



A Family Reunion

Family Members from Germany and America Reunite

For the first time in approximately 266 years, members of the Hackenschmidt family from both sides of the Atlantic Ocean were reunited.

[photo]

From left to right: Klaus Hackenschmidt, Gunter Hackenschmidt, and Charles Edwin (Ed) Hockersmith

Gunter Walter HACKENSCHMIDT was born 30 Jan 1945 in Leubnitz, Plauen. Klaus Rudolf HACKENSCHMIDT was born 15 Sep 1948 in Gross-Gerau/Hessen. They are the sons of Elisabeth KREIM (1922-) and Walter HACKENSCHMIDT (1920-), s/o Willy Arno (1896-1955), s/o Hermann Robert (1864-1908), s/o Johann Christian HACKENSCHMIDT (1823-1875).

Charles Edwin HOCKERSMITH, born 12 Nov 1947 in Shippensburg, PA, is the son of Marietta Maxine POTTER (1929-) and Charles Samuel HOCKERSMITH (1925-1976), s/o John Perry Jr. (1899-1978), s/o John Perry (1867-1956), s/o Joseph Landis (1836-1916), s/o Samuel HOCKERSMITH (1808-1877), s/o George HOCKENSMITH (1770-1832), s/o Jacob HOCKERSMITH (c1745-1818), s/o Konrad HACKENSCHMIDT (c1720-c1795).

How This Reunion Happened

By Ed Hockersmith

This summer 2005, I had the unique opportunity to travel to Germany, all expenses paid. You see, I'm the Bandmaster of the 287th Army Band, Delaware National Guard. This year we traveled to Germany to replace the USAEUR (United States Army Europe) Band that is stationed in Schwetzingen, just west of Heidelberg. The USAEUR Band had just returned from an extended tour and the 287th was asked to "backfill" their commitments and concerts while they took some well-deserved leave.

I began planning this Annual Training event nearly a year in advance. One of the first things on my mind was to make some kind of contact with any relatives, distant or otherwise, that I might have still living in Germany. An opportunity like this comes rarely in one's life, so I had to make the best of it. I emailed our family archivist, Peg Kwadrat, who had been in contact with several Hackenschmidt's in Germany and asked her for a contact. She gave me the name of Gunter Hackenschmidt with whom she had had some email correspondence. I emailed Gunter on May 10, 2005, and told him of my plan to come to Germany. He was as excited as I was since he, too, was working on some genealogy of his family in Germany.

On July 12th I flew into Frankfurt, Germany and traveled to Schwetzingen, about 45 miles south of Frankfurt. We were housed at Tompkins Barracks, an old headquarters for one of Rommel's Panzer Divisions. While things were really hot and humid back home on the East Coast, the weather in Germany was absolutely perfect. I called Gunter that evening and told him where I was staying and we set an appointment to meet the next evening. I had my first handshake "across the generations" outside the back gate of Tompkins Barracks where Gunter and his beautiful wife Claudia met me. We decided to have a real

German beer in Schwetzingen to catch up and get to know each other.

[photo]

Tompkins Barracks, Schwetzingen, Germany

Gunter is a retired international banker, responsible for setting up many banks and banking enterprises in the Middle East. Claudia is an international bank auditor. They live in Gros-Gerau, about 40 miles north of Heidelberg. Several days later, I met with Gunter and his brother Klaus, who owns and manages international perfumeries in Austria, Switzerland, France, and Germany. Gunter has managed to complete his genealogy to Thuringia in 1388. Our earliest ancestor, according to Gunter's research in the Plauen Stadtbuch, was Hans Hackenschmidt who lived near Plauen. Plauen is a city in Saxony, in east-central Germany. Political, social and economic changes forced the family Hackenschmidt to move. Here's is an excerpt from Gunter's notes:

Until around 1620 (Beginning of the 30-year's War) , the Hackenschmidt Family mainly lived in the German -Thuringian frontier region (now bordering Austria, formerly greater Austria-Hungary), mainly in cities and towns named Plauen, Eichigt, Burg, Zwickau, Schöneck and Triebel/Untertriebel.

The 30-Years War (1618-1648, provoked by clerical differences between Protestants and Catholics) made some Hackenschmidt's move to Bohemia, now Czechia, to Eger, Karlsbad and

Marienbad. Later there was an even bigger move towards the East. Between 1680 and 1760 poor German peasants, farmhands and workers colonized Bohemia, Galicia, Moldova, Ukraina, Bukowina, Bessarabia, Russia, Kirgisia, Kasachstan, and around 1800 some Hackenschmidt's went to Berlin/Prussia, Pommerania, and Estonia/ Livland.

Some more Hackenschmidt's went then (from Thuringia, Saxonia) to Estonia, Pommerania, Galicia (the Eastern, not the Spanish Galicia!), West of Germany (Frankonia, Rhenania Palatina) and Alsace (then Germany, now France).

We can begin to understand the great movements of the family from the East to the West of Germany and to Conrad, most likely, living in the Palatina (Palatinate). Gunter and I speculated on Conrad's German family.

Johann Georg Hackenschmidt (Born 25 April 1686 in Schöneck. Died 7 Nov 1769 in Neershof, Kries Coburg, Oberfranken, Bayern) married Margarethe Elisabeth Hanft (born 6 Sep 1688 in Breirtenbach, Kries Schmalkalden, Thüringen, died 31 May 1755 in Neershof, Kries Coburg, Oberfranken, Bayern).

They had a son, Michael Hackenschmidt (this is the first time the name Michael appears, and it is very common in our American line). Michael was born in 1715 and died 8 Mar 1757 in Neershof, Kries Coburg, Oberfranken, Bayern. He married Margarethe Wöhner. She was born 1726, and died 27 Nov 1786 in Neershof, Kries Coburg, Oberfranken, Bayern.

Michael had a son Conrad Michael Hackenschmidt, born 26 Jun 1751 in Neershof, Kries Coburg, Oberfranken, Bayern. I believe that this is the first appearance of the name Conrad, again very common in our lineage.

Here's my theory: Johann Georg had 3 children; Michael, Margarethe Elisabeth, and Caspar. Michael was born 5 years before Conrad, my ancestor, was supposedly born (1720). Could Michael have had a brother Conrad who is not listed on the Ahnentafel reports, after whom Michael named his son, Conrad Michael?

I'm only basing this on the fact that it is the first time either name; Michael or Conrad, shows up in any records. Could Michael's brother Conrad be the missing link who left Neershof, Kries Coburg, Oberfranken, Bayern when he was 19 years old and arrived in American in 1739?

I definitely feel that we are getting closer to our final link. Now, with an enthusiastic researcher in Gros-Gerau, we may finally find our answers. In future newsletters, I'll continue with Gunter's notes and correspondence. Love to all.

Cousin Ed

I am Librarian and Technology Coordinator at George V. Kirk Middle School. My goals are to teach Information Literacy skills, to advocate for reading, to teach or manage information technology, information architecture and information management courses at graduate and undergraduate levels. Currently, I am working on the design and implementation of a site dealing with information literacy skills in differentiated instruction. Much of this work will be web-based and interactive. One objective is to provide online support to teachers that will incorporate information literacy and curricular standards into their individual lesson plans.

Ed's Military Bio –

[Hackenschmidt Coat-of-Arms]

[photo]

This is a copy of the Hackenschmidt Coat-of-Arms on record in Hesse.

Charles Edwin (Ed) HOCKERSMITH

I was born Nov. 12, 1947 in Shippensburg, PA. On Nov 21, 1970, I married Nancy Nickles, a life-long friend in Shippensburg, and we've been happily married ever since. Nancy and I took jobs as librarians in Newark, Delaware in August of 1973. On May 27, 1978 our first son (the first son of the 10th-generation of our line in America), Michael Charles Hockersmith was born in the hospital in Wilmington, Delaware. Alexander Nickles Hockersmith was born on Oct. 8, 1981 in Wilmington. Michael is a chef and Alex is a manager in the hospitality industry here, as well. We continue to live in our first house in Delaware on Andries Road in Newark.

CW4 Ed Hockersmith

Mr. Hockersmith graduated from Shippensburg University of Pennsylvania in 1973 with a Bachelors Degree Education and Library Science. He also has a Master of Library Science degree in Information Technology Administration from Syracuse University. He completed his musical training with the United States Army at the Armed Forces School of Music in Little Creek, Virginia. He served as a tuba player with the 327th United States Army Band at Edgewood Arsenal Maryland and as senior tuba player with the 264th United States Army Band of the Pacific at Fort Shafter, Hawaii. While in Hawaii, Mr. Hockersmith studied composition and conducting with the late George Barati, former conductor of the San Francisco and Honolulu Symphony Orchestras. He was guest of the judges at the Dimtri Mitropolous International Competition for Conductors, 1969 - Carnegie Hall, NY. His work includes performances with the Potomac Symphony, Harrisburg Symphony, Shippensburg University Festival Orchestra, Brandywine Pops Orchestra, Newark Symphony

Orchestra, Delaware Symphony Repertoire Orchestra, Brandywine Brass Quintet, Burnished Brass Quintet, Chesapeake Brass Band. He holds an advanced certificate from the United States Armed Forces School of Music. He is currently Bandmaster and Commander of the 287th Army Band, Delaware National Guard, Music Director of the Chesapeake Silver Cornet Brass Band, Music Director Emeritus of the First State Symphonic Band, and Advisory Board member of the Newark (DE) Symphony Orchestra.

HOLMES ON THE RANGE

A Mystery of the Old West

[book cover]

Coming February 2006 from St. Martin's Minotaur
ISBN 0312347804

What It's About

After hearing tales of the famous English "consulting detective" Sherlock Holmes, Montana cowboy Old Red Amlingmeyer thinks he has the makings of a great sleuth himself. His brother Big Red, on the other hand, thinks Old Red's out of his mind. But when Old Red tests out his

"Holmesifying" on a real mystery -- the suspicious death of an enigmatic ranch manager -- he gets results. Unfortunately for Big Red, those "results" include death threats, danger and an ever-growing pile of bodies....

What Folks Are Saying

--*Publishers Weekly* (starred review)

"Sherlockians, western fans and mystery lovers who enjoy their whodunits leavened with humor should all be delighted by Hockensmith's captivating debut.... [T]he skillful plotting and characterization augur well for the sequel."

--Ken St. Andre, *Library Journal* (starred review)

"This first novel will keep both mystery fans and aficionados of Westerns grinning from the first page to the last.... Mix Big Red's earthy cowboy narrative and Old Red's deductive abilities with plenty of action, including cattle stampedes, a prairie ambush, and a six-gun showdown finale, and the result is highly recommended for all mystery and Western collections."

--*Kirkus Reviews*

"Hockensmith's debut is a winning twist on a proven franchise."

--Ben Reese, senior editor, Amazon.com

"There are hundreds of Sherlock Holmes pastiches - some good, some not. This upcoming work by Steve Hockensmith, to be published February 7, fits squarely in the former group.... Filled with humor and suspense, this debut novel will hopefully be the start of a long, enjoyable series."

--Sarah Weinman, *Confessions of an Idiosyncratic Mind*

"Hockensmith's debut (out in February) is such a joy to read, thanks to the banter between the boys and the superior craft on display. This is one series off to an excellent start."

--MWA Grand Master Marcia Muller, author of the acclaimed Sharon McCone mysteries

"*Holmes on the Range* is a wonderful debut novel! Detecting cowboys Big Red and Old Red Amlingmeyer are delightful, and in this humorous, action-packed tale they encounter enough baffling clues to stump Sherlock Holmes himself. An intriguing blend of the mystery and the Western that's sure to please fans of either."

--Nicholas Meyer, author of *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*
 “Steve Hockensmith has ingeniously worked a new riff on Sherlock Holmes, one as unlikely as it proves inspired. Playing by all the rules of detective fiction, he has concocted a dandy mystery set in the wild west, a time and place he appears to know well. His ranchery and his talk are persuasive; his cow-poke Holmes a distinct and charming addition to the genre.”

--Laurie R. King, author of the New York Times bestselling Mary Russell/Sherlock Holmes novels

“If you’ve ever wondered just what Sherlock Holmes got up to during the Great Hiatus after his tumble off the Reichenbach Falls, wonder no more: His animating spirit took up residence in the brain of an illiterate cowpoke in the American West. More mysterious yet, Watson came too, in the form of the cowboy’s younger brother, who sits around the campfire at night and reads aloud the adventures of the London detective. Sounds unlikely? Sure, but whether because of the innate dignity of the characters or the admirable cleverness of their speech, *Holmes on the Range* works beautifully.”

--Joe R. Lansdale, author of *Sunset and Sawdust*

“A wondrous delight. What a cool and entertaining idea, not to mention well-written and fast-paced. I’m ready for more.”

--Robert J. Randisi, author of *Cold Blooded*

“Steve Hockensmith has successfully blended the charm and feel of the old west with Conan Doyle’s ‘Holmes & Watson’ formula of mystery writing. *Holmes on the Range* is more than just a clever title. It should be the beginning of an admirable series.”

--Ed Gorman, author of *Bad Money*

“Steve Hockensmith’s first novel is a whole lot of sly and clever fun, mixing the genres of the mystery and the Western so skillfully that fans of both forms will like it. I liked it so much I can’t wait to read the next one!”

--Bill Crider, author of *A Bond With Death*

“In *Holmes on the Range* Steve Hockensmith offers a highly entertaining mixture of Holmesian lore, cowboy wit, frontier shenanigans, and, of course, murder. Gustav ‘Old Red’ Amlingmeyer proves his

mettle as a detective, and Otto (‘Big Red’), his brother, chronicles the case with the aplomb of a budding Watson crossed with Mark Twain. If you’ve met Big Red and Old Red before in the pages of *Ellery Queen’s Mystery Magazine*, you’ll be eager to read their first novel-length adventure. And if you haven’t met them before, what are you waiting for?”

--Bill Fitzhugh, author of *Highway 61 Resurfaced*

“*Holmes on the Range* rides in on Hockensmith’s distinct narrative voice, delivers a nimble mystery, and does it all with an infectious cowboy wit, and that’s the stomped down truth of it.”

from www.stevhockensmith.com

About Steve Hockensmith

Though the town elders of Louisville, Ky., have yet to acknowledge it with so much as a single commemorative plaque, Steve Hockensmith was born in the Derby City on August 17, 1968. The first two decades of his life passed uneventfully, the only notable highlight being a short stint as an intern at People magazine, an experience that allowed Hockensmith to realize his lifelong dream -- crank calling Crispin Glover.

Despite (or perhaps because of) such lapses in his professionalism, Hockensmith eventually found work as an entertainment journalist: He’s covered pop culture and the film industry for The Hollywood Reporter, The Chicago Tribune, The Fort Worth Star-Telegram, Newsday, Total Movie and other publications. He spent a year as editor of The X-Files Official Magazine (thus explaining his morbid fear of David Duchovny) and more than three years as editor of Cinescape, a nationally distributed bimonthly magazine devoted to movies in which things explode (i.e., science fiction or action films or anything produced by Jerry Bruckheimer).

In 1999, traumatized by multiple viewings of Star Wars: The Phantom Menace, Hockensmith set out to write something that would under no circumstances require the use of the phrase “Jar Jar Binks.” He settled on mysteries, soon becoming a regular contributor to both Alfred Hitchcock’s Mystery Magazine and Ellery Queen’s Mystery Magazine. His first published mystery story, “Erie’s Last Day,” won the Short Mystery Fiction Society’s Derringer Award and appeared in Best American Mystery Stories

2001. More recently, Hockensmith's story "Tricks," a sequel to "Erie's Last Day," was nominated for a Shamus award.

Hockensmith is also the creator of mystery-solving cowboys Big Red and Old Red Amlingmeyer. The Amlingmeyer brothers first appeared in *Ellery Queen* in the story "Dear Mr. Holmes," which was voted the fifth most-popular story of 2003 by the magazine's readers. The Sherlock Holmes-worshipping drovers returned to *Ellery Queen's* pages in the February 2005 issue and will return again in February 2006. In addition, Hockensmith has completed one novel about their adventures (Holmes on the Range, to be published in 2006 by St. Martin's Minotaur) and is currently finishing a second.

[photo]

Hockensmith gets to combine his love of mysteries and his journalism background thanks to "Reel Crime," a column about mystery TV shows and movies that appears in each issue of *Alfred Hitchcock*. Hockensmith promises that this time there will be no crank phone calls.

Though he considers himself a Midwesterner at heart, Hockensmith currently lives in California's Bay Area. He says he's adjusted to life on the West Coast, but confesses that he still misses thunderstorms, snow and Long John Silver's Seafood Shoppes. He shares his home with the perfect wife, the perfect daughter and a slightly imperfect cat.

Steve Hockensmith

Steve married Martha Ann (Mar) ORTMANN, daughter of Robert Alvin and Nancy Ellen (Hunt) ORTMANN, on 1 Mar 1997 in New Orleans, LA.

Steve and Mar have one daughter, Katherine Mavis, born 25 Jul 2003 in Greenbrae, Marin Co., CA. Their slightly imperfect cat is Izzy (short for Isabelle).

Our cousin Stephen Brian (Steve) is the son of Sandra REEVES and Ronald Douglas HOCKENSMITH, s/o Elijah Milford Jr., s/o Elijah Milford (Lige) (1891-1989), s/o Isaac Daniel (1850-1913), s/o Isaac D. (1826-1863), s/o Isaac HOCKERSMITH (1791-1850), probably s/o Conrad [Edward] HOCKERSMITH Jr. (c1746-1808), s/o Konrad HACKENSCHMIDT.

[Reel Crime logo]

If you want to read Steve's current "REEL CRIME" column at the Alfred Hitchcock Mystery Magazine website, just point your computer internet browser to <http://www.themysteryplace.com/ahmm/crime/>.

So - if you like a good mystery novel and/or a good western novel, then I encourage you to go out and buy Steve's new book, Holmes On The Range (available in February). It certainly sounds like a good read, and best of all, you'll be keeping your money in the family!

Correction

In our last Newsletter, Vol 6 No 3 on page 12, I gave the death date for Mahuldah (Hockersmith) ZIMMERMAN as simply 1900. I was simply wrong. She died 15 Aug 1907.

In case you have forgotten, Mahuldah HOCKERSMITH was the daughter of David, s/o Conrad [Edward] Jr., s/o Konrad HACKENSCHMIDT.

Thanks go to cousin Peg Kwadrat of Reston, Virginia for being ever vigilant. She graciously pointed out my error and sent the following obituaries and photograph as source documents.

from The Pleasant Hill Times, [Cass County, Missouri] dated 16 Aug 1907:

Dead of Old Age

“He sees when their footsteps falter, when
their hearts grow weak and fail;
He marks when their strength is failing, and
listens to each complaint;
He bids them rest for a season for the path-
way has grown too steep.
And, folded in fair green pastures, He
giveth His loved ones sleep.”

Mrs. Mahuldah Zimmerman, aged 86, died at 3:30 yesterday morning at the home of her son, C. P. Zimmerman, in Old Town, death being the result of advanced age. Funeral services were conducted at the Zimmerman residence yesterday afternoon at 3, by Rev. Simons, of the Christian church, and the funeral party left this (Friday) morning for Freeman where the body will be laid to rest, the Zimmerman family having made their home at old Morristown, near Freeman, for many years.

Mrs. Zimmerman, whose husband died in 1878, was the mother of eight children, five of whom survive. She was born in September 1821, at Lexington, Kentucky, and first united with the Baptist church. About 1845 she came to

Missouri, her home being then at Independence. She was there during the memorable cholera plague and saw the great rush of gold seekers into the west. From Independence the family came to this city and from here after a few years they went to Morristown. Sometime after coming to this state Mrs. Zimmerman united with the Christian church and remained a consistent member of the body subsequently. For a great many years her home had been with her son, C. P. Zimmerman, at whose residence she died.

from The Pleasant Hill Local, [Cass County, Missouri] dated 16 Aug 1907:

Aged Resident Dead.

Mrs. Mahulda Zimmerman, 85 years old, one of the oldest residents of the county, having settled in Cass before the war, died at 3 o'clock Thursday morning of this week at the home of her son, C. P. Zimmerman in Pleasant Hill. Mrs. Zimmerman came from Kentucky with her husband in 1845 and settled near Independence, later moving to this county. The family is well known here. She had lived with her son here a little more than a year. Her husband died in 1878. Services were held Thursday afternoon at the residence by Rev. Simons, and the burial will be today at Freeman, at the side of her husband. Children surviving are J. B. of Topeka, J. D. of West Plains, and C. P. of this place, and Mrs. Mary Goodel, of Topeka, and Mrs. Lizzie Gantt of Colorado. Other relatives who were here at the time of her death, are Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Ford, of Newark, O., he being a brother of Mrs. Zimmerman: Mrs. H. B. McFarland of Fredericktown, Mo., the oldest sister; Mrs. J. M. Smiley, of Kansas City, another sister, and son, Andrew, and J. B. Zimmerman, a nephew, superintendent of the Missouri Pacific repair shops at Nevada.

[**Editor's Note:** There seems to be some errors in this obituary. Andrew J. Ford was not a brother of Mrs. Zimmerman, he was most likely a brother-in-law to her husband. Mrs. H. B. McFarland was not Mahuldah's oldest sister - Mahuldah had no sisters - she was probably her sister-in-law. Similarly, Mrs. J. M. Smiley was also probably a sister-in-law.]

from The Pleasant Hill Local, [Cass County, Missouri] dated 23 Aug 1907:

Mrs. Zimmerman Buried.

The burial of Mrs. Mahulda Zimmerman, one of the pioneers of Cass County, who died at the home of her son, C. P. Zimmerman, in Pleasant Hill last week, took place Friday in the cemetery at Freeman, where the family formerly lived and where a number of old neighbors gathered to pay their last tribute to the dead. A son and daughter, J. B. Zimmerman and Mrs. Mary Goodell, the former accompanied by his wife, came from Topeka in response to a telegram but through an error in the message they failed to get here until Friday evening, believing the funeral was to be Saturday.

As one last source document regarding the year of Mahuldah (Hockersmith) Zimmerman's death is a photograph of her tombstone.

[tombstone photo]

Since I am already sharing with you the obituaries provided by cousin Peg, I will include the obituary of Mary Jane (Zimmerman) GOODELL, Mahuldah's daughter:

from The Journal-Free Press, [Osage City, Osage County, Kansas] dated 12 Apr 1944, page 1, column 6:

**Grandma Goodell,
89, Dies April 6**

**Had Lived Through Four Wars
With Relatives In Each War;
Funeral Saturday At Arvonias;
Burial In Topeka Cemetery.**

Funeral services were held for Mrs. W. R. Goodell, who passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Booth, south of Osage City on Thursday, April 6, 1944, on Saturday afternoon, April 8, at the Arvonias Presbyterian church, the Rev. W. W. Carnine officiating.

Mrs. Helen Thomas sang, "Abide With Me", "Lead Kindly Light" and "Safe In The Arms of Jesus," with Mrs. Howard Lowman as piano accompanist.

The casket bearers were Henry D. Jones, W. T. Jones, Frank Clark, J. C. Bayless and Rees Lewis.

After the services at Arvonias the body was accompanied to Topeka where burial was made beside her husband in Memorial Park cemetery. A graveside service was held by the Rev. Carnine and the G. A. R. ladies of the Lincoln Circle No. 1, Grandmother Goodell's old friends and neighbors were gathered to pay their last respects to one whom they all loved and respected.

Mary Jane Zimmerman was born at Independence, Mo., on September 13, 1854, having attained the age of 89 years, 6 months, and 24 days.

On January 4, 1871, she united in marriage to Willis Robert Goodell at Freeman, Mo., where he owned and operated a grocery store. To this union were born eight children, four sons and four daughters. One son, James, preceded his mother in death in the year 1903 at Laramie, Wyo. Her husband passed away at their home in Topeka on January 19, 1934. For the last three years she has made her home with her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Booth. The children surviving their mother are L. A. Goodell, Victorville, Calif.; J. C. Goodell, Topeka; R. W. Goodell, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. B. C. Japhet, Tacoma, Wash.; Mrs. A. A. Oswald, Beaverton, Ore.; Mrs. E. A. Bristow, Portland, Ore., and Mrs. J. C. Booth, Osage City. She also leaves to mourn her loss sixteen grandchildren, 33 great grandchildren and one great great grandchild besides a host of friends. All who knew Grandma Goodell, as she was lovingly called, loved her. Being a kindly person, she loved her home and children. She never seemed to get over the death of her husband and sadly mourned for him when the home was broken up.

Grandma Goodell had lived through four wars, the Civil War in which her husband and one brother were involved; the Spanish American War in which she had one son; World War No. 1 in which she had two grandsons and in the present war she has one grandson and three great grandsons, two of which are with the armed forces overseas.

You are home at last, dear mother,
Where your heart has longed to go.

We shall miss your kindly presence
 In our home down here below.
 But we know there is no sorrow
 And the things we have to bear
 Will not touch or cause you trouble
 In that land so bright and fair.

FOR OUR ZIMMERMAN COUSINS (and there are many)

Speaking of the ZIMMERMAN's, I have, up until now, told you that **Mahuldah HOCKERSMITH** married **James M. ZIMMERMAN** on 15 Oct 1842 in Jessamine Co., KY. Then I proceeded to list their descendants. Let me, for a moment, guide you further back into the past.

James Madison ZIMMERMAN, the husband of **Mahuldah HOCKERSMITH**, was born 27 Dec 1818. He was the son of Elizabeth BARNETT and **Augustus ZIMMERMAN**. Augustus was born in 1795 in Fayette Co., KY and died 13 Mar 1831 in Jessamine Co., KY.

Augustus ZIMMERMAN married Elizabeth BARNETT on 28 Nov 1814 in Jessamine Co., KY. They had the following children:

- i. John Barnett ZIMMERMAN, born 23 Oct 1815
- ii. Ambrose D. ZIMMERMAN, born about 1817
- +iii. James Madison ZIMMERMAN, born 27 Dec 1818
- iv. Frederick Augusta ZIMMERMAN, born 17 Oct 1823

Augustus ZIMMERMAN, born 1795, was the son of Judith BOURNE and **Frederick ZIMMERMAN Jr.** Frederick ZIMMERMAN Jr. was born about 1756 and died 9 Dec 1804 in Fayette Co., KY.

Frederick ZIMMERMAN Jr. married Judith BOURNE in June 1784 in Culpeper Co., VA. They had the following children:

- i. Sarah Salley ZIMMERMAN, born 1785
- ii. William ZIMMERMAN, born 4 Jan 1787
- iii. Jane P. ZIMMERMAN, born 1789
- iv. Polly ZIMMERMAN, born 1790
- v. Fanny ZIMMERMAN, born 1794
- +vi. Augustus ZIMMERMAN, born 1795
- vii. Morton ZIMMERMAN, born 1797
- viii. Nancy ZIMMERMAN, born 1799
- ix. Judith ZIMMERMAN

Frederick ZIMMERMAN Jr., born about 1756, was the son of Sarah and **Frederick ZIMMERMAN**. Frederick ZIMMERMAN was born in 1724 in Culpeper Co., VA

Frederick ZIMMERMAN married Sarah. They had the following children:

- i. John ZIMMERMAN, born 1750
- ii. Christopher ZIMMERMAN, born 1753
- +iii. Frederick ZIMMERMAN Jr., born about 1756
- iv. Reuben ZIMMERMAN, born 15 Apr 1765

Frederick ZIMMERMAN, born 1724, was the son of Elizabeth ALBRECHT and **Hans Christopher ZIMMERMAN**. Hans Christopher ZIMMERMAN was born 16 May 1692 in Bietigheim, Wurttemberg and died about 1749 in Culpeper Co., VA.

Hans Christopher ZIMMERMAN and Dorothea ROTTLE were married on 27 Jul 1710 in Bietigheim, Wurttemberg. Dorothea ROTTLE died in January 1714. They had the following child:

- i. John ZIMMERMAN, born 11 Apr 1711

Hans Christopher ZIMMERMAN and Elizabeth ALBRECHT were married on 4 Sep 1714 in Bietigheim, Wurttemberg. They had the following children:

- i. Johann Martin ZIMMERMAN, born 15 Jun 1715
- ii. Andrew ZIMMERMAN, born 1717
- iii. Christopher ZIMMERMAN, born 1719
- iv. Barbara ZIMMERMAN, born 1721
- +v. Frederick ZIMMERMAN, born 1724
- vi. Elizabeth ZIMMERMAN, born 1726
- vii. Catharine ZIMMERMAN, born 1728

Hans Christopher ZIMMERMAN, born 16 May 1692, was the son of Eva DÜNSTLERIN and **Christian ZIMMERMAN**. Christian ZIMMERMAN was born 30 Dec 1669 in Sulzfeld, Baden and died 22 Sep 1735 in Sulzfeld, Baden.

Christian ZIMMERMAN married Eva DÜNSTLERIN in 1687 in Sulzfeld, Baden. They had the following children:

- i. Johann Georg ZIMMERMAN, born 23 Apr 1688
- ii. Johann Conrad ZIMMERMAN, born 22 Oct 1689
- +iii. Hans Christopher ZIMMERMAN, born 16 May 1692
- iv. Maria Eva ZIMMERMAN, born 15 May 1697

Christian ZIMMERMAN, born 30 Dec 1669, was the son of Maria SPENGLER and **Michael ZIMMERMAN**. Michael ZIMMERMAN was born in 1651 in Steffisburg, Switzerland.

Michael ZIMMERMAN married Maria SPENGLER on 19 Nov 1672. They had the following children:

- i. Johann ZIMMERMAN, born Sulzfeld, Baden and died 1 Apr 1673 in Sulzfeld, Baden
- + ii. Christian ZIMMERMAN, born 30 Dec 1669
- iii. Anna Maria ZIMMERMAN, born 9 Mar 1673
- iv. Anna Margaretha ZIMMERMAN, born 29 Oct 1677
- v. Anna Catharina ZIMMERMAN, born 10 Mar 1679
- vi. Jacob ZIMMERMAN, born 20 Nov 1682
- vii. Johann Andreas ZIMMERMAN, born 4 Nov 1683
- viii. Stillborn ZIMMERMAN, born 14 Feb 1685
- ix. Andreas ZIMMERMAN, born 6 Feb 1687

That is as far back as I can go! Whew!!!!

[Boyle Co KY graphic]

from The Advocate Messenger (Danville, Boyle Co., Kentucky) - Thursday January 22, 2004

Deer hunting trip a dream come true for Centre coach

By Jill Erwin, Staff Writer

Lisa (Hockersmith) Owens, the head track and cross country coach at Centre College, went to Camden, Ala., earlier this month to participate in a SuperHunt with Mossy Oak Productions, which produces five different outdoors television shows.

Owens was filmed hunting whitetailed deer on a 14,000-acre property leased by Mossy Oak, and may appear on one of the future television shows.

Only 36 people a year are chosen to participate in the SuperHunts, and Owens was the only woman chosen for

this year's hunts. Owens' group was in a rifle hunt. (Mossy Oak also offers bow hunts.)

Owens had no clue she had been chosen for the hunt. Her husband, Scott, called Mossy Oak in July, but he didn't tell her about it for five more months.

"Christmas morning, he starts pulling out these presents, and they're all boxes of camouflage clothes," Owens said. "I'm like, 'Wow, that's nice,' but my husband's not a hunter. So I'm thinking, 'This is weird,' but it never crossed my mind.

"I kept opening up all these boxes of clothes, and finally in the bottom of one of the boxes was a sheet of paper saying, 'Congratulations, you've been chosen to go on one of the Mossy Oak SuperHunts,' and I about passed out.

"It was the most amazing thing he could have ever done. I'm still not sure he realizes how much it meant to me. Once it finally struck me, I had to sit down and get the feeling back in my hands."

The clothes came from Mossy Oak as part of the hunting package. Owens also received a brand-new 7mm Browning Winchester short magnum rifle, a Swarovski scope and a new tree stand.

She said that \$2,500 worth of free equipment was incentive enough, but the thought of hunting on camera with people she'd seen on television was more than she could have ever imagined.

"I got to go do something that has always been a dream of mine with the most famous people that get to do it for a living," Owens said. "Most people that love to hunt completely envy the lifestyle of these people, because they live to hunt."

Owens and her father, **John Hockersmith** of Harrodsburg, annually win a bevy of medals at the Bluegrass State Games. **Hockersmith** is a former national champion in muzzleloading, and Owens qualified for nationals in 1999 and finished second.

"Hunting has been a part of my lifestyle since I was probably six years old," Owens said. "My father raised me around it. He didn't have any sons at that time, so I was the tomboy for a long time. I've loved nature and the outdoors ever since I can remember."

Being the only female on the hunt gave Owens an advantage, and the camera crew assigned their top cameraman to go with her on the three sessions she was filmed out of the six she hunted.

She said she also got some of the prime hunting areas, as Ronnie “Cuz” Strickland, the supervisor of the field producers, wanted to get her on tape.

Whether it was the spots or Owens’ natural ability, she did well. She was one of only six on her hunt to kill a buck, and she also killed the second-largest doe. Her doe was five pounds behind the biggest, which earned the shooter a new Polaris four-wheeler.

Her husband’s Christmas trickery put Owens a little behind, as she had only a week to get used to a new gun and get it sited to 200 yards before leaving for Alabama. She said she usually shoots from only around 100 yards when hunting in-state, and the extra kick of a 7mm rifle was an adjustment as well.

A cold front moved through Alabama as Owens got there, turning the 80-degree weather they arrived to into a 16-degree morning two days later.

The biggest adjustment was getting used to having someone else with her. Owens has always enjoyed hunting alone, and having a camera just inches from her face for the entirety of the hunting session and a microphone on her jacket was difficult for her.

She said the decision wasn’t hers of which buck or doe to shoot, or when. That decision was made by the cameraman, who had to make sure he had the right angle and lighting to get enough footage of the deer walking around prior to the shooting.

“If a buck comes down that you normally wouldn’t shoot if he wasn’t with you, if he tells you to shoot it, you shoot it,” Owens said. “They want footage. They like the big buck, but they like the hunt. They want the ideal hunt.”

“You turn on those TV shows and you see somebody hunting, they shoot a deer, they’re happy and that’s it. But there’s so much more that goes into it and I had no idea. Being able to experience it is one of the best experiences of my life.”

It may not be the last time she gets to experience it. Owens said she has found a place in Illinois that she’s

looking into going for a four-day whitetail muzzleloader hunt with the Mossy Oak team.

“I really developed a good rapport with those people down there,” Owens said. “They truly wanted to get me on film. They gave me some cards and told me they wanted to get me on a muzzleloader hunt in the near future. I’m very excited about it.”

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[photo]

Lisa Hockersmith Owens

Lisa Hockersmith Owens is in her ninth year as head men’s and women’s cross-country coach at Centre College, Danville, Kentucky. She is also the head men’s and women’s track coach. A three-time Kentucky high school state champion, she graduated from Berea College, where she earned varsity letters in cross country, track, and tennis. During the summer of 1995, she qualified for the NAIA international track and field team, which allowed her to compete in Europe. She was elected Berea’s top senior woman athlete in 1996 and once held nine school track records. She has a master’s degree in sports administration from Eastern Kentucky University.

Cousin Lisa is the daughter of Linda (Dean) and Rev. John Wesley HOCKERSMITH III, s/o John Wesley Jr. (1908-1997), s/o John Wesley (1868-1955), s/o James H.

(1836-1906), s/o William HOCKERSMITH and Mahala Arbuckle MOORE.

Life as a Child in the Early 1900s

Interviewer: Darion Cundiff

[**Editor's Note:** Darion Kyle Cundiff is the son of Anthony (Shad) CUNDIFF, s/o Tony Gene Cundiff who married Pamela Sue HOCKERSMITH, d/o Bennie (subject of this interview), s/o James Franklin, s/o William M., s/o George Griffin M., s/o George M., s/o Sally (Miller) and George HOCKERSMITH, probably s/o Michael, s/o Konrad HACKENSCHMIDT.]

My great-grandfather, Bennie Hockersmith, is 83 years old. This is his story, as told to me, Darion Cundiff, on my 10th birthday, August 24, 2004.

"I was born in Ardmore, Oklahoma in 1921. Back in those days, everybody was born at home. Having a baby was no big deal and there were no hospitals around anyway. People treated themselves with home remedies. When there was an emergency, doctors made house calls, which meant they came to people's houses. People didn't go to the dentist either. Mother got out the pliers and pulled our teeth.

We didn't have a car; we rode in a wagon pulled by a team of horses. No one I knew had a car. When I was 4 or 5, we got our first car. One other family in our area got one about the same time. Everybody else rode in wagons or on horseback. We did most of our going in a wagon if my mother went along. The rest of our family had their own horses to ride. The car was for a long trip or emergencies.

On Sunday, there were lots of wagons at the church. In summer, people would leave their babies sleeping outside in the wagons where it was cool. When I was a big kid about your age, a group of us boys got together and moved all the babies around from wagon to wagon. The grownups didn't notice until they got home that they had the wrong baby.

We hid in bushes, laughing and waiting for them to come back to watch the commotion we had caused. We thought it was really funny, but the parents were mad. If my dad

had known I was in on it, I'd have gotten a whipping. They knew kids did it, but they didn't know which ones.

Our school was one building with 4 rooms. The little kids were in one room, the middle sized in another and so on. We had two teachers who went from room to room. The school only went as high as the eighth grade. After eighth grade, you were done. Our school didn't have electricity or a restroom. None of us had ever heard of a commode. Instead of a restroom, we had what was called an outhouse.

An outhouse was a little building about the size of a closet, with a board seat inside. The board seat had a hole cut in the middle about the size of a toilet seat where a person sat to use the restroom. Beneath the outhouse was a shallow hole dug into the ground. There was no way to flush, so it always smelled bad. There was no sink in there to wash your hands. There was no such thing as toilet paper on a roll. We used pages out of a Sears Catalog. When we ran out of catalog paper, we used corn cobs.

All of us kids walked to school. I walked two miles with my two sisters. In the summer we went to school barefooted. We walked if it rained and we walked if it snowed. Everybody got one pair of shoes to last all winter. If they got too small, we wore them anyway, and we didn't complain.

When I was about six years old, my mother bought me a pair of what they called 'knee britches'. I didn't like the new fashioned britches. I thought they made me look like a sissy. I got about 5 whippings with a switch for arguing with her about wearing them to school. I wore them, but I made up my mind I wasn't going to wear those sissy pants anymore. On the way home from school, I asked a boy who walked with me if he liked them. He said he did. I took them off and gave them to him. I walked home in my knee length underwear.

I lied to my mother about what happened to the knee britches. I told her I stopped to use the bathroom in the woods on the way home. I said I took the knee britches off and someone stole them. I am sure she knew I was lying, but she was probably relieved the fighting about wearing them was over. She never bought me any more knee britches. I was glad.

Television had not been invented when I was born. I was married before I owned my first TV. We didn't have cartoons to watch or computers to play games on. Telephones were invented, but we didn't have one until I got married. Most of the things you use everyday hadn't been thought of yet. We had a wind up clock to tell time. We had a radio, but it was battery operated and we seldom used it because we had to save the batteries.

We didn't have a refrigerator to keep our food cold. We'd buy a big block of ice and wrap it in a quilt to keep it from melting so quickly. Then we'd chip it up and make home-made ice cream. It was a big treat. To suck on a piece of the ice we chipped off the block was another big treat. Since there was no such thing as a refrigerator, my sister had to go four times a day to the creek to carry cold water to set the milk in so it didn't spoil. We fed our animals the last of the milk each night because it would only keep one day. We milked our cow every morning so we had fresh milk to drink.

We didn't have running water in the house. We carried our water from a nearby creek to wash clothes, dishes, mop the floors, and bathe in. We all used the same bath water. We'd just pour more boiling hot water in the tub to warm it up for the next person. We had a bucket of clean water with a dipper for drinking water, which we got by dropping a bucket tied to a rope into a deep hole in the ground we made. Once the bucket filled with water, we pulled it all the way to the top of the well. It was heavy once it filled with water, so my dad or mother had to draw the water, as it was called.

Mother made our soap like all the other mothers. It was called lye soap. It was the only kind of soap people used and it was used for everything. There weren't separate soaps for hair and laundry back then.

My mother built a fire outside under a big black kettle when she needed to boil water. She used the water when she washed our clothes on a rub board out in the yard. She hung them on a cord stretched between two trees to dry. Washing clothes was hard work. Because it was so hard to carry and heat the water, we didn't change clothes often. We wore the same set of clothes to school three days in a row. We took our good clothes off as soon as we got home from school and put on old clothes. We only had two sets of good clothes so we wore our old ones on weekends.

We cut trees down and chopped them into firewood to cook our meals and stay warm in the winter. We used kerosene lanterns to see by after dark. It was my job to cut the wood for the stove and carry it inside. Sometimes I'd forget and I'd get a whipping with a switch.

My other job was to feed the animals. We had lots of animals. We had a cow for milk and butter. We had horses to ride and chickens for eggs. We had dogs to protect us and our stock (cows, horses, pigs) from wolves and coyotes, plus a cat to kill mice. Everybody had jobs, even the animals.

One time I decided to help out and burn the ravelings (loose threads) hanging down under the bed. I didn't mean to, but I caught the bed on fire and burned the mattress up. My sister was asleep on the bed. I tried to put the fire out, but I couldn't. I wasn't very old, so instead of getting help, I just left the room and shut the door. When my parents smelled the smoke, they found the fire and grabbed my sister off the bed. I got a whipping for that, too. One of my uncles burned down his school when he was a big kid because he didn't want to go to school. His dad had to pay for a new school!

My daddy always found us pets. We had a pet skunk, pet squirrels, and baby pigs for pets. When the baby pigs grew up, we had to watch them be killed for food (butchered) for our family.

On Saturdays we would go to town in the wagon and buy salt, flour, sugar, and coffee. We raised everything else we needed, made it ourselves, or did without. We had plenty of bacon, sausage, and ham from the pigs we butchered. We grew our own vegetables in a garden, so we had all kinds of vegetables to eat. We shared our food with other families who didn't have as much as we had. Fruit was special and we always got fruit, nuts, and candy for Christmas. We didn't get presents nor did anyone else I knew.

We didn't have crime back then like today. It was safe to sleep at night with doors and windows open. We didn't have air conditioners or fans; wind would blow in the windows and cool us. We slept to the sound of crickets, hooting owls, and yipping coyotes. Once, a mountain lion came in to our house through an open door. Daddy grabbed my sister's little wooden rocker and used it to chase the lion out.

For fun we played marbles, rolled old car tires around, swung on a rope tied to a tree limb, or walked on stilts, which we called tom walkers. I never had a real toy, just things we made ourselves. We played chase, raced our horses, and swam in the creek. I loved hearing stories my family would tell about 'the old days' when they were kids. I thought we had it good compared to how they lived.

My favorite game was played on horseback. We'd take old socks and fill them with soft stuff. Then we'd run around on horses hitting each other with our socks. I was smaller than the other boys so I couldn't hit as hard. I secretly got off and filled mine up with sand. The first time I hit one of the bigger boys, I knocked him off his horse. I knew I was in trouble because they were going to get even with me.

On our birthdays we got to have a party. We invited everyone around to come for a big country dance. Mother always cooked all kind of cakes and pies. Everyone brought food and we had a band to play music. Instead of money, the band was paid with all the food they could eat. We looked forward to our birthdays more than any other day.

When I got about your age, I wanted to wear good clothes to school. We didn't have money to buy clothes so to earn my own; I began hunting animals for their fur. I worked with a man who had a gun. We shot raccoons, minks, skunks, and rabbits and cleaned their hides. We ate the rabbits, and sold the rest of the furs. I also picked up pecans and sold them. I was never afraid of hard work. I think the reason I have lived so long is because I have worked hard all my life. I still like to work just for the exercise.

What I'd like you to remember about me is that I am proud of my people. My family had a good reputation. They were hard working, honest people who could be trusted to do what they said they would do. The most important thing a man can have is a good name. Take care of yours."

[Editor's Note: What a wonderful story! Darion is to be commended for recording this glimpse into the early life of his great-grandfather. This will be a family treasure. I

wish that every one reading this would do the same and share it with us.]

Assumptions and Opinions

In a recent past edition of this newsletter I stated my OPINION regarding the lineage of a branch of our family, namely Edward of Logan County, KY in Vol 6 No 2 page 7. In that article I stated that, based on what we know and what we assume, I would further assume that Edward of Logan County was the son of Johann Michael HOCKERSMITH.

Since putting that assumption in print, I have pondered the wisdom of doing so.

There have been problems in the past with novice and/or over-eager family researchers stating as fact that which is conjecture. This is a common problem in the realm of genealogical research and one that will continue to plague us. It becomes the duty and obligation of the serious, experienced and knowledgeable researchers to set the record straight.

Assumptions and opinions do play a roll in family research, however, because they are (or should be) based on a number of proven facts. As any experienced researcher will acknowledge, we tend to "re-invent the wheel" over and over (looking for information that another researcher has already discovered). If we can narrow our research, based on another researcher's findings or even a valid assumption, we stand a better chance of finding that missing link. Please note that I said, "a valid assumption."

When we invoke an assumption or an opinion, we should clearly identify it as an assumption and we should state why we feel it is valid. In other words, we should enumerate the proven facts that lead us to that conclusion. When an assumption or an opinion is presented in such a manner, the person receiving the information can judge for themselves whether the assumption is valid or not.

I have come to the conclusion that stating my assumption regarding the father of Edward of Logan County was an acceptable thing to do. It was plainly stated as an

assumption, but what I failed to do was to explain to you why it is a valid assumption. Here is that explanation:

A Process of Elimination.

The process goes like this:

1. We know that when Konrad Hackenschmidt (Conrad Hockersmith, the original family immigrant) died, he had four living sons - (1) Johann George, (2) Johann Michael, (3) Jacob, and (4) Conrad Jr., all of whom were mentioned by name in his will (see newsletter, Vol 1 No 2).

2. We are confident that we know the names of all nine children of Johann George - (1) Catherine, (2) Mary, (3) George, (4) Susanna, (5) Nancy, (6) Elisabeth, (7) Samuel, (8) Martha, and (9) Eve. All nine of these children are mentioned by name in George's will (see newsletter, Vol 1 No 3).

3. We are confident that we know the names of all eleven children of Jacob - (1) Henry H., (2) Jacob, (3) Peter, (4) Elizabeth, (5) David, (6) Mary, (7) Catharine, (8) Magdalena, (9) George, (10) John, and (11) William. All eleven children are mentioned in Jacob's will (see newsletter, Vol 2 No 3).

4. Through a process called "A Preponderance of Evidence," which basically means that most of what we can determine supports one basic conclusion, we are confident that Conrad Jr. was in fact the same man who went by the name "Edward Hockersmith," and he lived in Jessamine County, Kentucky and died there in 1808. We have his will and we know his seven children were; (1) Elisabeth, (2) John, (3) Conrad Rice, (4) David, (5) Eve, (6) Lucy, and (7) Nancy. (see newsletter, Vol 5 No 1). (Many of us also believe that Isaac [b.1791] was the son of Conrad Jr.)

5. Regarding Johann Michael - we know that he was living in Frederick County, Maryland in 1790 because he was listed in the first US census, which was taken that year. In that census it is recorded that he had seven (7) sons and four (4) daughters. None of their names were provided in that document. We are fairly certain that Michael followed his brother Conrad Jr. to Kentucky shortly after 1790.

6. All the names of both Hockensmith and Hockersmith men which appear early (1795-1805) in Kentucky history, and whom we cannot positively identify, we ASSUME (by the process stated above) to be sons of Michael, simply because they can belong to no other.

So – there you have the reason that I hold the opinion that Edward of Logan County was the son of Johann Michael HOCKERSMITH. You may accept it or reject it.

I have the same opinion regarding George HOCKERSMITH (who married Sally Miller) (see Editor's Note on page 12, where I say that George was "probably" the son of Michael).

I have the same opinion regarding Jacob HOCKERSMITH (who married Anna Keziah Skinner). I believe that he was "probably" the son of Michael.

Are any of these parental links proven? **NO they are not.** After all, if they were proven, I would not hold an opinion, I would hold the truth.

As I read this well-written and well-documented article by John Humphrey, I couldn't help thinking about all the trials and hardships that our forefather, Konrad HACKENSCHMIDT and his family must have dealt with and overcome. We owe him a great debt. This article describes the exact timeframe Konrad was building a new life and raising his family. I hope you enjoy reading this account as much as I did.

Life in Mid-Eighteenth Century Pennsylvania

by John T. Humphrey

Records Used to Tell the Story of Life in Mid-Eighteenth Century Pennsylvania

- County Tax Lists
- Diaries and Letters
- Road Petitions
- Business Ledgers
- U.S. Direct "Window" Tax of 1798
- U.S. Census of 1790
- Deeds
- Estate Inventories

“Black clouds rested heavily on the southern horizon and foretold of an unusually severe storm...all port-holes and hatches were closed and fastened, the upper yards were lowered and the sails furled...Soon after 8 o’clock a hurricane broke loose, far more terrible than we dreamed an ocean could be...winds howled, roaring waves ran mountains high...All passengers were gathered in the cabins and a solemn stillness reigned about 10 o’clock there was a terrible shock...the side of the ship against which my wife was leaning was now the bottom and the bottom had become one of the sides of the cabin and we realized the ship had capsized...a cry was raised for axes to cut away the masts...the Captain bravely climbed the main mast, and under his blows it parted and went over. Instantly, the ship righted itself and floated on even keel!” [1]

The foregoing is an account of a voyage recorded by a Moravian minister traveling from Germany to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. It offers the kind of detail most family historians would like to find on their eighteenth-century ancestors. Yet, how often can any historian find this kind of detail? Seldom, if ever!

Details concerning what an ancestor may have done on any given day can be difficult, if not impossible, to find. But, details concerning shared or common experience have been recorded, and that information is useful in gaining insight into eighteenth-century life in rural Pennsylvania.

Shared experience is an analytical tool used by historians to research, interpret, and analyze the past. Men and women of all generations have shared experience, such as our contemporary habit of purchasing food in a grocery store. Details of that experience include the day of the week, time of day the purchase, and the name of the store. The fact that most of us purchase food in a store provides an experience we all share in common.

Immigrants Had “Shared Experience”

The same was true of all eighteenth-century Pennsylvania immigrants. All newcomers had to journey there on a ship—an experience shared in common. The specifics of each voyage were unique to that journey and to the passengers who traveled on that particular ship. But, on that ship and others, people had shared experiences as well.

Ship’s captains carried out similar or routine sailing maneuvers on each and every trip across the Atlantic. As a sailing vessel approached the North American continent, for example, the captain of the ship would have ordered a member of his crew to start “sounding for the bottom.” The crewmember dropped a rope with a heavy lead weight over the side of the ship to test the depth of the water. He was trying to find the bottom. If the weight touched bottom at eight fathoms, that meant the ocean was only forty-eight feet deep. (One fathom equals six linear feet.) That indicated the ship was approaching land. Testing for the bottom was especially important if the ship approached the coast of New England or New York in a fog bank, a common occurrence. An account of one voyage noted, “No land was seen even though the ship had proceeded to eight fathoms. When at 10 a.m. the mist lifted, America was seen for the first time.” [2]

A 1742 account of another voyage noted that the captain found the bottom at 35 fathoms or 210 feet. On May 19 a cold, thick fog covered the sea. [3] The captain of this particular ship dropped anchor, as he wanted to send a small boat ashore to find a local navigator—another common experience. If a ship’s captain was unfamiliar with his present location or his destination port, he waited until he could arrange with a local expert who could pilot the boat into the harbor with some degree of safety.

Depending on the distance to shore and the condition of the passengers and crew, the captain may have sent a smaller boat ashore for other reasons—to get fresh water or to bury the dead. A record kept of one crossing noted that a boat went ashore near New London, Connecticut, to bury an infant born in route to Pennsylvania. [4] While ashore they encountered a resident who commented on how fit they appeared after such a long voyage. He noted that passengers on most ships usually got a fever and many often perished. He went on to say, “They [the dead] were placed in scores in large ditches near the shore and covered with sand...” [5] Statements similar to this one suggest that the remains of many immigrants were, perhaps, similarly buried on the beaches of New England, Long Island, New Jersey, and Delaware.

Voyage A “Slow Boat”

The voyage from the capes of the Delaware Bay to Philadelphia was neither fast nor easy. Everything

depended on the wind. If the prevailing breeze came from the south, then the ship probably reached Philadelphia in short order, as was the circumstance when Gottlieb Mittelberger came to Pennsylvania. He noted in his travel journal that the journey up Delaware Bay took forty hours, or about 1½ days. [6] In a letter to Germany, Christopher Saur noted that some ships needed eight to ten days to travel the same distance. [7]

When a ship finally arrived in Philadelphia, people usually gathered on the wharf. The narrator of another journal noted as they approached the dock, "...a crowd of persons was seen gathering on shore in expectation the newly arrived immigrants were to be exposed for sale." [8] Merchants looking for servants soon boarded. Frequently, those merchants were the proprietors of the ship or were in the employ of the owner. An official account was taken to determine the passengers who could be sold as indentured servants. The merchant then placed an advertisement in one of the Philadelphia newspapers, "German Servants For Sale." [9] Sometimes, those advertisements noted the wharf where the ship docked—information that can be especially useful for any family historian whose ancestors may have arrived on a ship so advertised.

Frequently, a representative of the government accompanied the merchants. The official was not looking for servants, but wanted to make certain that all fit males sixteen and older who were aliens disembarked and proceeded to the courthouse where the required oath was given. [10] Immigrants, whose origins were not in the British Isles, made their way to the courthouse located at second and High Streets. As they proceeded to the courthouse they climbed the steep riverbank to the city on some very wobbly legs. After an extended period of time at sea they were used to the rocking motion of the ship, and they did not have their "land" legs. Most probably looked like a pack of drunken sailors as they proceeded to the courthouse.

The captain of the vessel usually led the way. When the alien immigrants entered the courthouse, a representative of the government—namely the Mayor, President of the Assembly, or a Justice of the Court—was waiting. He told them they were now in a country that belonged to the King of England; a fact that required them to take an oath of allegiance to that King and his successors. [11] The

oath was then explained to the immigrants. Given the numbers of Germans arriving in Philadelphia, one presumes that someone was available who could translate. The immigrants had to promise they would conduct themselves as good and faithful subjects, that they would not revolt against his Majesty, nor would they settle on lands that were not their own. They were also required to abjure or renounce allegiance to the Pope. In the words of another narrator, "After we took the oath, we signed our names to two different papers, one belonged to the King and the other to the government of Pennsylvania." [12]

Arrival In Pennsylvania

Immigrants undoubtedly formed some interesting impressions of Pennsylvania in the days and weeks following their arrival. In fact, their initial impressions were probably formed on the docks. Mid-eighteenth century maps of Philadelphia show sixty-five docks covering a fairly extended area along the west bank of the Delaware River. Philadelphia had become the largest and single most important port in the American colonies. [13] Immigration records reveal a very busy place. In one month alone, September 1753, fifteen ships arrived with German immigrants; on average they arrived every other day during that month. [14] Other immigrants arrived as well, including the Scots-Irish, who came in numbers almost equal to the Germans. And, there was related activity—numerous ships in the harbor were used to transport agricultural products from Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware to Europe and the West Indies, and other ships brought manufactured goods from Europe. [15]

The import-export business in Philadelphia created a complex economy that involved the efforts of thousands. Generally, an eighteenth-century sailing ship was docked for about thirty-six days. [16] Immigrants would have seen sailors roaming about the docks, along with stevedores moving goods on and off the ships, and cart men and laborers who transported the goods to warehouses. Contributing to the chaos were numbers of teamsters with wagons, and flatboat operators who brought goods to the city for export.

Philadelphia Then Comparatively Small

By contemporary standards Philadelphia was relatively small. But, by the standards of eighteenth-century ancestors, most of whom left small villages Germany or Great Britain, Philadelphia probably looked huge. A 1762 map shows the city extended from below South Street to Vine Street in the north and west to about Seventh Street. [17] Reports dating about 1750 note it took about one day to walk around the town. [18]

Newly arrived German, and Scotch-Irish immigrants probably noticed several things almost immediately. First, the city had no walls. Many towns and villages of comparable size in Europe still retained their medieval fortifications. Second, the streets in Philadelphia were rectilinear, running at ninety-degree angles to one another. Streets in the Quaker capital did not meander as did many streets in European towns and villages. Newly arrived immigrants most likely commented that in Philadelphia streets were much wider than in Germany or England.

The third item they might have noticed was the lack of a church steeple with a bell or clock that struck out the time—an observation they would have shared with Gottlieb Mittelberger. He noted in his journal, "...the town did not have a steeple with a bell or clock, and there is no striking of the hours, which seems very dull to newcomers, especially in the night." [19]

The Philadelphia of 1760 may not have felt as foreign to Germans arriving in that city as many late-twentieth century historians may think. Based on the number of recorded baptisms found in eighteenth-century Philadelphia church registers, Germans may have accounted for one-half of the entire population of the city. [20] Most of those Germans lived in an area of Philadelphia located in the northern end of the city around Arch, Vine, and Race Streets. In this section of the city, Germans started a tradition that would continue for generations in this country—even into this century: They created the first ethnic neighborhood. [21] In the German section of town, signs were written in German and English, and to the consternation of many English residents, some signs were inscribed solely in German! [22] In this neighborhood Germans built their churches—St. Michael's Evangelical Lutheran Church, the First Reformed Church,

and later, Zion Lutheran Church—the largest in the colonial city and, later, the Federal Capital.

German settlers, who arrived in Philadelphia, most likely disembarked, and proceeded to the German enclave because here they could make contact with friends and neighbors who came earlier. Here they could begin the process of getting re-established. The presence of so many Germans in this area of Philadelphia undoubtedly eased their transition into a foreign culture and a foreign land.

The sounds immigrants heard would have been interesting as well. These newcomers would have heard a dialect of English that was very different from English as spoken in the late twentieth-century. Eighteenth-century ancestors would have heard a dialect of English as it was spoken in Great Britain. They would also have heard dialects of German, and, indeed, language may be provided the new German arrivals with a means of identifying others from their own region of Germany. An immigrant from the Rhineland Pfalz, for example, may have heard Germans speaking in a local dialect that would have immediately told him these men are from my region of Germany—the "Pfalz." That recognition would have provided the immigrant with an opportunity to inquire about other arrivals from his region of Germany or perhaps even from his village—immigrants who may have settled in one of the more distant counties, such as Lancaster, York, Northampton, or Berks.

Most Move to the Countryside

Most immigrants did not remain in Philadelphia for any length of time, as evidenced by settlement patterns in southeastern Pennsylvania. Those settlers wanted to get out on the land. Christopher Saur in a letter sent to Germany noted, "Because one may hold as much property as one wishes, also pay for it when one desires, everybody hurries to take up some property." [23] In the mid-1750s a Moravian minister in Philadelphia noted that members of his congregation spent a good deal of time talking about the price of land and the places where they could buy it. This put the minister in some distress as he felt they should be more focused on the spiritual realm and less on the material. [24]

The lure of land drew thousands of immigrants to Pennsylvania, both German and English—a fact many

twentieth-century family historians do not fully appreciate. Land played a very important role in the lives of all ancestors. Our eighteenth-century forebears lived in an agrarian economy in which practically everything came from the soil—food, clothing, and shelter. It was a simple fact: People who controlled land controlled their own destiny. In Germany or England most people were tenant farmers and did not control land. They rented the land and their ability to stay on that land depended on the owner, generally a Lord or someone of minor nobility. If the tenant paid the rent on time and if he caused no problems, the renter remained on the land. If he followed the dictates of the landlord, he increased his chances of keeping his tenancy. Following the rules frequently meant attending the church of the local ruler, as opposed to a church dictated by conscience. If the family lost its right to remain on the land, another way had to be found to provide for the basics of life.

Population growth during the eighteenth century compounded the problem. As population increased in Germany and Great Britain, the demand on the limited amount of land also increased. Consequently rents escalated. [25] Tenant farmers with limited or no access to land in Europe had two choices—relocate or continue to live at a subsistence level. Many chose to relocate and some who did came to Pennsylvania. [26]

The price of land and its availability influenced the decision of where to locate in Pennsylvania. Historians are finding that settlement patterns were also very important. In the case of German immigrants, scholars are discovering immigrants who came from the same home village or region settled together in Pennsylvania. [27] Obvious benefits were to be gained by living near people who came from the same village or perhaps the same region. A newcomer could seek help from friends and distant relatives during those early years when life was literally being carved out of the wilderness. [28]

In terms of price, the further one moved from Philadelphia, the cheaper land became. In 1750 Mittelberger noted, “The price of farms around Philadelphia are quite high. Even a days journey from Philadelphia prices for uncleared land are high.” [29] Advertisements in Philadelphia newspapers show that in 1750 the price of a homestead with a house, barn, and cleared field was twice the price of uncultivated land—a

fact that forced many Germans to search for unimproved land in the interior of Pennsylvania. [30]

Travel Presented Obstacles

Usually newly arrived settlers made their journey to Lancaster, Berks, Northampton, and York counties on foot, and the trip took several days. Immigrants leaving Philadelphia would have set out on one of the three roads leaving the city. As the traveler left Philadelphia, he or she would have seen barns with some frequency. But, once the sojourner reached upper Bucks, Montgomery, or Berks Counties, the distance between farmsteads would have grown considerably. In an early journal entry Muhlenberg noted, “When one travels on the roads, one constantly travels in bush or forest. Occasionally, there is a house and several miles down the road there is another house.” [31]

Rivers and streams set up serious obstacles to travel. In more settled areas boats or canoes could be found along most rivers and some streams, but once a traveler entered the forest, there were no ferries. For the sojourner traveling on foot, a horseman or boatman passing by might be persuaded to carry him to the other side. If not, the traveler’s only alternative was to swim. Accounts in several journals kept by Moravian missionaries noted that they did swim streams both in the warm and cold weather months. On a trip in November, 1743, Leonard Schnell and Robert Hussey, “...lost their way several times and had to cross several rivers, through one of which, the Nottway, they had to swim, as there was no one at hand to take them across in a boat.” [32]

In the mid-eighteenth-century much of southeastern Pennsylvania was still forested. Muhlenberg noted, “The settlements here are totally surrounded by forests.” [33] The forest caused sounds to echo and re-echo. One of Muhlenberg’s colleagues, an Anglican minister, noted in a report sent to England that, “the whole country is one continuous woods!” [34] The Anglican missionary complained bitterly about it. He told his superiors in London he could not send a proper report, as he had no idea how many people were members of his congregation. He had no way of counting them because they all lived in the woods; when he went out to find them, he generally got lost. [35]

Water was the single most important factor that determined where immigrants settled. Most settlers wanted an accessible water supply. Studies of land sales from the Penn family to first-time purchasers reveal that tracts of land along rivers, streams, and feeder creeks sold first. Land between streams was sold later. [36] They needed water for domestic and farm use, such as irrigating the meadow. Faced with the task of building a shelter and clearing the land of trees, settlers did not want to dig a well too!

Foreigners traveling through Pennsylvania noted this pattern of settlement. Johan David Schoepf commented in 1783, "...farmsteads were irregular in their appearance, they were frequently set far back from the roads and most often adjacent to a spring or stream." [37]

One method used by settlers to find productive land was to follow a creek or stream, which in effect became the path that led them where they wanted to locate. A speculator searching for land wrote, "...the soil appears to be wholly made up of decayed leaves and wood. Once cleared, this land yields perhaps the finest crop in the first year." [38] In the first years after clearing the land, many early farmers produced forty to forty-five bushels of wheat per acre. This handsome bounty enabled them to pay for their land and the expense of improvements within a relatively short period of time. [39] Mittelberger noted, "The land is not really dear. One takes up two-hundred acres, promised to pay by installments in ten years and instead clears off the debt in five years." [40]

Temporary Shelter Came First

Building a temporary shelter was the first task settlers faced after they found and purchased new land. Perhaps it did not have a chimney or a door. A blanket might have been used to cover the entrance. One example is described without windows—light entered where the smoke exited. [41]

Life in such a primitive cabin proved difficult at best. There was no way to keep out a cold, raw winter wind or a driving rain. Muhlenberg noted that during the first years of his pastorate, "...he preached in barns and transparent [meaning drafty] wooden churches. The poor assembled from miles around. They were cold and wet and wore poor thin clothes." [42]

Problems with nature were not limited to the wind and rain. One Moravian minister, while reading in his cabin, looked up to see a snake crawling up through the floorboards. The snake then slithered along the floor and went back under the boards. [43] In another account, "Snakes have frequently crept into houses and even into the beds of people who lived in the woods so that the people lay on them in the night till the snakes grow restless..." [44]

After building temporary shelter, work commenced on erecting a more permanent cabin and clearing the land of trees. In general, Germans approached the task of clearing the land in a manner different than the British. Germans did not girdle or strip the trees of bark and leave them to die in place, which was the custom of the English and Irish. Germans tended to cut the trees down, burn what they could not use, and then dig out the roots. By destroying the tree and by grubbing the roots, the field was fit for cultivation. The farmer could plow and harrow the field; he did not have to spend years working around dead trees and stumps; he did not take the risk of dead branches falling from trees and destroying valuable crops. He avoided the risk of breaking or damaging his plow with roots still embedded in the soil. [45]

Clearing the land was a burdensome task, but it was approached with fervor. Settlers developed a dislike for trees and for the forests that perpetually surrounded them. One early traveler shared those sentiments as he wrote in his travel journal, "Reaching a settlement is like a feast for an inexperienced traveler—to see sun shine on some open grounds, to view clear fields. You seem to be relieved from that secret uneasiness and involuntary apprehension which is always in the woods." [46]

Tax Lists Show Land Usage

Tax assessments for several eastern Pennsylvania counties list the quantity of land owned, and many of those assessments specify or list the number of wooded acres. Those tax records provide a means of tracking rates of deforestation; that is, historians can follow the progress of early settlers in clearing farms of trees. John Heil, an early resident in Moore Township, Northampton County is a useful example. In 1768 he was enumerated as the owner of fifteen acres of cleared land and one hundred sixty-five acres of woodland. In 1776 he was

assessed on fifty cleared acres and one hundred thirty wooded acres. In eight years time, from 1768 to 1776, John Heil cleared trees from thirty-five acres on his one hundred eighty acre farm. [47] On average, he cleared four acres of land each year without the help of any mechanical equipment.

The actual process of clearing trees from the land began on land located near the stream or spring for a number of reasons. Because the cabin was located near the water source land generally was cleared near the cabin for a vegetable garden. The farmer also had to consider his livestock—he needed an area on the farm that was suitable for a meadow. If he already had purchased a cow and perhaps a horse, major investments in Colonial America, then their needs would have been given considerable priority. Early settlers typically started clearing land at the bottom of a hill as opposed to the top: A dell tended to be the more productive land. Also, bottom land could be irrigated to produce hay. [48]

Thus, eighteenth-century Pennsylvania farms emerged gradually from the wilderness in a set pattern. Land was cleared first near the house located along the stream or near a spring. Work began here and progressed slowly up the hill towards the top. The last land to be cleared would have been wooded area at the tops of hills.

Details on life and its associated difficulties as experienced by early German immigrants can be found in Gottlieb Mittelberger's Account of his Journey to Pennsylvania. In 1752 or 1753 Mittelberger interviewed Germans who had immigrated to Pennsylvania in the earlier decades. They reported that life was very hard; they lived in constant fear of the Indians and lacked tools, equipment, horses, and cattle. Meat was available, but salt and gunpowder were in short supply. Reports noted large fires, a by-product of deforestation, continually burned around their cabins. [49]

Tract Sizes Show Life in Isolation

One of the most difficult adjustments many immigrants made was learning to deal with isolation. Most came from small farming villages. In the case of the Germans whose origins were in the Palatinate; they did not live out on the land. In those villages they had contact with friends, relatives, and neighbors on a daily basis. Social contact was not limited to within the village, but included others

nearby ones. Aaron Fogelman in *Hopeful Journeys* noted in the Northern Kraichgau, "...settlements were extremely close to one another...they were so close that one could normally stand on the periphery of one village and see the next village just down the road or across some open fields...the distance between the adjacent communities of Schwaigern and Massenbach is only about two miles." [50] The situation in Germany stood in marked contrast to life in some sections of rural Pennsylvania, where only a few tiny villages existed. Most early settlers were lucky if they had a single neighbor living two miles away—let alone a whole village.

Tract size provides a method of measuring relative isolation in rural Pennsylvania. If an early settler purchased a tract of land containing 500 acres, the distance from the center of that tract to the edge of the property was about a mile and one half. [51] If someone lived on an adjacent tract of land, then the distance between neighbors could be approximately three miles. If the tract size was larger, then the distance between neighbors was greater.

One Moravian minister, Augustus Spangenberg, referred to this isolation in a letter he wrote in 1753. He noted that if a husband had to leave his wife for some reason, and the woman was home alone and became ill, she had a real problem. How and where could she get help? The wife of the nearest neighbor may be one to three miles away, but she had her own responsibilities. She had her children, her cattle, and her household to tend. At the most, all that neighbor could offer was perhaps a few hours, or at the most, a full day. [52]

Given this set of circumstances and the isolation these families experienced, the reactions Moravian ministers received when they visited people living in the wilderness should not be too surprising. In 1754, a Moravian missionary traveling in Northampton County, reported Peter Hoffman's wife was incredulous upon hearing that the missionary would soon pay a visit. He went on to write, "The joy this occasion brought can hardly be described. We found them all in childlike, blessed disposition, just about as one would find children on Christmas Eve." [53]

Moravian Diaries Reveal Economic Status

Moravian diaries disclose that this type of reaction was fairly common; they also revealed extreme poverty. When Moravian missionaries stopped by the home of John Hillman in 1754, an early settler in Northampton County, they noted, “We found their children very poorly clad, so poorly they would not let themselves be seen. Some of the older ones had taken the younger ones on their laps to hide their poverty in clothing.” [54] At the home of Philip Serfass, a neighbor, they invited the family to a service that was going to be held the following Sunday but “The parents said that some of the children had no shoes and would not be able to come.” [55]

A journal entry dated January 2, 1749, said it this way, “News came that the wife of a New England man had been delivered of twin sons without the assistance of a midwife. The children were hearty, but there was nothing in the house with which to cloth one of the twins, and as for the mother, there was nothing to eat except for some dry Indian bread.” [56] The mother was prepared for the birth of one child only!

Most farmers did not construct a stable or barn until some years after starting a farm, according to one observer in 1724. [57] Another eighteenth-century observer commented that the absence of barns and stables probably had stemmed from the fact that there was scarcely three of four days of really cold weather. [58] An alternative explanation is also possible: The absence of barns and stables may have meant that a house, and clearing the land of trees, had a higher priority. These early German settlers had no time or energy left to construct a barn. During the initial stages of settlement, the barn was probably considered a luxury and obviously came later, because eventually they were built.

The reader may be asking what happened to the livestock without barns? Cows were either chained to a post or allowed to roam free. In the evening a member of the family would travel into the forest to bring the cow(s) in for milking. Some farmers put bells on them so they could be more easily located. [59] Pigs also roamed free through the forest, where they could forage on roots, nuts, and berries. In Philadelphia, interestingly, pigs were allowed to roam free to forage on garbage. [60]

Perhaps one of Mittelberger’s more interesting observations relates to chickens. “In this country the chickens are not put in houses at night nor are they looked after but they sit summer and winter upon trees near houses. Every morning many a tree is so full of chickens that the boughs bend beneath them.” [61] He went on to observe that beasts of prey were not a problem as every farmer had a big dog that roamed the premises. The reader at this point is probably wondering, what happened to the eggs?

Estate Inventories Describe Farmsteads

Scholars have been able to well describe the typical Pennsylvania farm through a careful analysis of estate inventories and other records. Almost all farmers raised livestock that included the previously noted horses, cows, sheep, fowl, and hogs. One study said Pennsylvania farmers kept more horses than their Virginia, Maryland, or New England counterparts. [62] Sheep, raised more for wool than for mutton, were not that plentiful. Mittelberger did observe, “...the sheep are larger than the German ones and have generally two lambs a year.” [63] Swine, bees, and fowl were widespread. Most families consumed more pork than beef, but the numbers of hogs raised is not certain because they were not taxed. Mittelberger noted most farms possessed five to ten hogs. [64] Other information on the number of hogs maintained comes from inventories of estates. Pennsylvania farmers raised and used chickens and other fowl in substantial quantities. Because they were not taxed and inventoried as part of the probate process, it is difficult to determine the actual number of chickens. [65]

One scholar concluded that a typical eighteenth-century farm in southeastern Pennsylvania contained about one hundred twenty-five acres [66], twenty-six acres typically devoted to raising grain—a crop used to feed livestock and for baking bread. [67] As a grain, wheat was the cash crop for most Pennsylvania farmers; any surplus was sold on the open market to raise cash to purchase other items necessary for the operation of the farm or for domestic life. Eight or nine acres on the farm were given over to the cultivation of flax, vegetables, and fruits. [68] The meadow, a source of hay for cattle, contained thirteen to fifteen acres. [69] Thus, a farmer in mid-eighteenth century Pennsylvania needed fifty acres of cleared land to have sufficient acreage for a crop that could provide

needed revenue and meet the needs of his family and his livestock.

Flour and gristmills played a very important role in the lives of all early settlers. Flourmills were as important to people living in the eighteenth-century as grocery stores are to people living in the twentieth. The reason being, bread made from wheat or rye, was a staple of a typical eighteenth-century diet. A 1728 German diarist recorded that wheat bread was eaten almost everywhere. [70]

Ledgers, Other Records Reconstruct Communities

Additional evidence can be found in other places—estate records and personal ledger books. Among the estate papers of John Jacob Eyerly (1750-1800) was a ledger book titled List of Outstanding Debts in the Mill Book. That record was a list of people who owed Eyerly money for grinding grain at the Friedensthal Mill in Northampton County. Upon closer examination, that mill book was a virtual census of every household located within a two-mile radius. A crosscheck of the names in the mill book with the names living in the immediate vicinity discloses that everyone in that neighborhood brought their grain to this mill. [71]

Mills are also mentioned in articles of agreement that detail how children were to provide for their aging parents. Among other things, children were directed to provide their parents with sufficient grain from the field; but not only were they to provide the grain, they were also directed to take it to the mill. [72]

Road petitions are another interesting source that furnish additional evidence. Settlers petitioning a court asking that a road be built state the reason why the road was needed. One explanation noted with surprising frequency was the need to get to the mill. [73]

The 1798 U.S. Direct Tax for Pennsylvania and the 1800 U.S. Census are invaluable sources that provide interesting and important detail on eighteenth-century life. The tax records note the person occupying the property as well as the owner, the neighbors, the dimensions of the house, the number of stories, and the material. Also mentioned are any out buildings, such as a separate kitchen or bake oven, and other buildings such as barns. The dimensions and type of construction of the

barn and other outbuildings are frequently provided as well.

While the 1798 U. S. Direct tax furnishes detail on structures, the U. S. Census enumerates their contents. Christian Muffley, an early resident of Lower Mt. Bethel Township in Northampton County, was listed in the 1798 U.S. Direct Tax as living in a one-story log home that measured 24x30 feet. [74] The 1800 U.S. Census showed this same man living with nine other people. [75] His family of ten lived in 720 square feet. By contemporary standards, those sorts of living arrangements would have been very uncomfortable at best. When it came to living arrangements, privacy in eighteenth-century Pennsylvania was non-existent.

Inventories of estates are perhaps the most valuable source for studying domestic life in Colonial America. They are snapshots in time about a person's movable possessions at the point of death. The estate inventory of John Dietrich provided a view of family life with young children in the home. John Dietrich of Upper Mount Bethel Township, Northampton County, died in 1794 at 34 years of age leaving five children, all under the age of ten. John Dietrich was born in Pennsylvania; his father and grandfather were immigrants from Germany. In the ten years between John Dietrich's marriage and his death, he accumulated a substantial estate without the benefit of inheritance. As was typical of many Pennsylvania German farmers, John and his wife Magdalena did not own much furniture. The inventory lists three chests, six chairs, and one table. [76] It shows that the Dietrich family sat on chairs as opposed to benches when they ate their meals. Because only three beds and besteads were listed in the inventory, some or all of the children were sleeping more than one to a bed.

Kitchen equipment was sparse. Magdalena prepared food with two iron pots, two iron kettles, a teakettle, a coffee pot and a frying pan. [77] Not mentioned in the inventory were earthen plates, pewter dishes, or trenchers spoons. One has to ask the question, did the appraiser forget to mention eating utensils? Did the family actually lack these items, or were they not listed on his inventory?

Lamps or lanterns were not mentioned either, suggesting the Dietrichs probably illuminated their log home with candles. The house was heated with a stove and John Dietrich did own four guns. [78]

The most valuable part of John Dietrich's inventory was his livestock; he had more than most. Included in the count were four horses, four mares, three hogs, nine lambs, eight calves, eight heifers, seven cows, two bulls, a steer, and some oxen. The horses and oxen, combined with the listing of a "wagon, swingle trees, and gears" shows that he hauled good, possibly as far as Philadelphia. Also in the inventory were two wool wheels, a spinning wheel, a hemp break, and a loom—clear evidence that they made cloth and clothing. The eight lambs provided the family with the wool needed to weave clothing. The inventory also listed wheat, corn, and buckwheat, crops grown by most eighteenth-century Pennsylvania German farmers. [79]

Writings Talk About Customs of Time

Family historians spend a great deal of time wandering through cemeteries searching for the gravestones of long-forgotten relatives. But, how many genealogists have ever stopped to think about eighteenth-century burial customs?

Evidence suggests large funeral attendance. Gottlieb Mittelberger wrote, "Sometimes one can count at country weddings and funerals 300, 400, and even 500 persons on horseback." [80] When Jacob Ehrenhardt was buried on February 10, 1759 in the village of Emaus in Lehigh County, an audience of 400 was in or near the church, many hanging at the doors and windows. [81] On August 14, 1768 in York, Pennsylvania, 600 people attended the funeral of Catherine Heckedorn, wife of John Heckedorn. [82]

When someone died, a member of the family of the deceased notified the four closest neighbors, who in turn notified their nearest neighbors, and so on. In this manner invitations to funerals were extended to many friends and neighbors within a short period of time. [83]

Generally, funerals were held in the late afternoon or early evening. The funeral party assembled at the home of the deceased where they ate cake and a hot rum punch or sweetened cider. In an air of suspicion Muhlenberg wrote that friends and relatives came more for the rum and cake than for their interest in the deceased. [84]

When the party had assembled, the cortege moved to the church, led by the minister. The casket, carried on a

wagon through the woods, followed him. The immediate family followed the wagon on horseback. The rest of the party, in turn, followed. [85] In one entry, Muhlenberg noted the men rode separately from the women who traveled with any young children. At the church the minister gave the funeral sermon after which a brief biography of the deceased was given. Then, they took the coffin to the cemetery for burial. [86] When John Dietrich died in 1794, his funeral was probably handled in much the same manner.

The Dietrich family is representative of numerous families living in southeastern Pennsylvania in the mid- to late-1700s, especially Germans. As in most Pennsylvania German families, John and Magdalena Dietrich did not have many household furnishings. The most valuable part of his inventory was the produce of the farm—the grain standing in the field or in the barn, and the livestock. One traveler concluded that most Pennsylvania farmers did "...not surround themselves with conveniences and live in plenty." [87] They were more concerned with the state of the barn and the barnyard.

Our eighteenth-century ancestors would have agreed with those priorities. A certain amount of sadness and discord accompanied the decision to leave home and family in England or Germany. They risked a dangerous voyage on an open, sometimes tumultuous sea; but they chose that route because they wanted the opportunity to take control of their own lives. They wanted the chance to succeed, many wanted religious freedom, and they wanted the opportunity to pass something on to their children. The evidence suggests most Pennsylvania families succeeded beyond their wildest dreams.

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