecting links between Jacob Vornwald and Peter Fornwald, the hatter?

Danville, Pa.

E. S. FORNWALD.

Our Book-Table

Any book or pamphlet reviewed in these columns will be sent to any address by the Manager of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN on receipt of the publisher's price. Postage must be added when it is mentioned separately. Any other book wanted by our readers may be ordered through us at the publisher's price. Inquiries will be promptly and cheerfully answered.

Life of Calvin S. Gerhard, D.D. Edited by Rev. Thomas W. Dickert, A.M., pastor of St. Stephen's Reformed Church, Reading, Pa. 250 pages, duodecimo, with frontispiece portrait.

This biography has been issued by the editor as "a tribute of love and esteem to the character and work of his worthy predecessor." It comprises an introduction by Dr. J. S. Stahr, of Franklin and Marshall College, and seven chapters contributed by as many different authors, describing Dr. Gerhard as a man, student, Christian minister, pastor, as related to the church at large, as theologian and as author. As these chapters were all written by men who knew him well and were intimately associated with him, the result is a remarkably full and complete picture of Dr. Gerhard's life and work. The book is attractively written, well printed and neatly bound. This edition, positively the only one that will appear, is almost exhausted, and the balance can be had at \$1.25 a copy, postpaid.

Luther's Church-Postil. Gospels: Epiphany, Lent and Easter Sermons. Translated for the first time into English, with Introduction, Walsh's Analyses and Bugenhagen's Summaries, by Prof. John Nicholas Lenker, D.D., Lutherans of All Lands Co., Minneapolis. 412 pages duodecimo, cloth. Price per volume \$2.25, to advance subscribers \$1.65, postpaid.

This volume is the second of Luther's Church-Postil and the eleventh of the complete series of "the precious and sacred writings of Martin Luther" now edited by Dr. Lenker and leading scholars of his church. Its twenty-eight sermons extend from the first Sunday after Epiphany to the first Sunday after Easter. Prefixed to them is a history of Luther's Church-Postil and an interesting article on "The Real Luther in Your Home."

If Luther's sermons are long, they are not tedious, and if his style is sometimes lacking in elegance or rhetorical finish, it is always clear and vigorous. The translation is ad-

mirably done, to preserve these characteristics of the masterly original.

Proceedings of the Pennsylvania-German Society, Vol. XV. Meeting held at Germantown October 25, 1904.

It is needless for us to say anything new of a publication so long and favorably known as the annuals of the Pennsylvania-German Society. This latest is a volume of more than 700 pages, filled with matter of historical interest. Three treatises comprise the bulk of the book: *The Pennsylvania-German in the French and Indian War*, an extended sketch by Secretary H. M. M. Richards, evincing careful study and original research; *Frederic the Great and the United States*, a paper by J. S. Rosengarten, and *Old Historic Germantown*, an address given by Dr. N. H. Keyser. As usual, all these treatises are richly illustrated with pictures of old homes and historic places, facsimiles of old maps, plans and documents.

History of Lehigh County, Pa., from the Earliest Settlements to the Present Time. Including much Valuable Information for the Use of Schools, Families and Libraries. By James J. Hauser. Second Edition, 1902. 120 pages large duodecimo, 50 cents, postpaid.

This new edition of a deservedly popular work has been thoroly revised and largely rewritten. "Great pains have been taken to correct all errors in statements of fact, dates and references. The aim of this work is to give the main facts of our country's history clearly, accurately and impartially." The value of the book for reference is greatly enhanced by a chapter stating the duties of county-officers and of members of Congress, State Senators and Assemblymen, judges, school-superintendents and other county-officials from 1812 to 1902, also a list of the soldiers from Lehigh who served their country in the French and Indian War of 1754 down to the Spanish-American War of 1898.

Lebensbild aus dem Pennsylvanisch-Deutschen Predigerstand: oder Wahrheit in Licht und Schatten. Von Wm. A. Helffrich. Herausgegeben von N. W. A. und W. C. Helffrich. Allentown, Pa., 1906. 594 pages large octavo, well printed, illustrated with a dozen full-page plates and substantially bound. Price \$2.50, net.

There is a special attractiveness about a life-story written by the one who lived it. When the autobiography was not originally intended for publication, it possesses still greater interest, for we are then led to expect a fuller and more unreserved portrayal of the writer's inner life.

This book, the autobiography of a popular and well remembered clergyman of the Reformed church, who represented the third generation of his family in charge of the Ziegl parish, was not primarily intended for publication. It was a private diary in which the author recorded his experiences and noted his

comments on the social, political and ecclesiastical life of his day with a directness and force of expression that has a peculiar freshness and an irresistible charm. Beginning with his earliest recollections of his father's house in Weissenburg, Lehigh county, he lets his whole life—or at least his whole active life—pass in review before us. An intensely active life it was, especially during the thirty-six years of his pastorate, Dr. Helffrich at one time serving seven rural congregations regularly. This laborious service closed in November, 1881, with a complete physical breakdown, after which he spent a year and a half with his family in Florida in quest of recreation and rest. Returning in May, 1883, he spent the remaining eleven years of his life mostly in retirement at his home in Fogelsville, Pa.

Dr. Helffrich's book shows a sincere, conscientious, fearless servant of his Master, engaged for long years in parish-work such as probably no Pennsylvania-German country pastor of our day is called upon to perform. We have read it with keenest interest, and no doubt the thousands who knew Dr. Helffrich personally, as well as the thousands who have only read of him, will accord it a hearty welcome.

Historical Sketches. A Collection of Papers prepared for the Historical Society of Montgomery County, Pa. Published by the Society. Vol. III. Price \$2.

A well printed, finely illustrated, neatly bound octavo volume of 410 pages, containing no less than forty historical papers, nearly all of which have been read at the Society's meetings. The first of these volumes was published in 1895, the second in 1900. The history of the Society itself is contained in the Introduction. This volume is a credit to the Society that published it and a model of the form in which historical associations ought to preserve their records for public use.

Folklore and Superstitious Beliefs of Lebanon County. Paper read before the Lebanon County Historical Society, October 20, 1905, by Dr. E. Grumbine, of Mount Zion, Pa.

The subject of folklore, popular superstitions, *pow-wow*ing, proverbs and all connected therewith is an ever attractive one for the thoughtful student and investigator. This pamphlet of 42 pages is a valuable addition to the literature of this class.

The Picturesque Quality of the Pennsylvania-German. An Address with Illustrations, by William H. Richardson, reprinted from Vol. XIII of the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania-German Society.

An entertainingly written address on the peculiar customs, habits, language, worship, dress, etc., of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania-Germandom. Eight full-page half-tone pictures and picture-groups add greatly to the attractiveness of the pamphlet.

The Mennonite Church of Germantown, 1683, 1708, 1770. By Bishop N. B. Grubb, Philadelphia, 1906.

A book of twelve pages briefly telling the story of the oldest German congregation in Pennsylvania, from the landing of the thirty-three Crefelders under Pastorius October 6, 1683, unto the present.

An Impartial Study of the Shakespeare Title.

By John H. Stotsenburg, A.M., Trinity College. 530 pages, cloth-bound, gilt top, mounted edges. Price \$2.

For a number of years the question: Who wrote Shakespeare? has agitated the literary world. A few scholars have arisen and boldly declared that it was not Shakespeare who did it, but Lord Bacon or some one else, while others have held up their hands in horror at the presumption. Here is a Pennsylvania-"Dutchman" who has studied the question and arrived at a negative result. We have given his book, a notice of which appears in our advertising columns, into the hands of another Pennsylvania-German student of English literature, a graduate of Princeton, Prof. E. S.

Gerhard, who has promised to review it critically and to contribute the results of his examination to our October number.

Historical Papers. Papers read before the Lancaster County Historical Society, May 4 and June 1, 1906, constituting Nos. 5 and 6, Vol. X, of the Society's published proceedings.

These pamphlets contain among other things: An Early Road Petition and Odds and Ends of Local History, by Dr. F. R. Diffenderffer; The Buchanan Myth, by Hon. W. U. Hensel, and an instructive discussion by Dr. R. K. Buehrle on the merits of the terms "Pennsylvania-German" and "Pennsylvania-Dutch."

We are indebted to Dr. S. P. Heilman, of Hellmandale, Pa., for the Acts and Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Federation of Historical Societies at its first annual meeting, held at Harrisburg January 4, 1906, and to Secretary C. R. Roberts for the Proceedings of the Lehigh County Historical Society from its organization January 9, 1904, to its latest meeting, May 12, 1906.

Fiction Dealing with Pennsylvania-Germans

Dr. N. H. Keyser, of Germantown, has submitted the following list of works of fiction relating to the Pennsylvania-Germans:

1. *Enemies in the Rear, or A Golden Circle Squared.* By Francis T. Hoover, Lockport, N. Y. A story of southeastern Pennsylvania during our Civil War. Price, \$1.50.

2. *A Victorious Defeat.* By Walter Balestier. A Moravian story. Price, 75 cts.

3. *The Thunderstorm.* By J. N. Rhoads, M.D. A Dunker story with scenes around the Indian Creek meeting-house. Ferris and Leach, Phila. Price, \$1.25.

4. *The Chronic Loafer.* By Nelson Lloyd. A humorous story. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York, 90 cts.

5. *A Tale of the Kloster.* By Brother Jabez (Ulysses S. Koons). A romance of the German mystics on the Cocalico. American Baptist Publication Society. \$1.10.

6. *Tillie: A Mennonite Maid.* By Helen R. Martin. The Century Co., New York. \$1.08.

7. *Sabina: A Story of the Amish.* By Helen R. Martin. The Century Co., New York. \$1.08.

8. *"Seffy." A Pennsylvania-German in Maryland.* By John Luther Long. \$1.08.

9. *The House of the Black King.* By F. L. Pattee. A story of a group of Pennsylvania-Dutch in a valley among the Seven Mountains. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.08.

10. *Hans Breitmann's Ballads.* By Charles Godfrey Leland. These stories are in broken German-English. David McKay, Philadelphia. \$1.10.

11. *"Boonastiel."* By T. H. Harter. A Volume of Legend, Story and Song in Pennsylvania-German. Published by the author at Bellefonte, Pa. \$1.50.

12. *Hearts' Haven.* By Katharine Evans Blake. The Bobs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.08, net. This is a story of the Rappites, a communistic sect that first settled in Pennsylvania and called its village Harmonic. They afterwards removed to the Wabash valley in Indiana.

In a later communication Dr. Keyser adds the following list of stories relating to the Pennsylvania-Germans that have recently appeared in magazines:

Ein N'ir-Nutz. By John Luther Long. The Century Magazine, Vol. LV, No. 5 (March, 1898), page 740-756.

A Victim of Cleanliness. By George Schock. The Century Magazine, Vol. LXVII, No. 4 (February, 1904), page 539-550.

Liebereich's Christmas. By John Luther Long. The Century Magazine, Vol. LXIX, No. 2 (December, 1904), page 232-238.

A Pilgrim in Beulah. By George Schock. Scribner's Magazine, Vol. XXXVIII, No. 2 (August, 1905), page 205-209.

The Snyder County Gold-Strike. By Nelson Lloyd. Scribner's Magazine, Vol. XXXVIII, No. 2 (August, 1905), page 222-231.

The Patient Earth. By George Schock. Scribner's Magazine, Vol. XXXVIII, No. 4 (October, 1905), page 423-431.

Big Thursday. By Elsie Singmaster. The Century Magazine, Vol. LXXI, No. 3 (January, 1906), page 364-379.

The Millerstown Yellow Journal. By Elsie Singmaster. Atlantic Monthly, May, 1906.

To these may be added "The Vacillation of Peter Gaumer," another story by Miss Singmaster, lately published in the Century Magazine; "Narrow Escape of Permillia," by Mrs. Martin, also published in the Century, and "Christmas Child," by George Schock, which appeared in Harper's Magazine.

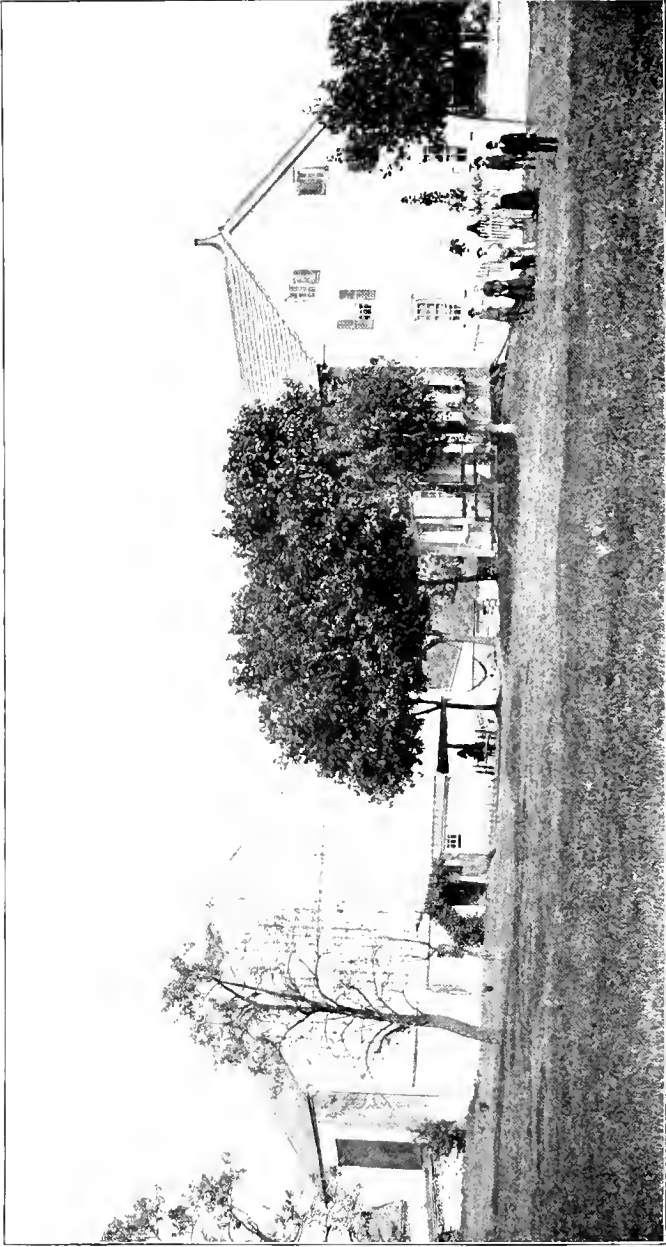
The above list is by no means complete. We therefore invite our readers to report to us such additional works of fiction dealing with our people as come to their notice, to be added to the list from time to time. Any of these books may be ordered thro' us at the publisher's price.

The Pennsylvania-German

OCTOBER, 1906

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Frontispiece—Homestead of Christian Meyer, Jr.	274
PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN GENEALOGIES—A Symposium of Brief Sketches of Prominent Families	
The Meyer or Moyer Family—By Allen M. Fretz	275
The Bortz Family—By J. B. Wieand	279
The Gotschall Family—By H. G. Albrach	281
The Grubb Family—By G. F. P. Wanger	283
The Knauss Family—By Ex-Sup. J. O. Knauss	287
The Ritter Family—By H. S. Ritter	292
The Remhold Family—By Rev. D. G. Remhold	295
The Krause Family—By Members of the Family	298
The Gehman Family—By Prof. A. James Gayman	301
German-American Genealogies, Chiefly Pennsylvanian Found in the New York Public Library—By Richard E. Hellig	303
Connecticut Claims in the Wyoming Valley—By Prof. D. Montfort Melchior (concluded)	308
Schutzpei—By E. M. Eshelman	310
A Genealogical Trip to Switzerland—By Prof. Oscar Kuhns	311
Historic Buildings of the Lehigh Valley—By Charles R. Roberts I. The Oldest House in Lehigh County	313
The Passing—Der Vorubergang	314
The Wild Rose of Bethlehem (continued)	315
LITERARY GEMS.	
Behut' Dich Gott!—May God Keep Thee!	319
Schpotjohr—By "Solly Hulsbuck"	320
Wie Mer Unser Offa C'igscheltt Hen—"Pit Hahnwackel"	320
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT	322
Clippings from Current News	323
Chat with Correspondents	325
Genealogical Notes and Queries	327
Our Book-Table	328



HOMESTEAD OF CHRISTIAN MEYER, JR., IN FRANCONIA, MONTGOMERY COUNTY, PA.

Courtesy of Rev. A. J. Fretz, Milton, N. J.

The Pennsylvania-German

Vol. VII

OCTOBER, 1906

No. 6

Pennsylvania-German Genealogies:

A Symposium of Brief Sketches of Prominent Families

The Meyer or Moyer Family

BY ALLEN M. FRETZ, SOUTHERTON, PA.

TO write the history of a family so numerous in its membership, so complex in its connections and so widely scattered in its habitations as the family named above, would indeed be quite a task. It would require more space than THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN could afford to give, or the patience of the reader would suffice to peruse. Consequently this article is a mere fragmentary sketch of a very numerous family, that has done much in the way of building up and advancing the interests, both temporal and spiritual, of this and adjoining counties, as well as the country they made their own for liberty of conscience's sake.

Early Immigrants—Name Spelt Variously

In the opening years of the eighteenth century, when religious intolerance and persecution drove many from the fatherland to seek homes on this side of the Atlantic, in the land then already known as a refuge for the oppressed and destined by the Almighty to become the land of religious toleration, of liberty and material progress—then, among the many German families that came to the forestland of Penn the Friend, the friend especially of the Mennonites, whom he had already helped to found a permanent settlement several miles north of his own town of "Brotherly Love," was the Mey-

er family. This representative family, which has become very numerous in its descendants and now shows a number of variations in the spelling of its name, was among the first settlers of the district comprising the townships of Franconia and the Salfords, in Montgomery, then a part of Philadelphia county. The immigration of families by the name of Meyer was not, however, confined to that period, for we find that other settlers bearing this name came to this and other parts of the country at later dates. Even at this day it is not uncommon to find immigrants of German or other nationality bearing the name Meyer or some variation of it. The variation of spelling is common even in the fatherland to-day. While the variations there may possibly represent different families, we find that here members of the same family have taken to the discordant trait of spelling their names differently. In the Palatinate the name is invariably spelled *Meyer*, while in other parts of Germany—especially in Württemberg—in Switzerland, in the Netherlands and the British Isles, the variations are used. This fact points to the conclusion, in the mind of the writer, that the original home of the family, at least of that part with which this sketch has to do, is the Palatinate, and that the correct spelling of its name is *Meyer* or *Meier*.

There were two ancestors by the name of Meyer that settled close together,

Whether they were brothers and whether they came together, are questions we are at this time not able to decide. Their names were Christian and Hans.

Descendants of Christian Meyer

Christian Meyer, the progenitor of a great part of the very many Moyers, Myerses, etc., in Montgomery, Bucks and adjoining counties of Pennsylvania, in other States and Canada, settled in what is now Lower Salford township. His farm contained 150 acres and lay in the form of a parallelogram, extending from near the present North Wales and Sunnyside town pike northeastward along the present Souderton pike to the line of Franconia township. There has been preserved a description of a cabin then and there erected by him, which was probably the first Meyer home in the Western world. It was built where Lewis Moyer of the eighth generation now lives. It consisted of four forked saplings driven into the ground as corner-posts with a closed-up roof and sides framed with poles and a single opening as a door; the whole was constructed with an ax. An article of furniture which probably adorned this primitive home was a large clock brought from the old country. This one of his descendants took to Canada in the emigration of 1799-1800, and it is now owned by Rev. H. D. Moyer, of Kingsville, Ont., of the seventh generation.

This ancestor Christian Meyer had six children: Christian, Jacob, Samuel, Elizabeth, Anna and Barbara. Many of their descendants are now living in the townships of Franconia and the Salfords, in Souderton and other towns in Montgomery county; in Hilltown and Perkasié, Bucks county, and a host of them in Canada, from where they have again spread to other parts of the country.

Christian Meyer II, the oldest son of the like-named pioneer, has the greatest number of descendants, most of the Moyers of Hilltown, and some of the Meyers of Bedminster and Plumstead, Bucks county, being among them. This family is still largely Mennonite, and is

especially noted for the great number of ministers among its members, not only in the Mennonite church, but also in other denominations.

The other children of the pioneer Christian have fewer descendants. Jacob had no family. Samuel was married, but had no children. Elizabeth married Nicholas Oblinger; of her descendants the writer has no information. Anna married Rev. Henry Funk, the pioneer of the Funk family; her descendants are numerous. Barbara married Abraham Reiff; of this family there are many in Montgomery county.

Christian Meyer III, son of Christian II, inherited from his grandfather a hundred acres of the old homestead, as before described. He had fourteen children. Some of these had large families. Most of them lived in Montgomery and count among their progeny, beside Moyers, members of the Alderfer, Markley, Harley, Cassel, Allebach, Steiner, Soudert, Krupp, Hunsberger, Kulp and other well known families of the county.

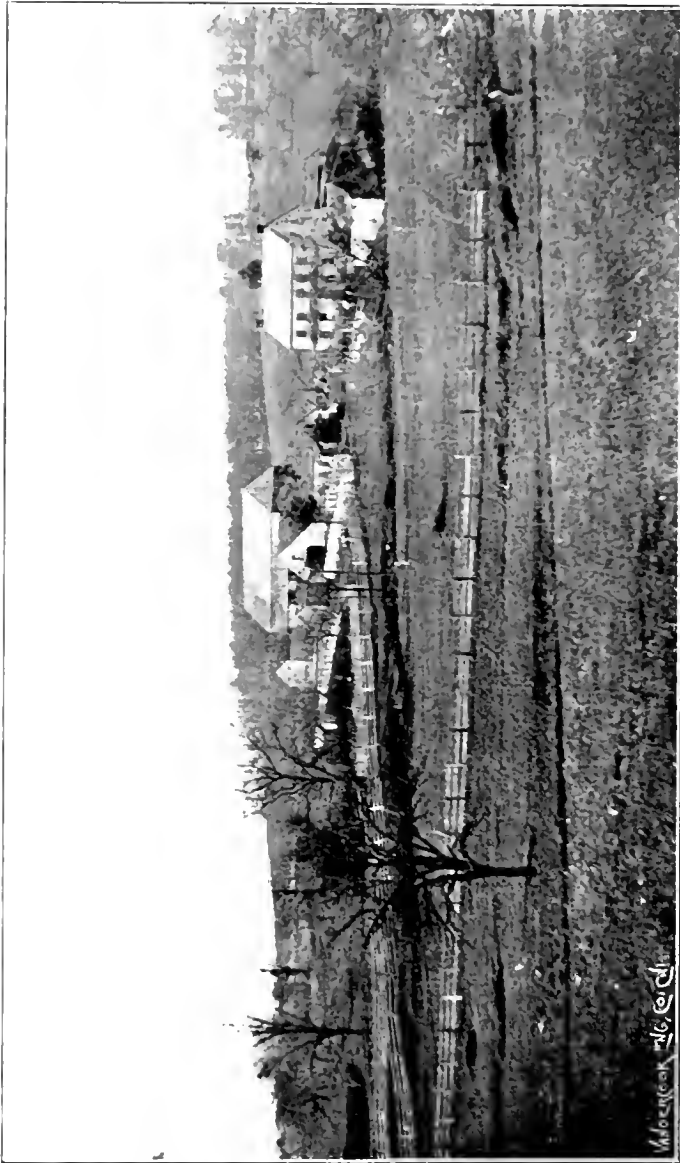
Jacob, Christian's brother, had nine children. He with his family moved to Hilltown, where he was a minister in the Mennonite church. He and his wife both died of yellow fever, leaving a family of minor children. Of these Agnes, who had married a Mr. Hunsberger, and her brothers Samuel and David, with their families, emigrated to Canada in 1800 from near Blooming Glen.

Rev. Samuel Meyer, another brother of Christian Meyer III, had nine children and also lived in Hilltown. Two of his sons, Rev. Jacob Meyer and Dilman Meyer, and their families were in the company that emigrated to Canada.

Meyers Emigrating to Canada

Of the exodus of the Meyer family to Canada the following interesting account by Jacob Albright, one of the party, has been preserved:

During the summer of 1799, Amos Albright, Abraham Meyer and Jacob Meyer traveled on foot from Hilltown, Pa., to the Niagara district, in upper Canada, on a prospecting tour. They were so well pleased with the country that before returning they purchased 1,100 acres of land in what is now the garden-spot



HANS MEYER HOMESTEAD IN UPPER SALEM, MONTGOMERY COUNTY, PA
 COURTESY of Rev. A. J. COLE, MBFOM, N. J.

of Canada, at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per acre. A deposit of \$40 secured the purchase, and they walked back to their Pennsylvania homes. The same autumn they removed to the new land of promise with all their portable belongings. The party consisted of the following: Rev. Jacob Meyer, Dilman Meyer, Valentine Kratz, John Hunsberger, Abraham Hunsberger and Amos Albright and their families. Each family had with them a

four-horse team and a cow; with one exception the cows were all shod. Their journey, for a great part of the way, was thro' an unbroken wilderness, and when night overtook them they would build camp-fires. At Black Rock (Buffalo) they crossed the Niagara on a small ferry-boat and then proceeded to their new wilderness home. These immigrants from southeastern Pennsylvania planted the Mennonite church in Canada.

The following year a second party of Pennsylvanians, consisting of about sixty persons with eleven teams, mostly of four horses each, betook themselves to this Canadian settlement. Among them were Samuel Meyer and Daniel Meyer with their families. The journey took seven weeks and involved much hardship.

Descendants of Hans Meyer

Hans Meyer, the other pioneer of the family that settled in Montgomery county, was probably a brother of Christian, but we have nothing definite about it. If he was a brother, he probably came with him to this country in the second decade of the eighteenth century. His land, estimated at 216 acres, was purchased under deed bearing date July 23, 1729, given by Isaac Pennington and Casper Wistar. It was situated in what is now Upper Salford township, on the northwest side of the East Branch of the Perkiomen, about one mile northeast of Bergey post-office, formerly Branchville. It is owned in part and occupied by a great-great-grandson, Jacob L. Moyer. The barn built by Henry, son of Hans, in 1787 is still in good condition.

Hans Meyer had seven children, as follows: Henry, John, Barbara, Jacob, Elizabeth, Anna, Hester.

Of these sons Henry has the most numerous descendants, perpetuating the family-name in its original spelling, tho' they have also in some instances made the mistake of dropping the *e* before the *y* and in many cases added an *s* to the end of the name. This Henry was born in the old country, and was about a year old when his parents arrived. It is said he learned to walk on shipboard. He inherited the homestead. He and his wife were among the original members of the Franconia Mennonite church. We find in this Hans Meyer family an early proclivity to move to Bucks county; and while the descendants of pioneer Christian moved eastward to Hilltown, also to Canada and other places, and changed the family-name, the descendants of Hans went farther eastward, to Bedminster, Tinicum and Plumstead, adhering more closely to the German spelling of their name.

John, another son of Hans Meyer,

came while young to Bedminster township, had a farm near Pipersville, and later moved to Plumstead township where many of his descendants are still living, most of them writing their name Myers. Barbara, the oldest daughter, became the wife of John Fretz, of Bedminster, the pioneer of that numerous family, and the ancestral mother of the writer. Jacob enlisted in the army in 1756 and disappeared, according to our records. Elizabeth married Christian Stover, of Bedminster; she has numerous descendants. Hester married Nicholas Lear, of Providence, Pa. Anna married Jacob Beidler, of Milford, Bucks county.

While Henry Meyer, as before mentioned, held to the homestead on the "Branch," his son Henry, following the example of his uncles and aunts, moved to Plumstead, Bucks county, and has numerous descendants. His two sons John and Henry drove teams between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and on one of their trips in 1823 John was taken sick and died. Henry buried him, and in a few days he also was taken sick and died.

The first-mentioned Henry Meyer's son Jacob married Maria Clemmer and made his home nearer the old homestead. His descendants are Moyers, while John, who married Catharine Souder, following too the example of most of his relatives, had a farm on the Durham road in Bedminster, near Pipersville, where his descendants—named Meyers and Myers—are numerous. He was a great-grandfather on the maternal side of the writer. This John Meyer's second wife was Judith Fretz. She was the mother of ten of the fifteen children born in this family. Isaac, another brother, also lived in Bedminster and has descendants. Barbara, a sister, married John Wisler and lived in Haycock township. Her descendants are found among the following Bucks county families: Wisler, Krout, Lapp, Leatherman, Shelly, etc. Christian married ——— Bergey; his descendants are also mostly in Bucks county, and write their name variously. Samuel, the youngest son of Henry, son of the pioneer Hans Meyer, resided on the old

homestead; hence his descendants, which are living in that vicinity, write their name Moyer.

Other Branches of the Family

Having thus briefly sketched the history of two of the pioneers of this numerous family, it must not be forgotten that the Meyer and Moyer families of this country are not all descended from these. We would have to look for their connection further back than the time of immigration of these two ancestors. In 1741 Rev. Peter Meyer with three brothers, one sister and their mother came to America and settled in Springfield, Bucks county, and Saucon, now Lehigh county. All these were farmers and members of the Mennonite church. They came from Switzerland, where Peter was a minister. He was one of the early ministers in the Springfield church. Jacob was also a minister and preached in the Saucon church. From the original places of settlement of these brothers, their descend-

ants have spread over the country, and we find them mixed up with the descendants of the other pioneers, with the same variations of spelling the name.

John, son of Peter Meyer, born in Springfield, Bucks county, married Elizabeth Detweiler and moved to the old Detweiler homestead in Montgomery county. The house was a large log-cabin built before the Revolution, and was used as a meeting-house before the Franconia meeting-house was built. His descendants are numerous and prominent thro'out Montgomery county. The descendants of the other children of Peter, as well as those of his brothers and sister, are mostly confined to the upper end of Bucks and Montgomery and to Berks and Lehigh counties. Many descendants of all these families have gone westward, and are prominent in their various vocations of life in other States. While they are the best of farmers, many have become prominent in the professions and in legislative halls.

The Bortz Family

BY J. B. WIEAND, WESCOSVILLE, PA.

THERE were three Bortz brothers who emigrated from Germany before the Revolutionary war and landed in Philadelphia. Their names were Henry, John Jacob and George.

Mention is made in Prof. Rupp's "Thirty Thousand Names of Immigrants in Pennsylvania" of Ludwig Bortz, who was one of the first settlers in this county; but it is not known whether he was related to the three brothers above named, who arrived at a later date.

Those three brothers settled in Oley township, Berks county. Later one of them moved to Millerstown, now Macungie, and another to Longswamp, which is also in Berks.

Henry Bortz, the subject of this sketch, was married to Lydia Reinsheimer in Germany. They spent eighteen weeks on the ocean in coming to this country. When within sight of land their oldest child died; but the captain permitted them to bring the remains to Philadelphia, where they were buried.

According to a statement made by Rev. F. J. F. Schantz at the Bortz reunion in Mercer county in 1887, Henry Bortz moved from Oley to the head of the Cedar creek in Lehigh county. There he bought a mill-property and built a log house, in which he resided for a time. Later he moved to what is now called Wescosville. The exact date of this removal is not known. There was only one small stone building in the place then, but in 1797 Henry Bortz built a very large stone house, the stones of which were hauled a distance of more than two miles. He built this house for a hotel, and it is the hotel of Wescosville to-day.

His family consisted of nine children, six sons—John, Jacob, George, Philip, Henry, Christopher—and three daughters—Maria and two others, whose names are no longer known.

Philip Bortz married Lydia Steininger and in 1805 moved to Canfield township, Trumbull county, Ohio. After residing there six months he removed to Ellsworth



HOTEL AT WESCOVILLE, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA.

township in the same county. His descendants are numerous in Ohio.

John Bortz married a Miss Kemmerer. He resided near the mill-property at the Cedar creek. He had one son and one daughter. The latter was twice married, first to a Mr. Ritter and afterward to John Biery.

Jacob Bortz resided near Guthsville, Lehigh county. He was married to a Miss Guth. He had three sons—Peter, Jonas and Edwin—and several daughters, one of whom was married to Titus Kern, of Reading.

Henry Bortz, jun., was twice married. By his first wife he had one son, named Nathan; by his second wife, who was a sister of Hon. John Fogel, he had a daughter named Lucy. He died in 1826. He was the owner of the hotel his father had built. In 1827 this property was sold to Philip Wesco, after whom the village was named Wescosville.

George Bortz went to Cumberland Valley, Bedford county, married a Miss Smith, and died there. He had no children. After his father's death his mother, who was then ninety-five years old, rode in a heavy covered wagon from Lehigh to Bedford county, to visit her son and her daughter. Having remained

there some time, she died at the age of ninety-seven and was buried at French Cove, Bedford county.

Christopher Bortz was born in 1781 and was married to Catharine Ueberroth. His family consisted of five sons—David, John, George, Jesse and Henry—and three daughters—Fyetta, Sophia and Henrietta.

Maria Bortz was married to Jacob Schantz in 1788. Mr. Schantz resided on the mill-property at the head of the Cedar creek. They had three sons—Jacob, Peter and John—and six daughters, who became the wives of Jacob Heninger, Peter Mohr, Rev. John Helffrich, Jacob Fisher, John B. Shimer and Charles B. Shimer.

Another daughter of Henry Bortz, Sr., was married to Isaac Larosh and lived near what is now called East Macungie. A third daughter was married to a Mr. Schaefer. They lived for a short time in Lehigh county and then removed to French Cove, Bedford county. There Mr. Schaefer died and Mrs. Schaefer married again. Her second husband was Rev. Yeager.

Henry Bortz the elder died in 1810 and was buried at the Lehigh church. The Bortzes were of the Lutheran faith.

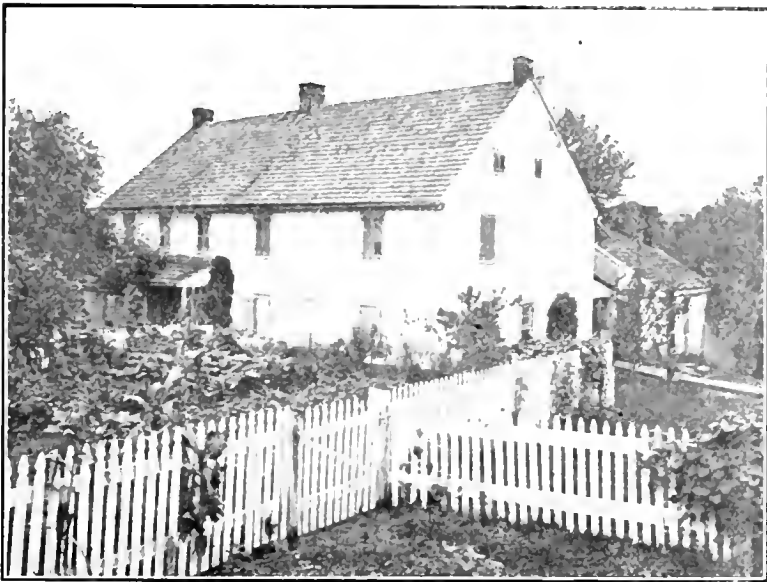
The Gottschall Family

BY H. G. ALLEBACH, GREENLANE, PA.

THE Godschalks or Gottschalls may fitly be classed among the builders of our republic. A long line of colonial forbears, mostly farmers, weavers and preachers, diversify and enrich the eighteenth-century history of German America in Montgomery and Bucks counties of old Pennsylvania. Before Muhlenberg or Antes or Weiss or the Schwenkfelders or many another lauded colonial worthy started from Europe for the promised land of political and religious liberty, Jacob Gaetschalek played a conspicuous part in opening the wilderness of Pennsylvania and introducing civilizing agencies. He was a Dutchman, or Netherlander, and came to these shores in 1702 from a village called Gog in the land of Cleves, joining his Dutch countrymen in the borough of Germantown, the oracle of which was the unique Pastorius, idealist and scholar. Jacob lived for some years in Germantown, in a house, it is said, belonging to Abraham Tunis on lot No. 7. [He was

not the first Gottschalk in Germantown, since already in 1694 George Gottschalk (or Gottschick) immigrated from Lindau, South Germany. He became a Quaker, left no posterity and, dying in 1730, bequeathed a good part of his estate to his cousins in Ulm, on the Danube.] But Jacob Gaetschalek looms large, both in tradition and authentic history, as a man of parts, of public spirit, and as one of the founders of the immense Gottschalk clan in America. When he landed, he was probably a young man, scarcely over twenty-five. Of his intellectual endowments there can be no doubt, for before he was in his new home beyond the seas a year, he was chosen a minister in the Mennonite church, ranking second to Willem Rytinghausen, chosen in 1690. When the latter died in 1708, Jacob was elevated to the rank and prestige of bishop, and that same year baptized eleven persons—the first record we have of Mennonites baptized in America.

Jacob Gaetschalek was of a literary turn of mind. He was somewhat of a chronicler or annalist, like Watson, for



The Gottschall Homestead in Frederick Township, Montgomery County, Pa., a mile west of Schwenksville. The right half is the oldest portion. The left half was added by Gottschall Gottschall.



WILLIAM GOTTSCHALL, b. 1784, d. 1875, son of Gottschall Gottschall, the first Gottschall in Frederick township.



MAGDALENE, nee HUNTSBERGER, wife of William Gottschall, b. 1787, d. 1864.

there is still extant and in possession of Governor Pennypacker an account of contemporaneous affairs in Germantown, such as the baptismal occasions just recounted, the building of the first Quaker meeting-house in 1686, the extension of the Germantown Mennonite church to Skippack and the Mennonite membership in both communities in 1712, amounting to 99. He helped to translate into English a German or possibly Dutch Mennonite catechism. He had some part in translating the colossal *Martyrer-Spiegel* from the original Dutch into German. He preached in Skippack as well as in Germantown, was popular because a "good mixer," and in demand as a trusted counsellor in business and legal transactions, serving as guardian of minors and trustee of legacies. He gave his children—at least his three sons, Hermann, John and Gottschalk—a liberal education under the tutorage of Pastorius. But because he could not live by the gospel since no salary was offered him—and if there had been, it would not have been accepted—he worked at his trade as a wood-turner.

In 1713 he bought 123 acres of land in Towamencin township, Montgomery county, then designated by the general

name of Skippack, and soon after moved on it, next neighbor to his brother Gaetschalk Gaetschalk, who had bought an estate of the same size from the same proprietor in the same year. He then became farmer, turner, translator, trustee, preacher, a public-spirited citizen and an almost indispensable man in the community. In order to enjoy smoother traveling-facilities when on his preaching-trips to Germantown, he became a signer of the petition circulated in 1713 for a road from the Wissahickon to the Skippack, which later became the Great Road or the Skippack Road. On this document appears the name Jacob Gaetschalk.

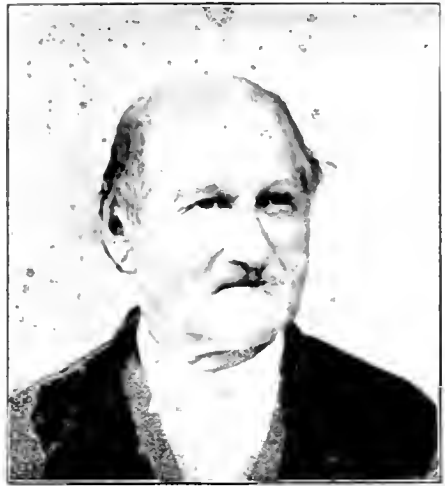
He died at a ripe old age in 1763. His son John preceded him in death by four years. Herman was auditor of Towamencin township during Revolutionary days.

It is a commonplace indulged in by local historians and family-tree growers that the Gottschalks are "prolific." If this is not true of Jacob or his children, it is certainly borne out by the entries in the family-Bible of Gaetschalk Gaetschalk, who at his death in 1748 left behind him fourteen children, five sons and nine daughters. The majority of the Godshalks of Towamencin and Fran-

comia townships, of Telford and Lansdale, are descended from this patriarch.

There was also one Herman Godshalk who as early as 1720 bought 150 acres in Towamencin township. It is possible, tho' hardly probable, that this was Jacob's son; adequate proof *pro* and *con* is very difficult to obtain. He may be the progenitor of a third line of Godshalks, the tangled threads of which only patient future research may be able to unravel.

One scion of one of these three stocks, Gottschall Gottschall—left his old Towamencin home and drifted across the Perkiomen into Frederick township, near Schwenksville, where he bought an estate of 100 acres. This was in 1781. He subsequently bought other parcels and adjoining farms, a large part of which is still in possession of the family. In 1809 he built part of the house shown in the accompanying cut. He left two sons, the younger of whom, William, with his wife (*née* Magdalene Hunsberger) are seen portrayed true to life in the accompanying cuts, showing the old Mennonite garb, single coat collar, high-cut vest, black neckerchief under the attached shirt-collar, the immaculate, dainty sisters' cap with characteristically parted hair under it, the fine imported shawl and the interesting old convention of holding something in the left hand as a part of the pose. William Gottschall was the father of thirteen children, and nearly every Gottschall in the Perkiomen valley owns him as ancestor. The descendants of his father, Gottschall Gottschall, number about a thousand.



Courtesy of Rev. N. B. Grubb.
BISHOP MOSES GOTTSCHALL, b. 1815, d. 1888, son
of William Gottschall.

This particular group of Gottschalls abounds in ministers. No less than a dozen have served congregations in the past and are serving now and several more are preparing themselves. Among them are Rev. W. S. Gottschall, of Allentown; Rev. M. A. Godshall, of Waverly, N. Y.; Rev. Dillman H. Gottshalk and Rev. Silas M. Grubb, of Philadelphia; Rev. Warren Bean, of Skippack, and Prof. Harvey S. Gottschall, principal of the Lansdale schools. Bishop Moses Gottschall was the most gifted preacher of all, a pulpit orator of exceptional ability and power, known everywhere in the northern half of Montgomery county. He died in 1888 after forty-one years of service in the Schwenksville Mennonite church and elsewhere.

The Grubb Family

BY G. F. P. WANGER, POTTSTOWN, PA.

THE family name, whether spelt Grubb, Grob, Grobb or Krupp, is an honored one in many countries and its people are God-fearing and pious. The Grubb family was prominent in England as early as 1200 and had representatives in Parliament. In the year 1000 the family existed in Denmark as a noble family. In Scotland to-day it is

numbered among the nobility. It is doubtless true that the Grubbs, Grobs and Krupps, including the German gunmakers of the latter name, are all one family.

The first Grubb to come to this country was John Grubb, who was born in Cornwall, England, in 1652. He came to America from Wiltshire, England, in 1677 and landed in New Jersey. In 1679



DAVID GRUBB.

son of David and Catharine (Harwick) Grubb, grandson of George and Mary Grubb, and great-grandson of Henry Grubb, who came to America in 1717. Born May 20, 1774, died Feb. 13, 1861. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry and Elizabeth (Shetler) Grubb, granddaughter of John and Anneline (Christman) Grubb, and great-granddaughter of Henry Grubb, the immigrant. Four of their children married Grubbs.

he bought land in Upland, now Chester, Pa. In 1681 he settled at Grubb's landing on the Delaware, and gave it its name. From 1662 to 1700 he was a member of Penn's Assembly. In 1693 he was commissioned a justice of New Castle, Delaware. He died in 1708. At his death he was the owner of large tracts of land in both Delaware and Pennsylvania. His son Emanuel, born 1682, was the first male child born of white parents in Penn's province. The mother's name was Frances.

Hon. Ignatius C. Grubb, of the courts of Delaware, is a great-great-great-grandson of this first immigrant Grubb.

Henry Grubb, the ancestor of a lineage widely spread, and well represented in eastern Pennsylvania, came in all probability from Switzerland to Pennsylvania in 1717 with a number of his brethren of

like faith—Mennonite—and settled in Montgomery county. A deed bearing date September 27, 1718, shows that he purchased 150 acres of land from David Powell, in Frederick township. This tract of land is at present divided among different owners. Isaac Hunsberger probably owns that portion on which the original buildings were located.

The marriage of Henry Grubb to Catharine, daughter of Thomas Addis, was blessed with seven children—Henry, Conrad, Abraham, Jacob, George, John and Elizabeth. Investigation carried on at odd times for more than twenty years, tho' very incomplete, has established the identity of about 2000 descendants from this family. Henry Grubb died in February, 1727.

Of his seven children his sons constitute six lines or branches, as follows:

1. The line of Henry Grubb. Henry Grubb the second was a farmer and purchased the original homestead. He was naturalized in 1743 and died January 22, 1782. He had three children, two sons and a daughter, but their descendants are unknown at this time. His wife's name was Anna Maria.

2. The line of Conrad Grubb. Conrad Grubb, farmer and weaver, born February 9, 1715, lived in Frederick and owned a portion of the original tract. He was a constable in 1770, died May 20, 1798, and is buried on the farm now owned by Hon. Samuel Faust. There were probably no children, as none are mentioned in his will, which was proved at Norristown in 1798. His wife's name was also Anna Maria.

3. The line of Jacob Grubb. Jacob Grubb, born October 17, 1718, cor. Lwainier, owned over 200 acres of land in New Hanover, Montgomery county, from 1756 to 1787, when he sold the same to his son, George Grubb. Another son, Abraham, had children, but no trace of their descendants has been found; a daughter, Susanna, is also lost sight of. Two of the daughters of George Grubb married Shalkops, which explains the connection with that family. Jacob Grubb died November 19, 1797. His wife's name was Barbara.



PETER GRUBB.

son of David and Mary (Harley) Grubb, grandson of Abraham and Elizabeth (Frey) Grubb, and great-grandson of Henry Grubb, the immigrant. Born August 22, 1801, died May 22, 1882. He was married to Catharine, daughter of David and Elizabeth (Grubb) Grubb, granddaughter of David and Catharine (Harwick) Grubb, great-granddaughter of George and Mary Grubb, and great-great-granddaughter of Henry Grubb, of Frederick township.

4. The line of Abraham Grubb, Abraham Grubb, cordwainer, born May 19, 1726, moved to Coventry, Chester county, before 1753 and had ten children, eight of whom had families. Of these a daughter, Hannah, married Abraham Rinchart and settled in Ohio, where their descendants are as yet unknown. A son, Abraham, married Elizabeth Fretz and made his way to Ontario, where his progeny have become numerous, being scattered from the lakes to the Pacific. Of these we have a fairly good record. They spell the family name *Grobb*. A daughter, Susanna, married Michael Law; they also went to Canada, where their descendants are numerous. Henry Grubb, another son, settled in Virginia; all trace of this family has been lost. Conrad Grubb married

Elizabeth Keller and founded a family in Nantmeal, while David married Mary Harley and remained in Coventry, where he had a family of eleven children. Elizabeth married a Mr. Halderman or Harleyman; Esther married Peter Mowrey, both having families.

5. The line of George Grubb, George Grubb, blacksmith, settled in Coventry, where he was a large land-owner. Only one of his sons, David, had children, and several of these married into the line of John. His wife's name was Mary; he died in September, 1753.

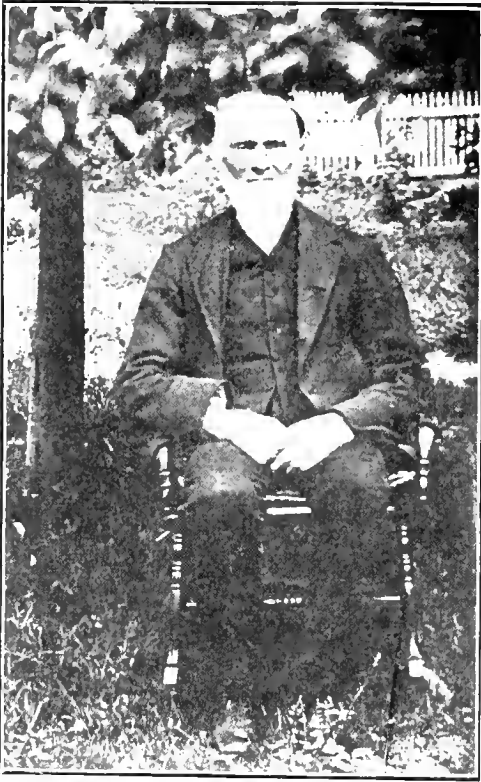
6. The line of John Grubb, John Grubb, also a blacksmith, went to Coventry, where he owned considerable land. Descendants of his son Daniel are about East Coventry, Chester county, while Henry, another son, was the progenitor of a large family. John Grubb was married in December, 1740, to Emelina Christman, daughter of Daniel Christman, of Frederick township. He died April 23, 1772.

7. Elizabeth, daughter of the pioneer Henry Grubb, was first married to a Mr. Addis, and secondly to a Mr. Martin, son of Rev. Martin and Catharine (Reist)



CATHARINE (GRUBB) GRUBB.

Wife of Peter Grubb, born Sept. 17, 1806, died Oct. 27, 1864.



MOSES GRUBB.

son of David and Mary (Harley) Grubb, grandson of Abraham and Elizabeth (Frey) Grubb, and great-grandson of Henry Grubb, of Frederick township. Born December 18, 1807, died April 30, 1895. He was married: first, to Hannah, daughter of Henry Rixtine; second, to Catharine, daughter of John and Eve Hunsberger; third, to Ann, daughter of William and Mary Stubblebine and widow of Daniel Benner.

Uner. Of the latter marriage one son, David, was born, who is said to have settled in Maryland.

In this connection it will be interesting to note the following from the pen of Bishop Nathaniel Bertolet Grubb, of Philadelphia:

"Abraham Grubb, from whom I am descended, married Elizabeth Frey, daughter of William Frey, and granddaughter of Henry Frey, one of the first two settlers in Pennsylvania. She was sister to my great-great-grandfather,

Jacob Frey, who was married to Susanna Bertolet, of Oley. Strange to say, my great-great-grandparents on maternal and paternal sides were brother and sister, so that I am my own fourth cousin."

Numerous intermarriages have taken place between different branches of the family, and frequently the parties were unaware of any relationship existing between them. Some of these connections are curious. For instance, Mrs. David G. Wells, of Spring City, Pa., is a daughter of Peter Grubb, a son of David and Mary (Harley) Grubb; her mother was Catharine, a daughter of David and Elizabeth (Grubb) Grubb, her grandmother Elizabeth being a daughter of Henry Grubb. Her paternal and maternal grandfathers and her maternal great-grandfather were all named David Grubb, her mother and maternal grandmother having been born Grubbs and married Grubbs.

The writer found after his marriage that he was a third cousin to his father-in-law, so that his wife is a fourth cousin to her own children.

David Grubb, son of David and Catharine (Harwick) Grubb, who lived and died in East Coventry, married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry and Elizabeth (Shetler) Grubb. Of their children: 1. Catharine married, Peter, son of David and Mary (Harley) Grubb; 2. David married Catharine, daughter of John and Elizabeth (Lehr) Grubb; 3. Charles married Eliza Ann, daughter of John and Catharine (Walker) Grubb, and 4. Mary married Daniel W., son of John and Catharine (Walker) Grubb. I have traced out quite a number of families, but have never run across anything equal to this elsewhere.

While much has been learned by persistent investigation of the genealogy of the family, an almost superhuman task still confronts us; but with the enthusiastic organization formed last year it is hoped that some time in the future a complete history and genealogy of the family can be written.

The Knauss Family

BY EX-SUPT. J. O. KNAUSS, HARRISBURG, PA.

HISTORICALLY, as well as in many other respects, the Knauss family in America is fortunate, because its ancestors, before and after emigration, were religious people and belonged to the Christian church. By means of the records of the churches of which they were members, we are enabled to trace our ancestry to the Palatinate, or *Pfalz*, in Germany.

The First Knauss in this Country

In July, 1728, Ludwig Knauss was a deacon of the Whitmarsh Reformed church.* His name appears signed to an appeal to the New York classis of the Dutch Reformed church to have Rev. John Philip Boehm licensed and ordained. This appeal was forwarded to the classis of Amsterdam in Holland, which returned a favorable answer.

In Rev. Boehm's report to the Synod in 1734 is included a report, signed by the consistory of the Whitmarsh congregation, October 28, 1734. The consistory was composed of two elders and two deacons, and one of the latter was Ludwig Knauss.

Again in Boehm's report of 1739, which is signed by each consistory of his parish, is the following:

Of the congregation at Whitmarsh, attes:—
February 18, 1739:

William De Wees, Elder,
Christopher Ottinger, Elder,
Lewis Knauss, Deacon,
Philip Scherrer, Deacon.

For the above we are indebted to Charles R. Roberts, of Allentown, secretary of the Lehigh County Historical Society. This is the latest record of Ludwig Knauss that we have been able to find in this section of the State.

*This church or congregation was near Germantown, in Whitmarsh township, Philadelphia (now Montgomery) county. Whitmarsh township is about eleven miles north-east of Philadelphia and is bounded on the southwest by the Schuylkill river. It contains Fort Washington, a station on the North Pennsylvania Railroad.

In the History of Montgomery County, page 1141, we find Ludwig Knoos (Knauss) mentioned among forty-seven landholders of Whitmarsh township. By order of Thomas Penn, one of the proprietaries of Pennsylvania, the constables of the several townships of Philadelphia county were required to make a return of the names of all landholders with the number of acres respectively held by them. This list was made out in 1734 by John Hyatt and credits Ludwig Knoos with 100 acres in Whitmarsh township.* This Ludwig Knauss was the first representative of his family in America.

Children of Ludwig and Anna M. Knauss

In the records of the Moravian church at Emaus, Pa., we find the following statements:

Maria Catharine Giering, born Knauss, was born February 16, 1734, in Weitmars township, near Germantown, in Pennsylvania, and was baptized by the Reformed minister, Rev. Philip Boehm. In about her seventh year she came to her brother, Johannes Heinrich Knauss, who then lived near what is now Emaus, Pa.

Sophia, born Knauss, born November 28, 1737, in Weitmars township, near Germantown, in Pennsylvania. Joined (the Moravian church) in 1762. She married in 1759 Ludwig Andres, born September 29, 1734, in Makuntshi (Macungie), (of the) Reformed religion, (who) joined (the Moravian church) in 1761. Died April 9, 1813, and was buried on the old Moravian cemetery at Emaus.

Tombstone No. 139[†] in the Emaus cemetery bears the following inscription:

Sophia Andres, late Knauss, born November 28, 1737, in Whitmarsh township. Departed this life, April 9, 1813.

*In the Appendix to Rupp's "Thirty Thousand Names," in a list of 465 German, Dutch and French inhabitants of Philadelphia county who owned land prior to 1734, page 478, the family name is spelt *Knauss*. Other spellings, beside those mentioned, are *Knoose* and possibly *Nauuss* and *Noce*. In lexicons, German, English and French, the name is invariably spelt *Knauss*.

†Many of the stones marking the graves are numbered, the number corresponding with that given the same person in the church records.

Again, in the same church-records, we have these entries:

Johannes Heinrich Knauss, born in Titelsheim in der Wetterau, in Germany, June 15, 1712. Father, Ludwig Knauss. Mother, Anna Margaretha (Görlach). He was brought up in the Reformed religion. He was a weaver, also a farmer. He came to Pennsylvania in 1732. He married, December 31, 1737, Maria Catharine Roeder, daughter of John Adam Roeder and wife Catharine, maiden name Tauber, who came to America in 1724 with her parents. She was born March 24, 1720, in the Palatinate, near Mannheim.

Sebastian Heinrich Knauss, born in the village of Titelsheim in der Wetterau, October 6, 1714. His father's name was Ludwig Knauss, a farmer; his mother, Anna Margaretha (Görlach). Religion, Reformed profession; is at times a farmer, but also a wheelwright. He came to this country in 1723. He married, January 1, 1741, Anna Catherine Transue, etc.

The preceding statements prove that Ludwig Knauss came to this country prior to 1728, already in 1723, if the date under Sebastian Henry Knauss's name is correct. The date 1732 under John Henry Knauss's name is evidently a mistake, probably a transposition of figures.

The foregoing notes furnish the following record of Ludwig and Anna Margaretha Knauss's children:

1. John Henry Knauss, born June 15, 1712, died June 6, 1761. Married December 31, 1737, Maria Catharine Roeder, who was born March 24, 1720.

2. Sebastian Henry Knauss, born October 6, 1714, died February 26, 1777. Married January 1, 1741, Anna Catherine Transue, who was born March 6, 1722, and died June 26, 1799.

3. Maria Catherine Knauss, born February 16, 1734; married — Giering.

4. Sophia Knauss, born November 28, 1737, died April 9, 1813. Married Ludwig Andres in 1756, who was born September 29, 1734, and died April 9, 1792.

Undoubtedly there were other children of Lewis and Anna Margaret Knauss, between 1714 and 1734.

Two Knauss Brothers as Land-Owners

From records on file in the Department of Internal Affairs at Harrisburg, Pa., it appears that Sebastian Henry Knauss purchased from the proprietors of the province of Pennsylvania at least three tracts of land, as follows: 200 acres, September 12, 1747; 55 acres, January 11, 1760; 75 acres, October 10, 1761; making a total of 330 acres, lying in the townships of Upper Milford and Salzburg.*

*In our pioneer history Makuntschi (Macungie) and Salzburg (Salisbury) are referred to as "that fertile region of farming country which stretches between the Little Lehigh (creek) and the South Mountain."



MEMORIAL STONE FOR SEBASTIAN HENRY KNAUSS.
On the old Moravian cemetery at Emaus, Pa.

In like manner John Henry Knauss had charge of three tracts as follows:

100 acres, 95 perches, by patent of August 19, 1750.

6 acres, 66 perches, by warrant of April 29, 1750.

44 acres, 130 perches, by warrant of April 12, 1750.

Total, 151 acres, 131 perches.

This land also lay in Upper Milford and Salzburg townships. A patent was issued for the latter two tracts November 7, 1704, to the executors of John Henry Knauss, who had died in 1761.

In 1747 Jacob Ehrenhard and Sebastian Henry Knauss were elected and ordained stewards of the newly organized Moravian congregation at Emaus and jointly donated land for the erection of a hamlet, including the church and school and grounds adjacent. The village was surveyed in 1759 and named Emmaus in 1761.

Descendants of John Henry Knauss

The elder of the two Knauss brothers who settled at Emaus, John Henry, and his wife, Maria Catharine (Roeder), had these children:

1. John, born 1738, died 1747.
2. Adam, born July 6, 1741, died 1741.
3. Michael, born July 26, 1743.
4. Martin, born August 29, 1745, died 1747.

Maria Catharine, widow of John Henry Knauss, afterward, July 29, 1762, married Christopher Weisser, a widower. He was born February 24, 1699, died June 16, 1768, and is buried in the old Moravian cemetery at Emaus.

The only son of John Henry Knauss who lived to maturity was Michael Knauss. He was of the Reformed religion, having been baptized by Rev. Straub in Macungie. He married, September 10, 1765, Anna Elizabeth Romig, who was born March 8, 1743, and died March 16, 1777. They had seven children, as follows:

1. Catharine, born 1766.
2. Frederic, born 1768.
3. John Henry, born 1769.
4. Anna Elizabeth, born 1771.
5. Michael, born 1773.
6. Maria Magdalena, born 1775.
7. John, born 1776.

All of these moved to Schoeneck, near Nazareth, in Northampton county, Pa.

Michael Knauss married a second time, June 12, 1780, Hannah Frank, of Schoeneck, with whom he had one son, Abraham, born in 1781. The latter was a mason at Schoeneck.

Children of Sebastian Henry Knauss

Sebastian Henry, the other son of Ludwig Knauss, and his wife Anna Catharine (Transue) had these thirteen children:

1. Henry, born November 22, 1741, died May 6, 1810. Married April 22, 1766, Anna Maria Ehrenhard, who was born December 6, 1748.

2. Catharine, born April 10, 1743. Married February 19, 1767, at Bethlehem, Conrad Ernst, who had emigrated from Wold Angelloch, (?) in the Palatinate, and became a farmer at Nazareth.

3. Leonard, born January 8, 1745, died May 14, 1823. He was a cooper at Bethlehem. He married December 15, 1769, at Bethlehem, Johanna Salome Miller, who was born February 23, 1743, near Fredericktown, Md., as the second child of Jacob and Anna Elizabeth Miller, of Great Swamp. She died December 31, 1831, and is buried at Bethlehem.

4. Anna Maria, born April 15, 1747. Married as her first husband Tobias Meyer, a farmer of Heidelberg, May 28, 1765, and later became the wife of Philip Philbert.

5. John, born November 6, 1748, died May 23, 1822. Married March 31, 1772, Catharine Romig, who was born in Macungie October 19, 1748, died July 3, 1816, and is buried at Emaus.

This John Knauss, later designated as *scion*, settled on the home farm near Emaus. This farm is now owned by Hon. M. C. L. Kline.

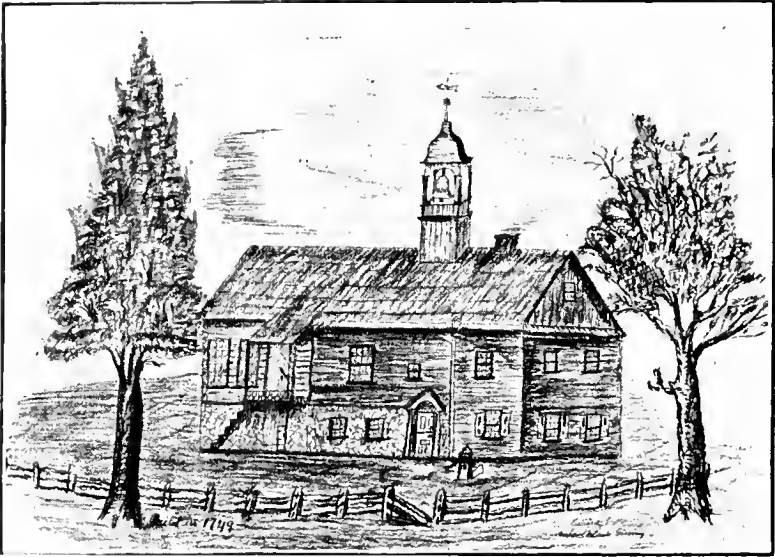
6. Joseph, born October 11, 1750. He was a wheelwright, married Magdalena Böckel, of Heidelberg, and moved to North Carolina.

7. Elizabeth, born January 29, 1753, died September 29, 1825, and is buried at Emaus. Married March 31, 1772, to John Frederic Romig, a miller, near Emaus.

8. Abraham, born March 1, 1755, died August 3, 1830, and is buried at Bethlehem with his wife, Elizabeth Böckel, of Heidelberg, who was born April 13, 1750, and died December 17, 1821. He was a *Huffschmidt* (horse-shoer) and lived on the *Druckenland* (Dryland), about four miles from Bethlehem.

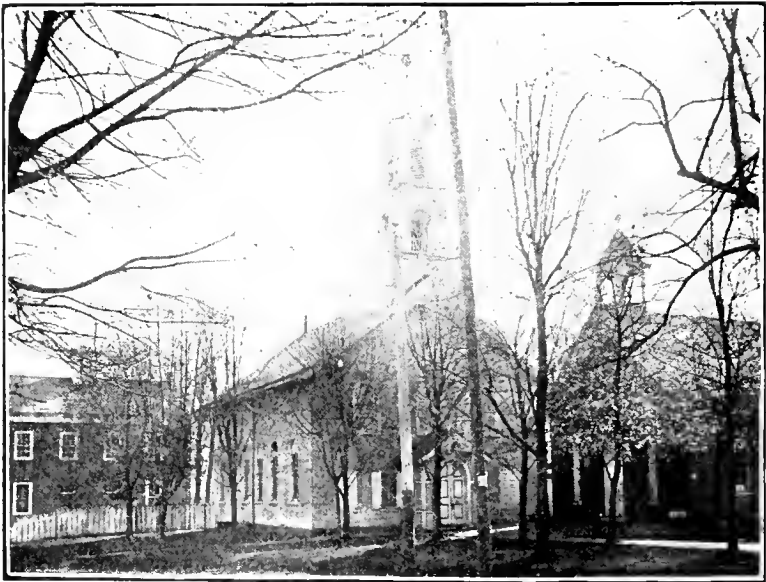
9. Jacob, born June 26, 1757, married April 10, 1787, to Anna Rosina Kreiter (or Corr, or Köhr). He was a farmer on the Swatara (very likely the Swabia, a small stream near Macungie).

10. John Ludwig, born May 19, 1759. Married Maria Magdalena Klein, became a blacksmith at Schoeneck and afterward moved to Ohio.



THE ORIGINAL MORAVIAN CHURCH AT EMAUS, PA.

Built in the fall of 1742, probably on the grounds of the old Moravian cemetery, and removed in 1749 to a site to the east of the present church-building. The basement of this first building was used for school-purposes, the second story as a parsonage. The annex on the left side was the church proper, to which entrance was gained by means of the steps shown in the picture.



PRESENT (THIRD) MORAVIAN CHURCH AT EMAUS, PA.

Built in 1834. With chapel to the right and public school building to the left.

11. Magdalena, born September 3, 1701. Married July 7, 1700, at Bethlehem, Joseph Clewell, a farmer at Emaus who was also a linen-weaver (*Leinwäber*).

12. Anna Johanna, born March 31, 1705. Married George Clewell, a shoemaker at Schoeneck.

13. Philip, born October 25, 1707, died 1780 at Schoeneck.

Obituary of Sebastian Henry Knauss

The following is an abstract of an obituary notice of Sebastian Henry Knauss, translated from the records of the Moravian church at Emaus by Rev. S. H. Gapp. This biography was no doubt prepared by Rev. Andreas Langgard and read at the funeral of Sebastian Knauss.

Our departed brother, Sebastian Knauss, was born October 6, 1714, in the village of Titelsheim, Wetteravia. His parents were Ludwig Knauss and wife, Anna Margaretha, born Görlach. He was brought up as a member of the Reformed church and came to this country in 1723.

In his early manhood he learned the trade of a wheelwright with Henry Antes. He was married to Anna Catherine Transue January 1, 1741. From this happy wedlock thirteen children—eight sons and five daughters—and twenty grandchildren survived him.

With reference to his connection with the Moravian church, of which he was for many years a worthy and beloved member, the following may be said: While he was learning his trade in the employ of Brother Henry Antes, he was benefited spiritually. In the meantime his marriage took place. In 1742 he and his wife visited Bethlehem. Their visit was the occasion of a new spiritual experience. Upon the organization of the congregation at Emaus in 1747 he became a member thereof and was elected and ordained as one of the stewards, in which capacity he served for many years. Before this time he had already belonged to the denomination (in Bethlehem).

We must admit that his departure is our sad loss. His dear wife has lost a loving husband, his children a true and exemplary father, the local congregation a friend and a neighbor ever ready to help.

The cause of his death was a severe attack of pneumonia. He died February 26, 1777, aged 62 years, 5 months and 3 weeks. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors."

The following, also found in the church-records, will likewise be of interest: "He (Sebastian Henry Knauss) was of small stature, had auburn hair, was a good conversationalist and good-natured. The children of the institution often went

to his home and received honey-bread" (*Honigschnitte*). The word "institution" here evidently refers to the parochial high school located at Emaus from 1747 to 1753.

Anna Catharine, wife of Sebastian Henry Knauss, was the daughter of Abraham Transue and wife Elizabeth, born Münster, who landed at Philadelphia August 20, 1730. At the time of her death, June 26, 1790, at the age of 77 years, 3 months and 20 days, her descendants included 91 grandchildren and 36 great-grandchildren, of whom 73 grandchildren and 32 great-grandchildren were living.

Grandchildren of Sebastian H. Knauss

Henry Knauss, eldest son of Sebastian Henry Knauss, was born November 22, 1741, died May 6, 1810, and is buried at Emaus. He was baptized by Rev. Straub in Salzburg and received into membership of the Moravian church in 1766. He was long a steward in the church. He was married April 22, 1766, to Anna Maria Ehrenhard. They had thirteen children, as follows:

1. Sebastian, born May 3, 1767, died May 4, 1767.

2. Susanna, born November 26, 1768. Married Valentine Wieder, of Upper Saucon.

3. Catharine, born March 2, 1770.

4. Anna Barbara, born January 20, 1772. Married October 21, 1794, Frederic Führer, of Upper Saucon.

5. Henry, born September 2, 1773, died May 30, 1851, and is buried at the Blue church, in Upper Saucon. He married Anna Maria Sewitz, who was born in 1779 and died January 17, 1847.

6. Elizabeth, born August 10, 1775, died February 4, 1779.

7. Jacob, born November 20, 1777, died October 15, 1855; buried at Emaus. Married May 15, 1810, Catharine Maria Tool.

8. Anna Margaret, born December 3, 1779, died June 1, 1850; buried at Emaus. Married April 5, 1807, Israel Tool.

9. Daniel, born June 22, 1782, died November 23, 1803.

10. Magdalena, born March 13, 1785, died June 4, 1860; buried at Emaus. Married Abraham Doll, of Lower Saucon.

11. Joseph, born August 28, 1787.

12. Anna Salome, born September 12, 1789. Married April 29, 1810, Jacob Christ.

13. Thomas, born January 31, 1792. Married Anna Eleanor Ehrenhard.



KNAUSS HOMESTEAD NEAR EMAUS, PA.

Said to have been built in 1777 by Henry Knauss, eldest son of Sebastian Henry Knauss, and still in possession of the Knauss family. It is now the home of the widow of Herman Knauss.

A Numerous Progeny

From the above lists of the children and one set of the grandchildren of Sebastian Henry and Anna Catharine Knauss it appears that their descendants are numerous and that it is impossible to follow them. It is sufficient to say that the name is found in nearly every township and borough of Lehigh county and

that in most cases the line of descent can be traced to this branch.

The writer of this sketch belongs to the sixth generation of the Knauss family in America, tracing his ancestry successively thro' Ludwig, Sebastian Henry, John, sen., John, jun., and Paul Knauss. His own descendants extend to three generations more.

The Ritter Family

BY H. S. RITTER, ALLENTOWN, PA.

OF all family-histories there is perhaps none more difficult to trace than that of the Ritter family. The name means a knight, and originated during the Middle Ages. When the Crusades were organized over central Europe to redeem the Holy Land, a society having for its object the defense of the faith, the protection of the weak and the honor of womankind, had its origin in central Europe. This society was called *die Ritterschaft*, that is, Knighthood.

History informs us that this society flourished for a few centuries, and that many people of rank as well as many

people of the middle and lower classes belonged to it. In time this society became corrupt and was disbanded. The people had no surnames yet, but began to assume them; and many, if not all, who belonged to this society assumed the surname of Ritter. Thus in a very short time a large Ritter family was brought into being in central Europe. Their principal stronghold seems to have been in the Palatinate, as nearly all the emigration to America was from that place. Emigration began during the middle of the eighteenth century. Some of the port-entries read as follows:

Casper Ritter, 1750—Ship Friendship.
 Martin Ritter, 1749—Ship Phoenix.
 Christopher Ritter, 1731.
 Heins Ritter, 1731.
 Mary Ritter, 1731.
 John and George Ritter, 1730.
 Aaron Ritter, 1738.
 Martin Peter Ritter, 1749.
 Joseph Ritter, 1740.
 Jacob Ritter, 1750.
 Hans Ritter, 1751.
 Jacob Ritter, 1751.
 Nicholas Ritter, 1752.
 William and Polly Ritter, 1703.
 John Godfrey Ritter, 1755.
 Michael Ritter, 1705.
 William Heinrich Ritter, 1772.
 Anton Henry Ritter, 1773.
 Carl Ritter, 1775.

Most of the above sailed from Rotterdam.

These are only a few of the names recorded at the different ports, and no doubt, nearly all of them became heads of families in this country. The space allotted to us would not suffice to trace the history of each. We can only briefly sketch the career of Casper and Martin Ritter, who are supposed to have been brothers.

Casper Ritter landed at the port of Philadelphia in 1750. Thence he proceeded to Easton, then the county-seat of what is now Lehigh and Northampton counties and was granted a patent for a tract of land of five hundred acres, located on Fels creek, a few miles west of its confluence with the Lehigh River. The present town of Laurys is situated where the Fels creek joins the Lehigh river. The farms now owned by Reuben Saeger, Prof. David S. Keck and John and Jeremiah Schneck, with perhaps a few smaller tracts, constitute the original Casper Ritter farm. Whether his wife accompanied him across the ocean, or whether he secured her in this country, is a disputed question.

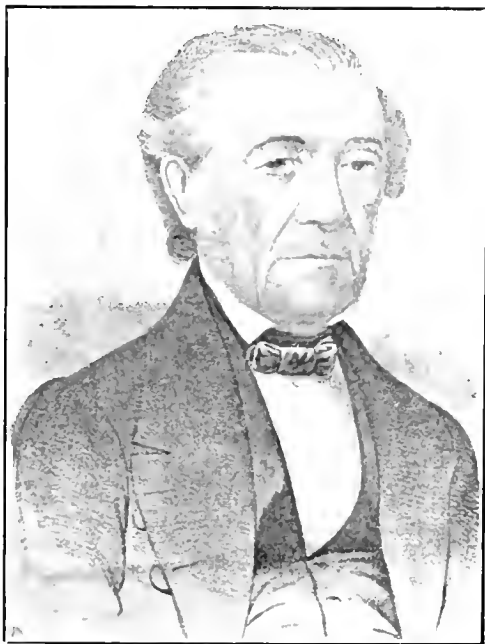
No doubt the tract of land granted to him was forest-land. The trees had to be cleared away, the log-house had to be built, and the soil brought under cultivation. Here they lived a quiet and no doubt happy life. The old log-hut which housed him and his family was razed to the ground a few years ago. Six children of his grew up to manhood and wo-

manhood: Jacob, Mrs. Johannes Frantz, John, Heinrich, Mrs. Nicholas Saeger and Mrs. Heinrich Frantz. The land they tilled for many years gave to them, when death came, a burial-place. On a small elevation, a short distance from the house, two lonely graves hold the mortal remains of these pioneers.

Their descendants settled in the same community, excepting a few of the children of Mrs. Heinrich Frantz, who moved to Clinton county. Their descendants live there now, and every year they come together in family reunion.

Most of the Ritter families and those connected with them thro' marriage, living in Lehigh and Northampton counties north of Allentown, and many living in Allentown, are descendants of Casper Ritter. They are engaged in all vocations and professions, and are a thrifty, honest and long-lived class of people.

Tradition tells us that Casper and Martin Ritter first settled in Delaware. The soil and climate did not suit them, and so they came to Pennsylvania.

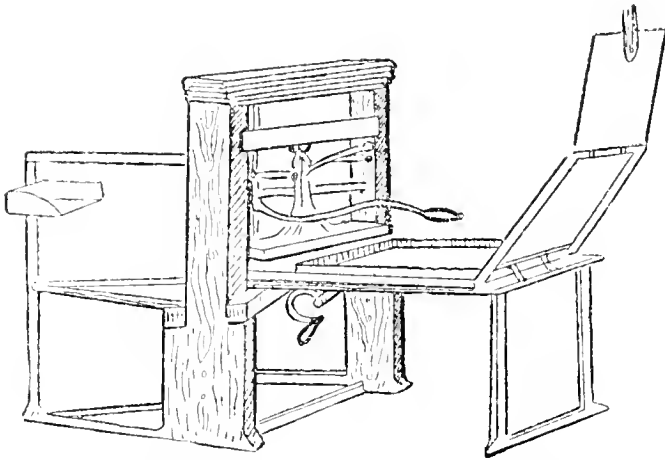


HON. JOHN RITTER OF READING, PA.
 Printer, Publisher, and Congressman.



CEMETERY NEAR SWARTZWALD CHURCH,

where the pioneers of the Ritter family in Berks county are buried. The man standing between the gravestones is Jacob R. Ritter, of Reading.



HAND-PRESS MADE IN EXETER, PA., IN 1796.

The only printing-press ever constructed in Berks county was designed and made in 1796 in Exeter, near Oley Line, by John and Jacob Snyder and Francis Ritter. The Snyders were descendants of Hans Schneider, who secured a warrant for 300 acres of land in Oley as early as 1717. The Ritters were also among the early settlers, and the two families intermarried.

On this hand-press the *Reading Adler* was originally printed. The first number appeared November 25, 1796. The paper was started by Jacob Snyder and George Gerrish. Francis Ritter, who had helped to build the press, bought a half interest in the establishment in 1797 and placed his son, John Ritter, in the office when he was only eighteen years old. John learned type-setting and all about the printing-business, and was one of the publishers of the *Adler* from 1802 till 1851. In 1823 he married Catharine Frailey, a daughter of Peter Frailey, who was sheriff of Berks county when the *Adler* was started.—*Reading Eagle*, June 14, 1903.

Martin Ritter came to this country in 1749 and secured a patent for a tract of land in what is now Salisbury township, a few miles south of Allentown. He was the father of seven children: Martin, Henry, John, Daniel, Michael, Jacob and Gretchen (Mrs. Solomon Kline). Their descendants live principally in Allentown and south of Allentown, between Maucungie and Freemansburg. Philip Ritter was the ancestor of the Ritter family in Schoenersville, Rittersville and the region over towards Nazareth.

Francis Ritter seems to have been the father of the Ritter family in Berks county. His father was a pioneer. Francis was born in 1741 and died in 1825. His children were Daniel, John, Jacob and Samuel. John was a representative to Congress during Polk's administration. He served two terms and refused the third nomination. For many years he owned and published the Reading

Eagle. Originally the Ritter family lived in Oley and Exeter townships. The cemetery near Swartzwald church is the place where the pioneers are buried. Tradition tells us that the pioneer of the family secured a large tract of land from the Indians. He bargained for a tract of land around which he could walk between sunrise and sunset. Later, when William Penn took possession of Pennsylvania, he claimed that the Indians had no right to sell land that the king of England had given to him, and the pioneer of the Ritter family in Berks lost his claim.

The history of the Ritter family is very complicated. The yearly reunions have given us some new facts, and it is hoped by the writer that this brief sketch will induce others to trace the further history of this large and prosperous family in America.

The Reinhold Family

BY REV. D. G. REINHOLD, LANSDALE, PA.

THE name Reinhold is frequently found in Prussia and in other parts of Germany. Mr. Eli S. Reinhold, of Mahanoy City, Pa., who has extensively traveled in foreign countries, has found the name in the city-directory of Berlin over a hundred times, in Leipsic sixty, in Frankfurt seventy-odd times, etc. In a letter received from Doctor Hannah C. Reinhold, Williamsport, Pa., she states that the family-house built in Mühlhausen, Prussia, A. D. 1165, still stands and that they have a family coat-of-arms. This article can, therefore, not be expected to refer to all the many worthy families of this name, and will be limited to the only distinctively Pennsylvania-German family, as far as it is known to the writer.

Our American Family-Ancestor

Christopher Henry Reinhold (of the first generation in this country), the progenitor of the family, was born in 1728 at Grossengartig, near Heilbronn, Württemberg, Germany. It is not known for

a certainty when he came to America; one source of information is the unwritten family-history spoken by father to son, which makes it the year 1752, "when he was a young man." Another source is found in Rupp's "Thirty Thousand Immigrants," where the name Christopher Reinhold appears among those under sixteen years of age aboard the ship Saint Andrew, John Stedman, Master, which arrived at Philadelphia September 12 (O. S.), 1734, and on which the Schwenkfelders landed. If this was our ancestor and the dates are accurate, he must have been only six years of age on his arrival, which is not likely. The name Reynold is given in the list of those aboard, and it may be inferred that the name Reinhold is a typographical error. Intended research will probably clear up this matter.

Christopher Reinhold settled and took up a large tract of land in what is now the northeastern part of Lancaster county, Pa. What is now Reinhold's station on the Reading and Columbia railroad

and Blainsport (formerly Reinholds-ville), about a mile away, was all included in his possessions of forest and swamp lands. His wife's maiden name was Sophia Louise Amweg, whose relatives and their descendants were prominent people of Lancaster, Pa., in later years. The Reinholds had born to them four sons and two daughters; the oldest two sons only became heads of families. Christopher died in 1793, his wife surviving until 1810. Both are resting in the graveyard adjoining the Swamp Lutheran and Reformed church near Blainsport. More than a century ago Christopher Reinhold was a leading figure in the first church erected there, and his name is found in the oldest records.

The oldest son, John Henry Reinhold (of the second generation), born 1759, died 1846, was married to Anna Maria, *née* Roth. They had a number of children, the genealogy of which the writer has not been fully able to trace. Some of them moved to York county, Pa. and others to the West. Information of any of these descendants will be appreciated.

Frederic Reinhold (2), 1762-1833, the second-oldest son, is the one from whom the Reinhold family in eastern Pennsylvania has come, of which a genealogy follows. He was married to Elizabeth Wenger, 1759-1840. Four sons and one daughter resulted from this union. We will note each of them to the fifth and in a few cases, to the sixth generation.



Courtesy of Rev. D. L. Fogleman, Denver, Pa.

THE SWAMP LUTHERAN-REFORMED CHURCH AT BLAINSPORT, PA.

The cemetery adjoining this church contains the grave of Christopher Henry Reinhold and is the resting-place of other ancestors of the Reinhold family. The centennial of this church was held last June.

Descendants of Frederic Reinhold (2)

I. Henry Reinhold (3), 1786-1858, was a tanner by trade, owning a large tannery at Reinholdsville. He was also a magistrate, well versed in law. He had four sons and two daughters. His oldest son, Jesse (4), served in the Union army in the Civil War; he also built a large hotel at Reinhold station and at this time, thro' his influence, the railroad company thus named the station. His two sons, Reuben and Henry L. (5), have long been active in the wholesale business world of Philadelphia. The latter now lives at Ardmore; his son Henry L., Jr. (6), is a well known architect in the city.

The second son of Henry Reinhold (3) was John (4), commonly called "*der gross John*," his stature distinguishing him from other Johns in the Reinhold family. Of his sons we note Captain Uriah Reinhold (5), at present a city official of Canton, Ohio, and J. Harry Reinhold (5), who is in the hardware business at Reading. Another son, Captain Martin R. Reinhold, was killed in the Civil War, as can be read on his tombstone in a small cemetery near Blainsport.

The third son of Henry Reinhold (3) was Jacob (4), for many years a merchant in Lancaster, Pa. He also was a prominent minister of the German Baptist Brethren's denomination, eloquent in the gospel above many. Edwin L. Reinhold (5), his only son, now a banker and manufacturer of Marietta, Pa., was formerly connected with his father in business.

Of all the children of Henry Reinhold (3) only one is now living—Mrs. Anna Muth, Myerstown, Pa., who is over four-score years of age.

Benjamin Reinhold (4), son of Henry (3), was married to a Miss Sherk (we know of no descendants), and Elizabeth, a daughter, was married to a Mr. Sherk.

II. The second son of Frederic Reinhold (2) was John (3), 1787-1867, known as "*Blue-Mountain (Blo-Berger) John*." In the earlier period of his life he removed, with his family, to Williams Valley, Schuylkill county, along the Blue Mountain range, later returning to the



Photo by H. W. Fogley Reading, Pa.
PETER REINHOLD (6), OF BLAINSPORT, PA.
Aged 94 years.

old homestead. Many interesting incidents could be given of this family, if space would allow. Five sons and six daughters were the heritage of John and his wife, whose maiden name was Barbara Brunner (1788-1866). Two sons and one daughter are still living. Peter (4), who resides near Blainsport, is now 94 years old and enjoys remarkable good health. About a year ago he conducted the writer to the cemetery at Swamp church, where many of the Reinhold ancestors are buried, and his memory reverted to important happenings of the long ago. He lives with his son Samuel (5) and is well cared for. John (4), his brother, is also near ninety, well preserved, living at Ephrata, Pa.; a sister, Mrs. Eva Schonaur, lives at Reinhold's, Pa.

Another son of "*Blue-Mountain John*" was Jacob (4), now deceased, who in later life resided in Myerstown, Pa. Eli S. Reinhold (5), his son, is cashier of the Union National Bank of Mahanoy City, and in his repeated travels abroad made efforts to trace the Reinhold ancestry in their old-country connection. It may be expected that the result of his research

will be published ere long. Mr. Reinhold is an aggressive worker in church and Sunday-school interests and a gifted public speaker. Fred Reinhold (4), son of John (3), lived and died in Reading, and Jesse (4), the youngest son of John (3), a wheelwright by trade, died in 1858, in the prime of manhood, aged 37. Two sons, Dr. Andrew J. Reinhold (5) and Dr. David K. Reinhold (5), are both eminent dentists in New York City. One daughter, deceased, was Mrs. Elizabeth Zug, of Marshalltown, Iowa.

III. We return again to Frederic Reinhold (2), whose third son was Jacob (3), 1792-1855. The latter's wife was named Walter, and they had five sons and three daughters. Those now living are Mrs. Hannah Hacker (4), aged 92, of Lititz, Pa.; Benneville (4), of Crosskill Mills, and Adam (4), at Canton, Ohio. The deceased sons were Jacob (4), Daniel (4), father of the writer, and Isaac (4). This branch of the Reinholds is quite numerous, and the name will be perpetuated. The above-named Jacob (3) was for some years a local preacher of the United Brethren church and published a pamphlet entitled "*Eine Botschaft an Christi Statt*," of which he was the author.

IV. The fourth son of Frederic Reinhold (2) was George (3), 1796-1888, always living in the vicinity of his birth,

near Reinholdsville. His wife, maiden name Ralm, was blind in the latter years of her life. An only son, John (4), a wholesale tobacconist of Philadelphia, died in 1875, survived by a son, George (5). A daughter, Anna Hoover (4), died in 1861, and three daughters now living are: Mary Stoner, Blainsport; Mrs. Elizabeth Eberly, Denver, and Mrs. Catharine Leicy, Myers-town.

V. Frederic Reinhold (2) had only one daughter, Maria (3), who was married to Benjamin Mishler, of Lancaster, and whose daughter, Mrs. Samuel Buch, is now living with her son at Reading, Pa.

Only Reinholds in Pennsylvania-Germandom

As said before, the descendants of Frederic, second son of Christopher Henry Reinhold, is the only family by that name found with the sturdy Pennsylvania-Germans. From the four sons of Frederic there were 15 sons of the fourth generation, not counting the female issue, these 15 propagating the race with 35 sons in the fifth generation, of whom those still living are men well advanced in years; of the sixth generation there are quite a number, and several of the seventh. The complete genealogy of the family could be given, but it would not be of sufficient general interest to the readers of this excellent magazine.

The Krause Family

SKETCH PREPARED FROM NOTES FURNISHED BY MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY.

Johann Krause and His Son John Philip

IN the old graveyard of the Heidelberg Union church, in Heidelberg township, Lehigh county, rest the remains of Johann Krause and his son John Philip. Johann Krause is the ancestor of the Krause family in Lehigh and adjoining counties.

He was born in Württemberg, Germany, January 9, 1712, and came to this country some time between 1735 and 1740.* He was unmarried when he

came and a member of the Lutheran church. He came with a party of immigrants, all the single members of which were Lutherans. He settled in Heidelberg township and is said to have been one of the founders of the Heidelberg congregation. He died June 12, 1795. The dates of his birth and death are found on his tombstone.

John Philip, son of Johann Krause, was born January 3, 1753, and died in 1798. He was a farmer and lived where now is Deibertsville, below the Heidelberg church. He was married to Margaret Heckman, with whom he had seven children—six sons and one daughter. The sons were Hannes, Daniel, George,

*This immigrant is not mentioned in Rupp's Thirty Thousand Names, unless he was Hans Georg Krause, who landed with a company of 231 Palatines at Philadelphia, Oct. 5, 1737, which is not probable. Rupp's lists also mention Christoph Krause, who landed Sept. 26, 1737, and Michael Kraus, who arrived Sept. 3, 1739.—Ed.

Philip, John Adam and Frederic. The daughter, Susanna, died at the age of twenty-one, in the same year and month as her father, and is buried in the same place.

Descendants of Frederic Krause (3)

The rest of this sketch will be devoted to Frederic Krause, of the third generation, who was married to Catharine Miller and lived where now is Deibertsville. He had ten children, as follows:

Anna, born Feb. 5, 1819;
Levi, born July 25, 1821;
Matilda, born Aug. 3, 1823;
Polly, born Dec. 15, 1825;
Senia, born June 2, 1828;
Joseph, born Aug. 24, 1830;
David, born Jan. 7, 1833;
Tilghman, born April 22, 1835;
Hattie, born June 20, 1837;
Wilson, born Aug. 28, 1839.

1. Anna Krause (4), eldest daughter of Frederic Krause, was married to Daniel Deibert, the founder of Deibertsville. They had four children: Messina, Elias, Elemina and Amelia.

Messina Deibert (5) married David Huff, of Slatington, and became the mother of nine children, six of whom died after reaching maturity and are buried by the side of their father at the Lutheran church in Slatington. Her children were: Eugene and Oscar, who died single; Edward, deceased, who was married to Susan Remaly and left one daughter, Irene; Calvin, deceased, who was married to a Miss Kern and had one daughter; Elmer, who is married to a Miss Rosser and has one boy, Rosser; William, deceased, who was married to a lady from Indiana and has one daughter, Helen William; Annie, deceased, who was married to Zachariah Mink, of Reading, and had four children—Harry, Florence, George and Agnes; Clara, who is married to Ed. Schertzinger, of Slatington, and has three children—Walter, Paul and Adele; Daisy, who is married to Abraham Behm, of Reading, and has two children—David and Clara. Mrs. Huff herself is still living at Slatington.

Elias Deibert (5), now deceased, married Leah Wehr and had one son, Clement, who is also married and has two children, a boy and a girl.

Elemina Deibert (5) married W. T. Hecker, of Allentown, with whom she had three daughters. Of these, Isola is now the wife of James P. Schelly and mother of five children, the oldest of which, Harold, died a few years ago at the age of sixteen; the others are Hannah, Arthur, William and Dorothy. Annie E. Hecker married Harvey C. Ritter, of Allentown, and has one daughter, Katherine. Julia Helen Hecker is the wife of Ralph Rhoda, of Allentown.

Amelia Deibert (5) married William Metzger, deceased, and has five children. Of these, Anna is the wife of Henry Harter, of Heidelberg, and has three children: Beulah, Charles and William. Beulah Harter is married to Edwin Leibold, of Heidelberg, and has two children: Mabel and Florence. Jane Metzger married Owen Mank, of Allentown, and has one son, Frederic. Ida Metzger married Julius German, of Heidelberg, and has two sons: Samuel and Paul. Nora Metzger is the wife of Clinton Schaeffer, of Heidelberg, and has one daughter, Ellen. Frederic Metzger, deceased, was married to Mary Snyder and left three sons: William, Dewey and Lawrence.

2. Levi Krause (4), first son of Frederic Krause, was married to Maria Miller and lived in Heidelberg. He had six



FREDERIC KRAUSE (3).

children: Fred, Milton, Francis, Mary, Edwin and Elizabeth.

Fred Krause (5) was married to Sophia Krum and had three children: Lillie, who married William Miller and has one child, Carlton; Mame, wife of Daniel Klase and mother of two daughters, Evelyn and Viola; George, married to Barbara——.

Milton Krause (5) is married to Kate Hoffman, and Francis, his brother, to Missouri Helfrich. Both these marriages are childless.

Mary Krause (5) married Tilghman Handwerk, of Heidelberg, now deceased. They had two children: Della, who is married to Oscar Hensinger and has one child, Arlene, and Samuel, who is yet single.

Edwin Krause (5) married Mary Hunsicker, with whom he has four children: Bertha, Pearl, Marie and Edmund.

Elizabeth Krause (5) is married to Frederic Bimler and has two children: Florence and Marguerite.

3. Matilda Krause (4), second daughter of Frederic Krause, married Philip Benninger, who lived near Slatington. They had seven children: Wilson, Ellen, David, Sybilla, Erasmus, Lewis and Agnes.

Wilson Benninger (5) married Lucy Wehr and is living at Lehighton; they have four children. Ellen became the wife of Henry Bittner, of Slatington, and has two married daughters: Lillie, wife of Arthur Queen, who has three children, and Amie, wife of John Balliet, who has two children. Both these families live at Slatington.

David Benninger (5) is unmarried. Erasmus married Lillie Glace and has two children: Malcolm and Annie. Sybilla married Otto Delki, of Slatington, and had one son. Both she and her husband are deceased.

Lewis Benninger (5) married Mary Kerschner; they have one daughter, Agnes, his sister, is married to a Mr. Derr.

4. Polly Krause (4), third daughter of Frederic Krause, was married to John Hausman, of Guthsville, and had five children: Benneville, Maria, Sophia, Amelia and Kate.

Benneville Hausman (5) is married to Susan Ruth and lives in Philadelphia. They have three sons: Ward, Scott and Charles, and one daughter, Charlotte, wife of George Krause, of Milton, Pa.

Maria Hausman (5) married Jacob Kressly, of Guthsville. They have three sons and two daughters: Minnie, married to a Mr. Hollenbach, and Mabel, married to a Mr. Miller.

Sophia Hausman (5) married Amanus Bittner, of Slatington, deceased. They had four sons—Oliver, Harry, Victor Oscar—and one daughter, who is no longer living.

Amelia Hausman (5) married Pete Guth, of Philadelphia, with whom she has five sons and four daughters. Kate Hausman (5) married Sylvester Ruch of Egypt, Pa. They have two sons and one daughter, Mary.

After the death of John Hausman his widow, *née* Polly Krause, married Nathan Biery, now deceased.

5. Senia Krause (4), fourth daughter of Frederic Krause, married Mose Lentz and had six children: Amanda, Paul, Rosa, Kate, Maggie and Amos, who died in September, 1874.

Amanda Lentz (5) married Samuel Kunkel, of Allentown. They have three children: Anna, who is married to Nathaniel Peters and has three children, Reynold, Clarence and Errol; Mame, wife of U. Schnyler Yost, and Wallace J. A. Kunkel. All these reside in Allentown.

Paul Lentz (5) married Louisa Klinck and lives in Washington township, Lehigh county. They have five children: Arglaus, who is married to Elizabeth George and has three children—Lottie, Herbert and a baby; William, who is married to Kate Kern and has one child, Paul; Amos, unmarried; Senia, wife of Henry Handwerk; Malcolm, unmarried, and Isola, wife of John Smith, who has one child, Harvey.

Rosa Lentz (5) is married to Josiah Peters, of Washington township. Their children are: Richard, who is married to Minnie Handwerk and has two children, Leslie and a baby; Wesley and Edward, single, and Beulah, who is married to

Calvin Kern and has two sons: Roy and Valter.

Kate Lentz (5) is married to Griffith Evans of Slatington, and has no issue. Jaggie Lentz (5) is married to Gideon Lentz, of Washington, and has six children: Daisy, Senia, Hattie, Preston, Dewey, Stanley.

6. Joseph Krause (4), second son of Frederic Krause, married Caroline Haaf and moved to Ohio. Nothing further is known about his family.

7. David Krause (4), third son of Frederic Krause, was married to Abi Zonner and had several children. One of these is Robert Krause, who is living at Lansford, Schuylkill county. One of his grand-daughters is married to a Mr. Arner, of Slatington.

8. Tilghman Krause (4), fourth son of Frederic Krause, was married to Polly Miller and lived in Heidelberg, on the old homestead. He had two children: Alice and Harvey. Alice is married to Richard Wotring and is now living on the old homestead. She has five daughters: Cena, who is married to George Fullager, of Hokendauqua, and has one daughter, Ruth; Stella, Mamie, Retta and Linda. Harvey Krause (5) is married to Sadie Wilkinson and lives at Lansford; they have no children.

9. Hattie Krause (4), fifth daughter of Frederic Krause, was married to Tilghman Frederick, of Slatington, and died in 1886. She had three children: Henry, who is unmarried; George, who is married to Isabella DeLong and has nine children; Harry, unmarried.

10. Wilson Krause (4), youngest son of Frederic Krause, was born August 28, 1830, and died June 30, 1878. He was married to Abigail Clauss Sep-

tember 27, 1863, and lived in Heidelberg. His children are:

Richard A. Krause (5), of Allentown, who is married to Ellen Leh and has three children: Marcus D., Mamie and Harold.

Oliver N. Krause (5), of Allentown, married to Martha Steckel. No children.

Cora J. Krause (5), who is married to W. F. Neff and has six children: Florence A., Russell M., Mabel A., Hilda E., Esther K. and Paul K. (deceased).

Annie V. Krause (5), married to Charles T. Bradbury, of Allentown, and mother of three children: Marion A., Blanche K. and Grace A.

Eugene W. Krause (5), of Aineyville, who is married to Annie Wagner and has four children: Daisy, Clarence, Llewellyn and Earl.

Krause Family Reunions

The descendants of Frederic Krause held their first reunion August 17, 1806, at Laurys, Pa. The second was held in 1807 at the same place; the third in 1808 at Deibertsville, on the old homestead; the fourth and fifth in 1809 and 1900 at Slatington; the sixth in 1901 at Dorney Park, when it was decided to extend an invitation to all the descendants of Johann Krause to take part in those gatherings.

The reunions have since been continued from year to year. The eleventh was held August 7, 1906, at Neffs, with five hundred people in attendance. At that reunion a committee was appointed to receive subscriptions toward the erection of a monument in the graveyard of the Heidelberg church in memory of the ancestors of the Krause family buried there.

The Gehman Family

BY PROF. A. JAMES GAYMAN, DOYLESTOWN, PA.

FAMILY-HISTORY is receiving increased attention among the people of our country. Probably as never before the records and archives are being examined, in genealogical research, to meet the eye of an enlightened and discriminating public.

This increasing interest seems to manifest itself principally among the Pennsylvania-Germans and deservedly so, too, since the farther we get away in time from our first ancestors, the more dim and unintelligible becomes the history which they have left.

It is a lamentable fact, that many of our earlier ancestors recorded but little of that which would be so valuable to us, who are endeavoring to formulate and arrange the history of our people. How necessary then, that we examine with some degree of care the meager legacy that is left us!

However, there is beyond doubt many a faded old deed and moss-covered tombstone that awaits the searching eye of some one who will read their history aright and translate the story for the benefit of this and future generations.

The Geelman family is a link in the chain of our Pennsylvania-German people. Christian Geeman, Benedict Geeman and a brother who settled in Lancaster county, were the original ancestors of the family in this country.

They came from the Palatinate on the Rhine, and landed in Philadelphia on August 11, 1732. Like many others no doubt, they sought the land of civil and religious liberty. Christian Geeman settled in Hereford township, Berks county, Pa., where he bought three hundred acres of land. This tract has since been divided into three divisions, all at present owned by his descendants. Christian Geeman had three sons and several daughters. His oldest son, Abraham, bought a farm near Telford, Bucks county, occupied by the late Rev. Abel Horning. Christian's second son, the Rev. John Geeman, was a minister in the Upper Milford Mennonite meeting-house. He married Anna Stauffer, of Colebrookdale. Both are buried at Zionsville, Lehigh county. John Geeman's oldest son, John, was also a minister in

the Mennonite meeting-house, Milford. He was born May 22, 1771, and died July 31, 1848. He was a minister thirty-five years.

The other pioneer of the family was Benedict Geeman, as mentioned before. He purchased a tract of land in Upper Saucon, Lehigh county, soon after his arrival in Philadelphia in 1732. Some years afterward he took out a warrant for a tract containing about twenty-three acres near the Chestnut Hill Union church. It is quite probable that he owned one or more tracts of land in Upper Milford before or about this time. In 1762, however, Benedict Geeman purchased a tract of land in Plumstead township, Bucks county, containing 187½ acres. He owned this only a short time, however, for in 1763 he sold it to his son, Christian.

This is as far as we could trace him. When he died or where he is buried, is yet unknown to us. Many of his descendants live in Plumstead and vicinity, as well as in some of the Western States and Canada.

There are a number of Geemans in Lancaster county, but who the original settler there was is yet unknown to this writer.

Among the qualities of Pennsylvania-Germans are industry and frugality—twin virtues in any successful life. The result of these qualities are the building up of many happy homes all over our broad land, which after all constitute the pride of our country and the firmness of its stability. Without these no government could long endure, nor be a fit dwelling-place for enlightened mankind.

In Memory of Professor Essig

At the recent annual business-meeting of the Dental Alumni Society of the University of Pennsylvania a bronze tablet was erected to the memory of Prof. Charles James Essig, D.D.S., b. 1841, d. 1901, one of the founders and dean of the department of dentistry in that institution, and professor of mechanical dentistry and metallurgy there from 1878 until 1901.

Investigating Radium as a Remedy

William H. Welker, assistant instructor in chemistry at Columbia University, New York, is engaged in investigating the wonders of radium in the hope of determining its influence as a remedy for cancer, consumption and other maladies now deemed incurable. Prof. Welker is a native of Redhill, Montgomery county, and a graduate of Perkiomen Seminary and Lehigh University.

German-American Genealogies

Chiefly Pennsylvanian, Found in the New York Public Library

BY RICHARD E. HELBIG, OF THE LENOX LIBRARY BUILDING, NEW YORK.

HERE are various things of interest to Pennsylvania-Germans in the Lenox Library Building at Fifth Avenue and 70th Street, New York. Probably many of them know of the splendid collections of American history, to which additions are made constantly, in order to be of the utmost service to scholars, investigators and the great mass of readers. It is the custom of our institution to call attention to its resources from time to time, both by exhibitions and by printed lists on special subjects issued in the monthly "Bulletin of the New York Public Library." The widespread enthusiasm occasioned by the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to this country in 1902 prompted the Library to arrange an exhibition of material about the Germans in the United States, which lasted from March 17 to the beginning of May. Pennsylvania naturally received a large share of the space in the eighteen show-cases used, actually one third being allotted to it; one case was devoted to early German-American imprints, including the first, second and third editions of the German Bible printed by Christopher Saur, at Germantown, in 1743, 1763 and 1776 respectively; also the "*Zionitischer Weyrauch's Hügel*," printed by him in 1730 for the Ephrata Brethren; two cases were given up to genealogy, of course chiefly Pennsylvanian; three cases were filled with German works on Pennsylvania, among them Pastorius' "*Umständige Geographische Beschreibung der . . . Provinz Pennsylvania . . . Franckfurth und Leipzig, 1700*," 2. edition, 1704, and many works on the Pennsylvania-Germans in particular. Copies of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN and some volumes of the Pennsylvania-German Society were shown as a matter of course. Moreover, we had an entire case with biographies of German-Americans, Pennsylvania again being well represented.

The growth of the collection has been considerable since 1902, the total number of titles amounting to over 2,000 at this time. One will find detailed information about it in "German-American Annals," Dec. 1905, p. 544-546, and May 1906, p. 147-157.

But we must come to the object of the genealogical symposium of this October issue of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN. To begin with, we will state that this Library has a separate department of genealogy and local history, consisting of many thousands of volumes, covering all States of the Union. The facilities of the department were greatly improved by the opening of a new reading room in November, 1898, with a special card-catalog by authors and subjects, and open reference-shelves containing several thousands of volumes, which may be consulted without filling out call-slips. Here readers have at their command among other books the series of the "Pennsylvania Archives," a set of the "Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography," the colonial and revolutionary records of other States, as far as issued, periodicals, year-books and other publications of genealogical and patriotic societies.

What the "New England Genealogical Register," 1847 to date, in its 60th volume, and the "New York Genealogical and Biographical Record," 1870 to date, in its 37th volume, are to American genealogy at large, THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN seems destined to become in its chosen field. It differs from the other two by being somewhat more interesting in consequence of the inclusion of dialect-poetry and other attractive reading-matter, besides dry genealogical tables, church records, tombstone inscriptions, etc.

The paramount question for any one wishing to compile his family history is how to do the thing. For the use of such persons a number of noteworthy books may be recommended. Of invaluable assistance is "Munsell's Index to American Genealogies and to Genealogical Material contained in . . . local histories, historical society publications . . . enabling the reader to ascertain whether the genealogy of any family, or any part of it, is printed . . ." Albany, N. Y., 1900, 5th edition. A well-known specialist, Eugene Zieber, is the author of "Ancestry: The Objects of the Hereditary Societies and the Military and Naval Orders of the United States and the Requirements for Membership Therein," Philadelphia, 1895, second edition. This little book of 83 pages gives information about 47 of these societies, of which many have Pennsylvania-Germans among their members. The perplexed amateur genealogist will hail as a godsend William Stowell Mills' "Foundations of Genealogy, with Suggestions on the Art of Preparing Records of Ancestry," New York: Monograph Publ. Co., 1890, and Frank Allaben's "Concerning Genealogies: Being Suggestions of Value for All Interested in Family History," New York: The Grafton Press, 1904.

The learned author of "The German and Swiss Settlements of Colonial Pennsylvania," New York, 1901, Prof. Oscar Kuhns, of Wesleyan University, has made a thorough study of Pennsylvania-German surnames, the first fruits of which he embodied in an address before the Pennsylvania-German Society at Reading, Pa., October 3, 1894, printed in its Proceedings, Vol.

V, pp 121-131. Finally a monograph from his pen appeared in *Americana Germanica* (old series of "German-American Annals"). Vol. 4, Nos. 3 and 4, pp. 209-341, 1902, including an "Alphabetical List of Current Pennsylvania-German Names with both their German and their Anglicized Forms" of 17 pages. This work is indispensable to the worker in the Pennsylvania-German quarry; in fact, it will be a revelation to many.

It may be well to call attention to a few of the principal genealogical and local history collections in various cities. Here in New York those of the New York Historical Society and the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society must be named, although the use of their libraries is limited to members and persons introduced by the latter. Boston can boast of a fine collection in its Public Library and two others in the New England Historico-Genealogical Society and the Massachusetts Historical Society. The Connecticut Historical Society at New Haven, the State Library at Albany, N. Y., the well-known Pennsylvania Historical Society at Philadelphia (open to all comers), the Chicago Public Library and the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, at Madison, all have large collections. Many others of lesser pretensions might be named.

The subjoined list of German-American genealogies comprises those in the Lenox Library Building at this time. The total number of genealogies at hand reaches nearly 2,600; a printed list was published by the Library in 1897, which is to be reissued with a supplement in a short time. Pressure of other work in connection with our German-American collection compelled us to modify the original plan of furnishing an exhaustive list of genealogies of American families of German origin, with references to genealogical and historical society publications and local histories. We will head the list with a few works of a general nature:

- STROBEL (Rev. P. A.). The Salzburger and their Descendants; being the history of a colony of German (Lutheran) Protestants, who emigrated to Georgia in 1734, and settled at Ebenezer, twenty-five miles above the city of Savannah. Baltimore: T. Newton Kurtz, 1855. 308 pp., 1 pl., 1 port., 12mo.
- KRIEBEL (Rev. Reuben). Genealogical Record of the Descendants of the Schwenkfelders, who arrived in Pennsylvania in 1733, 1734, 1736, 1737. From the German of the Rev. Balthasar Heebner, and from other sources. Manayunk: Joseph Yeakel, 1879. XXXII, 339 p., 8vo.
- ACHENBACH. [Houtz (Mrs. Sarah Jane).] Family Memorial of John Philip Achenbach and Descendants in the United States. Topeka, [Kan.]: [1866?] 39 p., illus., 8vo.
- ANTHON. Anthon (Charles Edward). Narrative of the Settlement of George Christian Anthon in America, and of the Removal of the Family from Detroit and its Establishment in New York City. New York: Bradstreet Press, 1872. 22 p., 4to.
- ASTOR FAMILY. [A folded chart.] 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ by 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Hendrick (Burton J.). The Astor Fortune. (In McClure's Magazine, Vol. 24, pp. 563-578 (April, 1905). Extract in Lenox Library.)
- BEAUMAN. Fairchild (Mary C. Doll, editor). Memoirs of Colonel Sebastian Beauman and his Descendants, with Selections from his Correspondence. N. p., 1900, 3 p. l., 137 p., 2 pl., 1 port., 12mo.
- BEIDLER. Fretz (Rev. A. J.). A Genealogical Record of the Descendants of Jacob Beidler, of Lower Milford Township, Bucks County, Pa. Elkhart, Ind.: Mennonite Publ. Co., 1903. XVI, 549 p., 1 map, 15 pl., 39 portr., 12mo.
- BITSCH. Peahey (Samuel M.). A Memorial History of Peter Bitsche and a complete
- EGLÉ (William Henry). Pennsylvania Genealogies, Scotch-Irish and German. Harrisburg: Lane S. Hart, 1886. VIII, 720 pp., 8vo.
- RADBATT (C. F.). German-American Families in Maryland. (Society for the History of the Germans in Maryland, 6th report, 1891-1892, pp. 43-50.)
- CHAMBERS (Rev. Theodore Frelinghuysen). The Early Germans of New Jersey, their History, Churches and Genealogies. Dover, N. J.: Dover Printing Co., 1895. XIII p., 1 l., 667 pp., 1 facsim., 2 maps, 56 pl., 4 portr., 8vo.
- Family Register of his lineal Descendants and those related to him by Inter-marriage, from the year 1767 to 1892. Lancaster, Pa.: John Baer's Sons, 1892. 205 p., 12mo.
- BITTINGER. [Bittinger (Lucy Forney).] Bittinger and Bedinger Families, Descendants of Adam Büdinger. [Sewickley, Pa.] 1904. 4 p. l., 7-63 p., 8vo.
- BORNEMAN. Borneman (J. H.). The History of the Borneman Family in America, since the first settlers, 1721 to 1878. Boyertown, Pa.: J. H. Borneman, 1881, 114 p., 12mo.
- BRETZ. Parthemore (E. W. S.). Genealogy of the Ludwig Bretz Family, 1750-1890. Harrisburg, Pa.: Harrisburg Publ. Co., 1890. 7-142 p., 8vo.
- BRUBACHER. Brubacher (Jacob H.). The Brubacher Genealogy in America. Elkhart, Ind.: Mennonite Publ. Co., 1884. 243 p., 16mo.
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- ZUG.** See Hertzler.

Connecticut Claims in the Wyoming Valley

BY PROF. D. MONTFORT MELCHIOR, PERKIOMEN SEMINARY.

(Concluded.)

IN the meantime, however, Westmoreland had prospered. It was well defended and in the battle that ensued the New Englanders were successful, and the Pennsylvania provincials never again risked in battle the fortunes of their colony. In fact, had we not to relate the story of the hostility and the annihilation of the great Six Nations, the valley of Wyoming, majestic in the grandeur of its scenery, rich in the products of its soil, teeming with industry, might have been wrested from Pennsylvania forever.

The Indian alliance known as the Six Nations was the most formidable of all their many leagues. In the heart of New York they had their home, and, if we may judge by the careful statements of those who saw, they had there built up a civilization which, but for their ferocity in war, would have put them far above the plane of savages and barbarians. We learn from the journals of Beatty and of Rogers that they lived in towns built largely of wooden houses and painted like those of the white men. The fertile valley of the Mohawk was covered with fields of grain and orchards of apples and peaches; all was peace and happiness in the home of the red man. But it was not long to be so; English gold had persuaded them to espouse the cause of the Briton, and they had brought upon themselves the undying enmity of that generation which saw its own flesh and blood left tortured and bleeding in the wake of the tomahawk and firebrand.

The Wyoming valley had long seemed to them a prize worth striving for. What a home it had been to their kinsmen, the Delawares, the Shawanese and the Nanticokes, before the coming of the white man! What a spot it would be to build up new homes for the red man! What a nest of rebels to rout!

The Indians leagued with the British, led by the great Mohawk chief, Joseph

Brant, were under the influence of and controlled by Sir William Johnson, Sir John Johnson, John Butler and Walter Butler. They had their stronghold at Fort Niagara, whither also many Tories, driven out of patriot settlements, had fled. They had been harassing the New York frontier for months and won for themselves an unparalleled reputation for cruelty and savagery. The atrocities of the stony-hearted Tory almost seem to have exceeded the cruelties of the American savage. Fiske relates a story of an Indian who, after killing a mother and three children, was about to spare the life of a babe innocently smiling at him from its cradle, when his Tory companion pierced it with the point of his bayonet and holding it aloft, exclaimed: "Is not this also a damned rebel?"

Many Tories had been driven out of Wyoming by the patriots there and had gone to their rallying-places in New York, seeking to arouse the feelings of Tory and Indian alike against the loyal sons of Westmoreland. An attack was soon planned. The dangers were few; Pennsylvanians would likely give them little help, and the fighting force of the valley had been induced to join Washington's army, but not until it was promised that they should be allowed to return home at the first intimation of an Indian outbreak. Zebulon Butler, the old hero of the First Pennamite War, was left to defend the place with about three hundred old men and boys. The force moving against them consisted of about five hundred Tories and British and seven hundred Indians. Zebulon Butler advised waiting. Word had been sent to the army, and surely help would come. They could defend themselves for some time in their block-houses, but the younger element wanted to fight at once; they felt that success lay in immediately going out and routing the enemy before they

could fully carry out their plans. Butler was overruled and on the third of July, 1778, that little band went out to meet the enemy. Leonidas with his three hundred Spartans displayed no more courage at the pass of Thermopylae than did Butler and his three hundred patriots in going out against the twelve hundred savages (they were all savages) at Wyoming. For an hour this devoted band held its ground, but it was of no avail, the enemy closed in on them, and the massacre began. Never was savage cruelty so cruel as at Wyoming. Many were shot in the thigh-bone, so that they might be reserved for torture; others were butchered in attempting to escape. The tomahawk and scalping-knife left but a handful, and it was well, for those left were reserved for most horrible tortures. Some were held down on burning logs with pitchforks, others were burned at the stake. One old squaw, Queen Esther, arrayed sixteen of the prisoners around a large stone, and then she deliberately started around the circle, knocking out the brains of the poor fellows with her war-club. To-day this rock may be seen near Wyoming, six miles from Wilkes-Barre, enclosed by a steel cage as a protection from relic-hunters, and bearing this inscription:

Upon this Rock
The Indian Queen Esther
Slaughtered the Brave Patriots,
Taken in the Battle of July 3, 1778.
Preserved by the
Wyoming Valley Chapter
of the
Daughters of the American Revolution,
1895.

The next day there was no more bloodshed, but the Indians plundered and pilaged while the inhabitants, most of whom were women, fled from the valley to the settlements along the Delaware and Lehigh. In a swamp, since known as the "Shades of Death," nearly a hundred women and children died. The Indians finally withdrew. "The squaws brought up the rear riding on stolen horses, with the scalps stretched in hoops bound round their waists; their bodies covered with dresses worn one over the



GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN (1741-1795).

other, and their heads adorned in the same way with bonnets."*

The story of the massacre, as it spread, was made many times worse than it really was. In England and Europe much sympathy was felt for the unfortunates, who suffered at the hands of such savages; on the other hand it brought much odium against a civilized ministry which would sanction the aid of brutes in quelling a revolt among its own kin.

Washington was now thoroly aroused and in the summer of 1779 he sent General Sullivan with five thousand troops up into the Mohawk valley. The Indians knew what that meant, and did all in their power to ward off the coming blow. But Sullivan struck straight for the land of the Cayugas and the Senecas. Suffice it to say that after the battle of Newtown in August, where the Indians were routed with fearful slaughter, Sullivan's army of five thousand spent one month in devastating the rich fields and burning the little villages of the Mohawk valley. Fiske tells us that nearly forty of their towns were destroyed, the largest containing one hundred and twenty-eight houses.

Listen to these entries in the journal of Lieutenant Erkuries Beatty:

*Fisher.

Saturday, 14th.—Marched . . . to Onoquaga. This town was one of the neatest of the Indian towns on the Susquehanna; it was built on each side of the river with good log-houses with stone chimneys and glass windows; it likewise had a church and burying-ground and a great number of apple-trees.

. . . We burnt their town to ashes.

Monday, 30th. Our brigade destroyed about one hundred and fifty acres of the best corn I ever saw (some stalks grew sixteen feet high), besides great quantities of beans, potatoes, pumpkins and squashes.

Tuesday, 28th. Colonel Butler came in and informed us that they had destroyed on the East side of the Cayuga Lake three capital towns and a great number of scattering houses, and destroyed a great quantity of corn. The houses were much better built than any we had yet seen, and it was a very old settled country, as they had great numbers of apple and peach trees, which they likewise cut down.

Years afterward, Big Tree, a famous Seneca, while visiting Philadelphia, met Washington and addressed him thus: "Father, when your army entered the country of the Six Nations, we called you the Town-Destroyer; to this day, when your name is heard, our women look behind and turn pale, and our children cling closer to the necks of their mothers."*

The ensuing winter was one of the coldest on record. The homeless Indians starved and froze to death; the power of the mighty Six Nations was broken forever.

Thus ended the Second Pennamite

*Fisher.

War, leaving the Wyoming valley destitute, the Connecticut settlers having been ejected for the sixth time.

After the Revolution the dispute was referred to Congress, which provided for a commission to meet at Trenton, N. J., to settle the dispute. This body met, and after six weeks' deliberation rendered this decision:

We are unanimously of opinion that the State of Connecticut has no right to the lands in controversy. We are also unanimously of opinion that the jurisdiction and preemption of all the territory lying within the charter boundary of Pennsylvania, and now claimed by the State of Connecticut, do of right belong to the State of Pennsylvania.

The Pennsylvania claim being thus sustained, the question of ownership of the estates in the valley arose, since both Connecticut and Pennsylvania claimants held titles. After years of shameful and disgraceful conduct on the part of Pennsylvania a decision was reached in 1807 whereby the Connecticut claimants were confirmed in their possession of the estates, and those Pennsylvanians who had acquired title before 1787 could release and be paid in money.

This in brief is the history of a struggle within our own Commonwealth, of which the majority of our citizens know little, but which threatened for a while to tear away from us one of the most fertile, most productive and most industrious sections of our State.

SCHNITZPEI

By E. M. ESHELMAN, Takoma Park, D. C.

Die guta Weibslait do daheem—
Ich kann sie nie vergessa—
Die macha's bescht un's schenschta Sach,
Apartig for zu essa.
Ich bin draus in der Welt rum gewest,
In viel Schtädt, gross un fei;
Doch haw ich oft recht Heemweh krigt,
For juscht en Schtick Schnitzpei.

Ich weess noch as en kleiner Chap—
So 'n rechter "Wunnerfütz"—
Die Mam backt "'shoo fly"-Kucha, Brot
Un's bescht—paar Pei vun Schnitz.
Nau macht sie's Offadohr mol uf:
O so 'n Geruch—juche!
Ich sag ken Lieg: ich hab getschumpt
Schur drei Fuss in die Heh.

O, juscht mol widder for en Beiss—
Des war gewiss en Glick—
Darch die brau Kruscht—hm, was'n
G'schmack!

G'schwind, schneid mer mol en Schtick.
So wie die Mam gebacka hot,
Die sin mer juscht "all right."
En pennsylvania-deitsch Schnitzpei,
Des is mei favor-ite.

Ich weess en Mädle, gleicht mich gut;
Sie wohnt net weit aweg.
Sie is ah herrlich, schmärt un gut,
Un siess wie Zuckerg'schleck.
Doch meind—eb sie mich heira dut—
Es kann net annerscht sei—
Do muss sie backa kenna—heerscht?—
En rechter guter Schnitzpei.

A Genealogical Trip to Switzerland

BY OSCAR KUHN, AUTHOR OF "GERMAN AND SWISS SETTLEMENTS OF PENNSYLVANIA," ETC.

IN the summer of the year 1900 I went abroad with the intention of spending a year there. One of the things I wanted to do was to visit those parts of Switzerland from which came the early settlers of Lancaster county, among whom was my ancestor, Bishop John Herr. The original home of these settlers, tho' many had lingered a number of years in the Palatinate, was in the cantons of Berne and Zurich. In the fall of 1900 I spent the month of October in the delightful old city of Berne, working in the city library and making trips to the outlying country.

It was a matter of interest to me to see how many Lancaster county names are to be found in the graveyards of canton Berne. Thus in the little town of Muri I found the following names on the tombstones: Burki, Rohrer, Strahm, Maurer, Brechbühl and Gerber. In the directory of the village of Lauperswyl, the names Berger, Bieri, Stauffer occur; in Eggiswyl Neukomm, Gaumann, Hochstetter, Holdiman, Galli; in Lützelflüh Flückiger and Schürch; in Langnau, Aeschlimann and Wisler; in Diessbach, Rüeggsegger and Krähenbühl.

The chief object, however, of my visit to Switzerland was the village of Langnau, in the Emmenthal, a few miles from the city of Berne. I had read with great interest the book on *Die Bernischen Täufer* by Pastor Müller of that place, and had determined to visit him.

In his book he gives an account of the circumstances which led to the large emigration of the Mennonites of the Emmenthal in 1709-10, many of whom later migrated to America and formed the first white settlement in Lancaster county, under Bishop John Herr and Martin Kendig.

Among these emigrants were Ulrich Fahrni, of Schwarzenegg; Bendicht Maurer, of Diessbach; Heinrich Wenger, of Moglenburg; Martin Strahm, of Hochstetten; Peter Gerber and his wife,

Verena Aeschlimann, of Langnau; Nikolas Baungartner, of Trub; Hans Wisler, of Langnau; Daniel Neukomm, of Eggiswyl; Katherine Haldimann, of Hochstetten; Barbara Rohrer, of Bolligen; Hans Schallenberger and Elizabeth Neuenchwander, of Trub; Hans Hauri, of Lenzburg; Maria Vögli, of Herzogenbuchsee; Peter Krähenbühl and Barbara Rüeggsegger, of Diessbach; Hans Zürcher, of Frutigen, and others.

It was the fifteenth of October when I took the train from Berne for Langnau. The day was beautiful, the country superb. Everywhere stretched the luxuriant grass like a green velvet carpet. Hill and valley, river and stream, picturesque villages and lonely houses made a varied landscape of ever changing interest, while on the distant horizon one could see the high mountains of the Bernese *Oberland*, covered with snow. Surely no fairer country could be found in the world.

I was kindly received by Pastor Müller, took dinner with him in his spacious *chalet*, and after visiting the church, went to the town-hall, where the church-books of the district are preserved from 1555 down to the present.

I had a really delightful time in the sunny, clean and cheerful room, turning over these old volumes containing the names of the ancestors of so many Lancaster county families. Here I found that in 1556 were baptized Peter, son of Bendicht Aeschlimann, and Verena, daughter of Oswald Zürcher; in 1557, Hans, son of Christian Brechbühl; in 1558, Uoli Zoug (Zug); in 1562, Peter Kräyenbühl, and so on.

Among the other names were Oberli, Kündig, Frantz, Haldiman, Bichsel, Boss, Stram, Schenk, Gutt, Leeman, Longenegger, Gerber, Lautz.

After spending the afternoon with Pastor Müller in visiting the town and surrounding country of Langnau and the Emmenthal I took the train back to

Berne, having spent a most delightful day in the original home of many of our Lancaster county families.

In the library at Berne I found a number of old books and manuscripts dealing with the Swiss Mennonites, both in the cantons of Berne and Zürich. As is well known, many of the Pennsylvania Mennonites came also from Zürich. It was not till the following spring that I found the opportunity of visiting that city. I came up from Italy in the month of May and spent two weeks working in the *Stadtbibliothek* and taking trips to the villages whence the Mennonites originally came.

Here in the old Latin chronicles I could read how "*Johannes Landis Tigurinus* (of Zürich) *anno 1614 decollatus erat et sua bona confiscata fuerant*";* how Hans and Stephan Zehnder and Heinrich Frick were haled before the magistrates. Similar mention was made of Mennonites named Baumgartner, Ringier, Bachmann, Bruppacher, Egli, Müller, etc.

Among the interesting books in manuscript in the Zürich library is a large folio *Zürcher Geschlechter-Buch*, with hand-painted coats of arms. Here are to be found the families Aebli, Armbrüster, Appenzeller, Böckli, Boss, Brennemann, Bruner, Gerwer, Kündig, Landis, Meili and others.

Another book is entitled *Eine ausführliche Relation oder Beschreibung aus Carolina*, printed in Berne, 1742.

About this time so many Swiss were emigrating to Pennsylvania that the government thought it necessary to take measures to put a stop to it. One way of doing this was to frighten would-be colonists by painting the danger of such voyages. Hence the following pamphlet (in the Zürich library): "*Eine Leyder Wahrhafftige traurige Geschichte und Beschreibung wie im nächst abgewichenem Monat Julii, dieses noch lauffenden*

*"Was behendet und his goods were confiscated."

1751sten Jahres, Ein grosses Schiff nach West Indien mit 468 personen, welche von Rotterdam in die neue Welt abgefahren, zwischen Pennsylvanien und Philadelphia aber jämmerlich untergangen und zerscheitert, mithin schier alle darauf befundene Seelen ein lamentables Ende genommen. Welche wahre Geschichte nach gethaner Relation auch von einer poetischen Feder ist beschrieben worden in diesem Jahr 1754."*

In 1735 a description of a journey from Zürich to America by Ludwig Weber was published. Among those who are mentioned here as going to Pennsylvania are Heinrich, Jacob and Kilian Düfen-dörffer aus Bassenstorff. These are probably the ancestors of many of the Dieffenderfer family.

In the manuscript book of decrees passed by the authorities of Zürich are to be found "mandates" under the years 1734, 1735, 1736, etc., forbidding any one to leave the land without special permission, also threatening with punishment the "*öftern im Land herum ziehende Aufwiegler und Verführer zu solch gefährlichen und verderblichen Reisen.*"†

The above is a very brief sketch of some of the interesting facts that I learned in my trip to Switzerland. It is beyond doubt that there in the villages around Berne and Zürich the ancestors of many Pennsylvania-German families lived for centuries before going to America. The reader, however, must be warned that it is well-nigh impossible to connect the original colonist in Pennsylvania with the family in Switzerland.

*"An unfortunately true sad story and account of a large ship which, in the late month of July of the current year 1754, sailed for the West Indies with 468 persons going from Rotterdam to the New World, but was miserably foundered and shattered between Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, so that almost every soul on board found a lamentable end. Which true event having been made known to the public, has been further described by a poetic pen in this year 1754."

†"Agitators who frequently move about the country, inducing the people to make such dangerous and destructive journeys."

Rev. WILLIAM J. BILBER died at Hellertown, August 5, aged 52. He was born in Kutztown and was a graduate of the Keystone State Normal School, Muhlenberg College and Mount Airy (Lutheran) Seminary.

PHILIP H. LAUFMAN, who came to Pittsburg penniless and barefoot in 1840, died there August 6, leaving a fortune of six to ten millions. He was born in the Cumberland valley in 1822.

Historic Buildings of the Lehigh Valley

BY CHARLES R. ROBERTS, SECRETARY OF THE LEHIGH COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

I.

The Oldest House in Lehigh County

ABOUT five hundred feet to the right of the trolley-line leading from Allentown to Slatington, measuring from a turn in the road before going under the "Iron Bridge" of the Catasauqua and Fogelsville railroad, stands the oldest house in Lehigh county. It is a stone building, thirty feet long and twenty-one feet wide, with a large attic, and was built in 1744 by Peter Troxell.

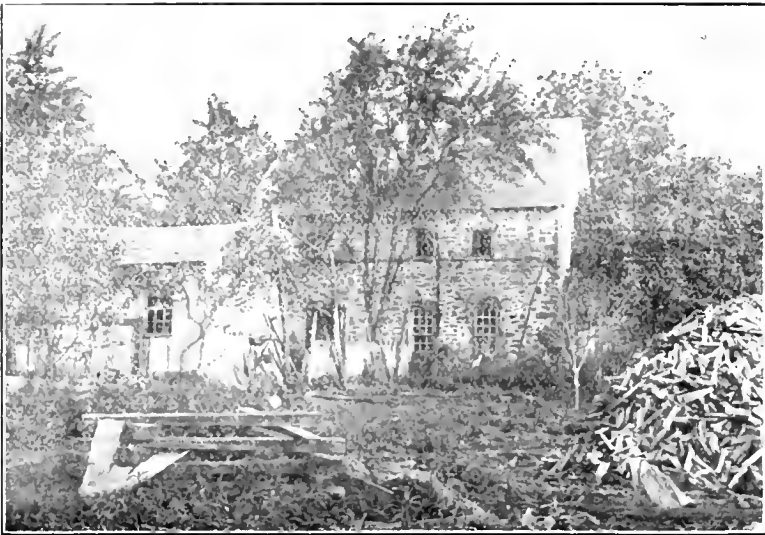
Some years ago a commodious hearth which occupied a large part of the kitchen was removed, when the mantelpiece was found to contain the figures "1744." The floors of the house are of oak and several of the small, deep-seated windows still contain the original oaken frames. There are also several of the original door-latches still remaining. Although not now inhabited, the building bids fair to stand yet another century, for its walls are thick and strong.

In this old building Peter Troxell for some years entertained travelers, and in

the tax-lists of 1761 we find him taxed ten pounds as an innkeeper. The customary charge at that time was one shilling for supper, lodging and breakfast. Water was no doubt obtained from the Jordan creek, which is but a few steps from the house.

The builder of this old dwelling was one of the earliest and most prominent settlers of Whitehall township. In old records we find his name spelled in various ways: *Drachsel*, *Draxel*, *Droxel*, *Trachscl*, *Travel* and *Troxel*.

Peter Troxell was a native of Switzerland, and landed at Philadelphia on August 17, 1733, when, according to the records, he was forty-two years of age, with his wife, Juliana Catharina, aged thirty-six years, and two sons, Peter, aged nine, and Daniel, aged seven. In signing the oath of allegiance to the king, he wrote his name "Petter Drachsel." He settled at Egypt, where we find his name in 1734 in the Egypt Reformed church records, recording the



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN LEHIGH COUNTY

birth of his son David on July 27, 1734, and his baptism by Rev. Boehm on September 23, 1734. Again he is mentioned in the records in 1736, when a son John was baptized. Here he is referred to as church-censor of the congregation. On July 27, 1737, he is mentioned as deacon of the Reformed congregation. His name continues to appear in the records as parent or sponsor until 1744.

John, Thomas and Richard Penn granted on November 8, 1743, to Caspar Wistar, brass-button maker, of Philadelphia, two tracts of one hundred acres each, and on November 10, 1743, Caspar Wistar and his wife Catharine granted to Peter Troxell these two tracts, then in his actual possession, a bill of sale having been made in 1742. Peter Troxell mortgaged these two tracts on January 12, 1754, to Lynford Lardner for £294. The house is mentioned in the mortgage, and the land is described as "situated on a branch of Leli creek, called Indian creek."

The land owned by Peter Troxell became the property of his eldest son, Peter Troxell, who was born in Switzerland in January, 1724. He had seven sons and seven daughters, of whom five sons grew to manhood; four of these sons received land from their father during his lifetime.

Jacob Troxell received a tract of 128 acres on May 14, 1783. Daniel Troxell received a tract of 180 acres and 140 perches on May 22, 1783, and a tract of 62 acres and 72 perches on December 8, 1790. The eldest son, Peter Troxell, received a tract of 194 acres and 54 perches

by deed dated July 22, 1783. Lorenz Troxell received a tract of 104 acres and 29 perches on December 18, 1790.

These five tracts adjoined one another and upon them are still standing five stone houses of various ages, built by members of the Troxell family. One house, evidently built by Lorenz Troxell, stands on the tract owned by him, which he sold December 5, 1809, for £2400, to his brother Peter, who on March 25, 1816, sold it to his son John for £2500. John Troxell's son John then became the owner, and from him it passed out of the family. On the Daniel Troxell tract are two stone houses: one built by Daniel in 1800, now owned by James Troxell, his great-grandson, and the other supposed to have been built by Peter, son of Daniel Troxell. The old house built in 1744 stands on the Peter Troxell tract of 194 acres, on which also stands a house built by Peter Troxell third.

This tract of 194 acres and 54 perches was deeded March 26, 1816, by Peter Troxell and his wife Elenora, to their sons Daniel and Peter for £4000, with another tract of 13 acres and 152 perches. The brothers Daniel and Peter divided the tract in 1817. Daniel Troxell became possessed of the tract containing the old homestead. He died August 6, 1826, and by decree of the Orphans' Court, dated March 5, 1840, the tract, containing 109 acres and 120 perches, was adjudged to his eldest son Daniel, who on April 8, 1854, sold the tract to Michael Minnich, whose son, Monelius Minnich, is now the owner of the house and farm.

THE PASSING.

A little joy;
A little strife;
Hope, fear, hate, love—
And this is life.
A little pain;
A shortened breath;
Ease, rest, peace, sleep—
And this is death.
The song, the sigh,
The evening call—
Thus live, thus die,
Thus pass we all.

DER VORUEBERGANG.

Ein bischen Freude und
Ein wenig Leid;
Furcht, Hoffnung, Liebe, Hass—
Füllt uns're Lebenszeit.
Ein weichen Schmerz
Und kurze Atemnot,
Dann Ruhe, Frieden, Schlaf—
So tritt heran der Tod.
Gesang und Klage, dan
Der Ruf zur Ruh'—
So geh'n wir allesammt
Dem sichern Ziele zu.

The Wild Rose of Bethlehem

An Original Tale by the "Little Hunchback," Translated
from the German

(Continued)

MR OPLINGER produced a string of shells from behind a bottle in the cupboard. "Here," he continued, "is something I took off the rascal. He carried this in his bosom, and men like Conrad Weiser may be able to guess thereby what this stray Shawnee was after in this locality. Conrad knows the redskins thoroly and will come this way again next week; then he shall explain this thing and send it to the Governor, if he thinks proper."

At this point Rosie could no longer restrain herself. She recognized the string of shells as hers, yet did not know how to get possession of it. She certainly had to get it into a safer place than the corner-cupboard of a lone woodland-inn, and quickly formed her plan.

She asked Guthrie to see the Indian's body. This request was readily granted when Guthrie told the landlord that Conrad Weiser had brought this girl to Trout Hall and that she was being sent by Governor Denny to Neu-Gnadenhütten.

Rosie recognized in the slain Indian the same Shawnee whom she had struck down the day before, and who had evidently tried to hasten his flight by stealing a horse. Tho' careful to speak in broken English, she succeeded in convincing the landlord and Guthrie of the necessity of delivering the mysterious string at once to the Governor. It was given to Guthrie, who hid it safely in his saddlebags.

Soon after supper Rosie was sent to bed with the girls. Oplinger, Guthrie and the other guests sat together until midnight, entertaining one another with adventurous stories of pioneer life. Next morning Guthrie, Rosie and the two Indians continued their journey to Gnadenhütten, which they reached the same day.

6. A Meeting in the Mission-House

The land of the first settlement of the Moravians on the Mahoning creek, where since 1746 they had been teaching the Mohegans the gospel of Christ and the tilling of the soil, had been gradually impoverished. This fact, in connection with the disturbances caused by Teddyuscung, who had persuaded some of the Indians to break off their intercourse with the whites, induced those indefatigable missionaries in 1754 to remove to the north side of the Lehigh. There they built another chapel and again erected their cabins in two rows, one for the Delawares, the other for the Mohegans. The new settlement was called Neu-Gnadenhütten. The brethren of Bethlehem

undertook to cultivate the old estate across the river for the benefit of the Indian congregations and changed the old chapel into a dwelling-house for those of their number who managed the farm, as well as a lodging-place for itinerant missionaries.

At this mission-station Guthrie delivered the Governor's letter and Rosie. The brethren had been informed of the latter's deplorable departure from the community at Bethlehem and, knowing the interest Spangenberg had taken in the girl's strange fate, they were the more willing to admit her upon the Governor's recommendation. The sisters received Rosie very kindly—in fact, too kindly, for they immediately separated her from Guthrie, whom she did not see again before he went away. The peaked cap was again put on her head, and she was privileged to remain in the mission-house. She worked diligently in field and kitchen, fully confident that her talisman was safe and that Glendon Heatherfield would be true to her. Yet weeks and months passed without her hearing a word of him. Autumn stripped the forests of their leaves, and winter covered hill and dale with deep snow; still there was no message from Glendon. Yet the brave-hearted girl never gave way to despair.

How her faithful heart began to throb one afternoon near the end of April, 1755, when, standing by the well in front of the house, she saw two riders drawing near! One was a missionary, the other a British officer, whom she knew but too well. Tho' the regulations were not observed quite as strictly at Gnadenhütten as at Bethlehem, they required her to retire and avoid coming in contact with strangers. But Glendon Heatherfield had come to see and speak with his Esther Ellen and would not allow the rules of the pious hostelry to stand in the way of his amorous impulses. He had given hints to the missionary who accompanied him from Bethlehem and who now obtained permission for him to interview Rosie in the presence of a sister. When Rosie entered the room and shyly held out her hand, Glendon, forgetting where he was and who was watching, caught her to his bosom and kissed her impetuously. This so scared the pious sister standing by that she hurried from the room, leaving the lovers alone—just as they desired to be.

Naturally, Rosie first inquired about the string of shells and was astonished to hear that Glendon had not seen the Governor's messenger after his return. Still Glendon never doubted that Guthrie, who was a trustworthy

man, had handed it to the Governor and that he could manage to get it in some way. "I shall certainly obtain your talisman from the Governor," he said, "if you will allow me to reveal your true name and history. Rest assured that the string is in safe keeping, and as you have promised to tell me the whole secret of the saving of your life, if I would visit you at Gnadenhütten, I now ask you, my beloved girl, to fulfil that promise."

"I will," said Rosie, drawing her chair nearer to Heatherfield so that she could lean her head against his shoulder and seize his hand. "You know about the cruel surprise of the Indians at Shekomeko, where my father and mother, my two older brothers and myself were visiting Alfred Evans at the time. In a moment of passion my father had shot a Mohegan, and the latter's kinsmen, who were not ignorant of English, had sworn bloody revenge. Only Nobscofen's opportune appearance saved me from the fate of the rest. He tore me from the bloody hands of an infuriated redskin and, after he had drawn some rings from the fingers of my parents who lay murdered before me, he carried me far away to the vicinity of Niagara Falls. There I lived five years among the Indians, who treated me like their own child. Every year Nobscofen came for a few days to look after me, and I need not tell you, Glendon, how thankfully I always greeted him.

"I had become reconciled to my Indian mode of life and felt no desire to return to my countrymen, for I knew that all my blood-relations on this side of the ocean were dead. Now and then Canadian traders would come to exchange furs and pelts. These always made inquiries about me, but I never dreamt that they were planning a deviltry until the day Nobscofen secretly told me that I must leave the village unobserved, without saying good-by to the people I had learned to love, for the white traders had laid a plan to kidnap me or put me out of the way somehow. My implicit trust in Nobscofen left me no choice in the matter; I followed him and he took me to an English settler near Montreal, an educated man named Rutherford, in whose kind family I spent two years. Nobscofen had told those people that I was a child stolen from the whites, and if they would care for me awhile he would find my relatives. As for me, he adjured me not to tell a word about my earlier life before he would permit me. He had learned that the English traders out of whose trap he had snatched me wanted to substitute another girl for me as heiress of the Glendon estate in Scotland, and that they needed nothing but the few rings he had kept and was wearing in a string around his neck. When I asked him why he did not take me directly to some English settlement, he gave me to understand that the Mohegans had not yet lost sight of me; as long as they believed I was living among the Indians their insatiable desire of revenge would be kept quiet, but as soon as I returned among the whites hundreds of innocent settlers

would feel their bloodthirsty fury. 'The Indian whom your father shot,' he said with an earnestness that I shall never forget, 'was a kinsman of the great chief Teedyuscung, and if he gives the signal, all the frontier settlements will be burned and hundreds will be massacred.' He told me I should stay with the Rutherstons only a short time, until he had found a safe refuge for me, where I should not rouse the revengeful feelings of the Mohegans and yet be safe from the shameful intrigues of those who were trying to get my family's property, until time should bring an opportunity for my complete liberation."

"But how came it," Heatherfield interrupted, "that Nobscofen cared for you so faithfully?"

"He told me himself. Two years before he was murdered, my father had saved Nobscofen's life, who then considered it his duty to do me the same service. He associated much with the Moravian missionaries and used all his influence with his tribesmen to prevent them from shedding the white man's blood."

"And why did you leave Rutherford's family?" asked Heatherfield.

"For two years I neither saw nor heard anything of Nobscofen and often feared he had met with an accident. But one day he came unexpectedly, bringing the tidings, very disagreeable to me and all the family, that I must leave without delay. In spite of the protests of the Rutherstons I departed with him that same night, returning to the wild life of the redskins after I had spent two pleasant years in a refined family-circle. We wandered first to Wyoming, and finally Nobscofen brought me to Bethlehem. What followed there, you know."

"And to what do you attribute the murder of your friend?"

"The same Shawnee who tried to surprise us, has shot him. And he was not hired by my mortal enemies; he was the tool of the villains who are trying to get my property. He has found the reward he deserved, and if you think, Glendon, that telling the Governor this story will induce him to part with the string of shells, you may do as you see fit. I have only one concern, since Nobscofen is gone, and that is to appease the revenge of Teedyuscung."

"I know the character of this implacable, bloodthirsty chieftain, who is even now preparing to join the French and devastate the British settlements. But Conrad Weiser knows him very well, and it may be possible thro' Weiser to effect a reconciliation with him."

Here a sister knocked at the door and announced to Rosie that this blasphemous conversation had to cease. Glendon took a short leave, expressing the hope that he might ere long lead away Rosie publicly as his bride. He left the mission-house ere night, and Rosie listened patiently to the sisters, who admonished her never again to converse with unformed men alone.

7. With Braddock on the Monongahela

The business on which Governor Denny had sent Major Heatherfield to Bethlehem and Easton was soon accomplished, and two weeks after his leaving Philadelphia he reappeared before the Governor, prepared not only to report very favorably upon the result of his mission, but also to reveal Rosie's secret without further delay and obtain leave to go to Scotland in her behalf to find her kinsfolk and lay claim to her rights as the next surviving heir of the Glendon family.

Poor, deluded dreamer! All his lovely visions of joy and happiness as the deliverer and husband of Esther Ellen Glendon, so long considered lost, vanished like bubbles before the scandalous rumors that had preceded him from Gadenhütten. Instead of meeting a kind reception, he had to listen to the bitterest reproaches of the Governor. It was known that before he had uttered a word of his official business at Bethlehem, he had tried to find a guide to Gadenhütten; it was known also that he had gravely offended the brethren and sisters there by his private talk with Rosie; and, as usual, these rumors had grown in size as they flew along. All Heatherfield's excuses availed nothing; the Governor would not listen to any explanations or secrets; and when the major faintly alluded to getting a furlough for a voyage to Europe, Governor Denny quite forgot his usual dignity and self-control. Stamping the floor, he cried passionately: "General Braddock, whom I was expecting from England last season, has arrived with a strong detachment of troops, to chastise the impertinent Frenchmen in the Northwest—and thither, Glendon Heatherfield, you will go, but not to Scotland. What! Would you so lightly regard your duty as an officer and your honor as a member of my family as not only to fool around with a worthless half-breed Indian girl, but also, in the very moment when there is opportunity to prove your courage and skill as an officer, cowardly turn your back to the fight? I have to command you, Major Heatherfield, and I want you to report to General Braddock this very day, to help him organize his corps. I will drive this idiotic passion out of your head. For shame, Glendon, for shame! Not a word more. Go and report to General Braddock."

What could Heatherfield do but yield to the inevitable? He certainly must win back the Governor's favor, if he wanted to get possession of that string of shells. He reported to General Braddock and was at once sent to Virginia, to hasten the organization of a regiment of colonial troops. His journey to Williamsburg was somewhat diverting, not only enabling him to see new sections of the country, but also giving him opportunity to get acquainted with Colonel Washington, who was then twenty-three years old and to be put in command of a Virginia regiment. The tall, noble form, the proud yet friendly bearing of

the young Virginian colonel, his intimate knowledge of the borderlands of the Ohio and his proven valor and skill as a soldier, impressed Heatherfield so favorably that upon his return he recommended to General Braddock the choice of Colonel Washington as one of his aides. The recommendation, being endorsed by others, was carried out. Heatherfield was also appointed an aide, and when Washington learned of the friendly service done him, the attachment between the two young men was greatly strengthened. Often they sat together by the camp-fire, talking of life in Old England and relating their adventures in the colonies. Their intimacy grew, and one night Glendon felt moved to tell the young Virginian his love-experience with Rosie and to ask his advice in the matter. Washington showed much interest and promised Heatherfield to use his influence with Governor Denny in his behalf, upon his return from the war.

About the middle of June Braddock's army started from Wells Creek for Fort du Quesne, built by the French where Pittsburg now stands. To advance more rapidly, General Braddock determined to move ahead with twelve hundred picked men, while Colonel Dunbar followed more slowly with the main body and the baggage. Crossing the Alleghenies, however, was connected with so many difficulties that the twelve hundred men did not reach the Monongahela before July 8. General Braddock decided to attack Fort du Quesne next day, and Lieutenant-Colonel Gage was sent ahead with three hundred British soldiers, while the rest followed. As soon as Colonel Washington heard of his general's plan, he respectfully but determinedly tried to dissuade him, pointing out the dangers of the wilderness and requesting to be sent ahead with some colonial troops, to fight the savages in their own way; but he was rudely rebuffed for his wise and well meant warning.

About seven miles from the fort the Monongahela was crossed again, and the little army was just marching in a clearing thro' tall grass, when a strong volley suddenly caused disorder in the front ranks. The main detachment was then led forward in columns three men deep. The French commander, M. Beaujeu, was killed at the first volley, and this caused the French, who were much fewer in numbers than the English, but entirely familiar with the locality, to cease firing for a little while. General Braddock believed the enemy had already fled; Colonel Washington again advised caution, and before the haughty Briton could give another contemptuous reply, the attack was renewed with great fury. A fearful carnage followed; hiding behind trees, rocks and bushes, the Indians poured a deadly fire into the British ranks. Officers and men fell mortally wounded, and their surviving comrades, tho' eager to avenge their death, could not see the foe. The whole army was in confusion; yet their stubborn general would not think of retreating. He insisted that good soldiers

must reform their ranks in the midst of a fire. Washington and Heatherfield galloped from side to side to carry out this insane order. The fire of the Indians and French became more and more destructive; yet General Braddock would not yield until five horses had been shot under him and all his aides, Colonel Washington only excepted, had been wounded, like himself, or killed.

When Braddock fell, there was nothing to stay the retreat. Heatherfield had lost two horses and was slightly wounded, yet he assisted Colonel Washington in covering the retreat until the worst danger had passed.

Sixty-four out of eighty-five officers and about half the whole number of private soldiers were killed or wounded in that memorable defeat. Under cover of Colonel Washington's Virginia Rangers the shattered army hastily retreated to Colonel Dunbar's camp, where Braddock died, then continued its march back across the mountains.

Colonel Washington selected Heatherfield to carry the news of the disaster to Governor Denny and praised the young major's conduct so warmly that the Governor felt much more kindly disposed toward him. As over-exertion had caused Heatherfield's wound to become serious, the Governor even promised to send him on a special mission to the English government, as soon as he would be fully restored to health.

8. The Proof of Rosie's Identity

For several months Heatherford suffered from his wounds. The careful nursing he received at the Governor's house and the kind attentions shown him by the Allens during his attacks of delirium had so far effaced the unpleasant remembrance of his relations to Rosie — by which he had, in their eyes, debased himself — that he determined to postpone the triumph of a complete vindication to a day when the legal rights of his bride would be judicially acknowledged and he could furnish proof that she was indeed Esther Ellen Glendon, so long considered lost. As he slowly convalesced, his first effort was to get possession of the string of shells. He was sure of going to Europe as soon as his health would permit; but as he could not know how long his business there would detain him, he decided after mature consideration to select a friend to whom he might entrust his secret and who would keep a watchful eye on Rosie during his absence. Mrs. Allen seemed the best suited to this purpose, and the more he thought of the matter the more he became convinced that she could procure the string of shells for him without causing attention. His opportunity came soon; he visited Mrs. Allen and found her alone. Without much circumlocution and with a frankness which at once convinced that lady of the truth of his statements he told her all that had happened between Rosie and him, showed her the real purpose of his going to

Europe and requested her as a friend to aid his enterprise. Mrs. Allen raised a good many objections, but Heatherfield calmly and serenely disposed of them all, and finally she promised to help him to the string of shells, to take Rosie under her special supervision and to keep perfectly mum about the affair.

Quite easily she accomplished the first part of her task. Pretending a desire to send her friends in Europe a few American curios, she obtained the Governor's leave to select, with Heatherfield's assistance, some of the Indian presents of which he had an abundance, and of course they did not fail to include among these the long coveted talisman, whose significance the Governor had forgotten.

The next step was to advise Rosie of her lover's voyage and to let her know that in case of trouble she might apply for help to Mrs. Allen, who had devised an ingenious plan to this effect. Immediately after Heatherfield's departure she would propose to her friends to have Rosie married to a converted Indian; this would enable her to open communication with the girl.

At last Heatherfield was well again, and in the morning of November 24, 1755, he sailed from New York. After a tedious voyage he reached London, where he attended to Governor Denny's special errands without delay. His next object was to get all possible information about the relations and estate of the Scotch family Glendon. He journeyed to Edinburg, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Elgin, Nairn, and at last found reliable information at Inverness. There lived a widowed sister of the murdered Colonel Glendon. Heatherfield sought her and found her fully informed of the terrible fate of her brother's family. But when he began to speak of Esther Ellen, the old lady burst into tears and began to talk so strangely of the misfortune that had befallen the girl — a misfortune almost as great as that of her parents — that Heatherfield involuntarily began to suspect that the fraud from which Nohscopen had tried to shield Rosie was already being carried out. Concealing his own knowledge of Rosie's history he tried to induce the good old lady to give him a connected story of what she thought she knew. He was told that Rosie had indeed been saved, when her parents were murdered, by a friendly Indian, and that she had grown up among the Indians on the Canadian border; but later she had come to know and married a French officer, who now laid claim to her large inheritance and was expected soon to arrive at Inverness with his wife. This Frenchman, she said, had resigned his post and proposed to enter the English service, in order to remove the difficulties in the way of securing his wife's claims. The old lady could not find words to express her disgust that Esther Ellen, whom she had so often carried in her arms as a child, had so far degenerated among the horrible redskins of America that she could har-ily

speak a word of her native tongue and but a little French.

All this confirmed Heatherfield's suspicions, and he determined to proceed with all possible caution and perseverance to unmask the intended fraud and secure the rights of his betrothed. He intimated to the old lady that he had come to contest this Frenchman's claims and therefore wished to consult with a trusted friend of the family as to what was to be done next. Mrs. Reed at first desired to know all the details her-self, but when she found Heatherfield unwilling to tell her then, she invited him to attend a family-council at her house next day.

Heatherfield returned to Mrs. Reed's house at the hour stated, but found only her brother-in-law, Leslie Reed, a noted lawyer, by whose advice the whole affair was to be kept quiet for the time being. Leslie Reed listened in silence to Heatherfield and then, like a lawyer, began to cross-question him in every possible way. Finally he inquired about that mysterious string of shells. Heatherfield produced it and the lawyer looked at it a long time, evi-

dently moved, as it seemed to clear away every doubt. Suddenly, however, he returned it to Heatherfield asking very earnestly: "But, Major, how do you know that the family heirlooms in question are really enclosed in these shells?"

This question thrilled Heatherfield like an electric shock. He had based all his assertions on that string of shells, and now for the first time the thought flashed thro' him, that he had no assurance of what those shells contained. The Shawnee who had stolen the string might have removed the rings, in which case, as Heatherfield himself, would stand in the light of a fraud. In unmistakable excitement he opened one of the shells with his knife; he paled and felt like sinking thro' the floor when it showed nothing but a ball of tree-rosin to which the shells adhered. The second shell was empty; so were the third and the fourth. The fifth shell contained another ball of rosin and all the rest were empty.

"Now, what of that?" asked Leslie Reed in tones of withering severity.

(To be concluded)

Literary Gems

BEHUET' DICH GOTT!

Aus "Der Trompeter von Säckingen," von
VICTOR VON SCHEFFEL.

Das ist im Leben hässlich eingerichtet,
Dass bei den Rosen gleich die Dornen steh'n,
Und was das arme Herz auch denkt und
dichtet,

Am Ende kommt das Voneinandergeh'n,
In Deinen Augen hab' ich einst gelesen;
Es glänzte d'rin von Lieb' und Treu' ein
Schein.

Behüt' Dich Gott, es wär' so schön gewesen!
Behüt' Dich Gott, es hat nicht sollen sein!

Leid, Hass und Neid, auch ich hab' sie
ertragen,

Ein sturmgeprüfter, müder Wandersmann,
Des Kampfes müde wollt' ich schon verzagen,
Da fuhrte mich mein Weg zu Dir hinan
In Deinen Armen wollt' ich ganz genesen.

Zum Danke Dir mein junges Leben weih'n;
Behüt' Dich Gott, es wär' so schön gewesen!
Behüt' Dich Gott, es hat nicht sollen sein!

Die Wolken flieh'n, der Wind saust durch die
Blätter,

Ein Regenschauer rauscht durch Wald und
Flur—

Zum Abschiednehmen just das rechte Wetter,
Mit meinem Herzen trauert die Natur.

Doch wend' es sich zum Guten oder Bösen,
Du schlanke Maid, in Treuen denk' ich Dein,
Behüt' Dich Gott, es wär' so schön gewesen!
Behüt' Dich Gott, es hat nicht sollen sein!

MAY GOD KEEP THEE!

Translation by JOHN H. VON BOLHUYCS.

Ah, that is one of life's eternal sorrows,
That thorns are standing where the roses
bloom,
And tho' the soul may dream of happy
morrrows,

The parting day comes with its deadly gloom.
Once, when thy glance thine inmost thoughts
expressed,

A gleam of love and truth shone in thine
eyes.

May God keep thee, life would have been so
blessed!

May God keep thee, 'twas fated otherwise!

I knew the woes of envy and of slander,

A storm-tossed traveler on a restless sea,
Tired of the battle, I would fain surrender,
When, lo, at last my way led up to thee!
I hoped my wounds, by thy soft arms caressed,
Would heal, and my young life should be thy
prize;

May God keep thee, life would have been so
blessed!

May God keep thee, 'twas fated otherwise!

'Mid flying clouds the wind through wood and
heather

Roars, and a rainstorm o'er the valley
sweeps—

Love, for our parting the ideal weather,

For with my weeping heart all nature weeps.
But tho' time make us happy or distressed,

I shall be true when thoughts of thee arise,
May God keep thee, life would have been so
blessed!

May God keep thee, 'twas fated otherwise!
—Wilkes-Barre Record.

SCHPOTJOHR

BY "SOLLY HULSBUCK."

Die Picnic-Zeit is nau vorbei.
Mer duhn der Schtrouhtud bal aweg,
Un kraatla in die Fedderdeck,
Un schaffa Holz un Kohla rei.

Die Dreschma-schin war darrich's Land;
Die Baura gehna in die Muhl.
Die Pirwie peift: "Es werd mer küh!"
Un trawelt noch em Summerland.

O, plenty siesser Cider do,
Macht Schmiersach uf da Winter hi'.
Der Jecky sauft die Eppelbrih,
For Laury's Droppa schpringt er no!

Die Maschsei johla laut un lang;
Welschhahna hocka uf der Fenz;
Die Schuler tschälbera wie die Gäns,
Un's Keschtaschwinga is im Gang.

Des is die lieblich Zeit vum Johr.
's is alles g'schafft, mer hockt sich hi'.
Die Polly hebt mich uf em Knie
Un roppt mich an da Whisker-Hoor.

Mer schwetza's iwer, weescht du. Wei,
Es is en Picnic, wann mer denkt,
Wie ee Herz in en amers henkt—
Die Picnic-Zeit is net vorbei.

Hei, denk mol — do is Kerbsaboi,
Un Brot un Butter, plenty ah,
Un dart en scheene, hiewe Frah,
Un dart en Scheier, g'schtofft voll Hoi!

Is sel net Picnic? Ei, gewiss!
Mer hen jo Picnic Dag for Dag,
Es ganz Johr rum, sel's was ich sag.
(Ich denk, ich krig mer'n nei Gebiss.)

WIE MER UNSER OFFA UFG'SCHELLETT HEN

ANOTHER DOMESTIC EXPERIENCE RELATED BY "PIT HAHNEWACKEL."

Die letscht Woch hen mer widder Haus gebutzt. Des heest, mei Weibslait—die Suss un die Maad—hen gebutzt; ich hab mich net meh dabei ufg'halta as ich grad gemisst hab. Verloss dich druf, ich hab net vergessa, wie ich 's Friljohr die Schpeicherschteng nummer g'fahra bin uf ma Schtück griene Seef, mit ma Eemervoll gro Wasser uf'm Schooss. Hu! 's laaft mer allaweil noch kalt da Buckel nummer, wann ich an selle Reid denk.

Ich hab's gut gemanetscht desmol, un 's is gut abganga ohne mich. Ich hab mich schun innerlich g'freet, 's wär all iwerschanna un ich kennt middags widder heem kumma for essa, do sacht mei Alte—'s war am Freid'g Owet: "Nau, Pit," sacht sie, "sin mer fertig Hausbutza, un 's is nix meh zu duh as da gross Offa ufzuschella in die Schtub. Dart geht's marga frih dra, un dart muschte helfa, eb du noch 'm Schap gehscht. Er is zu schwer for zwee Weibslait, un so viel, denk ich, kamschte doch duh." "O well," sag ich, "sel werd net lang nemma; den kenna mer vor Brekfäsch uf'schtella, wann mer schmärt sin."

Well, mer hen gut g'schlafa selle Nacht un da neeksch Marga, wie's noch dauschter war, sin mer dra'ganga. Die Suss hot mer alta Kleeder g'holt, no sin mer abg'schtrart noch'm Holzheisel, for da Offa hola. Ich hab varna Halt krigt un die zwee Weibslait hinna. 's is gut ganga bis an die Portschatrepp. Dart bin ich g'schlipt—'s war so hart gereift—un's neeksch haw ich uf da Knie g'hockt mit'm Offa in da Hesa. Sel war schun a schlecht Sein. 's hot mer siedig weh geduh, awer ich hab net viel g'saat; ich hab gewisst, das Niemand zupps dazof kann. Die Weibslait hen da Offa zurrückgezoga un a wenig g'schmunzelt; ich hab mich drunner rausgewickelt, die Bee bissel geriwa un frisch Halt gepackt.

's is widder gut ganga bis an die Dühr. Dart hen mer da Offa bissel dreha missa, weil's Loch net ganz gross genunk war. Ich hab mei End gedreht un glicklich ne'gebrocht; die Weibslait awer hen scheint's da letza Weg gedreht un sel hot no Truwel gemacht. Ich hab of course nix gewisst vun ihrem Truwel, bis sie gejohlt hen. 's war die Suss, wu gejohlt hot. "Autsch, autsch!" kreischt sie, "mei Dauma! Loss geh, ich bin fescht, loss geh!" Well, denk ich, do is ken Zeit zu verlieria; ich loss fahra un dreh mich rum, gucka was letz is. Wie ich awer geh loss, johlt die Suss nochamol so merderisch, dass mer's schier schlecht worra is. No hebt sie die Händ uf un blost nei' as wann sie schteif kalt wära. "Du verhenkerter Esel," kreischt sie, "forwas loschte dann geh?" "Hoscht jo g'saat ich set; hoscht der weh geduh?" 's war bissel en artliche Frog sel, unner so Umschända, awer die Suss het gewiss en Antwort gewa druf, wann net grad en Trupp Schaffleit vorbei ganga wära. Sel hot sie gebätert un sie hot nix g'saat, awer sie hot mich a'guckt, hu! wie mer ken Mensch a'gucka set vor Brekfäsch. Vun sellera Minut ah hot mei Frah ken Intressa meh an unserm Job genumma wie davor. Sie hot en Weil geblosa un da Dauma g'sueckt; die Maad hot da Schtripht g'howa un's Holzheisel a'guckt; ich hab da Offa a'guckt, awer der is hibsch hocka bliwa, bis mer widder Halt gepackt hen. Mer hen en no recht gedreht, awer 's hot Lippes un Kreckses gekoscht, bis er darch war.

Well, mer hen en endlich darchkriegt un ne'g'schleeft in's Eck, wu er sehch hot solla. Wie mer'n nummer lossa gebt's widder 'n Mardbrill siwamol ärger wie davor. Ich denk, die Frah is widder fescht, loss geh un guck uf. "Was der D—— is nau letz?" wot ich saga,

awer werdem beist mich ebbes m's Bee, dass ich dreissig Zoll in die Heh g'schprunga bin. Liewer Himmel! denk ich, des is en Schlang; awer's war kenne. "Der Tommy, der Tommy!" kreischt die Maad. "Heb g'schwind uf, er is fescher, der arm Tom!" Schur genuick so war's, der Tom, unser alte Katz, hot dart g'boekt, un der Offa war uf em. Er hot schoent's hart g'schlofa g'hat un war zu faul gewest anzuschteb; er war nau first rate wacker un war gern aus'm Weg, awer's war zu schpot. Er hot warta missa bis ich da Offa gelipt hab g'ha. Sel hot about drei Minutta genumma, for er hot rung'hackt un geblosa dass ich net neeksch: hab kumma darfa. 's war mer werklieh bang, er deet mer in's G'sicht schprunga, wann er los war. Zum Glick hot er sei Mind geseheensch wie er haus war; mit zwee un a halb Schpring war er drans un fart. Ich hab no leichter g'fühl, for so wietig haw ich unser alter Tom seilawa net g'seenna g'hat. Er hot sich gar nimme dischtera lossa un hot en Zucht gemacht as wann en Chicago Riot im Haus war.

Nau war dann der Offa am Platz un die Katz los; 's neekschet wara die Bee drunner zu schtella, umig da Offa. Sel hot ah en gut Weil genumma, for die Bee wara somhau verwechselt un hen nergets recht bassa wolla. Mer hen sie dreiuunzanzigmol geseheensch; 's hot ah deel schnarrige Wortu gewa. Ich bin des ewig Uilippa ledig warra, un mer hen so viel Farb algeriwa vum Offa. Mer hen iwerhaupt net viel g'schwetzt bei un-ern Job un die Zeit is mer lang warra. Endlich hot er awer recht g'schramma, der Offa, un's war jusecht noch's Rohr drufzusehteka. Ich hab die Weilsleit sel hola lossa, un mich derweil un d. Offa g'setzt un driwer nogedenkt, wie leicht en Unglick bassira kann; awer denk ich, 's is noch gut abganga un nau is 's Aergschit iwerschramma. Wie's Rohr hin war, sacht die Suss: "Nau," sacht sie, "do lein die Schtiecker grad wie sie g'heera; schuschte, die Merker do missa grad un'anner." "Sel is recht," sag ich, "nau mag'scht du's Brekfacht kriga, ich un die Molly macha des allee fertig." "Ja well," sacht sie, un geht in die Kich, un nur Zwee gehn an's Rohrufschtella.

No awer, sag ich ihr, is 's Elend a'ganga. Die Schtiecker wara all gemerkt, awer die Merker waren all gleich, un's hot jusecht nergets bassa wolla. Ich hab sie allawega zamma-g'schteckt; ich hab gedriekt un geboga un gekloppt, awer's hot als widder ergets ausgekafft. Es is mer's letscht ganz heess warra; ich hab a'ganga mit mer selwer zu schwetza un hab die Maad nimme gemeind. Was ich als g'saat hab, weess ich nimme; awer's sot mich net wunnere, wann ich deel neia Wortu geuhst hab wu noch net im Dictionary sehenn. Alles nemmt awer in End, un endlich war unser Rohr druf bis uf's Knie, wu in die Wand geh soll. Sel haw ich nimme so reecha kenna,

un die Maad hot mer'n Schtbl kriegt; den schteli ich uf da Offa un krattel druf. Ich hab a'ganga des Knie biega un fitta awer's war die seem Sehtory; 's hot net fitta wolla. Ich bin widder heess warra un hab Wortu geuhst wu mer net juhst set in der Sundagschul. Ich hab's Knie nochmal rausgezoga, rumgedreht un widder ne'g'schteckt. "Nau geht's," sag ich zu der Maad, "nau heb gut un schieb a bissel dagega." Sie hot so geduh un no is 's ganga. 's is meiner Secht so schtark ganga, dass ich's nimme hab schtopp kenna. 's neekschet war en Gekriech un Gedunmer, wie wann's ei'schlacht, en schanderhafter Krisch, un wie ich rum guck, hock ich newig 'm Offa. 's Rohr uf mir, der Schtbl uf 'm Rohr un die Maad nergets mich zu sehna. Der Offa war noch am Platz.

Ich kann der saga, ich war vergel'schert; ich hab ganz doddelig g'fühl. Ich hock mich so halwer uf un sehn, dass 's Rohr widder all in Schtiecker is, dass en schwarzer Schtrahla an der Wand nummer geht un dass about en Quar Russ newig mer leit. Iwerdem macht die Suss die Dhr uf. "Du verflammer Ripps!" kreischt sie, "guck mol mer neier Carpet a! Wart, dir will ich amol weisa!" Mit sellem lang; sie for da Besem, awer mir is 'n guter Gedanka ei'kumma. Ich schpring uf un die Schpeicherschteg nuf, schliess die Dhr zu, reiss mei dreckige Kleider ab, remm vana zum Haus nans un ab noch 'm Schap was ich geh kann. Die Leit uf der Sehtross sin mer shee ausgedreht, awer wie ich in der Schap kumm, hot der Clerk glei g'frogd eb ich Offa geblaekt het. Er hot mer 'n Schpigel hi'g'howa, no hot's mich net gewunnert, dass die Leit mich so schei a'geuekt hen.

Sella Dag haw ich widder im Schteddel zu Middag gessa, un wie ich heem kumma bin, war's schun dunkel Nacht. Wie ich in die Schtbl kumm, sehcht der Offa do, 's Rohr druf, alles fix un fertig, un a shee Feier d'ron. Sel hot mich gepliest, awer wie ich in die Kich kumm, is mer der Mut doch en bissel g'falla. Die Suss hot da Damma verwickelt g'hat un en G'sicht gemacht wie der Vollmond, wann er in ra Wolk ufgeht; die Maad hot en drei Zoll lang Henkplaschter uf der Nas g'ha; un uf der Sehtern paar Knep as wann Harner rauswacha wotta. Die Weilsleit hen nix g'saat un ich hab mer net getraut, eppes zu frogd. Der Tommy hot sich nimme sehna lossa bis Mondags; wie er kumma is, hot er da Schwanz hoch g'howa, awer about zwee Zoll vum End wara gekraecht un hen grad nummer g'ganga. Mer hen's em g'schindelt un ich denk 's heelt widder, awer er dut's heit noch net dass er in die Schtbl geht.

Die Weilsleit sin nau so weit, dass sie wider mit mer schwetza, un alsemol, wann sie da Offa a'geuka, meen ich, sie deeten a bissel lechla. 's het am End doch noch viel schlimmer geh kenna.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Family-Gatherings Day by Day

OUR Pennsylvania-German people have never, we believe, been charged with a lack of sociability. The summer now closing has given them abundant opportunities to cultivate this grace, as a mere glance at our list of family-reunions on another page, including only those which came to our notice in a limited territory, will prove.

Before the end of June these family-gatherings began, becoming more numerous during July and reaching their maximum frequency in August, when half a dozen or more were held on the same day in different places. Tho' the high-water mark is past, September still shows a respectable array of them. All thro' the summer the clans of Pennsylvania-Germandom have been gathering from near and far, not only from different and distant counties of our State, but often from other States as well, to mingle in pleasant social intercourse, prove their common kinship and listen to the recital of their common history as traced out patiently and laboriously by some member, to whom the task has been a labor of love. Music and various sports have not been wanting at these meetings to make them more enjoyable to the younger folk collected there.

A Popular Institution

Undoubtedly the family-reunion or family-picnic, as some facetiously call it, is growing in popularity among our people year by year. If the institution did originate in New England or elsewhere among our Anglo-American brethren, the Pennsylvania-German has taken hold of it as a good thing and put it in practice with that whole-souled earnestness, thoro'ness and enthusiasm which has ever been a characteristic trait of his mental make-up. Many families hitherto indifferent to their ancestry and relationship have of late had their interest aroused and are hastening to fall in line with the ever increasing yearly procession.

Such Meetings Are Beneficial

This annual "gathering of the clans"—of the *Freundschaft*, we had better say, for the clans of Scotland often gathered for war and plunder, while these meetings aim at the cultivation of *Freundschaft* in a twofold sense—are productive of much good. Apart from their influence in promoting acquaintance and friendly fellowship among those related by ties of blood, they have roused a general interest in local and family-history which a few years ago was all unknown. And as for further results the examples of industry, fortitude, domestic affection, piety and patriotism brought to light in searching out the history of our sires can not fail to incite us to imitate the worthy examples thus set before us.

What We Planned for October

As specially adapted to this season of family-reunions, we determined, as previously announced, to embody in this October issue of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN a genealogical symposium, comprising a number of brief histories of families prominent in this part of the State, prepared by members of each family and suitably illustrated. For three months past the efforts of both manager and editor have chiefly been directed toward gathering and arranging this material. The task, however, of preparing those family-sketches has required much more labor and time than was anticipated, and the contributions, both articles and illustrations, have been so much retarded in reaching our hands, that we were placed before the alternative of either delaying indefinitely the appearance of our October number or dividing our proposed symposium, reserving a part thereof for the November issue.

A Symposium Cut in Two

We have decided on the latter course. We do not want to delay the publication of any number beyond the proper time, and so, instead of offering you to-day the full series of seventeen family-sketches before promised, we present only nine of

them, those first received and finished, reserving the remainder for our November edition. This will leave the present number of ordinary size, to be sold at the regular price of the monthly copy. Those who, for the sake of the promised symposium have ordered the October number at twenty-five cents, will receive both the October and November numbers and thus, for a little waiting, obtain all the family-sketches therein contained as well as all the other matter of both numbers. We feel confident this will be satisfactory to all concerned.

A Genealogical Number Still

Even with our symposium thus divided the present issue of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN will be found a genealogical number *par excellence*. Beside Prof. Kuhns's highly interesting contribution on his researches in the archives of different cities of Switzerland and the usual quantity of Notes and Queries, it contains a list of German-American genealogies in the New York Public Library, which list has been specially prepared for us and will prove exceedingly valuable to students as a means of reference.

To Help Us Out in Genealogy

The study of genealogy is steadily growing in favor. In order to do justice to this department, we have been anxious to secure the services of some one who is specially qualified and who has access to full and original sources of information. We are happy to announce that we have succeeded in finding such an expert in

Luther R. Kelker, the energetic and efficient State Archivist at Harrisburg, Pa., who will henceforth answer all genealogical questions submitted by our readers, as far as they can be answered, authoritatively. We are sure our friends will congratulate us on this valuable acquisition, and hope they will freely avail themselves of the opportunities now offered them.

Penna.-"Dutchmen" in Uncle Sam's Employ

The Pennsylvania-"Dutchman" is ubiquitous in this country, and we are not surprised at the following statement of a well known contributor in the national capital:

Washington is full of Pennsylvania-Germans, among them being seven of my Bernville (Pa.) pupils, who are now doing clerical work for Uncle Sam at the rate of \$1,000 to \$1,400 a year. I am also informed that as a class the Pennsylvania-Germans are best equipped, mentally and physically, to endure the strain on mind and body in the railway-mail service, Berks county, Pa., being ahead of all other counties in the number of railway-mail clerks.

This communication suggests subject-matter for an article, or a series of articles, of absorbing interest, which we hope to obtain in due time. Thus our horizon is ever widening, our stock of material ever increasing. There is a grand ideal before us, but please remember that it can only be attained thro' the loyal and continuous help of all our friends. And this help was never as needful as now.

Clippings from Current News

New Gymnasium at Kutztown

The trustees of the Keystone State Normal School at Kutztown have decided to build a gymnasium at a cost of thirty to forty thousand dollars.

No More Dancing Allowed

By unanimous vote of the managers of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua dancing has been permanently prohibited upon its grounds at Mt. Gretna.

Church-Rededication at Spinnerstown

After a thoro' remodeling St. John's Lutheran church at Spinnerstown, Bucks county, was rededicated September 2. Sermons were preached by Rev. W. U. Kistler, the pastor, Rev. O. F. Waage and Rev. W. W. Kistler, and addresses were made by a number of other clergymen. St. John's congregation originated about 1786 as a union of Lutherans and Reformed, which was dissolved in 1793.

A Great Day for the Orphans

About 15,000 persons from all parts of eastern Pennsylvania, as well as from Maryland, Virginia and New Jersey, attended the forty-third anniversary of Bethany Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf August 23. This institution, which belongs to the Reformed church, was founded by Rev. Emil Boehringer in his own family at Philadelphia September 21, 1863.

Soldiers' Bones Dug Up

In digging a cellar at Third avenue, Bethlehem, seven skeletons were recently disinterred. They are believed to be the bones of Revolutionary soldiers who died in the general hospital of the Continental army, located there in 1777.

Lecture on Life in the Philippines

Captain Henry D. Styer, U.S.A., instructor in a military school in Utah, who is spending his vacation in eastern Pennsylvania, delivered a very interesting lecture on his experiences during three years' service in the Philippines at East Greenville, September 1. He is a native of Sellersville and a graduate of West Point.

Dedication of a Dunker Church

The new Indian Creek meeting-house of the German Baptist Brethren, or Dunkers, as they are popularly called, in Lower Salford, Montgomery county, was dedicated August 18 and 19. Bishop H. A. Price presided and Rev. Isaac W. Taylor, of Ephrata, preached the dedicatory sermon. The Indian Creek congregation was organized in 1723, fifteen years after the origin of the denomination in Germany. Its first church, a frame structure, stood until 1851, when a brick building was erected, which has now been replaced by a third structure. Abraham H. Cassel, the noted bibliophile, is a member of this congregation.

A Lady Base-Ball Player

Miss Carrie Moyer, a Pennsylvania-German girl of Macungie, is winning fame as a base-ball pitcher. She is touring with an Allentown team, in which her brother serves as catcher. The profits of the club are to be given her to complete her education.

Pennsylvania-Germans to Meet in Allentown

The sixteenth annual meeting of the Pennsylvania-German Society will be held at Muhlenberg College, Allentown, November 2. Luther J. Kelker, of Harrisburg, the State Archivist, and Ulysses S. Koons, of Philadelphia, will read historical papers on this occasion.

Notable Church Anniversaries

The Moravian congregation at Emaus celebrated the hundred fifty-ninth anniversary of its organization July 29 with a threefold service including a love-feast and holy communion. Rev. Allen E. Abel, the pastor, preached the anniversary-sermon in German.

The hundredth anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of St. Michael's Lutheran church at Strasburg, Lancaster county, was celebrated with special services during the week beginning August 26. The centennial sermon was preached by Dr. T. E. Schmauk, of Lebanon. The first Lutheran church in that vicinity was erected in 1753.

The First German Presbyterian church of South Scranton celebrated its fiftieth anniversary during the week of September 2. The congregation has had seven pastors, the present one being Dr. William A. Nordt, who came from Newark, N. J., in 1895.

Five Municipal Anniversary Jubilees

Hazleton celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its corporate existence with elaborate display during the week beginning July 26. The chief feature of the jubilee was the grand military parade which marked the third day. The town was magnificently decorated and crowded with visitors.

The centennial of the incorporation of Connellsville was celebrated by a four days' jubilee, August 14 to 17, with various parades, an ox-roast, fireworks, concerts, etc. Between 1773 and 1778 Zachariah Connell, the founder of the town, and Col. William Crawford moved on the site of Connellsville, then known as "Mud Island." The town was laid out in 1793 and became a borough March 1, 1866. It owes its prosperity to the coke industry.

Pottsville celebrated Old Home Week from September 2 to 8 with about 10,000 visitors. Labor-unions, soldiers, firemen, manufacturers, citizens and school-children paraded, and there were several prize-contests. The beginning of Pottsville dates back to 1825. In 1847 it became the county-seat of Schuylkill.

Carbondale, the fourth-oldest city of the State, the "Queen City of the Anthracite Region," fittingly honored its fifty-fifth birthday by a general illumination and grand parades of labor-unions and firemen, September 3 and 4. A special attraction to visitors was the monument marking the spot where the first anthracite-mine in Pennsylvania was opened seventy-five years ago.

The progressive town of Beaver Springs, in Snyder county, kept Old Home Week in honor of its centennial birthday, September 2-8. 5,000 people attended the exercises of Old Home Day, September 6, whose chief features were an industrial parade and the annual reunion of Lutherans. The town was laid out by Adam Bieger, a native of Germany, in 1866 and for a time was called Adamsburg. The present name was adopted because of the many excellent springs and the beaver-dams across Beaver creek nearby.

OBITUARIES

ROBERT RAC, the well known archivist of the Moravian church at Bethlehem, died suddenly July 30, aged 61 years. He was a graduate of the Moravian school at Bethlehem and the

Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and member of the Moravian Historical and the Pennsylvania-German Society. He was a singer in the Moravian church-choir for fifty-one years.

Col. WILLIAM R. GERHART, son of the late Dr. E. V. Gerhart, president of the Reformed theological seminary at Lancaster, died there August 7, aged 62. He was a graduate of Franklin and Marshall and made a brilliant record in the Civil War.

Family-Reunions

The present season has been prolific of family-reunions in all parts of the State. We append a list of those held in Pennsylvania-Germany, as far as they have come to our notice.

June 30. Seventh reunion of descendants of Hans Ulrich Berge at Sanatoga Park, near Pottstown.

July 25. Reunion of Clauss family at Neff's Park, Lehigh county.

July 28. Fourth reunion of Knausses at Emaus, and sixth of Plüegers, at Rittersville, near Allentown. Reunion of Francis G. Bern's descendants at Balliettsville, Lehigh county.

July 29. Second reunion of Steckel family at Levan's, Berks county.

Aug. 1. Reunion of Dries family at Kutztown Park.

Aug. 2. Fifth reunion of Wetherhold family at Neff's Park.

Aug. 4. Reunion of Bacs (seventh) at Kutztown Park, of Ludwigs at Mount Penn Tower, Reading, and of Spares at Zieber's Park, near Norristown.

Aug. 7. Eleventh reunion of Krause family at Neff's.

Aug. 8. Reunion of Peters at Neff's, of Ritters (eighth) at Dorney Park, and of Spanglers (first) at Kutztown Park.

Aug. 9. Fourth reunion of descendants of Nicholas Saul (immigrated about 1745) at Temple, Berks county; third of Haas family at Neff's, and tenth of Hench, Drunggold, Hartman, Ickes and Rice families near New Bloomfield, Perry county.

Aug. 11. Second reunion of descendants of John Michael Wotring near Schneeksville, Lehigh county; first of Seifert family, at Rittersville; ninth of Lutz family, at Mountain, Berks county; reunion of Moyer family at Perkisic Park, Bucks county.

Aug. 14. Tenth reunion of descendants of Egidius ("") Grun (imm. 1723) at Dorney Park; third of descendants of Carl Scheerer, grandson of Hans Scheerer (imm. 1725), at Neff's.

Aug. 15. Eleventh reunion of Huber-Hoover family, descendants of Jacob Huber (imm. 1725), at Zie-

ber's Park; second of descendants of Andreas Boller and Sebastian Werly, at Neff's.

Aug. 16. Reunion of Beyer family at James C. Beans, near Royerstown, and of Shrightt family at Zieber's Park; seventh of descendants of Hans Org Kistler, at New Tripoli, Lehigh county; reunion of Kutz family at Neff's.

Aug. 17. Second reunion of descendants of Henry Bortz at Weesville, Lehigh county.

Aug. 18. Reunion of Hemlys at Kutztown Park, of Gehmans at Perkisic, third of Gerys, at Siesholtzville, Berks county; of Wilsons and Thompsons at Claxton Farm, near Pineville, Bucks county; third of Helcers, at Wind Gap Park.

Aug. 23. Reunion of Gottschall family near Schwenksville, and of Singsinger family at Neff's.

Aug. 25. Second reunion of Schaeffers at Kutztown Park; reunion of Furtys at Rittersville; of Thomases, or Welsh family, descended from Rev. William Thomas, who came to America in 1725, at Chalfont, Bucks county; second of Kriebels at Zieber's Park; reunion of Bertolets at Bertolet Meeting-House, in Oley.

Aug. 28. Reunion of Delongs at Kutztown Park.

Aug. 29. Eighth reunion of Lichtenwalners on Allentown Fair Grounds; reunion of Greenwalts near Franklinville, Huntingdon county.

Sept. 1. Third reunion of Dietrichs at Kutztown; tenth of Guths, near Guth's Station, Lehigh county; fifth of Rex family, at Neff's; first of Kuntner family in West Brunswick, Schuylkill county; of Grubbs at Sanatoga Park; first of descendants of Carl Rutzheimer at Hellertown, Lehigh county.

Sept. 3. Sixth reunion of Longeneckers at Ringing Rocks Park, Pottstown; first of Fisher and Hartman families at Boyertown.

Sept. 5. Second reunion of Boyers near Drysville, Berks county.

Sept. 7. Third reunion of Walter family at Willow Grove Park.

Sept. 8. Reunion of Schwencs at Sanatoga Park, Pottstown, and of Summers at Oakland Park, between Bethlehem and Easton.

Sept. 15. Second reunion of Dierolf family near Boyertown.

Chat with Correspondents

Wrongly Labeled Pictures

In spite of all possible care errors seem bound to creep into our work again and again. Through an oversight alike inexplicable and inexcusable, three pictures in our September number appear wrongly marked. In the article on the Hampton Furnace the picture of Henry M. Sigmund is marked with the name of his brother, Dr. Albert M. Sigmund, and *vice versa*. In the historical sketch of Allentown the view of the northeast corner of Cen-

ter Square, on page 248, is misrepresented as the northwest corner.

A Prominent Scientist Unmentioned

A reader in Philadelphia reminds us that among the scientists and literary men named in our July symposium no mention is made of Dr. Thomas Conrad Porter, late professor at Lafayette College, who "was some time president of the Pennsylvania-German Society, a botanist of greater eminence than any of those

mentioned, a geologist of distinction and a literary critic and poet of no mean ability, as is well known to most scientific and literary men of America."

While we regret the omission of this honored name from our symposium, it is proper to state that it was not the primary object of our contributors to mention every Pennsylvania-German who has been prominent in science, art, literature, statecraft or any other field of activity. Observant readers will no doubt remember many names that have been omitted in those articles, tho equally deserving mention with those that appear there. Dr. Porter certainly deserves to be made the subject of a special biographical sketch in this magazine, and we shall be much obliged to our Philadelphia friend if he will help us obtain such a sketch.

Another esteemed friend has sent us the following forceful little essay, which is particularly appropriate to this genealogical number of our magazine:

Ignorance That Lacks Bliss

Perchance there has been met a man of more than ordinary intelligence in matters pertaining to the present, who is ignorant and unconcerned, possibly prejudiced, about the history of his own ancestry, or the type or class of people of which he has himself inherited many excellent qualities of temperament and character. This is to be deplored, and we may ascribe it to a dormant state of interest which, once awakened, will be a source of mental recreation that will vivify past decades and centuries. The heroic deeds of his ancestors then will stimulate him to emulate their noble qualities.

No less authority than the apostle Paul may be given, when he recalled the history of his own people of Israel and their genealogy, saying, "whose are the fathers" (Romans 9:5), thus reminding them that their present standing was based on the covenant-relations of those who had lived and died long ago.

Nor can it be less significant that the genealogical records given by two of the evangelists (Matthew and Luke) cover a period of four thousand years and include the names of the most prominent men of their times, above all the lineage of the human birth of the Christ, the Messiah. Tho' this record is not particularly adapted to be read at family-devotions, yet it is of intense interest to the student whose vision extends beyond his own minute self and the day he was born.

When Longfellow wrote: "Let the dead Past bury its dead," his meaning must have been with reference to such as died in ignorant oblivion, for he sings exultantly:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
and our well-being and well-being will leave
"Footprints that perhaps another,
Singing, shall take heart again."

For over a century Pennsylvania-Germans have made history of which they need not be ashamed. Let him that thinks it a matter of humiliation to acknowledge himself a descendant of Pennsylvania-Germans begin to study the characteristics of this sturdy class, and he will never again be ashamed of the land of his nativity.

In Favor of Spelling-Reform

A well known contributor in Philadelphia writes us as follows on a subject that is just now receiving considerable attention in the daily press:

What do you think of the spelling-reform movement? I have contended for many years that the English language needs some radical changes, and shall welcome the day when the present movement, or one looking to some changes, will be generally recognized and adopted. It is unjust to teach our children to spell contrary to sound, and I hope the prejudice—it is nothing less—against any changes in the old style will be obliged to yield to more liberal and easier forms of acquiring a knowledge of the English language. Phonetic spelling is bound to come, not in English only, but in German as well. The former contains still more unnecessary letters than the latter, and it is high time that our educators should look more to the necessity of simplifying their method of spelling, instead of constantly harping on the importance of higher education, or establish curriculums which only mystify the pupil still more and evidently fail to lay a correct foundation for the practical work of the student after he leaves school.

I believe that the ambition of many a child has been stifled at the beginning of its schooldays by the efforts of its teacher to puzzle it in spelling words borrowed from some other language and containing letters either silent or superfluous. I have had occasion more than once to reprove a teacher who laughed at the fonetic spelling of a pupil, when the latter was really nearer the truth than the one who claimed to teach the first principles of language. If language is a science, then, like all other sciences, the simpler its deductions the clearer and more perfect its final results. In mechanics the constant aim is to eliminate complications wherever possible; the result is, the simpler a machine, the more perfect we find it. This ought to be a guiding principle with our educators, and the sooner they forget some of their pedantry and adopt simpler methods the better for all concerned.

There is no uncertain tone about this declaration. For ourselves we have already said that we stand ready to welcome any practical plan to make English spelling simpler and easier to acquire. The list of words proposed by the Simplified Spelling Board contains few radical changes and will, we believe, win the approval of many, as it has won that of the President. A great many of the forms it recommends are much in use already; for example; altho, catalog, program, quartet, esthetic, antipyrin, maneuver, fantasy, etc., in all of which superfluous letters are dropped. In the words of a prominent educator: "it is simply hurrying forward changes that are already taking place." It seems unfortunate in a sense that we have no national authority, such as they have in France and Germany, to dictate in the matter; but notwithstanding the opposition of conservatives and the ridicule of professional jokers, we feel sure that a simpler and more rational mode of English spelling is bound to come.

Pennsylvania-German Dishes Called For

In sending in a three years' subscription, an "old-fashioned" reader of Birdsboro, Pa., writes as follows:

There is one phase of Pennsylvania-German life which I have often wished to bring to your attention—the excellent culinary department in every house of these people. I am aware that it is becoming harder from year to year to get some dishes and special articles of food that we all love, as does everybody who has once tasted them. I believe that, if you could get some Pennsylvania-German woman to write short articles on the method of preparing those toothsome dishes which her mother and grandmothers used to make, it would bring a hearty amen from a large number of your subscribers. Who does not long for

a plate of Pennsylvania-German scrapple (not the hash you find on markets) or a piece of delicious pumpkin pie (no sweet potato pie as is served you in cities)? Who would exchange a glass of old-fashioned mead or home-made beer for your latter-day root beer? Who can forget a breakfast of parboiled summer sausage, home-made bread and coffee? Or where can you get to-day a pot of apple-butter of the proper flavor, if not from a Pennsylvania-German housewife? Even so common a dish as fried mush, I venture to say, can only be found on the tables of these people, with its flavor properly developed. . . . There are hundreds of these good things that should be preserved and your magazine can and should do it.

Your suggestion, kind friend, certainly has our approval. We have long been thinking of adding a Woman's Department, if we can find

some lady competent and willing to take charge thereof. Culinary recipes would therein find their natural place. A series of articles on Pennsylvania-German dishes by some of our lady-friends will however be quite acceptable even now. Here is a list, given at random, of delicacies that might be described: *Panhaus, Knackwurst, Kerbsakucha, Latweeg, Schmitz un Kneip, Sauerkraut, Weisskraut, Schmitzpei, Schtreisel or Schreckelder-Kucha, Grunbeecazalat, Trechterkucha, Fasnachtkucha, Zwickelsupp, Rizelsupp, Zitterle or Gallen h, Fleischpei, Schmitzweilckucha, Lippelkuchelher,* etc., etc.

Genealogical Notes and Queries

This department is open to all our subscribers. Contributors will please state their questions and information as clearly and briefly as possible, being particularly careful in writing names and dates.

This department will hereafter be in charge of Luther R. Kellner, State Archivist at Harrisburg, Pa., who has kindly consented to answer genealogical queries submitted by our readers.

VIII.

I am interested in the following families and would be pleased to communicate with any person who is connected with them or can give any information as to ancestry, etc.

HANS JACOB NEUFERT, who came in ship Nancy, September 27, 1752, and died in 1812. Served in Captain John Nicholas Weyerholt's company in Heidelberg township (then Northampton county, Pa.) during March and April, 1758, having enlisted as Jacob Neifert, a German, September 1, 1757. Settled in Albany township, Berks county. The early tax-lists refer to him as *Neyford, Neifert, Neifant, Neuert, Nuert, Neuffert, Neuffer*.

THOMAS LINDNER (September 27, 1703-March 18, 1812) and his wife Magdalena, nee Sensenderfer (August 30, 1705-September 5, 1831). They settled in Rush township, Schuylkill county, about 1803.

JOHN FAUST (November 26, 1775-September 18, 1851) and his wife Rosanna, nee Hunsinger (September 29, 1774-August 17, 1847). They removed from Montgomery county to Rush township about 1806.

W. W. NEIFERT,

Connecticut Mutual Building, Hartford, Conn.

Squire George Boone and His Family

Answer to Query No. VI.

Squire Boone was one of eleven children of Squire George Boone and his wife Mary, who emigrated to America in 1717. This George Boone became a land-speculator about 1735, at which time he lived at Philadelphia, and in 1740 owned over three thousand acres in Northampton county, Pa., out of which he selected a fine place in Lehigh township for a residence. Later he removed to Berks county and finally to North Carolina. His wife was Mary Morgan, an aunt to General Daniel Morgan, of Revolutionary fame. Their children were: Daniel, James, Squire, Edward,

Jonathan, George, Samuel, Mary, Sarah, Hannah and Elizabeth. Daniel and his brother Squire figure in the settlement of Kentucky, and no doubt a research along the line of this brother Squire will disclose the descent of your correspondent.

Squire George Boone and his family moved to North Carolina about 1755. About the same time Daniel Boone's favorite cousin, Daniel Morgan, then seventeen years old, left his home on the Durham creek, near the Durham Furnace, to follow them to North Carolina. But he only got to Virginia, when he was impressed into General Braddock's army marching to Fort Duquesne. Later he settled in Winchester, Va. He never again set eyes on his cousin Daniel Boone, but became a firm friend of George Washington and remained such all thro' the Revolution.

From the foregoing it appears that there were two Squire Boones, father and son. But while George Boone was called "Squire" in recognition of his being an attorney, a justice of the peace in Philadelphia and an important man of his day, his son Squire came by his name thro' baptism and had no other. Therein probably lies the confusion of titles which caused the loss of his particular line of descent. Squire Boone was younger than Daniel Morgan and born in Berks county. There are only two ways to ascertain his descendants—by research in Kentucky or in Missouri; but I am satisfied that this son Squire of Squire George Boone is the ancestor of your inquirer.

W. J. HELLER,

Easton, Pa.

(Some interesting information about the Boone family in Berks county is given, with a picture of the birthplace of Daniel Boone, in *THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN OF JANUARY, 1902*, pages 41 and 42. In Mrs Woodhill's inquiry the date of George Boone's coming from England, 1832, is a misprint; it should be 1732.)

Our Book-Table

Any book or pamphlet reviewed in these columns will be sent to any address by the Manager of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN on receipt of the publisher's price. Postage must be added when it is mentioned separately. Any other book wanted by our readers may be ordered through us at the publisher's price. Inquiries will be promptly and cheerfully answered.

Mitteilungen des Deutschen Pionier-Vereins von Philadelphia. Erstes Heft, 1906. Entstehung und Entwicklung der Sangerfest in den Nordöstlichen Staaten.

"Der Deutsche Pionier-Verein von Philadelphia, founded December 30, 1880, considers its chief purpose as being the cultivation and promotion of German-American historical research from the earliest times to the present. With this object in view lectures were formerly given, many of which were published in periodicals, while others were distributed among the members in pamphlet-form. The Society now proposes to resume the practice, from time to time giving its members, as far as its means and the material at hand will allow, information on German-American history." The pamphlet before us, which contains a carefully prepared history of the origin and development of the *Sängerfeste* in the Northeastern States, is the first fruit of this recent determination.

Annual Proceedings, Pennsylvania Society of Sons of the Revolution, 1905-1906. With compliments of the secretary, Ethan Allen Weaver, Germantown, Pa.

The object of this Society, instituted in 1888, is truly a laudable one; "to perpetuate the memory of the men who, in the military, naval and civil service of the Colonies and the Continental Congress, by their acts or counsel, achieved the independence of the country, and to further the proper celebration of the birthday of Washington and of prominent events connected with the War of the Revolution; to collect and secure for preservation the rolls, records and other documents relating to this period; to inspire the members of the Society with the patriotic spirit of their forefathers and to promote friendship among them." We have here lists of officers of the general and State society, the proceedings of its eighteenth annual meeting, the report of its managers and the annual sermon preached for it December 17, 1905, at St. Peter's church, Philadelphia, by its general chaplain, Rev. Thos. E. Green, D.D. The pamphlet is embellished with a number of interesting pictures.

Solly Hulsbuck's Pennsylvania-Dutch Poems.

Printed by the Hawthorne Press, Elizabethville, Pa. Cloth-bound, gold-stamped, \$1 postpaid.

"If you have never laughed before, you'll be compelled to when you read Solly Hulsbuck's humor." So the author declares in his ad, and this is probably the reason why he sent us only specimen pages for review, instead of the whole book. He feared we might laugh so

much that our health would suffer. That surely was considerate. Indeed, we had to laugh on reading those specimens. Solly Hulsbuck is funny, and we expect to reproduce a few of his poems in our Literary Gems, changing the spelling, which altho' phonetic to a degree, is not to our taste.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES

The Lutheran Quarterly for July, 1906, contains, among other excellent matter, a very instructive article on the Origin, Nature and Conquest of Death, by Dr. L. A. Fox, and a Literary Study of Job, by Rev. W. B. Carney. This issue comprises 150 pages and is a rich repository of spiritual thought.

Deutsche Erde. Zeitschrift für Deutsche Kunde. Beiträge zur Kenntnis deutschen Volkstums allerorten und allerzeiten.—To all students interested in the progress and development of the great Germanic race and able to read its language, this publication, issued six times a year by Paul Langhaus and published by Justus Perthes in Gotha, will be a mine of information. It appears in quarto, each number containing 32 or more pages of reading-matter, with an illustrative map.

The American Historical Magazine for July, No. 4 of its first volume, contains a frontispiece portrait of Cornelius Vanderbilt; A Question of Mormon Patriotism, by Theodore Schroeder; New York in the Nineteenth Century, by John Austin Stevens (third paper); The Family Line of George Washington, by Joel M. Eno; the Morris Family of Morrisania, by W. W. Spooner (continued), and the first part of an extended history of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, by Horace S. Lyman.

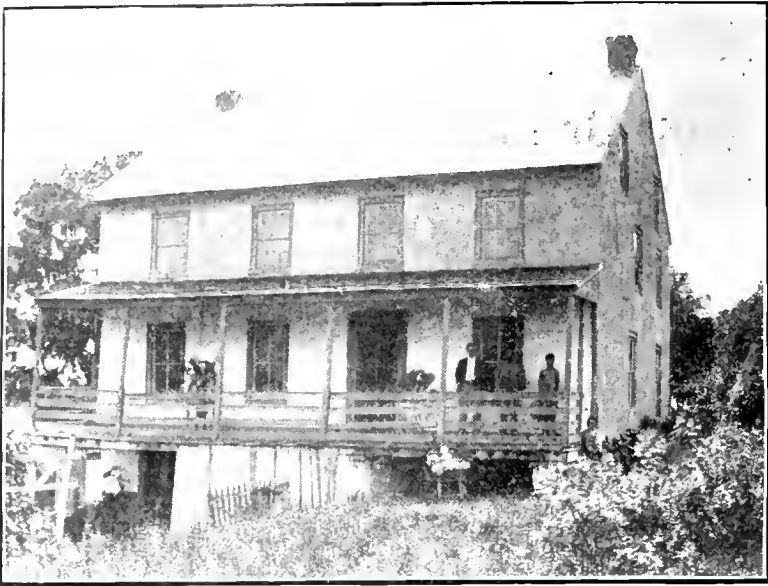
Journal of the Military Service Institution of the United States. Edited by Brig.-Gen. Theo. F. Rodenbough, U.S.A. Sept.-Oct., 1906. Vol. XXXIX, No. 143. This is the official organ of the Military Service Institution, on Governor's Island, in the harbor of New York. The present issue contains 176 pages of reading matter and offers a wide program of contributions, chiefly of military and historical interest. There is an article by Major Bullard on the Citizen Soldier—the Volunteer; one by General Buell on the Operations of the Subsistence Department, 1861; a continued report of the battle of Austerlitz, from original documents in the French war-office, by F. L. Huidekoper; a continuation of San Francisco's Earthquake Chronicle, by Captain Frank D. Ely; also departments of Historical Miscellany, Translations and Reprints, Comment and Criticism, etc. The Journal contains explanatory maps and illustrations and is offered at \$3 a year.

The Pennsylvania-German

NOVEMBER, 1906

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Frontispiece—House on Farm Formerly Owned by John Ulric Berge, Lower Salford Mennonite Church and Graveyard . . .	330
PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN GENEALOGIES: A Symposium of Brief Sketches of Prominent Families.	
The Bergey Family.—By D. H. Bergey, M.D.	331
The Baer Family.—By Samuel A. Baer, Ph.D.	333
The Yost Family.—By J. Irwin Yost.	337
The Slingluff Family.—By J. Howard Ellis.	341
The Hartman Family.—By W. L. Hartman	344
The Haas Family.—By O. E. Kocher.	350
The Peter Family.—By P. P. Mohr	352
The York Riflemen—By Dr. I. H. Betz	355
How "Harra-Chake" Cut the Gordian Knot—By W. H. Richardson . .	360
An Oft-Told Tale of the Revolution—By Prof. L. S. Shimmell . . .	363
Barbara Frietchie at Home—By Rev. J. H. Apple	366
"Kinderlieder aus dem Elsasstal" (Alsatian Children-Songs)—By John Baer Stoudt	370
The Wild Rose of Bethlehem (concluded)	371
LITERARY GEMS:	
Hidden Prayer and Hope—Verborgenes Flehen u. Hoffen . . .	374
Am Danksagungs-tag—By Calvin C. Ziegler	374
Der Säm Gilderi uf der Freierei—By "Old Schoolmaster Hanjerg" .	375
Electioneering Methods	376
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT	377
Clippings from Current News	379
Chats With Correspondents	381
Our Book Table	382
The Title of Shakespeare—By Prof. E. S. Gerhard	383



HOUSE ON THE FARM FORMERLY OWNED BY JOHN ULRIC BERGE

The property is owned at present by Dr. Henry G. Groff, of Harleysville, Pa., and is occupied by Henry Bergey. This house was built about 1855 by Aaron S. Bergey. A stone in the cellar wall of this house on the Berge homestead shows a date which is presumed to be 1732, tho' the first two figures are indistinct. The initials underneath the date are H. V. B., and are undoubtedly intended to represent "Hans Ulrich Berge."



LOWER SALFORD MENNONITE CHURCH AND GRAVEYARD

The lot in the foreground marks the spot where John Ulric Berge and wife, Anne Mary, are buried.

The Pennsylvania-German

Vol. VII

NOVEMBER, 1906

No. 7

Pennsylvania-German Genealogies:

A Symposium of Brief Sketches of Prominent Families

The Bergey Family

BY D. H. BERGEY, M.D., PHILADELPHIA, FAMILY-HISTORIAN.

John Ulric Berge, the Immigrant

THE exact date of emigration and the place whence Hans Ulrich Berge and his wife Anne Mary came have not been ascertained, but it is most probable that they came originally from Germany and emigrated to Pennsylvania to escape religious persecution and to establish a home for their descendants in the province of William Penn, where liberty of conscience was assured to them in his frame of government, and where the fertility of the soil and the low price of land assured abundant reward for the industrious farmer and a home for his descendants for generations to come.

John Ulric Berge purchased 250 acres of land in Lower Salford township, Philadelphia (now Montgomery) county, of Hugh Roberts and Rachel, his wife, on March 15, 1726. Nearly two years later he sold a hundred acres of this tract to Jacob Enger. The remainder he retained until his death, when he devised it to his second son, Michael.

Very little is known directly of the character of John Ulric Berge, but we know a number of facts concerning his life and activities which permit us to conjecture the qualities he possessed. These facts are contained in the records of the local government and elsewhere and are therefore authentic.

John Ulric Berge and his wife were Mennonites. This fact is established

from the records of the Lower Salford Mennonite church, from which we learn that John Ulric Berge was one of the organizers of the congregation in 1738. A large proportion of his descendants are of the same faith to-day.

In 1738 Christopher Dock, the pioneer schoolmaster among the Mennonites, opened a school in the Lower Salford Mennonite church. This fact shows that the members of this congregation were imbued with the importance of education in the training of their children and in this manner secured for them advantages practically equal to those obtainable anywhere in the province at that early date.

In 1750 John Ulric Berge was one of the overseers of the poor in Lower Salford township, and in 1760 he was road-supervisor. These facts show that he was a man of influence in the township and that he did not disregard his duty to the local government. It is probable that in those early days the office more frequently sought the man than is the case at the present day, and in consequence the incumbent felt it all the more his duty to give to the community that conscientious service which the office entailed.

An additional evidence of the high esteem with which John Ulric Berge was regarded by his neighbors is the frequency with which we find his name mentioned in wills and similar documents, wherein he is commissioned to

oversee the settlement of estates and directed to act as guardian of orphans. It is especially interesting that he served with Bishop Henry Funk as a trustee under the will of Dielman Kolb, being therefore in very intimate and friendly relations with both Kolb and Funk, who supervised the translation of Van Braght's "Book of Martyrs" from the Dutch into the German language.

John Ulric Berge died in 1762, and his wife Anne Mary some years later. Both are buried in the graveyard of the Lower Salford Mennonite church, but their graves are unmarked save by common field-stones.

A Numerous and Widely Scattered Progeny

The descendants of John Ulric Berge are now very numerous, extending in most branches of the family to the eighth and ninth generations. Of his six sons five were married, and most of the descendants of four of these have been traced. Of his five daughters four were married, but the descendants of only one of these have been ascertained. The descendants of only five of his children have thus far been traced, yet about 5000 direct descendants have been found.

The prevailing calling of the descendants of John Ulric Berge is, as might be expected, some division of agriculture. This appears to be the family-characteristic and is maintained largely even by those branches of the family that have emigrated to the Western States and to Canada.

With a progenitor of such pronounced religious belief and practice, the descendants should show evidences of the transmission of this attitude of mind, and the records collected show that at least twenty-six of the lineal descendants were and are ministers of the gospel. This is a creditable number when we reflect that for the first four or five generations the greater portion of the members of the family were Mennonites and that the se-

lection of ministers in this denomination is solely by casting lots. The records also show the names of fifteen ministers of the gospel who married into the family.

The records show the names of twelve physicians who are lineal descendants, and eight others who married into the family. In the same manner all other honorable callings have been taken up by the members of the family.

The Mennonites are opposed to war and avoid military service from principle, yet one of the sons of John Ulric Berge served in the Revolutionary army and three of his grandsons served in the local militia during that trying period. A number of the descendants participated in the Civil War and earned honorable records.

Reunions of the Bergey Family

In 1900 the Bergey family held its first reunion and it has held a meeting each year since then. The principal objects which the promoters of the family-reunion had in view were: the collection of data pertaining to the lives and activities of their ancestors, and to promulgate those sterling qualities of mind which characterized their fathers and mothers. It was believed that the family-association had a legitimate place alongside the church, school and press in the upbuilding of character and the advancement of the welfare of humanity. Each passing year strengthens the belief that the association can fulfil this function by attracting to itself the influence and co-operation of those who are capable of carrying out a work of such far-reaching nature. In the association all can meet on common ground and for the moment lay aside what might appear to others as non-essential, and thus by their united labors the elevation of mankind to a higher and broader plane will eventually be consummated.

They (the Germans) came to find a home and to bring with them a steadiness, an energy and a godliness of character which was to lay a solid foundation for the future of Penn's province and bless it above all its sister colonies and states. Aye, more than that! It was

to be the leaven which, though hidden at first in the Pennsylvania loaf, was gradually to spread its influence throughout the whole country and permeate the entire Nation.—M. H. Richards.

The Baer Family

BY SAMUEL A. BAER, PH.D., HARRISBURG, PA.

BAER is a common name in America and Europe, and for this reason the writing of a family history of the Baers is a difficult task. We learn from the Colonial Records that prior to 1750 there were over forty immigrants by this name, and since then the number has increased very materially. They also trace their descent to different nationalities. But those of Pennsylvania and the Middle and Western States generally are of German origin.

Variant Spellings—Three Immigrant Baers

One of the odd features of the register of the Baer family is the great variety of ways in which the name is written. We find *Baer, Bachr, Bhaer, Bahr, Bär, Bair, Barc, Bear, Bar* and *Barr*. Each one claims to be correct, and this generally without offering any reason. But there is no doubt that *Baer* is the correct way for those of Eastern Pennsylvania. They are of German origin, the German way of spelling the name is *Bär*, and a *Umlaut* is equivalent to *ae*.

In tracing this history intelligently we will have to deal with three distinct branches, or families; those of John, Melchior and Christophel, or Stoffel, as he was familiarly called. These three along with others came across the ocean in the ship *Phoenix* and landed at Philadelphia September 30, 1743. They settled in eastern Pennsylvania and their descendants to-day number several thousands.

The exact relationship between these three immigrants has never been established. Some think they were brothers, or at least close relatives, because they came on the same ship, settled in the same section of the State, and belonged to the same religious faith, the Reformed church. But there is no documentary evidence to prove anything. Then there is the old tradition of the "three brothers," but it is only a tradition. That there is some relationship is not doubted, for the Baers carry the badge of kinship

all over their faces. There is a common saying that all Baers look alike.

The Line of John Baer

Most of the Baers of Berks and Lehigh counties claim John or Hans Baer as their American ancestor. After landing at Philadelphia he lived for a few years in Germantown, but before 1750 settled in Weissenburg township, now Lehigh county. The Hans Baer farm is pointed out to this day as the Kerschner farm, about a mile south of Claussville, and his name is on the record of the Ziegel church in 1750, as one of the builders of the first church-edifice for that congregation.

Hans Baer had four children: John, Adam, Jacob and Barbara. Barbara married Henry Fetter and lived in Allentown. John moved to Windsor township, Berks county, and his descendants live in Hamburg, Windsor, Perry and Bern townships. They are many and most of them are well-to-do. Adam went a few miles northwest of the old Hans Baer home and in 1773 settled on a farm which has been in the family since—for over 130 years.

Adam Baer had twelve children—seven sons and five daughters. Jonathan was the youngest of these. He went to



PENN. WELCOMING THE THREE BAERS
Badge of Baer Family Boudin, Aug. 5, 1905

Whitehall, and had three sons: Jonas, John and Abraham, who is the father of Osville Baer, of Schwenksville. Peter was the oldest son of Adam and is familiarly known as "Red Peter," or "Peter the Red." He lived on the old homestead and had six children: Benjamin, Joseph, David, Solomon, Polly and Hannah. Solomon had four children and Joseph eight. These and their descendants live in Lehigh county. David was a tanner, very prosperous, and lived and died in Oley township, Berks county. He had ten children, of whom William lives in Allentown and Kate, Mrs. W. G. Hinterleiter, lives in Kutztown. Benjamin was the oldest son. He obtained the old homestead, and had twelve children: William, Jonas, Levi, Edwin, Phaon, Peter, Charles, Eli, Julia, Sarah, Caroline and Eliza. William was the oldest and transmitted the old home to his son Peter F., the present owner. This farm is situated about three miles south of Seipstown in what is known as Baer's valley. William, its late owner, died about a year ago, aged 77 years.

Jacob Baer, the third son of Hans, obtained the old farm and also acquired several large tracts east of the Adam Baer farm. He was the owner of over 500 acres, and had twelve children—six sons and six daughters. He gave each of these sons a farm. They were: Jacob, who lived and died in Weissenburg; Daniel, who died in Weissenburg and was the father of John Baer, of Rockland township, Berks county, who had sixteen children; John, who moved to Adams county; Henry, who moved to Luzerne county; John Adam (Hans Adam), who in 1812 moved to Maxatawny, Berks county, on what is now known as Hartman's farm, about a mile northeast of Kutztown.

This John Adam Baer was the ancestor of most of the Berks county Baers. He was of the third generation, being a son of Jacob, and had ten children: Jonathan, John, Peter, Charles, Solomon, Eva, Lydia, Betsy, Susanna and Polly.

Jonathan was the oldest. He was born in 1706 and died in 1878. He lived in Greenwich township and for thirty-five

years was a township-officer. Charles Baer, of Stony Run, is his oldest son, whose son Jonathan and grandson Charles live in the same place. Both have been school-teachers, and are closely identified with the public interests of their township.

John was married to Catharine Adam and had ten children: Solomon, Sarah, Peter, Henry, Nathan, Catharine, Joel, John, Lucy and Samuel. Solomon, the oldest son, was a soldier of the Civil War and died in Fort Scott, Kansas, in 1900. Mrs. Emma Kagan, of Reading, is his only living child in the East. Sarah was married to John Smith and died without children. Peter was a master mechanic, a soldier of the Civil War, and died in Mercer county, Pa., fifteen years ago. Henry was a carpenter and died in Lawrenceville, Ind., in 1898. He had a large family.

Nathan lived for many years in Hamburg, Pa., and had ten children: Lizzie, Catharine, John, George, Annie, Lovie, Sallie, Phoebe, Calvin and Thomas. John and Calvin follow in the footsteps of their father and are merchants; George is in the hotel-business.

Catharine was married to Henry Williams and had five children: Oliver, Eugene, Nathan, Katie and Clara. Eugene has eleven children.

Joel is a millwright and lives in Hamburg. John lives in Albany township and has one son, Johnson O. Baer, a successful school-teacher.

Lucy is married to H. M. Weil and lives in Maxatawny. She had two children: Harry M., of Pottsville, and Mrs. Albert Merkel, of Maxatawny.

Samuel A. lives in Harrisburg. He was school-superintendent of Berks county and the city of Reading and principal of the Harrisburg high-school. He has three children living: Stella, now Mrs. Fred G. Hanlan, of Harrisburg; Joseph A., first lieutenant in the regular army, instructor at West Point Military Academy, and Carl, a junior at Lehigh University.

Peter Baer, third son of John Adam, lived and died at Raisin Center, Mich. He had nine children and many grand-

children. His descendants with their husbands and wives number over a hundred.

Charles Baer, of this same generation, lived and died at Topton, Berks county. He was a stone mason by trade, and a man of genial nature and great activity. He had nine children: Sarah, Jonathan, Henry, Benjamin, William, George, Elizabeth, Esther and Amanda.

Sarah was married to Reuben Geist and had six children: George W., Melissa, Charles, Henry, Anna and William. George W. is married and has six children. He is located at Frankford, Philadelphia, and is known as one of the most intelligent and progressive members of the family.

Jonathan C. lives at Hamburg. He was a soldier of the Civil War and rose to the position of second lieutenant. He has no children.

Henry C. lives at Rosedale, near Reading. He has five children and is a carpenter by trade. He was a soldier of the Civil War, was one of the main factors in arousing an interest in the Baer family reunion, and is president of the Baer Family Association.

Benjamin C. lived at Topton and had seven children: Charles of Iowa, Frank of Topton, Carrie and George of Pottstown, Dr. John R. of Philadelphia, Katie and Fred N. of Kutztown. He is the secretary of the Baer Family Association. Benjamin C. was active in his community and represented his county (Berks) two terms in the State-Legislature.

William lives at High Park. He is treasurer of the Baer Family Association and is prosperous. George lives at Marklesburg, Pa. He was a soldier of the Civil War, and has two children.

Esther was married to Moses Scheirer and has two daughters, Jennie and Carrie, both graduates of the Reading high school and the latter at present a senior at Mount Holyoke College.

Amanda is married to John Stout and has three children: John, Henry and Annie. John is a graduate of Franklin and Marshall College and a student of the theological seminary of the Reformed church.



A MERRY GROUP OF BAERS
Badge of Baer Family Reunion, Aug. 4, 1906

Solomon, son of John Adam Baer, lived at Akron, Ohio, and had three daughters. He was very prosperous and died in 1806.

Of the five daughters of John Adam Baer, Lydia and Polly lived and died at Lockport, N. Y. They were both blessed with this world's goods, but had no children. Eva married Jacob Schollenberger, lived and died in Greenwich township, and had three children: Jacob, Julia and William.

Betsy, daughter of John Adam Baer, was married to Solomon Stoyer and lived near Greenville, Mercer county. She had six children, of whom Henry S. has nine children and a number of grandchildren.

Susanna, daughter of John Adam Baer, was married to Samuel Smith, and had nine children. She died three years ago, and was the last of her generation to pass from the stage of terrestrial existence.

Line of Melchior Baer

Melchior Baer, the second of the trio of immigrants above named, settled at Macongie, Lehigh county, and had several large farms. His will is on record in the court-house at Easton. He had eight children, and made special bequests to Melchior and Jacob. These two brothers of the second generation became the progenitors of large families. Melchior married Catharine Desch and had ten children: David, Jacob, Polly, Elizabeth,

Charles, George, Samuel, Henry, Susan and Catharine.

Jacob, of the third generation of this branch, had twelve children: Charles, Henry, Solomon, Jonas, David, Sallie, Lydia, Susan, Maria, Hannah, Emma, and William. Charles was married to Elizabeth Berger and had seven children. Jonas married Sallie Riegner and had four children: George E. of Allentown, J. Pierce of East Greenville, who has five children, J. Augustus and Tilghman.

Lydia, of the fourth generation, married Augustus Romig and had two children: Catharine and J. Henry, of Allentown.

Henry, of the third generation, married Kate Diffenderfer and had eight children: Henry B., David, James, Mary, Sarah, Eliza, Susie and Kate. Henry B. married Catharine Eilenberger and had three children: Lucy, married to A. H. Rushing; James B. and Jonas E., of Blairstown, N. J.

Jacob Baer, of the second generation of Melchior's line, is likewise the father of a numerous offspring. He had eleven children: Rachel, George, Joseph, Melchior, Samuel, Susan, Judith, Ephraim, Elizabeth, Manasses and Benjamin. Of these Samuel lived and died at Mount Wolf, York county. Benjamin lived near Newberry, York county, and had fifteen children. Manasses lived for many years near Alburdis, Lehigh county, but late in life moved to Newberry, York county, where he died at the advanced age of 84, three years ago. Ephraim lived near Alburdis and had nine children, of whom Emma, Mrs. William Ruff, of Reading, is one, and another is Rebecca, wife of Rev. J. A. Feger, of Bangor, Pa.

Line of Christophel Baer

The third of the group of immigrant Baers was Christophel Baer, who prior to his coming to America patented 560 acres in what is now Whitehall, Lehigh county. His history is the most complete of all. The records at Easton show that he was a systematic business-man and of great force of character. His name in the patent and other records is set down as Christopher, but he wrote it Christo-

phel, and by his friends he was known as Stoffel Baer.

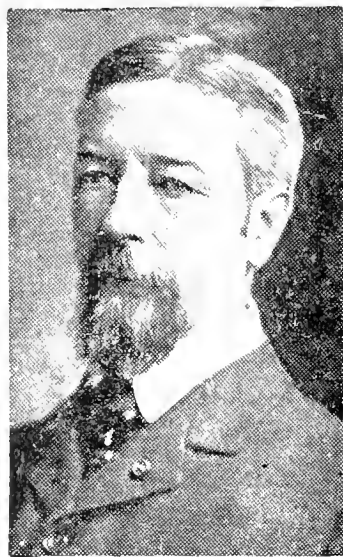
He was the great-grandfather of George F. Baer, of Reading, Pa., the distinguished lawyer and railroad president, and had six children: Heinrich, Melchior, John, Salome, Apollonia and Jacob.

Heinrich obtained a farm from his father, but sold it prior to 1800, and moved to western Pennsylvania. His children live in the West.

Six tracts were conveyed to Melchior and John. John sold his land and moved to Romney county, Va., where he died without issue. Melchior lived and died in North Whitehall. He had four children: Henry, Catharine, Susan and Magdalena. One of the grandsons of this Melchior is Henry C. Baer, of Ironton, Lehigh county, who lives on part of the land patented by his ancestor, Stoffel, and has in his possession some of the original papers.

Salome married William Kerns and lived and died in Heidelberg township. Apollonia died unmarried.

Jacob, the youngest son, was made the executor of the will of Christophel, which was dated 1784 and probated at Easton August 15, 1786. He moved to western



GEORGE F. BAER, ESQ.
President of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway
Company

Maryland and died in 1823. He was twice married, had four sons with his first wife and two with the second. Solomon, the youngest of these, died at Somerset, Pa., in 1883 in his ninetieth year. He was the father of George F. Baer, also of Judge William Baer and Herman C. Baer, Esq., of Somerset. The latter is the father of Dr. Hermanus Baer, who married Mabel McKinley.

Ancestral Traditions and Interesting Facts

George F. Baer has his family-record clear in every step to the first immigrant, and he goes back even to Zweibrücken, Germany, where he has located the home of his family prior to 1743. Here is still pointed out a place known for generations as "Bären-Hütte" (Baer's hut or cabin). When old Christophel bought his tract in America the English agent, eager to transplant the German name Bären-Hütte, called it "Bruin's Rest." This spot can still be pointed out on the old Baer homestead, about a mile south-east of Whitehall, Lehigh county.

There is also a tradition in connection with the old homestead at Zweibrücken that one Peter von Baer, in the distant past, married the daughter of Count Palatine, and thus established real rank for his descendants. Mr. Baer has the historic coat of arms of the family, which consists of a shield on which the most prominent figure is a bear carrying sheaves. But this is a family-secret and not generally told.

There are many interesting facts connected with the history of this family. One of them is the peculiar character of the will of Christophel Baer. He distributed all his land to his children while yet alive. But he made a will in which he bequeathed to each of his children a copy of the Holy Bible. He describes minutely the character and imprint and where it was to be bought, and thus hands it down as the one great treasure on earth.

Another fact worth mentioning is the way in which most of the earlier men of the family provided in their wills for their widows. They specify every detail in which, after their death, their widows must be cared for. One goes even beyond the care of the body, and specifies that the mother must live in peace, and as far as possible in contentment, and if the children cannot contribute to this, they must leave the premises until after her death. Love of home, respect for parents and reverence for the Bible are noble qualities, and there is no wonder these people prospered.

The Baers of Lancaster are of different origin. They are the descendants of John Baer, who immigrated from Switzerland prior to 1730. They are Swiss Mennonites, and most of the Baers of Lancaster, York, Adams, Cumberland and Perry counties belong to this branch of the family.

The Yost Family

BY J. IRWIN YOST, CENTER SQUARE, PA.

THE revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV in 1685 sent out of France and into England, Holland and Germany half a million refugees, who scattered far and planted deep the seeds of protest against political and religious intolerance. The fruit-time of popular discontent came a generation later, when all Europe was ripe with a harvest of unrest. Out of the prevailing disquiet sprang the strong, matured spirit of freedom. From America the beacon of Liberty shone brightly, and the gleaming light-shafts of greater

opportunities and a broader freedom lured many to our shores. Germany felt the impulse and the tide of immigration to America began to set in. From the Palatinate some of her best families, fleeing the rigors of persecution, made resolute venture of their prospects and hoped-for freedom by coming hither.

Jacob Yost, a Palatine Immigrant

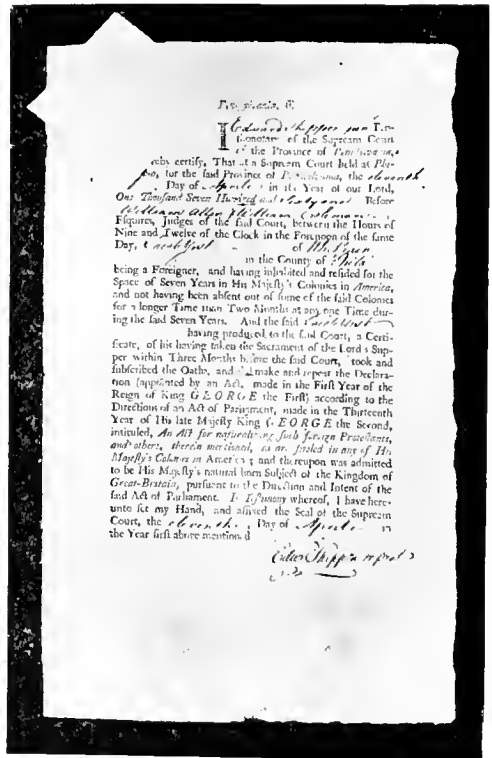
In company with Rev. George Michael Weiss, the first regularly ordained minister of the Reformed church in this country, about one hundred and nine

families (nearly 400 persons in all) of Reformed people from the Palatinate immigrated to America, arriving in Philadelphia September 21, 1727. Among that number was Jacob Yost (Jost), the pioneer of the present Yost family in America. He was born in Germany March 16, 1696, a native of the province of Zweibrücken and by occupation a weaver. Shortly after his arrival in this country he settled in Whitpain township, Montgomery (then Philadelphia) county, Pa., and according to tradition carried on the business of weaving in a log house which he built a short distance north of the present village of Center Square. He was married July 11, 1734, to Elizabeth Schumbach (Shambaugh). Six years later he purchased what is known as the "Homestead Farm," removed thereto, developing and improving the same, whilst engaging in many affairs of local importance. He was naturalized April 11, 1761. According to a peculiar provision of an act of Parliament the time of his last sacrament of the Lord's Supper before naturalization is recorded—March 22, 1761.

The original certificate, well preserved and prized as a unique document, is in possession of the writer.

After deeding the property to his eldest son, Daniel, he retired from the active pursuits of life, removed to Philadelphia and lived with his son-in-law, John Philip Boehm, Jr., until his death. He was buried in the cemetery of the old Race Street German Reformed church, the site of which is now included in the plot known as Franklin Square.

Jacob Yost the immigrant had five children, two of whom died in infancy. A daughter, Anna Maria, married John Philip Boehm, Jr., son of Rev. John Philip Boehm, founder of the historic Boehm's Reformed church at Bluebell, Pa. Daniel, the oldest son, married Elizabeth Spare. Accurate data of the youngest son, Peter, have not been completed, as no descendants of his are known to exist. Prominent descendants of the Boehm branch are to-day found in families bearing the names of Jones and Clayton.



NATURALIZATION-CERTIFICATE OF JACOB YOST

Daniel Yost (2) and His Family

The ancestral name has been carried down thro' the progeny of Daniel Yost, of the second generation. He had five children:

Jacob, born December 12, 1761, died March 25, 1814;

Maria, born October 3, 1762, died November 26, 1840;

Peter, born January 28, 1765, died September 16, 1827;

Abraham, born March 9, 1767, died September 22, 1848;

Sarah, born January 18, 1772, died January 3, 1853.

In the list of taxables of Whitpain township in 1761 Daniel Yost is returned as a blacksmith. He became famed as a manufacturer of edged tools, mill-accessories, guns, etc. He was an expert mechanic. Entries in the account-book* of work done in his shop show that he was equipped to meet the demands for every class of iron and steel-work which the

*In possession of the writer.

surrounding communities required, such as the manufacture of sickles, scythes and other edged tools, cutting screws for all purposes, turning mill-spindles, making rifle-barrels from iron furnished by the customer, etc.

Much of the early history of the Yosts is co-extensive with that of the Yost farm, or "Homestead," which originally contained 95 acres, was purchased by Jacob Yost September 10, 1740, and has remained in unbroken possession of the Yost family ever since—a period of 160 years. This tract is situated in Whitpain township, on the Yost road; it has latterly been known as Yost's saw and chopping mill, and "more than a century ago as Yost's shops and tool-factory."* Jacob Yost deeded the property to his son Daniel November 27, 1768. During Daniel's ownership the original tract was increased to its present extent of over 130 acres by four subsequent purchases. Not earlier than 1774, nor later than 1781, a saw-mill was built, and an extensive business in that line was carried on in conjunction with the tool-manufactory. It is probable that about this time, or earlier, Daniel also erected the huge cider-mill

and press which did service for more than a century. The ponderous press operated with wooden screws, 12 by 14 inches in diameter, was removed less than two years ago.

Because of the enterprise and varied character of business carried on at this place, also because of their public services, the Yosts during Daniel's career sprang into more than ordinary prominence. That distinction did not cease at Daniel's death (August 6, 1812), for his sons, Jacob and Abraham, were particular characters, both in public office and private life. Daniel Yost by will bequeathed the property to his sons, Jacob and Abraham. After Jacob's death Abraham became sole owner until his death, when it came into possession of his sister Sarah. After her death in 1853, it was purchased by Isaac Yost, a nephew of the fourth generation, who further improved the premises by erecting a grist-mill thereon. Isaac lived upon the ancestral estate until 1874, when he removed to his newly built mansion at Center Square. Here he died in 1891; however, he always retained possession of the "Homestead" farm, and it is still the property of his undivided estate.

*DeWeaver.

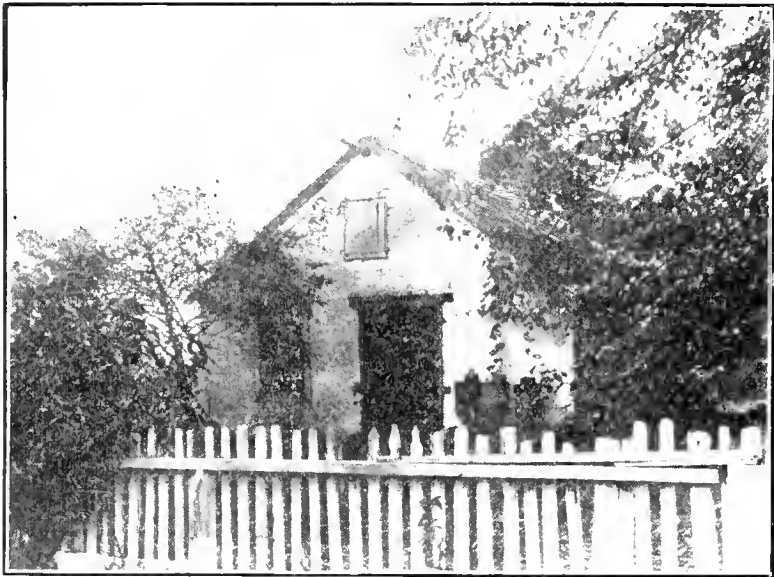


YOST HOMESTEAD IN WHITPAIN, MONTGOMERY COUNTY, PA.

Peter Yost (3) and His Descendants

Of Daniel Yost's children only one, Peter, embarked upon the matrimonial sea. He, Peter of the third generation, was married April 3, 1791, to Elizabeth Ziegler. The offspring of this union were eleven children, all of whom married. Nine reared families and left descendants, who at the present time constitute the distinctive branches of the Yost family. Ann Yost, of the fourth generation, married John Henricks, had thirteen children, and left descendants to the eighth generation, bearing the names of Hen-

Schaffer, Barlow, Binder, Scheffey, Borneman, Walt and Miller. Abraham married Maria Christman, had seven children and left descendants to the seventh generation, bearing the names of Yost, Summers, Murray, Fitzgerald, Querns, Platt, Herbert, Housemick and Smith. Mary married George Grubb, had two children, and left descendants to the seventh generation, bearing the name of Foster. Michael married Johanna McCandless, had five children and left descendants to the seventh generation, bearing the name of Yost. Catharine



PORTION OF DANIEL YOST'S SHOP LEFT STANDING TODAY.

ricks, Bechtel, Dare, Carson, Bateman, Bertolett, Cassel, Yorgey, Herzl, Funk, Anders, Tyson, Latshaw, Klink, Vangorden, Lafferty, Weiser, White, Moser, Hunsberger, Schlotterer and Hammel. Elizabeth married Peter Reifsnnyder and had no descendants. Daniel married Juliana Missimer, had eight children, and left descendants to the seventh generation, bearing the names of Yost, Harley, Schwenk, Hallman, Wisner, Zimmerman, Baker and Keeler. Jacob married Hannah Christman, had five children and left descendants to the seventh generation, bearing the names of Yost, Krause,

married Robert Brooke, had eleven children and left descendants to the seventh generation, bearing the names of Brooke, Loughridge, Fenstermacher, Dengler, Bessemer, Jones, Vogel and Fryer. Isaac married Mary Reiff, had three children and left descendants to the seventh generation, bearing the names of Yost and Beyer. Sarah married Leonard Metz and left no descendants. Peter married Eliza Werkiser, had eight children and left descendants to the seventh generation, bearing the names of Yost, Freideborn, Missimer, Martin, Garber and Buck.

Families of Yost Kin—Yost Reunions

Families of Yost kin are most numerous in southeastern Pennsylvania, in the counties of Montgomery and Philadelphia. Representatives of the branches, however, are found in several States and Territories of the Union. The entire family and descendants of Michael Yost, who was stricken with the gold-fever in the early fifties and emigrated to California, are all residents of that State.

The early Yosts were quick in adapting themselves to the institutions of our country. They were alert with progressive ideas; were strong patrons of education and always ready to respond with money or service toward the needs of the community, or the larger affairs of public welfare. In religious proclivities they

were and are prevailingly identified with the Reformed church.

The annual Yost family-reunion has been an institution for nine years. The interassociation of the several family-branches and the fellowship thus engendered has proved a pleasant means of gathering much of the historic character of our ancestors. Of that, there is all reason to be proud. There are prominent types thro'out the generations that have nobly conserved the inherent strain of Yost integrity and honor, the presentation of whose lives in the present sketch by the writer would be fulsome extolling. It is enough for popular information to say there is something of rarer quality in Yost history which historians, other than those of kin, have been pleased to note and to which they accord the meed of unqualified praise.

The Slingluff Family

BY J. HOWARD ELLIS, NORRISTOWN, PA.

THIS sketch of the Slingluff family is penned to comply with a request of the editor of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN and to preserve a short outline of the history of this family in America. We hope that some one better qualified than the writer will take up the subject later and give a better account thereof.

Henrich Schlengetluff, the Immigrant

Henrich Schlengetluff, my great-great-grandfather, was a native of Waldeck, Germany. He emigrated to England and afterward to America. During the early part of the reign of George II, king of England, a number of Palatines left the fatherland to settle in the British provinces of America. Henrich Schlengetluff was one of seventy-five who came to Philadelphia with their families and property, arriving August 10, 1729, in the ship *Mortonhouse*, James Coultas, master, from Rotterdam, but last from Cowes (as shown by clearance dated June 21, 1729). He also wrote his name Hendrick Sligloff. He was accompanied by his wife Anna Christiana and his daughter Apalis.*

After being in this country a while he thought it better to spell his name as it was pronounced in English, *Slingluff*. He had lived in the grand-duchy of Hanau, which now forms a part of Hesse-Nassau. In religion he was a German Baptist, the corporate name of which denomination now is German Baptist Brethren. He purchased land in Salford township, Philadelphia county, and prior to 1734 paid what were called quit-rents, a rent reserved by the proprietary in the grant of land upon payment of which the landholder was to be freed from all other taxes. Later he purchased land in Cheltenham township, Philadelphia county. By occupation he was a weaver and a farmer, pursuits frequently combined at that time. He also had what was then called a nursery plantation. In 1746 he purchased the land where now stands the German Baptist church with graveyard adjoining, at No. 6611 Germantown avenue, Philadelphia, the first church of his denomination in America.

In 1760 Henrich Slingluff deeded this land to the four trustees of the above-named church. Many of his grandchildren and some of his great-grandchild-

*See Rupp's "Thirty Thousand Names."

dren are buried at this church, in which he took a great interest.

Henrich Slingluff died at his home in Cheltenham township December 13, 1770, aged eighty-four years. He left four children: John, Henry, Christiana and Elizabeth; also one grandchild, John Bechtelsheimer, son of his deceased daughter Sophia.

John Slingluff I and Family

John Slingluff I, son of the immigrant Henrich, was born May 12, 1735, and died November 18, 1785. He was the ancestor of the Slingluffs in America. His brother Henry Slingluff II, who was born October 12, 1736, and died in 1810, remained unmarried all his life. He was quite a writer and spent the greater part of his time in translating German works, largely of a religious character, into English. John Slingluff married Catharine Robb, April 10, 1759. Children were born to them as follows:

Joseph, born Feb. 28, 1760;
 Hannah, born April 5, 1761;
 John II, born Sept. 11, 1762;
 Richard, born April 2, 1764, died Oct. 21, 1767;
 Susanna, born Feb. 28, 1766, died Oct. 26, 1767;
 Samuel, born Feb. 5, 1768;
 Henry, born Oct. 18, 1769;
 Susanna H, born March 5, 1772;
 Jesse, born Jan. 1, 1775.

Descendants of Jesse Slingluff (3)

This Jesse Slingluff, of the third generation, located in Baltimore, and his descendants are now widely scattered in Maryland, Ohio, Virginia and West Virginia. His son Jesse II, one of eleven children, had fifty-four grandchildren. Jesse Slingluff, the first of the name, was a wholesale grocer and commission-merchant in Baltimore. The firm-name appears in the first directory of Baltimore published in 1760, as Bohn & Slingluff.

George W. Slingluff was a merchant in Canal Dover, Tuscarawas county, Ohio. Members of the family founded the towns of New Philadelphia and Canal Dover, Ohio.

Howe's History of Ohio says that Isaac Slingluff (4), son of Jesse Slingluff I, was a farmer and inherited the

Avalon estate in Carroll county. The oldest daughter of Jesse I married Thomas E. Hambleton, a wholesale dry-goods merchant of Baltimore, and had several children. One of these, Jesse S. Hambleton, died in Nicaragua with Walker, the filibuster; John A. Hambleton was member of the banking-firm of Hambleton & Co., in Baltimore; another son, Francis Hambleton, is chief engineer of the city gas-works and was for a time with the Winans in Russia and England.

The members of this branch of the family have been prominent in the legal and mercantile professions, in banking, politics and farming. They have been educated in Heidelberg University, Germany, in Johns Hopkins University, the University of Pennsylvania and other leading institutions.

Descendants of John Slingluff II (3)

John Slingluff II (3), my great-grandfather, married Mary Hallman, daughter of Anthony and Mary (Streeper) Hallman and great-granddaughter of William Streeper, who at one time owned five thousand acres of land in Philadelphia county. They had these children: Samuel, John, Mary, Catharine, Hannah, Henry and William II.

Samuel Slingluff (4) married Sarah Levering. They had one child, Clarissa Howell, born October 18, 1818, died November 26, 1839.

John Slingluff III (4) married and had one son, Christopher.

Mary Slingluff (4) married John Harner, who moved to Lancaster county, where a large number of his descendants are living.

Catharine Slingluff (4) married John Funk.

Hannah Slingluff (4) married Casper Schlater.

Henry Slingluff (4), my grandfather, married Elizabeth Schlater and had these eleven children: Emma, Ellen, Rachel, Hannah, Sarah, Mary Ann, William, Casper, Samuel II., John and Maggie. Of these, Emma, Ellen and Rachel died unmarried.

Hannah Slingluff (5) married Charles T. Davis, of Lower Providence, and had

five children: John R., Elizabeth, Hannah, Charlotte and Ellen. Of these, John R. married Maggie O'Brien of Port Providence; Elizabeth first married Charles Gibson, deceased, and is now the wife of Harry Brookes, of North Wales; Hannah married Charles F. Shoemaker, of Upper Dublin; Charlotte is teaching school in Philadelphia, and Ellen is at home. Mrs. Davis died in July, 1906.

Sarah Slingluff (5) married Samuel S. Griffin, of Upper Providence, and had two children: Henry S., who died in infancy, and Mary Ann, who married Charles Holm.

Mary Ann Slingluff (5) married Reuben A. Ellis and had six children. Of these, J. Howard married E. Lettie T. Wentz, of Upper Dublin; Henry S., now deceased, married Mary Ann Miller, of Upper Providence; Catharine is unmarried and lives in Norristown; Elizabeth married George Garner, of North Wales, deceased, and is now living in Jersey City; J. Reiner married Lizzie Ford, of North Wales, and is living in Philadelphia; Samuel H. is married to Jennie Mayne and lives near Eagleville, Montgomery county, Pa.

William Slingluff (5) married Margaret Sheppard, of Horsham, Montgomery county, and had six children. Of these, Emma died unmarried; William, deceased, was married to Ella Long; Levi married Adella Berkheimer; George married his brother, William's widow; Henry married Flora Kreusen, and Casper married Alice Suggard, of Germantown.

Casper Slingluff (5) married Harriet Wood; their children were Mary E., Annie, Charles and one who died in infancy. Mary E. died unmarried; Annie married Samuel Ramey and Charles married Elizabeth Mitchel.

Samuel Slingluff (5) married Amanda Hagy and had two children: John W., who married Ida Hallman, and Martha, who first married Frank Freas, deceased, and then a Mr. Maris.

John Slingluff (5) married Kate Nice and is now living near Sidney, Neb. They had two children: Harper, who died unmarried, and Mary, who married a Mr. Davis.



WILLIAM H. SLINGLUFF (4)
From Bean's History of Montgomery County

Maggie Slingluff (5) married John Kindy, of Upper Providence, and had two children: J. Henry and John Albert. J. Henry, now deceased, married Adah Hallman, who afterwards became the wife of a Mr. Schrader (?) and now lives in Corry, Pa.; John Albert married Emma Davis.

William Slingluff (4), youngest son of John Slingluff II, married Mary Knorr. For a full sketch of him, his family and business-life the reader is referred to Biographical Annals of Montgomery county, Pa., Vol. I, page 280, and History of Montgomery County, by Theodore W. Bean, page 474.

Schlingloffs in Germany—Family-History in Preparation

There are two branches of the Schlingeluff family, one hailing from Waldeck-Pyrmont, the other from the neighbor-

hood of Hanau, in Hesse-Nassau. The Schlengefluffs remaining in the fatherland now write their name Schlingloff. Mr. Charles Schlingloff, of Baltimore, is a member of this branch.

The Schlingloffs of Hanau in Germany have been largely interested in the manufacture of jewelry. Heinrich Justus Schlingloff was a poet and a contributor to the *Frankfurter Journal*. The family-name, according to the late Professor Vilmar, of Marburg, Germany, who wrote a book on the derivation of

German family-names (*Deutsches Namenbüchlein*), was originally Schlingwulf, signifying a devouring wolf, or one who could devour a wolf.

At the eleventh reunion of the Slingluff family, held August 16, 1906, a large representation thereof elected Charles Bohn Slingluff, of Baltimore, family-historian. He is getting out a history of the family and hopes to have it ready by the time of the next reunion, to be held at Zieber's Park, near Norristown, Pa., on the third Thursday of August, 1907.

The Hartman Family

BY W. L. HARTMAN, GEIGERS MILLS, PA.

Hartmans All Over the Country

ONE of the families whose members and descendants are scattered widely thro'out all sections of the country is the Hartman family. People bearing this name are known to inhabit practically all States of the Union. Whether they all descended from one common parent stock we do not positively know, but it is more than likely that, should the family-history be traced back into the mother country thro' three or four centuries, it would be found that the large majority of the Hartmans were of kindred origin.

The purpose of this sketch is merely to trace the history of one branch of the family as far as known. It is hoped that any members of the family who may read this sketch and who know something about other branches will feel free to inform the writer of such facts as they may happen to have in their possession, so that perhaps some common source or origin of the families may be discovered and the history of each individual branch may be proven to be but part of the history of the whole tree.

A great many Hartmans are found in all the eastern counties of Pennsylvania. In Berks county one branch of the family lives to the east and south of Reading, while another lives in the valley north of Reading. Whether these two branches are closely related has not as yet been determined. This paper will be

concerned wholly with that branch of the family originally living to the north of Reading, but which has since spread thro' Schuylkill, Columbia, Lycoming and other northern counties of Pennsylvania, and thro' the States of the Middle West.

John Hartman, Immigrant and Pioneer

The earliest pioneer of this family, John Hartman, according to the records, came to America about the year 1767. He hailed from the Rhine country in Germany, and made the passage of the Atlantic in the ship Crawford, landing at the port of Philadelphia. A romance is connected with the story of his emigration to America. He was in love with a young girl whose name is unknown, but who was not regarded with favor by Hartman's parents. In spite of opposition to his betrothed, Hartman decided to marry the girl of his choice and emigrated to America to overcome or escape the parental prejudice. In America they settled in Exeter township, now Berks county, where Hartman was employed as a miller at Bishop's mill, a property now owned by George Wamsher. Unfortunately the happiness of this romantic pilgrimage from the fatherland was short-lived, for in the first year of their wedded life Hartman's young bride died, without issue. Afterwards Hartman married a widow by the name of Bleiler, and from this union were born five children, two sons and three daughters: John, Michael,

Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Harry Sylvis and Catharine.

John Hartman later settled on what is now the old Hartman homestead, lately owned by Henry Hartman, deceased, and still possessed by his estate, near Temple, Muhlenberg (then Alsace) township, Berks county. John Hartman and his wife are buried in Reading, Pa., on the present site of Trinity Lutheran church. As this church was built in 1799, both Mr. and Mrs. Hartman must have died prior to that date.

John Hartman (2) and Family

John Hartman (2) was probably born at Bishop's mill in Exeter township. He was a farmer and spent practically all his long life on the old homestead at Temple. He was married to Sophia Mary Maurer. John Hartman (2) owned property extensively in the neighborhood of Temple—several farms besides the old homestead, and an extensive tract of woodland now owned jointly by Frederic Hartman, the estate of Henry Hartman and George C. Hartman. John (2) increased these possessions by the purchase of the Temple (now Graul's) hotel-property, but this was again sold upon the settlement of his estate. He also bought the farm adjoining the old homestead on the west. This farm is now owned and was at one time occupied by Frederic Hartman, and is mentioned repeatedly in the history of the family. John (2) and his wife are buried in the Alsace church graveyard, but they had originally been buried in the burial-ground of Trinity Lutheran church at Reading. Their bodies were removed to Alsace church by their sons about 1800, when the Trinity burial-ground was used for other purposes. This ground extended from the church on Washington street along North Sixth street back to and beyond Walnut street. The Hartmans were buried close to the church-edifice. The writer's father well remembers the occasion of Mrs. Hartman's burial. This took place about 1852, a time when the Schuylkill river was practically without bridges, as the flood of 1850 had carried them away.

Among the bridges destroyed was Leiss's bridge. George C. Hartman and his father Daniel crossed the river in a row-boat, driving to the funeral with a team borrowed from a neighbor, Jared Miller. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. William Pauli. John Hartman (2) died prior to 1830 at the age of about 54 years, leaving three sons and two daughters: John, Daniel, Frederic, Elizabeth and Mary.

John Hartman (3) and Descendants

John Hartman (3) was born on the old homestead at Temple. He lived there during his entire life and after his father's death became owner of all his real estate except the hotel-property, which was sold. He was married to Mary Schaeffer and his occupation was farming. He also owned an iron-ore mine situated in the woodland-tract on South Mountain, east of Temple. The ore from the mine was taken by teams to Eckert's furnace in Reading. John Hartman (3) never operated the mine himself, but he held a royalty on its products. He was in good financial circumstances and was prominently known as a money-lender. Mr. and Mrs. John Hartman (3) were the parents of six children, five sons and one daughter: Amos (4), John (4), Frederic (4), Daniel (4), Henry (4) and Sophia Maria (4). Both parents are buried in the Alsace church cemetery.

Amos Hartman (4) was born on the old homestead at Temple, as were all his brothers and his sister. After the death of his father, John (3), he bought the homestead and later sold it to his brother Henry. Frederic took the property adjoining it on the west, where Amos had lived and which he had farmed for his father prior to the latter's death. After John's (3) death Amos moved to the homestead, while Mrs. Hartman with her sons Frederic and Henry took possession of the farm vacated by Amos. Amos later bought and moved to a large farm in Spring township, near Cacoosing. Afterwards he bought the Jacob Kirst property near North Reading and moved upon it. He also bought the adjoining property now occupied by Garson Huyett, where he died. Both he and his wife,



FREDERIC S. HARTMAN (4)

née Rebecca Yost, are buried in the Al-sace church cemetery. Amos and Rebecca Hartman were the parents of four children, one son and three daughters: Frank Y. (5), Mary (5), Susan (5) and Clara (5).

Frank Y. Hartman (5) was born at Temple, but later bought and is now occupying the Kirst farm near North Reading. He was married to Sarah Reber and the union was blessed with three children: Edwin R. (6), Nora (6), and Paul (6), who died in infancy. Mary (5) was married to Adam Rothermel, of Muhlenberg township, and mother of a large family. She is no longer living.

Susan (5) was married to John Bernhart, deceased, and by him was the mother of one son, Charles (6). She was again married to Garson Huyett, who has been referred to above. This union has been blessed with three children, Victor and two others. Clara (5) was married to William Krick and is now living at Sinking Springs, Pa.

John Hartman (4), Amos's brother, was born at Temple and in his youth journeyed to Ohio, which in those times, when traveling-facilities were poor, was

considered the Far West. There he died and was buried. He was about 23 years of age and at the time of his death was engaged to be married to a Miss Dunkle.

Frederic S. Hartman (4), as stated above, was born on the old homestead at Temple and for a while lived on the farm adjoining, which is still owned by him. He later bought a property along the Reading and Pottsville turnpike near Cross Keys, where he still lives. He is the best educated member of this family, having attended the school at Trappe during his youth. He is the owner of a number of large farms. He is now about 70 years of age. He was married to Amanda High and is the father of six children, two sons and four daughters: John H. (5), James (5), deceased, Mary A. E. (5), Sallie H. (5), Bertha S. (5) and Emma M. (5).

John H. Hartman (5) was born at Temple and in his early manhood went west to Arkansas City, Kansas, where he was employed in a bank and interested in real estate. While living in Kansas he was married to Mrs. Augusta Wardman, and from this union was born one son, John R. (6). He is at present located in Philadelphia, where he is with Felix Isman, a prominent real-estate broker.

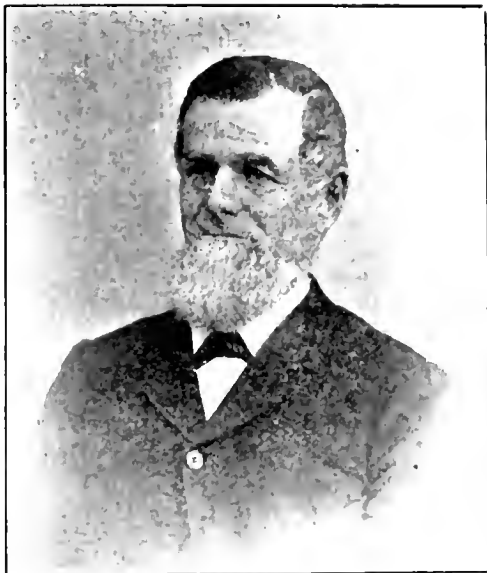
Mary A. (5) is the wife of John Bechtel and is living in Pottsville, Pa., where her husband is on the staff of the "Miners' Journal." She graduated from the Keystone State Normal School in 1883. Mr. and Mrs. Bechtel are the parents of seven children, all daughters: Esther (6), deceased, Ruth (6), Martha (6), Bertha (6), Laura (6), Marian (6) and Florence (6). Sallie H. (5) is the wife of Charles Krick, who holds an important position with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and is at present located in Wilmington, Del. Mr. and Mrs. Krick's family consists of nine children, seven sons and two daughters: Jonas (6), deceased, George (6), Catharine (6), Charles (6), John (6), deceased, Frederic (6), Helen (6), James (6) and Daniel (6). Bertha S. (5) and Emma M. (5) are living at home with their parents near Tuckerton, Pa. Both are graduates of the Keystone State Normal School.

Daniel Hartman (4), son of John (3), was born at Temple and died at home at the age of twenty. He was not married.

Henry Hartman (4) was born at Temple and took possession of the homestead after it was vacated by his brother Amos. He was always a farmer by occupation, tho' he owned a limestone quarry near Evansville, Berks county. For a long time he was treasurer of the school-board of Muhlenberg township, also a member and director of the Oley Fire Insurance Company. He was married to Sarah Dunkle, and the family consisted of three children, one son and two daughters: John D. (5), Bertha (5) and Nora (5). Mr. Hartman died in February, 1905, and is buried at Alsace church. His widow is now living in Temple. John D. (5) was married to Elnora Potteiger. They moved to a large farm near Evansville, Pa., but later John returned to Temple and worked for his father. He is now farming in Ontelaunee township on a farm owned by his father's estate, near Schlegel's mill. He is the father of two daughters: Norma (6), recently married to Elmer Bridegam, and Stella (6). Bertha (5) is married to Valentine Hartman and is living on a farm about a mile east of Temple, along the East Penn Railroad. They are the parents of one child, a daughter. Nora (5) is living at home with her mother in Temple.

Daniel Hartman (3) and Descendants

Daniel Hartman (3), son of John (2) and his wife Sophia Mary, was born in Alsace, now Muhlenberg township, at Temple, December 8, 1769. He was an extensive traveler in his early manhood, traveling west as far as Ohio and Indiana, and north into Canada. In those times all traveling had to be done on foot or horseback, except occasionally when it was possible to travel by steam-boat. For a while he lived in Chester county, where he was in the employ of a Quaker family. At the age of thirty-eight he was married to Anna Ulrich, and to them were born six children, three sons and three daughters: George C. (4), Daniel (4), John (4), Mary (4), Ellen (4) and



GEORGE C. HARTMAN (4)

Mary (4). Daniel (3) lived for a while near Faust's mill in what was then Maidencreek township, but is now Ontelaunee. Here George C. was born. Later they moved to the Bodey property near Bodey's school-house, Muhlenberg township, now owned by Frank Hahn. Here they lived for about two years, when he bought the property now owned and occupied by Jacob Reeser in Bern township. He also bought the adjoining Fox property. Here Daniel lived till the time of his death, April 5, 1876. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hartman are buried in Epler's church cemetery.

George C. Hartman (4), as stated above, was born in Maidencreek, now Ontelaunee township. His father moved to Bern when George was scarcely three years of age. In 1801 he was married to Rebecca J. Leinbach and during the first year of their wedded life they lived with his father on the farm. About that time Daniel Hartman (3) bought a farm-property in Penn township, near Bern church, on which George and his wife moved and stayed for two years. Then he again returned to Bern and took his father's farm. The following year Daniel bought the Hain farm in Bern township along the Schuylkill river, above

Felix's dam, and George moved to this place, where he stayed for twenty-three years. Some time before his father's death in 1876, George bought this property. While tilling this farm he was also engaged in the lime and coal business, manufacturing and selling lime with two partners under the firm-name of Hartman, Kramer & Ulrich. All of their lime was shipped by canal-boat along the Schuylkill river to Reading, the lower part of Berks and Montgomery and Chester counties. In 1886 he bought the large quarries of Leimbach & Brother, located just above Felix's dam at Cedar Hill and adjoining his former property. He moved with his family to this property in 1888 and was engaged wholly in the lime and coal business until 1898, when he moved to West Leesport, Pa., where he has lived in retirement since. He still owns the Cedar Hill property and the large farm adjoining it, besides having a number of other interests. He is an intelligent, broad-minded man, who has always appreciated the value of a liberal education. All his sons are college-graduates and engaged in business or professional careers. George C. Hartman's family consists of eight children, six sons and two daughters: John D. L. (5),

George W. (5), Irvin H. (5) Franklin O. (5) Harrison E. (5), Winfield L. (5), Mary A. (5) and Carrie J. (5).

John D. L. Hartman (5) was born in Penn township in 1865. He attended the Keystone State Normal School, as did all of George C.'s children except Mary. In 1883 he was appointed a cadet to the West Point Military Academy by Daniel Ermentrout, the Congressional representative of the Berks-Lehigh district. He is at present a captain in the First U. S. Cavalry and has seen service in practically all of the western and frontier States, Cuba and the Philippines. Lately he was an instructor of military art in the U. S. Infantry and Cavalry School and Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. In 1894 he was married to Helen C Ward, whose father is now colonel of the Second U. S. Cavalry.

George W. Hartman (5) was born in Bern township, as were all of the family except John. After attending the State Normal School and teaching in the public schools for several years, he entered Franklin and Marshall College, whence he graduated in 1895. He later attended the Harvard Physical Culture School and the Theological Seminary of the Reformed church. While at the latter



GEORGE C. HARTMAN (4) AND HIS FAMILY

place he held the position of physical instructor in Franklin and Marshall College. He is at present in the Reformed ministry and is located at Orwigsburg, Schuylkill county. He was married in 1901 to Carrie M. Reed, of Doylestown, Pa., a graduate of the Keystone State Normal School. They are the parents of two children, a son and a daughter: George E. (6) and Esther L. (6).

Irvin H. Hartman (5), after attending the Keystone State Normal School and teaching in the public schools for a number of terms, prepared for a medical course at Palatinate College, Myerstown, Pa. In 1892 he entered the University of Pennsylvania, graduating in 1895. For a year he served as resident physician at St. Joseph's Hospital, Reading. Since then he has practiced medicine in West Reading and is now located in the city proper. He has at various times been on the visiting staffs of both the Reading and St. Joseph's Hospitals. In 1899 he was married to Frances E. Moser, of Greenville, Pa. They have one child, a daughter, Katharine (6).

Frank O. Hartman (5) also attended the Keystone State Normal School and taught in the public schools. He prepared for college at Palatinate College, and entered Franklin and Marshall in 1894, graduating in 1898. Since then he has served as principal of the Leesport (Pa.) high school, professor of natural sciences in the city high school of Franklin, Pa., principal of the Bernville (Pa.) high school, and is now principal of the high school at Sinking Springs, Pa. He was married in 1901 to Elizabeth A. Kaufman, of West Leesport, Pa., and their family consists of two daughters, Clara R. (6) and Mary E. (6).

Harrison E. Hartman (5), after attending the Normal School and teaching for a number of terms, took a business-course at Palm's College of Business in Philadelphia. After graduating he taught in this institution for a few years. He is at present a partner in the real-estate firm of Barber, Hartman & Company, Philadelphia. He is not married.

Winfield L. Hartman (5) graduated from the Keystone State Normal School in 1897. After teaching in the public

schools he prepared for college in Perkiomen Seminary, Pennsburg. He entered Princeton University in 1900, graduating in 1904. Since that time he has held the position of instructor in Latin and Greek in Perkiomen Seminary. In 1905 he was married to Sophia E. Zerr, of Geigers Mills, Pa.

Mary A. Hartman (5), the oldest of the children of George C. Hartman, was born in Bern township. In 1886 she was married to James G. Kauffman, a progressive young farmer of Center township, Berks county. Their union has been blest with nine children, seven sons and two daughters: Winfield (6), deceased, David (6), Laura (6), deceased, George (6), Mabel (6), James (6), John (6), deceased, Irvin (6) and Harry (6).

Carrie J. Hartman (5) graduated from the Keystone State Normal School in 1899 and taught in the public schools of Ontelaunee township for four years. In 1903 she was married to Mordecai S. Parvin, of East Berkley, Pa. They had one child, a son, Jacob H. (6), deceased.

Mary Hartman (4), daughter of Daniel (3) and sister of George C. (4), died in infancy at the age of about one year.

Daniel Hartman (4) also died in infancy, at the age of about two years.

John Hartman (4) was born in Bern and died at home in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

Mary Hartman (4), the second daughter of Daniel (3) who was named Mary, died at her home in Bern in her eighteenth year.

Ellen Hartman (4) was the only member of Daniel Hartman's family besides George C. who lived to rear a family of her own. She was born in Bern township in 1845. She became the wife of Jacob Reeser of Center township and for a time they lived in Bern with Mr. Hartman. In about 1873 Mr. Reeser bought the farm of Daniel Hartman, located near Leiss's bridge, Bern township, and Mr. Hartman had his home with them until the time of his death, in April, 1876. Mrs. Reeser died in August, 1902, and is buried in Epler's church cemetery. She was the mother of four children, one son and three daughters: James (5), Valeria (5), Mamie (5) and Elizabeth (5).

James Reeser (5) is married to Katherine Annarell of Bern and is living at present in Reading. His family consists of five children, three sons and two daughters: Samuel (6), John (6), James (6), Clara (6) and Katie (6).

Valeria Reeser is the wife of John M. Tobias, who is at present the tenant on the farm of George C. Hartman along Felix's dam in Bern. Mr. and Mrs. Tobias are the parents of five children, all

(To be continued)

The Haas Family

BY O. E. KOCHER, FOGELSVILLE, PA.

HENRY HAAS, the progenitor of the Haas family in eastern Pennsylvania, was born October 10, 1750, and died May 14, 1813, aged 62 years, 7 months and 4 days. His remains are buried in the cemetery of the Jordan Reformed church. Father Haas evidently came from the *Pfalz*, or Palatinate. In company with his son Abraham he went to Philadelphia and bought a redemptioner named Anthony Barsch, a Swiss, from the captain of a trading vessel. This Barsch afterwards came into the family of Jonathan Haas, a brother of Abraham. When Jonathan had learned the milling-trade, he went with his father to Haas's Dale, where they bought the old Haas's mill and 300 acres of land.

Father Haas settled near Breinigsville, Lehigh county. He was married to Catharine Breinig, who was born June 10, 1750, and died December 6, 1837, aged 78 years, 5 months and 26 days. Her body also lies buried in the Jordan Reformed cemetery.

Henry Haas and wife Catharine had nine children: Christina, Henry, George, Peter, Isaac, Jonathan, Abraham (born 1704), Elizabeth and Sallie. Of their descendants the following family-tree, as yet incomplete, has been arranged:

I. Christina Haas married Isaac Rabenold, who had two sons, Peter* and Isaac.* Peter Rabenold's family-record is not given. Isaac Rabenold's children were:

sons: Ammon (6), Clayton (6), Daniel (6), Wayne (6) and Jonathan (6).

Mamie Reeser is married to Ammon Hoffman and is living on her father's farm in Cumru township, Berks county. Her family consists of four children, two sons and two daughters.

Elizabeth Reeser (5) was married to a Mr. Martin and is living at home with her father, Jacob Reeser. She is the mother of two children.

1. Samuel Rabenold.
2. Moses Rabenold.*
3. Levi Rabenold.*
4. Dr. Frank Rabenold.
5. Mrs. Hetty Buchman.*
6. Mrs. Sarah Moyer.*
7. Mrs. Calvin Werley.
8. Mrs. Emeline Leiby.
9. Mrs. Clarissa Oswald Eisenhard.
10. Mrs. ——— Weidenhammer.
11. Mrs. ——— Adam.

II. Henry Haas, Jr., had a son, Samuel,* who married Susanna Hottenstein. They had children as follows:

1. Mary,* wife of Solomon Peter.
2. Lucy, wife of Henry Brophy,* Allentown.
3. Caroline,* wife of Edwin Herber.
4. Malinda,* wife of Joseph Kunkle.
5. Sallie,* wife of John Deily.
6. Eliza, wife of a Mr. Frohn, of New Jersey.
7. Telia,†
8. Levi,* married to Sarah Deily.
9. Samuel,* married to Angelina Krauss.
10. Moses,* married to Telara Guth.
11. Peter, married to Amanda Schmoyer.
12. Alfred, married to Maria Knerr.

III. George Haas went to Mahanoy City, Pa., and was married there.

IV. Peter Haas was married to Margaret Zimmerman and had these children and grandchildren:

1. Jesse,* who went to Indiana.
2. Hetty,* married to George Klotz. Children: (1) George, (2) Mrs. William Helffrich, of Allentown, (3) Mrs. John Hauser, (4) Mary, of Allentown.
3. Sallie,* married to Charles Merkel. Children: (1) James, (2) Phaon,* (3) Charles,* (4) Mrs. Bean, (5) Mrs. Miller,* (6) Mrs. Menno Warmkessel.

*Deceased.

†Died in infancy.

4. Lydia,* married to Charles Fries. Children: (1) Benjamin, (2) William, (3) Calvin, (4) Edmund, (5) Mrs. Emeline Fritz, (6) Mrs. Tevilia Clauser.

5. Levina,* wife of Simon Schuler.

V. Isaac Haas married Margaret Mohr. His children were:

1. Isaac, Jr.,* who married an English woman from the West and had one son, John Haas, of Walberts.

2. David, died unmarried.

3. Henry, married to Polly Semmel.* Children: (1) Lewis, (2) Ellis, (3) Milton, (4) Mrs. Amanda Arner, (5) Mrs. Rosa Peters.*

4. Eli,* married a Miss Guth and moved to Montour county, Pa.

5. Sarah,* wife of William Litzenberger, had these children: (1) Calvin, (2) Alvin, (3) Mrs. Messina Heilman.

6. Elizabeth,* wife of Sylvester Guth. Children: (1) Mrs. Ella Köcher, (2) Mrs. Cecilia Wenner, (3) Mrs. Laura Keck, (4) Mrs. Amelia Koch, of Philadelphia, (5) Minnie, (6) Harvey, (7) Penrose, (8) Llewellyn, (9) Griffith.†

VI. Jonathan Haas was married to ——— Guth and had children as follows:

1. Lucy,* married first to Amos Krauss, afterwards to John George. Her children were: (1) Uriah Krauss, of Allentown; (2) Louisa,* wife of Absalom Moyer; (3) Mrs. Lovina K. Roth, Alburtis; (4) Mrs. Caroline K. Missimer, Allentown; (5) Matilda, wife of Phaon Hausman; (6) Phaon George, Jordan P. O., Lehigh county; (7) Peter George*†; (8) Mrs. Rosa G. Bear*†; (9) Mrs. Polly G. Heintzelman, Lehigh county; (10) Mrs. Sarah G. Acker; (11) Catherine, wife of James Lauchnor, New Tripoli.

2. Levi,* married to Mary Weitknecht. Children: (1) Mrs. Agnes Peters,* (2) Mrs. Bella Haas,* (3) Alice, wife of Moses Bachman, (4) Levi, (5) John.

3. Lucas,* married to Mary Heberly. Children: (1) Jefferson, (2) Jeremiah, (3) Joshua, (4) Calvin,* (5) Adam, (6) Thomson, (7) Frank,* (8) Clarissa,* (9) Jane.*

4. Clarissa,* second wife of Solomon Heberly. Children: (1) Mrs. Tevilia Guth*†; (2) Mrs. Alphena Hiester, Reading; (3) Mrs. Rosa Clauser, Allentown; (4) Monroe.

5. Caroline, wife of Jonas Baer, has one child, Alice, who is married to Richard Wirth (or Wert).

6. Polly,* wife of William Hartman, was the mother of Mrs. V. Wonderly and several other children.

7. Solomon, married to Serena Mohr. Children: (1) Dr. George H. Haas, Allentown; (2) James Haas, D.V.S., Harrisburg; (3) Edwin, (4) Osville, (5) Chester, (6) Ella, (7) Mrs. Rosa Walbert, (8) Sarah, (9) Mary, (10) Malinda, (11) Amanda, married to ———.

VII. Abraham Haas was married to Salome Buchman and had issue as follows:

1. Nathan,* first married to Adeline Minnich, afterward to Elenina Musselman. Children: (1) Edmund,* (2) Manasses,* (3) Elmer, (4) Mrs. Amanda Smith,* (5) Emma,* (6) Mrs. Daniel Fried.*

2. Anna, died unmarried.

3. Peter, married to Mary Arner. Children: (1) Mrs. Sarah Frye, (2) Mrs. Maria Köcher, (3) Mrs. Leanna Butz, (4) Mrs. Isabella Diehl, (5) Mrs. Martha Gummer, (6) Mrs. Lizzie Deily, (7) Mrs. Emma Spengler, (8) Peter, (9) Frank, (10) Henry (11). †

4. Eliza,* wife of Daniel Kemmerer. Her children are: (1) Mrs. Leanna Roberts, (2) Mrs. Maria Metzger, (3) Mrs. Sarah Remaley, (4) Alice,* (5) Louisa,† (6) Catherine,† (7) Ellamanda, (8) Thomas, of Tiffin, O.

5. Lovina,* wife of Joel Frederick. Children: (1) Eli, (2) Lewis, (3) Wilbie, (4) Harry,† (5) Mrs. Ellamanda Moyer, Allentown, (6) Mrs. Anna Rabenold.

6. Sallie, wife of Jonas Fenstermacher. Children: (1) Richard, (2) Henry, (3) Frank,† (4) Mrs. Emma Smith.

7. William, married to Emeline Hummel. Children: (1) Louisa, wife of John Heiberger, Allentown; (2) George H., married to Lizzie Sassaman; (3) Rosa, wife of Samuel P. Guth, Stetlersville; (4) Edwin M., married to Beulah E. Myers, of South Bethlehem; (5) Annie, Stetlersville. Amanda, Phaon and two others died in infancy.

8. Mary, wife of Aaron Dotterer. Children: (1) Calvin, (2) Matthias.

9. Abraham, married to Lucy Frye. Children: (1) William, Eric, (2) Harvey, (3) Mrs. Maggie Knecht.

10. Hetty,†

11. Caroline,†

12. Phaon,†

VIII. Elizabeth Haas, wife of Peter Snyder, had these children and grandchildren:

1. Mary,* first married to John Cashner* (Kerschner?), afterward to Thomas Newhard.* Her children are: (1) Milton P. Cashner, South Bethlehem; (2) Frank K. Cashner, South Bethlehem; (3) Oscar Newhard, South Bethlehem; (4) Newton Newhard, South Bethlehem; (5) Maine W. Newhard,* (6) Montford Newhard, Quakertown.

2. Lafayette,* killed at Alburtis. Had a daughter, also deceased.

3. Tilghman,* was married and lived at Indianapolis. Children: (1) Jane,* (2) Cecilia,* (3) Frank.

4. ———*, first wife of Solomon Heberly. Children: (1) Edwin, (2) Solomon, (3) Mrs. Kern.

5. A daughter, now deceased.

IX. Sallie Haas was the wife of Andreas Buchman. Her children were:

1. Anna,* wife of Aaron Kern. Children: (1) Moses,* (2) Israel, (3) Mrs. Lizzie Guth, (4) Mrs. Louisa Menges, (5) Anna,† (6) Lucy,† (7) Sarah,†

2. Julia, wife of Jonas Knerr. Children: (1) Mrs. Alpha Trexler, (2) Jonas,† and two more children in the West.

3. Hetty or Esther,* wife of George Delong. Children: (1) Mrs. Sallie Steel, (2) Mrs. Amanda Benner, (3) Mary, (4) Richard, of Philadelphia, (5) George, in Ohio, (6) Oliver, (7) Henry,† (8) Levi,† (9) Lewis,†

4. Sallie, wife of — Koch. Children: (1) Mrs. Emma Cressman, (2) Henry.

5. Louisa, wife of — Boyer, has one child, Mrs. Dora —.

6. Evan,* married Maria Peterson. Children: (1) Mrs. Sallie —,* (2) Fanny,† (3) Mrs. Annie Herbert.

7. Hiram, married to Matilda Amey, of New Jersey, has a son, Oscar, and several more children.

8. Henry,* was married and has several children living in Mauch Chunk.

9. Jonas, married first to Hetty Rabenold, afterward to Sarah Billman. Children: (1) Mrs. Eliza Confer, (2) Mrs. Sarah Beidler, (3) Milton, (4) Llewellyn, (5) Adam, (6) Frank.

10. Willoughby, married to Mary Frye. Children: (1) Eva, (2) Emma, (3) Mrs. Minnie Haas, (4) Mrs. Lily Bloch, (5) Mrs. Montana Newhard, (6) Alvin, (7) Ulysses, (8) Granville, (9) William, (10) Justus, (11) Charles, (12) George.

The Peter Family

BY P. P. MOHR, FOGELSVILLE, PA.

THE eighth annual reunion of the Peter family took place on August 8, 1906, in Mosser's Park, at Neffs, in Lehigh county, Pa. At this meeting Henry Peter, of Clausville, presided, and James Peter, Esq., of Best, acted as secretary.

Short addresses were made by Benjamin Scheirer, of Treichlers, and the writer of this sketch. Music was furnished by the Fogelsville Orchestra, five of whose members belong to the Peter family.

A committee was appointed at this meeting to make inquiries and researches with the object of tracing the career of the Peter family as far as possible. As the writer hopes to see excellent results from the labors of this committee, doing justice to the whole Peter family in America, the present sketch will be confined to one branch of this great family: Caspar Peter, his descendants and some of their characteristics.

Caspar Peter, the Immigrant

As the records of the settlement of Heidelberg and Washington townships show, Caspar Peter came from Switzerland. As he was one of the first settlers here, it would appear that he must have landed no later than 1735, altho' some authority claims that he landed in 1742. He probably settled in that part of Heidelberg now known as Washington, on a

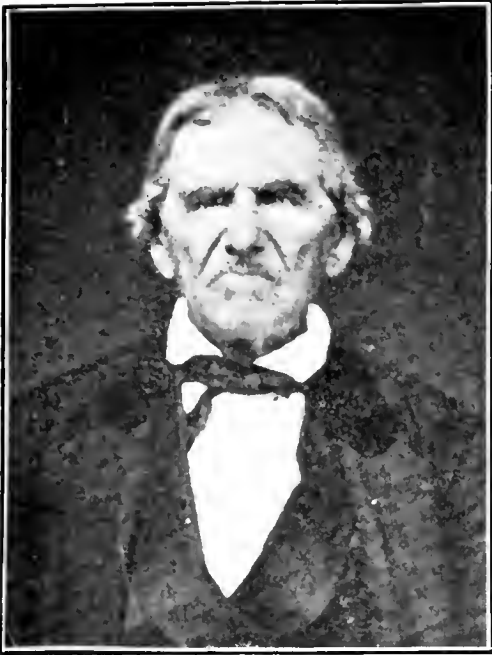
tract of land about four miles southeast of Slatington, building his log house where his great-grandson Daniel Peter resided at a later day. The same authority states that at the same time, that is, in 1742, he took up about 300 acres of land in this locality.

As this section was then a part of Northampton county, the court-records at Easton should throw some light on this subject. On searching those records, however, we found only the following conveyances: One tract of 27 acres, 129 perches, conveyed by Philip Mink to Caspar Peter, November 22, 1804; another tract, conveyed by George Hirie, December 6, 1806; a third tract, containing 300 acres and located in Whitehall township, conveyed by John Lintz. Whether these purchases were made by Caspar Peter the second or by a Caspar Peter of a different family, is unknown to the writer.

Descendants of Caspar Peter the First

Caspar Peter the first was buried in Unionville cemetery, but the date of his death is not known. He had four sons: John, Caspar, Jacob and Rudolph.

Caspar Peter (2) was a native of Northampton, now Lehigh county, born in 1754. He settled on the homestead-farm, died in 1811, and also lies buried in Unionville cemetery. He left six sons: Jonas, John, Caspar, Godfrey, Henry and Daniel.



CASPAR PETER THE THIRD

Jonas Peter (3) lived most of his time near the old homestead, and at his death in 1873 left two sons: Daniel and Charles.

John Peter (3) about 1823 moved to Luzerne county, where he died, leaving a large family.

Godfrey Peter (3) settled in North Whitehall, Lehigh county, where he died, being buried in the graveyard of the Egypt church.

Henry Peter (3) settled in Heidelberg township, where he died, and was buried at New Tripoli. He left a large family, whose members are scattered.

Daniel Peter (3) settled on the old homestead, where his son Daniel afterwards lived.

Caspar Peter (3) settled in Weissenburg township, about two miles north of Fogelsville, Lehigh county. His children were four sons: Jacob, David, Caspar, Solomon, and six daughters: Judith, Kate, Polly, Sally Ann, Elizabeth and Caroline.

Caspar Peter (4) settled about half a mile south of his father, and his death ended this line of Caspar Peters.

Anecdote of a Traveling Assemblyman

Godfrey Peter before mentioned, married into the Fenstermaker family, one member of which, William Fenstermaker, lived where Daniel Peter settled later on. This William Fenstermaker was quite a prominent State-legislator in his day. It is related that, when the Canal Navigation Bill was brought before the Pennsylvania legislature, he set out for the capital. His son took him in a private conveyance to Reading, where he first saw a Concord stage-coach. When the stage rolled up to the door of the hotel, dinner was announced, and its tired passengers vacated the great vehicle. Fenstermaker, anxious not to be left behind on his way to Harrisburg, ate hurriedly and going to the door and finding the stage-coach there, determined to secure a seat inside. He stowed away his baggage in a boot, then looked around for an entrance to the coach, but could find none beside that offered by the open window in the door. Nothing daunted and supposing that to be the regular entrance, he managed to crawl thro' and seated himself inside. When the other passengers came out, the driver turned the catch, the door opened, and they entered much more easily than the Assemblyman from Lehigh had done, who in astonishment exclaimed: "*Dinnercetter! en Dühr am a Waga!*"

We crave the reader's pardon for this digression and for seeming so partial to a particular few of the Caspar Peter family; but we must judge the unknown by the known, and therefore describe the Peter family by the types with which we are familiar.

Grandpa Peter on the Woodshed

Caspar Peter the third, a grandfather of the writer, was a whole-souled, hard-working original.

One day he ascended to the top of his wagon-shed by means of a long ladder. When he had left the last round, his old sow, which was walking about leisurely and aimlessly, played football with his ladder and threw it to the ground, leaving "old grandpa" sitting all alone on the wagon-shed, like Napoleon on the island

of St. Helena, screaming at the top of his voice, not for more worlds to conquer, but for help to get down.

After he had been yelling about two hours and working his Swiss blood almost to the boiling point, his good wife's attention was called to his wild-Indian war-whoops. Rushing to the scene, she took in the situation at a glance. With a suppressed smile she inquired: "*Wu is dann die alt Sau?*" The answer came back in thunder tones: "*Ei, dart drunna am Schpringhaus schlecht sie un cunsidert Deiwelschtrech aus*" — an expression that has since become familiar.

Another personage among the Peters still better known to the writer than Caspar Peter the third is the latter's daughter Elizabeth. It was she whom he was divinely privileged to call Mother, from whose lips he never received an unkind word and whom he begs to remember when he gives a few of the characteristics of the Peter family in America.

Physical Features of the Peters

Would you know a Peter at sight? Look at his breathing apparatus.

A man passed thro' our town and a Peter remarked: "That is either a Peter or a Mohr." Asked how he knew, he exclaimed: "Look at his nose!" Which organ was exceptionally long and shaped somewhat like a pruning-hook or an inverted stirrup-hook.

Thus the prominent nose, that infallible index of lung-power, not a handle to take hold of, because no Peter will ever permit himself to be led by the nose, but a sign of authority, energy and enterprise, coupled with a generosity that knows no bounds, is not lacking in Peter.

Another prominent feature of the Peters is their complexion. If they were divided between the blondes and brunettes, there would be quite a number of black sheep, but none covered with white-wash, for Peter detests a hypocrite. The dark color of his skin shows that he leads a manly life, braving dangers and hardships; that has not grown up under glass as a hot-house plant, or been raised in the cellar as a potato-sprout, but has been exposing his face to the health-giving elements and seeking the sunshine of life.

The Peters' Mental and Moral Traits

The perpetually snow-covered mountains of Switzerland, sending their glaciers down along the hollows, mingle the romantic with the beautiful. They made old Caspar Peter a vigilant man, as well as a lover of the beautiful and sublime, while the pasture-lands of the valleys and hillsides attached him to the animals adapted to his surroundings. As environments in large measure shape the inclinations of a people, these conditions left their impress on Caspar. He seems to have imbibed Alpine scenery and sunny Italy into his very being, and to have transmitted them to his offspring.

Where is a man or boy bearing the name of Peter, who does not play with the band, sing, whistle or hum his favorite tunes? He could not stop his whistle, because the musical instinct runs along the whole line, from old Caspar down to the little Peter in the cradle.

Peter has, therefore, quite naturally learned to love the world and the pleasures thereof. He likes to eat, drink and be merry. The writer has never heard of a Peter who starved to death. But while Peter does love to partake of this world's pleasures, he sees thro' nature the beauty and wisdom of the Creator also.

Wherever Peter is known, he is known for attachment to his family, kind treatment of his children, and privations and hardships cheerfully borne for their good. Religious contentions in his native land taught him the value of freedom of worship in the New World. He is a firm adherent of the Reformed church in America, true to his faith and his God.

In conclusion the writer ventures to hope that, thro' the labors of the committee above mentioned, all the Peters in America may be brought under one banner, whoever the captain may be; that no black spots may be found to mar their fair history, and that, when their earthly pilgrimage is ended and their earthly labors are done, they may march in solid phalanx to their eternal home, and there meet another Peter standing ready to welcome all his *Schweizer* children in at the pearly gates.

The York Riflemen

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

I. THE YORK RIFLEMEN OF THE REVOLUTION

THE York Riflemen were the first troops to respond to the call of the Continental Congress at the outbreak of the Revolution in 1775. Its officers' commissions were the next issued after that of Washington as commander-in-chief of the Continental army. They were the first troops west of the Hudson river and south of Long Island Sound to appear at Boston, where they arrived July 25, 1775. They were the first sharp-shooters used as part of the regular army.

Congress in Need of an Army

The events which led up to the Declaration of Independence in 1776 extended over a period of at least fifteen years. Tho' the colonies were independent of each other, they were connected by a bond of fraternal sympathy, and their common grievances at last resulted in the call for the first Continental Congress, which met at Philadelphia September 5, 1774. But the powers of this Congress were very limited, and unanimity of sentiment was lacking among the people whose power and will had created it. It was without the "sinews of war"—the revenue which is so essential to a public undertaking.

The events at Lexington and Concord, which were speedily followed by that greater event at Bunker Hill, aroused the colonies to fever heat. The New England colonies had gathered a force of several thousand men about Boston, which were maintained chiefly by means of publicly contributed supplies.

Washington's commission as commander-in-chief of the Continental army was given him June 15, 1775, two days before the battle of Bunker Hill.

Congress had seen the necessity of creating a Continental army. Its first act on June 14, 1775, was to authorize the formation of six companies of expert riflemen from Pennsylvania, two from Virginia and two from Maryland.

These companies were to be equipped and organized within sixty days. The distance from Boston, to which place they had to march, was from four to seven hundred miles.

York County Prepared for the Call

York county, Pa., which then also embraced what is now Adams county, was second to no other in the interest it took in the events that were rapidly succeeding each other. Already in the latter part of December, 1774, the first military company was organized by such public-spirited lovers of liberty in York as James Smith, Thomas Hartley, Archibald McClean and others. In fact, this company had for its captain James Smith, who later became a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Thomas Hartley was its first lieutenant, its second lieutenant being David Grier, and its ensign Henry Miller. This company was thus early organized so as to be able to respond promptly and fittingly when the inevitable clash of arms would occur.

After the call by Congress on the following June 14, the members of this company, which largely included the material of the fire-companies of the town, was merged in the new company of riflemen called for from this county. The company was thus recruited in York, and at the tavern of Samuel Getty, the site of which is now embraced in Gettysburg.

In less than two weeks the ranks of the company were filled to overflowing. The captain was Michael Dondel, the first lieutenant was Henry Miller, the second lieutenant John Dill, while the two third lieutenants were James Mattson and John Clark.

The commissions of its officers were dated June 25, 1775, being the next-earliest granted after that of Washington.

The full roster of the company, as it was completed, is now believed to be no longer in existence.

On July 1, 1775, the committee of Yorktown wrote to the Pennsylvania

delegates in Congress that "the men were of the very best material and courage, and that their captain had behaved very well on this occasion and done all in his power by advancing money, etc., to forward the cause."

The March to Boston

In the Moravian Diaries of York, July 1, 1775, is recorded the following:

This afternoon a company of a hundred men of this town left for the American Army in New England with the ringing of bells, after a sermon had been preached to them by the Presbyterian minister on the text, 2 Samuel 10:12, in which they were exhorted to keep God before their eyes during their expedition, and then they could be assured of His protection and guidance; otherwise this would not be the case.

They passed thro' Bethlehem, Pa., on July 8. The other companies raised under the above named act passed thro' the same place July 21 and 24. These dates show the promptness and celerity with which York county had responded to this special call. In his "Reminiscences of New York in the Olden Time," J. Barnitz Bacon makes the following note on the passage of Doudel's company thro' New York:

Presently more music—from the direction of Dey street this time. It must be the General! No! it was only a rifle company from Pennsylvania on their way to Boston. Captain Doudel's company from Yorktown with Lieutenant Henry Miller in command—the first company west and south of the Hudson—belonging to Col. Thompson's regiment, afterwards Hand's and bearing the first commission issued by Congress after Washington's. Yorktown offered so many men that the young lieutenant—he was only 24—chalked a very small nose on a barn-door.

"I'll take only the men that can hit that nose at one hundred and fifty yards," said he. "Take care of your nose, General Gage," said the newspapers of the time.

Both Yorktown and Lieutenant Miller afterwards became noted in Revolutionary history. A hundred rifles filled his ranks as they too marched on to Kingsbridge.

The company arrived at Boston July 25, at 1 p. m. The march had consumed twenty-five days, the distance traveled being nearly five hundred miles. Considering the heat of the season and the average number of miles traveled daily, this was a remarkable record. But the



Captain Michael Doudel (also spelled *Dautel* or *Dowdle*) was a citizen of York, Pa., and a man of some means. He commanded the first company of riflemen from June 26 to October 15, 1775. Ill health caused his retirement from the army during the siege of Boston. He was born in 1730 and died at York in 1800.

exigencies of the time imparted enthusiasm and energy that permitted of no delay.

They were in reality the first troops that arrived in New England from west of the Hudson river, or south of Long Island Sound. They received much attention and aroused great enthusiasm and curiosity.

A Novelty in War—Outfit and Motto

John Adams in one of his letters describes these Pennsylvania riflemen as an "excellent species of light infantry. They use a peculiar kind of musket, called a rifle. It has a circular bore or groove within the barrel and carries a ball with great exactness to great distances. They are the most expert marksmen in the world."

This description, coming from so prominent a source, would seem to imply that such equipment was unknown in previous warfare. Bancroft says:

"They taught the observing Frederic of Prussia to introduce into his service light bodies of sharpshooters, and their example has modified the tactics of European armies."

All this seems to imply that here was a new departure by backwoodsmen who, having been chided by Braddock twenty years before, now made their method a permanent acquisition of warfare. Their uniform was made of brown Holland and Osnaburgs, something like a shirt, double-capped over the shoulders, in imitation of the Indians. On the breast in capital letters was their motto, "Liberty or Death." They wore round hats.

They were remarkably stout, hardy men, who were inured to hardships. At home they had become skilful marksmen from the fact that game was still abundant and the wily Indian demanded that they should be able to protect and defend themselves against his forays upon their borders.

Almost a century later the governor of Ohio called upon the "Squirrel-hunters of the State" to meet the invading host of Confederates who were approaching Cincinnati. Fifty thousand responded and the enemy was intimidated. Ohio had been a heavily timbered State and its inhabitants also were adepts in the use of the rifle, having become such in the pursuit of small game.

First Encounter with the Enemy—Dreaded Foemen

The day after the arrival of the York Riflemen in Boston, the captain and his enthusiastic lieutenant proposed to Washington that they be allowed to attack a transport stationed on the Charles river, which they offered to take with thirty men. Washington declined the proposal, but commended their spirit.

Several days later, however, orders were given for Doudel and Miller to divide their forces and march down to Charlestown Neck, our most advanced position, and endeavor to surround the advanced guard of the enemy. They did

so, crawling on their hands and knees and lying on the ground in Indian file. Just as success seemed to be assured a relief-guard of the enemy appeared and accidentally discovered them. A furious hand-to-hand contest ensued, which resulted in several of the enemy being killed and several others being taken prisoners.

The Riflemen lost Corporal Cruise, who was supposed to have been killed, but was made prisoner and taken to London, where he was imprisoned seventeen months before he was released. He excited great curiosity among the English people. After his release he was given a lieutenancy and later a captaincy in other Pennsylvania regiments. Corporal Turner was at the same time made a prisoner and taken to Halifax.

From Moore's Diary of the Revolution, August 9, 1775, we learn that

"the riflemen from York County annoyed the British regulars very much. By a gentleman who left Boston we hear that Captains Percival and Sabine, of the Marines, Captain Johnson, of the Royal Irish, and Captain Le Moine, of the train, were killed Monday. Captain Chetwyn, son of Lord Chetwyn, is mortally wounded. The number of privates killed this week we have not heard. The regulars have thrown up a breastwork across the Neck at the foot of Bunker's Hill to secure their sentries and advanced guards."

The foregoing record was now a daily occurrence. The York Riflemen became a terror to the British and caused consternation among the English people, because so many officers of prominent families were picked off by them. Frothingham, in his "Siege of Boston," says: "While on a quick advance they fired their balls into objects seven inches in diameter at a distance of 250 yards."

A Battalion of Riflemen—Standard and Officers

Other companies of riflemen now continued to arrive at Boston. The first of the Virginia companies, commanded by Captain Daniel Morgan, who later became a distinguished general, had passed thro' Yorktown July 20, 1775, coming from Winchester, Va. The second company, under Captain Ericson, arrived in York August 3, being also on its way to Boston.

By a resolution of Congress passed June 22, Pennsylvania was required to raise two more companies, which with the previous six were to be formed into a battalion, to be commanded by such officers as the Assembly or the Convention should recommend.

The commissions of the officers were dated June 25, 1775, and signed by John Hancock, as president of Congress. The form of enlistment was as follows:

"I have this day voluntarily enlisted myself as a soldier in the Continental army for one year, unless sooner discharged, and I do bind myself to conform in all instances to the rules as are or shall be established for the government of the said army."

Each company was to consist of three lieutenants, four sergeants, four corporals, a drummer or trumpeter and sixty-eight privates. The battalion was afterward increased to nine companies.

The standard of the command had for its ground a deep green, lettered "P. M. R. R.," with the device of a tiger partly enclosed by toils, opposed by a hunter in white, armed with a spear and ready to thrust. The device and the motto, "*Domari Nolo*"—I won't be tamed—were on a crimson field.

The nine Captains in the completed regiment were Michael Doudel, of York county; James Ross, of Lancaster; George Nagel, of Berks; William Hendricks, of Cumberland; James Chambers, of Franklin; Robert Cluggage, of Bedford; John Lowden, of Northumberland; Matthew Smith, of Dauphin, and Abraham Miller, of Northampton. The regiment was commanded by Col. William Thompson, of Carlisle, and had for its lieutenant-colonel Edward Hand, of Lancaster, who later became colonel and commander of the regiment.

This battalion became the second regiment, and after the first of January, 1776, it was named "First Regiment of the Army of the Colonies commanded by his Excellency George Washington, Esq., General and Commander-in-Chief."

The flag, the uniform, the equipments and the titles were all formative and were changed with the lapse of time.

Capt. Doudel resigned on account of ill health October 15, 1775. He was suc-

ceeded by his dashing lieutenant, Henry Miller, who later became major of the regiment and brightened the glories of his military career as time went on. Lieutenant John Clark also had a notable career and attained the rank of major in other commands.

At the expiration of the year nearly all of the York company re-enlisted for two years or during the war; others were given commissions in other regiments. The regiment of riflemen had done good service at the siege of Boston and in the disastrous campaign about New York and the retreat following upon it.



GENERAL HENRY MILLER.

Henry Miller was born in Lancaster county, Pa., in 1751. Early in life he read law. He came to York in 1769. As first lieutenant of the York Riflemen he marched from York to Boston, July 1, 1775. He became captain of his company October 15, 1775, and major of the regiment November 12, 1777. In 1778 he was made lieutenant colonel of the Second Regiment. It is stated that he risked his life in from fifty to sixty conflicts with the British foe. He was looked upon as one of the best partisan officers. In 1779 he resigned from the army. Later he held many public offices. He served as general of a brigade in the Whiskey Insurrection of 1794, and again at Baltimore in the War of 1812. He died at Carlisle, Pa., in 1824.

Captain Doudel died at York in 1800, aged 70 years, and his grave is a few feet from the eastern wall of Christ Lutheran church in York. General Henry Miller died after a notable career at Carlisle in 1824, aged 73 years. He was buried in the old graveyard there.

Major John Clark built the house still standing on the southwest corner of Market and Beaver streets, where he died in 1810. He is buried in the churchyard of St. John's Episcopal church at York.

Col. Hartley is also buried in the Episcopal churchyard. Tho' not a member of the first rifle-company as reorganized, yet his military career was exceedingly brilliant. James Smith also stood in the same relation to this company as Col. Hartley. He reached the advanced age of 93 years and is buried in the Presbyterian graveyard at York. These men were all in the confidence of Washington and were highly esteemed by him.

Service Thro' the War—Distinguished Members

The regiment of riflemen remained in the service till the close of the war in 1783. The muster-roll and officers had changed very much since its beginning. At the close its colonel was Daniel Brodhead. Its lieutenant-colonel was Josiah Harnar, who subsequently became general-in-chief of the United States army. Its major was James Moore. The captains were John Doyle, Walter Finney, Thos. B. Bowen, John Bankson, Jacob Humphrey, William Wilson, Thomas Boule (of Lancaster), Andrew Irwine and Benjamin Fishbourne.

It took a prominent part in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, Paoli, Monmouth and other principal engagements of the Revolution.

This regiment contained many individuals who afterwards became noted. James Wilkinson, who later played a very prominent part in his country's history, was a member thereof. So was John Joseph Henry, who later became a judge of York and other counties. He belonged to one of the three companies that went with Arnold to Quebec at the close of 1775, the incidents of which ex-



John Clark was born in 1751. He went as third lieutenant with the York Riflemen to Boston, July 1, 1775. Later he became an aide de camp to General Greene. Still later he studied and practiced law at York. He built a large house in York, which is still standing. He died in 1810.

pedition he has detailed in an interesting book.

The famous Captain Samuel Brady, noted in history as one of the greatest Indian fighters, with his father and brother, was in one of the companies. At Princeton he rescued Col. Hand from falling into the hands of the enemy. He joined the company at the age of seventeen and became a captain in another command at twenty.

These men joined the army purely from motives of patriotism, as volunteers. They chafed under the restraints of discipline. Being men of self-reliance and independence in action and accustomed to warfare with the Indians, they in fact copied some of the latter's ways and customs, also their equipments. Many letters are still in existence written by Col. Hand, Captain Chambers, Jesse Lukens and others, which throw much light upon the discipline of the riflemen during the year 1775.

With Arnold in Canada—Cases of Insubordination

When Arnold and Montgomery organized their expedition against Canada three of the rifle-companies were ordered to go with it. These were the companies of Captain Morgan, of Virginia, Captain Hendricks, of Cumberland, and Captain Smith, of Dauphin.

Colonel Hand in a letter of September 23, 1775, says:

"Morgan, Smith and Hendricks have left with their companies for Canada. Seven hundred musqueteers from here are on the same expedition. The expedition [promptness]

with which the York company was raised does not help on for their misconduct; *had Smith's company been better behaved, they might probably have saved themselves a disagreeable jaunt.*"

The general peremptorily refused to take the York company. Many instances of insubordination were reported, which Washington very tactfully subdued with mild punishment. The punishment meted out for insubordination of the Pennsylvania Line (of which this regiment formed a part) at York under General Wayne in 1781 was far more stern. There a number of the mutineers were shot on the commons.

Change of Roster—No Mention of Return from War

The rifle-company of York was in the service during the war, a period of eight years. Considering the lapse of time, the hard service and casualties and the promotions to other arms of the service, the roster of the company must have changed almost entirely. No newspaper being in existence in York at the close of the war, no reference to their return is available.

(To be continued)

How "Harra-Chake" Cut the Gordian Knot

A Story of Life in a Pennsylvania-German Community

BY W. H. RICHARDSON.

VELL, vat is Harra-Chake goin' to do apout te preechin'?"

Abraham Stolzfuß was not the first man who, that bright spring morning, had asked the momentous question. It was on everybody's lips; it had wound up many a gossip dialogue; and as Abraham stood by his plow at the end of the furrow, meditatively fondling his smoothly shaven chin, he looked anxiously at the horseman who had pulled up to the fence a half hour before. Regardless of the deep conversation of the men, the well-groomed saddle-horse and the two toilers inside the fence rubbed noses and, perhaps, exchanged views of their own on topics current in their world, and it was of little concern to them that Henry Musselman answered Abraham's question as he had answered it many times before.

"I don't know," he said and then rode on in pursuit of the errand which had been imposed upon him by the calamity that had befallen "Harra-Chake" Moyer. For Daniel, the youngest son of the house of Jacob Moyer, was dead.

As Abraham turned his horses to run another furrow and the plow-share sank again into the rich black mold, he started on a train of thought that plunged him more deeply than ever into the mystery the messenger's tidings had spread before him. He recalled the heat of many an old argument; the pleading on the one hand, and the resisting on the other; and at last the schism that, starting in the literal interpretation and application of some obscure passage of the Scriptures, had led a company of the brethren away from the old meeting to the establishment of a new house of their own.

Jacob Moyer had early espoused this secession movement, and much to the sorrow of his nearest neighbor and friend he became a leader in it. He was strong in his advocacy of the doctrine of "Avoidance," and he never lost an opportunity for expounding it. Under its exacting demands there could be no such thing as holding one's self clean and unspotted from the world, if he even so much as listened to the preaching of a minister who was not "clear" on this point. It was no wonder that Jake Moyer with his extremely radical views was early identified with those who braved the storm of threats, entreaties and prayers of their fellows, and went over into the fold of the Herrites—locally known as "Harralite," that is, the people or followers of Herr.

It was then that he began to be known as "Harra-Jake"—or "Chake," as it was usually pronounced—as a distinction from other Moyers in the same region bearing the same patriarchal cognomen: for there was "Black Jake," he of the dark skin and raven hair—a second cousin of "Harra-Jake"; and "Little Jake," a diminutive representative of another line of the family; and still another Jake with the distinguishing prefix of "Heavy," whose avoirdupois had always repudiated any idea of asceticism which the unknowing might impute to these strong-featured sectarians. A dusty shingle just inside the door of Henry Funk's old mill on Indian creek, whereon were penciled the miller's simple transactions with all these people, is said to have given rise to this primitive nomenclature. The appellations were apt, and gradually their neighbors grew into the habit of alluding to the various Jakes only in connection with their descriptive titles.

Abraham Stolfuss was sadly out of sympathy with everything. The glories of that wonderful morning did not appeal to him. Almost at his feet the robins struggled all unheeded with the rich morsels half held in the clods turned over by his plow. Careless even of the reputation for accomplishing more than any of his fellow farmers could in the long days, he tramped slowly and mechanically after his heavy horses. On the slope of the

hill which bounded the horizon in front of him was Harra-Jake's place. He could see the blue smoke drifting up from the chimney of the old stone house and dissipating itself in the branches of the great sycamore which for a century had spread its arms over the peaceful abode in perennial benediction. He knew that the smoke portended elaborate preparations for that second essential to a successful burying among his people—the funeral feast. He could see the women-folk flitting in and out of the kitchen as they journeyed to and from the cave, the smokehouse or the spring with raw materials to be used in the concoction of homely delicacies for the refreshment of those who were now being summoned by the riders from all the countryside.

Why did Harra-Jake want to have so big a funeral for his boy? Abraham asked himself over and over again. Every one knew that Daniel had not been friendly with his father on the subject of religion, and in fact, on many other subjects. A fall in early life had crippled the boy. He was a frail body, lacking the brawn that made a good man better in the eyes of a people the first article in whose rule of life was "I work." And work with them meant all the drudgery of a farmer's life. Enough to fill their big red barns could not be coaxed even from their fat lands except by unremitting toil, and they seemed to hold to the old idea that pleasure was a crime and any attempt to escape from the unending grind an evasion not to be tolerated. Daniel's physical deficiencies therefore had kept him simply on the edge of the crowd that grew up at his father's table; he could not be a party to its enthusiasms, and even on meeting-days he found little consideration and less profit, while the older and abler men wrangled in wordy expositions of the "truth" as they interpreted it—an occupation that formed their sole relaxation from the almost interminable sowing and planting and reaping and gathering in.

Abraham wondered if Harra-Jake's conscience had pricked him at last and he thought to wipe away the heavy score which he felt was marked up against him, by having a great celebration at the

funeral. Most of Harra-Jake's neighbors knew of the warm friendship which had grown up between William Price, the Dunker preacher, and the boy, and they knew that it had been a sore trial to Harra-Jake when Daniel insisted upon his sending for a heretic minister. How poignant his grief was perhaps no one could imagine except those of his own communion, who abhorred everything but the "sincere milk of the Word" as served by those of their own faith. And no one surely could understand his agony when his own son, as a dying request that dared not be disregarded, asked the Dunker to preach the funeral sermon! How could Harra-Jake, whose place as chief mourner for his son was at the head of the coffin, keep his position as an unflinching exponent of the doctrine of Avoidance and listen to the preaching of an unregenerate Dunker?

That was the terrible predicament Harra-Jake was in and that was the problem which Abraham Stolfuss and Henry Musselman had left unsolved at the railfence. As he plodded from the field to his house for the noonday-meal, Abraham was no nearer a solution, and as he bent his head in silent prayer for a blessing on the food, he added a petition that more light might be thrown on the many dark places of life. At his diplomatically framed suggestion that perhaps the Moyer women would be having their hands more than full with the baking and cooking, his wife volunteered to go over to the stricken household in the afternoon and see what could be done to help them. She returned in the evening with no word to indicate how the dreadful dilemma was to be handled. If Harra-Jake himself knew how he intended to meet the crisis, he gave no sign, and popular interest in the situation was not allayed by his mysterious silence. With each succeeding day the curiosity of the community was working up to a higher pitch, and by the time appointed for the funeral the innocent originator of the excitement was well-nigh forgotten.

"Vell, vat is Harra-Jake goin' to do apout to preechin'?" was the old question, ever new, that none in all the great crowd assembled could answer. As the

plain wagons of the Mennonist brethren unloaded their complement of plain-clothed passengers, each group of newcomers repeated the question with friendly yet hesitating interest, while the severe lines in the faces of the Herrites seemed to have softened somewhat in expectation of the revelation which Harra-Jake—always a masterful man—could be depended upon to make. Respect for the custom of that hospitable region, sympathy with a neighbor in trouble, and perhaps the rare opportunity of hearing their own minister preach to such a peculiar congregation, had brought out the Dunkers in great force. Altogether it was a memorable gathering, and for years afterward it was the standard by which all such affairs were measured. The resources of a household among those people, always remarkable, were splendidly displayed. No doubtful genius presided over the pantry, which seemed to give up its apparently inexhaustible stores of ham, chicken, apple-butter, Schwenkfelder cakes, raisin-custards and other toothsome supplies in an almost magical way. As each relay of guests at the burdened tables finished eating, fresh requisitions were made, so that each newcomer learned the lesson of Harra-Jake's domestic economy and received a practical illustration of abounding hospitality.

In the great front room as many of the guests as could be accommodated there finally gathered, and in accordance with whispered directions seated themselves around the plain coffin. At its head sat the family as chief mourners, and grim, silent and thoughtful in the center of the group was Harra-Jake. A feeling of strained expectancy seemed to possess every one and the wonder of what was to be the outcome needed no expression in words. Did Harra-Jake intend to smother the scruples he had held for so many years? Was he going to submit quietly to the heresies that a stranger to his faith might inflict upon him, simply because of the dying request of one of his own blood?

As the preacher rose to read from the precious old volume which some ancestor of the family had brought from the Palatinate a century and a half be-

fore, the anxiety on the part of the guests became more and more intense. When he finished the Scripture-reading and laid down the book, there came into Harra-Jake's face something of the glory that must have brightened the countenances of those old forebears of his whose record is written in the pages of the great "Martyr-Book," for the strengthening of all men who might come after them. His Mennonist fathers had been hunted like wild beasts from place to place, they had been broken on the rack, they had gone joyfully to the stake, for the privilege of putting their own interpretation upon the Bible's teachings and keeping themselves doctrinally pure. And here he was apparently with no alternative but the rejection of a fundamental tenet of his own faith, the doctrine of Avoidance!

Preacher Price cleared his throat and was about to begin the sermon. Then, as all eyes were turned toward him, Harra-Jake was seen to take from his pocket two large wads of cotton with which he slowly stuffed his ears, and by that delicate yet effective armor the faithful Herrite was preserved from the heterodoxy of a forbidden teaching!

As Abraham Stolzjuss and his wife drove home from the little graveyard in the gathering twilight, he finally broke a long period of meditation with the utterance of a sentiment which crystallized the thought of the whole community:

"Vell, Sarah," he said, "I sink if Harra-Chake did lif ven dat Gortecan Knot must pe cut open, te reatin' pook vould haf Chake Moyer's name in, unsteat of dat man Alexander's!"

An Oft-Told Tale of the Revolution

BY PROF. L. S. SHIMMELL, PH.D., HARRISBURG, PA.

NEW YEAR'S sun in 1782 was veiled heavily, tho' before the close of the year Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown. The mutiny of the Pennsylvania Line at Morristown was evidence of the complete exhaustion of material resources for the Revolution. But none of the States had been so thoroly drained as Pennsylvania. This State had not only been the residence of Congress, with all their train, of attendants and officers, but also of all the military mechanism of the United States. From hence the quartermaster principally drew his wagons, his horses, his camp-equipage of all kinds—besides a great number of wagners and artificers. Prisoners of war and state had been largely the inheritance of Pennsylvania. All this was done at great expense to the State, and burdened it with a heavy load of debt. The substance of the people had been used, but in its place they had nothing but money made of rags. Such was the condition of Pennsylvania when Congress made its requisition for supplies, in 1781, an amount equal to eleven years' taxes and all the other income of

the State.¹ It is not surprising, therefore, that the demands from the frontiers were harder to meet now than ever.

In the very first letter of the year, received by President Reed from Colonel Brodhead at Fort Pitt, the latter had to apologize for his "tale of misfortune."² He had to send to Virginia for cattle, and Governor Jefferson had bought up all the flour in Pennsylvania west of the mountains. Scarcely a pound of either was left for the regulars at Fort Pitt, who, besides having scant rations, were almost naked, and would soon not have a rag to cover their nakedness. At the same time a grand council of British and Indians was in session at Detroit, planning a descent upon western Pennsylvania. Money, fine uniforms and every other art of persuasion were used with the savages; while Colonel Brodhead had never been furnished with goods of any kind, nor a penny of money to transact business with the Indians. They drove their cattle and swine to Detroit, and did business there on a gold basis, whereas at Fort

¹ Pennsylvania Archives, vol. 9, pp. 141-149.

² Pennsylvania Archives, vol. 8, p. 706.

Pitt they received money which even the Americans would not take from them. It was impossible, therefore, to hold the wavering Delawares any longer; and not a single tribe beyond the Ohio remained friendly.¹

Tho' the war along the seaboard had practically closed in 1781, the border-war in Pennsylvania continued in all its fury on some parts of the frontiers. Early in January, 1782, General Irvine, now in command at Fort Pitt, had gone to his home in Carlisle and to Philadelphia. Until his return, March 25, Colonel Gibson was in command. During Irvine's absence, a most atrocious massacre was committed by a body of two hundred Monongahela settlers, under David Williamson, colonel of a militia-battalion of Washington county. The Moravian missionaries had obtained permission from Detroit for the Christian Indians, confined at Sandusky, to return to the Muskingum to get some corn that had been left there. Now, it happened that in February some Indian atrocities were committed in Washington county.² Coming so early, while the snow was still on the ground, these raids caused much surprise and consternation. The belief was prevalent that some "enemy Indians" had occupied the vacant villages of the Moravian Indians.³ Upon reaching the Muskingum, however, Colonel Williamson's militia found there the Moravian Indians who had come from Sandusky to get corn. There were about 150 men, women and children, and they offered no resistance. The question arose what to do with them. Sundry articles were found among them that had been taken from people in Washington county. They confessed that ten warriors had come with them from Sandusky, and had gone into the settlements, and that four of these were then present in the villages.⁴ The majority were no doubt friendly, for they offered to go to Pittsburg that their sufferings might end.⁵ Colonel Williamson put it to a vote whether the Indians

should be spared or slain. Just how the vote resulted is in doubt;¹ but there is no doubt as to the fate of the Indians. They were all killed except those in the upper village, the slain numbering upwards of ninety, most of whom were women and children. After pillaging the villages, the white demons burned every house within them. While preparations for death were going on, the Indians assembled for the last time in the worship of God, and many of them were tied while in the act of prayer.² There was a divided sentiment on the frontiers about this massacre at the time of its occurrence; but an investigation was impossible; for, like school-boys, the militiamen would not testify against one another. Such was the end of the Christian Indians on the Muskingum. They fell as victims at the hands of the frontiersman, after he had experienced unspeakable horrors for eight long years. In 1782 the "back inhabitants" could scarcely look upon an Indian any more as a human being. Nevertheless, the murder on the Muskingum was not justifiable.

To make the punishment of the Indians more complete still, another voluntary expedition was now organized to proceed against the Indians at Sandusky. This place was the rendezvous for the Indians of the Northwest—Shawanese, Mingoës, Monseys, Ottawas, Delawares and others—preparatory to their raids on the western frontier. General Irvine gave his permission for the expedition, on condition that any conquests the volunteers might make should be in behalf and for the United States.³ It was to be no expedition such as Virginia had sent out under Clark—with a double purpose, ostensibly to harass the enemy, but in reality to acquire territory. Each volunteer furnished his own horse and gun and provisions for a month, on condition that he was afterwards exempt from two tours of military duty. In this way, an army of 500 was collected at Mingo Bottom, on the Ohio, below the present site of Steubenville. By a vote, Colonel William Crawford was elected commander,

¹ Pennsylvania Archives, vol. 8, p. 770.

² Pennsylvania Archives, vol. 9, p. 406.

³ Washington Irvine Correspondence, p. 100, also, Wither's Border Warfare, p. 320.

⁴ Pennsylvania Archives, vol. 9, p. 510.

⁵ Wither's Border Warfare, p. 322.

¹ Pennsylvania Archives, vol. 9, p. 540.

² Heckewelder's Narrative, pp. 318-319.

³ Washington-Irvine Correspondence, p. 113.

the other candidate having been Colonel Williamson, under whom the Moravian massacre occurred. William Crawford was born in Virginia. He learned the art of surveying under Washington, but when the French war broke out he forsook the compass and became a soldier. At the close of Pontiac's war, he was a captain. Having been across the mountains as a soldier, he settled there afterwards, and located in what is now Fayette county as a farmer surveyor and Indian trader. He served as justice of the peace in old Bedford county, and in Westmoreland upon its organization; but he was prominent in Lord Dummore's war, and thus became committed to serve the interests of Virginia in the long territorial dispute. He entered the Revolutionary service as lieutenant-colonel of a Virginia regiment, and served at first on the frontier, then with Washington at Brandywine and Germantown. When General Hand was assigned to the Western Department, Colonel Crawford was ordered to Fort Pitt, where he did valiant and useful service under the various commanders.

Crawford's expedition started May 25, and pursued "Williamson's trail" to the Muskingum, where the horses were fed with the corn of the Moravian Indians. Here two stray Indians were recklessly fired upon by the volunteers, and Colonel Crawford realized that the troops under him were hard to command. They were ten days on the march to Sandusky, while it might have been performed in seven. General Irvine had advised them to attack the town in the night but, instead, they halted within ten miles of the enemy, and resumed the march at the late hour of seven in the morning. The enemy, numbering about 200 Indians and 100 British rangers, were encountered at 4 p. m. Both parties fought hard for a piece of woods, but the enemy gave way at sunset. The next day, the British and Indians being heavily reinforced and the Americans greatly burdened with their sick and wounded, Colonel Crawford ordered a retreat, but great confusion attended it. Quite a number, therefore,

were missing after the detached bodies of the troops had been collected again. Among the missing ones was Colonel Crawford.² They had been captured about thirty miles from the scene of the battle; and five days afterwards they were all but one cruelly put to death by the Delaware Indians. The one that escaped was a Doctor Knight, who arrived at Fort Pitt in the course of twenty-one days. He reported that Colonel Crawford was first tied to a long post, with room to walk around it; his ears were cut off, and squibs of powder blown into different parts of his body. Then the squaws took hickory branches and touched such parts of his body as would be most tender. They took the scalp and slapped it in the face of Doctor Knight. Thus the victim was tortured one whole hour, when Doctor Knight was removed from the horrible scene. Just as the Doctor was leaving, Colonel Crawford sank down on his knees exhausted; but a squaw threw a shovelful of hot coals on him to put him again in motion. The colonel made no outcry, except to beg Simon Girty, the noted Tory, whom he had formerly known at Pittsburg, to shoot him. But his appeal was met with a satanic smile. The next day Doctor Knight passed the place under his Indian guard and saw the bones of his colonel in the ashes. Doctor Knight was to be burned, too, but he managed to escape before he was tied to the stake. The British accounts, tho' not going into the details, all agreed in pronouncing the death of Colonel Crawford as "cruel," as a "torture," "abhorrent," etc., and they united in saying that it was in revenge for the murder of the Moravian Indians.³

This account of Dr. Knight struck the people of western Pennsylvania with a strange mixture of fear and resentment and they at once began to prepare for another expedition.⁴ Washington, however, cautioned General Irvine against rash-

² Pennsylvania Packet, July 10th, 1782; Pennsylvania Gazette, July 11th, 1782.

³ Pennsylvania Journal and Weekly Advertiser, July 23, 1782; also, Incidents of Border Life, pp. 131-132.

⁴ Washington-Irvine Correspondence, pp. 372-374; also Haldimand MSS., Vermont Historical Society, vol. 2, pp. 290-293.

⁵ Spark's Letters to Washington, vol. 3, p. 524.

¹ Washington-Irvine Correspondence, p. 122.

ness, for he thought such treatment as Crawford had received had to be expected when it was remembered how the Moravian Indians fared.¹ But before the settlers could retaliate, the Indians were on the frontier of Westmoreland county. The people of that section had kept together at various points for safety during the spring and summer and exercised the strictest watch. The militia deserted from their posts because they had not been paid and were in rags. The whole country north of the Forbes' Road was well-nigh deserted. Such was the condition of affairs when Hannastown was attacked on Saturday, July 13. This town had been the county seat of Westmoreland since its organization in 1773. It consisted of about thirty houses built of logs. Its courthouse and jail, of like construction, had both witnessed many an exciting scene in the days of Connelly and thro' the subsequent years of territorial disputes. On the 13th of July a number of the town-folk had gone to O'Comer's fields, a mile and a half north of the village, to cut the harvest of Michael Huffnagle. Suddenly a number of Indians were seen approaching the fields. The reapers all ran for the town. Fathers called for their wives and children and the children for their parents, all rushing towards the fort. Even the criminals in the jail were allowed to seek the shelter of the stockade. Five men had volunteered to go to the fields and reconnoitre. One was on horseback and got there first. When he saw the savages mustered in force, he returned and told those on foot to flee to the forts for their lives. The Indians were exasper-

ated when they came to Hannastown and saw that the people had all gone into the fort. So they applied the torch and every house but two was laid in ashes. While the flames were still adding fury to the vengeance of the savages, a band of the latter set out for Miller's Fort, where a wedding on the day before had brought a number of guests together from a distance, to be added to the number of those who dwelt in the cabins of the fort. Some were in the fields, others in the fort and still others in the house where the wedding had been held. The savages came upon the place so suddenly that most of its dwellers and sojourners were taken prisoners, and a few of them killed; while the fort and the buildings around it shared the fate of Hannastown.

In the evening the marauders all assembled near Hannastown regaling themselves with their booty. About thirty farmers of the surrounding country managed to get into the fort and by a trick that was common deceived the savages as to the numerical strength of the garrison. They marched and countermarched on the bridge across the ditch around the fort to the music of the fife and drum. The sounds carried terror to the savage breast in the silence of the night, and towards morning about 300 Indians and 60 Tories marched off toward the Kittanning. The prisoners were surrendered to the English in Canada, whence most of them returned after the cruel war on the frontier had ceased—a day which happily then, was not far distant. Hannastown was never rebuilt and the plow has been going over the place for a century.²

¹ Washington Irving, *Correspondence*, p. 1322.

² *Frontier Forts*, vol. 2, pp. 306-307.

Barbara Fritchie at Home

BY REV. J. H. APPLE, FREDERICK, MD.

AT a dinner-party composed of residents of Frederick, Md., the conversation turned upon Barbara Fritchie, and surprise was expressed that so much difficulty seemed to exist in establishing the facts about a personage many of whose relatives are still living, and concerning an incident eye-witnesses

to which are still accessible. The explanation suggested was that the historical method is seldom pursued, that people are content to talk about the subject without investigating the sources from which their information should have been drawn, and the company present was taken in illustration. A poll showed

that several had written on the subject and all had been expected to discuss it fluently wherever introduced to strangers as coming from Frederick, yet but two had conversed with eye-witnesses and but one had seen Barbara Frietchie's flag.

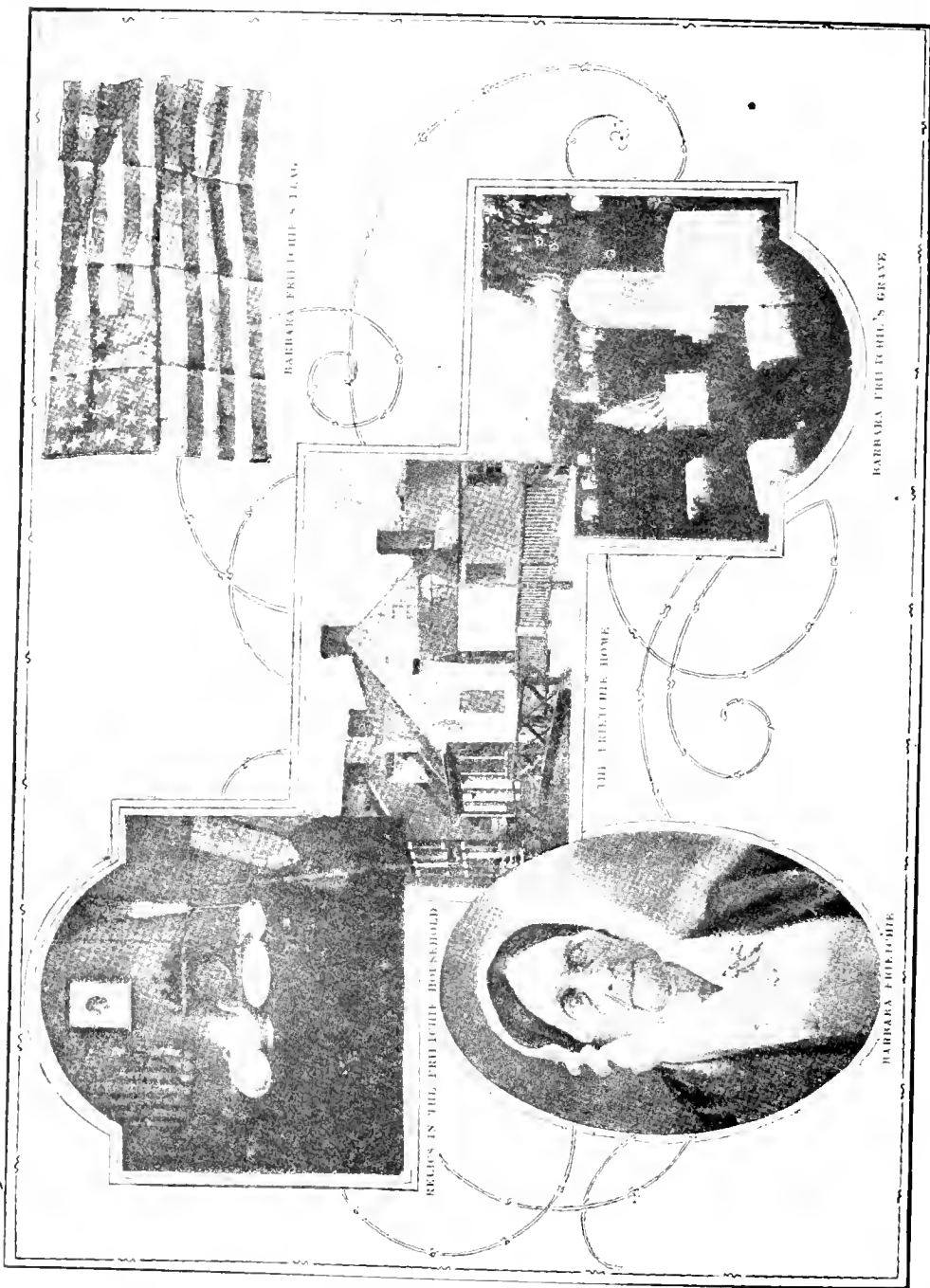
This last gentleman was challenged to act as escort on the morrow, when a visit should be made to the home of Mrs. John H. Abbot, the grand-niece of Dame Barbara into whose hands the precious flag has descended and who was at her aunt's home during the passage of the Confederate troops "on that pleasant morn in the early fall." We had scarcely need to tell our errand, tho' a party composed exclusively of residents of Frederick may have been remarked as a little peculiar, and were at once shown a small silk flag within a gilt frame hanging on the parlor wall. Nor were we allowed to remain long in doubt on which side of the controversy that has arisen Mrs. Abbott was to be found. A gentleman of the party remarking somewhat flippantly: "So this is the flag Barbara Frietchie didn't wave!" she replied with quiet firmness: "This is the flag she *did* wave, but not at just the time nor in just the way the poet said."

Here then is summed up in one sentence the gist of the whole matter. Barbara Frietchie's place in the local annals of Frederick cannot be called into question. Her great age, she having been born in Lancaster, Pa., December 3, 1766, and being thus nearly ninety-six years old when "Lee marched over the mountain-wall," is a matter of record. To her intense loyalty when loyalty was not the easiest matter even in Frederick, her relatives abundantly testify. Her unpretentious flag was usually flying from its staff at the window of her humble home on West Patrick street. It was removed when the Confederate troops entered the city September 10, 1862, and carefully folded away in her Bible, but was again displayed by Dame Barbara as she stood by the window watching the passage of the Federal troops under Burnside on the morning of the 12th. This is the occasion usually referred to as her historic waving of the flag, tho' it was not in the

face of the enemy, and called forth not shots but shouts as the passing troops noted her extreme age and this expressive token of her loyalty. Major-General Reno himself was attracted by the scene and stopped to speak a word to the old lady, inquire her age and beg the flag of her. She resolutely refused to part with this one, but finally consented to give the gallant general another owned by her. And this flag thus presented was a few days later laid on the bier of the brave Reno, who fell the day after at South Mountain.

It is the poet's treatment of Stonewall Jackson that has given greatest offense, that has caused some of the friends of that gallant gentleman to denounce the whole story as a myth, and either to deny Barbara's existence *in toto* or to question her loyalty. There is no ground for either. Barbara Frietchie perhaps never saw Stonewall Jackson; at least she did not see him ride past her house on that "cool September morn." Not because she was bed-ridden on that day, as has been asserted. Mrs. Abbott, who went to invite her aunt to come up and spend the day with them, failed to induce her to leave the house; so she remained and watched with her the "dust-brown ranks" as they passed. Jackson, on reaching Market street, rode with part of his staff two squares to the north to pay his respects to the Presbyterian minister, Dr. Ross, on Second street, and then rejoined his troops by riding thro' Mill alley and reaching Patrick street about half a square to the west of Barbara Frietchie's house. To this a member of that staff, himself a gallant son of Maryland, has again and again testified.

But why should any one attempt to "carry the war into the enemy's country" by doubting the plain facts of Barbara Frietchie's history? The good old dame had rounded out her fourscore years and sixteen and been laid to rest by the side of her husband in the old Reformed burying-ground, and the brave Jackson had "crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees" after Chancellorsville, before the poet was led to associate their names in his immortal poem. So no controversy ever arose between the



principals in the affair of the flag, nor do we think any should arise now among their friends. The poet Whittier received his materials from Mrs. Southworth, of Georgetown, D. C., and used but little license in working them up, as the letter written to him and quoted in full in his life well shows. That Mr. Cornelius Ramsburg, also of Georgetown but visiting in Frederick at the time, exercised his imagination somewhat in giving the matter to Mrs. Southworth and to the press, is probable; tho' whether the little touches necessary to make the story tell well were given at first hand or were the work of an imaginative reporter, is now in doubt. Whittier, tho' besieged repeatedly, was always conservative in giving out anything that might cast suspicion on the facts as set forth in the poem. And this is much the attitude of the average citizen of Frederick today. As the late Dr. Daniel Zacharias, Barbara's pastor during the last third of her life, remarked when questioned as to the accuracy of the poem: "Well, Mrs. Frietchie was just the sort of person to do such a thing." And so she was, and so let history record her.

The site of her home is much sought by visitors to Frederick. It is unfortunate that the house itself no longer stands. It passed into possession of Mrs. Abbott's mother after Barbara Frietchie's death and was subsequently sold by her. But a disastrous flood some years later demonstrated the possibilities for harm in Carroll creek, which passed just west of the house, so the city-authorities purchased the property and razed it to the ground in order to widen the channel of the stream. However, the thoughtful Dr. L. H. Steiner had a cane made from some of its wood-work and sent it to the poet Whittier. Other relics are displayed at various places in the city. One owned by Mrs. Abbott is especially interesting, as connecting "Aunt Frietchie" with another war and another epoch in her country's history. You will remember that Barbara was in her tenth year when the Declaration of Independence was signed. A few years later she was at what is now the City Hotel at a quilting party, where she learned

that General Washington was to be entertained at a ball that night. She returned and brought to Mrs. Kimball, the proprietress, her china teapot, begging that it be used in pouring tea for the general that evening. It is probable that it was, tho' Barbara herself did not aspire to that honor, and the teapot is proudly shown among Mrs. Abbott's relics along with other china owned by her grand-aunt. Her name came thus to be associated with that of Washington, and when after his death a memorial funeral was held in Frederick, Barbara, then a young woman, was chosen as one of the pall-bearers.

The atmosphere of the Abbott home is strongly charged with veneration for Dame Barbara, and the refreshments that with characteristic Maryland hospitality were offered to the party before leaving, were served on plates once owned by her.

One word more. It has been said that Whittier's "clustered spires of Frederick" contains nothing distinctively local and could as well have been applied to almost any town of its size. Quite the contrary. Frederick is decidedly unique in having its spire-crowned churches almost all located on Church street, extending east and west, and from any point on the "hills of Maryland" on either side of the town the observer will almost involuntarily exclaim as he looks upon the little city lying in the valley below: "See the clustered spires!" The expression seems to have been first used by Oliver Wendell Holmes when looking down upon Frederick from Braddock Heights, as described in his "Search for the Captain" (his son, wounded at Antietam) and published in the Atlantic Monthly in December, 1862. He may have given Whittier a description of the lovely valley that lies stretched out to one's gaze from that point, for his enthusiasm in prose description was fully equal to Whittier's beautiful but concise "fair as the garden of the Lord."

Whittier wrote the poem soon after the receipt of Mrs. Southworth's letter in June, 1863, and sent it to the Atlantic Monthly. The enthusiastic editor sent him in acknowledgment a check for fifty

dollars, saying: "Barbara is worth its weight in gold."

Barbara's grave is much visited by strangers and there is a well worn path to it across the now almost abandoned burying-ground. But, strange as it may seem, no decorations are ever placed upon it, nor does

"Over Barbara Fritchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave."

In another direction, in the beautiful Mt. Olivet cemetery on the hill just at the city-limits, one will see, just as he enters, the flag "with its silver stars and its crimson bars" floating near the statue of Francis Scott Key, under which his remains repose, and thus is the poet's prayer still answered:

"And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town."

"Kinderlieder aus dem Elsasstal"

(Alsatian Children-Songs)

BY JOHN BAER STOUTT, LANCASTER, PA.

A LARGE number of the settlers of eastern Pennsylvania came from the district of Alsace (Elsass) in Germany. If historical data for this statement were lacking, it could still be favorably maintained by a comparison of the folk-songs of both localities. The following are a few of the many treasures of the simple peasants of the Fatherland, every one of which, tho' a few in slightly modified form, are a part of the writer's childhood-lore.

Hansel am Bach
Hat lauter gut Sach;
Hat's Hausel verbrennt,
Hat Lumpen drum g'henkt.

Hansel am Bach
Hat lauter gut Sach;
Hat Fischlein gefangen,
Hat die Schuppen heimbracht.

Hansel un Gretel,
Zwei lustige Leut;
Der Hans ist närrisch,
Die Gretel nit geschied.

Krabb, Krabb, dei Hausel brennt!
Es locke siwe Junge drin
Die schreie alle: Krabb, Krabb, Krabb!
Du alter Hosesack!

Krabb, Krabb, dei Hausel brennt!
Siwe Junge locke drin,
Trag Wasser bei, trag Wasser bei!
Es gibt en gnte Hirschebei.

Sechs mol sechs is sechsundreissig,
Is der Mann ah noch so fleissig
Un die Frah is biederlich,
Do geht alles himersich.

Ane, mane, Tintenfass!
Geh in die Schul un lern was.
Kommst du heim un kanst du nix,
Wirst du mit der Rut gewichst.

Ringel, ringel, Rose!
Die Buben haben Hose,
Die Maide haben Röck,
Jetzt fallen sie alle in den Dreck.

Eins, zwei, drei—
Du bist frei.

Hoss, Hoss, trill!
Der Bauer hot en Füll.
Filleche will nit laafe;
Schpringt 's Filleche weg,
Plumps liegt der Bauer im Dreck.

Hoss, Hoss, Reiter!
Die Kuh, die hot en Eiter;
En Eiter hot die Kuh,
Vun Ledder macht mer Schuh.
Schuh macht mer vun Ledder,
Die Gans die hot a Fedder;
Feddre hot die Gans,
Der Fuchs der hot en Schwanz;
En Schwanz hot der Fuchs,
Jetzt fahre mer in der Kutsch.

Hoss, Hoss, trill!
Der Bauer hot en Füll.
Es Filleche will nit laafe,
Der Bauer muss's verkaafe;
Verkaafe muss's der Bauer,
Es Lewe werd em oft sauer;
Sauer werd em 's Lewe,
Im Wingert wachse Rewe.
Rewe hot der Weistock,
Hörner hot der Gaasbock,
Der Gaasbock der hot Hörner,
Im Wald wachse Dörner;
Dörner wachse im Wald,
Im Winter do ist's kalt;
Kalt werd's im Winter,
Im Frühjahr werd's gelinder.

Bitsche, batsche, Kueche!
 Der Beck, der hot geruefe.
 Wer will Kueche baeke,
 Der muss hawe siwe Sache:
 Budder un Salz,
 Eier un Schmalz,
 Zucker un Mehl:
 Saffre macht die Kueche geht

Eins, zwei, drei!
 Hieke, haeke, hei!
 Hieke, haeke, Loeffelstiel!
 Die alte Weiver esse viel;
 Die junge musse fueschte.
 Es Brot liegt im Kueschte.
 Es Messer liegt danewe.
 Mei Vadder is a Wewer;
 Mei Mudder is a gute Frab.
 Was se koecht, sell isst se ah

Hans Pitter, nenn mich
 Wacker Magdlein bin ich ja;
 Rote Strumpfen hab ich a,
 Kann stricken, kann nahen,
 Kann Haspel gut drehen,
 Kann noch wohl was mehr.

Z' nachts wenn ich schloefe gh,
 Vierzeh Engel bei mer steh.
 Zwei zur Rechte,
 Zwei zur Linke;
 Zwei zu Haupte,
 Zwei zu Fiesse;
 Zwei, die mich deeke,
 Zwei, die mich wecke;
 Zwei, die mer zaie
 Das himmlische Paradaes.

The Wild Rose of Bethlehem

An Original Tale by the "Little Hunchback," Translated
 from the German

(Concluded)

THEN Heatherfield had a saving thought. He requested to have the rosin melted over a candle. This was done and behold, three golden rings appeared—rings that Mrs. Reed recognized at once. Two of them were the wedding-rings of her brother and his wife; the third, an old family heirloom, was the wedding-ring of her grandmother. Heatherfield's statements were confirmed.

Forthwith Leslie Reed changed his demeanor toward Heatherfield. The coldness and sternness of the lawyer were laid aside, and he began to speak to him as to an intimate friend. The three decided to await the coming of the French pretender, to arrest him and the half-breed Indian girl and turn them over to the courts. Several months passed, during which Heatherfield became acquainted with other friends and relatives of the Glendon family; he was glad to let them know his intention to make Esther Ellen his wife, a purpose cheerfully approved by all her kin.

At last the looked-for Frenchman, M. Lemaire, put in his appearance and had the boldness to introduce the substitute Indian girl to the Reed family as Esther Ellen Glendon. The girl indeed looked so much like Rosie that Mrs. Reed was on the point of embracing her; yet she appeared so indifferent to all that was passing around her and was so ignorant of English that she raised no shadow of doubt in Leslie Reed's mind. The Frenchman had a long, finely spun story to tell of the girl's adventures and even tried to explain the loss of the string of shells in an inter-

esting way. This exhausted Leslie Reed's patience; he gave a signal and a police officer appeared, who informed the Frenchman and the girl that they were under arrest for a deliberate fraud.

Heatherfield had now fully accomplished the object of his journey to Scotland. Leslie Reed himself attended to Rosie's interests and he and his sister-in-law decided to accompany the major to America, to establish there more fully the identity of Esther Ellen. M. Lemaire and his Indian accomplice were put under heavy bail for their appearance at court. A few weeks later Heatherfield, Mrs. Reed and Leslie Reed were on the high seas, eagerly looking forward to their landing in Philadelphia.

10. A Night of Horrors in Gnadenhuetten

The night of the same day on which Heatherfield, full of joyous expectations, set sail from New York, a fearful calamity befell the abode in which he fancied his beloved bride in perfect safety.

Braddock's defeat on the Monongahela caused the long smoldering hate of the Indians to burst into full flame. Day after day the frontier settlements suffered from the attacks of the cruel redskins, and the whole country was alarmed. The neighbors of Gnadenhuetten left their cabins and houses and fled; only the brethren determined to abide in the place appointed them by Providence. However, they took every possible precaution. As the white settlers now regarded every Indian as their enemy, the Moravians admonished their converts not to go hunting

and not to buy powder and balls—instructions to which the converts readily agreed. Mrs. Allen had done her best to induce the Governor to furnish protection to the settlement at Gnadenhütten, and on the morning of Nov. 24, 1755, Col. Anderson marched thither from Bethlehem with a number of soldiers. Many armed citizens of the neighborhood followed next day. But this assistance, like the brethren's precautions, came too late.

In the evening of that fateful day—possibly at the very hour when Glendon Heatherfield went aboard his vessel at New York—Rosie had gone to the stable to milk the cows, when a strange-looking man, accompanied by a Mohegan Indian, came to the house and desired to speak to her. Martin Mack went to the stable to tell her, and Rosie, believing that the stranger was a messenger from Heatherfield, returned to the house in glad expectancy. She was bitterly disappointed when she recognized one of the Canadian traders, from whom she had imagined herself safely hidden. She declined to speak to him and ran into the house. The man remounted his horse and rode away, muttering threats against Rosie and the Moravians. The brethren were much alarmed when Rosie described the man as an evil guest, whose intentions were anything but good, and declared her purpose to leave the mission-station as soon as possible, not believing herself safe there any longer.

In the evening George Custard and two other neighbors came to the mission and notified the brethren that a body of armed men would be with them the coming night to protect them. About six o'clock, while the fourteen inmates of the house sat at supper, they heard the dogs bark and, believing that the men of whom Custard had spoken had arrived, Joseph Sturgis and three others arose to welcome them. But as soon as they opened the door, four shots were fired at them.

One of the brethren fell dead. Sturgis had his cheek grazed by a ball and his hair singed. A cry of horror rang thro' the house. A second and a third volley followed; then the Indians rushed in like infuriated beasts and murdered several people on the spot. Rosie did not lose her presence of mind; quickly she opened the door of a side-room, into which the survivors fled. George Partsch jumped thro' a window and met Sensemann, who had hastily come near upon hearing the report of the guns; both men took flight together. Sturgis, Rosie, three men, three women and a child hurried upstairs and fastened the trap-door as well as they could, Rosie again showing remarkable coolness. The Indians tried to force the trap-door, then they fired thro' the ceiling, and finally they set fire to the house.

Rosie believed the time for flight had come and told Sturgis that the Indians probably were now engaged in scalping the dead below. Sturgis jumped from the roof-window

and escaped. Mrs. Partsch did the same, and Rosie, seeing the flames gaining headway and herself unable to do more for the rest, followed their example, after she had hastily formed, of yarn and pieces of clothing, a sort of rope by which the two other women might reach the ground. She joined Mrs. Partsch in the bushes near by. That very moment they saw Fabricius jump from a window and the next instant fall into the hands of the redskins, who murdered, scalped and hacked him to pieces before their very eyes. The flames shot up bright, while the yells of the murderers and the cries of their victims, slowly smothering in the hot smoke, resounded fearfully thro' the night.

Worbas, who lay sick in a neighboring house and was being watched, managed to escape thro' a window when his guard had left his post for a moment. Then the Indians set fire to the barn and the stables, in which forty head of cattle, three horses and one foal were quartered, and made their way to the spring-house, which they set on fire too, after they had eaten their fill of the provisions stored there. After midnight the peaceful mission-station at Gnadenhütten was a smoldering heap of ashes, and the bloodthirsty savages had gone away.

Rosie and Sister Partsch plainly saw from their hiding-place all that was going on. They counted about a dozen Indians, one of whom wore a French soldier's jacket. They dared not stir for the rest of the night, but in the morning they were found by Sturgis and Partsch, who had come with some armed men. Seven men, three women and a child had been murdered by the savages, who had left a knife stuck thro' a hat and a blanket into a tree. Rosie explained the meaning of this symbol: "So much we have done, and we are able to do still more."

By advice of the brethren the Indian converts at Neu-Gnadenhütten fled to the mountains. Brother Zeisberger, who had just come from Bethlehem, hastened back to inform Hays's company of militia, encamped only five miles away, of the dreadful things that had happened. These troops garrisoned the deserted settlement and erected temporary stockades, to afford shelter to the scattered settlers and protect the brethren's mill, which was filled with corn. Here Rosie also found a temporary refuge, Captain Hays having received a letter from Mrs. Allen requesting him to take particular care of the girl. But this refuge was of short duration. On New Year's day following the Indians enticed some of the militiamen who were skating on the river into an ambush, and this caused so much fear among the few remaining in the fort that they fled also. With a fugitive settler's family Rosie came to Bethlehem, where she found a friendly reception in Spungenberg's family.

Several weeks after the massacre of Gnadenhütten Benjamin Franklin had arrived in Bethlehem, charged by the Governor with

building a fort near Neu-Gnadenhütten. He now inquired for Rosie, and when she was presented he gave her letters which Mrs. Allen had given him for her. Rosie, who had hitherto consistently played the role of a half-breed, forgot herself for a moment, and the shrewd Franklin could not restrain his admiration of an Indian girl who could read English letters so readily. One letter was from Glendon Heatherfield. He had returned to Philadelphia, told her all about the results of his trip to Scotland and promised to arrive in Bethlehem very soon, accompanied by Leslie Reed and Rosie's aunt. Spangenberg also had received a letter from Mrs. Allen, giving him some hints of Rosie's origin, begging him to do what he had already done and promising liberal remuneration.

Under these circumstances Rosie could no longer wear the mask of an Indian; she conversed freely with Dr. Franklin, who took a great interest in her. For the first time in many years she sat down to write a letter—a love-letter to Major Heatherfield.

11. Recognition and Marriage

Once more Rosie received letters from Philadelphia, and once more she answered them. Three weeks passed, and at last Mrs. Allen, Major Heatherfield, Mrs. Reed and her brother-in-law arrived in Bethlehem. Then followed a scene of recognition which we will not attempt to describe.

Rosie bore such a striking resemblance to her family that Mrs. and Mr. Reed recognized her immediately, tho' they had not seen her since her seventh year. Glendon Heatherfield felt immeasurably happy to see Rosie publicly acknowledged as his bride, but it remained for Mrs. Allen, who had served him so effectively, properly to crown the romantic adventure.

Governor Denny as yet had no inkling of what was going on, and he was not to find out anything before the wedding day. An Indian conference was called to meet at Easton July 24, to settle the trouble with the Shawanese, Mohegans and Delawares. This gave Mrs. Allen a hint. After a week her friends returned to Philadelphia and left Rosie alone in Bethlehem. But Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Reed had undertaken the purchase of her wedding-dress and ornaments, and the wedding was to be celebrated in Trout Hall. To insure the attendance of Governor Denny, Mrs. Allen had to advise him that a young Indian chief near Trout Hall was to be married to a converted Indian girl, and that the Governor's presence at the wedding would make a very favorable impression upon the Indians.

The Governor found this an excellent idea, and when the appointed day came he, with his wife and several friends, repaired to Trout Hall, whither Mr. and Mrs. Allen had preceded them. To make the wedding more impres-

sive, according to Indian notions, it had to be solemnized at sunrise on the top of the Lehigh mountain, the "Big Rock," and the Governor himself was to pronounce a benediction. An Episcopalian minister had come along from Philadelphia to perform the ceremony.

Day began to dawn when a party on horse-back, following the lonely forest-path, reached their destination. The bridal pair had already arrived, and just as the first beams of the sun poured their golden light over the Saucon valley, the guests formed a semicircle close to the Big Rock. In the center stood the clergyman. The bridegroom was in hunting costume, wearing red moccasins, a blue shirt with yellow fringes and big shining rings in his ears; beside him stood the bride in a half-civilized dress of light green, with strings of pearls across her forehead, around her neck, wrists and ankles, a silver girdle around her loins and silver fringes about her short skirt. The preacher pronounced the marriage-formula in English and when he had shaken hands with the bridal couple, Governor Denny also drew near, wishing the young people much joy and happiness. Then Mrs. Allen invited the whole company back to Trout Hall.

In solemn mood the procession retraced its way down the steep mountain-path, and not until Trout Hall was reached did Mrs. Allen give vent to her pent-up gaiety and good humor. The Indian bride was presented to the Governor as the Wild Rose of Bethlehem, which seemed to please him greatly; then the young Indian was also introduced as—Major Glendon Heatherfield. The Governor at first felt inclined to regard this wedding as an affair ill befitting his dignity and self-respect, but when Rosie's aunt came forward and attested Esther Ellen Glendon's origin, he entered into the humor of the occasion and gracefully submitted to the trick that had been played upon him. Esther Ellen and Major Heatherfield changed their apparel; then the clergyman acknowledged that he too was a pretender, having consented to play the part of a preacher only at the urgent request of Mrs. Allen, he being in fact no other than Leslie Reed, Esq., a kin-man of Esther Ellen. The real minister was now introduced and the real wedding consummated with all due solemnity.

There was great joy in Trout Hall that day. In the evening a part of the company went on to Bethlehem, and next morning the rest returned to Philadelphia.

Heatherfield obtained possession of the Glendon estate and went to live in Scotland with his young wife and her kinsfolk, because Esther Ellen wanted to be entirely relieved of her secret dread of the Mohegans' revenge. At her special request the charge against M. Lemaire and the half-breed Indian girl was withdrawn.

Literary Gems

HIDDEN PRAYER AND HOPE

A SACRED SONG OF THOMAS MOORE.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.

My God! silent to Thee—

Pure, warm, silent to Thee!

So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee!

As still to the star of its worship, tho' clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee.

My God! trembling to Thee—

True, fond, trembling to Thee!

So dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee!

VERBORGENES FLEHEN UND HOFFEN

GERMAN TRANSLATION BY H. A. S.

Wie Blumen auf Oceans lichtlosem Grunde
Aufspriessen zu niemals erschaener Zier,
So steigt aus dem Herzen bei schweigendem Munde
Empor mein inbrünstiges Flehen zu Dir.

Mein Gott! stille zu Dir—

Rein, warm, stille zu Dir!

So steigt aus dem Herzen bei schweigendem Munde
Empor mein inbrünstiges Flehen zu Dir.

Ob Wolken den Leitstern der Nadel bedecken,
Treu bleibt sie ihm jenseits des Meeres wie hier;
So, müde durchwandernd der Winterwelt Schrecken,
Stets kehrt meine Hoffnung sich zitternd zu Dir!

Mein Gott! zitternd zu Dir—

Treu zart, zitternd zu Dir!

So, müde durchwandernd der Winterwelt Schrecken,
Stets kehrt meine Hoffnung sich zitternd zu Dir!

AM DANKSAGUNGSDAG

BY CALVIN C. ZIEGLER.

Wem sin mer schuldig unser Dank
For unser daglich Schpers un Frank?
For Kleeder, Heemet, Umgang froh,
Un partig for den Tarky do?

Em Dadi, der es Esssach krigt;
Der Mammi, wu sei Hossa, flicht
Un wollna Sehtrimp un Hansching schrickt;
Da Kinner, unser Trawel un Freed;
Der Mand, die schmärtcht vun all da Meed,
As fleissig daroh die Aerwet geht;
All da Verwandta un da Freind,
Ans denma ihra G'sichter scheint
Die Lieb wu Mensch mit Mensch vereint.
Was wür die Welt wert unne Freind?

Da Vorvetter, as kumma sin
Iwer da See un g'schritta hen
For Freiheit un Gerechtigkeit;
Net jnscht for un ihra eegna Gewinn,
Awer for uns un alle zeit.

Mer danka ah der brauma alta Erd,
Die gut alt Mutter as uns all ernahrt;
Der Sun, mit ihrer Hitz un Licht;
'm Mund mit seim betriebta G'sicht;
Da Sehterna, as fumka in der Nacht
Un langsam gehna unne Sound
Wie Uhrzeecher ihra Round,
Sie gehna ihra Gang so sacht
Un saga nix un ihrem Ziel,
Un doch verkündige sie viel
Vun der unbeschränka Gottesmacht.

Dir, unserm Vater-un-Mutter Gott,
Der uns bis doher g'hölfa hot,
Un tragt in seiner Allmachtshand
's Schicksal vun a jeda Land—
Dir danka mer im heckschta Grad.
O, fihr uns in dein eegna Paad!
Mach uns doch schtandhaft in der Zeit
Un selig in der Ewigkeit!

Am n

Der Sam Gilderi uf der Freierei

BY "OLD SCHOOLMASTER HAN JERG"

DER Sam Gilderi is en guter Buh. Er is net so scharf gewiebt; wie viel amera, awer er is gutmeenig un ehrlich un schaffit schmart. Ich hab'n lang in der Schul g'hat, un er hot sich immer gut beheeft. 's Lerna is'm wul bissel hart ganga, awer er hot mer schun-scht ken Truwel gemacht. Ich hab mich immer uf'n verlossa kenna; wann er eppes g'saat hot, dann war's so—un sel meent ardlieh viel.

Sitter as er ufgewachsa is un sei Vatter is nummergezoga noch'm Bullfraggaschwamm, krieg ich da Sam nimme so oft zu sehna. Er kommt awer doch noch als-emel, un ich bin alfter froh wann er kommt. Er hot gross Zutraua in mich un verzehlt mer schier enig eppes.

Am annera Sondag Owet is er widder kumma, un ich hab glei g'sehna, dass eppes letz is mit'm. Er hot so mandrig dreif'geuekt un hot net recht schwetza wolla, bis mei Alte fart war noch der Meeting. No hot er sei Herz ufgemacht un hot mer g'saat was sei Truwel is.

"Ja, Schulmeeschter"—so heest er mich also, noch, wann ich schun kenner meh bin—"ich bin arg in Truwel un ich wot, du deetscht mer Trau-helfa. Ich sol mer'n Frah sueha un weess net, wu ich sie finna soll."

"Was," sag ich verschaamt, "du sollscht der'n Frah sueha? Wer sagt 'as du sollscht?"

"Ei, mei Dadi hot's g'saat, do paar Monet zurick, wie mei Geburtsdag war. 'Sam, sacht er, 'heit bischte dreinzwanzig Jahr alt. Ich meen, 's war Zeit, dass du der mol'n Frah sueha deetscht. Du bischt schun zwee Jahr uf Eht; mer hen der lang genuk die Koscht gewa, un du sotscht bal ausgucka for dich selwer."

"O, sel war juscht G'schpass, dass dei Dadi so g'schwetzt hot."

"Gewiss net. Mei Dadi macht ken G'schpass; wann er eppes sagt, dann meent er's. Awer gebattert hot's mich, dass ich en Weil net hab schwetza kenna. 'Ei, Dadi, haw ich g'saat, 'sein ihr mich dann ledig? Mir schreht's jo ganz gut a' for alfter do zu bleiwa. Ich brauch jo net so hart schaffa un net arg fruh ufsecht, un hab zu essa un zu trinka, was mer schmackt. Ans Heira haw ich noch net gedenkt. 'Noch net so weit gedenkt?' sacht mei Dadi. 'Du wit doch ken so dummer, dappiger Batschler gewa, as en Schand war for un-ser Familia?' Weescht dann ken Medel as du gleiwa deetscht? Ich bin schun zu da Meed ganga wie ich achtehr war, un wie ich uf Eht kumma bin, haw ich schun en Frah g'hat. 'Ja, Dadi,' sag ich, 'du hosesht gut schwe zu. Du hosesht die Mamma g'heiert, awer ich soll do raus geh un en ganz frem Weibsmensch heira, wu ich gar net kenn."

"Meh haw ich nimme saga kenna; ich hab

heila missa un bin abgeseht; for zu der Mamma. 'So en dick-schaliger Esel!' hot mei Dadi mer nogerufa, 'dass ich so en Dummlack vum a Buh hawe muss!'"

"Well, was hot dann dei Mamma dazu g'saat?"

"Ei, sie hot mich schee getreescht. Der Dadi het wul Recht, hot sie gemeent; ich war alt genuk enihau, for zu da Meed geh un schua ob ich kens finna kennt as mich suhta deet for'n Frah. 'Du gehschst jo als Sondag Owets in die Singschul,' sacht sie, 'un dart kumma all die Meed hi'; do deet ich ewa mol mit cenra heem geh. So viel Kurasche sotscht doch hawa; in-seht beheef dich schee, wann du bei ra bischt."

"Well nan, denk ich, die Mamma rot mer gewiss nix Schlechtes; ich prowir's amol. So haw ich mei Meind ufgemacht un bin da neeksch Sondag Owet vum der Singschul an der Hasakrick mit der Bewy Schlampamp heemganga. Die Bewy is gewiss en neis Medel a'zugucka un immer so fei ufgedresst, dass mer glawa kennt, sie war 'm President sei Dochter. 's hot mich selwer gewunnert, dass sie mich mitgemumma hot. Awer daheim in ihrem Haus—du hewer Zuschtand nochamol! Ich will nix g'saat hawa, awer ich hab neia Hossa a'g'hat'un hab schier net getraut mich anna zu hocka, so wara die Schtilh verschaabt. Sel hot mer grad der Leeda gemacht vum der Bewy, un ich hab sie noch sellem nimme heem g'sehna. Die Mamma hot ah g'saat, ich sot net."

"Un hosesht's no bei ra annera geprowirt?"

"Schur. Ich war gediermt, des Ding recht zu prowira. Ich hab no die Kassy, 'm alta Graupamiller sei cenzige Dochter, g'frott un, weiss die Sehtee, die hot mich ah mit gemumma. Ich bin ewa en gut-guekiger Kerl un hab mer ah en Finfingerkraut in da Sack g'schteekt g'hat. Die Kassy hot 'n reicher Pap—enihau die Leit saga so—un der hot sie paar Vertel noch Ellstaun in die Colleege g'schiekt, dass sie recht gelernt werra deet. Sie is gar dunners g'scheit, un sie hot vum History un Gironify, vum Astronomy un Fixology un so Dings g'schwetzt, bis mer der Verschtand schill g'schama hot. Awer ich hab's doch iweras gern g'heert; sie hot drei-vertels Englisch g'schwetzt un feim Language gejuhst. Singa kann sie ah wie'n Lerch un Penamosehpela, as es brummt. Sie hot hawa wolla, ich sot singa mit ra; ich hab's ah mol geprowirt, ihra zum G'falla, awer sie hot mich glei g'schtop, weil der Bully draus in der Kieh a'g'fanga hot so wiescht blaffa. Mei Schtimme war net recht gekoluweterd, hot sie gemeent; mer mechta da Pap wacker macha, un sel deet verleicht ken Gut. Sie hot no g'saat, ich sot's Notaschick rundreha, wann sie schpiela deet, awer sel hot ah net

recht g'schafft; ich hab als net gewisst, wann die Nota all sin uf eener Seit. Awer ich hab die Kassy juseht about geglich; sie war'n excellent Company.

"Ich war deelmols bei ra un hab schon g'schudirt, wie ich da Sobtschekt ufs Heira bringa wot, do schickt mich mei Dadi mol Montag Morgets niwer uf Bisness zu ihrem Pap. Guck ich do zum Fenschter nei in da Parlor un sehn die Kassy fei ufgedresset am Peianno hoeka, un wie ich in die Kich kum, schleht ihr Mam am Weschzuwer un reibt, dass ihr's Wasser iwer's G'sicht geloffa is. Sel hot mich schletern schlecht g'suht. En Medel as sei Mam allee wescha losst, kann ich net brauchta as Frah un wann's zehamol so viel Learning het. Ich hab mich ge-exkjusst bei ra un bin die Zeit nimme dart gewest. Die Mammi hot mich gelobt, dass ich so viel Eisehnes het."

"Sel hot dich schier schei macha kenna, Sam, hä?"

"Gewiss. Ich hab gemeent, ich wot die Meed nau ganz geh lossa; awer do war die Polly Schneppermaul, die hot sich so gut a'gelosst bei mer, dass ich's letscht ah mol mit ra heem bin. Die Polly hot net g'sunga un ah net aus da Schulbicher g'schwezt un doch hot sie in eem Schtick fart gebabbelt. Sie hot mer alles verzehlt was g'happent is in der Noehberschaft vun der Zeit a' as sie'n klee Bewy war bis nau. Sie hot mer g'saat forwas der alt Litzaberger sei Property verkaaft het, forwas der Hanadan Kratzfuss nimme in die Kerch gengt, wieviel Junga 'in Meik Linsabigler sei blou Katz het, forwas der Welly Grosshans un die Betzy Gansfuss nanner nimme leida kenna, un noch hunnert annera Sacha. 's letscht hot sie a'g'fanga Sacha zu froga, no haw ich ah epes schwetzta missa. Sie hot gewunnert, was letz wär zwicha mir un der Kassy. Ich hab ra so paar Hints gewa, was ich g'sehna het, hab's ra awer hoch un

deier verbotta, dass sie jo nix saga sot. Do het ich awer juscht so gut 'm Wind 's Peifa verbotta. Die klee Gackel geht un verzehlt alles un noch viel meh dazu, un wie ich wider in die Singschul kum, hen die Bewy un die Kassy mer Aaga g'schmissa wie wietige Katza. Der Bewy ihr Bruder hot mich drescha wolla, awer ich bin'm ausgerissa, un's Singschulgeh haw ich g'schtopt."

"Uns Meedgeh ah, gel?"

"Ja, die ganz G'schicht is mer somhau verleeled. Ich hab nochemol Rot g'halta mit der Mammi, un die hot gemeent 's wär gut, wann ich dich mol froga deet for Advice. Nau, Schulmeeschter, was sagscht du?"

"Well, Säm, ich sag: Schpring da Meed nimme noch un loss der's jo net eifalla eene zu heira, bis du schur bischt, das sie dich all iwer recht suht. Awer weescht dann wie sie sei misst, for dich zu suhta?"

"O ja," sächt der Säm, "sell weess ich wol. En Medel vun zwanzig Jahr, recht g'sund un schee, net greesser wie ich, wu ken Summerflecka hot un hen scheppa Aaga, un ken Farb in's G'sicht schmiert, un ken Bossels trächt, wu schmärt is un schaffig un jo net zu viel schwetzt. For's Peiannoschpiela gew ich net viel, ich hab enihau kens; awer singa sot sie kenna, alles was im Notabuch schteht, un ah scheena weltliche Lieder, wie 'Yankee Doodle' un 'Lauterbach.' 's Wescha, Bigla un Schtrimpschtoppa muss sie aus'm FF verschteh; sel is die Haaptsach for 'n Baurafrah. Dampnudela mit saurer Brih muss sie kocha kenna, un Lewerwärscht brota so gut wie die Mammi, schunscht wisst ich net eb ich bei ra bleiwa deet. Wann sie no noch plenty Geld het, dass mer lewa kennta mne dass ich viel schaffa breicht— sel deet's fertig macha."

"Jiminy!" sag ich, "so Meed wie sel sin rar. Wann ich mol so eene ausfinn, will ich dich's wissa lossa; awer ich denk, Säm, du kannscht noch 'n gut Weil bei dem Dadi in die Koscht geh."

ELECTIONEERING METHODS

The following anecdote, told in the vernacular by a certain candidate for Congress in his campaign speeches, seems especially timely as we stand at the eve of an election:

Ich bin en en gewisser Platz kumma un hab abg'schtopt. Ich hab gemeent, ich wot mol 'in Mr. Sonno sei Weg nemma, wie er als draus rum ganga is as Kandidat for Congress. Ich bin nei in die Kich un die Frah hot mer 'n Sehtuhl gewa un hot g'saat, der Mann deet grad vun der Scheier kumma. 's war en klee Meedcha in der Kich, un ich hab's uf der Schoss genumma.

Des klee Dingeleha hot a'g'fanga mich auszufroga, was mei Nama wär un mei Bisness. Ich hab geantwort un g'saat, ich wär en Kandidat for Congress, un hab dem Kind en Bens gewa.

"Ei," sagt sie, "ich denk awer net, dass du so viel Votes macha duscht wie der letscht vun denna drei Annera, wu schun do wara, da Pöp sehna."

"Vor was so?" haw ich g'frogt. "Warum dann net?"

"Ei," sagt die Klee, "seller hot grad die Mam uf da Schoss genumma!"

Was mir un noch viel am'ra Leit

Net in da Kep hen los,

Des hen mer in da Fiess, un des

Macht unser Fiess so gross.—

"Goethe von Berks."

Wann er Mann en Hinkel schteht,

Dann schperren sie en ei.

Doch wann er dausem Daler schteht,

Geht er gewenlich frei.—

"Goethe von Berks."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

October Sixth, "Deutscher Tag"

THE first week in October always brings red-letter days to our German-American citizens thro'out the land. It brings the celebration of German Day, in remembrance of the landing at Philadelphia of the thirteen Crefelders and their families who, under the leadership of Francis Daniel Pastorius, became the founders of Germantown.

There were German pioneers in this country before the arrival of that little company of thirty-three souls. There were a few in Pennsylvania also. But that small band of linen-weavers and other artisans was the first German colony, and the town they built was the first German settlement within the limits of the United States. It was meet therefore to set down the sixth of October, 1683, as the date when German immigration to this country began and German influence began to assist in shaping the destinies of this State and Nation.

German-American History Our Field

Ever since that day Germans have been busily helping to make American history. Philadelphia first and later New York were the ports by which they entered and from which they spread gradually to every State of the Union.

It is this German-American history that, with special reference to our own great commonwealth, this magazine is endeavoring to set forth before the world in its true light. Whatever interests the German settlers or their descendants in any part of this country, is a legitimate object of our study and research. In accordance with this thought we have decided to offer, in our issue for January, 1907, a symposium on the migrations of the Pennsylvania-Germans into other States and sections of this great land. This symposium will serve as an introduction to other articles on the same general subject that will follow later.

Suggestions That Offer a Text

A contribution lately received for this symposium from Minnesota concludes thus: "At some future day, as time and space permit, a fuller account of those self-made and prosperous fellow-citizens may be given." In line with these words was the suggestion of a contributor to the July symposium that we take up fuller biographical sketches of prominent men referred to in his article. These two suggestions may well serve as a text—or pretext, if you prefer—for saying a few words editorially about our symposiums.

The Problem Before Us

Believing that "order is heaven's first law," and must be the law of every well regulated periodical, we aim to systematize as much as possible our work and the material we offer. As day by day we realize more fully the wideness of the field we have chosen to work in, it becomes a subject of careful study how to approach and handle most advantageously the vast amount of material before us. The problem is made harder by our limitations—limitations of time, space, knowledge, skill, and that which here, as in every other enterprise, is so indispensable—money. Nor do we lose sight of the fact that we have a most estimable and worthy class of readers, who have a perfect right to expect of us a fair return for their subscriptions.

The Symposium As An Outline

The symposium seems to afford a ready means of outlining our work and material and exhibiting to our friends and patrons the line of reading-matter we are gradually preparing for them. The symposium provides for collecting the views of various writers on some particular subject or for treating a subject from various standpoints.

With this thought in mind we tried to offer, in the first place, a general survey of our field and its possibilities. This was done in our July symposium on "The Pennsylvania-Germans: Who They Are

and What They Have Done." Each separate topic there treated may in turn be made the subject of a symposium of even greater interest than the original one. For example: Who would not be delighted to read fuller biographies of our Pennsylvania-German governors, a more extended story of the early struggles of the churches among us, or a more detailed account of what our Pennsylvania-German scientists have been and are doing? These are themes which we hope to take up in due time and to develop into a more perfect form—that is, a form more nearly approaching perfection.

Survey of Migrations and Education

Having given this survey of the Pennsylvania-Germans as a body, the study of their migrations into other parts of the country seems to follow quite naturally as the next step. In the forthcoming January number we hope to show in outline how these migrations have taken place. This new symposium will necessarily be as limited and fragmentary as the first. We know, however, that whatever we may offer with regard to any one State or section can easily be expanded into much larger space and fuller detail. While we may thus spend a few minutes in viewing a whole field, hours might be profitably spent in examining one particular spot.

In the symposium planned for next July, which Prof. L. S. Shimmell, of Harrisburg, has kindly consented to supervise editorially, we hope to outline the work done by the Pennsylvania-Germans in the field of education. The term "dumb Dutchmen" has been applied indiscriminately and unjustly to a people who will clearly be shown to deserve better treatment and a more favorable estimate. We know that the material thus brought together will also readily admit of further elaboration.

Prospecting Before Mining

With this and similar symposiums we, like a prudent prospector, expect to open our great mine by making excavations here and there and exposing the rich stores hidden underneath. Later we shall feel free to delve more exhaustively

at particular spots. We must of course continually remind ourselves that tastes differ, that, as regards literary culture, our readers belong to different classes, and that therefore we must furnish due variety of matter in every issue of our magazine. Please remember this and bear with us patiently, if we can not cover each special field or department as soon as you think we should.

The Moral of All This

The particular moral we wish to draw from all we have said is that you, kind reader, need feel no alarm about our running out of material for THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN. In conclusion, permit us to quote the favorite and familiar words of Alexander, the sweet singer: "Stand by me and be good." Make up your mind to take this magazine regularly, to induce others to take it, and by so doing help us to bring to the surface all the sooner the treasures that await our toil.

Boston Compliments a Berks County Educator

We quote with much pleasure the following words of the Kutztown Patriot, from an article appropriately headed "An Aspiring, Inspiring Superintendent." They afford new evidence of the recognition our Pennsylvania-German educators are receiving even in Boston, the intellectual center of Yankeeedom.

Berks county is, without doubt, happy in the possession of a leader of her educational forces who is more than ordinarily wide-awake and efficient. Superintendent Eli M. Rapp is rapidly making a name and a fame for himself, and the schools can not but feel the impetus of his energy and progressiveness. There is not an educational meeting of any importance in the county but Mr. Rapp is attending it, intent on learning what may be done to improve the schools under his care. And he does not merely get and take, he also gives. The New England Journal of Education has been publishing for some weeks past, in instalments, his address on "The Rural School Problem." We have no doubt at all that these papers are setting teachers elsewhere to thinking, as they should stimulate thought among the school people here.

The address referred to was delivered before the State Association of County School-Superintendents last winter and extracts from it were quoted in our March number.

Clippings from Current News

\$6000 for a Historical Building

At the forty-ninth annual meeting of the Moravian Historical Society, held September 18th at Nazareth, announcement was made of a donation of \$6000 by William H. Jordan, of Philadelphia, for an addition to the old Whitefield House, as a memorial to his father, Francis Jordan. The new building is to be used for meetings of the Society and for storing records and relics.

Explored the Finland Cave

A noted cave along the Swamp Creek near Finland, Bucks county, around which tradition and superstition had woven many weird stories, was recently explored by Rev. J. A. P. Harris, of Garisville, in company with his wife and daughter. Mr. Harris is a collector of curios, but was disappointed in the hope of increasing his collection by this trip. He says the cave is not more than fifty feet long and no doubt was once a robber's den. About twelve feet within is a natural shelf four feet from the bottom, ten inches wide by ten feet long, which could be used as a bed or table. There are three exits, one a natural arch.

"Ancients and Honorables" at Atlantic City

America's oldest military organization, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, celebrated its two hundred and sixty-ninth field-day October 3 at Atlantic City, N. J., with a parade and a banquet.

A Centennial County-Fair

The hundredth annual fair of the Cumberland County Agricultural Society was held at Carlisle, beginning Sept. 25. The year's exhibit of agricultural products was unusually fine.

Golden Wedding Anniversaries

Six sons, four daughters, twenty-six grandchildren and one great-grandchild participated in a family reunion held August 18 near Hereford, Pa., to celebrate the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. William Kehs.

Mr. and Mrs. William Buchrle, of Quakertown, celebrated their golden wedding September 16 with thirteen children, twenty-eight grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. Fourteen of their nineteen children are still living. One of their sons is Robert K. Buchrle, who was the first school superintendent of Allentown and Lancaster. The elder Buchrle was born in Baden, Germany, in 1834.

Captain and Mrs. Freeman J. Geissinger, of Morton, Delaware county, celebrated their golden wedding September 25 in the presence of their six children. Captain Geissinger is a veteran of the Civil War and a pioneer in the manufacture of galvanized sheet-iron. He owns a grandfather's clock made in 1761 and one of the only two existing copies of the New

Testament printed by Guttenberg at Mentz in 1527.

Three Venerable Pennsylvania-German Women

September 16 Mrs. Sallie Shirey, who lives on the south side of Monocacy hill, north of Douglassville, in Berks county, celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday. She was born within two miles of the place where she has lived all her life. That patriotism runs in her blood is shown by the fact that both her grandfathers served in the Revolutionary War, her father in the War of 1812, and her four sons in the late Rebellion. Of her twelve children eight are living, and she has descendants to the fifth generation. She has smoked her pipe for seventy years and enjoys it as well as ever.

Surrounded by four generations of her descendants, Mrs. Sallie Hinkle, the oldest resident of Allentown and Lehigh county, celebrated her hundredth anniversary September 28. She is the oldest and the only survivor of five children of Conrad and Elizabeth Meitzler, of Breinigsville, and a direct descendant of the Countess Ursula von Peterholtz, of Alsace-Lorraine. She was married March 31, 1827, to Anthony Hinkle, of Hinkletown, Bucks county, and was mother of seven children, of whom three survive. A fracture of the thigh sustained seven years ago had made her unable to walk, but otherwise her health is good, and her memory is remarkably clear.

Elizabeth, widow of George Lehman, of Mount Joy, was a hundred and two years old on October 9th. She is the oldest person in Lancaster county and the oldest member of the Meunonite church in the United States. Excepting ten years spent in Chicago, she has lived in Lancaster county all her life. She is in the best of health and her mental faculties are very good. She is a regular reader of the Bible and the daily papers and spends much of her time sewing and knitting.

Schwenkfelders' "Gedaechtnisstag"

In the First Schwenkfelder church, at Thirtieth and Cumberland streets, Philadelphia, the hundred seventy-second anniversary of the landing of their forefathers in this country was celebrated according to time-honored usage September 24th. The speakers of the day were Rev. O. S. Kriebel, of Pennsburg; Dr. John W. Jordan, of Philadelphia; Prof. Marion Learned, of the University of Pennsylvania; Dr. Allen A. Seip, of Philadelphia, and Rev. H. K. Heebner, the pastor of the Philadelphia congregation. A noteworthy feature of this memorial day, which has been celebrated annually without intermission since the Schwenkfelder fathers, a small company of Silesian refugees, landed at Philadelphia September 22, 1734, is the simple but bounteous repast of bread, butter and apple-butter, which, with pure water to drink, is freely offered to every person present.

Lehigh Valley's Oldest Church

The hundred seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Allen Township Presbyterian church near Weaversville, Northampton county, was celebrated Sept. 18-20, at the regular fall meeting of the Lehigh Presbytery, held in the Walnut street Presbyterian church at Bath. Rev. John C. Clyde, D.D., of Easton, preached a sermon on "The Families of the Irish Settlement." The eighty-sixth anniversary of the Sabbath-school connected with the Allen Township congregation was commemorated on the same occasion.

Other Notable Church-Anniversaries

Christ Lutheran congregation of York celebrated the hundred seventy-third anniversary of its founding September 23. Rev. G. W. Enders, its present pastor, gave a brief history of the congregation, which was organized September 23, 1733, by the first German settlers of York county. There were twenty-four charter members, all Germans. The first pastor was John Caspar Stoever, a native of Frankenberg, Prussia. Up to this time the congregation has had twelve pastors.

The Jerusalem congregation in Salisbury, Lehigh county, celebrated its hundred sixty-fifth anniversary Sept. 16 with services conducted by its two pastors, Rev. M. O. Rath, of the Lutheran, and Rev. J. P. Bachman, of the Reformed church, with the assistance of a number of outside ministers. Since 1801 this congregation has been holding quinquennial anniversary services. Its first church, built in 1741, was a log structure, probably replaced in 1750 by a stone building. According to the first deed, given Dec. 15, 1743, the first pastor was Johann Wilhelm Straub. The present church was erected in 1819.

Going to Study in Germany

Philip H. Fogel, Ph.D., of Fogelsville, Lehigh county, recently sailed from New York for Hamburg, intending to spend a year on the continent. After spending six weeks in Switzerland and Italy, he will take up the study of philosophy at Berlin and Heidelberg. He is a graduate of Ursinus and of Princeton, where he has been teaching philosophy. Two years ago, when he got his degree, he was the youngest Ph.D. in the United States. His brother, Edwin M. Fogel, who teaches German in the University of Pennsylvania, and his sister, Minnie Grace Fogel, expect to join him in Germany next spring.

Celebrations of German Day

Germans from all parts of Connecticut gathered at New Britain August 7 to celebrate the two hundred twenty-third anniversary of the landing of the first German immigrants at Philadelphia. The chief event of the day was a parade, which was reviewed by Governor Roberts.

The Germans of Luzerne county had their first celebration of German Day at Wilkes-Barre Oct. 2 and 3. It began with a parade,

was continued with speeches, games and a shooting tournament, and wound up with a concert by the Concordia, the Liedertafel and the Harmonie. It was held under the auspices of the Luzerne county branch of the German-American Alliance and participated in by large numbers of Germans from Hazleton, Pittston and Scranton. President Julius Schurmann and Mayor Fred C. Kirkendall made addresses.

The Lancaster branch of the German-American Alliance of Pennsylvania celebrated German Day at Lancaster, October 8. Prof. R. C. Schiedt, of Franklin and Marshall College, delivered an oration on Pastorius.

The celebration of German Day in Philadelphia was signalized by the unveiling of a monument to Dr. Gottfried Theodor Kellner, a well known journalist and one of the institutors of German Day. The monument is of polished granite, twelve feet high. Dr. Kellner was born Aug. 27, 1819, and died May 15, 1898.

Reminiscences of Allentown Sixty Years Ago

The regular fall meeting of the Lehigh County Historical Society was held October 12, in the hall of the Oratorio Allentown Society on South Seventh street. It was unusually well attended. Several new members were added, and Dr. John W. Jordan, of Philadelphia, Luther R. Kehler, State Archivist at Harrisburg, and Benjamin T. Trexler, of Allentown, were elected as honorary members. Dr. F. J. F. Schantz, of Myerstown, Pa., read a long and very interesting paper embodying his reminiscences of Allentown and its surroundings during the period of 1848 to 1853, almost sixty years ago, when he lived here and attended the old Allentown Academy as a student. His recollections extended over the whole field of human interests and were greatly enjoyed by the listeners.

OBITUARIES

CLARA ADELAIDE FRIEUAUFF, an accomplished musician, linguist and teacher, died at Philadelphia Sept. 22. She was born at Lititz, Pa., Sept. 16, 1842, and educated in the Moravian schools of this country, Germany and Switzerland. She taught for many years in the Moravian schools and also had many private pupils in music and modern languages.

RUDOLPH F. KELLER, one of the most prominent members of the Reformed church in this country, died at Harrisburg, his life-long residence, Oct. 3, aged 86 years. He was one of the founders of the State Sabbath-school Association and vice-president of the American Tract Society and the American Sunday-school Union. He was the father of Luther R. Kehler, State Archivist of Pennsylvania.

CHRISTOPHER J. HEPPE, the well known piano maker and dealer, died at Philadelphia, Oct. 4. He was born June 2, 1833, at Allendorf, Germany, and came to America at the age of twelve. He was member of many societies and a leading member of Zion Reformed and the Second Presbyterian church.

Chats with Correspondents

Why So Late Last Time?

Under date of October 8 a reader and successful canvasser of our magazine at Lansdale, Pa., wrote us as follows:

I wish to know when you will get out the October issue of *THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN*. I am seriously set back thro' its delay.

We think your impatience well justified, friend, and doubt not that it was shared by many other readers, even if they did not express it to us.

There were two reasons for the late coming of our October number, both of which our readers are entitled to know. The first was the tardy transmission of some of the family sketches promised for our genealogical symposium, in expectation of which we waited several days beyond the usual time before sending the last of our copy to the printer. Still our hope of getting all those sketches for the October number proved futile, and we were compelled to divide our symposium as explained in our editorial comment.

The other reason for the late going forth of the October edition was the change of our mailing office from Lebanon to East Greenville. We made this change because the Post-Office Department at Washington would not allow Lebanon to be considered our publication office and on this ground had repeatedly refused our application for entry as second-class matter. The magazines were shipped from Lebanon October 4, but did not reach East Greenville until the evening of October 9, and could not therefore be mailed any sooner than they were. We regret this delay, but it could not be helped, and we are doing our best to place the November issue into our readers' hands in more seasonable time.

Answers to Genealogical Queries

Would it not be well to publish in your magazine, whenever you can, answers to the questions asked under Genealogical Notes and Queries? It would greatly increase the interest of other readers and often, undoubtedly, be an unexpected help to them. Moreover, if you would publish, as fully as may be, the trees of families whose reunions are noted in the papers, it would be very interesting. These notices in July and September are so brief as to whet without satisfying the appetite of readers who love history and genealogy.

Mrs. E. C. M.

2016 Bellevue street, Philadelphia.

The answering of genealogical queries is not an easy matter, unless one has access to records and documents such as we are free to confess, *THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN* has not yet been able to acquire. Even with such helps at hand, the preparation of satisfactory answers will require considerable time and labor. It was for this reason that we were anxious to

put this department into the hands of one who has all the necessary documents and data within reach and has a mind well trained to use them. As previously announced, we have found such an editorial assistant in Luther R. Kefker, the energetic State Archivist at Harrisburg, Pa. We have sent your query to him and he will no doubt prepare a reliable answer in due time. Only remember, please, that Mr. Kefker is a very busy man and can not be expected to do everything at once. For the large list of names you have sent us of persons likely to be interested in *THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN* accept our hearty thanks.

As to family-trees you will find quite a number, in outline at least, in the family-histories which make up our genealogical symposium for October and November. We expect to have many more such histories in future issues.

Historical Work of a Contributor

I am transcribing, translating and alphabetically arranging the old German records of St. Daniel's church, known as "Corner church" or *Eckkirche*, situated about a mile north of Robesonia, Berks county, Pa.

My first American ancestor, Henry Gruber, assisted in founding that church, the "Lutheran congregation in Heidelberg," in 1750, and in the two adjoining graveyards and cemetery he buried upwards of forty of his descendants bearing the name Gruber. I am making two copies of this record, one for the church, the other for myself, and expect to have a transcript, with other genealogical data, completed by the beginning of next year. From this record I hope to prepare one or two articles for *THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN*, one of them being the rules and regulations for the government of the congregation original and translation. A second article might be a genealogical synopsis of the early members; another the tombstone-inscriptions of those born prior to 1800, or probably 1825. A fourth article might be a brief history of the church.

Washington, D. C.

M. A. G.

We shall be very glad to receive those articles when ready. The histories of churches and congregations, as well as genealogies and tombstone-inscriptions, are fully in line with our work. We also hope to receive matter of this sort from other sources in the near future.

Biographic Memorial Called For

A subscriber writes:

In the October number of your publication, page 205, is the notice of A Brief Biographic Memorial of Jacob Hertzler, etc., with an appendix of the Christian Zug family. Will you kindly inform me where the book can be obtained?

In reply to our inquiry the publishers say the book is out of print and they do not know where a copy might be found. Who will tell us where it may be secured?

Our Book-Table

Any book or pamphlet reviewed in these columns will be sent to any address by the Manager of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN on receipt of the publisher's price. Postage must be added when it is mentioned separately. Any other book wanted by our readers may be ordered through us at the publisher's price. Inquiries will be promptly and cheerfully answered.

Early History of the Reformed Church in Pennsylvania. By Daniel Miller. With introduction by Prof. W. J. Hinke, D.D. Reading, Pa.: Daniel Miller, Publisher. 280 pages, clothbound, illustrated. Price, 75 cents.

The name of Daniel Miller is well and favorably known as that of an author and publisher of Reformed church literature. For twenty-five years he has been busy sending forth books and papers relating to the history and present-day interests of his denomination. A year ago he published a History of the Reformed Church in Reading, Pa., which he now supplements with the more extensive work before us.

In the preface to this book he says: "The history is presented in plain language and in a form which may be readily understood." The reading of a chapter or two furnishes sufficient proof of the truth of this statement. While the book gives a multitude of noteworthy facts, no attempt is made to display learning or rhetorical skill. Its simplicity of style and the author's well established reputation will recommend it to popular favor and secure for it a large demand.

Mitteilungen des Deutschen Pionier-Vereins von Philadelphia. Zweites Heft, 1906.

The object of this association of German pioneers and the general character of its publications was stated in our October issue, when mention was made of the first number of these *Mitteilungen*. The second, now before us, may well be called a Muhlenberg number. The greater part of it is taken up with a biography of General John Peter Muhlenberg, of Revolutionary fame, which, containing many details of his remarkable career, forms attractive reading. It comprises more than twenty-four pages and is preceded by a poem on the same heroic subject. Two German campaign songs of 1856, when the newly organized Republican party was booming Col. Fremont for the Presidency, are likewise preserved in this number, which closes with a list of lectures given before the *Pioneer-Verein* and of its members prior to 1900.

Medical Pamphlets. The Vaccination Imposture: its Infliction a Crime. By J. M. M. Gernerdt. Press of the Gazette and Bulletin, Williamsport, Pa. 52 pages, small octavo, 25 cents.

The Adaptation of the Public to the Principles and Practices of the Prevention of Tuberculosis. By Howard S. Anders, A. M., M. D., Philadelphia. Read before the State Medical Society at Scranton, Pa., Sept. 26, 1905.

Historical Papers. Papers read before the Lancaster County Historical Society. Vol. X,

Nos. 7 and 8. Lancaster, Pa., reprinted from *The New Era*.

To judge by the frequency and contents of these papers, the Lancaster County Historical Society is doing a good deal of good work. No. 7 is an extra of 48 pages, filled with an address delivered by Hon. W. U. Hensel before the Pennsylvania Bar Association at Bedford Springs last June, on Thaddeus Stevens as a Country Lawyer. This well written sketch of a prominent statesman is illustrated with ten engravings, eight of which represent Mr. Stevens at different periods of his life. No. 8 contains an illustrated paper by F. R. Diefenderfer on the last fulling-mill in Lancaster county, and notes by the same on Nicholas Housacker, "who, after first serving as colonel of a Lancaster regiment, went over to the British after the battle of Trenton, carrying about a score of his men with him."

AMONG THE MAGAZINES

The Woman's Home Companion is waging a vigorous war against child-slavery, that is, the employment of children of tender age for long hours daily in coal-breakers, factories and sweat-shops. It has lately published a number of poems and stories in which the pitiable lot of such child slaves is portrayed in glowing colors. Even the pen of Dr. Edward Everett Hale has been enlisted in the children's great cause. We trust these articles will compel the public to think and act for the abatement of this crying evil of our day.

The *Writer*, "a monthly magazine to interest and help all literary workers," has been a regular visitor to our table for years and always proved interesting and helpful. The August number contains, among other things: The Relation of Language to Art and Evolution, by Charles Kassel; How a Story was Written, by Dr. Edward E. Hale; Novels That Aren't Printed, The Earnings of Composers, Feeding Ravenous Books, etc. Every number contains interesting information about noted literary men and women, as well as of the doings of the literary world. The *Writer* is published at Boston for a dollar a year.

The first number of *The Travel Magazine*, the new series of the *Four-Track News* announced some time ago, has reached our desk. It is a splendid transformation. It appears in large quarto size, containing 48 double and triple column pages. It is well printed on superior paper and profusely and beautifully illustrated. In their announcement the new publishers, Walter A. Johnson & Co., 333 Fourth Avenue, New York, declare their intention "of making a helpful and interesting magazine, which is to tell people in a practical way when, where and how to travel."

The Title of Shakespeare

REVIEW OF PROF. JOHN H. STOTSENBURG'S NEW BOOK "AN IMPARTIAL STUDY OF THE SHAKESPEARE TITLE," BY ELMER SCHULTZ GERHARD, PRINCIPAL OF THE HUNTINGDON (PA.) HIGH SCHOOL.

(This article was promised our readers in the September issue, when mention was made in Our Book-Table of Prof. Stotsenburg's interesting new book. While Shakespeare—whose name surely is immortal, whether he wrote the Shakespeare plays or not—is not a subject exactly in line with the general scope of this magazine, we take pleasure in printing this article from the fact that both the author of the book named and his reviewer are esteemed friends of THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN and descendants of good German stock, as their names will show at a glance. We need hardly add that we do not hold ourselves responsible for any opinions expressed by any reviewers to whom we may open our columns.—Ed.)

MAY we soon learn to know the true Shakespeare as he actually existed in the flesh. There are people, however, who will not admit that Shakespeare the poet ever existed in human form, or that he was even endowed with so much as human intelligence.

According to the preface, Mr. Stotsenburg has undertaken to show that Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon did not write the plays heretofore attributed to him; that most of the works were composed by collaborators, and that they were revised and added to by a person or persons other than Shakespeare. He has named his work an "impartial study," but we are afraid he made up his mind beforehand that Shakespeare did not write the plays, and then set out to prove it.

On the other hand, we wish to say that it is undoubtedly one of the best and most thorough works of its kind that has yet appeared. The writer is frank and sincere; he uses common sense, which can not be said of many who have written on the same subject.

It is noticeable that the work has been dedicated to the author of the "Promus," who was none other than Mrs. Henry Pott. In 1883 she edited in its entirety a collection of notes and quotations made by Bacon and entitled by him, "Promus of Formularies and Elegancies." She tried to show, by the usual and unsatisfactory method of finding parallels of thought and expression, that the compiler of this work must have been the author of the Shakespeare plays.

One may assume, therefore, that Mr. Stotsenburg follows in the wake of other Baconian writers; but it is next to impossible to follow him into discussions which might easily go on to infinity. Some could not profitably stop short of it.

The author seems astonished that Thomas Decker should be so little known to readers of English poetry. Is the author aware that this last summer marked the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Nathaniel Parker Willis, an American poet of no mean repute? Who remembers him or his writings? We are informed that the bankruptcy of his publishers compelled Scott to reveal the author-

ship of the Waverley Novels. We are sorry to disabuse our friend's mind of that belief. He will find the incident recorded in Lockhart's Life of Scott, Vol. 8. This is a minor matter; but we are given to understand that Mr. Stotsenburg is after the truth.

Shakespeare, we are told, commended no contemporary. Any one may have the pleasure of reading Macaulay the rest of his days; we are sure that he will never find Macaulay mentioning a single contemporary. And yet he is a master of English prose, an extensive writer, and lived during one of the most prolific periods in the history of English literature. Neither is it strange that Shakespeare made no mention of his plays in his will. His plays were the property of the stage.

As to smashing the "idol Shakespeare," one might think that it has surely been smashed under such a pile of opprobrious terms: "unlettered," "ignorant," "viciousness," "illiterate," "ignoramus," "deer-stealer," "poacher." We do not suppose that the life of Shakespeare was what one would like it to have been; whose is? And are these terms appropriate anywhere except in passing uncritical judgment? That he was poor is not to his discredit; that he may have been a poacher we deplore; that he grew up an uneducated boy we are not ready to believe.

A man is not necessarily an ignoramus because he possesses no library. Books were not as cheap and plentiful in Shakespeare's time as they are now. A private library in his day was a rarity and a luxury. What of the libraries of his contemporary writers?

We are told that writers whose works show any knowledge, grammatically set forth, of history, theology, etc., were college-trained men. Why has the author in his list of names omitted the names of Heine, Shelley, Burns, Whittier and Lincoln? They might prove the exception to his rule. Heine, the Matthew Arnold of Germany, was expelled from the University of Göttingen for insubordination, and Shelley from Oxford for writing a treatise on atheism. The schooling of Burns, Whittier and Lincoln was less yet than that of the two men already mentioned. It is immaterial whether these men displayed a knowledge of medicine, history, etc., or not. What the Baconians forget is that even in its less ordinary manifestations there is no analogy between genius and talent. That a Scotch peasant boy, whistling as he followed his plow along the Ayr-shire hills, with nature only as his teacher, should have produced what is most exquisite in the poetry of Burns, is beyond the range of possibility under normal conditions.

Facts in the life of Lincoln need not be re-

stated here more than to say that he too had no library. And Lincoln knew neither history, law nor literature? We wish to differ. It may not be generally known, however, that one of Lincoln's letters to a bereaved mother has been engraved and framed by Oxford University and hung in its halls as a specimen of the finest and purest English that has ever been penned. These men were not geniuses? Their very genius placed them above and beyond all arbitrary training and authority.

No one can speak of Shakespeare's learning without referring to Jonson's epigrammatic remark that he had "small Latin and less Greek." Jonson was an accomplished scholar and a competent judge of what constitutes a classical education. Many a man will find that he possesses "small Latin and less Greek" when measured by Jonson's own classical attainments. One should also remember that three hundred years ago Latin was not the foreign language to the Englishman that it is to the American to-day; and even to-day many a Briton schoolboy can put to shame an American college graduate with a knowledge of Latin and Greek.

That Shakespeare was familiar with the classics is shown by "The Rape of Lucrece" and by "The Comedy of Errors." The story of the former is based on Ovid's "*Fasti*"; this same story was used by Chaucer, Lydgate, Gower and Painter. A careful comparison of these narratives with Shakespeare will show conclusively that he followed none of them and that Ovid alone was his original. Want of space forbids us to give details. We refer the author to J. Churton Collins' "Studies in Shakespeare." The same comparison holds true with Plautus, of whose works no known translation existed at that time. But then we must always remember our worthy author's inevitable statement that Shakespeare was an ignoramus; *ergo*, he could not write any plays, which settles the question—in his mind.

The "accomplished Shakespeare scholar" is not gullible enough to accept as genuine all the plays that have been fathered upon Shakespeare, especially by the advocates of the Baconian theory; it seems as though they did this for the sake of refuting them.

Mr. Stotsenburg also states that Shakespeare was a Catholic and that the plays were written by a Protestant. We accept the latter statement, but we refute the former, which he has based on assumption, although he has a chapter of protest on the assumptions and conjectures of the "idolators of Shakespeare." If Davies is to be trusted, the ignorant Shakespeare was a Catholic. While Davies gives no reason for his statement, it would be natural that the uneducated son of an uneducated man would adopt and live and die in the faith of his parents, and it is an undisputed fact that John Shakespeare, the father, was a Catholic. And thus was Shakespeare a Catholic?

The method of finding parallels of thought

and expression is driven to pedantry and to madness, if not to absurdity. We are informed that Thomas Decker was one of the collaborators in "The Comedy of Errors," because of the similarity of exclamations: e. g., in the Shakespeare play one of the characters says, "A mere anatomy, a mountebank," and Decker in one of his works uses the expression, "A miserable anatomy"; *ergo*, Decker wrote parts of this play, if not all of it. On page 399 seventeen words are given which are found only in "Titus Andronicus" and eight more used only once in the other plays and in this play. All these words are said to be found in Drayton's works; *ergo*, Drayton helped to write this play. On page 483 is given the result of the astounding investigation that two words in "Hamlet," not found in the quarto of 1603, are found in Drayton's writings; therefore must Drayton be considered one of the revisers of "Hamlet."

It is useless to fill up more space with such illustrations or to offer comment further than to say that not a single example has been produced of proverb, phrase, quotation or idea which was not common property in the Elizabethan age and which may not have occurred to one writer as well as to another. The absurdity of this kind of work reminds one of the calendar issued a few years ago by Mrs. Gallup's publishers. For every day in the year there was a quotation from Shakespeare and one from Bacon. Bacon noted certain facts: the heat of the sun and the wetness of the rain, which facts were also noted by Shakespeare; thus proving, day by day, that Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare!

We might expect such a work to conclude with anything in fact except a description of Queen Elizabeth. Why it should end by telling us that the Queen's "hair was inclined to pale yellow" and that her "forehead was large and fair," is more than we can understand. Probably such a conclusion is a natural weakness of the Baconian theory.

Mr. Stotsenburg has marshaled well the arguments of his predecessors, from Hart (1848) to writers of the present day, including Delia Bacon, "a silly, hysterical fanatic, who, after expanding her article into a bulky farrago of extravagant rubbish entitled 'The Philosophy of the Shakespeare Plays,' died, not long afterwards, in a lunatic asylum," also including the work of Ignatius Donnelly. Let us go on; we are sorry to find Mr. Stotsenburg in such company.

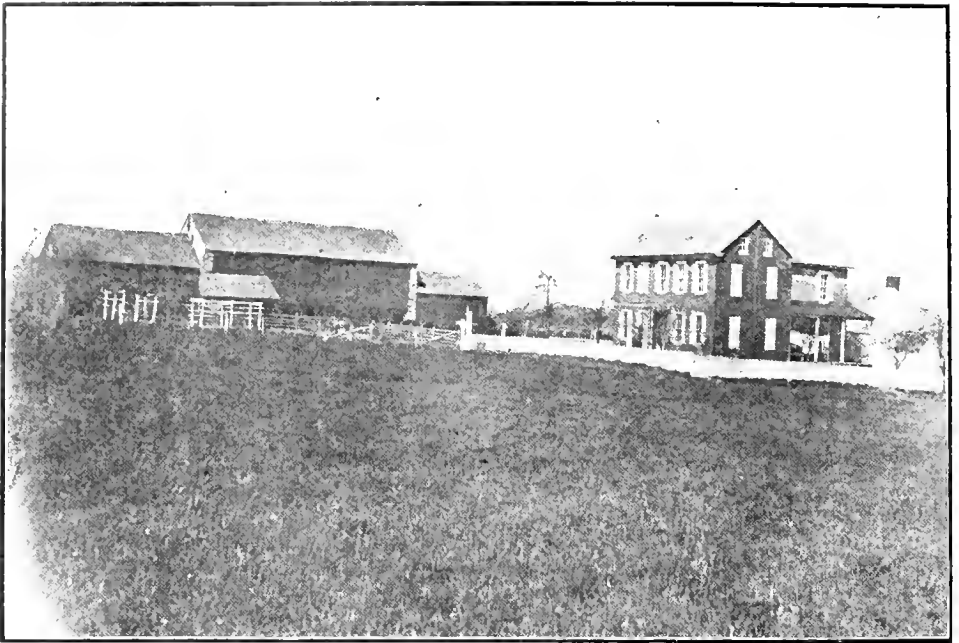
We do not know that we have learned anything new. We have not yet been informed how it was possible for any company of writers or players to have kept the unity of the Shakespeare plays; or how Bacon could pass from the scientific orthodoxy of his acknowledged works to the frame of mind characteristic of the Shakespeare plays; or how Bacon, "the barrator, the fawning sycophant, the ingrate, the persistent office-hunter," could ever have created a Falstaff, a Jacques, or a Hamlet.

The Pennsylvania-German

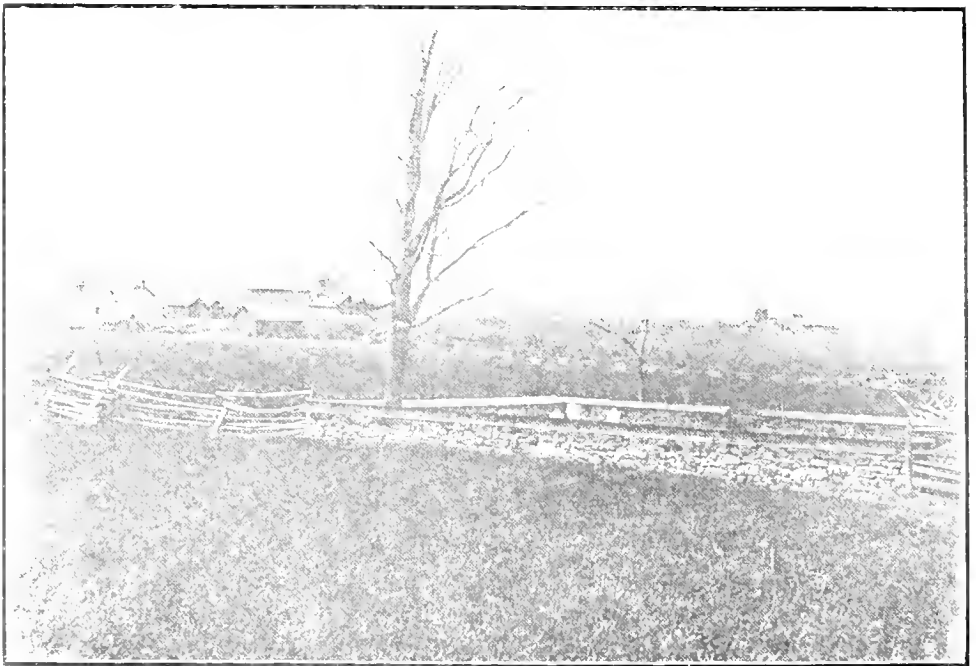
DECEMBER, 1906

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
FRONTISPIECE—The Old Schaeffer Homestead, Farm-Buildings and Family Burial-Ground	386
George Schaeffer, the Pioneer—By D. Nicholas Schaeffer, Esq.	387
Early History of the Reformed Church in Reading, Pa.—By Daniel Miller	391
An Important Historical Error Corrected—By A. Stapleton, A. M.	397
Christopher Wiegner, the Towamencin Diarist—By H. W. Kriebel.	400
How the Ghost was Laid—A Christmas Story	406
The Old-Time Pennsylvania-German Christmas—By the Editor	411
Are the Pennsylvania-Germans a "Peculiar People"?—By Rev. George W. Sandt, D.D.	419
A Pennsylvania-German Anthology—By Supt. R. K. Buehrle, Ph.D.	422
A Wink at Santa Claus—A Story for the Boys and Girls	423
Historic Buildings of the Lehigh Valley—By Charles R. Roberts. I. The Rhoads Homestead	428
LITERARY GEMS:	
Die Christbäume—Christmas Trees	430
Christmas-Eve Seventy-Five Years Ago—By "Onkel Jeff"	430
'm Captain Jones sei Chrischtkindel	431
Worshiping the Infant Christ—Die Anbetung des Christkundes.	433
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT	
Clippings from Current News	436
Chat With Correspondents	437
Genealogical Notes and Queries	438
Our Book-Table	439
What Pennsylvania-German Writers Are Doing.	440



FARM BUILDING



FAMILY BUCKLE-GROUND

THE OLD SCHAEFFER HOMESTEAD IN RICHMOND, BERKS COUNTY, PA.

The Pennsylvania-German

Vol. VII

DECEMBER, 1906

No. 8

George Schaeffer, the Pioneer

BY D. NICHOLAS SCHAEFFER, ESQ., READING, PA.

IT is well known that George Schaeffer, the pioneer of our family, arrived at Philadelphia from Rotterdam in August, 1750. Where he spent the first few years after his arrival in America, is uncertain. There is a tradition in the family that he had settled temporarily in Oley township, Berks county, not far from the Oley furnaces, and that he made excursions from this point to different sections for the purpose of selecting a homestead. He evidently had a small sum of money, which he had brought with him from Germany and which enabled him to secure possession of a tract of land. He was shrewd enough to evade the sharpers at Rotterdam, who fleeced many of the innocent Germans that emigrated to Pennsylvania, by persuading them to deposit their money with them until they had arrived safely at Philadelphia, but who were faithless to their trust, appropriated the money to their own uses and disappeared.

Choosing a Homestead

In making one of these excursions to view land, our pioneer crossed the hills into Richmond township and inspected the land that he afterwards secured for his homestead. On his return in the evening he is said to have remarked: "*Heute habe ich sehr schönes Land gesehen, aber es hat kein fließendes Wasser darauf.*" He doubtless had in mind what most other settlers regarded as a necessity: a spring of water. The first settlers almost always selected a spring of water, near which they erected their houses and other buildings, and consid-

ered that of more importance than the quality of the soil. Often they built the house over the spring, so that in case of an attack by the Indians they could hide in their houses for days and defend themselves against any assault made upon them.

A warrant for the land he selected in Richmond township had been issued to John Reill and was dated the 10th day of January, A. D. 1737. On the 28th day of September, A. D. 1750, Schaeffer acquired the right, title and interest of John Reill to the land, which contained 132 acres and 60 perches, and on the 7th day of April, A. D. 1763, after being naturalized, he acquired a complete title in fee simple by a deed patent from the proprietaries of Pennsylvania. Whether a house had been erected upon it when he took possession, is uncertain.

A Log House and a Stone Mansion

The first thing the settler did was to provide a house for himself and family, and either he or John Reill erected at this place a log house. A substantial stone mansion was afterwards erected by his son, Philip Schaeffer, which some persons living today will remember and which was destroyed by fire nearly forty years ago, when also the box containing our pioneer's papers was consumed. But whether the original log house stood on the same spot where the stone mansion was afterwards erected, we can not tell at this late day. Not far from the stone mansion stood a one-story log house, which Philip Schaeffer used for many years as a machine-shop. This building was substantially built of logs, and the openings between the logs were filled up

*"I have seen very fine land to-day, but it contains no running water."

tightly with wood and mortar, so as to make it warm and comfortable. Whether this was the original house or not, we can not say. It is likely, however, that Father Schaeffer had provided a more commodious house for himself and family. While he may not have enjoyed, especially during the first few years after his settlement, the home comforts that our generation is enjoying, yet he was a painstaking and industrious man, and as he prospered he surely increased his home comforts.

We can imagine the appearance and arrangement of his house, having a large hall in the middle, and on one side the living-room with the big fire-hearth, in which was the iron crane and tripod with the steaming kettles hanging on them over the burning embers, and the long-handled frying-pan with its three legs standing over the fire, all of which were used in preparing the daily meal. In one corner of the room stood the table with benches running along its sides, and on it zinc dishes, pewter spoons and tin cups. In another corner stood the spinning wheel, with bundles of flax, tow or wool. On the other side of the hall was the best room with plain but neat furniture, and back of it the *Kammer*, with the bed and crib for the little ones and the cradle for the baby. On the attic were several beds for the boys, and hanging along the rafters were rows of smoked sausages and hams with bundles of flax and wool. After he had built his house he erected a barn, wagon-shed, cider-press and other outbuildings.

Dort is der Schap, die Welschkornkrip,

Die Seiderpress dort draus;

Dort is die Scheiter, un dort die Schpring,

Frisch quellt des Wasser raus;

Un guk! die sehm alt Klaphord-Fens,

Un's Dehrle vor em Haus.

Philip Schaeffer, Maker of Threshing-Machines

It may be interesting to note that in the log house already referred to Philip Schaeffer, the youngest son of our pioneer, manufactured the first threshing-machines that were in use in this section of the State. He first built a horse-power and threshing-machine for his own use. From the fact that the horses were led

around on the threshing-floor to tread out the wheat from the ears of the grain he got the idea of hitching them to a horse-power for running the threshing-machine. He constructed a horse-power in his large Swiss barn, and the horses made their endless journey in a circle on the threshing-floor in furnishing the necessary power to run the machine. His threshing-machine had all the spikes in the cylinder and no stationary spikes below the cylinder, between which the spikes of the cylinder passed as it revolved, as all threshing-machines are now constructed. It was thought that such stationary spikes would break the kernel of the wheat. But a pair of feed-rollers were constructed in front of the cylinder to feed it uniformly with straw. It had no shaker, but the grain had to be separated from the straw by shaking it with wooden forks.

Mr. Schaeffer soon improved his threshing-apparatus by building the horse-power in front of the barn, and by adding an automatic shaker to the machine to separate the grain from the straw. He also found out that putting stationary spikes under the cylinder and dispensing with the feed-rollers was an improvement. He manufactured threshing-machines and horse-powers for many farmers in Berks county. He even supplied some farmers in Chester county with his machines. He also manufactured plows, cultivators and other farming-implements in this log house. He also made shoes, taught one of his sons to weave, and had a weaver's loom in the same house.

Thus it is apparent that Philip Schaeffer, the youngest son of our pioneer, whom he succeeded as owner of the homestead, was a man of more than ordinary ability, who did much by his invention of the threshing-machine and other farming-implements to advance the prosperity of our people. He had eight sons and four daughters. Jonas Hoch, who boarded in his family for many years when he was a young man, having been the teacher in the school-house that the pioneer Schaeffer had erected, said, that he, Philip Schaeffer, had absolute

control over his children and knew every hour of the day where they were and what they were doing, and at the time of his death, he had a farm for each of his eight sons, of the finest and best in the county.

Testimony of the Taxpayers' Lists

The Historical Society of Berks County rescued from the cellar of the courthouse the old assessors' and taxpayers' lists and filed them in its own archives. The oldest of these lists on which the date is written is that of the year 1754. There is one other list which has no date written on it, but is believed to be the list of 1753. If this supposition is correct, it is the first list of taxables of Berks county, because the county was incorporated in 1752. These lists, as well as the lists for 1755, 1756, (1757 missing), 1758, 1759 and down to 1791, contain the name of George Schaeffer as a resident and taxpayer of Richmond township. This is conclusive evidence that he took possession of his land about the time that Berks county was organized as a separate county. He undoubtedly settled down with the determination of turning the land to which he had acquired title into a fine and productive farm or plantation.

He cleared the land of timber, stumps and stones and made it one of the garden-spots of Richmond township.

Difficulties of Early Settlers--Few Horses and Cows

The people of his time had numerous obstacles to overcome, not only in making arable the land by clearing it of timber, briars, etc., but also in defending themselves against the attacks of the savages and wild beasts. In 1758 the commissioners of Berks county levied a special tax "of three pence per pound and nine shillings per head on the inhabitants of Berks county, for defraying the charges of killing and destroying wolves, foxes and crows, with such other uses as may redound to the public benefit and services of said county." The people of Berks, especially during the French and Indian War, which lasted from 1755 to about 1761, had to contend not only with

hostile Indians, but also with numerous wild beasts that destroyed their cattle and crops.

The people of these early days did not have as many horses and cows as our farmers have at the present day. The assessor's list for 1787 shows that our pioneer was the owner of three horses valued at £36, and two cows valued at £10, and the assessor's list for 1791, which was the last one made in his lifetime, shows that he was the owner of two horses valued at £40 and two cows valued at £8. While he doubtless owned other horses and cows, which had not arrived at the age when they were taxable, yet farmers at that time had no market for milk and butter such as they have at the present time. Reading was then a small village and the people of Philadelphia got their butter and milk from the farmers living in the suburbs of that city. The farmers therefore had no use for more cows than were necessary for the support of their own families.

Father Schaeffer's Wife and Family

Our pioneer's wife, whose name was Katharine Reib, came with him from Germany, where they were married shortly before they started for America. She was a faithful and pure woman, also a true helpmate. She not only knew how to cook and bake, but also how to cultivate flax and make tow and raise sheep. She would spin the tow and wool and make the clothes for the family. They had a family of three daughters and two sons. The daughters were older than the sons. Their mother taught them how to perform the household duties, and how to spin and make clothes.

All die Madehe müsse lerne
 Gut zu schpinne in zu zwerne;
 Die wu scheene Kleeder welle,
 Müsse sich ans Schpinrad schtelle.

Each of them was afterwards married and had a family of her own. Elizabeth, the oldest, was married to John Bieber; Margaret, the next oldest, was married to Dewalt Bieber, and Maria was married to Michael Christman. The two sons, Peter and Philip, received the land.

Education not Neglected—Scarcity of Ministers

Our pioneer was, however, not only concerned in providing a home for his children and in teaching them how to work; he was also concerned in giving them some education. He had enjoyed the advantages of the schools of the old country, was well educated and anxious that his children should receive some education. School-facilities in those early days were meager. The people were poor and had to struggle hard to make their land productive. Our pioneer, however, erected a school-house on his own land, where were taught not only his own children, but those of the whole neighborhood, how to read, write and cipher. This school-house was used for several generations to instruct the children of the neighborhood and was torn down only after a public school-house had been erected by the school-directors of Richmond township about a quarter of a mile farther east, after the public-school system of Pennsylvania had been adopted. When it was torn down, many of the students who graduated from it no doubt sighed a touching regret and felt like saying:

Gut bei, alt Schulhaus! Echo kreischt:
 Gut bei! gut bei! zurick.
 O Schulhaus, Schulhaus! muscht du geh,
 Wie all mei Schieler, gross und klee?
 Denk juscht amol zurick!

Our pioneer was a pious man and a faithful member of the Reformed church, who believed in its tenets. Ministers of the gospel belonging to the Reformed Church in the United States were few in number in his locality. There were no schools at that time in this country supported by the Reformed church, to educate young men for the ministry. The church was then a missionary church, supported by the Reformed Church of Holland, and the ministers were supplied from the old country. No one could be ordained as a minister in this country without the consent of the Synod of Holland, to which regular reports were made by the few Reformed ministers that preached in Pennsylvania.

A Minister as Neighbor and Friend

Rev. Philip Jacob Michael was the earliest Reformed minister that preached in this valley. He lived at the foot of the South mountain, about midway between Bowers and Topton, and the place is still known as *der Parre Michael's Berg*. He organized many of the Reformed congregations in eastern Berks and western Lehigh. He is said to have organized the Maxatawny congregation, which is no doubt the DeLong's church at Bowers, also the Longswamp, Heidelberg, Lowhill, Ziegel and other congregations. He also organized the First Reformed church of Reading, and was instrumental in getting the church-lots, on which the First Reformed church is erected, donated by the proprietaries.

Rev. Michael was an intimate friend of our pioneer. They were both educated men and doubtless their companionship was congenial. They lived between two and three miles apart, and the minister often visited at our pioneer's house. He baptized his children and acted as sponsor for his youngest son, giving him his own name, Philip. All the children of our pioneer became confirmed members of the church, and he deeply impressed his life and influence on his descendants, so much so that no more law-abiding people are to be found anywhere. They are loyal to their families, loyal to the State and loyal to the church. None of them are found in the poor-houses or prisons; but all of them, with hardly any exception, are filling their stations in life, whether high or low, honestly, conscientiously and faithfully.

Services to the Cause of Liberty

When the great crisis of the American Revolution came, our pioneer did not shirk any responsibility. He was naturalized as a citizen of Pennsylvania on the 10th day of April, A. D. 1761, when he took the oath of allegiance to the King of England. He had also complied with the religious test required by the laws at that time in order to be naturalized, by partaking of the Lord's Supper in a Reformed or Protestant church, on the 6th day of March, A. D. 1761. He may have

hesitated to take up arms in 1776 against the King of England, to whom he had sworn allegiance only fifteen years before. No doubt he and his friend, Rev. Michael, thoroly discussed the situation, and determined what they considered was their duty under the circumstances. They came to the conclusion that the time for independence had arrived, and both of them entered the Continental army. Rev. Michael resigned his congregations and joined the German battalion as chaplain, and our pioneer as lieutenant of one of the five German companies from Pennsylvania. His name is recorded as a lieutenant in the German battalion in Vol. 11, page 80, of the Second Series of Pennsylvania Archives, and as one of the Continental soldiers in the list of soldiers given in Vol. 13, page 203. The German battalion fought in the battles of Trenton

and Princeton and took part in the capture of the Hessians. After their discharge, our pioneer returned to his farm in Richmond township, and Rev. Michael served several of his congregations. The latter died in 1787, and is buried in the graveyard at the Longswamp church; Father Schaeffer died in 1792 and is buried in the private graveyard on the farm on which he lived.

There is great honor due our pioneer for the patriotic services that he rendered during the great struggle for liberty and independence, which was only made possible by the support that the Continental army under Washington received from the Pennsylvania-Germans in soldiers, arms and provisions; but there is greater honor due him for the beneficent and noble life he lived, and the godly example that he left for his posterity.

Early History of the Reformed Church in Reading, Pa.

BY DANIEL MILLER, EDITOR OF "REFORMED CHURCH RECORD," AND AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF REFORMED CHURCH IN READING, PA.," AND "EARLY HISTORY OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN PENNSYLVANIA."

ALL history is interesting, especially local history. We love to know where and how our fathers lived and what they did.

Reading was by no means one of the earliest settlements of Berks county. It was laid out in 1748, and was named after Reading in Berkshire, England, the native place of the Penns. The first church in this locality was Alsace church, which was organized about 1740. It is said that at that time there was only one house in the whole area now embraced in the city of Reading with its nearly 100,000 people.

First Congregations in Reading

To the Quakers belongs the honor of having erected the first house of worship in Reading. They organized a congregation and erected a small meeting-house in 1751. In 1752 the Lutherans erected a log church, which was dedicated on Trinity Sunday, June 17, 1753.

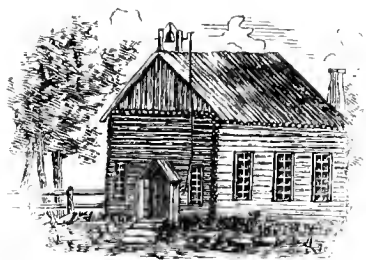
The Reformed people followed next. The first reference to a Reformed congregation is in the year 1753. On February 6 of this year Rev. Philip Jacob Michael baptized a child of John George Engelhart and his wife Margaret. Singularly the record of this baptism is found in the Lutheran church-record. In 1754 four other baptisms by Rev. Michael are recorded. One of these was that of a child of Rev. Tobias Wagner, the first Lutheran minister in Reading.

Rev. Michael was the first Reformed minister in Reading, and undoubtedly organized the congregation. The exact date is not known, but it was evidently in 1753, because on May 20, 1754, patents for two lots at the corner of Sixth and Washington streets were issued to "The Religious Society of Dutch Reformed Calvinists." Conrad Weiser and Isaac Levan served as trustees for the Reformed. Mr. Weiser also served as trustee for the Lutherans, which shows

that he was no bigot, but a liberal-minded man.

First and Second Reformed Churches

In 1755 the Reformed people erected a little log church at the corner of Washington and Reel streets. This was a very primitive building, with a small bell on top of the roof, which was rung by means of a rope from the outside. It is said there was neither floor nor stove in this church. In this little house the first Reformed settlers here sat and listened to long sermons as often as they could secure the services of a minister. In this humble house of worship Revs. Schlatter, Stoy, Waldschmid, Otterbein and others preached.



FIRST CHURCH, ERECTED IN 1755

In 1761 the small log church was demolished, and a pretty large and substantial stone church with steeple erected on the same site. The writer is in possession of an excellent picture of this church, which he received from a granddaughter of Colonel Nicholas Lotz, a prominent citizen of Reading during the Revolution. To me it is a marvel that the people of 1761 should have erected such a church only eight years after the organization of the congregation, and only thirteen years after the laying out of the town. Of course we must remember that the congregation included many people in the surrounding country. Nearly all the orders and receipts for work performed on the church are still at hand. They are numbered consecutively, and we can by this means approximate the cost of the church as having been about \$1,500. This was a large sum for that time. The fact is that a heavy debt resulted, which was

fully paid only in 1775. The church was not finished at first, for lack of money. After the payment of the debt in 1775 it was finished and a new debt created, which was not fully paid until the year 1814. It is said that the inside wood-work included much fine carving.

The first minister to preach in this stone church was Rev. John George Alsentz, of Germantown. The original deed for the ground still at hand bears this endorsement: "May 13, 1764. The first sermon was preached in the new church on the within mentioned lots by George Alsentz, minister of the gospel."

Churches as Hospitals—Roosters as Vanes

This stone church was used as a hospital during the Revolution, as were the other churches of the town. During the winter of 1777-8 about three hundred sick soldiers were cared for in Reading. A number of them died in the church, and some were buried in the potter's field at Walnut and Church streets.

The stone church of 1761 had a good-sized steeple, which was surmounted by a weather-vane in the form of a rooster. This figure was borrowed from Holland. Nearly all the first Reformed churches in Pennsylvania were surmounted by such roosters. The roosters of the Oley and Germantown churches are still preserved. The one of Germantown has several holes in it. These come from the fact that, when the Paxtang boys were on their way to Philadelphia in 1764, they rested on Market Square in Germantown, and some of them amused themselves by firing at the rooster on the Reformed church. The rooster on the steeple of the Reformed church at Reading was the cause of an amusing incident. On one occasion two ladies were passing along Washington street. One of them was superstitious. When opposite the Reformed church she was somewhat agitated and said to her companion: "They say that when that rooster on the church once crows, the world will come to an end." But the rooster never crows, and the world still stands. It is likely that some one had practised a joke on the too credulous lady.



SECOND CHURCH, ERECTED IN 1761

Third Church — Pastors, Occasional and Regular

The stone church was used until 1831, when it was demolished and the present structure erected.

From the time of its organization until 1765 the congregation had no regular pastor, but was dependent upon supply preachers. One of these was Rev. William Stoy, who was a somewhat singular character and a many-sided man. In his later years he was a preacher, physician and politician. Rev. John Waldschmid supplied the people during several periods. He was followed by Revs. William Otterbein, John W. Kals and John George Alsentz. In 1765 the era of regular, settled pastors commenced. These were: Revs. F. J. Berger, 1765-1768; John Conrad Bucher, 1769-1770; John W. Boos, 1771-1781; J. W. G. Nevelling, 1782-1783; Bernhard Willy, 1785-1786; John W. Ingold, 1786-1788; J. W. Boos (second time), 1789-1792; Philip Pauli, 1793-1815, etc.

It fell to the lot of Rev. Pauli to minister to the unfortunate young Susanna Cox, who was executed on June 10, 1800, for the murder of her illegitimate child. She was penitent and confessed her guilt.

Time forbids our pursuing the current history of the congregation any farther. We must content ourselves with references to some interesting facts here and there.

Of all the pastors only one died here during his pastorate—Rev. Philip Pauli, who was a truly good and earnest man. He died in 1815 and was buried at the expense of the congregation, which aggregated \$26.66.

A Severely Afflicted Preacher

One of the pastors, Rev. J. W. G. Nevelling, was the most severely afflicted minister of whom I have heard. He was an ardent patriot. At the beginning of the Revolution he was stationed at Amwell, N. J. He resigned and entered the army as a chaplain. He was possessed of a good deal of property. He converted all into cash, loaned the whole amount, about \$25,000, to the government, and lost all. After the close of the war he became pastor in Reading. But after laboring here about a year, he met with an accident, which disabled him for life. One day when out on horseback, with a pipe in his mouth, his horse stumbled, and the pipe-stem was driven into his throat, by which his vocal organs

were so much injured that he could never afterwards preach again. A few years later paralysis lamed him completely. But his cup was not yet full. A few years afterward he also became blind, and in this distressed and helpless condition he spent more than sixty years. He died in Philadelphia, January 18, 1844, aged 94 years. Whilst in the army Rev. Nevelling had incurred the special enmity of the British, who offered a large reward for his capture. On this account General Washington on one occasion gave him a body-guard.

Long Use of German—Queer Church-Names

The congregation was founded by Germans, and from 1753 to 1842, a period of about ninety years, the services were conducted exclusively in the German language. Unfortunately the people clung too long to the mother-tongue and in consequence lost many of their best and most active members, who left and went to English churches. From the beginning until 1842 the minutes of the consistory were recorded in German.

It is remarkable what curious names were used in early times to designate churches. As stated above, the deed for the two lots to the Reformed congregation were made to the "Religious Society of the Dutch Reformed Calvinists." As late as 1832 Mr. Benneville Keim, the hardware-dealer, made out a bill against the Reformed church in the name of the "Presbyterian Church." The deed of the Reformed Oley church was made to the "Congregation holding to the tenets of John Calvin." The deed for the ground of the Reformed people in Lancaster was given "to the members of the congregation of the Reformed Church of the High Dutch Protestants of Lancaster." The first deed to the Reformed people of Lebanon was made to "the Dutch Presbyterian Congregation." A second deed to the same people was made to "the German Presbyterian Congregation." In a release the congregation at Brickerville, Pa., is called "Evangelical Reformation Presbyterian Meeting." By the inscription over the door of the fa-

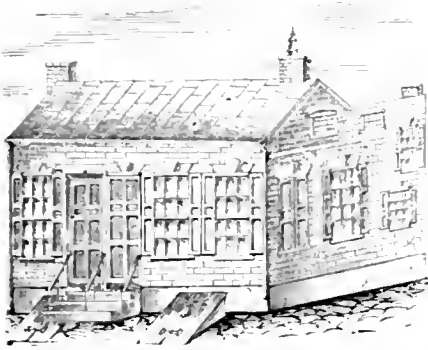
mous Augusta Lutheran church at the Trappe, erected in 1743, we are informed that it was dedicated by the "Society holding the Augsburg Confession." The name Lutheran does not appear. These singular titles are explained by the fact that the denominations were not yet organized in the New World.

Charity-Schools Not Successful

Reading was one of the six places in which so-called charity-schools were founded in 1755, the other places having been Lancaster, York, Easton, New Hanover and Skippack. These schools were founded and partly supported during a few years with money which Rev. Michael Schlatter and others collected in Holland and England for this purpose. The work was under the direction of six trustees in Pennsylvania, one of whom was Conrad Weiser. Mr. Schlatter was elected on April 20, 1754, as superintendent of the schools to be organized. He was the first school-superintendent in our State. Rev. Schlatter came to Reading on March 5, 1755, and organized the charity-school, presumably in the little Reformed log church. These charity-schools were not much of a success, because after a few years the Germans would have no more to do with them. This came from the fact that they had been represented to the people in England as "barbarous, without means to civilize them, grossly ignorant and unprincipled, turbulent and factious," etc. Another reason was the conviction on the part of the Germans that the charity-schools were intended as a means to turn the children from the language of their fathers to the English tongue. The Germans were encouraged in their position by Christopher Saur, who repeatedly attacked the schools in his German papers.

A Parochial School—Pupils and Teachers

After the collapse of the charity-school system the Reformed people of Reading took up the work and established a parochial school, which was continued until 1840, when Mr. John Roland, the last teacher, died. The school was evidently conducted in the little log



SCHOOLHOUSE BUILT IN 1776

church and afterwards in the larger stone church erected in 1761 until the year 1776, when the double one-story schoolhouse was erected at the southwest corner of Washington and Seventh streets. In one part of the building the school was conducted, whilst the other part was occupied by the schoolmaster as a residence. The principal text-books used were the A B C-book, a spelling-book, the Psalter, the New Testament and the Heidelberg Catechism. The study of the catechism was an important branch. All instruction was in the German language. At stated times the pastor visited the school and examined the children in the catechism. In this school many well known citizens of Reading learned their early lessons. Among them were Rev. B. S. Schneck, afterward a prominent minister in the Reformed church. Mr. Francis Roland, who for many years conducted a hat-store near the Episcopal church on Fifth street, and who died in 1807, was another. So far as my knowledge goes, the recently deceased John F. Moers, who was connected about seventy years with the marble-yard on Penn street, near Second, was the last one who attended this school. He was a pupil in 1836.

During its existence of about ninety years the school had only three teachers and all of them were foreign-born. The first was Jacob Fasig. The second was John Roland, who for some time received 16 pounds and eight cords of wood per year, and the use of a lot on the graveyard. He served until his death on

April 16, 1840, in his eighty-third year, with an interruption of five years, from 1816 to 1821, when Benjamin Schneck, father of the above named Reformed minister, served as teacher. Mr. Roland was buried at the expense of the congregation. The bill amounted to exactly \$18—\$11 for the coffin and case, \$2 for laying out the body, \$3 for the shroud and \$2 for digging the grave. Mr. Roland was survived by a daughter, who has long since died, so that there are no descendants of this family left.

Musical Chimney-Sweeps—Sale of Schoolhouse

The schoolmaster served also as *Vorsinger* (leader of the singing) in the church. Mr. Roland had an unpleasant experience with a certain German named Valentine Ziegler, who was a chimney-sweep and who is still remembered by some of our citizens. It was customary for these sweeps to sing songs on the tops of chimneys. Mr. Ziegler possessed a clear voice and was really a good singer. He attended the Reformed church and often drowned the voice of *Vorsinger* Roland, greatly to the latter's mortification. The matter afforded much amusement, especially to the young. In those days nearly every family had its chimney cleaned at certain intervals. Most of these professionals were negroes, but many children begged their parents to employ Mr. Ziegler, because they loved to hear him sing.

The Reformed schoolhouse was sold April 5, 1850, to Mr. George Foes, grandfather of Prof. Charles S. Foes, present city-superintendent of schools, for \$1,000. The house was used as a dwelling until 1892, when it was demolished to make room for the erection of a large cigar-factory which now occupies the site.

First Union Sunday-school

The Protestant people of the town organized a union Sunday-school in the old court-house on Penn Square in 1819. In 1840 the Reformed people organized a separate school in the basement of the church. It was really a cellar and so dark that tallow-dips were kept burning during the sessions to en-

able the people to read. The late A. F. Boas, Esq., was for 37 years superintendent of this school. He took a deep interest in Sunday-school work from his youth up. When only sixteen years of age he became superintendent of a small colored Sunday-school.

Revolutionary Services of Reformed People

It is remarkable how large a number of the members of the Reformed church became noted during the Revolution. Captain George Nagel organized the first company in the county for the army. He became a colonel. He served in the army until 1783. He was married to Rebecca, a daughter of Mordecai Lincoln, one of the ancestors of the great War-President.

Peter Nagel, brother of Colonel George Nagel, was a captain in the army from 1777 to 1783. The recently deceased William N. Coleman was a grandson of Captain Peter Nagel, and in his parlor hangs a well executed portrait of the patriot.

Colonel Nicholas Lotz played an important part in the great struggle. He served long as commissioner of forage, and handled large amounts of money for the government. He advanced large amounts from his own purse, and was never fully repaid. He was at the head of those who arranged the military parade in honor of General Washington in this city (Reading) in 1794. The writer is in possession of a large German volume which was the property of Colonel Lotz. He gave the book to his son John. The fly-leaf contains the transfer in these words: "This book belongs to John Lotz after my death. Witness my hand, written on the twenty-third day of November, 1806. Nicholas Lotz."

Captain Jacob Bower entered the army as first lieutenant of the company of Captain Benjamin Weiser, son of the noted Conrad Weiser. He was promoted to be captain and served until 1783.

Henry Haller was chosen colonel at the formation of a regiment for the "Flying Camp." For some reason he did not accompany the men to Long

Island, but later commanded a battalion in New Jersey. He was one of the most prominent men in Reading.

Colonel Lotz and Colonel Haller were members of the Provincial Conference in 1776, and also held other positions of honor and trust.

But the most prominent member of the Reformed church was Governor Joseph Hiester. Time forbids my rehearsing his active and honorable career, which is generally known. He occupied numerous public positions, including long service in the army until the close of the war, fourteen years in Congress, and one term as governor of Pennsylvania. He was also a member of the Provincial Conference and of the convention which framed the State Constitution. It is said that his soldiers were so greatly attached to their leader that, after he had retired from public life, they sat together with him in church.

We have reason to believe that many of the members of the Reformed church served in the Revolutionary army. On August 19, 1823, a meeting of the Reading survivors of the Revolutionary army was held, which was attended by eighteen Reformed members. Many of their comrades had of course long since gone to rest, including the Hiesters, Lotzes, and others.

Many Reformed people took part in the funeral service in memory of General George Washington, held January 5, 1800. The people of the town met at the house of Henry Boyer and marched, while the bells were tolling, to Trinity Lutheran church, where the services were held. A bier containing a hat and a sword was carried in the procession. Rev. Mr. Lehman, the Lutheran pastor, preached the sermon.

Use of the "Klingelsack"—"Grave-Diggers"

During a long period, probably more than a hundred years, the collections in the church were taken up by means of the *Klingelsack*, which was a velvet bag attached to a long pole. Originally these bags had little bells attached to them, whence the term *Klingelsack*—jingle-bag. Collections were lifted not only at

the regular services, but also at funerals. Then as now, money was an important factor in the management of the church. By and by the *Klingelsack* at funerals became objectionable, and some people asked for its omission. On January 20, 1820, the consistory resolved that upon request the mourners should be passed by; but other people were expected to patronize the *Klingelsack*. In 1822 the family of William Heister was asked to pay the church \$5, because no collection had been taken at his funeral. In 1824 it was agreed that at funerals no collections should be taken in the first two pews occupied by the mourners. The record fails to inform us when the collection at funerals was discontinued.

From the beginning of the congregation there was a graveyard attached to the church. During many years the sexton was called the "grave-digger." His principal work was the digging of

graves. It may be a little comfort to us who hear so much about graft, to know that officials already in those days knew something of this science. The grave-digger was accused of overcharging people for digging graves. On February 21, 1768, Mr. Funck was discharged because he had overcharged the people, and also because he often neglected to pump the organ during services. Philip Ulrich was elected his successor. At the same time the consistory fixed the rate for digging a large grave at \$1 and for a small one at 50 cents. In 1814 John Geily was elected grave-digger at a salary of \$14 per year. This was for keeping the church clean, pumping the organ-bellows and attending to the stoves. He was paid extra for digging graves, and had the use of the unoccupied part of the graveyard. In 1842 Jacob Lott was elected to the honorable position upon the condition "that he keep sober."

An Important Historical Error Corrected

BY REV. A. STAPLETON, A.M., M.S.

IN scores of publications relating to early Lutheran church history in America may be found accounts of Reverend Gerhart Henkel as one of the founders of that church in this country. The writer of this, who is a descendant of the Henkels, likewise used the name Gerhart in a monograph of Henkel and his descendants which appeared in Volume IV, No. 2, of this magazine (April, 1903).

Rev. Henkel's Real Christian Name

We now announce to the world that ANTHONY JACOB, and *not* Gerhart Henkel, was the name of the minister to whom reference has been made. Gerhart was his oldest son and never was a minister. Our discovery does not affect any of the published facts of Rev. Anthony Jacob Henkel's life. On May 15th, 1906, the writer found the nuncupative will of this immigrant, which confirms the list of children, place of residence and manner of death, as given in our monograph, and also furnishes what was hitherto unknown—the date of his death.

We can only surmise how the name Gerhart was attached to the minister, and offer the following by way of explanation.

The minister's given name does not once appear in any of the references to him in Colonial times. Berkemeyer and the Swedes (1728), the Moravian record of the Tulpelocken, Muhlenberg and Helmuth, all refer to him as *Pfarrer* (preacher) Henkel, and *der alte Henkel* (old Henkel).

The first appearance of the name Gerhart comes from sources derived from the Virginia branch of the family, as may be seen in Dr. Mann's annotations on the immigrant in the new edition of the Halle Reports, also in Ratterman's *Deutsche Pioniere*. Other writers, as Jacobs, Sachse and Schmauk, naturally followed the error in name. Prior to 1800 Dr. Solomon Henkel, of Virginia, who was a great-great-grandson of the immigrant, met in Philadelphia a granddaughter of the immigrant, who showed him the latter's diary, and who gave him



REV. PAUL HENKEL, D.D., BORN 1754, DIED 1825
(See *The Pennsylvania German*, April, 1903, page 250)

the facts of his exile. Dr. Solomon Henkel supposed she was a granddaughter of "Gerhart Henkel the immigrant." The name of the woman, who was then over eighty years of age, is now lost. A little later she was met by Rev. Ambrose Henkel, brother to Dr. Solomon Henkel, and to him she presented some of the family plate, of which a silver spoon, bearing a coat of arms and the date 1685, is still in the Virginia family.

The Virginia branch have always been justly proud of their descent from the exiled clergyman, and while seeking to perpetuate the fact, perpetuated the *error*. On the monument of Rev. Paul Henkel, father of Dr. Solomon and Rev. Ambrose Henkel, who died in 1825, it is inscribed that "he was the son of Jacob, who was the son of Justus, who was the son of Rev. Gerhart Henkel, who came from Germany, and was the founder of the Lutheran church in Philadelphia."

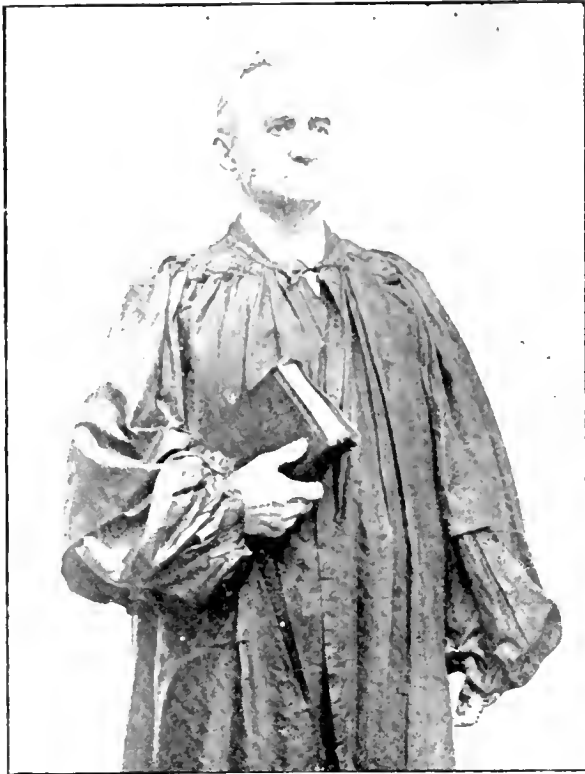
This same inscription occurs on the tombstone of Rev. Ambrose Henkel. No matter how the wrong name crept into history, we hope all descendants and future writers will aid in correcting the error.

Rev. Anthony Jacob Henkel's Will

(See Ad. Book C, page 109, Philadelphia.)

Anthony Jacob Henkel, of the township of New Hanover, county of Philadelphia, Province of Pennsylvania, Clerk,* being sick and weak in body, but of sound mind and memory, did in the presence of us the subscribers declare this his last will and testament in manner hereinafter following. That is to say that he the said testator did will and bequeath unto his wife, Maria Elisabeth, during her widowhood the possession and enjoyment of all the said testator's estate, real and personal, and if said wife should marry again that then she should have only a third part of his said personal estate, and one-third part of the income of his real estate usually allowed by law.

*In Old English law, this term is equivalent to "minister" or "clergyman."



REV. SOCRATES HENKEL, D.D., 1826-1901

(See *The Pennsylvania German*, April, 1903, page 251)

Also the said testator did give, devise and bequeath unto his two youngest sons, John Justus and Anthony Jacob, and to their heirs and assigns forever, all his, the said testator's plantation and tract of 250 acres situated in New Hanover township, to be equally divided between his said two sons, share and share alike, whereof they shall be possessed after their said mother's decease or marriage, whichever should first happen, after which possession they, his two sons, John Justus and Anthony Jacob, should by equal contribution pay out of the said testator's real estate the full sum of 100 pounds of lawful money of Pennsylvania, to be equally divided amongst and paid unto the said testator's five other children, namely: Gerhart Anthony, George Rudolphus, Johanna Frelerica or her heirs, Maria Elisabeth, Maria Catharine, share and share alike. Also the said testator did give, devise and bequeath unto his aforesaid oldest son, Gerhart Anthony, the sum of five shillings, or the value thereof over and above his equal share of ye 100 pounds aforesaid.

In testimony to the truth whereof we the subscribers have set our hands in evidence in

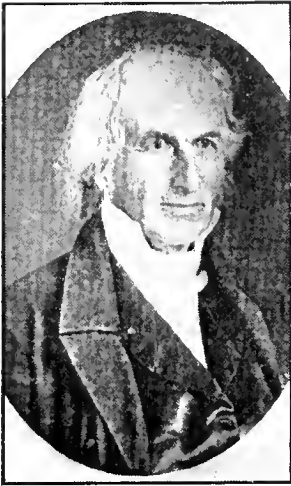
witness herunto. Dated the twelfth day of August, one thousand, seven hundred and twenty-eight.

HERMAN GROOHAUSEN, (C. S.)
HANS MICHAEL SCHWENSTOCK, (C. S.)
GEORGE RUGER, (C. S.)

Philadelphia, August 17, 1728.

Then personally appeared Herman Groothausen, Hans Michael Schwenscock and George Ruger, the witnesses to the foregoing nuncupative will, and on their oath did declare that the testator, Anthony Jacob Henkel, on the twelfth day of this instant August, fell off his horse on the road from Philadelphia to his house in New Hanover township, which disabled him and he was carried to the house of the deponent, Herman Groothausen, in the manor of Springfield, where the testator, lying very ill, bid the deponents take notice that the contents of the within and above writing was his will, and the deponents do say that the testator at the time of his speaking the said nuncupative will was of sound mind, memory and understanding to the best of their knowledge and belief.

PETER EVANS, Reg. Gen.



REV. AMBROSE HENKEL, 1789-1870

(See *The Pennsylvania-German*, April, 1903, page 251)

Henkel Notes

On September 14, 1728, Maria Elisabeth, the widow of Rev. Anthony Henkel, as he is called, was granted letters of administration on the estate. Later there

was filed an inventory and appraisement which amounted to 343 pounds,* a large estate for that time. Evidently there was a division of the estate, for in 1734, 150 acres of land was patented to George Rudolphus, who must have bought out his brother Justus. A few years later George and his brother-in-law, Peter Apple, removed to western Maryland, and Justus removed to North Carolina. Anthony, Jr., held the balance of 100 acres until 1739, when he removed to Germantown, where he died in 1750. His lengthy will is on file at Philadelphia. In the several references to the settlement of the immigrant's estate he is called Anthony, and this was doubtless the name by which he was commonly known.

I have ascertained that the oldest son, Gerhart, resided in Colebrookdale, hence his signature appears on the noted petition of 1728. It is this signature which has been mistaken for that of the reverend immigrant and was reproduced in many books.

*About \$915 in Pennsylvania currency.—Ed.

Christopher Wiegner, the Towamencin Diarist

BY H. W. KRIEBEL.

Read before the Montgomery County Historical Society, May 25, 1904.

IT will be the purpose of this sketch, brief, broken and inadequate as it must be, to call attention to the life and in particular to the diary of an old-time resident of Towamencin township, Montgomery county, a young bachelor who lived on a 150-acre tract of land acquired by him in 1735 of Cadwallader Evans, only a short distance from the Towamencin meeting-house of the Schwenkfelders, a tract recently the property and home of George Anders and at present occupied by Allen K., son of Abraham K. Kriebel.

Wiegner's Family Connections

Christopher Wiegner, the subject of these remarks, was born in Harpersdorf, Silesia, Germany, about the year 1712, and died unmarried June 3, 1749, at his home in Towamencin. His widowed mother, a Miss Heydrick in her maiden

days, followed him in death in 1752; the last surviving member of the family, his unmarried sister Rosina, passed away in death in July, 1756, and thus the family tree of Adam and Susanna Wiegner, blessed with the birth of at least four children, disappeared from the land of the living on earth. The names of Wiegner and Heydrick suggest the religious connection of our subject and show that by parentage he belonged to the Schwenkfelders; and the place and date of his birth make it clear that he must have passed thro' the long period of trials and persecutions of the Schwenkfelders beginning with the Jesuit mission, in 1718, when Christopher was but about seven years old, ameliorated by the midnight flight of hundreds in 1726 and ended by the migration to Pennsylvania in 1734. The relative position of the family in the religious community is in-

dedicated by the fact that the father, Adam Wiegner, served as secretary to these oppressed people when they began to correspond with the Mennonites and others in their quest for a place of refuge.

Extent of the Diary

The diary to which a casual reference has been made begins with the year 1718, when our subject was in his sixth year, and ends with the year 1739, covering in the original manuscript 179 pages in German, and in the copy before the present writer 203 pages with about 150 words per page, thus containing about 30,000 words. Internal evidence makes it probable that the writing of the diary was not taken up actively and regularly until about October, 1732, altho' one third of the material relates to his life prior to 1732, before he was twenty years old. To give a desirable limit to our paper we shall as far as possible draw on said diary for our material, supplementing where necessary by drawing on other matter and sources.

First Good Thoughts—Vow of Mendicancy

Wiegner opens his diary with a reference to his first good thoughts ("*ersten guten Gedanken*"), which came to him about the year 1718, when he was in his sixth year. This affords a clue to a leading element in the makeup of his character, a deeply religious, introspective, almost melancholic temperament continually manifesting itself thro'out his diary. That he was always feeding his soul on good thoughts is shown by his remark that before he was ten years old he had learned such iniquity as a truly wicked person even of his age would not practice. One Sunday soon after, while according to the custom general among the Schwenkfelders, the sermon was being read as part of their family devotional exercises, the remark was made that there was scarcely a family one of whose members would not enter into eternal punishment—a remark that threw him into such serious reflections that he had to seek retirement to hide his fast flowing tears.

It was about this time, when he had scarcely entered his teens, that he made a

vow to God that, if there still was hope of salvation for him, he would abandon all the earthly possessions he had or ever would have, leave his home and spend his life as a mendicant, if thereby heaven might finally be his. An earnest soul surely, we think, but when he asked his mother soon after how to pray and lead a holy life she made the Christian life so serious and gave him such telling counsels that he took offence and was sorry that he had even asked for advice—she having volunteered to give him much more than he had expected, particularly on filial duties.

Persecutions Shared by Wiegner

When the persecutions under the Jesuit mission broke out and the attempt was made to make Catholics out of Schwenkfelders by fines, imprisonments, extortions of all kinds and resort even to the use of arms, young Christopher often recalled and renewed his vow of mendicancy, to the effect that rather than apostatize and become a Catholic ("*ein abgöttischer Catholike*") he would leave all, even if father, mother and all were to remain behind. This young hero must have felt pained and offended when he saw that his friends expressed surprise at his zeal and looked at it as a want of judgment on his part. February 21, 1726, his father, mother and the four children fled by night across the Silesian borders to Görlitz, as many others had done, leaving all their earthly possessions behind, taking naught with them but sorrow and poverty, as the father expressed it. The faith of the young Christopher was thus early put to the test with the rest and was found stedfast to the renunciation of home, friends and all. The writer must here resist the temptation to dwell on this period of persecution, on the distressing letters that Christopher's father wrote, on the sacrifice made in abandoning home, friends, fatherland and all on account of a religious conviction.

From February, 1726, to May, 1734, this family, with some additional Schwenkfelder families, made their home in Görlitz. A daughter was buried May 8, 1730, and the father died July 29, 1731.

During this whole period our subject was intensely religious and spent considerable parts of his time in Bible-study, holding meetings and directing others in their study. On account of having been befriended so signally by Zinzendorf, all the Schwenkfelders in exile were drawn into a close friendship with the Moravians, whose chief representative at this time was Zinzendorf. Christopher thus came to know intimately Zinzendorf, Spangenberg, Christian David, Scommel, Bönisch, Baus, Nitschman, Zeisberger, M. Schaeffer and others—names quite familiar to all students of the history of the Moravian church. Without giving any reasons why, Wiegner relates that a new temptation befell him March 28, 1720, when soldiers came, made him a prisoner, and kept him in confinement until September 29, 1720. The following year he had to go into hiding from January 13 to April 8. During this period he was alone practically all the time, day and night, and found deep delight in undisturbed communion with his Savior, which greatly sweetened his life, altho' his body was in such miserable condition that he did not expect to live eight weeks longer.

January 28, 1733, soldiers seized him again, happily to be released after a few hours. July 20 of the same year we see him go into hiding again. September 7 following he was advised to leave Görlitz, which advice he followed, so that by September 24, 1733, we find him at Ebersdorf in the company of Zinzendorf, where he stayed until the following March. During this period he was particularly active in religious work, and several times almost had collisions with the pastors of the community. By March 16, 1734, we find that he had returned to Görlitz. He was quite busy until the latter part of May, when he started out for Pennsylvania, the main body of Schwenkfelders having pulled their tent-stakes in April and his mother and remaining sister having started a week previous, May 19.

A Boy's Religious Zeal

As an example of earnest devotion we may note the entry in the diary made De-

ember 24, 1727, where he records the interesting fact that he and others held a meeting for prayer, song-service, reading and general edification, which continued until four o'clock in the morning. At Ebersdorf he conducted Bible-study which was carried on or rather begun at the same unearthly hour, four o'clock in the morning. Nothing slow or lazy about our worthy diarist. That he had a peculiar soporific power in prayer is shown by his note of September 19, 1732, where he relates that at a certain meeting while he was praying, his friend Scommel fell asleep, began to snore lustily and did not get awake until the close of the meeting. Christopher spoke reprovingly and earnestly about the matter to his friend, presumably a natural sleepyhead, who became huffy, passed the lie, turned his back on his reprover and allowed the love between them to grow cold. The estrangement was removed, however, in a few weeks. A few casual references seem to indicate that our diarist was a shoemaker and this may account for the gatherings at unseasonable hours. Seemingly he was a kind of Paul, whose major work was to proclaim his Master, whose minor work was to toil with the hand to win an honest living. But we must not linger on the details of this period. Suffice it to say that the notes made by Wiegner during this period furnish valuable corroborative evidence to the students of Moravian history.

Getting Ready to Go to Pennsylvania

In Memorials of the Moravian Church, Vol. I, page 157, the statement is made that "George Bönisch, Christopher Baus, and Christopher Wiegner arrived in Philadelphia on the St. Andrew, Captain Stedman, September 22, 1734. The vessel brought the Schwenkfelders, whom Zinzendorf had received at Berthelsdorf, on their banishment from Silesia. Bönisch accompanied them to Pennsylvania at their request, and during their stay resided at Wiegner's." These are the three to whom Cranz refers in his history in these words: "Three brothers were sent with them (the Schwenkfelders), who at the request of them were to aid in caring for the temporal and spiritual welfare of

the Schwenkfelders." Recognition of such a commission and request in the writings of the Schwenkfelders has not been brought to light. Wiegner in his diary, however, makes references to his coming to Pennsylvania, and we may linger a moment on these in view of their historic significance.

An entry of December 29, 1733, shows that Zinzendorf sent word to Wiegner that he was to hold himself in readiness to serve as a commissioner. Subsequent events make it seem probable that this proposed commission referred to the contemplated accompanying of the Schwenkfelders by him. It should perhaps be noted that these people had received notice in April 1733, that in a year's time migration would have to take place. To be entrusted by Zinzendorf with such a charge at the age of twenty-one was no small honor. March 28 Wiegner had a long discussion with Spangenberg, who expressed himself quite freely, saying that if he were in his place and saw any chance of accomplishing results, he should regard it a sufficient reason for going with such a body of people. Between the 18th and 26th of April the Schwenkfelders at Berthelsdorf all left for Pennsylvania, *i. e.*, all who did go left during those days. Four days later Wiegner and Spangenberg held another consultation, when the latter asked whether Wiegner would be willing to have him as a traveling companion. May 12 they met again and agreed on plans for their journey to the sea. May 13, Christopher (Baus?) said he had it in mind to go with Wiegner to Pennsylvania, consent to which was given three days later. May 24 it seems it was still an open question whether Spangenberg could go with Wiegner; the question was decided, however, the following day, it being agreed that he should follow fourteen days later. Wiegner, Baus and Bönisch agreed the same day to travel together, and on the following day, May 26, started on their journey to overtake the Schwenkfelders.

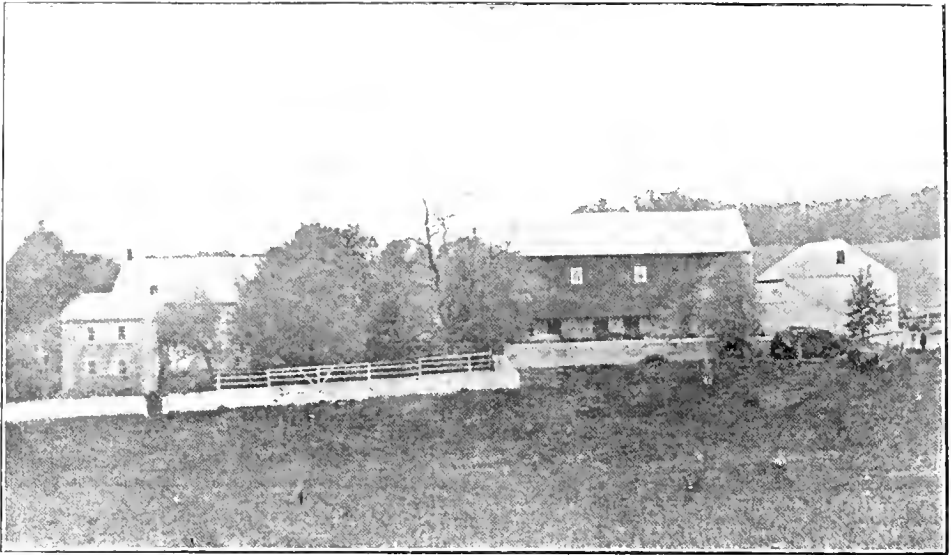
These few scattered references seem to suggest at least that as temporal guides these three can not have had very

definite plans or duties. Collateral evidence shows that Spangenberg did not follow as proposed, but stayed behind and became the overseer of other emigrants later who went to Georgia and the Carolinas. It may be in place also to remark at this point that Zinzendorf was anxious to convert the Schwenkfelders, and that this furnished the motive probably why commissioners were sent.

Schwenkfelders Landing—No Community Farm Found

The notes must be passed over in silence which cover the journey from Herrnhut, May 26, to Rotterdam, June 25, where passage was taken on the St. Andrew three days later with the Schwenkfelders, as well as the voyage across the Atlantic, lasting from June 28 to September 22, when the company landed at Philadelphia. The notes constitute a third Schwenkfelder account of the life on an Atlantic sailing vessel, descriptive of the experiences of the early immigrants to our good old Keystone State.

Following Wiegner's notes we learn that his mother and sister moved out to Germantown on the third of October, where they made their home with Schönfeld until the family acquired land of their own. The main object of the whole company, of course, was to find land and found homes for themselves as soon as possible. The Schwenkfelders had planned and labored hard—Christopher himself traveling hundreds of miles—to secure a large tract of contiguous land in order that they might live close together, but nowhere could they find a suitable place. They tried to buy the Casper Wistar tract of over 1000 acres in the present Lower Salford, but found that it would not suit because it was already occupied in part. They made an offer of 1000 pistóles for 2000 acres of the Perkasié Manor, lying north of the present Chalfont, in Bucks county, an offer which Logan said was the best he had known to be made since he knew the province. Thomas Penn proposed to sell them 2,500 acres of the said manor land, but for some reason no sale was



PRESENT FARM-BUILDINGS ON THE OLD WIEGNER HOMESTEAD

The homestead is now the property of Allen K. Kriebel

made. Christopher relates that when he and others went to view the said land, the residents would not show the boundary-lines and conducted them a whole day over poor land. On inquiry, Wiegner learned that this was done because the people did not wish them to settle there. They also tried to buy 2,000 acres in Falkner Schwamm. Large unexplored and unsettled tracts were indeed available, but they chose to make their homes in the inhabited sections and thus—unwittingly—avoided the extreme hardships of the frontier settlers and the barbaric cruelty of the revengeful Indian. Being prevented from establishing a distinct Schwenkfelder community, they concluded to buy wherever conditions seemed most favorable. According to Christopher, our diarist, they reached this decision March 21, 1735. After further investigation, Wiegner, May 31, bought his plantation of 150 acres referred to in the beginning of this paper. June 3 he bought a horse; June 5 he went out to see his place, followed the next day by his mother and sister. By August 4 he was ready to make a beginning on the cellar of his future house and home.

Division of Diary-Matter

We can probably best serve the purpose of this sketch by arranging and summarizing under the following four heads the more interesting material, covering the period from August, 1735, to April, 1739, when the notes break off abruptly:

1. Wiegner's domestic and religious life;
2. Wiegner's acquaintances and visitors;
3. Data about the Moravians;
4. Data about the Schwenkfelders.

Wiegner's Domestic and Religious Life

Perusing the notes we see our diarist paw-wowing for colic and resorting to cupping or blood-letting under the hands of his friend, Spangenberg. One spring he feels quite sick and unable to be out of bed, but one morning he feels a healing power in his body and soul and is led to believe that he can go out and plow; so out he goes and plows. A few days later he has severe pains, but by grace divine he gets up and is able to plow and labor the whole week. Shall we call our diarist a faith-curst?

We see Christopher go forth to plow in the morning when he finds that "Ey-

seek" has stolen his ax, but by evening he can rejoice that "Eyseek" has been caught and brought before a justice. We see him on a rainy day go out on the hay-mow, stretch out at length and discuss religious themes with his friend, George Bönisch.

We see him making trips to Germantown, Philadelphia, Falckner Swamp, Methacton, Goshenhoppen, Macungie, Oley or Conestoga; he even felt a very strong impulse to make a trip to Germany, and tho' he could not go, he did not fail to keep up a frequent correspondence with his friends at home, or with Spangenberg when he was away from his home in Towamencin.

We see him toil on the fields, building larger barns, going even to Falckner Swamp to cut lasts. We do not read that the wandering cobbler came around his way, for seemingly he was himself a shoemaker, but the peripatetic tailors came to alter the family's clothing and of course were permitted to stay.

We see him go to the Schwenkfelder services on Sunday morning, to be called back on account of the swarming of his bees. We see him leave home while a sneak thief watches his departing steps, who, by a false pretext, persuades his sister to leave the house, while he enters and steals everything. Now Wiegner saddles his horse for Brother Spangenberg, who starts for Falckner Swamp, but has to return on account of the high water, probably in the Perkiomen, the cranberry-creek. One day we see him go to Justice Farmer, of Whitmarsh, to whom he lends some money. We can see him start at sunset on foot to walk to Germantown that evening to serve as witness in the city the next day, accompanied by his friend, Spangenberg, with whom he holds sweet communion until midnight on the way. We see the two Christophers, Wiegner and Baus, starting on foot for Germantown, Wiegner's dog sneaking after them. The diarist sees the dog and administers condign punishment. Baus gets mad about the matter and a dispute arises. Three days

later good brethren try to reconcile the erring and estranged brothers, when our diarist also becomes huffy. Happily the little squall soon died out. One day Bönisch says: "Tomorrow is a holiday, but I am going to plow." Wiegner says No to the project. The good brothers had a little spat that was soon healed again, for our diarist says they shook hands and kissed each other soon after.

A woman to whom a revelation has been given calls and wants him to write out what she saw. We see him wend his way across the fields to his wealthy neighbor, Peter Wentz, owner of 1,000 acres of land, to effect a reconciliation between him and his hired girl, but they are both too headstrong, so that when soon after the girl comes accompanied by a friend, seeking his services again, he positively declines. Soon after he feels called upon to effect a peace between Bönisch and Baus, both in his own family, who have had a fallout about domestic affairs, and finds himself not strong enough to accomplish his object.

We have remarked before that he was of a strong religious nature: this is shown by his hurrying to the bedside of his very sick friend Baus to bring comfort and encouragement. He showed a deep tenderness and earnestness of soul by the tears he shed as he parted from him. Even out in the fields we see him discussing religious matters with his friends, and kneeling in prayer with them. We may see him even with one eye watching the horses grazing in some grassy nook while he and Spangenberg are discussing the most profound themes of revealed religion. Resort was had to the casting of lots, in Biblical fashion, to decide various matters that came up before him. That he showed a becoming deference to the members of the family is shown by the fact that, when certain matters were under consideration that seemingly involved important steps, he said he would do nothing if his sister Rosina was opposed.

(To be concluded)

How the Ghost Was Laid

A Christmas-Story. Written for The Pennsylvania-German

I.

IT was Christmas-night and the hands of the old grandfather's-clock in Farmer Daniel Geissinger's upstairs "setting-room" had almost converged on the topmost figure of the dial. Mildred, the only daughter of the house, was sitting up alone with Sam Trollinger, a lank, long-legged youth of awkward mien and not prepossessing countenance. The big oil-lamp was burning low—Sam always insisted on turning it down—and the curtains were closely drawn. Nobody else in the house was supposed to be astir or even awake.

Conversation between the young people had begun to flag, and Mildred was getting quite drowsy. Earlier in the evening Sam had tried to entertain his "gurl" by discussing the latest social events in the community: the singing-school and the spelling-bee in the Powderdale schoolhouse, the quilting-party at Mrs. Wieder's, and the Christmas-festival to be held in the Milford church to-morrow night. When Albert, Mildred's younger brother, came home from the rehearsal in the schoolhouse after ten, Sam teased him, as he was fond of doing, with foolish questions about the Belznickel, but the boy hardly deigned to answer and quickly got out of his way. Then Sam, apparently following a natural association of ideas, launched out on a favorite topic—ghosts and witchery. He assured Mildred this was the very night when ghosts could be seen stalking about churchyards and elsewhere, when the bees would swarm at the midnight-hour and cows and oxen would talk like human beings.

Mildred was not superstitious and tried to laugh Sam out of his "childish notions." But this only added fuel to the fire of his zeal. He knew what he was talking about and could tell things from his own experience. Had he not been scared half to death one evening

last fall when, resting on the fence near the Hosensack burial-ground, on his way back from a meeting beyond the Mühlberg, a big black dog suddenly rose before him and laid his forepaws in his lap, vanishing utterly out of sight the very next moment? Had he not seen lamp-bearing ghosts glide about in the *Buschtert* (marshy woodland) along the Indian creek, and had he not with his own ears heard the beasts in his father's barn talk a year ago, when he went out with Baumer, the *Knecht* (hired man), to hear them?

Of course Mildred could not gainsay these experiences, so she wisely kept quiet until Sam had exhausted his theme. That had happened a good while ago, and now he sat there, freely munching of the peanut-candy he had brought her as a *Christtkindel*, only now and then interjecting a very commonplace or really silly remark.

Mildred was dreadfully bored and wishing most heartily that Sam Trollinger might go and never come again. Yet this was not the first time she endured his evening visits. He boasted of being her regular "feller," and so according to appearances he was. For some time he had inflicted his presence fortnightly with great regularity and Millie suffered him to come, not indeed because she liked or even respected him, but because—her father wanted her to do so. Sam was the only son of his father, and old Jim Trollinger was reputed to be "very well fixed." He and Mr. Geissinger had always been good friends and neighbors, and Mildred's father, who was looking to the material welfare of his only daughter, as a father should, considered Sam too good a matrimonial party to be refused. Whatever defects Sam might have, he was no stranger in the house, and this, in Mr. Geissinger's eyes, was a point in his favor. He and Millie had been playmates and schoolmates together; why

ould they not be able to mate in wedlock by and by?

Mildred was an obedient girl, but unfortunately for her, her father required obedience without seeking confidence. Yet while she suffered Sam to call, she would allow no familiarities and usually succeeded in sending him home before the midnight hour. To-night, however, he was unusually "sticky," and all her suppressed gaping and plain-spoken hints would not make him budge. Evidently he had some graver matter on his mind.

"Millie, it's time we strike a bargain, don't you think?"

The girl started, for she had actually been nodding, in spite of herself.

"Bargain?" she repeated, "what do you mean?" But instinctively she guessed what was coming, and the color rose to her cheeks.

"W'y, of course, to git married," said Sam. "You know, Millie, I've been sweet on you since you were that high. I'm twenty-two now, and my pop wants me to settle down and"—

"But you know very well I never was sweet on you," broke in Mildred hastily. "Haven't I told you often enough?"

"You say so, sure, but you don't mean it, and I want you anyhow. I'm all right with your pop, you know, and my pop says he will give us the old Schlicher farm on the Foxhill and stock to start on. I'm gittin' tired of this sparkin' business and"—

"I've been tired of it all along," answered the girl emphatically. "I've endured your visits, because my father wants me to, but I'll never marry you, either for him or anybody else."

"W'y not, Millie?" the man said coaxingly, drawing nearer. "Ain't I good-lookin' enough and rich enough for you? My pop"—

"I don't care for your looks or your father's money. You're a coward and I despise you."

Sam flushed angrily. "What's that you say?" he cried.

"A coward," repeated Mildred, boldly facing him. "You can brag and bluster, but as soon as you scent danger you run

away. Wasn't it you who led me into that airhole in the ice on Stabler's skating-pond and would have let me drown, if Robert Dierolf hadn't dragged me out at the risk of his own life? And last fall, going home from singing-school, who jumped the fence and ran straight home, when he thought a wildcat was coming, never looking back to see what became of me? Sam Trollinger, you ought to be ashamed to look at a girl after behaving like that."

Sam forced a laugh. Mildred had taunted him with these things before, and he was almost callous to shame; still the rebuff came inopportune, and he was at a loss to reply. "Come now, Millie," he said at last, "that was all fun. You know I wasn't really afraid. We'll git married and"—

"Never," said the girl decisively.

"But we will, I tell you," cried Sam, stamping the floor. "I'm goin' to ask your pop for you to-morrow. He'll say yes and that will settle the matter."

"No, indeed. I'll sooner leave home and hire out. There's a limit to all things, even to a child's obedience."

Sam scowled fiercely. "You needn't hang back for Robert," he continued after another pause. "Your pop won't let him have you, and you know why."

Mildred looked at him with intense disdain, but answered no more. Suddenly there was a strange rustling sound from the next room, followed by a distinct click.

Instantly the scowl on Sam's face gave way to a look of fear. "What's that?" he gasped, quickly turning about.

The girl too was startled, for at that hour she supposed all the rest of the household asleep in their beds. "It might be a burglar," she whispered. "Perhaps the door below wasn't locked. If you're not afraid, please go and see," she added mockingly, as Sam jumped up and seized his hat.

Another click was heard. Then a flash appeared on the shaded part of the wall opposite, followed by a circle of light. The next instant this changed into a giant head with glowing eyes and

grimacing teeth. It waved threateningly back and forth a second or two, then vanished.

"A ghost!" screamed Mildred, at that moment remembering a story told her when she was yet a little girl: that many years ago some one had hung himself in this room, and then people said it was haunted. This old story had been so wellnigh forgotten that even Sam's ghostly tales, to which she had listened an hour ago, had failed to revive it.

Sam stood rooted to the spot and stared at the vision with bulging eyes. Then, yelling like an Apache, he ran down stairs two steps at a time, tore open the door and rushed away as if the ghost had already taken hold of his coat-tails. Mildred screamed again and sank upon the floor.

II.

The unwonted midnight-noises soon brought the whole household—father, mother, hired folks and brother Albert—to the scene. Everybody was scared and asking questions. Sam was gone, and the first inference naturally was that burglars had been about and scared him off. But, excepting the open door, there was no sign of intruders. Fortunately Mildred soon came to and, still trembling from the shock, was able to tell rather incoherently, what, "according to the best of her knowledge and belief," had happened.

As the girl proceeded, there were raised brows all around and many significant nods. All the grown people present had sometime heard the old tale of the haunted room and now recalled it. Mr. Geissinger only, an avowed disbeliever in all ghostly manifestations, raised objections to his daughter's story. He insisted that, as Sam had stayed so long, she had fallen asleep and had a bad dream. But Mildred was sure she had been wide awake, and as her father could not explain why Sam should have been so scared, if he had not seen "that awful big face," he failed to make his point. He saved his dignity by giving the girl in charge of her mother and ordering the rest of his folks back to their beds. But he could not

keep them from discussing the uncanny affair among themselves and drawing their own conclusions.

The nature of these conclusions may be surmised from the fact that after this strange event the Geissinger's upstairs "setting-room" fell much into disuse. The head of the house himself, tho he would impatiently rebuke every allusion to Mildred's nerve-racking experience, showed a reluctance to enter that room alone after dark. His daughter could not be persuaded to do so in broad daylight. The one member of the family who seemed utterly unaffected by the Christmas-night scare was her twelve-year-old brother Albert. He moved about the house by day or night as unconcernedly as before and seemed rather amused at the fears of the rest; yet all he would say was that he did not believe in ghosts.

Mr. Geissinger sternly forbade his family to talk about the mysterious happening "out of the house," but in so doing he reckoned without Sam Trollinger. That gullible youth was thoroly convinced that he had seen "a real live spook," and lost no opportunity to tell his story, tho he actually shuddered in doing so. The listeners added their own embellishments and so the tale grew and spread. Mildred could not escape annoying questions from occasional visitors, yet there was a great relief combined with it all. Sam didn't call again, and as she gave him no chance to meet her outside of her home, she was freed from his importunities altogether. Whatever that vision might have been, Sam had given her a new proof of his unflinching cowardliness, and she despised him more than ever.

Robert Dierolf, the young teacher of the Powderdale school, heard the "spook story" with a broad smile, but simply remarked that Albert Geissinger had told him all about it. Albert was one of his pupils and had all along been his special friend. He never missed an opportunity to sneak into the schoolhouse on Saturdays when Robert was there studying and experimenting, or to accompany him after school hours part of the way

home. Still Albert could not persuade his teacher to come and visit his sister in the evening, now that big, loud-talking fellow, who had never made friends with him, was not coming any more. Mildred knew well enough why this was so, and her heart beat faster with a secret joy when one day at dinner her father, with unconcealed disgust, told his folks that Sam Trollinger, that "chicken-hearted fool," had sent his father's hired man for the overcoat he had left behind that night when the ghost scared him out of the house.

But one mild afternoon in March Robert did appear at Mildred's home quite unexpectedly. He came leading her father's horse hitched to an empty buggy and stopped. Quickly but calmly he told the startled girl and her mother that Mr. Geissinger had had an accident; he had been thrown from his buggy and hurt, but not dangerously. He had scarcely said this, when three neighbors appeared, carrying the limp, unconscious form of the injured man, whose head was bandaged with a bloody handkerchief. They had just placed their burden on a couch, when old Doctor Dillinger arrived with little Albert, who, almost breathless with haste and excitement, told his sister and mother what had happened; how, while he was going home from school with his teacher, his papa came driving along at break-neck speed; how he was jerked from his seat before their very eyes and dragged along until Robert stopped the runaway, released his papa, bound up his wound and ordered the men who came up to carry him home, while despatching the boy to the doctor.

Naturally the Geissingers were a good deal upset, but, as in another accident-case several years before, when Robert had proved their best friend, the old doctor could soon reassure them. There were no broken bones, no internal injuries, and with proper quiet and good nursing the man would soon become all right again.

Mildred tearfully thanked Robert, as she followed him to the door. "Come again soon," she said; "you've saved

papa's life too, and he won't object to you now."

Robert made no promise, but when ten days later Mr. Geissinger himself appeared at the Dierolf home to thank him and to make up with them all, the offer was promptly accepted. The feud which had existed for a number of years as the result of a lawsuit about certain water-rights, which Geissinger had brought against his neighbor and lost, was happily healed. Between the lovers things took their rightful course, and Albert was delighted. Robert did come to visit his sister on Saturday nights and even took her to singing-school—a privilege she had persistently refused Sam Trollinger for the last three months of his "sparkin" period.

Once only Sam tried to interfere, to jostle Robert away from Mildred on their way home from the singing. But Tom Quillman, whose presence in the crowd he had not perceived, quickly seized him by the collar and led him aside, and Sam never again molested that pair. Ever since Tom had called him to account for running away from his girl when Johnny Heil was blowing his Indian whistle in the woods on the *Kahle Berg* to scare them, Sam had felt a wholesome respect for him.

III.

The only drawback to Mildred's happiness now was that "haunted room." Since the night of Sam's last call she had had no unnatural experience, but with all her wits she could not solve the mystery of what she had surely seen then, nor could she overcome her dread of the place. When she confidentially related her adventure to Robert, expecting him to offer an explanation, he began to laugh so heartily that, vexed and ashamed, she resolved not to mention this matter again. So when her lover began to tease her, asking to go upstairs to see the ghost, she answered pettishly that she preferred to sit on the porch on a mild spring night.

But one damp, cool evening in May Robert startled her by saying abruptly: "Millie, it's too cold to sit outdoors. We'll both get sick, unless we go in.

Take me to your parlor and make me comfortable, or I'll go home."

"Well, you know I'm afraid," she answered faintly.

"Afraid of the ghost? pshaw! Let's go up now and lay him once for all."

Millie hesitated awhile, then said slowly: "I'll go, if you promise not to run away from me."

The girl arose and led the way upstairs. Albert, who had been sitting near, followed, said good-night and entered his bedroom.

"No light, please," said Robert as they entered the front room. "Ghosts show best in the dark, and I expect this one to show up very soon. Mr. Ghost," he added in a louder tone, "here is some company for you."

Millie became nervous and tried to say something, but he prevented her. "Now be brave and sensible," he said, drawing her down beside him on the sofa. "Don't be scared, whatever you may see. Of course we can't lay the ghost before he comes."

They sat a minute in silence. Then came a shuffling noise and that well remembered click, which made Mildred start.

"That's the ghost-maker," said Robert, seizing her trembling hand. "Now watch that wall."

There was a flash, much brighter than before, then a circle of light and a figure, but not the hideous one that had sent Sam Trollinger jumping downstairs. It was the bust of a pretty girl, with a rose at her breast. Yet Mildred screamed softly and would have jumped up, had not Robert held her fast.

"Nothing gruesome about this," he said. "The ghost must be friendly to us, showing up so fair. Or maybe it's another ghost."

"Well, what is it?" asked Mildred, her heart beating audibly. As she spoke the image vanished, but the circle of light remained.

"That's number one," said Robert. "Wish to see any more? I can show you what Sam saw, if you like."

"No, no," she answered hastily. "Tell me what all this is."

"So then, let the ghost-maker come."

Thereupon Albert entered, bearing a little magic lantern which his teacher had fitted up, and showed his sister how, by pointing its tube thro' an open register, he had thrown those startling images on the opposite wall.

"How stupid!" exclaimed Mildred. "Why, didn't I attend the magic-lantern show that traveling lecturer gave us in the schoolhouse a few winters ago? But then I never dreamt that any one would play me such a trick. And you," turning to Robert, "of course, you planned the whole thing."

"I plead guilty," said the young man. "But my confederate here did the work."

"Well, it wasn't kind of you to scare me so. Why didn't you let me into the secret first?"

"Because there was no time," spoke up the boy. "I brought this thing home just that evening and had to keep it out of sight. And, Millie, I never thought you would be so upset. It was Sam I wanted to rout and, golly, didn't he skidoo?"

"But you might have told me of your trick long before," persisted the girl.

"I feared you'd be cross and tell papa, and that would spoil the fun for me."

"And I didn't want him to tell," said Robert. "I wanted to come and help to lay that ghost. But now that you know it all, Millie, I heartily ask forgiveness for us both."

"I forgive you," said Millie, "and really feel like thanking you for driving off Sam Trollinger so effectually." And a little later, when they were alone again, she told Robert how Sam that very night had asked her to marry him. "Your ghost came just in time," she added blushing.

Probably Robert Dierolf did not need a hint like that, if a hint was intended, but the remark came very opportunely. When he left Mildred that night, she wore a bright new ring, and when Christmas-night came again a merry party gathered in that same upstairs sitting-room to congratulate a newly wedded couple and to enjoy the magic-lantern show Albert Geissinger, "the ghost-maker," had arranged for their special benefit.

The Old-time Pennsylvania-German Christmas

BY THE EDITOR.

LONG before they came to the free land of William Penn, our pious German ancestors had selected the holidays of the year with special regard to their religious significance. There were three great festivals of two days each: Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide; equally with these ranked Good Friday and Ascension-Day as single holidays. All these were observed at home and in church as holy days like Sunday, but with additional importance derived from the great New Testament events which they were intended to commemorate. New Year's day, tho also found in the church-calendar, was regarded rather more in the light of a secular or social holiday.

Recollections of Christmas at Home

The religious observance of those church-festivals was much simpler, much less showy and spectacular — if we may use such terms — in the days of our fathers than it is now. Aside from the giving of a few simple gifts on Christmas-day and of colored eggs on Easter morning, special privileges or exercises for the children were hardly ever thought of. The trimming of a Christmas-tree for the delight of the little folks, tho a custom of undoubtedly German origin, was quite unusual in the rural community in which the writer's youth was spent. In that quiet, secluded home in the upper Perkiomen valley, where the springtime of his life glided by so happily, Christmas was indeed distinguished from other holidays as a season of gift-giving to the little ones, but such a thing as hanging up the stockings before the hearth or setting up a pine-tree fantastically decorated was utterly unknown. Neither was the only child of the house ever made to believe that the *Belznickel* — the only name he knew for the mysterious personage now known as Santa Claus — brought those gifts while the good children were asleep in their beds. He knew very well that the small portions of clear or colored candy

and of baked sweetmeats molded in scarcely recognizable shapes of dogs, horses, cows, birds and other objects, animate and inanimate, had been bought at the neighboring store, and that the simple round cakes added to his little stock by his kind mother were of her own baking. They were gifts small in quantity and cheap in quality, as compared with the Christmas-presents children, even of families of limited means, are wont to receive nowadays; yet we enjoyed them, and we believe we fared as well on Christmastide as the average child in the country around us. Candy to us was a luxury, only granted on rare occasions, and if once in a long while an orange came our way, it was an event not soon forgotten.

The *Belznickel* to my childish mind was more an object of terror than of glad expectancy, for we were taught that his mission was to go around with a big switch to punish bad children rather than to bring rewards for the good ones. I therefore considered myself fortunate that the *Belznickel* never came in search of me — but once. That was one Christmas-evening when my father, wanting to have a little fun at my expense, undertook to play the role of that dreaded visitor. He went outdoors after supper, turned his coat, then rushed in at me with a threatening growl, while I jumped up and screamed in terror.

Christmas-Trees and Festivals Unpopular

It may be that a few of our neighbors' children enjoyed the privilege of Christmas-trees in those days forty-five, fifty years ago, but I do not remember having heard of any and certainly never saw one until, at the age of twenty-one, I attended a Christmas-festival in Dr. Clement Z. Weiser's church at New Goshenhoppen. That was the first Christmas-festival for me and one of the first held by that congregation. The very term *Christfest* was still new, as well as the Christmas-tree and the festoonings of evergreens. Dr. Weiser was perhaps

the first minister in that community to introduce the innovation, and he encountered strong opposition in doing so. Some of the foremost members of his flock vehemently denounced this new-fangled mode of celebrating Christmas with trees, lights, dialogues, recitations and distribution of gifts, as a "puppet-show."

That stern spirit, which to us of this later day seems so narrow and unreasonable, but which was evidently born of a sincere conviction, had prevailed among the religious denominations in this part of the State as elsewhere long before the period to which these personal reminiscences belong. The simple minds of those people could not dissociate gaiety or innocent mirth from worldliness and disrespect for religion, hence would not tolerate in the house of worship anything that threatened to impair the dignity and solemnity of the service. And now, leaving our own recollections, which tell very little, let us turn back in thought three quarters of a century into the daily home-life of an old, long-established family, whose life and thought have been molded by the history, traditions and teachings of the small religious sect to which it belongs. We will ask a grandmother of today to go back in thought with us and let her paint for us the picture she sees as in memory she lives over her childhood days. She will of course tell us what she sees and not try to give us a general-purpose or composite picture. If she does not see what you think she ought to see, do not blame her; the pictures on men and women's memory-walls can not be alike.

A Rurat Christmas Seventy-five Years Ago

It is the week before Christmas. The family is that of a well-to-do farmer. The spinning-wheels are humming their story of honest, humble toil, day by day, the week thro'. Friday comes and goes, and with the gathering of the evening shadows the dear old wheel is put aside to rest until the holidays are over. Saturday is spent in a general cleaning up and baking. The upper rooms are swept, the living-rooms are cleaned; the floors are scrubbed, for carpets to pro-

tect these there are none. No baker comes around, hence the mother must be a baker as well as a spinster. Should there be any spare moments when these things are done, the girls may go to the barn and pick nice, clean-cut straw from which to plait fancy baskets during the long evenings when the spinning is not pressing so hard.

Sunday comes, the day of rest—and such it is to this family. Sunday-papers, excursions, trolley-lines, fashion-magazines, yellow journalism, the twentieth-century God-defying, man-destroying commercialism, are not yet dreamed of. The necessary daily duties are attended to; the weekly change of homespun clothing takes place, and the family gathers around the hearth, as the fathers have done for many years, to read the sermon. Father gets the familiar, well-worn book of sermons from the book-shelf, hands it to the oldest daughter Leah and asks her to read. This exercise ended, the children are expected during the day to



MOTHER AT THE SPINNING-WHEEL

study their catechisms, commit to memory the gospel-lesson of the day and for pastime copy the hymns that the fathers used to sing in the days of dire trial and persecution. There is no running around in the neighborhood, no practicing of Christmas-exercises even, for these too have not yet been thought of.

Monday morning comes. Bright and early the children hie off to school and mother sets about to prepare the Christmas-presents, for to-morrow is Christmas-day and the presents must be made ready while the boys and girls are away. The stock of Christmas-candies and gifts in the store, which is several miles distant, is quite limited and of inferior quality, and the parents do not believe in bringing up their children on "store-goods." Sunday-school presents are out of question, for there are no Sunday-schools. Accordingly the bags of *Schnitz*, cherries, chestnuts and shell-barks are brought forth from the chest brought from the fatherland, and a due quantity of each is measured out for distribution the same evening. An interesting menagerie of wondrous animals—horses, dogs, elephants, birds of the air and fishes of the sea—of curious shapes, yet withal quite toothsome and wholesome, are called into being by the mother's deft hands, to be added to the regular supply of cakes and wheat-bread. The latter is pure white and baked only for special occasions like this, rye-bread being the form in which the "staff of life" is served for all ordinary use. From this ample supply a basket is filled and made ready for use during the evening.

At school there is no locking out of the teacher, for the community will not tolerate such a nuisance. There is no giving of presents by teacher to pupil or by pupil to teacher, unless when some generous, warm-hearted lass brings a few apples with cheeks as red and round as her own, to be placed tremblingly and blushing on the teacher's desk. Even the pupils have not yet learned the art of gift-giving; they hardly have courage enough even to do any swapping or exchanging of things. They may sneak away, back of the schoolhouse where the

teacher can not see them, reach down and bring forth from that unsuspected store-house, their capacious woolen stocking-legs, the much-prized collection of variously and crudely colored patches, make their exchanges and replace their valuables where the stern teacher would not think of looking for contraband goods. The lesson in the textbooks, which by the way are nearly all in German, is about the birth of the Savior—the Bible being the most advanced reading-book—and the teacher adds his well meant exhortations to the old, oft-repeated tale that is always fresh and charming. Teacher and pupil reverence the Bible. The day's work being done, the children are dismissed; the teacher puts the room in order, places an extra heavy and knotted piece of wood in the stove and covers it with ashes, that it may be the easier to start a rousing fire and get the building warm next morning, when services will be held in the adjoining room.

The children hasten home from school, hardly reaching it before dark, and in their excitement fail to notice the absence of the older sister Leah, who has sneaked away with a sheet, a lantern, and the capacious basket filled and loaded with the good things mother made ready earlier in the day. Why should the children think of her? Their thoughts are taken up with the expected visit of the *Chrischtkindel* and *Belznickel*, and they are all eyes and ears lest they be caught unawares. Supper over, they sit around the hearth or open fireplace, listening to the simmering of the kettle on the tripod, the crackling of the wood, watching the sparks mount upward and vanish, the shadows dance along the walls. One of the younger girls shields her eyes from the light and looks out of the window. She sees a flickering light come slowly thro' the meadow and at once reports that *Chrischtkindel* must be coming. The children watch the slowly advancing light and finally see that an unshapely form in white, carrying a basket, is approaching. The light draws near, the door opens, the children slink into cor-

ners or behind mother's chair; the object in white with a well filled basket glides noiselessly into their midst. Each receives his share of nuts and cakes, and quietly as it came *Christkindel* withdraws and is gone. Well done, Leah. Later *Belznickel* enters in his turned coat and muffled face, throws nuts on the floor, switches the children, makes them say their prayers, places a switch as long as the old clock in the corner back of the clock and withdraws. Christmas-eve is past and children go barefooted to their chilly sleeping-chambers to wrap themselves in home-made linen bed-clothing and drop off into health-giving, soul-quieting sleep.

Two days are devoted to the observance of Christmas, and these days are made more sacred, if possible, than the holy Sabbath-days. Sermons are read as on Sundays and the children are taught to respect the day. The father takes occasion to speak of the true observance of Christmas and incidentally also of New Year's day. To him life is a stern, serious reality, and he wants to impress on his children the great necessity of leading sober, earnest lives from day to day as in the sight of God. He fails not to remind them what a solemn prayer they uttered on Christmas-morning, when they repeated in German the words of petition in their old book of sermons: "Lord Jesus Christ, thou most exalted heavenly King, we thank thee that thou hast granted us life until this day, and we beseech thee that thou wouldst open thy heart of divine love toward us, so that we by faith may draw from thee comfort, peace and love, so that our hearts may open themselves unto thee with joy and that we may be born again, become holy, God-fearing people and by grace be made partakers of thy divine nature." He seeks daily to live this prayer and wants his children to do likewise.

A Secular Old-Time Christmas Described

We need scarcely say that this severely simple religious spirit was far from universal even in those days. Had it been so, the holiday-customs of

our ancestors would be a much less attractive subject for the historian to-day. There was a secular observance of Christmas day, as well as a religious or church celebration. What Dr. E. Grumbine has written on this point in his entertaining and instructive pamphlet, "Folklore and Superstitious Beliefs of Lebanon County," is generally true of Lehigh, Berks, Montgomery and other counties of Pennsylvania-Germandom. We therefore take the liberty of quoting from him as follows:

The holidays of early times in Lebanon County were of church origin. They were Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension and Whitsunday, and they were kept as holy days. Three of these were followed by days of frolic, pleasure and recreation, namely, second Christmas, Easter Monday and Whitmonday, which were seasons for games, shooting-matches, military exercises, visiting, hunting, and fishing. . . . By the early Lebanon-countian Christmas was regarded as the principal holiday of the year and seemed to possess a joy peculiarly its own.

Christmas good cheer comprised fresh sausage, such as is made only in eastern Pennsylvania—the roasted maw of a pig stuffed with a mixture of potatoes, bread, onions and spare-ribs, to which delicacies were added apples, nuts and mulled or hard cider. There were cakes too—Christmas cakes *par excellence*. This Christmas cake was *sui generis*. It was a cookie cut in the shape of birds of the air, beasts of the field and fishes of the sea. It was of two kinds, dark and light. The darker kind contained molasses as the sweetening ingredient, the lighter variety white sugar. When the cakes were to be especially fine they were ornamented in white with figures resembling commas, semicolons, interrogation-points and other hieroglyphics made with starch-water by means of a pointed stick. On Christmas morning it was the custom of the children to display them in rows in the windows of the living room.

Another Christmas goody was molasses-candy. The best was made of black sugar-house molasses and contained a plentiful sprinkling of walnut kernels. It was cooled in miniature patty-pans with scalloped edges and was known as *Mosche*.*

A Christmas present was known as a *Christkindle*, from the High German *Christkindlein*, a little Christ-child. It is not "Kris Kringle," as ignorant city scribes print it every year. Even that celebrated novel-writer, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who ought to know better, writes "Kris Kringle."

*Probably from the High German *Mus*, any kind of food served in the form of jelly.—Ed.

Hearing the Oxen Talk—The "Belznickel"

It was believed that beasts and the cattle of the stables conversed with each other in a language which on Christmas eve at midnight could be understood by human beings. The difficulty lay in knowing the true date. Although the twenty fifth of December is celebrated as the natal day of the Savior of mankind, the date is not correct. Owing to the mistakes of the almanac makers of Julius Caesar's time and the intercalations of Pope Gregory XIII, the exact time of the Nativity has been lost. Therefore it is only by chance and by frequent trials that the real Christmas eve can be found, in which the beast-language may be understood by human ears.

A certain man happened to listen on the true Christmas eve to what his yoke of oxen had to say to each other, when one of them remarked to his fellow that the following Sunday they would have a new experience.

"Yes," was the reply, "next Sunday we will carry our master to the graveyard!"

This revelation so worked on the mind of their owner that he at once fell into a mortal illness and died within a week. He was buried the following Sunday.

It may be presumed that the moral of this story is: Do not attempt to know the future nor try to attain to the knowledge and wisdom of the brute.

The night before Christmas often brought a wonderful personage clothed in an outlandish raiment of animal skins and old clothes. A home-made mask concealed his face; in one hand he carried a bag or basket and a long switch in the other. His name was *Belznickel*, which means Nicholas in pelts or skins. Unlike his English prototype, the mythical Santa Claus, who rides in a sleigh drawn by reindeer and enters dwellings on Christmas eve by way of the house-top and chimney, our *Belznickel* was of flesh and blood, generally the wag of the neighborhood, and entered the house at the door. In his basket he carried apples, nuts, cakes and sometimes candy. These he threw upon the floor, and when the half-scared youngsters went to pick them up he would sometimes lay to with his stick, making them promise to be good and obedient children. The writer remembers one case in which a child was frightened into St. Vitus's dance by a *Belznickel*'s performance.

Hanging up stockings for Santa Claus to fill, making expensive presents and lighting up elaborately laden Christmas trees are modern innovations and were unknown to the children of the first half of the nineteenth century. . . .

A mild, snowless Christmas was looked upon as unfavorable, as it was feared it would be followed by a late, cold and unhealthy spring. Hence the sayings: "A green Christmas brings a white Easter," and "A green Christmas makes a full (or fat) graveyard."

The "Chrischtkindle" at Its Best

In a lengthy chapter on The Pennsylvania-Germans: their History, Charac-



A MODERN SANTA CLAUS WITHOUT HIS PACK

ter, Customs, Language, Literature and Religion, contributed to a History of Lehigh and Carbon Counties, published by Alfred Mathews and Austin N. Hungerford in 1884, the late Dr. A. R. Horne has drawn a much more pleasing picture of the mysterious gift-dispenser in Pennsylvania-German homes on Christmas-night. Speaking of the holiday-observances of these people, he says:

Christmas is one of their chief holidays. The Christmas-tree is found in almost every house and the churches, even those in the rural districts, are profusely and tastefully decorated with evergreens. Children are told of the *Chrischtkindle*, which is not a meaningless Santa Claus or Kriss Kringle, but the Christian Christ-child. Their *Chrischtkindle* is not the fantastic St. Nicholas, not the horror and consternation creating *Belznickel*, but the kindly dispenser of good gifts. The *Chrischtkindle* does not terrify (*zergelschtera*) the little ones; but, gently opening the door or modestly stepping within, scatters chestnuts, dried cherries and other fruits (candy was scarcely known in olden times), lays down a gift, perhaps a pair of gloves or some other article of wearing apparel, at the feet of each child, and then, after

speaking words of encouragement or imparting wholesome advice, withdraws, as it came, like an angel of mercy in the habiliments of a human being. The inquiry, when children meet one another or their older friends on Christmas morning, is not, "Where is my Christ present?" but "*Hu is mei Chrischt-kindle?*" It is not merely a present, but a Christ-child gift. The gift of God in the Christ-child Jesus is to be illustrated, reduplicated by giving in the Christ-child spirit!

We are fain to believe that this was the gift-giving *Chrischtkindle* in its original form, of which the *Belznickel*, as described by Dr. Grumbine, was a later-day caricature and deterioration.

But if the children of those earlier and ruder times were in constant danger on Christmas-night of being terrified and whipt by horrid *Belznickel*—for sometimes, we are told, they came in pairs or followed each other the same night—they were not without a recompense. As school-children they had a form of amusement altogether unknown to their successors to-day.

Where the School-Children's Fun Came In

Barring out the teacher on Christmas-morn has been referred to in our grandmother's reminiscences as a nuisance which the quiet, orderly religious community to which she belonged would not tolerate. There is ample testimony, however, that the custom was much in vogue before the free-school system was generally introduced. Dr. Grumbine, in the pamphlet before mentioned, tells us that, to have the doors re-opened, the teacher "was obliged to bring a basketful of fancy-shaped cookies and distribute them among his scholars, share and share alike." He further says that "the gifts were a species of blackmail, or graft, paid by the pedagogue to retain the patronage of the parents."

It is to two of our best dialect poets, however, that we owe a fuller account of this somewhat singular old-time custom, and we dare not withhold from our readers, especially the boys and girls, what they have put on record in relation thereto. In that familiar poem, *Das alt Schulhaus an der Krick*, Dr. Harbaugh has sketched the scene in these three stanzas:

The Testimony of Dr. Harbaugh

Am Chrischdag war die rechte Zeit—
O, wann ich juscht dra' denk!
Der Meeschter hen mer naus geschperrt,
Die Dhier un Fenschter fescht gebärrt;—
"Nau, Meeschter, en Geschenk!"

Nor'd hot er awwer hart browirt
Mit Fors zu kumme ne';
Un mir hen, wie er hot gekloppt,
'n Schreiwes unne naus geschtoppt:
"Wann's seinscht, dann kannscht du rei!"

Nau hot der Meeschter raus gekänst,
Gar kreislich schiepisch 'gukt!
Eppel un Keschte un noch meh,
's war juschtement in fact recht schree—
Mir hen's mit Luschte g'schluckt.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with our dialect, we add the author's own translation of the preceding lines:

Old Christmas brought a glorious time—
Its memory still is sweet!
We barred the master firmly out
With bolts and bars and timbers stout—
The blockade was complete!

Then came the struggle fierce and long;
The fun was very fine!
And whilst he thumped and pried about,
We thrust the terms of treaty out,
Demanding him to sign!

The treaty signed, the conflict o'er,
Once master now were we!
Then chestnuts, apples and such store
Were spread our joyous eyes before—
We shared the feast with glee!

Schoolday-Reminiscences of Mr. Fisher

Henry L. Fisher, in his *Olden Times*, has devoted a poem of thirty-five stanzas to this subject of "Barring out the Master." Our juvenile readers would never forgive us if we failed to quote a part of his minutely detailed narrative.

Ye gods! with what inspiring hopes
We looked for merry Christmas, when,
With bolts and bars and weapons stout
We barred and kept the master out,
Until he took the old quill-pen
And with his strong but trembling hand
Subscribed his name to our demand.

* * * * *

This solemn treaty and its terms
Would nowadays seem somewhat odd.
It called for apples, cakes and beer,
Confections, nuts and other cheer,
But not an inch of rule or rod.
The treaty signed, he raised the siege,
And we once more became his liege.



THE OLD-TIME SCHOOL IN SESSION

From Henry I. Fisher's *Olden Times*.

Once in, the silence that prevailed
 Was almost painfully profound.
 The conquered man with angry face
 And tangled hair re-umes his place.
 The while his ill disguised frown
 Left victors, one and all, to doubt
 The fate of those who barred him out.

* * * * *

The daily routine moves along,
 The morning hours have worn away;
 The lessons all well learned and said,
 The laggards trap and go up head.
 And now the school's dismissed for play,
 But still the usual jolly mood
 Is somewhat doubtful and subdued.

The situation is discussed
 Among the larger girls and boys,
 A casual hitch comes in the game;
 The question rises: "Who's to blame?"
 And thus their merry Christmas joys,
 Of which they were of late so loud,
 Already rest beneath a cloud.

* * * * *

Three classes have recited, but
 The big class has as yet not spelled;
 The afternoon is waning late,
 And still uncertain is the fate
 Of those who have so late rebelled.
 Yet while his love supports his arms,
 The rebel's hardest fate hath charms.

* * * * *

Again the master stands erect
 And sternly round the room he looks.
 He speaks and startles every nerve;
 With pedagogical reserve

He now proclaims: "Put up your books!"
 That instant the command's obeyed,
 And books and slates aside are laid.

But O, what moments of suspense
 Before he deigns to speak again!
 Again upon his three-legged stool—
 The seat of Wisdom, Learning, Rule—
 He takes the mighty goose-quill pen
 And writes, then places it behind his ear,
 While every face turns pale with fear.

Again he rises and he speaks
 In measured words, profound and slow.
 He calls up John and Mary Ann,
 And Jake and Susan, Kate and Dan;
 And there, so paired, all in a row
 Before the pedagogue they stand,
 Obedient to his stern command.

All eyes are fixed upon the rod
 And that deep, dark, mysterious face;
 For now no more a doubt remains
 But that the penalties and pains
 And all the deep and dark disgrace
 Of rule and birch will be their fate,
 Instead of holidays and treat.

But now—behold that face lit up,
 Mild as the radiant evening skies!
 He gives the order for the treat!
 One almost hears the heart's high beat.
 And oh, the great, the sweet surprise—
 Instead of stripes, disgrace and fear,
 Come holidays and cakes and beer!



THE OLD TIME SCHOOL AT PLAY

From Henry L. Fisher's *Olden Times*.

We are truly sorry that the limits of this compilation will not allow us to quote further details of the feast that followed in that "old schoolhouse in the wood"; and we sincerely envy the man who has such a delightful reminiscence of his schoolboy-days. Don't you?

In a note added to his poem Mr. Fisher says:

It was the common practice for the larger scholars to assemble and get possession of the schoolhouse in advance of the master's arrival, very early on the morning of the day preceding Christmas, and bar him out and keep him out until he subscribed his name to a paper somewhat like the following (which I give from memory, having, like many others of my age, more than once participated in the popular and exciting game):

"Three dozen ginger-cakes; six dozen sugar-cakes; six dozen molasses-crackers; four dozen ginger-horses; do. ginger-rabbits; six dozen minsticks; three dozen belly-guts; one hundred love-letters; two gallons of beer; one-half bushel of some kind of nuts, and one week's holidays."

But this he did only in the last resort—after having fruitlessly exhausted all ordinary and sometimes even some very extraordinary means for effecting an entrance. So popular was the custom at one time that many, even of the parents, guardians and others *in loco parentis*, aided and abetted the pupils in the contest by furnishing them provisions, thus enabling them to "hold the fort" for several days. Seldom, if ever, did the master even attempt to inflict punishment upon those who, it was deemed,

had neither done nor demanded aught but what was their legal right, that is, by immemorial custom; for whence the custom no man knoweth any more than he does of the sepulchre of Moses.

Old Customs Dying Out—A Closing Thought

But, as Dr. Grumbine remarks, since the advent of the free schools, compulsory-attendance and minimum-salary laws, the custom of barring out the master has passed away. The teacher now is the recipient instead of the giver of presents on Christmas, that is, if he is willing to receive them or the school-board allows him to do so. The customs of playing Belznickel in the children's homes and of shooting in the new year are fast going also, and few among us may be disposed to regret their passing. The present-day observance of the sacred festival of the Nativity in our homes, churches and Sunday-schools is undoubtedly much more refined, elaborate and artistic than in the days of our fathers and grandfathers, and the pleasures of the children, for whose special benefit most of our celebrations are held, are increased in due proportion. But after all we can not refrain from asking a question which seems quite pertinent to the case: Do we with all our show and display, with all our congratulations and

costly gifts, have any more or even as much of the genuine Christmas-spirit in our souls than our sires and grandsires, who frowned upon festivals and decorations, whose children had to be satisfied

with plain, home-made gifts and could celebrate the day only as their elders did —by singing, prayer, catechetical study and listening to long and wearisome sermons?

Are the Pennsylvania-Germans a "Peculiar People"?

After-Dinner Address Delivered Before The Pennsylvania-German Society at Allentown, Pa., Nov. 2, 1906

BY REV. GEORGE W. SANDT, D.D., EDITOR OF "THE LUTHERAN."

I AM a Pennsylvania-German, and Pennsylvania-Germans are not supposed to know their own peculiarities. Nationalities often learn to know themselves best by seeing themselves as others see them. To learn our worst peculiarities, it used to be necessary to go to New England and look at ourselves thro' New England glasses; but we seem to have developed a race of story-writers among us who have spared us the necessity of making that trip. They have, however, painted our worst traits and left our best ones untouched. "Tillie, a Mennonite Maid," is a case in point. It is a striking illustration of a story that may be true because of what it says, but utterly false because of what it leaves unsaid. Any author who professes to give a picture of Pennsylvania-German life, but who must go to Kentucky, the land of family feuds, to find a lovable woman for her story, or to New England, the hotbed of pernicious "isms," to find some creedless professor to emancipate a Pennsylvania-German maiden from her Mennonite thralldom, and who then proceeds to picture Pennsylvania-German narrowness and ignorance and prejudice, and the manner in which the unlettered farmer mutilates the English language—is sadly in need of a few literary ideals. Need we wonder, therefore, that we are being regarded more than ever as a very, very peculiar people?

Now, I am not particularly squeamish about the criticisms that hail from New England and elsewhere, for we Pennsylvania-Germans have our peculiarities,

Many of them are good; some of them are bad, others are indifferent, and not a few are innocent and decidedly amusing; but I never liked our Yankee critic's definition of the word *peculiar*; for he often practically says: "Everybody is peculiar who isn't like myself." I do not like the camera thro' which not a few of them have been taking pictures of Pennsylvania-German character.

But for much of this we ourselves are to blame. The Pennsylvania-German carries his weakness very much on the surface; he can not even conceal his vices. He has never learned the art. You come to Allentown, and you see the people as they are; you go to Newport, and you see the people as they seem. The great weakness of the Pennsylvania-Germans has ever been that they put their worst goods in the show-window and keep their best goods behind the counter. "Tillie" and several other books are a case in point.

One of the chief peculiarities our New England cousins see in our show-window is our abuse of the English tongue. They do not judge us from the books of our best authors, from the speech of our best orators and educators, from the conversation of our most intelligent people; but from the speech of those whose mother-tongue is the Pennsylvania-German. Of course, there are sections where the English is badly mutilated. A very interesting, amusing and instructive book could be written, showing how the Pennsylvania-German thrusts the idioms of his mother-speech into the English language, and we must not be too severe on our

New England critic if he fails to sympathize with us in our linguistic difficulties. There are not a few communities among us where greater progress in the use of good English is very much in order. A professor from New England was once visited by a friend from London, and among other things told him of our wonderful linguistic achievements in this country; how in America almost every language under the sun was being spoken. "I can show you a place where they speak the Queen's purest English" (and it is said he took him to Boston); "I can show you the place where they speak the Emperor's purest German" (and he took him to Milwaukee); "and I can show you a place where they speak neither German nor English" (and he took him to Berks county—but, Mr. Toastmaster, it is said that he took him by way of Allentown).

But admitting our shortcomings in the use of English, I have often wondered how a colony of New Englanders would fare in their use of German, were they to emigrate to Germany under circumstances similar to those under which our forefathers settled in this country. I know that I sat alongside of college classmates of English descent who knew little enough of English and who mutilated the German they were trying to learn almost beyond recognition; some of them did not know enough German even to mutilate it decently.

Another peculiarity our New England cousins see in our show-window is our slowness, our non-progressiveness; our holding on to customs, methods and practices long out of date. A friend from Chicago once told me that a Philadelphia carpenter had been working on one of Chicago's sky-scrapers and fallen over, but he fell so slow that he did not hurt himself. Being a Pennsylvania-German I was not prompt at repartee, but after a little deliberation I told him of a Chicago carpenter, who fell from one of Philadelphia's sky-scrapers, but he was so full of the conceit of the Windy City that he couldn't reach bottom.

This slowness is to a large extent our weakness, but it is also our virtue. When

the Pennsylvania-German believes he has a good thing, he holds on to it. He does not take to novelties; he is averse to fads, whether in business, education or religion. He certainly does not believe in changing his creed about once in every twenty-four hours, as they do in New England. But when once he puts his hand to the wheel of progress, no power under the sun will stop him. He is not as alert and enterprising as the Englishman, but he has staying qualities. Of the Englishman we may say: "He is always ready to begin"—and he begins; of the Irishman: "He begins before he is ready;" of the German: "He must first commence to begin to get ready, but when once he is ready, then watch him." In this bustling and somewhat superficial age we need to make a distinction between mere progressiveness and actual progress, between restless adventure and substantial achievement. Some have progressed so rapidly in religion in certain quarters as to have lost all faith. We have been moving along at breakneck speed in legislation, politics and business, so as to have left behind some good, old-fashioned ethical principles.

Another thing they see in our show-window is what they conceive to be our abounding ignorance and superstition. They smile at our "isms." Now, it is to be observed that there is an essential difference between the religious "isms" of New England and Pennsylvania. The religious peculiarities of Pennsylvania-Germans have to do with the forms of religion rather than with its substance, with its outer shell rather than with its kernel. While their religious "isms" are often one-sided and distorted, there is always something at the heart of them that rings true. The worst "isms" we have come from New England. They are chilling, paralyzing, death-dealing. If they will come to take back what they have loaned us; Christian science, ethical culture, theosophy, paganism, and the only creed that seems to find acceptance among many of their intellectual lights—a creed that may be briefly expressed thus: "Man's chief end is to glorify man and think well of himself for-

ever"—we will rejoice with joy unspeakable.

When it comes to those strong traits of character that are our peculiar heritage, I might say much did not modesty forbid. I would begin with the Pennsylvania-German's meekness and modesty, elements of strength that are not as greatly appreciated as they should be. History has shown and is showing to-day that pride and pretentiousness are the evidence of a nation's decline and that it is true beyond cavil that the meek will inherit the earth. Even now that is taking place before our very eyes. Where is the Dutchman who cudgelled our forefathers in Manhattan? Where the Englishman who drove them from the farms they had cultivated in the Schoharie valley down to the banks of the Tulpehocken? The Englishman has taken possession of legislation and business, the Irishman of politics; while the meek races—the Germans and Scandinavians and others—are giving the Yankee his walking-papers in New England and are taking possession of the farms, the industries, the useful avocations and professions everywhere.

We know what is wrong with our business and commercial life—how avarice and dishonesty have eaten the soul of virtue out of it. Who has affixed the ethical stamp it now bears? Not the German. We know too what is wrong with our politics—how men are willing to sell the birthright of their manhood for a mess of pottage. Who gave politics its character? Not the German. We also know what is wrong with our social life—how it is honeycombed with shams and show and pretenses, and oft with moral rotteness, while genuine refinement, naturalness, simplicity and culture are relegated to the rear. Who gave it its effeminate, maudlin character? Not the German. But I fear that not a few Pennsylvania-Germans are adopting these low ideals of business, political and social life, and are wearing feathers that have grown on other birds. Instead of developing a kind of social life that is consistent with their native instincts and that grows out of the roots of their dis-

unctive character, they are living on importations.

I might speak of the Pennsylvania-German's fondness for home, of his hospitality, his neighborliness, his good-naturedness (or *Gemütlichkeit*, as Germans more correctly call it), his guilelessness; but I would be telling you nothing new. It was a New Englander, who not long ago paid a glowing tribute to the German's fondness for home. He is not a globe-trotter; he is not an elusive tenant, moving from place to place pursued by unpaid bills; he is tied to a spot. His every-day environment and his throne is his home.

And out of this crowning virtue grow several of his weaknesses. It limits the boundary of his vision; it contracts the sphere of his influence and his usefulness. He becomes provincial and refuses to look beyond the walls of the little world in which he lives and labors and loves.

But before I close, I must say a word about what I consider the gem of rarest beauty in the crown of Pennsylvania-German character.

It is his contentment (more completely characterized in German by the term *Gelassenheit*), coupled with deep soul-longing, known as *Schmucht*. The hard discipline he passed thro' without a murmur until he had crossed the ocean, escaped the rapacity of sharks at New York and Philadelphia and turned forests into fertile fields, enabled him to smile at adversities which would crush the tender hot-house flowers of our modern over-civilized civilization. But the real source of this *Gelassenheit* lies in his faith. You cannot explain it on purely natural grounds. I defy you to show me anywhere finer specimens of quiet, contented, hopeful, trustful old age than may be found in abundance among our fathers. I can still picture to myself a number of aged fathers and mothers in Israel, the latter dressed in clean homespun, their heads crowned with white lace-caps, who were veritable prophets and prophetesses in their day. I still remember with veneration their good counsels and admonitions. They were the moral and spiritual beacon-lights in the

communities in which they lived—better, safer guides of youth than nine tenths of the distinguished professors in our universities. Deep longings that pierced the veil of time and found their resting-place in the life beyond filled their bosoms. To them old age was a quiet evening with a golden sunset. Death was not a goal, but a gateway; not an ending, but a glorious beginning. They knew that the God in whom they trusted would not cheat them. He would not give them longings and then fail to provide for their satisfaction. He would not torment them with thirst without creating water, or with hunger without creating food. What could be more beautiful than this Christian *Gelassenheit* and *Schnsucht* of many of our Pennsylvania-German fathers and mothers. We hear much disparagement of what is termed other-worldliness in our day, even from many a pulpit. This world is considered the only proper field for the exercise of man's religion. His hopes and longings have no business to carry him beyond the life that now is. That is why in the minds of many this life is treated as the big volume and the other life as an appendix. That was not the view our forefathers took of the matter. The finest touches in our Pennsylvania-German poems, is the *Schnsucht* they breathe. Harbaugh brings it out most beautifully when he puts on the lips of an aged sire these words:

O, wann's net for der Himmel wär,
Mit seiner scheene Ruh,
Dann war's mir do schon lang verleedt,
Ich wiss't net was zu duh.

This quiet contentment of old age, coupled with its longings for the rest that abideth, is brought out with special force and beauty in a German poem that came under my eye some time ago, which with your indulgence I will repeat. It is the picture of a fisherman coming home at evening weary, sighing for rest.

Stille, stille, über mir,
Stille um mich her!
Noch ein Tröpfchen fällt vom matten Ruder,
Leise, -schlaf'rig, in das Meer.
Alles müde—Fischer, Zeug,
Bin auch müde—herzlich müde;
Nun so lüchte, alter Nachen,
Mich nur sachte in die Ruhe ein.

Solemn stillness over me,
Stillness all around me!
One more drop is falling from the languid oar
Quietly, drowsily into the sea.
Everything weary—fisherman, bark,
I too am weary—achingly weary;
Thus oh, thus, thou bark of old age,
Row me gently, peacefully, into my rest.

My friends, we hear much of our wonderful achievements in education; but this age could well afford to give them all in exchange for this *Gelassenheit* and *Schnsucht* which characterized many of our fathers. If I had all the knowledge of the material universe possessed by Darwin, Huxley and Spencer combined; if I had the genius of Goethe and Shakespeare, the great soul of music that throbb'd in Beethoven and Bach; if I had the millions of Carnegie and Rockefeller—I would lay them at the feet of these priests and prophetesses and say: Here, take them all, but give me what *you* have.

A Pennsylvania-German Anthology

BY SUPT. R. K. BUEHRLE, PH.D., LANCASTER, PA.

AT the last meeting of the Pennsylvania-German Society the motion of the writer, that a committee be appointed to make a collection or anthology of Pennsylvania-German literature and have the same published under the auspices of the Society, was referred to the executive committee with instructions to report on the subject at the next annual meeting. This motion was offered several years ago when the Society met at

Lebanon, and was referred to the executive committee at that time also. For some reason no report was made up to the present time.

It seems strange on first consideration that so little interest is manifested in the Society in regard to the Pennsylvania-German language. The humorist Kitzmiller some time ago, in writing up the meeting at Ephrata, remarked that the members of the Society make their

Pennsylvania-German speeches with English words, and this may account to some extent for the apparent neglect of the dialect. It should be ever remembered that a people expresses itself in its language and that the Pennsylvania-German as he was, and to some extent as he is to-day, can not be completely understood unless he is studied in his literature. What would we know of the ancient Greeks and Romans without a study of *their* literature, and why is this not also true of this peculiar Germanic branch located in eastern Pennsylvania? Fragments and small publications are indeed to be found here and there—the work of such genial writers as Harbaugh of Lancaster, Fisher of York, and others. Then there is a large quantity of literature scattered in different libraries, no doubt in the files of different newspapers in Bucks, Northampton, Lehigh, Berks, Lebanon, Lancaster and York counties, which if gathered in one or more volumes would be invaluable as monuments of the people and as specimens of the language for linguistic study. Besides, the number of persons who could appreciate the nice turns of thought expressed, and who are familiar with the conditions formerly prevailing in the region inhabited by this peculiar people, and their cus-

oms and manners, the knowledge of which is so necessary to the understanding of their literature, is daily growing less, and it will soon be impossible to find persons suitable and qualified to undertake the editing of such a volume of literature. It is, literally speaking, now or never. Every delay is dangerous as likely to deprive us of those so eminently qualified for this kind of work. Where could men be found so thoroughly fitted to appreciate the peculiar beauties of the Pennsylvania-German dialect as Drs. Dubbs, Diffenderffer, Zimmerman and the editor of the magazine called *THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN*? Some of these men have probably past their three score years and ten, and if the Society is to have the benefit of their labors in this direction, a beginning must be made at once.

No doubt the collecting and selecting from the material collected, and editing the material selected, means work, but it would be hard to find any work to which the Society could devote money and labor with greater justice to itself and to those who have gone before and have left us this invaluable heritage—these sparks of genuine Pennsylvania wit and humor, whose fire should not be allowed to die out with the people that produced them.

A Wink at Santa Claus

A Story for the Boys and Girls

BY KATHERINE KERCHNER.

MAY I go, Mam?" Vanna stood with one hand on the door-latch and a milking-pail in the other. But her question had nothing to do with milking. Usually she went about that chore without lingering. She did not seem to consider it an unpleasant one, and if she had, she was not the kind of girl to shirk a duty.

Mrs. Wiegner was proud of her daughter. She knew her to be a good girl, and she could not be blamed for thinking her good-looking. To the manifold attractions of girlhood Nature had added, as a special gift to Vanna, a crown of blonde hair that swung from

under her calico sunbonnet in two long braids far below her waist.

Vanna did not entirely appreciate her hair. She had had many a tearful hour when the boys at school called her "little flax-head." Now the boys were no longer disposed to call her names, but the weight of her hair was a grievance. The other girls of her age, Mary Huber and Priscilla Miller, pinned theirs up. She could not do so without help, and busy Mrs. Wiegner could not often be persuaded to give that help.

Concerning her daughter's request Mrs. Wiegner looked troubled. There were three deep lines across her fore-

head. The lines were there always, but they were not always the same. Sometimes they looked serene, placid; that was on those rare occasions when Mam took time to sit down and fold her hands. This happened most frequently on a Sunday afternoon and then the serenity floated out in the slow, sweet melody of some old German hymn. It might be "*Komm, o komm, du Geist des Lebens.*" Often it was "*Meinen Jesum lass' ich nicht.*" At all ordinary times those lines reminded one of the tant lines over a good horse driven by a good driver; there was purpose and accomplishment in them.

Just now the lines were very deep, and Vanna watching them feared for the outcome of her request.

"Evanna, go do your work," said Mrs. Wiegner.

And Vanna went. She knew well that her absence would be worth more than her presence, for she heard her father coming.

The Wiegner family was well but curiously governed. All requests were preferred to the mother, yet even four-year-old Johnny knew that the father was the head of the family and that the decisions of the mother were never made without his knowledge and consent.

Mr. Wiegner came in. He was a well formed man of the age when as a family-man he began to be called "old Wiegner," tho' he was only slightly gray and his figure had lost none of its elasticity. The pleasant light in his eyes and the boisterous greeting of little Johnny betrayed the fact that the sternness he could show occasionally sprang from the head and left untouched a loving, fatherly heart.

"James brought it home from the school that there is to be a Sunday-school meeting in the schoolhouse tonight."

Mr. Wiegner looked up quickly. The Sunday-school was an unsettled question in his mind. It had been started the preceding summer in the schoolhouse. To it came all the neighborhood except a few older people who, like Mr. Wiegner, held aloof. He had not joined the movement, for he felt that it was unwise to

neglect the schools connected with the neighboring churches and under the care of their pastors in favor of this foundling under the care of no one in particular. It seemed to this strong disciplinarian that even a Sunday-school left to itself might wander into error.

Therefore he looked up with swift attention at his wife's words. She answered the question in his eyes.

"They want to make a start towards a Christmas-festival, and they said Vanna should come to help with the singing."

Vanna began to sing almost as soon as she began to talk. She began by crooning softly the songs her mother sang over her cradle. It may have been an inherent gift, for her mother had been the belle of the singing-schools a generation before. Be that as it may, the sweet young voice, as she sang about her work, was very pleasing to her parents.

Mr. Wiegner paused before answering. "I do not like it," he said. "She is too young to go out at night like that."

"She is seventeen," replied his wife, "and she is a good girl. I think we will let her go." The last was a question. After a pause she added: "James could go with her, and the Meitzlers will be going their way."

"Very well."

So it was settled. Vanna coming in from her milking looked at her mother with eager eyes.

"James had the best lantern at the barn. You had better clean it," said Mrs. Wiegner.

Vanna, out of sight in the cellar-way, clapped her hands noiselessly. She was going "to the practice."

II.

Opinions concerning a country schoolhouse differ greatly. If you happen to be a city-bred youth, you will probably wonder what good could come out of that mud-turtle. If you happen to be a Harbough or a Whittier, well past your school-days, you can say things about the schoolhouse that bring symphetic tears to the eyes of your listeners. If you are the young teacher, it may mean purgatory to you. To the country-boy the schoolhouse in September is as the

shadow of a mighty rock in a weary land, otherwise known as a potato-field. By April the rock has become a dungeon.

But a schoolhouse at night on a country-crossroad showing gleams of light at every chink, bobbing lights in the darkness coming nearer, a sound of talk and laughter converging! You must be old indeed if that does not quicken your pulse.

When Vanna reached the schoolhouse-door she was met with eager greetings. "Did you dare come?" "Did your pap know we are going to have a Santa Claus?" "There are two duets and a solo. I wonder who will sing them."

Vanna did not answer. The mention of a Santa Claus made her heart jump so that it ached. "If Father knew," she thought, "would he let us help?"

She remembered how once under the influence of a Christmas-story she had brought in a tree and started to trim it with popcorn and the little picture-cards which she and the other children had earned by treasuring their blue tickets from Sunday-school. Her father had come in and not roughly but quite firmly had ordered her to take it out. "Christmas commemorates the birth of Christ; we will not make a frolic of it," he said.

She remembered also that the Christmas-mummers never came to their door, and she knew very well that it was because her father was known to disapprove of joining religion and frolic.

But the merry group of young people was too entirely occupied in greeting new arrivals to notice Vanna's confusion.

Presently work began. Old Yost—those simple country-folk did not take very kindly to the title "Mr."—white-haired and bent, but young at heart, rapped sharply on the teacher's desk with his tuning-fork, sang "do, re, mi, do," and commenced on the notes of the opening chorus without waiting for the accompaniment of the organ. A few old-timers who, like him, had received training in the old-time singing-school joined in. A few of the ambitious younger ones followed the melody in an undertone. In a dark corner the boys scuffled noisily, except when a break in the sing-

ing made them conscious of their noise and mindful of the danger of being asked to stay at home next time.

Vanna and her friends, Mary and Priscilla, were looking over the characters of the play, wondering what parts they were to study.

The cantata was really a beautiful little play. It opened with a scene in a city-tenement. A widowed mother sits with her little daughter at a bare supper-table. The child eagerly questions her about Christmas. The mother breaks down in trying to tell of her own happier childhood. She lets the child go out to see the Christmas-sights.

In the second part the child is seen by some thoughtless boys. They make great sport of her poor clothes. She hides away from them in the pulpit entrance of a church. She falls asleep there and dreams that Night comes to her in the shape of a woman and tells her of a wondrous sight she saw centuries ago. Then Father Time comes in and says that he is ruler of all the centuries, and will call them back for the little girl's sake. She shall hear again that angel-song Night tells about. The angel comes and sings "Glory to God in the highest." Then Night, Time and angel vanish, and the little girl wakes to see a jolly Santa Claus on his way into the church, where he is to greet the assembled boys and girls. She is brought in to them and shares the Christmas-joy.

The instructions that accompanied the cantata read: "Take your best singer, if possible a blonde, for the part of the angel. She should make the best impression of the evening."

The notes having been sung over, the superintendent began to assign parts.

"Who will act Santa Claus? Let's see—Santa is to sing this tenor solo. Robert Kuhns, will you take it?" Robert agreed and was immediately and vociferously greeted as *Belznickel*.

"Some one must play Father Time. Jacob Krauss, that ought to suit you. You are short. It won't be so hard to find a false beard that will reach to your waist."

"Then comes that part of the angel."

The superintendent paused and studied the material before him. "Vanna," he said, "you were made for that part, or else the part for you. You won't need any blonde wig."

"Mary, I think you are the one for the part of Night, tho' your hair are not very dark. How would you like to dye them?"

This joking suggestion was followed by a general outburst of good-natured chaff. Some told her to go to Ernst Jacoby, the little wizened old German, who lived in a tumble-down hut by the *Schwarzbrück* and professed to produce concoctions for all purposes. Jim Lorentz brought her the quart ink-bottle which the teacher had left upon a window, and pretended to be greatly grieved when she would not accept it.

But order was presently restored, the other parts were given out and the rehearsal was adjourned. Vanna's brother James was named as one of the boys who were to annoy the little girl in the cantata. Vanna had not said that she would not take the part assigned to her, and James did not feel called upon to speak first on this occasion.

When at ten o'clock the gathering broke up, Vanna had not said the words that would lose her the part she longed to play and oblige her to face a storm of protests and remarks. She told herself that she would speak quietly to the superintendent on his way home, but he, contrary to her expectations, joined the party that passed the post-office, and she had no opportunity to speak to him.

She thought: "James will tell about it at home, and Father will say we can't go anymore. Then James will tell the other school children." And, hard as was the prospect of being shut out from the social life of her neighborhood, that was but a trifle in comparison with the embarrassment of refusing the part and having to hear all the remarks of her friends. "If James tells in school," she thought, "I won't be there to hear what is said."

In silence the children hurried home. They found their mother waiting for them. In answer to her questions Vanna said that she had been assigned a solo

and James was to speak a piece with some other boys. Of the cantata she said nothing. She had no doubt that if James did not, some one else would report the character of the entertainment and that she would incur her parents' severe displeasure by thus misrepresenting things, but for the life of her she could not bring herself to throttle her social triumph with her own hands.

So they kept on going to the meetings. James had grown very taciturn. So had Vanna. They followed each other to the schoolhouse and home with scarcely a word.

III.

Thus the weeks passed by and the twenty-third of December was but a few days off. The exercises were to be held at that early date so as not to interfere with similar exercises held in the churches on Christmas-eve.

In Vanna's heart hope had grown bright that her parents would not find out until it was over, and she refused to think of the future. Once Mam Wiegner asked James sharply: "Do you know your piece? Say it to me." But he demurred that he did not know it and that one could not say a dialog alone, and so he escaped. Vanna sang her angel-song repeatedly. Johnny asked for it often. But there was nothing in the wording of it that gave any hint of what accompanied it. Nevertheless Johnny and the song promised to be her undoing.

The child was at all times interested in the schoolhouse. It was a wonderland to him. He had begged many a time to go there with his brother and sister and now every time they started he would ask all possible questions about it. Finally his mother said: "If Father will take us, we will go to the Christmas exercises."

Mr. Wiegner practically never went to any thing in the nature of an entertainment. Vanna had felt perfectly safe that her parents would not come to see the cantata. Here was a new complication. What if they should come for Johnny's sake? The child's joyous iteration: "We're going to the school, we're going to the school, say, Pap, we are going?"

and the father's quiet answer, "Yes, if you want to go," made Vanna realize that the way of the transgressor is hard.

But if at first she felt it difficult to withdraw, she now felt it impossible.

On the evening of the twenty-third the children hurried thro' their chores and away to the schoolhouse without a word about the uneasiness that lay on each heart. Vanna had no fear that she would be humiliated in public by her father, and when they were once in the schoolhouse, mingling with the merry crowd, the shadow of the last six weeks melted quite away. She watched the play go on with breathless interest. It was only when she walked out from behind the improvised curtain, dressed in the shimmering white gown which the superintendent's wife had made for her, her long braids opened and rippling about her almost like a garment in themselves, that a sense of her undutifulness rushed over her. She stood motionless; her very heart seemed to be standing still.

Her song was to be sung without instrumental accompaniment, and it was necessary for old Yost to prompt her with a fiercely whispered "Sing" before the momentary stupor left her and she sang.

Quite alert now she searched the room as she sang. It was very full; even the long shelves in the rear served as roosting-places for forward spirits. Every inch of space was packed. She saw many admiring eyes turned upon her, but her parents were not there.

Her fear of parental displeasure disappeared before a new fear. She was sure that her father had promised Johnny to take him. To her overwrought mind no commonplace explanation was possible. Something must have happened; what could it be?

The exercises over, Vanna hurried home so fast that James, boy tho' he was, protested. The old dog rose lazily from the doorstep, as they came up. Inside mother sat by the table with her mending. Father was reading his Tribune. The baby's clothes hung on a nail in

the corner, showing that he had been put to bed as usual.

Vanna could hardly believe her eyes. In her relief she nearly burst into tears.

She kept her composure with an effort, answered her mother's questions and got away to bed as soon as possible.

The next afternoon James met his sister midway between house and barn. "Say, Van," he said, "Pap knew about that Santa Claus two weeks ago."

"How do you know he did?"

"Jim Yost says he came into the post-office when they were talking about it."

When a few days later Miss Jennie Ralston, the teacher, was telling her history-class that King James I could not see his way clear to grant the Puritans permission to leave England, but agreed to wink at their going, she was much gratified at the unusual signs of attention visible in James. Later that day James told his sister: "I guess Pap thought he'd wink at Santa."

But for Vanna still remained the mystery of her father's broken word. No one ever referred to Santa Claus. Years afterward, when two difficult boys caused Vanna to canvass her own childhood for solutions to the ever recurring questions of discipline, that almost forgotten episode occurred to her. She appealed to her brother, now a business-man with a thin spot beginning to show on the back of his head. "John, you have such an excellent memory of your childhood. Do you remember when James and I took part in a Christmas-exercise down in the old schoolhouse?"

"Yes, perfectly. You sang, 'Glory to God in the highest,' and I used to beg you to sing 'Glory—high'st.'"

"Well, how was it that Pap did not bring you and Mam to the schoolhouse that night as he had promised?"

"Why, do you remember the little red sled Pap made for me? He brought it in after you were gone. It wasn't painted and he let me paint at it right on the kitchen-table. Then I didn't want to go. I suspected Mother was in the secret. Anyway she did not say one word against having the paint on the table."

Historic Buildings of the Lehigh Valley

BY CHARLES R. ROBERTS, SECRETARY OF THE LEHIGH COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

II.

The Rhoads Homestead

THE substantial stone house built by Judge Peter Rhoads in 1762 still stands at 107 and 109 North Seventh street, in the city of Allentown, a short distance above Linden street.

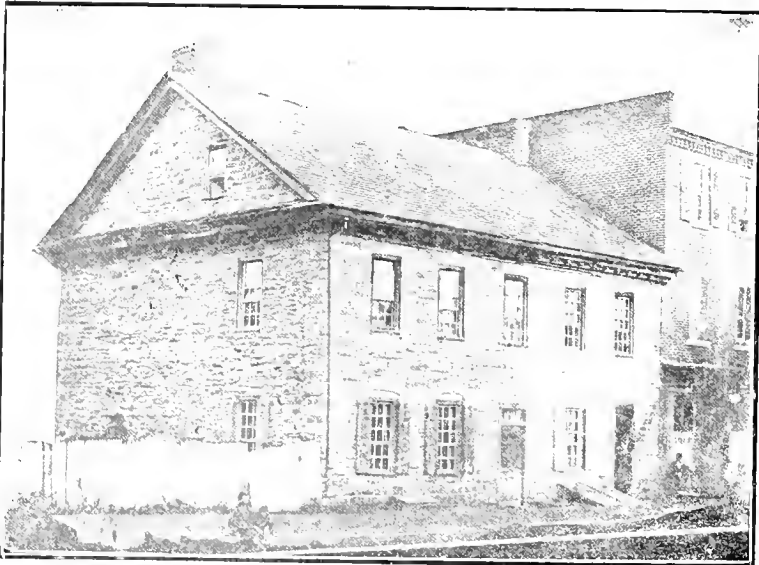
Peter Rhoads secured his education among the Quakers and returned to his native township (Whitehall) in 1761. Shortly after his return he began building this house on the site of the new town, called Northampton, then being laid out for Chief Justice William Allen. The paper showing the cost of the house, £77 5s., and the original first-floor plan are in the writer's possession.

Those who worked upon the house or hauled material to the site were the following: Daniel Horlacher, Anthony Meese, Jacob Brong, mason, Peter Yund, Daniel Rhoads, Jacob Köhler, Caspar Sterner, Jacob Moor, Philip Kugeler and James Preston. Material was purchased as follows: Lime from Henry Funk and David Deshler; 30 pounds of nails of Blass Boyer; 17

pounds of nails were bought in Bethlehem, and boards from Conrad Colp. The carpenters' work cost £9, the joiners' work £8 14s. 6d., the masons' work £6 2s. Shingles and cartage cost £3 5s., and hinges, locks and other iron work £2 14s.

The house is forty feet wide and thirty-five feet deep. The plan shows the walls to be two feet thick. The original oaken front door, three feet eleven inches wide, is still in place, with a huge lock and a large brass knob. The four front windows are three feet three inches wide. The hall is five feet wide, and from it doors open into the adjoining rooms and two stairways running to the second floor and to the cellar. There are four large rooms about fifteen feet square on each floor, each with its own small fire-place, two feet broad and twenty-two inches deep.

The northeastern room is the kitchen, in which is the large fire-place or *Kamin*, six feet long and three feet deep. This was connected with the bake-oven at the



THE RHOADS HOMESTEAD AS IT APPEARED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

side of the house. The rear door leading from the kitchen was originally in two parts, upper and lower, something that is seen only in very old houses.

Around all the rooms, about four feet from the floor, runs an ornamental molding, and that in the hall was considered exceptionally fine. The floors are of broad oaken planks, and the windows have small panes of glass. A noticeable feature of the windows is that they are fitted with leaden weights. There is also a large, roomy attic, which is remembered as the receptacle of all sorts of antiques.

The illustration shows the house as it appeared twenty-five years ago. It is still substantially the same, with the exception of a third door replacing the northern end-window in the front of the house.

The front room on the right was used as a store. Here already in 1768 Peter Rhoads kept a general store, and was taxed in that year two pounds as a shop-keeper. This store he kept until his death in 1814. Of his journals the first one is missing, but number two is in the writer's possession and is very interesting reading. The first customer recorded on May 2, 1774, the first entry, is Martin Derr, who purchased two ounces of tea at ten pence, and one quart of molasses at eight pence. Other customers on the same day were: Michael Jacoby, Jacob Spiner, John Lamb, Peter Birgy (who bought a silk handkerchief at 5s. 6d.), Aquila Tool (who purchased half a yard of lawn at 5s., tapes at 4d., and sundries for his maid at 5s. 8d.), Richard Backhouse, Peter Weaver and Jacob Acker.

Among other customers in the month of May, 1774, were Henry Kooken, Valentin Ritter, Matthias Albert, Robert Young, John Shout, Jacob Yund, George Leibert, Jacob Newhard, John Lehr (who bought a black cravat at 4s. 8d.), Adam Weeder, William Beil, David Haan, Jacob Henry, John Moll, Elizabeth Reitz, John Miller, Jr., John Barns, the mason, Andrew Gongwear, Mary Derr, Valentin Fatzinger, Peter Linn, Adam Shoemaker, Geo. Adam Weaver (who bought a Testament at five shillings), Lawrence Klein, Sarah Brown and

Catharine Mensch. The business of May, 1774, amounted to £73 18s. 3d.

Peter Rhoads was born in Whitehall township in 1737. He married Sabina Kohler, daughter of Jacob Kohler, of Egypt, in 1762, and in 1763 occupied his new home. In that year, upon the organization of Zion's Reformed congregation, he was chosen one of the deacons. He was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention of July, 1776, and by that convention was chosen to represent Northampton county in the Committee of Safety, a very important position. Subsequently he was a member of the Legislature from 1777 to 1781. In 1784 he was commissioned president judge of Northampton county, and served as such until 1791, when, under the constitution of 1790, of which convention he was also a member, he was commissioned associate judge of Northampton county, and served as such until 1812. Lehigh county was then erected and he was appointed senior associate judge of this county, which position he held until his death, making a total service on the bench of thirty years. He was also president of the Lehigh Navigation Company, and was the first burgess of Allentown, in 1811.

His son, Peter Rhoads, Jr., became the owner of the property and resided there until his death in 1836, when it descended to his children, Stephen, Juliana and Maria B. Rhoads, who sold it on March 25, 1873, to Charles Losch, the present owner.

In this house have been entertained many famous and prominent people. Among them may be mentioned Chief Justice William Allen, his son James Allen, and his granddaughters Anne Penn, Mary and Elizabeth Allen; Chief Justice Tilghman, Governor James Hamilton, Judge James Biddle, Joseph Hopkinson (the author of *Hail, Columbia*), Colonel James Burd, Samuel Sitgreaves, General Daniel Hiester, and many others, whom tradition or record have failed to mention. Having stood for almost a century and a half, let us hope that it will stand many more years as a monument to the industry and energy of the Revolutionary patriot who reared it.

Literary Gems

DIE CHRISTBAEUME

VON L. WUERRERT.

Keinen Vogel horst du singen draussen auf den kalten Bäumen,
Biene nicht und Kafer summen. Aus ist's mit den Sommerträumen.
Aber durch die Tannenzweige, durch die grünen Fichtenkronen,
Klingt es leis, als müßten Engel liebend in der Nähe wohnen.

Horch, o horch! Die Engel singen: "Grüne Kronen, grüne Zweige,
Seid bereit, euch einzustellen zu der Weihnacht Himmelsreiche!
Seid bereit, viel bunte Lichter, gold'ne Frucht und Glanz zu tragen!
Kinderherzen, Engelherzen, werden euch entgegen schlagen."

CHRISTMAS-TREES

TRANSLATION BY H. A. S.

Not a bird is now heard singing in the trees so cold and bare;
Not a bee or bug is humming. All our summer dreams so fair
Have an end. But thro' the tops of fir and pine the breezes sigh
With a gentle music, as if loving angels lingered nigh.

Hear, O hear the angels singing: "O ye boughs of living green!
Be ye ready to adorn the merry, festive Christmas-scene,
Brilliant lights of many colors, golden fruits and gifts to bear!
Hearts of children and of angels throb to bid you welcome there."

CHRISTMAS-EVE SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

BY "ONKEL JEFF."

Note.—This poem is found in Onkel Jeff's *Reminiscences of Youth and Other Poems*, entitled "Christmas-Eve Sixty Years Ago." But as it was written December 21, 1891, we had to change the title and the first line to adapt it to the present time.—Ed.

The storm without was howling five and seventy years ago,
While over hilltops howling sped the quickly drifting snow.
The windows rattled loudly as the wind swept swiftly by,
While in the kitchen proudly played my sisters, brothers, I.

For mother was preparing each some Christmas token fair;
For us children she seemed caring, as we played around her chair.
The floor an extra scrubbing had received the day before,
And the stove an extra rubbing, where it stood upon the floor,

And the shoes a thoro' greasing, in a row behind the door.
All things looked neat and pleasing, as they ne'er had looked before.
We romped in expectation on the smooth, uncovered floor,
For tomorrow would be Christmas — this I knew and nothing more.

All at once I heard a tapping at the window near the door,
As of some one rudely rapping, such as ne'er I'd heard before.
Like a chick that runs to cover, to my mother then I sprung,
Sore affrighted and all over trembling, to her skirts I clung.

I looked and saw them standing at the window near the door,
Some strange creatures, hideous, punting, and I thought I heard them roar.
Now, this surely is Kriss Kringle (I had heard of him before),
For I heard the bells now tinkle, as they stamped upon the floor.

Then again I heard them rapping loudly, this time on the door—
Rapping, rapping, loudly rapping, as they stamped upon the floor.
Then they opened at the bidding of my father, stern and rude,
Thro' the open door now flitting, and before my mother stood.

Were they demons, ghosts or human? I, affrighted, could not tell,
That they were not creatures human, this I thought I knew quite well.
Then I felt my heart was throbbing as it ne'er had throbb'd before;
They my peace of mind were robbing, as they stood there on the floor.

With a bundle of long switches they struck hard upon the floor,
And I thought of ghosts and witches, for of such I'd heard before.
Then of me they both demanded that I say my evening prayer;
With such fierceness they commanded, to refuse I did not dare.

Now on my knees, obeying their fierce and stern commands,
I was sobbing fast and praying, with my raised and clasped hands.
Then with nuts and shellbarks rattling on the hard, uncovered floor,
With the others they kept battling, as they tried to gather more.

I clung closer to my mother, as they thrashed around the floor;
And I thought I'd surely smother, as my face I buried more.
But all at once they vanished and closed the double door,
And then my fears were banished, banished to return no more.

For two sisters that unnoticed had gone out some time before,
Now returned again, I noticed, thro' the wide and double door.
This explained to me the reason why with us they would not stay,
But returned in proper season, when the ghosts had gone away.

'M CAPTAIN JONES SEI CHRISCH-KINDEL

A SELECT STORY AS TOLD BY THE HERO HIMSELF.

Captain Joseph Jones of Pineville was head over ears in love with pretty Mary Stolling. He knew that he stood well in her favor, yet he was too timid to "pop the question" to her and ask her to become his own. More than a score of times he had resolved to speak of the momentous matter at the very next opportunity; but strange to say, as soon as he was alone with the dear girl his tongue seemed made of lead and he could not utter a word on the subject. After considering long and carefully how to go about this thing, a bright idea suddenly struck him and he formed a plan, the carrying out of which we will now let him relate in his own words.

"'s war Owets vor Christidag. Ich hab mich selber sauw'r gebalwirt g'hat, hab en funkelweie Suht a'g'hat un hab so schlick ausgeguckt wie en Bigelisa. So geht ich niwer zu der alta Wittfrah Stolling. Sie war'n allzamma daheim; die Mamma un ihra drei Meed hen all un da Offa rum g'hoekt. Wie ich in die Schtub kumm, do fanga die Sally un die Kitty a' zu laehn wie all nix Guts.

"Well nau," hen sie g'saat, "do is meiner Seelis der Joe! Hen mer's net g'saat, er deet noch kumma den Owet?"

Ich war ganz verschaunt. "Was is los, Sally? Was het ihr vun mir zu schwetza g'hat?" haw ich g'frogt.

"Ei, die Mary hot en Hinkelbee iwer die Dühr gelegt, Joe, un do bischt du glei drui reikumma. Ich will doch wetta, sie hot gewisst, dass du kumma wit."

Die Mary is feierrot im G'sicht warra. "Schwetz doch ken so Dummheeta, Sally," hot sie g'saat. "An so eppes haw ich jo gar net gedenkt."

"Legel's juscht net, Mary," hot die Kitty a'g'fanga. "Ich hab's jo selber g'sehma wie du's geduh hoescht. Der Joe is 's erscht druf rei kumma, un der gebt dei Mann nau, so sehr as eppes."

Nau het ich en Chance g'hat for grad raus zu plumpsa mit der Frog, eb sie mich dann wot for en Mann; awer die Mary hot sich so g'schämt, dass ich sie gedauert hab, un ich hab ah werklich 's Herz net g'hat, for eppes zu saga. Ich krig mer awer 'n Schtuhl, hol's Hinkelbee runner vun der Dühr un schteek's in da Tschäcketsack.

"Was der Bettel wit du dann mit dem alta Knocha im Sack, Captain?" frogt die Mary.

"Uhwewa will ich en so lang ich leb, as en Chrischkindel vum schenscha Medel in ganz Pineville." Wie ich des g'saat hab, is sie als noch roter warra.

"Nau, Captain, schamscht du dich dann net, so eppes zu saga?" Un do hot sie mich so schelmisch a'geguckt, dass 's mer ganz warm un's Herz warra is.

"Joe," sagt un die Sally, "nau muscht du der Mary awer ah en Chrischkindel gewa, das sie nihwewa kann so long as sie lebt."

"Wie ich jung war," hot no die ah; Frah a'g'fanga, "do hen mer als uf Christidag Owet unser Schtrimp uf'ghenkt—"

"Ei, Mamma," saga die Meed, "wer werd dann so bei ma Mannskert vun Schtrimp schwetza?" Sie hen gemeent, des war arg impolite, un sin ganz rot warra.

"Ach, fiddlesticks!" sagt die Mamma, u'geduldig, "geht mer doch weg mit eira dumma Notions vun was mer schwetza darf. Was is dann do letz drin, wam mer vun Schtrimp schwetzt? Awer heitzudag wolla die Leit so

fei sei un so polite, dass sie sich sebanma, eppes ber'm rechta Nama zu heessa, un sin doch ken Dreck besser wie sie vor Alters wara. Wie ich so jung war wie du, Mary, do haw ich als owets mei Schrimpt ufgehnt, un margets war'n sie als voll Christkindelcher."

Die Meed hen widder gelacht, dass 'na die Aaga iwergehoffa sin.

"Never mind!" sag die Mary. "Der Captain werd mer schun eppes gewa for'n Christkindel."

"Gewiss," sag ich. "Was ich verschprech, des halt ich, do kannsch dich druf verlossa. Ich hab dei Christkindel schun reddi, Mary, awer 's is so gross, dass 's 'n Dreihuschelsack nemmt for's haltu. Wann du mer nau verschprechsch, dass du's dei Lewa lang uñhewa wit, dann solsch't's marga frih hawa."

"All right, Captain! Do is mei Hand, ich verschprech's."

"Nau, Sally un Kitty," sag ich zu da annera Meed, "ihr sein Zeiga. Ihr hen unser Barga g'heert."

"Sel is recht," saga sie. "Mir sin Zeiga." Die Mary war awer doch wunnerfitzig.

"Ich will's gewiss gut uñhewa, awer—was is's dann?" frogt sie.

"Never mind," sag ich, "henk juseht 'n Sack raus uf die Portsch, ob du in's Bett geseht, un marga frih wersch't's schun ausfina."

"Is es dann schur, dass du eppes in da Sack duseht, wann ich 'n uñhenk? Du wit mich verleiht juseht fuhla."

"Gewiss net. Ich duh eppes nei, awer du musch't's no d'halta so lang as du lebscht, wie du verschprocha hoscht."

"Well, ich bin so gut as mei Wart. Ich denk, du deetscht mer nix a'bieta, was net Uñhewas wert war."

So hen mer noch 'n bissel weiter geplaudert. Iwer dem is die alt Frah uf ihrem Schuhl ei'g'schlofa, un wie's neina g'schlaga hot, haw ich gut Nacht g'saat un bin grad heem ganga.

Ich hab gewart bis noch halb Nacht, bis ich schur war, dass sie an's Stollings nau all im Bett wara; dann geh ich widder nuf un schleich ganz sachta darch's hinner Gartadhrle nuf noeh'm Haus. Schur genunk, do henkt en grosser Mehlsack uf der hinnera Portsch. Er war mit ma Schrick all a Balka feschtmgemacht un hot so hoch g'hangt, dass mer net händig hot neikumma kenna; awer ich war geditermt, mich net ausdnh zu lossa. Ich nem en paar Schuhl un schtell sie uf die Bank, krattel nuf un loss mich no ganz sachta am Schrick nanner in da Sack. Wie ich awer drin war, fangt er a' h' un her schwinga un schlagt die Schuhl vun der Bank runner. Sel hot 'n ferchterliche Zucht gemacht, doch is scheint's Niemand wacker warra as juseht der gross Hund. Der hot a'g'fanga im Hof rumschpringa wie net g'scheit un hot geät as wann er alles verreissa wot. Er hot iwerall rumg'schnuffelt, un ich hab mich im Sack zamma gedrickt un so ruhig g'halta wie en Meisel. Ich hab net getraut mich zu verrega, wega dem alta Schwernerer; 's war mer ah bang, der Schrick deet verreissa un ich deet runner falla—no het er mich g'hat.

Iwer a Weil hot er sich gedischtert, awer mir is die Zeit bal gar sehterns lang warra. 's war 'n wieschte kalte Nacht, un wann ich net so heess in die Mary verhebt gewest war, dann war ich meiner Sechs verfrora, eb der Dag kumma is. Ich bin's letscht ganz kalt warra un's war ken Placka an mein ganza Leib meh warm as juseht grad mei Herz.

So is about 'n Sehtun druf ganga. Wann ich net als an die Mary gedenkt het, dann het ich's gar net anhalsa kenna. Dann fihrt der Schinner den alta Mingo ruf uf die Portsch. Der fangt nau a' um mei Sack rum zu schnuffla un 'n Jacht zu macha, as wann er 'n Fuchs ufg'schpiert het. "Wau! wau! wau!" is 's Geblaff widder abganga. Glef fangt er a' gega da Sack nuf zu tschumpa. "Pack dich, Mingo!" haw ich gekrischa, freilich ganz leis, dass mich jo Niemand im Haus heera deet; awer er hot juseht noch arger gebrillt. "Wit du nau ruhig sei, du Sehlingel!" kreisch ich noch lauter, for 's war mer dootbang, er mecht beissa un verleicht erget's Halt packa an mer, wu ich's net gleicha deet; awer's hot nix gebett, er hot in em Schtick fart gedobt. Ich hab's no mit guta Wart gepowirt un hab 'm ganz feischtelig gepiffa; awer's war all for ewaviel. Er is uf der Wacht geblwa un hot die ganz Nacht furt g'haust. Ihr kennt mer's glawa, dass ich, froh war, wie ich die Hahna mol hab kreha heera, un wie der Dag endlich kumma is. Wann ich en Sehtun länger in sellem Sack bleiwa het missa, ich glaab wahrhaftig net, dass ich meh lewendig rauskumma war.

Die alt Mrs. Stoffling war's Erscht, wu uf die Portsch kumma is. Der Hund hot sie geweckt g'hat.

"Was der Deihenker hot dann der Joe in der Mary ihra Sack g'schafft?" sagt sie. "'s muss eppes Lewendiges sei, schunsch deet der Mingo net so wiescht a'geh."

Sie is no widder in's Haus un hot da Meed gerufa. Bal kumma sie all uf die Portsch un begucka den Sack hinna un vorna, hen sich awer net getraut en a'zurega.

"Was der Dickens kann do drin sei?" frogt die Mary.

"'s is schur eppes Lewendiges," sagt die Sally.

"Kum, Sally," sagt die Kitty, "mer wolla den Sack mol losmacha un langsam runner lossa."

"Awer basst uf, dass ihr 'm net weh dut, un dass es net raus springt!" sagt die Mary. "Gehschet zurück, Mingo!" Der Hund is all dieweil drum rum gekäntert un 's war gut for mich, dass sie 'n net beigelost hen. Vum Rauschpringa war ken G'föhr, ich war ganz schteif g'frora.

Die zwee Meed schteiga uf die Bank, macha da Schrick los un lossa da Sack ganz sachta runner. No hen die Weibslait awer die Aaga uferissa, wie ich aus 'm Sack gekrawelt bin. Ich war vun Kop zu Fuss mit Mehlschtaab gepudert un die Zeh hen mer g'schnattert vor Kelt.

"Mei Lebtag nochamol!" kreischt die Mary un schlägt die Hand owig 'im Kop zamma. "'s is jo der Captain schwer."

"Ja, ja, Mary," sag ich, "ich bin 's schwer, dei Christkindel, was du b'halten wilt, so lang du lebst." Ich hab all iwer g'schüttelt un schier nimme schwetza kenna.

Die Schwesstra hen sich ganz bucklig gelacht iwer mei Schtreech un gemeent, mau wotten sie ah jeda Christdtag Owet 'n Sack ulhenka, dass en Mann for sie nei'schluppa

deet. Die Mary hot ah mitgelacht, no sagt sie ganz frendlich: "Well, Joe, ich schtick zu mein Barga!" is awer doch widder ganz rot warra. Sie hot so hilsch gegueckt, dass ich widder ufgedacht war, wann ich zu ma Eiszappa g'frola gewest war.

Bal noch sellem Christdtag Marga hen mer g'heiert, die Mary un ich, un sitter sellem sin mer die ghleeklich-scha Leit. Es hot mich noch ken emol gereit, dass ich for sie in 'n Mehlsack g'schluppt un schier gar verfrola bin.

WORSHIPING THE INFANT CHRIST

BY BISHOP REGINALD HEBER, 1811.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid,
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Savior of all.

Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion
Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid,
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

DIE ANBETUNG DES CHRISTKINDES

DEUTSCHE UEBERSETZUNG VON H. A. S.

Schönster und bester der himmlischen Heere,
Strahle in unsern unnachteten Sinn,
Morgenstern, winkend aus leuchtender Sphäre,
Führe zum göttlichen Kinde uns hin.

Muss bei den Türen im Stalle es liegen,
Ist doch die Krippe von Engeln umstellt,
Stannend seh'n sie ihn im Schlummer sich wiegen,
Schöpfer, Beherrscher und Heiland der Welt.

Was ist das Opfer, mit dem wir erscheinen?
Edoms Gewürze, so lieblich und hold,
Perlen des Meeres sammt Edelsteinen,
Myrrhen des Waldes und köstliches Gold?

Bringen umsonst wir die herrlichsten Gaben,
Dass uns dafür seine Huld sei gewährt;
Nur das anbetende Herz will er haben,
Lieber das Flehen der Armen er hört.

Schönster und bester der himmlischen Heere,
Strahle in unsern unnachteten Sinn,
Morgenstern, winkend aus leuchtender Sphäre,
Führe zum göttlichen Kinde uns hin.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

A Merry Christmas to You All!

THIS is the greeting we wish to put into the mouth of "our boy" as we send him forth on his round to-day. It is somewhat premature, to be sure; but he does not expect to see you again before Christmas, and surely he does not want to miss the opportunity to give you the compliments of the season. "Better early than too late," you know.

His wallet is supplied with dainties specially prepared for Christmas, which we hope will be duly enjoyed by all. We regret however that we are unable to offer you quite all we had planned and promised. One of our caterers failed to provide what we had ordered; one article announced in last month's bulletin is missing from our repertory. It is not our fault, so pray have us excused.

A Question of Growth and Gain

With this issue *THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN* completes its seventh year. Instead of coming four times, as it used to do under Dr. Croll's *régime*, or six times as we promised when we took it in charge, it has visited you eight times during 1906. Its pages have been enlarged by one half, and instead of the 288 which we promised we have given you 440. In other words, while increasing the subscription-price by one half only, and not even that for those who took advantage of our special offers, we have given you almost three and a half times as much reading-matter as the quarterly used to bring. Of the quality of this matter, its increased variety and attractiveness, of our widened scope in general and our symposiums in particular, we will not speak to-day.

There surely has been an increase and a growth that has marked a decided gain for the readers of this magazine. But whether this growth has also marked a gain for the publishers, is quite a different question. We may as well be frank and say outright that all this increase of frequency and size, of variety and scope, to us has been a sacrifice and a risk. We

have spent much time, labor and money in our efforts to make the magazine larger and better in every way, more like what we think it ought to be and what our patrons may expect; but the increase in patronage, we are sorry to say, has not been sufficient to reimburse the outlay. We have labored in hope, but our hope is still deferred. *THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN* still lives, but it does not thrive, and its future lies in the hands of those whom it is so faithfully trying to serve.

The Pennsylvania-Germans at Allentown

On the second day of November the Pennsylvania-German Society held its sixteenth annual meeting under the hospitable roof of Muhlenberg College at Allentown. This city, like Lancaster, Lebanon, Harrisburg and Reading, has twice had the privilege of entertaining that honorable body.

The day was fair and mild, and the attendance of members and friends was larger than it had been for several years. The business-sessions were held in the College chapel. President Haas welcomed the visitors in the name of the faculty, and E. H. Reninger, Esq., substituting Mayor Schaeffer, tendered them the freedom of the city. Col. Zimmerman, of Reading, replied to these greetings in a well prepared address, dwelling briefly on the notable achievements of our German pioneers and showing that they must always occupy a prominent place in our country's history. The address of Judge Endlich was an eloquent tribute to the many good qualities of the Teutonic race, qualities most essential to the making of good American citizens.

Constitution Unchanged—Historical Papers

Amendments to the Society's constitution offered last year, for the purpose of creating a nominating committee and preventing the immediate re-election of members of the executive committee, were laid on the table after an exhaustive discussion by Dr. Schmauk, of Lebanon, showing how much the Society's

work would be impeded by the change proposed. The membership was reported at 502, 47 members having been added during the year, while 11 died. The finances of the Society also continue in a prosperous condition, Benjamin M. Nead of Harrisburg, was chosen president, and Dr. G. T. Ettinger, of Muhlenberg, and Prof. John Eycerman, of Easton, were made vice-presidents for the ensuing year. Dr. N. H. Keyser, of Germantown, and Dr. William K. Sahn, of Pittsburg, were elected members of the executive committee.

When the Society reassembled after the noonday lunch, William J. Heller, Esq., of Easton, read a very interesting paper on "The Gunmakers of Old Northampton," a subject new and richly fraught with historical information. Bishop N. B. Grubb followed with the early history of the Mennonite church in Germantown, which began with the small company of Crefelders who in October, 1683, planted there the first German colony on American soil. At the conclusion of his paper the bishop presented to the Society a gavel made of wood taken from the floor of the second Mennonite church in Germantown, built in 1770, which wood is said to have been imported from the old country.

A Feast of Reason and Wit

The customary afternoon excursion to points of interest was omitted, but the banquet which followed in the evening at the Hotel Allen was a very enjoyable affair. Dr. Ettinger presided as toast-master and happily introduced the speakers and their themes, as follows:

The Pennsylvania-German as I Know Him—Hon. William S. Kirkpatrick, LL.D., of Easton.

The Return of the Native—Prof. Joseph H. Dubbs, D.D., of Lancaster.

Germanic Contributions to American Civilization—Prof. Robert K. Buehrle, Ph.D., of Lancaster.

Are the Pennsylvania-Germans a "Peculiar People"?—Rev. George W. Sandt, D.D., of Philadelphia.

Pennsylvania-German Reminiscences in Verse—Thos. J. B. Rhoads, M.D. ("Onkel Jeff"), of Boyertown.

Pennsylvania-German Wit and Humor—Oliver S. Henninger, Editor Daily City Item, of Allentown.

All the speeches were edifying and entertaining to a high degree, and we should be glad to reproduce them all in these pages, were it possible. As it is we take great pleasure in presenting one of them, that of Dr. Sandt, and we feel sure that all our readers will peruse it with pleasure and profit.

Plea for a Penna.-German Anthology

An important matter not to be overlooked in this connection was the motion made to the Society by Dr. Buehrle, of Lancaster, to make a collection of Pennsylvania-German literature, prose and verse, in suitable form for preservation. The proposal was not new; it was made three years ago at Lebanon, and a committee was then appointed to take suitable action upon it. But for reasons which we can only surmise that committee failed to make a report.

At our request Dr. Buehrle has submitted his plea in the form of a short contribution which appears on another page of this issue. We hope this plea will rouse the attention of all who love our vernacular and desire to see it perpetuated, as it deserves to be, in a literary monument of its own. There is a mass of dialect writing afloat in books and periodicals that is worthy of being gathered and preserved, and, as Dr. Buehrle says, there is no time to be lost, if the work is to be properly done. The Pennsylvania-German Society, which has done so much to rescue from oblivion the history of our people, is certainly able to do as much for their dialect, and should do it.

One of the first steps to be taken in the preparation of the desired anthology, in our opinion, will be the establishment of fixed rules for the spelling of the dialect. It would be "confusion worse confounded" to reproduce all those things as they are written or printed now. But whither shall we look for a proper authority to determine the literary form in which the peculiar speech of our people, slowly but surely deteriorating and dying out, shall be handed down to our posterity? Our columns are open to any one who desires to discuss this subject further.

Clippings from Current News

A New History of Berks

The history of Berks county written and published by M. L. Montgomery in 1880 is now being revised and brought up to time by its author. It will reappear in two quarto volumes, one of which will be devoted exclusively to genealogy and biography.

A Tablet for Conrad Weiser

A memorial tablet in memory of Conrad Weiser, the well known Indian interpreter and friend of the red men in Colonial days, will be placed on the west side of the Stichter building, in Reading, which stands on the site of the building erected by him about 1750.

A Marker for Elizabeth Morgan's Grave

A fine Delaware-Indian corn-mill, or mortar, 18 inches wide and deep and weighing 550 pounds, has been placed by the Northampton Historical and Genealogical Society in the Easton library grounds upon the grave of Elizabeth Morgan, after whom Morgan's hill in Williams township, Northampton county, is named. Elizabeth Morgan was the daughter of a peace-loving Quaker, and tradition says that she abstracted the lead from the weights of her father's clock and gave them to her soldier-lover, Hugh Bay, for bullets. Her father sent her to Europe, but she returned and three days later married Hugh Bay. After three years she was widowed and then married Dr. Abel Morgan, brother of Gen. Daniel Morgan. When Dr. Morgan had died in Philadelphia she bought the hotel on top of Morgan's hill, where for years she officiated as arbiter of disputes for the people for miles around. Local tradition says that when the hearse carrying her body reached the gate of the old burial-ground in Easton, carriages of mourners were still coming over the old Philadelphia road on Lachenauer heights.

A Veteran Constable

Kutztown claims to have the oldest constable in point of service in eastern Pennsylvania. He is Charles Glasser, who has held that office there for thirty-nine consecutive years. Mr. Glasser was born June 7, 1827, in Maxatawny, as a son of the long deceased Jonathan Glasser.

Schwenkfelders Lose a Royal Patron

By the recent sudden death of Prince Albrecht of Prussia, a member of the German imperial family, the publication of the *Corpus Schwenkfeldianorum* has sustained a severe blow. Prince Albrecht and Dr. C. D. Hartman, the editor of the work named, had become acquainted thro' Prof. Heiner, a painter, and the prince had at once manifested a lively interest in the American scholar's literary enterprise. At his suggestion the advance sheets of the first volume of the *Corpus* were forwarded to him and he read them thro', warmly com-

mending the work and promising to aid it by all means in his power. It was expected that he would bring it to the attention of Emperor William himself.

In Honor of Thomas Hovenden

A meeting of the Montgomery Historical Society was held November 3 at Plymouth Meeting to honor the memory of Thomas Hovenden, the painter, who lost his life on August 14, 1805, within a few hundred feet of the old Quaker meeting-house, while heroically but vainly trying to save an unknown nine-year-old girl from death at a railroad-crossing. Across the road from the burial-ground in which his remains repose is the Hovenden homestead, where his widow and children still live. It is an old-fashioned stone mansion, almost hidden by trees and shrubbery. His studio was destroyed by fire August 13, 1901. His daughter, Martha Hovenden, is studying sculpture at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. At the memorial meeting Harrison Morris, formerly of the Academy of Fine Arts, gave an address, and Rev. E. P. H. Pfötteicher, of Norristown, read a paper on Mr. Hovenden.

He Will Be Secretary Houck Now

By the victory of the Republican ticket at the recent State-election Hon. Henry Houck, the well known Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction, has secured the office of State Secretary of Internal Affairs. To the congratulations of his many friends in the teaching profession and outside of it we join our own with a hearty good will.

A Venerable Sunday-school Teacher

The eightieth birthday of Miss Caroline Fisher, the oldest Sunday-school teacher in the State, was celebrated October 28 by St. Paul's Lutheran Sunday-school in York, whose infant department she has taught for sixty years. There have been periods of twenty years during which she has not missed one Sunday.

Rededication of an Old Church

The First Reformed church at Easton was rededicated November 11, after having been remodeled and furnished with a new \$5,000 organ. The church was built in 1776, and during the Revolution was used as a hospital, which Washington and Lafayette visited. Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Richards, of Lancaster, preached the dedicatory sermon. The church has been enlarged and remodeled several times, but the original wall remains unchanged.

A Spanish Coin of 1773.

Anson C. Kistler, of Lynnville, Lehigh county, while husking corn found a Spanish silver coin minted in 1773 and very well preserved. A house once stood near the place where it was found, and a graveyard is near by, but nobody knows now who lived in the house or who is buried in the graveyard.

OBITUARIES

William H. Livingood, a member of the Berks county bar since 1860, died suddenly in his office at Reading October 22. He was born in Womelsdorf in 1837.

Isaac Smink, one of the oldest residents of Shamokin, died there October 21. He was born in Hanover, Lehigh county, seventy-eight years ago and had been living in Shamokin forty-two years.

Rebecca Hinkle, widow of Jeremiah Hinkle, died October 23 at Wilderville, Mich., upon the farm taken up by her husband in 1835. Her maiden name was Waltham and she was born in Allentown, Pa., September 20, 1812. She was married at nineteen, and four years later she and her family moved overland in an ox-team, accompanied by O-bea Wilder, to Michigan, where each pioneer settled upon the

spot which remained his home until death. In those days Detroit was their nearest trading point. Mrs. Hinkle was totally blind for fifteen years.

Abner K. Stauffer, one of the most prominent members of the Berks county bar, to which he was admitted April 15, 1860, died at Reading November 1. He was born at Boyertown October 11, 1830, as the youngest son of Judge John Stauffer. He was a graduate of Franklin and Marshall, a veteran of the Civil War and an ex-councilman.

Dr. J. C. Gerhard, one of the foremost alienists in Pennsylvania and a former superintendent of the State Insane Hospital at Harrisburg, died there November 20. He was 64 years of age. His fatal illness was caused by pressure on the base of the brain, resulting from exposure to a rainstorm, when visiting a patient in Steelton.

Chat with Correspondents

Fonetic Spelling Again

Our Philadelphia correspondent whose remarks in favor of simplified spelling, tho not by him intended for publication, were quoted in our October issue, has sent us another communication on the same subject. He makes an earnest appeal in behalf of teachers and pupils already overburdened with work, and we take the liberty to quote again, as follows:

There is no doubt that the men of letters of the lead of the new movement are deeply in earnest in the matter, and fully realize the necessity of some alterations in the present method of English instruction. The old fog spirit which has so long controlled the men in charge of our higher schools must eventually give way to more progressive ideas, and the intended innovations will no doubt enable the coming generation to take hold of the English language more readily and in less time, so that it is only a question of time when public sentiment will overrule the present objections against a change of spelling. The proposed changes do not strike at the root of the language, but simply aim to establish a method by which the pupil will have less difficulty in acquiring knowledge thereof, and I must confess I fail to see why there should be any opposition to the introduction of changes which must necessarily make the work of both teacher and scholar easier. As stated in a previous letter, it is nothing but a prejudice that does oppose the new method, and therefore should not be permitted to stand in the way of the present movement. The work of the schoolroom, from the lowest to the highest, at the present day is a hundredfold more arduous and trying to the pupil than it was even fifty years ago, and I feel that it is our duty to lessen the strain on both pupil and teacher as much as possible. It can not be that our higher schools aim at simply turning out graduates with minds clogged with a heterogeneous jumble of book-knowledge that adds very little, if anything, to their equipment for the practical duties of life, altho it must be admitted that too many of our higher institutions of learning vie with each other in cramming the pupil with much useless knowledge—a fact frequently observed among those who have carried off the highest honors at school, after they come to engage in the great battle of life. This being the case, why oppose even the smallest attempt to improve or simplify the curriculum of the schools? Fortunately the strongest opposition to the fonetic form is found among the English, who we all know do not furnish the best or purest examples of English speech; hence their in-

fluence is not very likely to place any serious obstruction in the way of adopting the new method. The English-speaking public in general is evidently ready, or soon will be, to follow the lead of the men who are seeking the change, and John Bull, in spite of his prejudices, will have to abide by the world's decision on this point. The present age is entirely too progressive as well as aggressive to permit itself to be hampered unnecessarily by obsolete methods and notions which have no foundation in reason or common sense, and the sooner the dictum of authority is accepted the better for all who are trained in the use and practise of the English language. No one can accuse the advocates of fonetic spelling of seeking notoriety in the new departure, and therefore no one should hinder its achievement.

A More Radical Spelling-Reformer

It may appear presumptuous in a Pennsylvania-"Dutch" editor to meddle so much with English spelling, but here is another communication along the same line, written by a much more radical reformer than the writer just quoted. He is Dr. R. K. Buehrle, of Lancaster, whose plea for a Pennsylvania-German anthology appears on another page of this number. His contribution itself, being spelled as he wrote it, is evidence of the fact. In the personal letter which accompanies it, he says:

As you will see, some words are spelt differently from the usual way. If circumstances will allow, I would very much like to have my speling allowed in print, as I believe this is the only consistent reason for writers who desire simplified speling to be heard about. I think that the pres should not deny this privilege to writers who so request, because doing so does not commit the publication to the simplified speling. It simply grants the freedom that must be granted if the people at large ar to become familiar with simplified speling. It seems to me that any other course pursued by those in charge of newspapers and other publications is a species of tyranny which, of course, you do not wish to be guilty of.

A reference at the top of his letterhead shows that Dr. Buehrle follows the amended spellings given in the Standard Dictionary and Webster's International. These involve greater changes than are recommended by the Simpli-

fied Spelling Board, whose list of three hundred words has lately roused so much discussion. Dr. Buchrle intimates that the introduction of simplified forms lies largely in the hands of editors and publishers, and he calls upon these to give the reformers a fair show. No doubt he has good reason on his side in saying so. But editors and publishers also are human and often disposed to regard the tastes and wishes of the reading public in preference to their own. And frequently the real power behind the throne in the editorial office, the final arbiter of spelling and punctuation, is the proof-reader, to whose judgment the editor himself is apt to bow deferentially.

Simplification Slow But Sure

This agitation for simplified spelling has been going on for a long time. About fifteen years ago Funk and Wagnalls, of New York, who afterwards published the Standard Dictionary, sent out a list of revised spellings and rules, substantially the same as those now offered the general public, to editors, authors, teachers and business-men throughout the country, requesting them to signify their willingness to use these forms instead of the old ones. Upon receipt of three hundred such acceptances Funk and Wagnalls would adopt the revised spellings in all their own publications. The fact that they did not then adopt them

showed that the required number of acceptances were not received.

We mention this futile effort to warn the spelling-reformers that they must not expect to gain their ends in a few months or a year. The people at large are conservative in the matter of spelling, and we must confess that we ourselves are somewhat reluctant to accept all the changes the Simplified Spelling Board recommends. But tho we have no *Kultusminister* and no National Academy to dictate in this matter, tho the molding of our orthography must be left to the people itself, we feel confident, as we have declared before, that the cause of spelling-reform is bound to triumph in the end, and that teachers and learners of English will alike rejoice in the relief thereby assured them.

Wanted: Dotterer's Perkiomen Region

A subscriber makes inquiry about the magazine entitled "The Perkiomen Region, Past and Present," which was published by the late Henry S. Dotterer in three volumes, the first extending from September, 1804, to August, 1805, the second from April 15, 1809, to March 15, 1900, the third from May 1, 1900, to April 1, 1901. Any reader having these volumes and willing to dispose of them will confer a great favor by stating his address and the price asked to the publisher of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN.

Genealogical Notes and Queries

This department is open to all our subscribers. Contributors will please state their questions and information as clearly and briefly as possible, being particularly careful in writing names and dates.

This department will hereafter be in charge of Luther R. Kelker, State Archivist at Harrisburg, Pa., who has kindly consented to answer genealogical queries submitted by our readers.

Who Was Tamar Mickley?

Among the papers left by my grandmother, Mrs. Hugh Meredith, born Phoebe Bradshaw, is an old letter which I have copied with the hope that perhaps some reader of THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN may be able to give me some information of her friend, Tamar Mickley, who wrote this letter. My grandmother lived in Buckingham township, Bucks county, Pa., about a mile east of Doylestown. What was Tamar's maiden name? Whom did she marry? Did little Ann grow to maturity and leave descendants?

The letter reads as follows:

Greensburg, January 12, 1801

Dear Miss Phoebe Bradshaw:

I take this opportunity to let thee know that I am in health at present and I hope these lines may find thee in the same. I am not sorry that I came here to this solitary place as you called it. I find myself happy and contented here, and I wish thee better than myself. If possible give my

love to father and mother and brothers. I must inform thee that Mary Kinsey has had the small pox very light, she has been very hearty since, she is very fat, but is little. I must inform thee that I was married December the 25th, 1790, and lived since in Greensburg town. We have one daughter, three months and one week old. We call her Ann. She is a fine, hearty child and I have been very hearty since I came to Westmoreland county. Please to send me an answer to Bethlehem and I will soon receive it, for my husband will be there this month and next, no more at present. I remain thy friend and well wisher,
TAMAR MICKLEY.

P. S.—I left some few things with thee, please to sell them, or give them away for I shall never see them more.

My parents are in health and are doing well.

ANNIE M. FRETZ.

Sellersville, Pa.

Our Book-Table

Any book or pamphlet reviewed in these columns will be sent to any address by the Manager of THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN on receipt of the publisher's price. Postage must be added when it is mentioned separately. Any other book wanted by our readers may be ordered through us at the publisher's price. Inquiries will be promptly and cheerfully answered.

Valley Forge. A Tale, by Alden W. Quimby. New York: Eagon and Mains. 283 pages. 1mo, cloth bound. Price, \$1.25.

We have read this tale from beginning to end with unabated interest. We were attracted by the title before we began to read; for ever since when, as a boy of nine years, we read George Lippard's thrilling story of the battle of Germantown in a German translation, tales and legends of the Revolution, especially those relating to that gloomy winter of 1777-'78, when the Continentals lay freezing and starving in their huts at Valley Forge, have had a peculiar fascination for us. It was therefore with the expectation of a treat that we took up this story, and a genuine treat it has proved to be. It is a beautiful love-story delicately drawn upon the historical background of the stirring events that transpired from the battle of Brandywine to the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British and the removal of the Americans from Valley Forge. These events are narrated with careful detail and as far as possible, with historical accuracy. There is much fine description of places and scenery, which shows that the author is quite familiar with all that memorable locality in which his tale is laid. The career of Will Tryon, the spy, up to his capture and execution, is woven in very skilfully and adds much to the interest of the story, which, aside from its merit as a piece of pure, sweet fiction, is well worth reading for what it offers of historical lore. A half dozen pictures of houses that served as headquarters for British and American commanders embellish the work.

The Arm Most Strong and Other Poems. By George Keller DeLong. A Sequel to The Pathos of Song. Published by the Author, Pennsburg, Pa. Price, 25 cents.

In this pamphlet, uniform in size of page and binding with *The Pathos of Song*, our aspiring young poet has collected for us quite a number of his metrical compositions, including some of his earlier efforts. The book is divided into five chapters: *The Arm Most Strong*, *Poems for the Children*, *Mottoes and Resolutions*, *Miscellaneous Poems* and *Verses of Love*. *The Arm Most Strong*, which figures as a "title-role," is peculiar in that it consists of thirty four-line stanzas, all of which, excepting the last, form but one sentence, and each of which consists of a metaphor taken from the realm of nature, followed by a simile taken from the realm of mind. How much merit there may be in this unique form of composition, we will not undertake to say. Some of the author's less pretentious poems, such as *At the Fountain 'neath the Rock*, *Individuality*, *In the Woodland Dell*, *A Cow-Slip* and *A Tribute to Mother*, have appealed more to our

taste, as containing good poetic sentiment in a form more easily grasped. We are constrained to repeat in substance what we said before in reviewing *The Pathos of Song*; that Mr. DeLong has the making of a poet in him, but his verses contain many crude expressions and forced rhymes, which are so many blemishes and must be eliminated before he can attain the goal of his praiseworthy ambition.

Old Historic Germantown. An Address with Illustrations Presented at the Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania-German Society, by Naaman Henry Keyser, D.D.S., Lancaster, Pa., 1906. Reprinted from Vol. XV, Proceedings of the Pennsylvania-German Society. Cloth-bound, gilt top. Price, \$1.02, postpaid.

In the preface to this interesting book the author says: "This little volume was prepared at the request of the Pennsylvania-German Society. It is not intended as a history of Germantown; its purpose is rather to illustrate the German influence in the settlement and development of the most unique town in Pennsylvania, if not in America." The chapters treat of *Old Historic Germantown*, *The Early Homes*, *The First Mills*, *Old-Time Inns and Taverns*, *Schools and Educational Institutions*, *The Early Churches and Early Transportation*. The book is enriched with 16 plates and a number of illustrations in the text. The edition is limited to 300 copies.

Boonastiel. A Volume of Legend, Story and Song in "Pennsylvania-Dutch," by T. H. Harter, Editor and Proprietor of "The Keystone Gazette," Bellefonte, Pa. Cloth-bound, \$1.00, postpaid.

The articles contained in this volume — which, by the way, is the second edition — were published from time to time in country-papers and well merit being put into permanently available form. They are a combination of fun and philosophy and teach many a needed lesson under the guise of humorous, laughter-evoking description. The book contains almost 250 pages of prose, a few pages of poetry and a valuable brief historical sketch of the Pennsylvania-Germans as a people. To all who understand and can read the vernacular we would say: Buy the book, that you may laugh and grow fat.

Bulletin of the New York Public Library. October, 1906. Vol. IX, No. 10.

This number contains the report of the director of the New York Public Library for the year ending June 10, 1906, from which we quote the following concerning its collection of German-American books and periodicals:

"Public attention was first called to this collection in March, 1902, when an exhibition of books, manuscripts, portraits, etc., was opened

at the Lenox branch. The scope of the collection includes history, biography and genealogy of the German element in America, the literary and scientific books produced by Germans in this country (both in the English and German languages), German works on the United States, and everything about the various relations between Germany and the United States. Until October, 1903, acquisitions were made only by purchase, but about that time was begun a systematic solicitation of gifts, as the want of a special fund for the collection allows but a slow growth. On the occasion of the Schiller centenary in 1905 an effort was made to secure all souvenir publications and newspapers with accounts of the celebration in the United States, resulting in a collection of about 100 souvenirs and over 200 newspapers. During the past year 587 volumes and pamphlets beside 308 numbers of newspapers were received from 208 donors; during 1904-5, 431 pieces and 38 newspapers from 144 donors; during 1903-4, 508 pieces and 26 newspapers from 122 donors. The gifts came from 122 cities in 31 States of the Union and from Can-

ada, Germany and Austria. The principal benefactors have been Mr. Henry Metzner, of New York, and Rev. John Rothensteiner, of Fredericktown, Mo., each of whom has donated over 200 pieces since 1904. Our purchases since 1903 amount to 275 titles, which, with those on hand before that time and the gifts received as above mentioned, give us now over 2,000 titles of German-Americanana. We are under obligation to many German-American papers for having printed editorials, articles and short notices of the collection. Mr. Richard E. Helbig, assistant librarian in the Lenox building, has given special attention to this department, and the increase in the collection has been due mainly to his zeal and energy."

John Wanamaker's Book News Monthly for November contains a fine three-color frontispiece, entitled "Singing the Marseillaise the First Time," also interesting illustrated articles on "Ralph Connor" and other successful Canadian writers. The *Love Affairs of Literary Men*, by Myrtle Reed, are continued, the third chapter treating of Samuel Johnson.

What Pennsylvania-German Writers Are Doing

An Indefatigable Historian

Such is Dr. I. H. Betz, of York, Pa., who has made so many valuable contributions to *THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN* since its establishment. The amount of historical and biographical work he has done and continues to do, is really surprising. Under the general title "Original Characters of York County" he has written a series of biographical sketches that have for some time been printed weekly in the *York Gazette*. His purpose was to write a full hundred of these sketches, but only about a third have as yet been completed. From a list of twenty-five which Dr. Betz has sent us we select the following names and titles:

Deborah Sampson, the Revolutionary Soldier.
Moll Pitcher, the Heroine of Monmouth.
Frances Wright, the Lecturer in the Van Buren Campaign.
The Four Dames of York County—Emmett, Rice, Gardner and Minnich.
James Lick, who Learnt Organ Building at Hanover, Pa.
Isaac M. Singer, the Sewing-Machine Inventor.
Samuel Groom, the Pioneer Gold Hunter.
James M. Bucher, Strong Man, Fighter and Runlifer.
Jed Strang, the York County Hermit.
Jack Shepherd and his Gospel Trumpet.
John Geogheghan, Comic Singer of the York County Fair.
Stephen Collins Foster, Father of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.
Christian Lary, Financier and Millionaire.
William Leihart, the Mathematician.
John G. Holman and the Sixth and Seventh Book of Moses.
Edgar Allan Poe, Thomas Painot, John Brown, Lorenzo Dow and Eusebius Hershey.

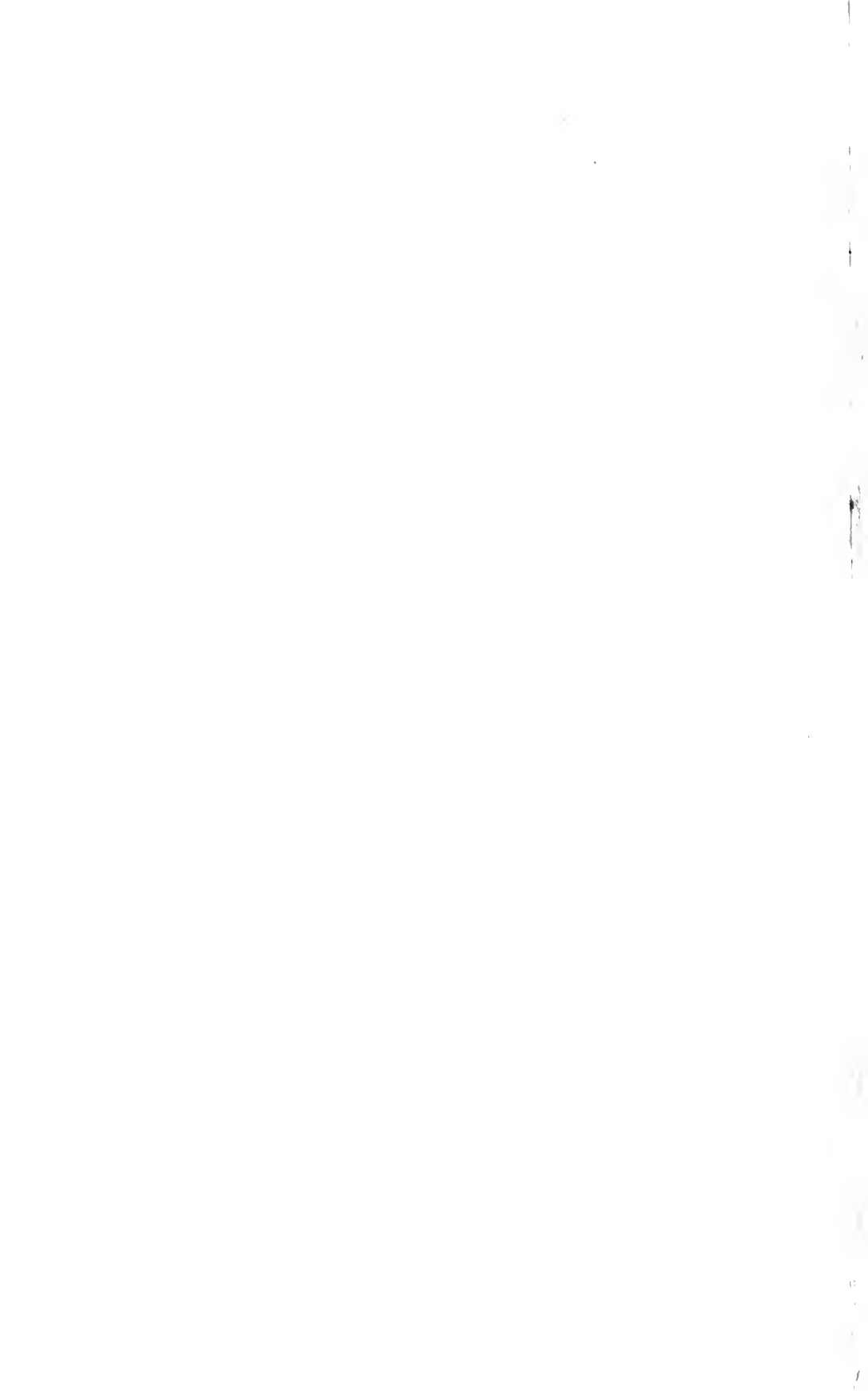
About half of these subjects, Dr. Betz states, are Pennsylvania-Germans, and all have had more or less connection with York county. He has kindly sent us several copies of the *York Gazette* containing his contributions, and we hope to republish some of his sketches in our own columns as time goes on.

Penna.-German Magazine-Contributors

From a classified index to the contents of the November magazines we pick the following contributions by writers of German descent:

Jay Cooke and the Financing of the Civil War—Ellis P. Oberholtzer in the *Century Magazine*.
Some Causes of Failure in College Mathematics—H. A. Forcing in *Education*.
Aspects of Professional Work in State Normal Schools—Wm. C. Ruediger in *Education*.
Psychology in the Normal School—H. H. Schroeder in *American Education*.
School-Education and Our Social and Industrial Life—Thos. M. Balliet in *American Education*.
The Year in Germany—Wm. C. Drcher in *Atlantic Monthly*.
The Reforming of a Bridegroom (a story)—Helen R. Martin in *McClure's Magazine*.
The American (poem)—S. E. Kiser in *American Magazine*.
The Hour (poem)—Harry H. Kemp in *Smart Set*.
November (poem)—Ethel O. Lewis in *Metropolitan Magazine*.

Prof. Elmer Schultz Gerhard, principal of the high school at Huntingdon, Pa., has contributed an interesting and valuable article on *Biography in General Education* to the October issue of *American Education*.



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