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Ursinus College


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Contributors

ROBERT G. ADAMS retired from a career in industry in 1973, and devoted much of his time and energy to his hobby of genealogy. This amusing article is the last in a series describing the search for his German ancestors (previous articles appeared in the Spring 1982, and Spring 1984, issues of *Pennsylvania Folklife*). Mr. Adams died several months ago.

KAREN GUENTHER is a doctoral student in American history at the University of Connecticut at Storrs, specializing in the ethnic and religious history of Pennsylvania. She has also worked as a summer seasonal employee at Hopewell Village National Historic Site, Elverston, Pennsylvania. She would like to acknowledge the assistance of Lee Boyle and Janet Kennedy in the preparation of this article.

MARY SHULER HEIMBURGER, who lives in Long Beach California, is writing a book based on the letters and notebooks of two of her ancestors: Pennsylvania Dutchmen who traveled from Lehigh County, Pennsylvania to Ohio, and then on to California seeking gold in '49.

WILLIAM T. PARSONS, Ph.D, is professor of history, director of the Pennsylvania German Studies Program, and archivist at Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pa. In addition, he is visiting research professor at Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa. Among his contributions to Pennsylvania German affairs are several historical and folk cultural books, and literally dozens of articles in numerous journals and periodicals.

MARTIN W. WILSON, M.A., lives in Delaware Water Gap, Pa., and is a member of the Antoine Dutot Museum. This article on the Water Gap resorts is condensed from a thesis submitted as a partial requirement for a Master's degree in American history from East Stroudsburg University. He is presently employed as history teacher at that institution on a temporary basis.



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WINTER 1985-86, VOL. 35, No. 2

CONTENTS

50 Letters and Reports from Pennsylvania Germans in the American West

WILLIAM T. PARSONS and
 MARY SHULER HEIMBURGER

75 Religion in an Iron-Making Community: Bethesda Baptist Church and Hopewell Village

KAREN GUENTHER

80 Delaware Water Gap: Birth and Death of a Resort Town

MARTIN W. WILSON

93 The Search for Our German Ancestors III: "The Royal Connection"

ROBERT G. ADAMS

96 Aldes un Neies

CONTRIBUTIONS

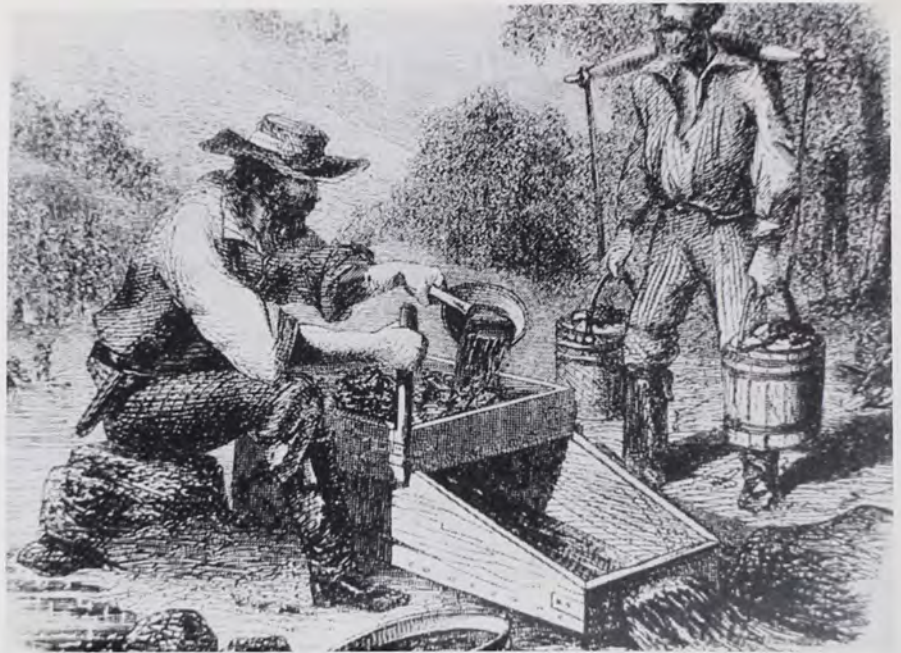
(Inside front cover)

COVER:

Cradle rocking (Harpers Monthly, 1860). The Pennsylvania German—most often thought of as a stay-at-home—was among those who went west to search for gold in 1849.

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The cradle, "Hydraulic Mining," Century Magazine, 25:3: 325. "Their only implements were shovels and a rude cradle for the top layer of earth..." All photographs by William T. Parsons from sources in the L.A. Beeghly Library, Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.



LETTERS AND REPORTS FROM PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS IN THE AMERICAN WEST

by
William T. Parsons
&
Mary Shuler Heimburger

A preliminary version of this article, without illustrations, appeared as a chapter in Steven Benjamin, Proceedings of the Conference of Society for German-American Studies, York College, 1981, Radford, VA: Radford College Studies, 1985. The photography and a major part of Parsons' portion of the essay were subsidized by a research grant from the Arcadia Foundation, Norristown, Pa.

Wie sagt me wann me recht sei soll? Die Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch sin beriehm am meeschte fer bauere, graad uff ihre eegne Blatz hocke, un fer schure gons wennich schwetze. Un me kann aa gut sehne ass es wohr is, ass es menscht fun selli Leit nie net weit fun ihre Heemet weck gange sin; net weit weck fun ihre alde gut-bekannte Bauerei.

Awwer wie immer mit die Deitsche Leit, gebt's deel ass ebbes schunsch im Sinn hen. Die sin darrich's breet weit land gedoppt. Selli Wannersleit hen in all die Ecke fum Land g'schafft un hen sie sich gons fermischt mit die annere Schaffleit in unser Welt. Mer wees gewiss net eb sie als nooch wie Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Leit aaschicke odder eb sie sich gons ferennert hen.

Translation

How does one say it, to be perfectly accurate? Pennsylvania Germans (or Dutch, you take your pick) are most famous for farming, for staying right at home, and surely for keeping quiet. Certainly, few of these people ever ventured very far from home, never very far from the old beloved farm.

But as always with these German people, there are some of them who have had something else in mind. They have roamed about the whole broad, far country. Those travelers have worked in all corners of the land and have entirely intermixed with other working people of our world. It is sometimes hard to tell whether they go as recognizable Pennsylvania Germans, or whether they have completely changed.

Perhaps with that introduction for the initiated, I might add for all others that the Pennsylvania German, famous as a homebody, should not be so totally surprising when he steps out of his locality. Nor ought he be when he goes against some past tradition, or when he departs from his local, familiar environment to join the march to Kansas, California, Colorado or to other, better, lands and opportunities to the west.

True, though, he may still startle us when he takes his place in the covered wagon train, when he makes sympathetic reports on mountain wildlife, or when he tallies aboriginal characteristics and values from the wild west. It just seems that, somehow, a Pennsylvania Dutchman does not belong there. He is incongruous, out-of-place, and even almost ludicrous, considering the generally stereotyped assumptions of our time and even of our history.

Indeed, one of the areas of enthusiastic participation by many Pennsylvanians and their descendants, among the many minor and major aspects of American life to which they properly belong, is the Gold Rush and all of its ramifications. We have learned, for example, that one of the very first singing groups entertaining miners, went by the name of "The Pennsylvanians," and that was seventy-five years before Fred Waring. No remaining reference to their repertoire has survived, to my knowledge, though I can tell you names of some card games solitary miners played. Moreover, even their song selection remains a mystery: whether they used a routine of then-popular songs, or if they sang folksongs or semi-religious or serio-comic items, I would give a great deal to know.

As I work the topic, I become aware of the potential existence of a much larger topic than just individual experiences. Dutchmen in the American West will deal with much more than the very small handful of persons encountered here. In time, with luck and with persistence, we shall find that much more is available. It will again surprise us, I believe, to find a *klatsch* of Pennsylvania Germans who went to the Golden Lands in 1848 and 1849 to participate in the Gold Rush.

One source we have really ignored is an account of those Plain Folk who were Gold Rush Argonauts or pioneers. One such was Solomon Yeakel (with that name so legendary that at first I thought it must really be a joke or pseudonym of sorts) whose father objected to the departure of son Solomon on moral, if not religious, grounds.¹ Father Abraham Yeakel was properly Schwenkfelder and is buried today in an out-of-the-way local graveyard.²

In the first of two parts of this article Mary Shuler Heimburger and I present a picture of the Gold Rush as described by Shuler family and friends. The letters themselves belong to Mary Shuler Heimburger or to her family. I have done the organizing, transcribing, and translating where needed.³ A clue as to origin is the

Palatine tendency to be very careless about spelling in the dialect and in related English derivatives. In particular, the tendency to invert an "ei" or "ie" haphazardly is very prominent in Palatine dialect, from which much of Pennsylvania German Dialect derives.⁴ Fractured English and German forms which are almost shredded will keep the reader alert and challenge his ingenuousness. Where a letter in English is so mystifying as to defy understanding, I have, as noted, supplied an English translation. Given the nature of the material, footnotes are sparsely used.

SHULER LETTERS FROM CALIFORNIA

These letters form a correspondence to and from Shuler family members, in-laws, and close friends. The family was of Pennsylvania German origin, stemming from a storied immigrant, Gabriel Shuler (1672-1779), whose home in the Pfalz has not been identified, but who settled in the Harleysville-Goschenhoppen area in 1712.⁵ One branch of Gabriel's family lived in Powder Valley, east of present-day Hereford, Pa. Some members of this family line—Reading (1810-1898), Asa (1822-1895), and Mandes Shuler (1828-1902)—had already moved to Hamilton, Ohio (near Cincinnati) prior to 1848. Asa and Mandes, "characters" themselves, went separately to California but met there in 1849, and joined in quite easily with like-spirited gold seekers.

THE LETTERS

1. Autographed Letter Signed Asa W. Shuler, Georgetown, California, to Reading Shuler [Hamilton], Ohio, 18 August 1851.

Dear Brother:

I take my pen to write to you

As there is a letter due

Yours I received two months back

And was glad to hear you gat my Sack

And also that Neimyer has got home

Safely with my little Sum

And that you are alive and well

And that the family is increasing still

Also that you drive ahead

With business as you said

Making cradles and Shopbuilding

Out fishing and game killing.

I guess I've written enough of this

So I'll Stop & go out and Spit

out my *cauduwac* [chaw of tobacco].

I have left Rick Bar on the 11stand [11th instant] of June fore Onion valley [Union Valley?] & got there on the 15th. Bought in to aclaim on hopkins Creek for 35 Dollars. Mandus Staded [stayed] there to work it and I and Newton B. Love come on to this place on the 3d day of July and have averaged 7 Dollars a day and intand to stay here until I Stard for home, which will be in 2 mouns and a hafe.

We have left here for Rick Bar on the 9th of March and comments working on Smith Bar. Mad about 8 Dollars a day. Workt about three weeks & then we bought aclame on Rick Bar for four honntard dollars. Workt there 6 weeks and got a little over 6 honnterd Dollars Out of it, five of us, and we had to pay two dollars pound flour & otter Sings in proportion. We were pertty hard run fer a Spe and torth [for a space and towards] the last we cutend git anney flour for no price. So I Souldrd my gun and went hounding [shouldered my gun & went hunting]. Found one deer track & that was all.

I had to live [leave] on that day, and we lost two mules, on[e] Mandus left in the snow, & the other one got lost on the Ransh.

Gold digging is pretty near all day's work, with five dollars is above all average. A gwood maney People are worging here from all pards of the unniverse: we have one-third, fulley. I think if the United States would do Something to keep them out here, it would give us miners abetar chance to maek a little. & it would fack [fetch?] the money all to the united States. I thing we have plentey yous for it caze They can live on a Spoonful of Rice & a hare track a day, so they can travel over those mountains & git into the bast minze and Clam it up, which will keep us out the best deiggings.

Francis Desconbes & Chals Bobenmoyer & Edward Weader are mineing on Chanyan Creek, About 150 miles north of this. How that are doing I don't know. The law is here now. Aney man steels over fiftedollars, has to be lasso and draw ubon the forst tree thay come to. Two falers are agoing to bee houg in Sac[ramento] City on the 22nt for Steeling. Now I have written all I no. I am well at present.

I want to see you more, I thing
Than I can write with pen and ink
But when I shall I cannot tell
At present I must wish you well.

Asa W. Shuler

[To:] Mr Big Bug Bully
Mr Reading Shuler, Esq.

2. ALS Newton B. Love, Georgetown, California, to Asa and Mandes Shuler, Hamilton, Ohio, 3 December 1851.

Georgetown, Cal[iforni]a
Dec. 3d, 1851

Dear Sirs,

I promised you to write in one month from the time you left, And it is one month today Since I accompanied you to Coloma. I would probably not have been so punctual to my promise, as the time is so short Since you left, I can have but little to Communicate, but that this is quite a wet day that we cannot work. I concluded that I could not better employ my time than to seat My Self in Bob's old cabin, (which has been our residence Since you left,) And fulfill the task I have Commenced. I Stayed in Coloma all night, but did not get the matter of the discharges Settled. I was allert early & late to find Scott, And went to his house just before going to bed but he had not come, & learning from one of his *Ladies* (Don't think I stayed there long with them) that should he return, he intended starting away early in the stage. I was at his house early [next morning] but he was not up (I expect he was on). The waiter told me to call in half an hour. I did So when Scott was about entering the Stage. I stated my business, but he sadid he had not time to attend to it—that I must call again. I Could not blame myself for any neglect. I was sorry that I could not have fixed the matter there & then. I will however Keep the discharges Safe & attend to getting a bond the first opportunity.

I saw the old horse a week ago; he is alive yet. I have met no bidder for him yet. I guess I will have to take him to the states. Isaac, Anthony & I have stuck to the claim by the slide since you left. We have taken out 361 dollars. We commenced a little below where you thought to help sink a hole & working up that Side where we have the water through now, we are nearly up to the big pine on the side of the slide. We intend working the other side commencing where that large pine lies across the Can[y]on. There are few at work in the Can[y]on now. Clim Salt-Lake & the Sailors are in the cabin along side us. They are working about the old places—not doing much. One of the Hithimeasies is working with that Scotchman below us. They claim, and are going to work them deep diggings on the lead between their tent & our claim. We moved into the cabin the next Friday after you left. Clim wished to occupy it, having moved some of his things in. But we got possession without any difficulty.

Miner's Tools
(Charles Russell)



Rob Wilson has not returned & probably will not. We live very comfortably, I tell you. Plenty to eat, of such as it is, & we can't grumble at not having feathers to lay on. By the by Asa, I thank you for that old pillow. By the light of a candle every evening we occupy our time reading Newspapers, Novels & other reading Matter, Now & then being amused by some laconic remark of our little Ike, or the blunders Anthony makes in English, or in singing *O dear May*, & Sometimes & that pretty often We join in a game of Seven Up to please Anthony. While I am now writing, he is playing by himself.

I congratulate you both on being out of this place And envy your situation if you have got safe home. I anxiously await a letter to learn concerning your journey & Safety. I will soon expect one from you if you have had time to write at Panama. I have received a letter from Aunt Hannah since you left. None others, & have written none. Aunt Hannah states that my cousins were indeed lost.

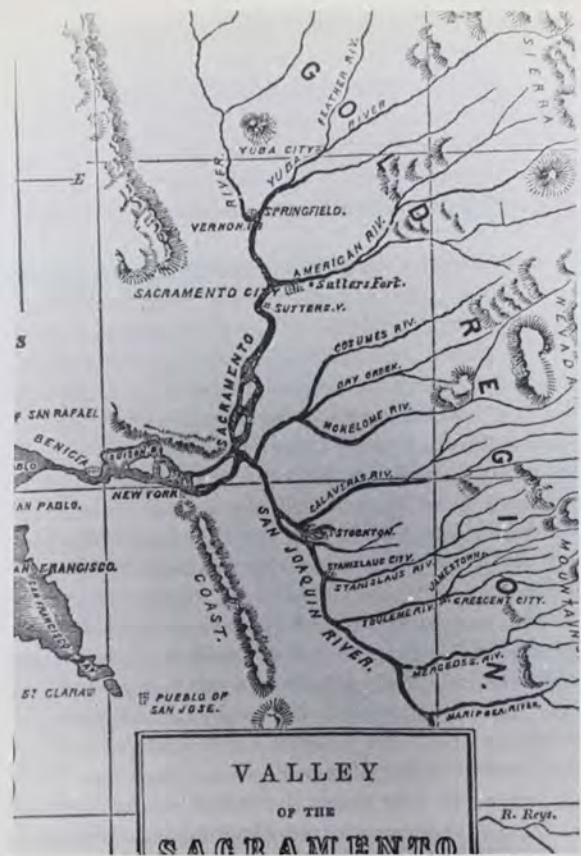
Provisions are raised a little. We have had a light snow on Sunday the last day of Nov[ember], but this is the first whole day we have been prevented from work. Mandes, on the list of advertis'd letters at Sacramento for the first of Nov[ember], I see your name. I suppose it may be one [I] wrote to you & that you got it at Sac[ramento] City going down. If I thought it was from States & of any value to you, & you had not got it, I would send for it & mail it to you. It will not be too late when you write to tell me what to do about it.

I have not heard from Frank, nor any of the Company, nor Warnock. The last mail from the States is behind her time & the vessel is supposed to be lost. I have now told you all I can think of & more than is anyway interesting. What follows I expect will be words without sense.

There has been no new discoveries in the mines about here. So much. [And] Now my mind is swimming from one end of the Earth, if it has any end, to the other to gather some new ideas [of what to write] but 'tis like Anthony's mining. I strike smooth rock & can't find a speck [of gold].

Anthony is scolding that I am making fun of him. I will only add more: he is now half-soling his stockings. Mandes, Anthony sends the charge to you not to forget the attention you promised to his Dutch girl. Ike would put you in mind not to neglect the obligations as regards his family. Asa, in performing the contract between us don't forget the pick & shovel.

I have asked Ike to write some but he says to tell you he has not the time—that on account it is a very wet day that he cannot work out[side], he is topping off the chimney. Ere you get this, you have been welcomed home by your friends & lovers & again enjoy the society & charmes of the fair sex & the pleasures of home. Remember the adage of Ike: Woman wants but little here below &ca. Take your wives (along). You that now



Valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin Rivers.

enjoys so much can sympathise with your old companion. I need it. Should you have been to Penna. before you get this, write me all the particulars. Write soon, Asa & Mandes, & I will be punctual to write again. I am well. I assure you of my love & friendship. Ike sends his love. Good bye.

Newton B. Love

3. ALS Asa W. Shuler and N B L [Newton B. Love], [Georgetown, California], to [Old Man and David?], 12 December 1851.

Dear Sirs,

I wrote the other sheet at the date you see, but did not send it right away, thinking I might get a letter from some quarter soon & would have more to write to you about. But the mail has come & I got no letter, so I will put this in the Office next Sunday. Since writing the other sheet, Ike & I have been to Coloma & I got a proportional part of a bond for the full amount of the discharges. It is not known whether the State will redeem these bonds.

Ike has been troubled with the tooth ache & went to Coloma to get his teeth plugged. We are making about five dollars a day in the old claim. I will close to let Ike have room.

Yours, Fogel Leib [Asa W. Shuler]

To: Old Man & Old David

P.S. Anthony can sing *O dear May* now pretty well. His belly has grown so big since you left, he resembles a hogshhead on two sticks.

N[ewton] B. L[ove]



Western plains near Fort Laramie.

4. ALS Isaac N. [Ike] Ellis [Georgetown, California], to Asa & Mandes Shuler [Hamilton, Ohio], 12 December 1851.

Dear Sirs,

The Bird has already tole yo' two an acount of the inclemency of the weather. He takes the oportunity to spred his tail beneath the roof of Bobs old Cabin. Whilst I learn it 'tis two rainy to work out[side], am imployed fixing the chimney. Our Antony is amusing himself at a gaim of old sledge. I say, " 'Tis thus he takes the oportunity of bosting of his punctuality in redeeming his pledge to you to write in one month after your [Asa's] departure. Forgets to say if it has not been for the rain, perhaps he would not have written this winter."

Well, I hurried my work to remember myself to you, but what was my astonishment to find the tail had already extended over all the ground. I [k]new, yes, it even went to the smo[o]th rock without a speck. Perplexed, I [k]new not what to do of scratching my head and geathering my thoughts together. I went to town to try to get some news there, which resulted in my meeting our old friend Tucker and I got a little fuddled [drunk]. But I am steady enough now; only the trouble with the tooth Ache.

Yours in F[riendship], L[ove and] T[rust],⁶
/s/ Isaac N. Ellis

5. ALS Mandes Shuler, Georgetown, California, to Asa, Titus, and Reading Shuler, Hamilton, Ohio, September 3th, 1853.

Let yu now as I'm to Woork in Gergetown on may trat. I git I git 32 Dollers for 6 Days Woork. I bin to Woork hear putynear all Sommar and I Sinth I Shall Stae hear tell fall or all Winter. may Bos hea Want Me

to Woark for him all Winter. I traite Minding Saverl timse this Sommar, but i hat to Quit aver time Account of fever and Age. I Let yu now Brutters, I Dassan Luck in Elleno Canian Anmar. Gust So Quick as i Luck in, i Comments to Shachan, So i Sinth will be the best for me to Stay hear in gergetown and Woork for Small Wagas—5 Dollars and 33 Sants a day, but i finte now tuls i pay 8 Dollars for 1 Weekes bort.

Rich on Mamluck hill. mabe yu dendno Wayr that is. WelSar, Mamluck hill lass be beween Ellenasis and Orgo Cainan. Thos thisians Commants about A $\frac{1}{4}$ of A mail bof Ellis and Newton Butter Love Caven and from Dayr op to thi hat of Ellenisis Orgon Caian. thos thisians vas this cov iart Last Sommar Bay Man his nam vas Mamluck. So the Sal that Mamluck hill.

that hill is vara Rich. i now that Tuck out 1 huntert thousand [torn] in the Last 10 Weeks and all the Clame [torn] pay pay Will. the Ronan Tornals from ish Sitte the hill 3 to 8 huntert feet. Sinth the Bet Rock to git Level vis the Carial in the hill. 14 Tornals Commants to Ronan in. About haf Cot in. All tham Cot in pay Will. Isch Tornal from 4 to 10 thouant Dollars to take him in to the Bet the hill. 1 Comne Comants to Ronan a Tornal in Ellenais Canian Raet Obsat Orgon Slaet the Cananto Run the Tornal Clear Sruth the hill to Organ Slite Bacas Ellenasis Canian is larer than Organ. So tha Can tran the Wattar thise Sommar. The Mat Cut Wages agen in Organ Slite. Blanty gut digians unt About Georgetown but Menn Anof to Claim the Crount.

Georgetown is inprufan fast. We and the others in town, of Copters, put op About 30 hausas basaits A bick Mitenhaus. 10 Copters is in ouar Comne. And so fars the Conanto bring A Dich in to Georgetown 22 Mails Long. The Comne tha puttat out on Contrat for 70 thouant Dollars.

[Torn] i hat hart Lok this Semmar. [torn] monny i Laft after payan the ---er and Layan Bay is 3 huntert Dollars. But i Bot a Clam: pat 1 huntert and 30 Dollars. i hiert Solomon Yeakel to Woork May Claim. i paie him 1 huntert 5 Dollars. A Manthe Jasseway Barsch is vill; he is About 20 pount havear as he Was Wean he Left home. He Likse California Will. Yeakel and Wieter, the ar Will. W. C. Smith and 2 Righters Boys [&] J. Martian, the ar Will. them Boys ther from Tranton Laft Sins i Dit. the hve A Traial hear in town this Day about A Claim. W. C. Smith he Suppenat me as vitnits. this Tril is nat over Yat. i vil Tall yu this Evning if W. C. Smith gantet or not.

Asa, tel Me Wat yu take fer the fever and Ager; I Woot Laike to git rat ovet Wonts. i Woot pay 1 huntert Dollars Down this Day if i Cut git Clear this Ager. fal not to Rite to me. Titus, take Shaat Con to J. Niemayier and gitit Sharpant Becas the Shoot Wend Rich Mea an-nemar.

Write So Quick as possebel. i hav Reseaft no Latter

yet. i Woot Like to hear from home. i hart Lettal about home and that vas Bat neues; i hop tant trua. If t'his trua yu vill tall Mea all abouttat; if tant, i m Clat ovet.

Last naet, September 4the at 10 o Clock, W. C. [Smith's case] Cat Disseatet. W. C. Smith Lost [torn] Claim and hat to pay the Cost. that was about 2 huntet Dollars.

Over the hils and fara Way,

TITUS AND ASA AND MARY SHULER. 1853

Evens mai puar hand Raet. i sinth that is Better Callers in ierlan as I m. Tha Can Ritet. Raet So Quick as possebel to Georgetown P.O., California.

Give may Best Respat to all May frants. And Let May Annemas co. And I m in California and exspet to Stay hear for Somtieme.

Asa, i hart yu Cot Marit; i dond Doubtet Abit. i Wish yu A hba Life, 1 Son and 2 Dodters, Befor all oders.

Maria Ich lass dich Grüssen du[r]ch e Handful Blumen. Ich denk der Asa werd nicht meh do raus kommen. Schreib so geschwind als Möglich.

Mandes Shuler

Translation:

5a. ALS Mandes Shuler to Asa, Titus, and Reading Shuler, 3 Sep 1853.

Dear Brothers:

Now I let you know that I'm to work in Georgetown at my trade. I get \$32.00 for six day's work. I have been to work here pretty near all summer and I think I shall stay here 'til fall or all winter. My boss wants me to work for him all winter. I tried mining several times this summer but I had to quit every time on account of fever and the ague. I let you know, brothers, I dare not look in the Illinois Canyon anymore. Just as quick as I look in, I commence to shaking, so I think it will be best for



Miners' cabins in the Sierra Nevada (Harpers Monthly, 1850s).

me to stay here in Georgetown and work for small wages—\$5.33 a day, but I find nowadays I pay \$8.00 for one week's board.

Riches on Mameluke Hill. Maybe you didn't know where that is. Well sir, Mameluke Hill lays between Illinois and Oregon Canyon. Those diggings commence about a quarter mile above Ellis and Newton B. Love's cabin and from there to the head of Illinois and Oregon Canyon. Those diggings were discovered last summer by a man whose name was Mameluke, so they call it Mameluke Hill. That hill is very rich. I know for a fact that they took out one hundred thousand dollars in the last ten weeks and all the claims now pay well.

They were running tunnels from this side of the hill, 300 to 800 feet deep. I think the bedrock gets level with the cavial [?] in the hill. Fourteen tunnels were begun to run in [commenced to run in]. About half of them got in. All those which got in pay well. Each tunnel cost from four to ten thousand dollars to take it in to the best of the hill. One company commenced running a tunnel in Illinois Canyon, right opposite the Oregon Slide in the Canyon, to run the tunnel clear through the hill to the Oregon Slide, because Illinois Canyon is larger than the Oregon, so they can drain the water this summer. They might cut wages again in Oregon Slide. There are plenty of good diggings around Georgetown but men enough to claim the ground.

Georgetown is improving fast. We and the other carpenters in town put up about thirty houses, besides a big Meetinghouse. Ten carpenters are in our company. And so far they are going to bring a ditch into Georgetown twenty-two miles long; the company they put it out on contract for seventy thousand dollars.



Scene in a miner's cabin.

I must tell you that I had hard luck this summer. All the money I have left after paying the doctor [?] is three hundred dollars. But I bought a claim; paid one hundred thirty dollars for it. I hired Solomon Yeakel to work my claim. I pay him one hundred and five dollars. Amandus Joshua Bartsch is well; he is about twenty pounds heavier than when he left home. He likes California well. Yeakel and Wieder are all well. Those boys from Trenton left since I did. They have a trial in town today, about a claim. W. C. Smith subpoenaed me as a witness. This trial is not over yet. I will tell you this evening if W. C. Smith gained victory or not.

Asa, tell me what you take for the fever and ague; I would like to get rid of it once. I would pay one hundred dollars down this very day if I could get clear of this ague. Do not fail to write me. Titus, take the shotgun to J. Niemeyer and get it sharpened because the shot won't reach me anymore.



California gold diggers: "...when one pushed after gold, he is cursed."

Write as quickly as possible. I have received no letter yet, though I would like to hear from home. I heard a little about home and that was bad news; I hope it ain't true. If it is true, you will [have to] tell me about it; if not true, I am glad of it.

Last night, September 4, at ten o'clock, W. C. Smith's trial got decided. W. C. Smith lost that claim and had to pay costs, which came to just about two hundred dollars.

Over the hills and far away,
Titus and Asa and Mary Shuler. 1853.

Even as my poor hand writes, I think there are better Callers [?] in Ireland than I am; they can write it. Write as quickly as possible to Georgetown Post Office, California. Give my best respects to all my friends and let my enemies go. And I am in California and expect to stay here for sometime.

Asa, I heard you got married; I don't doubt it a bit. I wish you a happy life, one son and two daughters, before all others. Mary, I will greet you by means of a

handful of flowers. I think that Asa will not be coming out this way again. Write as soon as possible.

Mandes Shuler

6. ALS Mandes Shuler, Georgetown, California, to Asa Shuler, Hamilton, Ohio, 9 December 1853.

Georgetown, Ca
December 9th 53

Dear Brother SAS [Asa],

I Reseaf a Letter from you Last Night. That was the first one i got from home. You Rot a gut deal. But Som of Your nusi i did not Like to hear. You tole me Radin's wife Diebe and Weader to. That i did not Like to hear. Der mensch geboren Lebt nur einen KurtzZeit und Das ist Der Weg mit uns. Wier sind nau weit von-



On guard at his claim (*Harpers Monthly*, 1850s).

einander. Viel-Leicht kenen wiernacheinmahl milten und vuelleicht nicht. Wan ich die Adlandick nacheinmal Cros, I hop She Shal Sta Cros.

I am will at prassent. I hop das fu Liens may find you all the Sam. Susean and Edwin Cam to Ohio and Littel Ruben to. Drufigeschlagen muss gelerind seyn. I Cant Rite Mosh at prassent. Thar is a hol Lot of Indens and Swas Cam in hear and gattern round. You know hou a goys than. Thar is a Crat many round hear.

I am to Woork hear puttenear all Sommer and this fall i was a Conan to Quit and goaan to Mainig. But May Bos he tol me he Cutant Spar me. I tol hem if he give me Woorke for all Winder, i worke for hem. He Tole me he give me Woorke for a Year. He give me 12 hunder Dollars fora year and Bord. I tole him i Wouttent heart Bay the year no more, But if your give me

one hundred Dollars a Monts and Bord an tel the first Day of April /54, i Woorke for you, and he Tuck me op rad of. So i Woorke tel Sprink; than i Co to Ammer-son.

May Bos he has 12 hands puttenear all Sommer and I have from 4 to 6 hands onder may Commant. I put op 4 houses and finishattan all, all in the Last 3 monthe. I have a nother one onder Ruf, 18 bay 40, to Store. Ish Store 10 feet hie, Dos thear all fram beldings. We have Blandy Lomber. Thar is a Steam Sawmill rite hear in georgetown. Lomber Sals on 50 Dollars a thounand. A faller Cand make Monny So fast as we Cut in '50.

I git mor than anna the Rast. Sonopan git onele 2 Dollars a Day. Some opan 5 Dollars, But tha have to Pay thar Bord; that Cast 9 Dollars a Weke and Wan at



*The Ore Mill, Scenes of the Gold Rush
(Western Americana).*

Rans, tha have to Pay thar Bord; that Cast 9 Dollars a Weke and Wan at Rans, tha have to make Lost Time. I Lost $\frac{3}{4}$ of a Day i the Last 2 Monts. I Cleart 7 hundred Dollars So far. If i kip may hals tel Sprink, i expet to gear 10 hundred Dollars.

If the Ager Com on to me agen befor Sprink, than i am goan to Leaf California. I am goin out en See to get Will. [If] i get the ager en See, Mabe i Can Trive hem of agen. May Carlanlasan is to go to Ammasson River, South Amarca.

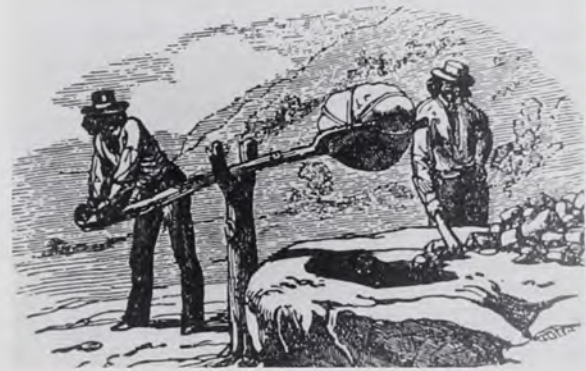
SAS, i Let you know as i got the Butler Boys puttenear all to gottar. I give you the nams: C. Bobenmeyer, E. Weader, J. Barsth, W. C. Smith, Q. Richter, J. Morton, J. Pitherson, S. Yeakel. Thar all round Georgetown. C. Bobenmeyer, he gust Com over from Yewba. He hassant mat mosh yeat. He is to

Woorke at Mamluck hill, 1 mail from georgetown. J. Barsth, he is in this Town. He Bot in a Book Share. He hattant Quite monny anof, So i given him 1 huntert and 50 dollars.

Newton B. Love, he is stil tu Worke on his Clam yet. A fu Weks ago, he Bot a Clam in Ellenas Canian. Pat 8 huntert Dolars foret. He Rot home to his Brother to Comant herar. That Clam he Bot Lays from that Bick pint Tre or War Newmeyer and me forst Commants to Ell--; from that Blas down 3 hundred feet.

Sag der Mary Bobenmeyer das ich dem Bref dem Carls B. geben hab. Er sich bedenckt dafer vonwegen. Das war der erst Brief das er von heim gegrickt hat, sey dem als er heim verlassen hat. Ich habe ihn gefragt ep er ennichen Brif heim geschriben het. Er hat gesagt er hat einen gheschrieben in /51.

I hart Sombotty Jombt may Clam to hem. If I Com home, i Cale a Mayners Meding to Dissite the Matter.



Pulverizing rock to find gold.

December 11the Sanday

Last night i Sant that Letter down to Bart and this day he Cam to Town, But i Wassent t'home. I hat to Woorke one mile frome Town on A flaume. My Bos sand me out Wisth may Come to halb William C. Smith framan a flaume a Crost Dark Canian. This flaume is About 7 huntert feet Long. The Mittel Post, the are Twethy feet hie. Thar is 30 pear of Post in that flaume. To mara i have to Woorke in Town agen on that house. Bart Was honten me, But he Cuthent fint me. Si i dontno if he Rot or not; if he dittent, he Rits Naks Mayl. He Rot a Letter Last Winter and neve got a anser oret. I Tol him you never got the Letter or you Wout Right. He Set he Wouttent Right an tel he gits a Letter. [From bottom to top of page, written over the other lines:] Thas Shet is ful; if i hat time i Wout Right a Lettel more.

December 11the

I have a Lettel mor Papper left. A Lettel about Gorgetown—you woutten harle know you Salf here in Georgetown. Thear is now Lake Cabens hea. Tha all

Barnd Down, and put op fram buildings. Tha Brinan Warter her now to Diskis: One Coms 30 Mmils from Piebet Grick and the odther about 14 Mils. Bosth Wilbe in in to Wiks, gust so Wick as we git that flaume op, one flaume is op allratty.

Asa. I have that Stal 6 Bond Yet; not anbotty Reseft Anny Pay yet. I Caen sellet for Som Discound if you Want me to. I Can goe it 75 Sant to a Dollar. If you Dond Wond the Monny, i Cip it a Wiel Lonker. I haven seen Wonwick yet. I sean Jima. Last Winter he tole me he Wend home in 1851 in fall. He sit he hat 14 huntent Dollars. He mattet on Smith's Bar, fetter R. I Sinth Jime, he was telen me a Lay. Wie haben schon zimlich regen gehabt ein weil zurick. Marten wert zimlich Starck getrieben.

Hear this Sommer i was hanin a Toor in front on a Tevern. Than i hort a Nayses op Stret. Than i Luckt op. Than i Sean a fallar commen Ronnin Down Stret wisth a Revolver in his hand and a nother feller Rait affter hem in the Sam Way and he fieert at hem Raet in Stret. But he met [missed] hem. Tha Com in the Sam haus; the forst one Wen out the Back Dor and over the hils. He he wend that otter feller. He folert hem, But he cutend git him. That was to gamlers. A Was a pitte tha ditent gillen Bosth.

Day fieert 3 time and mist aver Time. A Wail after that to fallers got Shot. One got Stopt to. One got Shot at Gorgere Slait Thear is to B houses hear. Tha Dansan Avera night tel 12 o'clock; 8 to 10 Sinreta Spanies. Gamlen is A-goan on, put Stron.

I have to close asa. Thos Last to Crismus i Spent on the Besifick Oshan and So Sthing to hiel harle. If i leve Tel 2 Weake from Dis Day, ma Carbtters Will have a grat Dinner. We put in 5 Dollars a peas, than we Will have geitens and ages and vine and a Littel Pik and a Targa [?] an aver Sinth this gut gitens and Torga we



California Indians (Charles Nahl). "A whole lot of Indians and Squaws came in here and gathered around."

have allratty. We goan fatnem for the Targa. We Pat 12 Dollars and gaitent 2 D. 50 Sand a Peas.

E. Weader, he got Letters this Mall and S. Yeakel got 3 from Pan. (So I) havent Reseft no lether yet from har. Give May Love to har. I am geitin Old fast and no gans to git Marit neater I Sinth i hav to Sant home for one. If i Cant git one that Way, than i go to Soutsh Amerca and Mara a Spaish garl. Vergeb mier mein schlechtes schreiben.

Give May Best respect to Titus, Rating, Sara und fatter und Mutter Bobbenmeyer. Der Carls Bobbenmeyer ist hier in Georgetown nau. Er was fro das wieter zurick



Ejecting the squatters (Charles Nahl, 1856).



Steep ascent—gold prospectors (Harpers Monthly, 1850s).



Sunday Morning in the Mines (Charles Nahl, 1872).

gekommen hat im Sin heim zu acoummen nechsten frie Jahr. Nau schreib so geschwint als ihr kent, vonwegen ich habe im Sin hier zu verlasen nechsts Abriel. If anebatte fel Like Rieten to me, iein Shwer to anser. Riet to Georgetown P.o., California über den bergen und hier in georgetown.

[To] Asa Shuler

/s/ Mandes Shuler

6a. Translation: ALS Mandes Shuler, Georgetown, California, to Asa Shuler, Hamilton, Ohio, 9



On the Way to the Mines (Charles Nahl).

December 1853.

Dear Brother Asa,

I received a letter last night. That was the first one I got from home. You wrote a good deal, but some of your news I did not like to hear. You told me about Reading's wife Diebe and Wieder, too. That I did not like to hear. The child that was born lived just a short time. So it goes with us. We are far apart, now. Perhaps we will learn to communicate better, perhaps not. When I cross the Atlantic Ocean once more, I hope it will stay crossed.

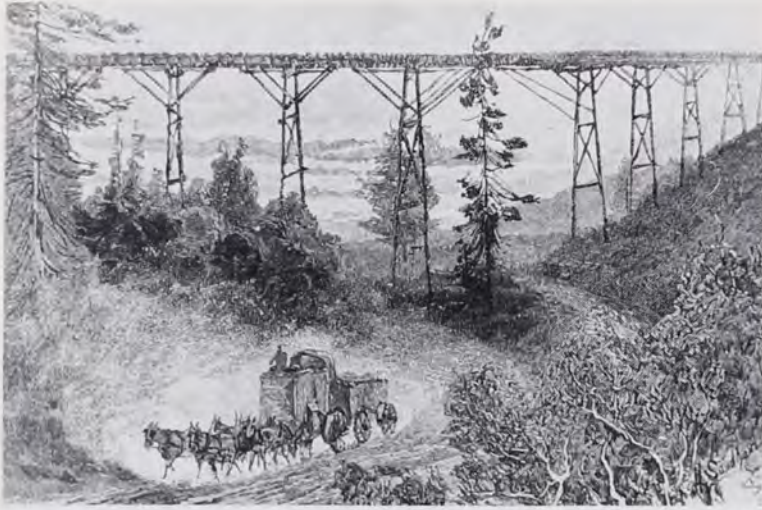
I am well at present, I hope these few lines may find you all the same. Susan and Edwin came to Ohio; little Reuben, too. One must learn to take the blows. I can't write much at present. A whole lot of Indians and Squaws came in here and gathered around. You know how it goes then. There are a great many around here.

I am to work here pretty near all summer; this fall I was going to quit and go on to mining. But my boss told me he couldn't spare me. I told him that if he would give me work all winter, I would work for him. He told me he would give me work for a full year. He offered me \$1200. for a year and board. I told him I don't hire out by the year anymore, "But if you give me one hundred dollars a month and board until the first of April, 1854, I will work for you," and he took me up right off. So I will work until spring, then I can go to the Amazon.

My boss has twelve hands pretty near all summer and I have from four to six under my command. I put up four houses and finished that and all, all in the last three months. I have another one under roof, a store, 18 by 40 feet. Those are all frame buildings. We have plenty of lumber. There is a steam sawmill right here in



Claim Jumpers, Scenes of the Gold Rush (Western Americana). "I heard somebody had jumped my claim."



Flume crossing a valley, "Hydraulic Mining," Century Magazine 25:3:332. "I had to work one mile from town on a flume."

Georgetown. Lumber sells at \$50.00 a thousand board feet. But a fellow can't make money as fast as we could in 1850.

I get more than any of the rest. Some of them get only two dollars a day. Some of them get five dollars, but they have to pay their board: that costs nine dollars a week and when it rains, they have to make up lost time. I lost three-quarters of a day in the last two months. I cleared seven hundred dollars so far. If I keep my health until spring, I expect to clear ten hundred dollars.

If the ague comes on again before spring, then I am going to leave California. I am going out to sea to get well. If I get the ague out to sea, maybe I can drive it off again. My carpenters [?] are to go to the Amazon River, South America.

Asa, I am happy to report I got the Butler boys pretty near all together. I will give you the names: Charles Bobenmeyer, Edwin Wieder, Jacob Barth, William C. Smith, Quentin Richter, James Morton, James Patterson and Solomon Yeakel. They are all around about Georgetown. Charles Bobenmeyer just came over from Yuba City. He hasn't made much yet. He is to work at Mameluke Hill, one mile from Georgetown. J. Barth is in town; he bought in a big share. He did not have enough money so I gave him one hundred and fifty dollars.

Newton B. Love is still to start working his claim yet. A few weeks ago, he bought a claim in Illinois Canyon. Paid eight hundred dollars for it. He wrote to his brother to come out here. That claim he bought lays from the big pine tree, or where Newmeyer and I first commenced at Illinois; from that place down three hundred feet.

Tell Mary Bobenmeyer that I gave her letter to Carl; he thanked me for it. That was the first letter he



Mining works and flume.

got from home, since he left home. I asked him whether he had written any. He said he had written one in 1851. I heard somebody had jumped my claim. If I come home, I will call a miners' meeting to decide the matter.

December 11th Sunday

Last night I sent that letter down to Bart and today he came home, but I wasn't at home. I had to work one mile from town on a flume. My boss sent me out with my company to help William C. Smith framing a flume across Dark Canyon. This flume is about seven hundred feet long. The middle posts are twenty feet high. There are thirty pair of posts for that flume. Tomorrow I have to work in town again on that house. Bart was hunting me but he couldn't find me. So I don't know if he wrote or not; if he didn't, he will write by the next mail. He wrote a letter last winter and never got an answer for it. I told him you never got the letter or you would write. He said he wouldn't write until he gets a letter. This sheet is full; if I had time I would write a little more.

December 11th

I have a little more paper left. A little about Georgetown: you wouldn't hardly know yourself here in Georgetown. There are no lake cabins here now. They all burned down and they put up frame buildings. They are bringing water here now, two dikes: one comes thirty miles from Peebed Creek and the other about fourteen miles. Both will be done in two weeks, just so quick as we get that flume up. One flume is up already.

Asa, I have that stale 6 bond [?] yet. Not anybody has received any pay from it yet. I can sell it for some discount if you want me to. I can go it [get] seventy-five cents on the dollar. If you don't want the money, I will keep it a while longer. I haven't seen Wonwick [?] yet; I



The sluice, "Hydraulic Mining," *Century Magazine* 25:3:324.



Mining with the Long Tom (Charles Nahl).

saw Jimmy. Last winter he told me he went home in fall 1851. He said he had fourteen hundred dollars. He made it on Smith's Bar, on Feather River. I think Jimmy was telling me a lie. We have had quite a bit of rain a while ago. Martin was pushed rather hard.

Here this summer I was hanging a door in front of a tavern. Then I heard a noise up the street. Then I looked up. Then I saw a fellow come running down the street with a revolver in his hand and another fellow right after him in the same way. He fired at him right in the street, but he missed him. They came into the same house, so the first one went out the back door and over the hills. The second went after that other fellow. He followed him but he couldn't get him. That was two gamblers; it was a pity they didn't kill themselves both.

They fired three times and missed every time. A while after that two fellows got shot. One got stopped too. One got shot at Gorgas Slide. There are to be houses here. They are dancing every night until twelve o'clock; eight to ten Spanish señoritas are here. Gambling is going on pretty strong.

I have to close, Asa. Those last two Christmases I spent on the Pacific Ocean and so things began to heal (hardly.) If I live until two weeks from today, my carpenters will have a great dinner. We put in five dollars a piece, then we will have bacon and eggs and wine and a suckling pig and a target [?] and everything this good. Bacon and targets we have already. We are going to fatten them for the target [shoot?]. We paid twelve dollars and are getting two dollars and fifty cents a piece.

E. Wieder got letters this mail and Solomon Yeakel got three from Pam. I haven't received any letter yet from her. Give my love to her. I am getting old fast and no chance to get married neither. I think I have to send home for one [a bride.] If I can't get one that way, then I will go to South America and marry a Spanish girl.

Forgive my terrible writing.

Give my best respects to Titus, Reading, Sarah and Father and Mother Bobenmeyer. Carl Bobenmeyer is here in Georgetown now. He was happy that I came back again; he has in mind to come home next spring. Now write as rapidly as you know how, for I have in mind to leave here next April. If anybody feels like writing to me here, I'll try hard to answer. Write to Georgetown Post Office, California. Over the hills and here in Georgetown.

Mandes Shuler

7. ALS Mandes Shuler, Georgetown [California], to Asa and Titus Shuler [Hamilton, Ohio], 23 February 1854.

Dear Brother,

I let you know as I am well and hoping Dos fu Lins may find you all in the Sam State of Health. I Sintu you gitant Taiart of May Writing mabe the time come agen as I Wond Wriete So often.

I Wrod in that other Letter as I Was a goan to Leaf California. But nau I ant agoan Way. I Bod a Claim from Newton Boeker Love for 5 hundert Dollars. That Claim lais at Mamlick hill and N. B. Love, he Startet for home. Left Sanfrnsisco on 16the of Janury '54. Fogel Bord he Mat About 5 Southent Dollars in Cilifornia.

He cot a letter from hom; than he Sold raet out and a Starat home. I Tel you he was a haba Bord than, the night befor he Left. We Was Eten Orthers and gizens and Dansan all night, and he left with the Stage in the Morning.

Edward Wieder Tole me fie Days ago, he is agon to Start home inMay '54, if he ken Sel out. All the Butler Boys, he ar all Will I Reseaft a Leather fie Days ago from Sister Elisabeth.



Sunday Amusements, Scenes of the Gold Rush (Western Americana). "Gambling is going on pretty strong."

Female companionship (Alonzo Delano). "...eight to ten Spanish señoritas are here."



We hat Som fan Last night. Sam gotsrth Corbbters Beltat a haus hear, 30 bay 60 feet and 2 stora faar a Seator Pourpesas opstars and Luelo for a Store. The House Wasant Fenish. A Part was Watherbortet and the rafters and Sheating was aan, and Last night the Wind Blod Puth hart and Blodat Down. This Day I was Lucken at the fram Belding and I Cutand Sean But 18 Mortisas in the hole Belding, The Stoting and Brase Was Cot of Squar and nailed in. I Sean a Crat Manny Hausses, But that Beat all May Time.

Titus, he tole me you Cot that Mony from J. W. I am Clat avat and take a nof out evat to Pay you Well for your Trovel, and Yous that Mony if you neatet as Anny of you.

John Horton is agon home in the Spring to bring his famle out hear. I reseft a Letter from Titus and I ansart him and one from You Som time ago. And David Moore, he Wond Wride to a Turse OmCue in Cali. And, Titus, you may Luck for a letter from Carls Bobenmeyer Putty Son. He Tole me he is agon to Wright. I Wouthen Wrod So son, But I thought to let you kaw as I am agon to Sta hear for one your if I Leve and Mabe Lonker. So you Cen right all When aver you please to Gorgetown P.o., Cali. May Love to you all. Wright son, Dond forgittet.

Your Recspetfully,
Mandes Shuler

To: Asa & Titus Shuler

O, Asa, I forgot to tel you as I Stopt at the old Mowke Blase agen, the Time we Was Common op the Sany Wand River. We Stopt abound 2 Owers, But We Diten Saeia Mowke this Time.

Solomon Yeake, he is hear and is Well. Last July he Reseaft the forst letter from home and sins that Time he got 28 Lethers from home. He got Severl Letters from his fouter, er hat ihm gebrechich aber er hat gesagt wan nach Geld Dracht, der ist Verflucht. I Sinth i Schal

Woorke in the Maits this Sommar. I am gittan Taiart to Worke at may trait. That Claim I Bod is 50 feet unter-Cround. 4 Cen Worke the Taime and 8 in Comne: 60 feet Synar to Esh man.

We hat a vary hard Winter hear; Blanty of Snow and Rain and Cole Wetter to. That Claim is gust Broasketet raet. Now we hat 9 Days Wosan and tuk out 2 thousand Dollars. But at taks a guttial Laber to geit the Dort out ovet. If i make 2 thousand Dollars gin nakst Sprin, I Com home. Mabe i maket over the Left Do.

[Mandes]

7a. Translation: ALS Mandes Shuler, Georgetown, California, to Asa and Titus Shuler, Hamilton, Ohio, 23 February 1854.

Dear Brother,

I let you know that I am well and hoping those few lines may find you all in the same state of health. I think you're getting tired of my writing; maybe the time will come again that I won't write so often.

I wrote in that other letter that I was going to leave California. But now I'm not going away. I bought a claim from Newton Baker Love for \$500. That claim lies at Mameluke Hill; N.B. Love started for home. He left San Francisco on 16 January 1854. Fogel Bird made about five thousand dollars in California.

He got a letter from home; then he sold right out and started home. I tell you, he was a happy bird the night before he left. We were eating oysters and chickens and dancing all night, and he left with the stage in the morning. Edward Wieder told me five day ago, he is going to start home in May 1854, if he can sell out. All the Butler boys are well. I received a letter five days ago from sister Elisabeth.

We had some fun last night. Sam Cotsworth's



Gold rush bar scene (*Harpers Monthly*, 1850s).



Whiskey Goes, Scenes of the Gold Rush (*Western Americana*).

carpenters built a house here, 30' by 60' and two stories for a theater purpose upstairs and below for a store. The house wasn't finished. A part was weatherboarded and rafters and sheathing was on and then last night the wind blew pretty hard and blew it down. Today I was looking at the frame building, but I couldn't see but eighteen mortises in the whole building. The studding and braces were cut off square and nailed in. I've seen a great many houses but that beat all my time.

Titus told me you got that money from J.W. I am glad of it, but take enough out of it to pay you well for your trouble, and use that money if you need it, as any of you. John Horton is going home in spring to bring his family out. I received a letter from Titus and I answered him and also yours that you wrote some time ago. David Moore won't write to some cueball in California. Titus, you may look for a letter from Carl Bobenmeyer pretty soon. He told me he will write again. I wouldn't have written so soon, but I wanted to let you know that I am going to stay here for a year, if I live that long, and maybe stay longer. So you can write everything whenever you please, to Georgetown Post Office, California. My love to you all. Write soon, don't forget it.

Yours respectfully,
Mandes Shuler.

To Asa & Titus Shuler

Oh, Asa, I forgot to tell you that I stopped at the old Mowke place again, like the time we were coming up the San Juan River. We stopped about two hours but we didn't see Mowke this time.

Solomon Yeakel is here and is well. Last July he received the first letter from home and since that time, he got 28 letters from home. He got several letters from his father; Solomon has broken off with his father Abraham; says that when one pushed after gold, he is cursed.

I think I shall work in the mines this summer. I am getting tired of working at my trade. That claim I bought is fifty feet underground. Four miners can work at a time and eight as a company; sixty feet centered to

each man. We had a hard winter here; plenty of snow, rain and cold weather, too. For nine days I was inside and took out \$2000. worth. But it takes a good deal of labor to get the dirt out of it. If I make \$2000 next spring, I will come home. Maybe I'll make it over the lift, though.

8. ALS Mandes Shuler, Georgetown, California, to Asa Shuler, Hamilton, Ohio, 29 August 1855.
August 29th 1855
Georgetown,
El Dorado County, Cal

Dear Brother Asa Shuler,

I Sant 5 Hundret Dollars to you by Wells Fargo & Co. Hamilton. He dit not give But one receiet. He tole Me you dit not neat ainey, for you hat to take Somebody along to the Offices, and for him to Say that you ar Asa Shuler. My receidet is datat August 29th 1855. I Paid the Freight— \$25.

I am well and So I Wish you all Well. Remember this is baggage, I sant nothing But the gold. Write to Georgetown P O, El Dorado County, Cal.

Yours Truly, Mandes Shuler

9. ALS Mandes Shuler, Yankee Jim Beaser County, California, to Asa Shuler, [Hamilton, Ohio], 2 September 1855.

I let you know that I Sant you \$500 Dollars, in gome [income?], on the 29th Day of August by Welles Fargo & Co., Georgetown. I Wrot a letter on the Same Dayt. I will write agen for fear you mite not git that. I sant the Money itsalf \$ 25. I am halbing puting up Telegraph Wire from Georgetown to Iowa Hill. We got to Yankee Jims now. In 3 Days more we will git to Iowa Hill, that is, about 20 mil[e]s from Georgetown. The Wire is finisht from Sacramento to Coloma and Georgetown Brother, I tell you this is hard work to strach this wire

over thos[e] hills. We grost the Mittel Fork at Ford's Bar. We come over from Georgetown, on the rish between Illinoias Canion and Orgon Canian/ [on the ridge between Illinois Canyon and Oregon Canyon]. You know that, I sopose. If you bleas, write Back to Georgetown as quick as you Cen. The Mail Steamer leaves New York on the 5th and 20th of aver Monthe for California. I will be back in Georgetown from this day a week and Carlate [calculate] to Work at my trate thar. I am Well, and am dewing well anof; I wish you all the same. Give my best respect to Titus, Rading, Susean & John.

Yours truly,
/s/ Mandes Shuler

10. ALS Henry E. Shuler, Topeka, Kansas, to William Shuler [Cousin Will], [Hamilton, Ohio], 4 July 1902.

Topeka, Kas.
July 4, 1902

Cousin Will,

Father [Mandes Shuler] died this morning at 4 oclock at San Diego, California.

Yours truly,
/s/ Henry E. Shuler

11. ALS Frank W. Shuler, Wichita, Kansas, to Mary Shuler [Heimbürger], [Hamilton, Ohio], 14 July 1940.

General Contractor
1143 Forest
Wichita, Kansas

Dear Mary Shuler.

Your letter of May 27 was rec'd and have put off answering from time to time. I have so many things to keep me busy and out of town more or less. I am a son of Amandus Shuler. [I was] Born in Hamilton, Ohio, Aug. 13, 1863. Soon will be 77 years old.

I often heard Father speak of their trip. Also Uncle



Thirsty Oxen Stampede for Water (Frederic Remington); "Uncle Asa drove an ox team across country..."

Asa would often talk about (it). As I understand, Uncle Asa drove an ox team across country & Father went by boat to Isthmus of Panama and crossed to take (a) boat north to San Francico, requiring 72 days.

I never understood why they took different routes after starting out together. That 72 days on a sailing boat was awful according to Father — ran out of Grub, nothing but wormy Sea Biscuits to eat. Uncle Titus Shuler (Half Brother of Asa & Mandes) spoke more or less of their trip to me. He lived in Darke Co., Ohio, as he financed their trip.

Father and Uncle Asa mined gold near Auburn, California. After sell out their claim, they made trip home in Sail Boat to Panama, & etc.



Crossing the plains to California.



Crossing the Isthmus of Panama by Way of the Chagres River in 1850 (Charles Nahl). This was the route taken by Mandes Shuler and Bayard Taylor.



#1. "Thou shalt have no other claims than one."

#2. "Thou shalt not make ...any false claims, nor any likeness to a mean man by jumping one."



#3. "Neither shalt thou take thy money, nor thy gold dust, nor thy good name to the gaming table in vain."



#4. "Thou shalt not remember what thy friends did at home on the Sabbath day."



#5. "Thou shalt not think more of all thy gold, and how thou canst make it fastest, than how thou canst enjoy it, after thou hast ridden rough-shod over thy good old parents precepts and examples."



#6. "Thou shalt not kill thy body by working in the rain...neither shalt thou kill thy neighbor's body in a duel. Neither shalt thou destroy thyself...by drinking."



#7. "Thou shalt not grow discouraged, nor think of going home before thou hast made thy 'pile'."

#8. "Thou shalt not take a pick, or a shovel, or a pan from your fellow miner."



#9. "Thou shalt not tell any false tales about 'gold diggings in the mountains' in order to get thy neighbor's mules, provisions and tools."

#10. "Thou shalt not commit unsuitable matrimony...nor forget absent maidens."



Hutchings, James, *The Miner's Ten Commandments Calif: Hutchings, 1853.*

Father afterwards went back on a 2nd trip, on the same route, But took a Steam Boat from Panama to Frisco, Boat called Golden Gate. Same boat, some years latter took fire off the coast of Mexico, & Sand with a cargo of Gold. A few years ago I read a statement of a Salvage Co. talking about salvagin the gold. As a boy, I use to look over some of Fathers Diary books written in California which contained considerable writing & Sket-ches of the Country & etc.

Father was Chief Engineer of Hamilton Fire Depart-ment about 6½ years from 1871-1877. Father always Spelled his Given name Mandes instead of Amandus. I

spent one winter with Father in San Diego, California, about 1887-88. We worked together on a big Hotel Building, Hotel Coronado, on Coronado Beach, across the bay from San Diego. I understand it is still standing and covers close to 5 acres of ground.

I have a brother living in Denver Colorado. His age is about the same as your GrandFather W. B. Shuler. Any further information that I can give, I will be pleased to do So.

Yours Respectfully,

F.W. Shuler

PART II - LETTERS AND NOTES OF OTHER DUTCHMEN

by William T. Parsons

Among the myriads of other persons and families who were Germans from Pennsylvania and who became involved, one way or another, in travels west and/or had experiences out west, were those who follow. As a teacher and researcher, I am convinced that what I wrote in 1976 is more true now than it has ever been before:

Though the Pennsylvania Dutch were usually reluctant to leave the farm homestead, some of them participated in the westward expansion. These Dutch started moving into frontier valleys of Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina as early as the 1750's . . . Despite their provincialism, the German element in Pennsylvania were concerned about local issues and read widely on sectional and national issues. Moreover many of these agrarian or lower-middle-class Americans of German background had definite opinions on sectional issues. The abhorred slavery . . .

On the other hand, the Pennsylvania Dutch felt a great affinity for the American West. When they considered the vast distances, almost endless frontier, and later, massive agricultural production of the new West, these men and women, pioneers in their own way, felt an almost mystical awe. Like Hector St. John de Crevecoeur who called the American West the "Garden of the World," they were thrilled by the western regions.⁷

What I wrote next was true to the best of my knowledge in the early 1970's, when I did the research: "They left it to a Lewis Evans or Nathaniel Ames to describe."⁸ Today, we know better; we know that many of them wrote of their admiration for things western in letters home, and in journals of their own adventures. But they went far beyond that in a way which should have been obvious to many of us, especially those amongst us who are Pennsylvanians ourselves. They produced their own literature of the West, from travel accounts and guides to the ways west, to local ordinances which enabled towns and counties to run their own affairs relatively rapidly. It is true that in my book I did spend four pages and eleven more footnotes — even at that early stage for me — to describe the feats of Pennsylvania German adventurers, pioneers, mountain men, and artists, though obviously my treatment was only superficial in such an introductory work.⁹

This paper does become a position paper in just such a fashion. Much remains to be done in a field until now barely touched, when a full book could no doubt be written on *Plain Gold Seekers*, if that is not, indeed, a contradiction in terms. Bear in mind at all times the deeply felt conviction of Abraham Yeakel, as recounted

by Mandes Shuler: "When one pushed after gold, he is cursed."¹⁰

Of course, the number of such accounts is finite: historians never have all the sources they want. But one of the certain facts of the matter is that hundreds, even thousands, of such sources remain to be tapped; only a miniscule sampling of such items have been put into print thus far. There follows a brief sampling of the accounts we do now recognize; one such example was the Markle *Freindschaft* from Western Pennsylvania and the Way West. Much mystery still surrounds the precise history of the various branches of Markle relatives, but historian Robert M. Blackson did note several years ago that "John A. Markle of Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, was among the thousands of Forty-niners who left their homes and families to seek a fortune in the gold fields."¹¹

There were two John Markles: John A. and John L. Even the research magic of Blackson has failed to completely identify and separate the two. We do know from his endeavors that while John A. was writing his marvelous description of the trip west and of California in January, 1850, John L. was serving as a first lieutenant in the Sewickley Artillery of the Pennsylvania Uniformed Militia. But without further ado, let us hear squibs from the most informative letter he sent back to his Pennsylvania relative and near-namesake.

1. John A. Markle, North Fork of the American river, California to John L. Markle, Westmoreland County, Pa., 26 January 1850.
Respected Friend,

I saw Mr. Allen to day, and he told me that he was going to start for the States on Monday next . . . and he agreed to carry a letter through for one dollar and mail it at either Wheeling or Pittsburg, so I have concluded to scratch a few lines to you, not that I expect to convey to you anything that is interesting; but merely through friendship and that I may hear from you . . .

On the 23rd [of May] we arrived at New Fort Kearny formerly Fort Chiles [sic], and a great fort it was. I would not want more than 10 men with shotguns to take and blow it to thunder . . .

The [P]latte Bottoms now became more amusing than before, they were full of dog towns [and] the little bug-

gers would bark and cut around as if they were of some consequence, but on a near approach, they would retreat to their holes. [T]he deer, antelope and the elk would leap over the smooth surface with telegraphic speed, then would come the mighty herds of huge Buffaloes, thundering over the Bluffs as if they were chased by a streak of lightning.

The only objections I had to travelling on the Platte wer the frequent and mighty storms, which would often lift our tent from over us, and let the rain and hail upon us without mercy, and the scarcity of wood, I remember, and I do not know when I shall forget the first Buffalo meat we got. [I]t was in a place where there was no wood so we had to cook with Buffalo chips, as they term them through politeness. [T]he cook did not cook enough to satisfy all our capacious maws, so I thought I would have some of the clear stuff and went to work and roasted some on the chips. but O heavens it was Buffalo to[o] pure . . .

Before we got to the Sink [called Humbolt] the water became dead, warm, stagnated, and a person could taste mules, oxen, alkali and everything else in it. On the morning of the 11th of august, we left a grass valley 18 miles above the Sink; to cross the desert to Salmon Trout river [the Truckee River], which was 65 miles. In the evening we past the Sing of Marys river, and a more filthy hole man never beheld . . .

On the 20 [August, 1849] we arrived at the valley where Don[n]er and his party were encamped when they were caught in the snow. Graves was along with him and his Father and Mother, and some of his Sisters and Brothers starved to death. We visited the cabins and they are gloomy looking places; there were the human bones that had [been] picked clean by those that survived. [T]here was also long female hair, which appeared as though it had fallen from there [sic] head and never been moved.

On the 21st, we reached the summit of the Sier[r]a Nevada Mountains. [T]he ascent was rocky as there was any use in, until within about one mile of the top. [Then] it was smooth and thunderation right straight up. When we got to the summit we thought we were



At the foot of the pass—High Sierras (Century Magazine 25:1:101). “The ascent was rockey as there was any use in...”



Sierra Mountain roads; “there were places that the wagon wheels did not touch the ground for miles.”

over the worst; but God knows we had not yet Saw the Elephant. In decending from there to the Sacramento valley, there were many places that we had to let our wagons down for miles. [I]t was just off of one rock onto another, and so on. On the evening of the 29th, as I was passing over a mountain, I got a fair view of the long looked for Sacramento valley. [T]he sun was just sinking behind the coast range, which made the view beautiful [T]he next day we got down into the valley and on Sunday 2ond of September, we arrived in Sacramento City . . .

To speak of the conduct of the Indians . . ., the Sioux are the most worthy of note. I shall notice them first. They are large portly looking men, and what squaws I saw were also handsome. [T]hey were honest and brave. I did not here [sic] of a Sioux Indian that had offered to molest an emigrant.

I shall now pass on to the Snake or digger Indians, who is just the reverse of the Sioux. [T]hey are the most degraded beings that I ever saw. [T]he majority of the men, women and children are tetotally naked. [T]hey will eat snakes, lizzards, Grasshoppers, and everything of the flesh kind. [T]hey killed a great many mules and oxen at night and when the train would pass on they would come and carry them away.¹²

* * * *

Still another example of the Pennsylvania German who went into the American West was Edward M. Kern (1823-63), a younger son of a Philadelphia family which has shared in the local tales of the American Revolu-



Gold camp artist at work (Harpers Monthly, 1850s). Edward M. Kern was, among many other things, an artist.

tion: tradition has it that one of the Kern female ancestors chased Hessian soldiers from the family cabbage patch. Edward M. Kern followed the professions of artist, topographer, school teacher, and photographer (in the early days of photography), though not necessarily in that order of interest, nor of accomplishment.

Edward Kern had gone west as an excited youngster on John C. Frémont's Third Expedition of 1846. He was always a loner, possibly, in part, because of recurring seizures of epilepsy which afflicted him and did occasionally distress his companions. Leave it to the free-wheeling Frémont to note even that characteristic when he selected Kern for uncertain and often extra-legal duties at Sutter's Fort in interior north-central California in 1846: Kern was put in charge of prisoners brought there by Frémont himself. (Sutter, a Mexican citizen, even though unenthusiastic appears to have protested, as a neutral, indeed.¹³) Kern had already served Frémont well; now the commander did less than that for him. Kern was reliable, knowledgeable, friendly, and possessed of a good sense of humor; but as an artist in the military, even more, an artist with epilepsy, he was, to some degree, dispensable.¹⁴

When Bear Flag Republic, myth or reality as it may have been, gave way to the Territory of California after the declaration of war on July 12, 1846, Frémont specifically put Ned Kern in command of Fort Sutter. The twenty-three year old, slightly built Pennsylvania Dutchman, now with orders "to iron and confine" any who disobeyed, and indeed to "shoot any person" endangering his new command, had to crow to someone. He wrote to Richard Kern at home in Philadelphia.¹⁵

2. Edward M. Kern, Fort Sutter, California, to Richard Kern, Philadelphia, 27 July 1846.

Little did I think when sitting at home in our office in F[ilbert] St. that I would ever raise to be a Mil[itary] character, a rale Commandante of a Fort, with power to do as I pleased and shoot people if they do not obey me, and all that sort of thing.

* * * *

Some things about Kern's new command turned out to be more than a little displeasing. The entire situation was chaotic, the men under him, oftentimes sailors and Indians, were undisciplined, and the fort itself was in terrible condition. The greatest of Kern's shortcomings, no doubt, would prove to be that trait he held in common with so many Pennsylvania Dutchmen: unquestioning trust in superiors or in military leaders; in short, in those people who had achieved the traditional marks of status and respect. So when John C. Fremont proposed a fourth expedition, Kern assumed not only that its status would be the same, but that official approval was just a routine formality, as it had seemed for the earlier trip. How could he know the kind of fiasco to result when he invited his brothers, Richard and Benjamin Kern, artist and medical doctor, respectively, to come along? How to tell that it would *not* be the biggest and best, that this Fourth Expedition was misfit almost from the start?

To have his hero, Fremont, crumble as do idols of clay, was not even the worst for Edward Kern. There is general agreement among the chief biographers of Kern, Fremont, and others of that era that, in the end, Fremont tried to escape censure at his court-martial by blaming everyone else for failings which were his own responsibility, at least. In particular, it hurt when he charged dead party members Benjamin Kern and Old Bill Williams with incompetence and then even cowardice. Fremont's charges choked him incredibly hard, but as frustrated as Ned Kern was, hardly had he arrived exhausted back in Taos, than he started a long rambling letter to sister Mary. He had heard, you see, that a caravan would form up to return to the East very early in the morning, and this letter would go right out.¹⁶

3. Edward M. Kern, Taos, New Mexico, to Mary Wolfe, Philadelphia, [late February or early March] 1849.

Mary,

You will think it strange, I have no doubt, when you learn of our remaining here instead of going on with Fremont, but our tale is soon told that will give you an idea of the why and wherefore. In the first place, he has broken faith with all of us. Dick and I were to have accompanied him as artists and Doc. as Medico and Naturalist. When out we found our situation suddenly changed from what we had started for [,] to that of mulateers each with his number of packs and whatever

work in his particular branch might turn up besides. This you must believe was somewhat cutting to our dignity — not that any of us were unwilling to assist in any work *if necessity* [emphasis Kern's] required it — but this was not the case.

You know too that flattery is certainly not apart of any Kern, more particularly of Dicks or Bens. So that was a damper on their prospects. Natures more illy suited could not well have been thrown together. This is the principal reason on the part of F[remont] (who loves to be told of his greatness) . . .

Another amiable weakness he has, that of believing the reports of the meanest in his camp. Hardly one time has he treated us with the respect due our situation or ourselves, and jealous of anyone who may know as much or more of any subject than himself (for he delights to associate among those who *should* be his inferiors — which may in some measure account for the reputation he has gained of being, for a man of his talents, so excessively modest. A thing by the by which many adopt to hide their want of depth.) He very naturally begat a dislike to Doc. and took no small pleasure at showing it to others, with whom good sense and the behavior belonging to a gentleman should have forbidden him holding converse on such subjects.

* * * *

Robert . Hine, in the best biography of Kern, points out that Edward Kern may have dwelt bitterly on the facts and imagined insults, though the lack of diary notes to the contrary is hardly conclusive. Frémont, without any government money on the Fourth Expedition, cut financial corners wherever possible.¹⁷

The truth was that nearly everyone on the trip had many conflicting things on their mind. It was hardly an idyll. It had been on 14 March 1849, that a restless Benjamin Kern, with the guide Old Bill Williams, returned to the San Juan Mountains to attempt to locate their cache of goods and supplies. Just then, infuriated stragglers of the Ute tribe who had been roused by U.S. Army units, buzzed about. A dozen such angry Utes happened on Williams and Kern. Both of the whites were killed.¹⁸ That was surely not a routine existence among the Pennsylvania Dutch, for the medical Kern was of the same stock as was Ned, who earned some fame for his remark as he looked out from the first saddle in the eastern Rockies, then gasped, "Blick zum Himmel!"¹⁹ ["A look into Heaven!"].

Edward Kern went on to a career in naval exploration and geodetic observation with the Ringgold-Rodgers North Pacific Exploration Expeditions of 1854-55 and 1856-58. There again his fate was to be among bickering leaders: while Matt Perry gained fame for opening Japan, Ringgold-Rodgers' ships lolled on the Pacific and at Whangpoo/Shanghai in China. Ringgold was finally removed after court-martial and replaced by



John C. Fremont, flawed leader of several expeditions West.

John Rodgers. The "E. M. Kern" signature is visible on many maps and drawings from Hawaii to Okinawa and from the coast of Japan from Shimoda (which he spelled Simoda) and Yedo Bay to the Bay of Sendai in the north.² Kern also saw (at an early date) "The Land of the Tchuk-Tchis," as he labeled the wildest inland reaches of Eastern Siberia, which the expedition also explored and he mapped. That was at a time when Vladivostok had barely been invented by the Czarist planners.²¹

If disillusionment with Fremont had been almost total for Edward Kern, he had mellowed by 1861, for he answered the Pathfinder's call to colors in defense of the Union. But when Fremont's forces—personal troops raised and commissioned by the young general—liberated Blacks in still-loyal Missouri, counter to Lincoln's careful policies, the entire force of soldiers under Fremont was summarily dismissed. Kern, whose talents his old-time leader had surely recognized this time, had accepted a commission as captain of engineers. In that role, he has left us some sketch maps from reconnaissance. Now, with his officer's rank abruptly terminated, Kern shed no tear of which we are aware. He did undergo some disillusionment once again, but simply returned to Philadelphia. His potentially useful talents remained dormant in the line of exploratory and military science, but he did teach art in the city schools until he died at age 40, just after the battle of Gettysburg.²²

* * * *

Another set of Pennsylvania Germans gone west, though in this case, cousins rather than brothers, were Isaac J[ones] Wister, descendant of Caspar, and

benefactor general of the Wistar Institute; and Owen Wister, of the other side of the family, who wrote the first modern novel of the American West, *The Virginian*.²³ Indeed, the selections from Isaac J. Wistar might well be entitled "On His Way West." The items which follow are from a diary he kept, rather than from letters or from any other sources.²⁴

4. Isaac J. Wistar, *Diary* [dates as noted].

June 4th [1848]. A long march covered today, which I personally, at least doubled in hunting. Results, one antelope attracted within a long shot by a rag on the end of a ramrod' one large grey wolf; one rattlesnake. Tom B. turned up some time after dark with the hind-quarters of a black-tailed deer, shot in the bluffs, the first we had ever seen. He says the bluff ravines and gorges are full of them. The road is now dry and good and game plenty, and if it were not for the want of wood and good water, we would not have much to wish for. There are lots of last year's "bois de caches" or buffalo chips, which in the dearth of other fuel, cause a keen and funny contention just before camping-time. . . .

June 7th. Met numbers of Sioux this morning, who though nearly naked, were well mounted, armed with long lances besides bows and arrows and very friendly, owing partly perhaps to our strength and good order. Three of us started on horseback to visit their village, but when it came in sight, with the crowd about it, my companions thought better of the project and returned. But I had more faith in them, and being desirous of seeing their domestic arrangements at home, and seeing a lot of boys without arms coming to meet me, I kept on till I came among a lot of squaws digging roots, who screamed and broke for the town. . . .

I was conducted to a large tepee or lodge of nicely-tanned skins in front of which a few lances with shields suspended were stacked in tripod fashion. An old chief came out and by motions invited me to dismount and

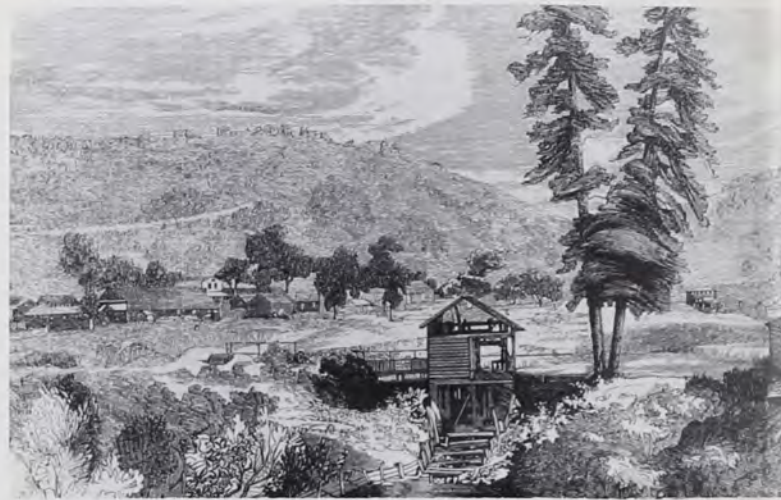


Freight for the Diggings, Scenes of the Gold Rush (Western Americana). "The prices were alarming to hungry men."

enter, but. . . half a dozen young fellows had hold of my gun, which they were bent on examining. . . that I concluded not to dismount. . . .

Inside the tepee I could see two or three rather good-looking squaws sitting on buffalo robes, who would not have been there if any mischief was intended. Nevertheless, I did not wish to be too presuming on a first acquaintance, so. . . I shook hands and took my leave, working my way through pretty much the entire male population. . . .

No obstacle was offered to my departure and several half-grown lads, unarmed, jumped on horses and accompanied me half-way to our camp. There can be no doubt of the friendliness of these people. . . . There are several tribes of this great Sioux nation, and without their aid in keeping off the Pawnees, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, no whites could get through this country without a big army.



Coloma, California; Sutter's Mill.

June 8th. Large numbers of buffalo in sight on both sides of the river, on the north side of immense herds.

Very late one evening, we were all aroused by shots and shouts, and in marched a string of laden mules . . . on their way to Sutter's, had met. . . some trading wagons from that place, which had supplied their most pressing wants. . . Flour, pork, coffee and sugar were the staples, and though the prices were alarming to hungry men, our agents had wisely judged that time was more important to us than money.

Although by the time all was unloaded, distributed and tested, it was past midnight, all hands spent the rest of the night in hearing the news, being the first that had reached us since passing the frontier line of Missouri. . . .

All meals alike were of coffee, deer meat or pork, with either fried 'slapjacks' or bread, baked in a frying pan propped up before the fire. The best of water was always at hand, clear and sparkling as its snowy sources. . . .



Frontier Justice (Charles Russell). "Arrest, trial and punishment rarely occupied more than a few hours..."

In the few cases of theft that occurred—mostly of horse-stealing the committee of miners that sat for the court and jury, neither knew nor cared about forms of trial or rules of evidence. Facts were what they wanted, and were accepted from any source. Arrest, trial and punishment rarely occupied more than a few hours. . .

Whether or not the miners' plan of preventing crime by exterminating the criminals, be the best, no other was then practicable. Criminals, deserters, beachcombers and vagabonds soon swarmed from all shores of the Pacific.

* * * *

Owen Wister went out west at the age of twenty-five, after he had established himself as a world traveler, thanks to the family fortune. He had, even now, an astounding facility with the English language.²⁵ His writings of a personal nature are to be found in a longish diary, which he most often called "A Journal." 5. Owen Wister, *Journal*, 1885.

July 2. One must come to the West to realize what one may have most probably believed all one's life long—that it is a very much bigger place than the East, and the future America is just bubbling and seething in bare legs and pinafores here. I don't wonder a man never comes back [East] after he has once been here for a few years.

July 3. The country we're going through now was made before the good Lord discovered that variety is the spice of life. But it is beautiful. It reminds me of the northern part of Spain. The same vast stretches of barren green, back to the skyline or to rising ground. We stopped at North Platte for breakfast. I paid twenty-five



Trail marker (Harpers Monthly, 1850s); "...and a pile of whitened cattle bones lay nearby."

cents and ate everything I saw. Some of it was good. Just now we stopped at a station where a black pig was drinking the drops that fell from the locomotive tank, and a pile of whitened cattle bones lay nearby. Here and there, far across the leve, is a little unpainted house with a shed or two and a wagon. . .

The remains of the moon is giving just enough light to show the waving line of the prairie. Every now and then sheet lightning plays from some new quarter like a surprise. The train steamed away into the night and here we are. We passed this morning the most ominous and forbidding chasm of rocks I ever saw in any country. Deep down below a campfire is burning. It all looked like *Die Walküre*.

July 6. Off on a stage, 6 A.M. 9:30 A.M. Stopping for the one meal we'll get—this station is in the middle of all out of doors. . .

I can't possibly say how extraordinary and beautiful the valleys we've been going through are. They're different from all things I've seen. When you go for miles through the piled rocks where the fire has risen straight out of the crevices, you never see a human being — only now and then some disappearing wild animal. It's like what scenery on the moon must be.

Then suddenly you come round a turn and down into a green cut where there are horsemen and wagons and hundreds of cattle, and then it's like Genesis. Just around this corduroy bridge are a crowd of cowboys round a fire, with their horses tethered.

August 6, Thursday. On Tuesday we left camp on horseback for the roundup at five minutes before seven. On the way I rode over two rattlesnakes, who played a duet with their tails, allegro energetic. The darker one got away into his hole before I could stop him, but I kill-



Trail Boss (Frederic Remington). "Cowboys never live long enough to get old."

ed the second and handsomer of the two. After I had cut his head off, it struck at me. The eye of Satan when plotting the destruction of the human race could not have been more malignant than the stare which this decapitated head gave me with its two clouded agate eyes. They had speculation in them full five minutes after the trunk was in my hands being skinned. . .

Tom King, the foreman, says he likes this life and will never go East again. On Miss Irwin's inquiry whether he will not get tired of it when he grows old, he replied that cowboys never live long enough to get old. They don't, I believe. They're a queer episode in the history of this country. Purely nomadic and leaving no posterity, for they don't marry. I'm told they're without any moral sense whatever. Perhaps they are—but I wonder.

Palmer House, Chicago, Tuesday, Sept. 6, [1885] 1 P.M., Dinner.

God Damn Chicago. (Later - in Chicago and Atlantic train.) Chicago is a great deal hotter than Hell. Nobody who lives there need be discouraged. I put on the garments of civilization in the freight house by the canal, surrounded by freighters who eyed me with fascination. I told them that California was the place to live . . . My trip is nearly done and I am very sorry.

During the past two months I have been mistaken for:

1. an Englishman
2. a drummer
3. a bartender
4. a stage driver.

The Englishman leads because I'm taken for one by themselves and my own countrymen at first invariably unless I anticipate the error by employing Western idiom. It is my clothes—for I traveled in a loose comfor-

table flannel shirt that came from London, and a soft cloth hat. My trousers and coat were also English, and this did it. But in another day or so I shall be back where nobody takes me for anyone but myself, and my period of entertainment will have ceased for a long while.

* * * *

From the same Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, which produced a governor of the state, Samuel W. Pennypacker, came a local figure who would prove to be an author of national status: Bayard Taylor. But whereas Samuel Pennypacker's Pennsylvania German ancestry originated on his father's side, Taylor had maternal ancestry which was from this same minority group. He rejoiced in it, but later generations of Americans found it hardly worthy of recollection. But he belongs in this group of migrants of German ancestry who headed out from the familiar surroundings of Pennsylvania to venture into the Golden West.



Mokelumne Bar: Frontispiece from El Dorado

6. Taylor, Bayard. *El Dorado, or Adventure in the Path of Empire (Mexico and California)*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1850.

Page 1. On the 28th of June, 1849, I sailed from New York, in the U.S. Mail steamship Falcon, bound for Chagres. About eight months had elapsed since the tidings of an Eldorado in the West reached the Atlantic shore. The first eager rush of adventurers was over, yet there was no cessation to the marvellous reports, and thousands were only waiting a few repetitions, to join the hordes of emigration. . . The glow and excitement of adventure seemed to animate even those who remained behind, and as for our passengers, there was scarcely one who did not feel himself more or less a hero. The deck rang with songs, laughter and gaily spoken anticipations of roving life and untold treasure, till we began to feel the heavy swell rolling inward from Sandy Hook.

p. 79. After discussing our further plans, it was decided to visit the Mokelumne Diggings, which were the most accessible from Stockton. Accordingly, on Monday morning, our mules were driven in from the plain and saddled for the journey. The sun was shining hotly as we rode over the plain to Stockton, and the tent-streets of the miraculous town glowed like the avenues of a brick-kiln. The thermometer stood at 98°, and the parched, sandy soil burnt through our very boot-soles.

P. 81. After traveling about fourteen miles, we were joined by three miners, and our mules, taking a sudden liking to their horses, jogged on at a more brisk rate. The instincts of a mulish heart form an interesting study to the traveler in the mountains. I would, were the comparison not too ungallant, liken it to a woman's, for it is quite as uncertain in its sympathies, bestowing its affections where least expected, and when bestowed, quite as constant, so long as the object is not taken away. Sometimes a horse, sometimes an ass, captivates the fancy of a whole drove of mules: but often an animal nowise akin. Lieut. Beale told me that his whole train of mules once took a stampede on the plains of Cimarrone, and ran half a mile, when they halted in apparent satisfaction. The cause of their freak was found to be a buffalo calf which had strayed from the herd. They were frisking around it in the greatest delight, rubbing their noses against it, throwing up their heels and making themselves ridiculous by abortive attempts to neigh and bray, while the poor calf, unconscious of its attractive qualities, stood trembling in their midst. . . .

Crossing several steep spurs, we reached the top of the divide overlooking the Mokelumne Valley, and here one of the most charming mountain landscapes in the world opened to our view. Under our very feet, as it seemed, flowed the river, and a little corner of level bottom, wedged between the bases of the hills, was dotted



Pack mules (Western Americana). "The instincts of a mulish heart form an interesting study..."

with the tents of the gold-hunters, who we could see burrowing along the water. The mountains, range behind range, spotted with timber, made a grand, indistinct background in the smoky air — a large fortress-like butte, toward the Cosumne River, the most prominent of all. . . .

Our first move was for the river bottom, where a number of [men] were at work in the hot sun. The bar, as it was called, was nothing more nor less than a level space at the junction of the river with a dry arroyo or "gulch," which winds for about eight miles among the hills. . . .

The first party we saw had just succeeded in cutting a new channel for the shrunken waters of the Mokelumne, and were commencing operations on about twenty yards of the river-bed, which they had laid bare. They were ten in number, and their only implements were shovels, a rude cradle for the top layer of earth, and flat wooden bowls for washing out the sands. Baptiste took one of the bowls which was full of sand, and in five minutes showed us a dozen grains of bright gold. The company had made in the forenoon about three pounds; we watched them at their work till the evening, when three pounds more were produced, making an average of seven ounces for each man. This gold was of the purest quality and most beautiful color.

P. 110. At the United States Hotel, I met with Colonel Frémont and learned the particulars of the magnificent discovery which had just been made upon his ranche on the Mariposa River. It was nothing less than a vein of gold in the solid rock—the first which had been found in California. I saw some specimens which were in Colonel Frémont's possession. The stone was a reddish quartz, filled with rich veins of gold. . . . This discovery made a great sensation throughout the country, at the time, yet it was but the first of many such. The Sierra Nevada is



Mountain Trail.



*Placer Mining
for Gold*
(Charles Nahl).



Placer mining in a mountain stream. "The first party...were commencing operations on about 20 yards of the river-bed..."

pierced in every park with these priceless veins, which will produce gold for centuries after every spot of earth from base to summit shall have been turned over and washed out.

* * * * *

With that pack of writings, this perusal of words, thoughts and ideas in the minds and from the pens of Pennsylvania Germans must of necessity finish. It is

such a rich field, so replete with the kinds of phrases and allusions just rehearsed, that I hate to leave it. These people had a common heritage and shared at least some common goals. In many ways they really do represent the almost infinite variety of Pennsylvania Germans to be found anywhere in the United States, whether in California, in Pennsylvania, or in any place between.



The End (Harpers Monthly, 1850s).

ENDNOTES

¹William T. Parsons and Mary Shuler Heimburger, "Shuler Family Correspondence," *Pennsylvania Folklife* 29:3 (1797-80), 99-100. Solomon Yeakel's letter is located there; the reference to his father's concern will be found below.

²The father's grave lies beside the small Hosensack Schwenkfelder Meeting House between Palm and Hosensack, PA.

³I did the research on this topic in Pennsylvania from xerox copies of originals which remained in Shuler Family collections in California or elsewhere in the West.

⁴Ludwig Schandein *et al.*, "Haus und Wohnung" 191-192; "Mundart," 231, 234-239, in *Landes- und Volkskunde des Konigreichs Bavaria: Die Rheinpfalz* Book 14 (Munchen: Literary Historical Office, 1867); Kurt Reh, Friedrich L. Wagner and Klaus Westrich, *Landkreis Kaiserslautern* (Bonn: Stollfuss Verlag, 1968).

⁵Abraham Harley Cassel, *Ein Hundertjahriger Deutscher Hercules*, MS-10 #1 (1857), Abraham Harley Cassel-Martin G. Brumbaugh-W. Emmert Swigart Collection, Juniata College. Research in these materials has been funded by the Arcadia Foundation. William J. Hinke, *Church Records of the Goshenhoppen Reformed Church 1731-1830*, in Hinke, *A History of the Goshenhoppen Reformed Church*, (Lancaster: New Era Press, 1920) 9,12,385. Gabriel Shuler belonged to Rev. Paulus van Vleek's Whitmarsh Reformed Charge in 1710 and 1711. He is the very first churchman listed in the tally of church members at Old Goshenhoppen Reformed Congregation in Lower Salford Township, PA.

More remains to be written about the Shuler Clan, especially on the originator of the tribe in Goschenhoppen, along the Perkiomen Creek (then in Philadelphia County, but now within the bounds of Montgomery County, Pa) ½ Abraham Harley Cassel, bibliophile and early collector of local history and legend, has collected a glowing account of the activity of Old Gabriel Shuler on his one hundredth birthday on land upon which Harleysville stands today.

⁶The letters F, L and T, each in a separate link of a connected chain constituted the symbol of The Oddfellows fraternal lodge in Pennsylvania and other states in those days and today.

⁷William T. Parsons, *The Pennsylvania Dutch: A Persistent Minority* (Boston: Twayne, 1976), 198-199.

⁸*Ibid.*, 199.

⁹*Ibid.*, 199-203. Robert T. Potts, Peter Weiser, Matthias Young and Jacob Fowler were among other Pennsylvania Germans who went west.

¹⁰Mandes Shuler, Georgetown, CA, to ASA & Titus Shuler, Hamilton, OH, 23 February 1854.

¹¹Robert M. Blackson, "A Letter from California: John A. Markle in the Gold Rush," *Pennsylvania Folklife* 29:1 (1979) 2.

¹²*Ibid.*, 9.

¹³Robert V. Hine, *Edward Kern and American Expansion* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1962) 30.

¹⁴*Ibid.*, 31.

¹⁵Edward Kern to Richard Kern, 27 July 1846, *Ibid.*, 31. Original in the Huntingdon Library, San Marion, CA.

¹⁶Edward Kern to Mary Wolfe, 10 February 1849 (Huntingdon Library), *Ibid.*, 63-64, 197.

¹⁷Hine, *Edward Kern*, 64.

¹⁸*Ibid.*, 65-66, 165. Dick was killed in the west also, with Gunnison's Expedition in 1853. His attackers, by coincidence, were Ute Indians, too. *Ibid.*, 97-98.

¹⁹*Ibid.*, xi.

²⁰View of the Bonin Islands from West Pap, 24 October 1854, Naval Cartographic Records, the National Archives, Record Group 37b, #63.

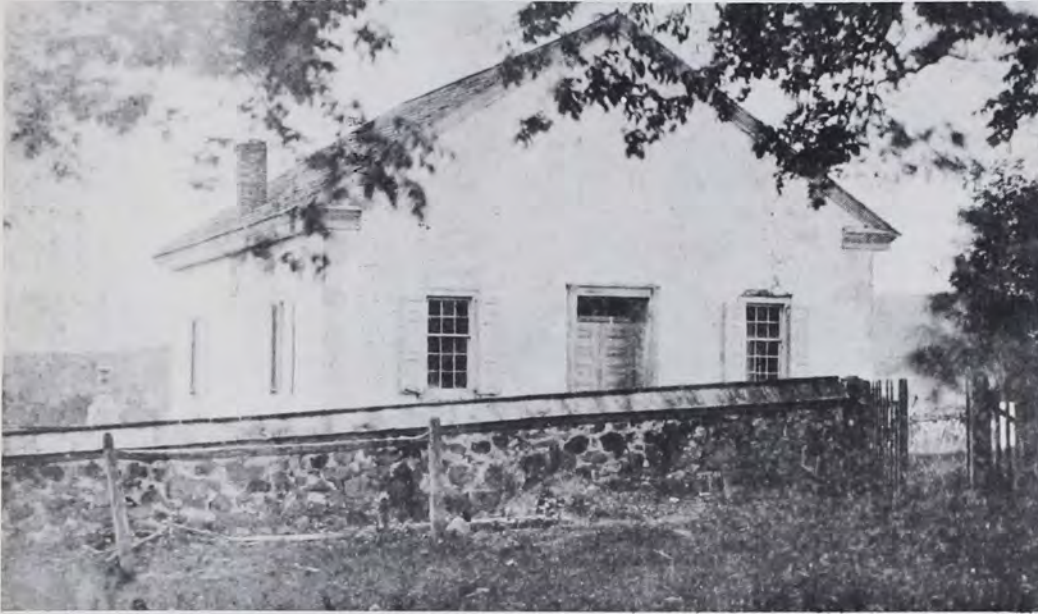
²¹The Straits of Seniavine, Behring Straits, September 1855, Record Group 37b, #69.

²²Hine, *Edward Kern*, 146-156.

²³Isaac J. Wistar, *Autography* (Philadelphia: Wistar Institute, 1937), selections, 48-146; Owen Wister, *Owen Wister Out West* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press), 14-20.

²⁴Wistar, *Autobiography*, 77, 80-81; Wister, *Out West*, 29-31, 38-39, 61.

²⁵Wister, *Out West*, 10-13.



Bethesda Baptist Church, ca. 1890. Note the hitching rail and posts, southern of the twin chimneys, and gate with light-weight picket-pales.

RELIGION IN AN IRON-MAKING COMMUNITY: BETHESDA BAPTIST CHURCH AND HOPEWELL VILLAGE

by Karen Guenther

The history of religion in early Pennsylvania is a subject that has not received sufficient attention from historians. Most existing works are either histories of individual congregations (often written for an anniversary celebration) or of specific denominations. Few, however, attempt to relate the life of the parish to that of the community in which it exists. In the case of Bethesda Baptist Church in northern Chester County, its early history was intimately involved with the activities of Hopewell Furnace, located less than one mile away.¹

Traditionally, iron-making communities such as Hopewell were rather irreligious. It is possible, for example, that Rebecca Grace, wife of Coventry Forge ironmaster Robert Grace, might have protected the noted Anglican and Methodist evangelist George Whitefield from injury when he preached there during one of his revivals.² Such activity, however, does not appear to be typical of religious life at Hopewell. Residents in Union and surrounding townships in southern Berks and northern Chester Counties had established at least eighteen separate congregations within a seven-mile radius of the Furnace by the middle of the nineteenth century. These churches served as centers of worship for members of the Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Quaker, Roman Catholic, Reformed, Lutheran, and Baptist faiths.³ While the lack of

church records makes it impossible to determine fully the extent of religious affiliation of Hopewell workers, it is evident that laborers and ironmasters alike had a wide range of choices in selecting a church if they were so inclined; and, in most cases, they were.

One church in particular can be identified with religious activity at Hopewell Furnace—Bethesda Baptist Church. Located approximately one mile east of the Furnace, the church building was constructed of local stone in the early 1780's. Its exact date of erection is uncertain, although a collarbeam in the present attic does include the charcoal inscription "Built 1782 By T. Lloyd."⁴

Despite the early date of erection, residents in this area probably did not use this building for religious services on a regular basis until the early nineteenth century. The earliest known burial, that of Thomas Kirby, a woodcutter for the Furnace, dates from 1807, thus suggesting its use as a house of worship by that year.⁵ It definitely had become a place of worship by 1819, when Thomas Lloyd, who owned the building and the property on which it stood, mentioned in his will a "meeting house and graveyard [that] stands on my land for the use it was intended and agreement made between other Societies and myself."⁶ Until the mid-1820's, people simply referred to the structure as "old Lloyd Church,"



*Interior view,
1970 photo.*

indicating the non-denominational affiliation of the congregation.⁷

Bethesda was officially organized as a Baptist church on December 8, 1827. The following year the thirty-one members of this rural congregation officially affiliated with the Philadelphia Baptist Association. An official of the parent body wrote in 1828 regarding Bethesda that the church "[had] been watered with some special dewdrops from above, and her children by experience [had] found her truly to be . . . the house of mercy."⁸ Within the next six years the congregation tripled in size and established a Sabbath school and a Temperance society.⁹

The early 1840's brought difficult times to Bethesda. Church membership had begun to decline. As a result, the congregation could only support supply pastors, who were difficult to obtain. The congregation began to view its area as a missionary field and unsuccessfully attempted to request the assistance of member churches of the Philadelphia Baptist Association in obtaining a pastor. The problem became so difficult that, in 1840, the Philadelphia Baptist Association did not receive any intelligence concerning the parish. By 1842, though, they had obtained a clergyman, Brother Caleb Davidson, on a regular basis. The years of instability had taken their toll on the congregation, however, as only thirty-three people belonged to Bethesda in 1843.

Despite early instability, a church such as Bethesda, which, according to the Philadelphia Baptist Association's Commission on the State of Religion, was located in a "populous country, [had] a good meeting house, and [was] well-filled when they [had] a minister present to lead them in worship," could not remain dormant long.¹¹ In August and early September, 1844, Brother D. A. Nichols, a supply pastor to Bethesda and neighboring congregations in Chester County, held a protracted meeting as part of the revival of religion that swept the nation during this era. This meeting

served to be "a pentecostal season to the church," as more than fifty people were baptized during this brief period. As a result of these frequent conversions, Bethesda almost tripled in size between 1843 and 1845, the greatest growth spurt in the church's history. Grateful for this bountiful increase, the members of Bethesda called on the other churches in the Philadelphia Baptist Association "to help them 'to praise God for what he has done for the church at Bethesda.'"¹² The congregation held additional protracted meetings in 1848 and 1849, but neither achieved the success of the one in 1844.¹³ It is significant to note that this growth occurred during a transitional period in the history of Hopewell Furnace, for the Furnace ceased its stove plate-casting operation in 1844 and mainly limited its production to pig iron after that year.¹⁴

After a decade of growth between the mid-1840's to mid-1850's, Bethesda Baptist entered another period of decline. The membership of Bethesda reached its peak in 1852, when 118 people actively participated in worship.¹⁵ After that year, though, the decline began. Fifty-three members of Bethesda left to join the church at Lawrenceville in 1858, and in the following year "Satan . . . sowed seeds of discord" in the troubled congregation.¹⁶ Pastoral instability returned, even though "good attention [was] given to the word preached, and they [hoped] to see the cause of Christ flourish."¹⁷ Seven times during the 1860's the congregation failed to correspond with the Philadelphia Baptist Association, and at other times they complained that "many of their number had gone into the Army."¹⁸ Preaching often occurred only on alternate Sundays at best, and, as a result, by 1882 they had "but a few working, contributing, and paying members."¹⁹ The decline reached its nadir in 1884, when only twelve people regularly attended services at Bethesda.²⁰ Undoubtedly, continuous turmoil for nearly thirty years, combined with the end of activity at Hopewell in 1883, brought the members of Bethesda to their knees in the mid-1880's.



*Another ca. 1890 view of Bethesda Baptist:
note the heavy picket-pale gate, shingle wall
coping, six-over-nine sash, and shutters.*

Despite the troubles confronting the congregation, several matters remained virtually constant. The congregation met weekly or biweekly to hear the word of God in regular services. Business meetings were held monthly (and later, quarterly) for members to discuss financial, ecclesiastical, organizational, and moral matters. Among the more routine occurrences at these meetings were the election of pastors and church clerks, hearing "the Christian experience" of candidates for baptism, deciding how to resolve the problem of delinquent members, and exercising some degree of moral control over the congregation.²¹

The latter was an especially important aspect of church life. As early as 1832, members of Bethesda Baptist Church had asked a committee of the Philadelphia Baptist Association whether "all the members of our churches [were] called upon by the word and providence of God to abandon the sale and use of ardent spirits . . ."²² The committee responded affirmatively and, by 1833, the congregation had established a Temperance society.²³ Apparently whatever concern had caused this question was resolved, for no further mention of improper behavior occurred until 1865, when the church clerk almost resigned "on Account of Misconduct in the church on the part of some evil disposed persons."²⁴ In

the following year two members were excluded for "neglecting the Church and drunkenness" and for profanity.²⁵ By 1872, the congregation decided to consult with the Philadelphia Baptist Association about the problem, as they were "praying for the overthrow of those giant social evils caused by the improper use of rum and tobacco."²⁶ Thus, the roughness of Furnace life might have affected the moral qualities of some of Bethesda's members.

Not all activity at Bethesda concerned moral impropriety. The renewal, in 1866, of Brother John J. Eberly as pastor was agreed unanimously, and the congregation authorized the church clerk "to give him a letter on behalf of the church recommending him as a good and faithful preacher of the gospel and worthy of the confidence of the people."²⁷ Bethesda's semi-centennial celebration in 1877 included a historical sketch by the Reverend William Barrows, pastor of Bethesda, and sermons and prayers by the Reverend G. T. McNair of East Nantmeal Baptist Church and David Spencer and A. J. Rowland of Philadelphia.²⁸ In addition, a Sabbath school has thrived at Bethesda since its inception in 1833 to the present, serving as one of the few encouraging features of church activity through many years of instability.²⁹

Unlike many other established churches in the



1963 photo, west and south sides of the church.

area, Bethesda relied on individual contributions rather than pew rents for her base of financial support. The workers at Hopewell Furnace were especially active in this realm. In 1830, church members held a subscription to meet current expenses, and almost all of the contributors were Furnace employees.³⁰ David Lloyd collected over twenty dollars in 1848 to erect a stone wall around the churchyard, and this included a five-dollar pledge from the Furnace, possibly indicating an implicit acknowledgement by the ironmaster of Bethesda's importance to his workers.³¹ Laborers at Hopewell also contributed towards other church expenses, including pastoral salaries and building repairs.

After the Furnace went out of blast for the last time in 1883, life changed in the area around Bethesda Baptist Church. No longer could they rely on a steady work force at Hopewell to provide fiscal and physical support. By 1886, the church building, which was over one hundred years old, needed extensive repairs. The congregation built a new wood shingle roof, replaced the floor, remodeled

the pulpit, and installed a new chimney and new pews. They also constructed several outbuildings within the next few years.³² In 1905, they added an iron gate to enclose the stone wall, and they removed the shutters and replaced the window sash in 1911. Fireproof asbestos shingles replaced wooden ones in 1938.³³ Additional restoration occurred in 1982, with the reinstallation of six-over-nine sash windows and of wooden shingles on the roof. At this time the stone wall and coping around the churchyard was restored historically.³⁴

Repairing the church building was not the only advancement made after the Furnace closed. In 1888, the congregation was officially incorporated by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania as "a worshipping congregation of the Baptist denomination."³⁵ Harker Long, last manager of Hopewell Furnace, served as temporary chairman of the Board of Trustees, and G. O. Lloyd, a descendant of Thomas Lloyd, was elected president of this body. The congregation formally drafted and adopted a constitution that stated their intents and purposes in proclaiming the Gospel and maintaining moral and spiritual control of the members.³⁶

In 1919, the Brooke family, owners of the property that had once been Hopewell Furnace, obtained the title to the property of Bethesda Baptist Church from the Lloyd family to consolidate and strengthen their holdings.³⁷ Thus, when the National Park Service acquired the Brooke family property at Hopewell in 1938, Bethesda Baptist Church became one of the few religious organizations whose property was owned by the federal government. The congregation continues to use the building under a special use permit and contributes to the utility costs and maintenance of the church grounds.³⁸



An overall view of the church and grounds (1984).

During the nineteenth century Bethesda Baptist Church served as an excellent example of the role of religion on the frontier. Even though Chester County was not technically a frontier region in the mid-1800's, the scarcity of settlement in the vicinity and the type of activity could certainly characterize Bethesda as a frontier church. Bethesda survived by depending on itinerant supply pastors and by encouraging spiritual renewal and rebirth through revivals. The Baptist Church in general appealed to all classes for these reasons, and many Hopewell workers might have worshiped at Bethesda because of this. While most of the known Hopewell workers who attended services at Bethesda were woodcutters and colliers, it is not unreasonable to assume that skilled workers such as moulders might have occasionally worshiped there as well.³⁹

Undoubtedly irreligious persons, or those who held no particular preference, also worked at Hopewell Furnace. But it is evident that this occurred out of personal preference rather than because of a lack of available religious institutions for worship, as could have happened a century earlier in most of the American colonies. Ironmasters and laborers alike took advantage of these opportunities and

actively participated in the religious life of the area. Bethesda Baptist Church, because of its proximity to the center of "village" life, played a key role in religious activity at the Furnace and had indeed served as a "house of mercy" for many of its workers.



Graveyard (1951).

ENDNOTES

¹Earlier histories of Bethesda Baptist Church include Mary Lloyd Busenkell, "Historical Sketch of Bethesda Baptist Church," *Picket Post* (April 1972): 29-31; and "1781-1981, Bethesda Baptist Church, Hopewell National Park, Elverson, Pennsylvania, 200th Anniversary," (Typewritten), Chester County Historical Society, West Chester, Pennsylvania.

²Wilmer W. MacElree, *Around the Boundaries of Chester County* (West Chester, 1934), 510-511.

³Karen Guenther, "Religious Diversity in Pennsylvania: Hopewell Village as a Case Study," presented at Seasonal Orientation, Hopewell Village National Historic Site, Summer 1984. See also: Joseph E. Walker, *Hopewell Village: A Social and Economic History of an Iron-Making Community* (Philadelphia, 1966), 364-379.

⁴Walker, *Hopewell Village*, 369. Observed by Park Ranger Janet Kennedy, 17 August 1984.

⁵Ibid. Unmarked depressions and undated stones may mark earlier internments. Conversation with Chief Ranger Lee Boyle, 29 August 1984.

⁶Will of Thomas Lloyd, 9 July 1819, Hopewell Village National Historic Site, Elverson, Pennsylvania. Cited in Busenkell, "Historical Sketch," 29.

⁷Busenkell, "Historical Sketch," 30.

⁸Minutes of the Philadelphia Baptist Association, 1828, p. 11. Philadelphia Baptist Association, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

⁹Ibid., 1829-1834, passim.

¹⁰Ibid., 1834-1843, passim.

¹¹Ibid., 1843, p. 25.

¹²Ibid., 1844, p. 20; 1845, passim.

¹³Ibid., 1848-1849, passim.

¹⁴Walker, *Hopewell Village*, 58.

¹⁵Minutes of the Philadelphia Baptist Association, 1852, passim. This increase may have resulted from the construction of the Anthracite Furnace at Hopewell in the early 1850's. Walker,

Hopewell Village, 63.

¹⁶Ibid., 1858, passim; 1859, p. 36.

¹⁷Ibid., 1856, p. 33.

¹⁸Ibid., 1862, p. 33.

¹⁹Ibid., 1882, p. 43.

²⁰Ibid., 1884, passim.

²¹Bethesda Baptist Church, Minute Book, passim. (Handwritten). Hopewell Village National Historic Site, Elverson, Pennsylvania.

²²Minutes of the Philadelphia Baptist Association, 1832, p. 6.

²³Ibid., 1833, p. 15.

²⁴Bethesda Minute Book, 4 February 1865.

²⁵Ibid., 18 March 1866.

²⁶Minutes of the Philadelphia Baptist Association, 1872, p. 50.

²⁷Bethesda Minute Book, 1 April 1866.

²⁸Ibid., 8 December 1872.

²⁹Minutes of the Philadelphia Baptist Association, 1833, p. 15.

³⁰Bethesda Subscription Paper, Document 8300111. (Handwritten). Hopewell Village National Historic Site, Elverson, Pennsylvania; and Walker, *Hopewell Village*, 370-1.

³¹Walker, *Hopewell Village*, 370.

³²Bethesda Minute Book, 1 January 1887.

³³Earl J. Heydinger, "Historic Structures Report, Historical Data, Part I: Bethesda Baptist Church, Hopewell Village National Historic Site," passim. (Typewritten). Hopewell Village National Historic Site, Elverson, Pennsylvania.

³⁴J. L. Boyle, "Bethesda Baptist Church: Addendum for Historic Structures Report," 1-3. (Typewritten). Hopewell Village National Historic Site, Elverson, Pennsylvania.

³⁵Bethesda Minute Book, 8 July 1888.

³⁶Ibid.

³⁷Heydinger, "Historic Structures Report," 3.

³⁸Conversation with Chief Ranger Lee Boyle, 29 August 1984.

³⁹Bethesda Minute Book, passim; and Bethesda Subscription Paper. Names were checked with the card file of Hopewell employees at Hopewell Village National Historic Site.



The Delaware Water Gap.



Front view of the Kittatinny (Evans, 1897).

DELAWARE WATER GAP: BIRTH AND DEATH OF A RESORT TOWN

by Martin W. Wilson

The Delaware Water Gap is just that—a gap in the mountains through which flows the Delaware River. The area just north of the Gap was referred to as the Minisink by the earliest inhabitants of the region, the Lenni-Lenapes, and has been known by that name since the white man's first encounters with the Indians. The word "Minisink" means "the water is gone," and, though there is no proof, there is an Indian tradition which claims that north of the Blue Mountains there existed a huge lake which was drained when the water gap broke through.¹

The Delaware Water Gap area remained unsettled long after settlements nearby had grown. The first white man to buy land in what is today the borough of Delaware Water Gap was a Frenchman named Antoine Dutot. Dutot had been a wealthy slave owner in Santa Domingo prior to the slave uprising of 1793. Fearing for his life, he hastily left the island, carrying with him as much money as he could and burying the rest. Upon arriving in Philadelphia, he received the recommendation of a friend to travel up the Delaware to the Gap, where, that year, he bought a large tract of land.² On this ground he laid out a large inland city, calling it by his own name. He erected a dozen or more wooden buildings and even designated a triangular piece of ground for a market.³

Although Dutot'sburg never became the bustling city

that its founder envisaged, the town of Delaware Water Gap—which Dutot'sburg became—did acquire a certain prominence after the Civil War as the second largest inland resort town in the United States (Saratoga Springs, New York, was the largest); and its clientele were the upper classes of Philadelphia and New York.⁴ Although it is difficult to rank such things (for instance, what criteria are to be used? Size of the town? Number of hotels? Number of visitors? Amount of money spent?) there is no doubt that the Gap was a resort town of some note.⁵ Even when the competition is limited, as it is here, by excluding such famous seaside resorts as Bar Harbor and Newport, it is still apparent that Delaware Water Gap did enjoy a national reputation for its resorts which drew prominent financiers, politicians, and society people from the time of the Civil War until World War I.⁶ Baedeker, publisher of world famous guide books in the 19th century, included Delaware Water Gap among the fifteen scenic marvels of the United States.⁷ In 1906, an advertising pamphlet estimated that over one-half million people visited the area annually;⁸ one of those tourists was former President Theodore Roosevelt, who visited the Water Gap House on August 2, 1910.⁹

A glance in *The New York Times* of that era quickly satisfies the researcher that the Gap received enough coverage to warrant calling it popular, at least in New



Rear view of the Kittatinny (Evans, 1897).



Guests on the front porch of the Kittatinny.

York City. A number of articles appeared in *The Times* as early as May, 1877.¹⁰ From that date until about the turn of the century, there appeared several "Notes" written by a summer correspondent in Delaware Water Gap. These articles were written in an elegant style extolling the beauty of the area:

Nature presents herself here in so many phases of gentle beauty and wild savagery that even scant justice would hardly be possible in attempting a description of the scenery of the Gap without more fullness of detail than circumstances permit. Imagine to the north a double valley, divided by a mountain with pointed base and rounded top. Down from the right ripples the broad, shallow Delaware River, now 150 miles on its way to the ocean. A succession of mountain bases gives it direction, but at the junction of the valleys a part of the saucy stream escapes and a number of low, sandy islands are formed, some with only a trace of shrubbery to hide their nakedness. The river's freedom is of short duration, however. The stern mountains rush together, and the stream, suddenly abandoning its pranks, moves silently between, a submissive captive.¹¹

In the summertime, four to five of these articles appeared in a month's time. Besides describing the physical attractions of the place, the stories were also informative:

Of late years the Delaware Valley has been growing in popularity as a place of summer resort, . . . its population . . . is annually increased by more than 5000 people. . .¹²

The Delaware Valley is almost a continuous resort from Hancock to the Water Gap, a distance of 125 miles. . . scarcely a house in the village but offered accommodations to applicants for summer board.¹³

Besides the frequent pieces just described, the Gap was covered, as were other resort areas, in summer Sunday supplements published in *The New York Times* to provide information on various resorts for New Yorkers trying to decide where to spend their summer vacations. In one such report, in 1906, which covered two pages with short descriptions of various hotels, Delaware Water Gap was represented by a story of equal length to the longest: out of only six pictures in the whole article, one was of the Gap.¹⁴ In 1908, a full page feature story about the Gap and surrounding resort areas, including pictures, was printed in *The Times*. In that article, a man was discussing with his friends where he would spend the upcoming summer vacation when the idea of going to Water Gap came into his mind. He exclaimed, "Why think of it, the Delaware Water Gap, known the world over, is only ninety miles from New York, and here I've been chasing all round the eastern part of this country for years and never once saw that country yet."¹⁵

Of course, articles of this sort can be found today about the whole Pocono Mountains region. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, however, "The prime vacation spot in the Poconos. . . was unquestionably Delaware Water Gap."¹⁶

Although visitors began staying in Delaware Water Gap as early as 1820 (they roomed with local families)



Rear porch of the Kittatinny, overlooking the Delaware.



View from the Kittatinny.



Dining room, Kutatinny.

the resort business in the area was, in large measure, dependent on the budding transportation industry. Undoubtedly, the most important improvement for the infant resort industry was the railroad, which came to Monroe County on May 13, 1856. Prior to the coming of the railroad, it took the better part of two days travel by stagecoach to reach the Gap from Philadelphia. After trains began running, that time was cut to only four-and-a-half hours. Suddenly the whole world, via New York and Philadelphia, was within easy reach; and large numbers of city dwellers could easily reach the pleasures of the mountains.¹⁷

Unlike today's vacationer who may stay at a hotel for only one night, people in the late 1800's and early 1900's would often spend an entire season at their favorite resort. It was the custom, among those families who could afford it, to pack mom and the kids off to a hotel in the country for the entire summer; father would join them on weekends. Summer visitors often went back to the same hotel year after year; many called the Gap their second home.¹⁸ In order to get the patriarch to and from the resort, a good rail system was a necessity. Direct, non-stop trains traveled to the Water Gap, leaving New York during the season on Fridays and Saturdays, and returning Friday and Sunday evenings and Monday mornings.¹⁹

It takes more than just good rail service to attract people to an area, however. What did Delaware Water



Sitting room, Kittatinny.

Gap have to offer its visitors?

The principal sources of amusement and recreation are the rambles over miles of mountain paths with vistas of great beauty opening at frequent intervals; carriage drives in many directions over a picturesque and interesting country; steamboat and rowboat service, and good bass fishing on the river in season and trout fishing in the adjacent streams.²⁰

These words were written by Luke W. Brodhead, a man who knew better than most the attractions of the Gap, as he was the owner of the Kittatinny, and the author of a book about the history and legends of the place. There were, in fact, few things to do in the Gap outside of enjoying nature. People spent their time in leisurely pursuits and in social gatherings.²¹

"Perhaps the featuring asset of the Gap, aside from its beautiful gorge, through which flows the placid Delaware, is its health giving atmosphere, which permeates everywhere and which in itself has given the region much of its charm and popularity."²² The theme of health was played over and over in advertisements of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. "The atmosphere is pure and dry, always cool evenings, and even at mid-day seldom so warm as to be uncomfortable. . . The whole region is free from mosquitoes or malaria."²³ As early as 1866, the local newspaper, *The Jeffersonian Republican*, ran a story reporting that the hotels and boarding houses were full; thus city people were escaping the danger of cholera.²⁴

One local writer claimed that the Water Gap's



Game room, Kittatinny.



Canoeing on the Delaware; leisurely pursuits were popular.



Canoeing on the Delaware.

healthful climate had, over the seasons, cured or benefited numbers of invalids who had visited there.²⁵ This writer may have been referring to Doctor F. Wilson Hurd's health resort, The Water Cure of Experiment Mills (later called the Water Gap Sanitarium). In 1873, Doctor Hurd decided on Monroe County as an ideal spot for his Wesley Water Cure, and built his resort in what was then called Experiment Mills, near the present site of the Quality Inn just off the Marshall's Creek exit of Route 80. His "Cure" did much to advertise the area as a health resort, increasing the influx of visitors seeking relief from their ailments.²⁶

In June of 1879, *The Mountain Echo* made its first appearance. The *Echo* was a small newspaper devoted to the concerns of the hotels and local places of interest: "It came into bloom with the rhododendron and went out with the goldenrod."²⁷ Mr. Jesse A. Graves, a local photographer, was the summer paper's editor. The paper usually ran at least one story of some length about local history, local sites, or sometimes about something totally unconnected with the resort scene such as colonial history or travels in Europe. Local businessmen would advertise their products and services: photographer, steamboat, rowboat, railroad station agent, physician, livery, blacksmith, postmaster, wheelwright, shoemaker, storekeeper, ice-cream, telegraph operator, and baggage master.²⁸

Some advertisements expressed the carefree tone of the paper: "D. R. Brown of Stroudsburg will renovate a discontented watch, quickly and neatly."²⁹ *The Echo* also often put little helpful reminders or hints in its issues. A copy printed in the fall contained these:

Autumn leaves will soon be ready to gather.
 Trouble with the stovepipes now begins.
 Rabbits cannot be shot until November 1st.
 Partridge shooting begins on the 17th.³⁰

One issue carried this report on one of the Gap's rivals:

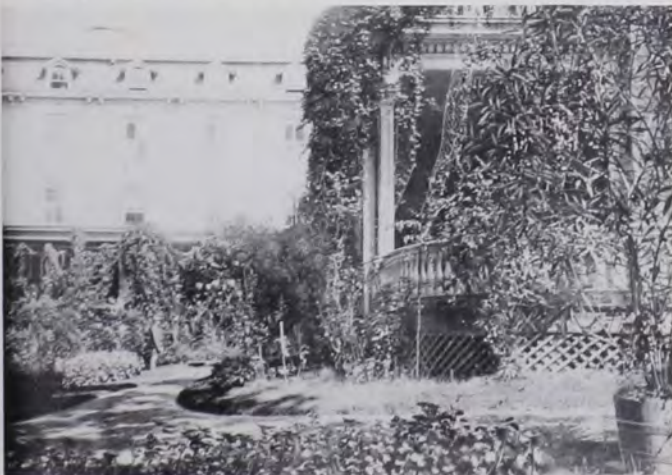
Saratoga has an army of genteel loafers who haunt the front of the hotels and are not above insulting ladies. The worst of it is that they appear to be on friendly terms with the local policeman.³¹

One of the services dutifully carried out by the paper was its listing of all the guests staying at the various resorts. Besides these listings, a visitor might have found his or her name appearing in print as follows:

Hon. Gibson Atherton of Newark, Ohio, is here and enjoys rambling over the mountains.

Miss Harmer of New York can be seen driving here daily in a very stylish cart.³²

Interestingly, the price of *The Echo* dropped rather than rose over the years. Although initially it was free, in 1881, an issue cost ten cents and a subscription cost a dollar. In 1915, an issue cost five cents and a subscription cost fifty cents.



Exterior views of the Water Gap House.



Water Gap House.



The Glenwood (Evans, 1897).

THE HOTELS

An 1877 *New York Times* article had this to say about the Gap area:

So great has the demand for summer accommodations in the vicinity become that there is hardly a farm house or private residence that does not resolve itself for the time being into a place of entertainment for the "city boarder," while antiquated wayside inns and village taverns, whose former patronage was mainly derived from the frequent visits of the brawling out prodigal raftman, or the periodic influx of the residents of the backwoods districts to attend the sessions of the county courts - have grown into commodious modern hotels, each catering to the comforts of hundreds of people from New York and Philadelphia.³³

During the winter of 1872-1873, the capacity of the boarding houses and hotels in the Gap and surrounding areas more than doubled.³⁴ A 1909 guide to summer resorts in the area said this about the Water Gap:

Its quota of hotels is second to none in the United States. They compare favorably with those in any other section of the country in size and attractiveness and are comparable only to the very finest in the matter of cuisine.³⁵

How many resorts were there operating in the Gap? It is hard to determine the exact number because records do not exist, and some of the smaller boarding houses

may not appear in advertisements printed in various pamphlets which have survived over the years. Furthermore, a boarding house may have existed for so short a time that its memory, not strong to begin with, has faded altogether from the minds of those who grew up in the Gap during part of the resort era. One person who grew up in the borough when the big hotels were still operating is Casey Drake, a retired banker. He remembers when the streets in the tiny town were so crowded with people that it was difficult to walk down the sidewalk.³⁶ It is estimated that the hotels in town could accommodate over 2500 people; this in a town of 400 permanent residents.³⁷

The two largest and most famous hotels were the Kittatinny and the Water Gap House. In 1829, Antoine Dutot began constructing what would later be a small section of the first of many hotels to open in the little borough, the Kittatinny House. He ran out of money before finishing the hotel, and, in 1832, Samuel Snyder purchased, enlarged, and completed the building. The Kittatinny could sleep twenty-five people and was filled



View from the piazza of the Glenwood (Evans, 1897).



Riverview House (Delaware Water Gap Photo-Gravures, 1895).

the first season it was open.³⁸

William A. Brodhead rented the Kittatinny from 1841 until 1851, when he bought the building and increased its capacity to sixty. Over the next fifteen years the Kittatinny's size was increased on four separate occasions, first under William Brodhead, and, after 1857, under its new owner, Luke W. Brodhead. The increases were: to 75 guests in 1853; to 150 in 1860; to 175 in 1862; and to 250 in 1866.³⁹

Located along the wagon road leading through the Gap, the foundations for the building, which was destroyed by fire in 1931, can be seen today next to the overlook along Route 611, just south of the town. Built on the side of the mountain, 200 feet above the river, the verandas of the hotel offered spectacular views to its guests, both up-river and downstream to the Gap. Besides the view and the cool breezes created by the Gap's formation, the hotel also boasted:

Electric lights, elevators, steam heat, running mountain spring water in rooms, private baths, etc. Noted for its cuisine and service, and the hotel's farm gives to the table products "par Excellence." . . . Bell phone 92; telegraph office in hotel, orchestra, social diversions. Only hotel having amusements on its own grounds, golf, tennis, bowling, shuffle boards, boating, fishing, driving, bathing, livery, garage.⁴⁰

In 1870, the Brodhead brothers bought the Kittatinny from Luke Brodhead.⁴¹ The hotel was rebuilt in 1884, at which time the capacity was raised to 275.⁴² In the spring of 1892, the building was razed to make room for a larger, more elegant New Kittatinny.⁴³ In a Lackawanna Railroad publication of 1905, the Kittatinny's capacity is listed at 500.⁴⁴ However, in a *New York Times* article of 1908, the capacity is listed at only 350; G. Frank Cope is listed as proprietor.⁴⁵ Still another publication, in 1917, again by the railroad, lists John Purdy Cope as the proprietor of the hotel and claims it could house 500.⁴⁶

The Jeffersonian, in August of 1867, reported that Luke Brodhead's Kittatinny was full and that a new hotel was "rumored."⁴⁷ On June 20, 1872, the Water Gap House was opened by Luke W. Brodhead.⁴⁸ The new hotel was situated on an eminence 400 feet above the river; the first and second story piazzas were twelve to fifteen feet wide, 650 feet in length, and overlooked some of the finest views in the area.⁴⁹ Brodhead built the hotel with no bar and thus demonstrated that a hotel could be successful without one.⁵⁰

In 1908, the Water Gap House was completely rebuilt at a cost of over \$100,000. John Purdy Cope, the new owner, boasted the following attractions:

Capacity, 300. A MOUNTAIN PARADISE; highest altitude, coolest location, always a breeze, no humidity. . . Commanding views for 30 miles in every direction of the grandest scenery east of the Rockies. Hotel is surrounded by its magnificent park of Old Shades, Rhododendron, Wild Flowers, Rare Plants, and Fine Lawns. [his capitalizations] Water Gap House is modern in every particular. . . Now THE FINEST EQUIPPED, BEST APPOINTED, AND LARGEST HOTEL IN THIS REGION, entertaining refined, high-class patronage. Running mountain spring water and stationery stands in all

rooms. Fifty private tile baths, also public baths. Metal and brass beds; new handsome furnishings. Telephones and telegraphs. Solariums and balconies on all floors. Steam heat, open log fireplaces. Electric lights. Hydraulic elevator. Most modern sanitary arrangements. White service throughout. Cuisine of highest standard. Hotel supplied from own greenhouse and farm with early vegetables and poultry. Milk from our own dairy of registered cows. Every outdoor sport and indoor amusement. Orchestra and frequent social functions. Private riding academy with high-class saddle horses and instructors; nine-hole golf links; garage and livery—all within the grounds. Coaches meet all trains.⁵¹

The Kittatinny and the Water Gap House were not the only large hotels in the town, of course. After serving for a time as a boy's academy, the Glenwood House opened its doors to summer visitors in 1862. In 1897, it was catering to 200 boarders, was open from May to November, and boasted private balconies on the second floor.⁵² By 1909, P. R. Johnson, the proprietor, claimed these amenities:

A high-class moderate priced house, located in a wonderful scenic locality. Capacity, 400. Entire structure modern brick; steam heat, sun parlors, new ballroom, orchestra; golf, tennis, boating; fine roads, and all amusements. Fresh fruits and vegetables from our own farm.⁵³

A source from 1905 puts the capacity of the Glenwood at 250.⁵⁴ Another, in 1908, puts it at 300.⁵⁵ A later source (1917) confirms the 1909 capacity.⁵⁶

The Castle Inn opened for business in 1909. It was the last of the great hotels built in the Water Gap.⁵⁷ When it opened, it had 112 rooms, a ball room, recreation rooms, its own power plant, its own freezing plant, and was a community in itself.⁵⁸

The Bellevue was known by two other names over the years. First it was the Juniper Grove House, and later it was called the Arlington.⁵⁹ As the Bellevue, it could sleep 150 guests and claimed to be the popular hotel for young people. A big selling point for this and some of the other hotels was that they were near the train station.⁶⁰

The hotel located closest to the station was the Delaware House, which was situated just across the street. Open all year, the Delaware House could accommodate 50 people and offered—besides the normal activities such as fishing, boating, and bathing—bowling, pool, and billiards.⁶¹ The Riverview, also located near the station, had a capacity of 250, while the Mountain House could accommodate 80 guests, and the Forest House, 100.⁶²

A list of boarding houses and hotels is located in the appendix, along with a map of their location. Many of the houses whose names were found in various sources are difficult to locate in the borough, and it is possible that some of them were not really in the town. Many hotels kept a Delaware Water Gap address even if located miles away, because Water Gap was the most famous of the local resort towns and it was good for business to maintain a Gap address.⁶³ One resort, the Karamac, was across the river in New Jersey, but it had a Water Gap address.

THE END OF AN ERA

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, November 11, 1915, workmen helping to close down the Water Gap House for the winter discovered a fire which had broken out in one of the guest rooms of the hotel. An alarm was sounded and several fire companies responded, but their efforts were in vain. Though a light rain was falling at the time, the entire structure was leveled in only a matter of hours. The loss was estimated at between \$150,000 and \$200,000. John Purdy Cope had bought the hotel in 1904, for \$85,000, and had spent \$60,000 putting two more floors on the building in 1906.⁶⁴ Four days after the fire it was announced that a new hotel, as large as the Water Gap House, would be built on the same site. The planned hotel was to be fire-proof and, hopefully, would be open for some of the 1916 season.⁶⁵ It was not to be: the Water Gap House was never rebuilt.

Cope experienced another disaster in 1931, when the Kittatinny burned to the ground. He and his family were awakened, at 4 o'clock on the morning of October 30, by a passing motorist who had seen flames coming from the hotel. By 6 o'clock the entire structure was engulfed in flames; the result was a loss of between \$500,000 and \$750,000.⁶⁶ It, too, was never replaced.

Why was neither hotel rebuilt? Was business in the vacation industry slacking off? A local paper, in 1938, claimed that that year was one of the best, and all the boarding houses and hotels were filled to capacity.⁶⁷ Over the years, the Poconos have continued to be a major resort region, but Delaware Water Gap has failed to keep up, and has steadily declined as a resort community.

The reason for the decline of the hotels in the Gap is hard to ascertain, but at least part of the answer had to do with changing transportation trends. As long as people relied on trains to get them out of the city and into the country, the hotels near rail lines were guaranteed customers. The popularity of the automobile after World War I, however, changed the way people took vacations. They were no longer tied to the rail system for transportation. The whole concept of vacationing changed.⁶⁸ In 1909, a story in *The New York Times* anticipated this trend when it reported that a weekend outing with the entire family, stopping for a night's lodging at some comfortable but not too expensive hotel, was superseding the summer-long separation of the father from his family.⁶⁹

The automobile was only part of the answer though, and, in fact, it did not mean the end of the resort scene altogether in Delaware Water Gap.⁷⁰ However, many of the small boarding houses, if they are still standing, are now private residences, and the large hotels are all gone with the exception of the Glenwood and the Mountain

House. For now the town must be content to act primarily as a doorway to the large resorts further on in the Pocono Mountains. The small streets which were once filled with strolling hotel patrons are now swollen with cars bearing vacationers on their way through—either to hotels or second homes up in the mountains, or back to their home state.



The Cataract House (Evans, 1897).

THE RIVER FARM RESORT

Located just one mile north of the tiny borough of Delaware Water Gap, the River Farm was considered one of the Water Gap resorts. A large stone manor house is the focal point of the grounds which developed into the River Farm, and, because of an accidental discovery made there, is of special interest to any serious student of the area. In 1927, Harold Croasdale, owner of the River Farm Resort, discovered a safe (with a key in the lock) hidden behind a bookcase which was built into one of the many fireplaces in the Croasdale Manor. Inside the safe he found a collection of titles and deeds dating back to 1727. These papers provide a direct line of ownership of the River Farm property from William Penn, through various owners, to Harold Croasdale. The subsequent unpublished paper written by Croasdale, the titles and deeds which are now in the Dutot Museum collection, and the remaining collection of photographs, newspaper clippings, and other memorabilia which are now the property of John Wilson of Delaware Water Gap, provide the researcher with a unique opportunity to study the development of one of the many resorts in the Water Gap area.



Croasdale's River Farm House (D.W.G. Photo-Gravures, 1895).



Interior view, Manor House, Croasdale River Farm.

EARLY SETTLERS ON THE RIVER FARM

In July of 1727, William Penn's will—in which he left 10,000 acres of land in Pennsylvania to his grandson, William Penn—was fully ratified. The will had been contested in 1712 in the King's Court of Exchequer in Westminster, but after it had been ratified and the Trustees, Richard Hill, Isaac Norris, and Samuel Preston, had put “. . .their hands and seal. . .” on it, Penn was free to “. . .lay out this land and report to the Surveyor General.”⁷¹ The land was described as:

. . .10,000 acres in the Province of Pennsylvania in some proper and beneficial place there in. . .on the lowlands of the Delaware River and the adjacent uplands situated in the County of Bucks, above Pechaqualin Hills and lying between them and that part of the river called Minisink, or near the same place. . .⁷²

The grandson, who lived almost continually in London, sold the land to William Allen, the first Chief Justice of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court and the man for whom Allentown was named. Allen, who had been advised by the provincial surveyors, bought the land on

August 30, 1728.⁷³

John Smith was one of the first white landowners in the area. Sometime between 1700 and 1717, he bought considerable amounts of land from the Indians on both sides of Cherry Creek and a 112 acre tract north of Cherry Creek which he cleared from the native forest. This land became known as John Smith's farm or John Smith's fields (hence Smithfield Township). Due to a law (passed in 1729) which stated that any purchase of land from the Indians was null and void, Smith was forced to repurchase his land from William Allen, which he did on November 16, 1729.⁷⁴

Another early white landowner in the area was Nicholas Depui, who moved into the area, in 1725, from Esopus (now Kingston, New York). Depui had also bought land from the Indians which he was later forced to repurchase from William Allen. Among the acreage which Depui bought on September 19, 1733, from William Allen was the 112 acre plot which Allen had sold to John Smith earlier (Allen had bought back the land from Smith in order to resell it to Depui).⁷⁵ It was

• To Our Friends and Friends-To-Be •

It will find its widest welcome at Croasdale Manor. It has been selected happy homes for those generations.

THE MANOR—A delightful summer home, surrounded by the location of an 20-acre beautiful estate. Its altitude of over 1000 feet ensures clear, cool air filtered through miles of mountain surroundings. The air, the water and the views of this beautiful neighborhood are enjoyed by thousands of visitors to be enjoyed by thousands. The Manor is a substantial stone building, architecturally reminiscent of the old Scotland and has every modern comfort and convenience. Its extensive facilities include a private swimming and croquet pool, golf on several nearby courses, tennis, croquet, billiards, putting green, croquet, croquet club, windmill walk and trails, outdoor cafe and picnic, dancing, table tennis, croquet, sunbathing in delightful cool streams for cool. . . very one will enjoy at the Manor—no playground at the residence.

THE CHURCH—Croasdale Manor hotel and services are surrounded by their sanctuaries.

COMMUNICATION—A highly extended telephone service, delightful transportation.

HOW TO MAKE RESERVATIONS—Through reservation by any person of the Manor within 300 miles away, or through any Travel Bureau at home or abroad. Or write direct to H. B. Croasdale, Croasdale Manor, Route of Delaware River Club, P.O. Box, Delaware River Club, Pa.

HOW TO COME—Croasdale Manor is readily accessible. From New York: Ten hours by Longwood Railroad to New York and then by boat to Philadelphia. From Philadelphia: Three hours by Pennsylvania Railroad to New York and then by boat to New York.

Rates For a Happy Vacation

MAY 28 TO JULY 18, AND AFTER LABOR DAY (Each Person)		
Room with private bath and cold water.	TABLE BOARD	WEEKEND
\$1.50 and \$1.00	\$1.00 and \$1.00	\$2.00 to \$2.50
Room with private bath, table board.	\$1.00 and \$1.00	\$2.00 to \$2.50
JULY 18 TO SEPTEMBER 7		
Single room, private hot and cold water, table board.	\$1.50 and \$1.00	\$2.00 to \$2.50
Single room with private bath, table board.	\$2.00 and \$1.00	\$2.50 to \$3.00
Double room, private hot and cold water, table board (2 persons).	\$3.00 and \$2.00	\$3.50 to \$4.00
Double room with private bath, table board, (2 persons)	\$4.00 and \$2.00	\$4.50 to \$5.00

Special Dinner Tables, Also Special Rates for Christmas and New Year.

DESIRED COMFORT
Each guest room is equipped with rubber hot and cold spray shower or certified quality, attractive and comfortable furniture. Hot and cold water. Many rooms are equipped with private bath and sleeping in four persons.

YOUR FAVORITE DIVERSIONS
A PROGRAM of regional dinners and sports is planned with exciting and interesting for its guests and their friends by the Manor and its Special and Sports team.
Great swimming in the big 90' x 30' Manor Pool, tennis, croquet, shuffleboard, the putting green, croquet, table tennis, and golf are all sports and the pleasant care for the free and exclusive use of the Manor guests. Golf in any part of the country's best courses, as within a few minutes of the Manor, with golf privileges for the Manor guests of exclusive value. Excellent athletic horses and complete equipment are available at very reasonable rates. The full program for fishing and croquet—this for knowledge.

We look forward to seeing you during the season at Croasdale Manor
Now is the best time to make reservations.



River Vista, Croasdale River Farm Resort.

Advertising brochure, Croasdale River Farm Resort.



Outdoor activities, Croasdale River Farm Resort.

in the early 1740's that the property began to be called the River Farm due to a branch of Smithfield Creek (now Brodhead's Creek) which flows through the farm.⁷⁶

On March 26, 1745, Nicholas Depui sold the River Farm to his son Aaron. The sale included the house, barns, and outbuildings. Croasdale claims that his grandfather, Luke Wills Brodhead, told his mother that Nicholas built the stone manor for his son, Aaron. It is probable, Croasdale says, that since the Depui home in Shawnee had to accommodate Nicholas Depui and his family (which included five daughters) and Samuel Depui and his family, the crowded conditions could have spurred Aaron, the most active of the brothers, to wish for his own home. Records show that Aaron lived at the River Farm by 1745, and probably before.⁷⁷

The Depuis were people of considerable means and good taste. They were descendants of a French Huguenot, Nicholas Depui, who came to America, in 1662, from Artois, France (it is the grandson of this

Nicholas who probably built the Manor House). A local stone mason, Mr. Halstead, examined the Manor in the early 1960's, and stated that the building was of French construction. He pointed to the typical French doors and window lintels as proof. In 1768, Samuel Depui built a similar house, though smaller, in Shawnee called "Manwolomink." From the available evidence, it seems clear that the Manor House was built sometime before 1745 by the Depuis.⁷⁸

The walls of the building are two feet thick and constructed of solid, hand-cut stone masonry. The volume of the house is about 3,000 cubic yards and the volume of the walls is about 500 cubic yards. It must have taken the Depuis at least three to four years to build the house.⁷⁹

Altogether there are twenty-seven legal transactions concerning the River Farm as it changed hands over the years. It is beyond the scope of this paper to examine each of them,⁸⁰ but the land and the Manor House stayed in the Croasdale family's possession from 1860,



Outdoor activities, Croasdale River Farm Resort.



Shuffleboard, Croasdale River Farm Resort.

until Harold Croasdale, Evan's grandson, died in 1978.

The Manor was owned by the Depui family, as has been mentioned earlier, from 1733 until 1767. During that time the building was used for a private residence, for country balls, as a voting place, and as a training quarters for the militia.⁸¹ A *Pocono Record* article of May 28, 1968, claims that Benjamin Franklin stayed at the Manor while he was in charge of building forts along the frontier to protect the settlers from the Indians during the uprisings of 1755.⁸² As the Manor was situated on the road which ran from Nazareth to Shawnee (built in 1737), it also served as a stagecoach stop.⁸³

During the time that Ulrich Hauser owned the River Farm (1791-1810), he operated the Manor as an inn and as a tavern.⁸⁴ Little information can be found concerning the River Farm from the time Hauser owned it until Evan Croasdale bought it in 1860. And, some of the information that is available may not be reliable. According to a magazine clipping in the John Wilson collection, Evan Croasdale gave the right-of-way to the railroad when it was built across his property.⁸⁵ However, since Croasdale did not own the property until 1860, and since the railroad was built in 1856, during the period that Seldon Scranton, one of the railroad builders, owned the land, it seems unlikely that Croasdale had anything to do with giving the land to the railroad. At any rate, the railroad cut across the River Farm on its way from the Gap to East Stroudsburg.

CROASDALE RIVER FARM RESORT

After Croasdale bought the River Farm, he decided to expand the Manor and the grounds, and to turn the farm into a resort. Two more floors were added to the

Manor and wings were built on either side. A smaller, wood-frame house was built 125 yards to the west of the main building around 1867. This building served different purposes over the years: at times it housed an overflow of guests from the Manor, and, at other times, it served as the residence for the farmer who tilled the fields to provide River Farm visitors with fresh food.⁸⁶ (These improvements can be seen on the pencil drawing of the Farm published in 1875.)

Around 1888, another house was built on the farm between the Manor and the farmhouse. A large victorian style home, the "Mother's House" as it has come to be known, was built by Evan Croasdale as a wedding present for his daughter-in-law, Elanora Brodhead Croasdale. It, too, was used as a guest house when the Manor was full.⁸⁷

Besides running the River Farm as a resort, Evan was also in the limestone business. On the Farm property were two limestone quarries where a grey-white limestone was found. It was prized for both building and farming purposes.⁸⁸

When Evan died in 1898, he left his property to his three sons, Edgar, Howard, and Stuart. Howard bought his brothers out and he and his wife, Elanora, ran the River Farm resort until Howard died in 1923.⁸⁹

The River Farm was just that, a farm. Advertising brochures for the resort boasted of home-grown food served at the table:

Surrounding the house and extending as far as the village of Water Gap, is the River Farm with its 170 acres of pasture, cultivated field, garden, orchard and woodland; furnishing the table with an abundance of fresh vegetables and fruit.

A fine herd of thoroughbred and high-grade cattle provide Guernsey milk for the guests.⁹⁰

Fine sheep, for which Harold won prizes, were also raised on the farm.⁹¹



Relaxing, Croasdale River Farm Resort.

In 1923, Howard died and his son, Harold, took over operation of the resort. He and his wife, Anna May Books Croasdale, changed the name of the resort from the River Farm House to Croasdale Manor of River Farm. They built a large outdoor swimming pool, a recreation building, and they trained recreation directors, among other improvements. Brochures showed guests playing tennis and shuffleboard, swimming, horseback riding, and just relaxing on the lawn. Other pastimes offered included archery, putting, badminton, and outdoor ping-pong.⁹²

Early brochures advertising the Manor set the price for a week's lodging at between \$8.00 to \$12.00 depending on the room, or \$2.00 per day. Just before the resort went out of business in the late 1930's, the price had risen to between \$25.00 to \$40.00 per week and \$4.50 to \$7.00 per day. Brochures clearly stated: "We prefer not to entertain Hebrews." The resort could accommodate between thirty-five and sixty-five guests.⁹³

As was the case with all the resorts in the Water Gap community, guests came mostly from New York and Philadelphia, though it was not uncommon to see addresses on the hotel registers from all over the country. On display at the Dutot Museum in Delaware Water Gap is the register for Croasdale Manor. Under September 4, 1938, appear the names of Margaret Sullivan of California, Katherine Hepburn of New York, and Bette Davis of California.⁹⁴ An effort was made by the Croasdales to maintain a certain level of guest. One of their brochures states: "A highly restricted patronage assures delightful companions."⁹⁵ Other well-known guests included Chic Young, creator of the Blondie cartoons, Maurice Van Praag, manager of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and Claude Bowers, keynote speaker at the Democratic national convention which nominated Al Smith. Bowers wrote his speech while staying at the Manor.⁹⁶

In the spring of 1939, lightning struck the Manor, setting fire to the interior of the building. The entire building, with the exception of the stone walls, was destroyed. Just prior to the fire, the Croasdales had invested \$200,000 in the property for improvements. Under the heavy financial burden of the loan of \$200,000 and the loss of their income from the Manor, Harold was forced to put off rebuilding and went to work as an electrical engineer.⁹⁷ Thus, the River Farm, too, went out of the resort business.

POSTSCRIPT

During the 1950's, Harold heard that a newly planned highway, Route 80, was going to be built near the stone walls that were once the Manor, and that an access ramp was planned to go right through the very spot where the shell of the old building stood. After writing to everyone he could think of who might be able to help, Harold

succeeded in having the ramp moved thirty yards to the east, thus saving the stone walls. Then, with money earned by selling land to the highway department, Croasdale had the Manor rebuilt. The work took nearly four years to complete and cost \$120,000. By 1967, the Manor was completely reconstructed to its original, two-and-one-half-story form.⁹⁸

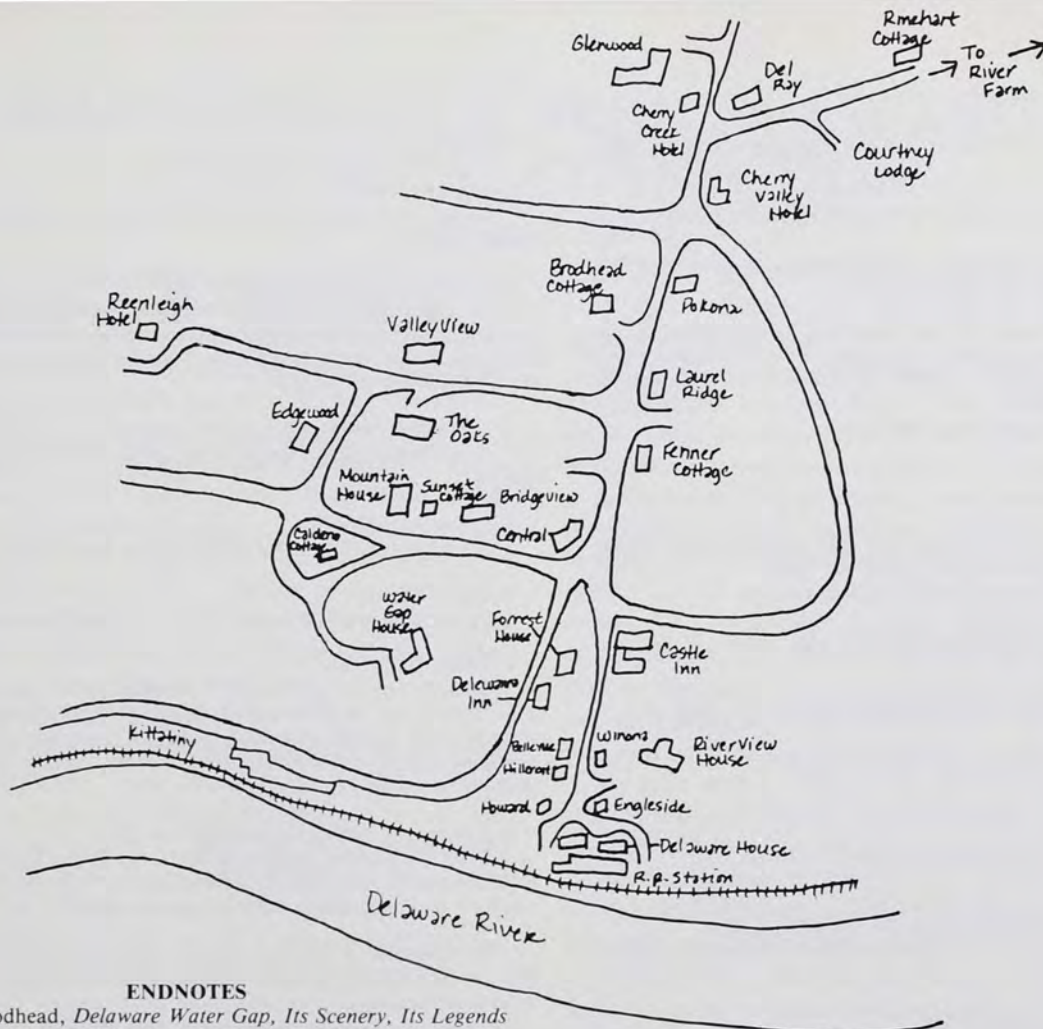
APPENDIX

The following list of hotels and boarding houses has been culled from newspapers, brochures, and books of local history.⁹⁹ In some cases, information was plentiful about a hotel; in some cases, only the names could be found. The first list contains the names of establishments which are located on the map following. The second contains names which have yet to be verified as being in the Gap, but which were listed as such in various sources. The reader is reminded that many hotels outside of the borough used Delaware Water Gap as their address as it was good for business to do so. In cases where a building had more than one name over the years, all the names are here listed together. Capacities are also listed unless unavailable.

1. Arlington; Juniper Grove House; Bellevue, 150.
2. Brainerd Cottage; Brodhead Cottage, 40.
3. Bridgeview, 35.
4. Caldano Cottage, 25.
5. Castle Inn, 112 rooms.
6. Central House; Deerhead Inn, 100.
7. Cherry Creek Cottage.
8. Cherry Valley Hotel; Bottom of the Fox; Rumours in the Gap.
9. Courtney Lodge; St. Almo Hotel; Dude Ranch
10. Delawanna Inn, 50.
11. Delaware House, 50.
12. Del Ray; Glenwood Annex.
13. Edgewood, 25.
14. Engleside.
15. Fenner Cottage.
16. Forest House, 100.
17. Glenwood Hotel, 400.
18. Hillcrest.
19. Howard, 100.
20. Kittatinny, 500.
21. Laurel Ridge, 25 rooms.
22. Lenape House; Riverview, 150.
23. Mountain House, 80.
24. Oaks, 35.
25. Pokono, 35.
26. Reenleigh Hotel.
27. Rinehart's Cottage.
28. River Farm, 35.
29. Sunset Cottage.
30. Valley View, 25.
31. Water Gap House, 300.
32. Winona Cottage.

In the Gap?

1. Bartron Cottage.
2. Blue Mountain House, 25.
3. Casino, 25.
4. Gap View.
5. Grandview.
6. Green Cottage.
7. Indian Hearth, 40.
8. Maple Dell, 25.
9. Mountain View Farm, 18.
10. Overfield Cottage
11. Rutherford, 30.
12. Shady Cottage.
13. Snyder Cottage, 30.
14. Summit Cottage.
15. Village Cottage.
16. Wolfe's Cottage.



ENDNOTES

¹L. W. Brodhead, *Delaware Water Gap, Its Scenery, Its Legends and Early History* (Philadelphia: Sherman & So., Printers, 1870), pp. 214-15.

²*Ibid.*, pp. 254, 257.

³A. B. Burrell, *Reminiscences of George LaBar, the Centenarian of Monroe County, Pa., Who is Still Living in His 107th Year!* (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger, 1870), p. 58; Brodhead, p. 258.

⁴Janet L. Wetzel, *Monroe County - Historic Legacy: A Summary of Historic Sites and Structures in Monroe County, Pennsylvania* (Prepared by the Monroe County Planning Commission, April, 1980), p. 22.

⁵In a list of famous resort which appears in Cleveland Amory's book, *The Last Resorts*, Water Gap is not mentioned: nor does it appear anywhere else in the book. Saratoga Springs is mentioned, as are Bar Harbor and Newport. Cleveland Amory, *The Last Resorts* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1948), p. 3.

⁶Wetzel, p. 22; Koehler, p. 216.

⁷George A. Cullen, ed., *Mountain and Lake Resorts* (New York: Lackawanna Railroad, 1917), p. 19.

⁸*Delaware Water Gap and Vicinity* (New York: The Union News Company, 1906), p. 1.

⁹J. P. Cope, *Water Gap House, The Mountain Paradise* (promotional brochure, 1911), p. 1.

¹⁰*The New York Times*, May 21, 1877, p. 5, col. 5.

¹¹*The New York Times*, August 11, 1880, p. 3, col. 1.

¹²*The New York Times*, May 21, 1877, p. 5, col. 5.

¹³*The New York Times*, June 3, 1880, p. 2, col. 6.

¹⁴*The New York Times*, July 1, 1906, pt. 4, pp. 4-5.

¹⁵*The New York Times*, June 14, 1908, pt. 6, pp. 3, 5.

¹⁶John C. Appel, ed., *History of Monroe County, Pennsylvania: 1725-1976* (East Stroudsburg, Pa.: Pocono Hospital Auxiliary, 1976), p. 98.

¹⁷Appel, p. 51; J. Bonsall, "Delaware Water Gap," *Potter's American Monthly*, 11 (1881), 370; Wetzel, p. 16.

¹⁸Wetzel, p. 22.

¹⁹William Hamilton Osborne, *Mountain and Lake Resorts: A Paper Proposal* (New York: American Bank Note Company, 1905), p. 59.

²⁰Morris Evans, *Picturesque Monroe County, Pennsylvania, Embracing Particulars Stroudsburg, East Stroudsburg, Highland Dell, Delaware Water Gap, Shawnee, Minsi, Analomink, Parkside, Marshall's Creek, Coolbaugh and Bushkill* (Stroudsburg, Pa.: The Times Publishing Company, 1897), p. 64.

²¹Wetzel, p. 22.

²²A. B. Neyhart, *Summer Resort Guide and Roadmap: Monroe Pike, and Wayne Counties, Pennsylvania* (Stroudsburg, Pa.: Time Press, Printers, 1909), p. 3.

²³A. Wittmann, *Delaware Water Gap: Photo-Gravures* (New York: [n.n.], 1895), p. 1.

²⁴*The Jeffersonian Republican* [Stroudsburg], August 2, 1866, p. 2.

²⁵Evans, p. 64.

²⁶Luther S. Hoffman, *The Unwritten History of Smithfield Township, Monroe County, Pennsylvania* (East Stroudsburg, Pa.: The Artcraft Press, 1938), p. 37. Leroy Jennings Koehler, *The History of Monroe County, Pennsylvania During the Civil War* (Printed in Monroe County with the cooperation of the Monroe County Historical Society and the Monroe County Commissioners, 1950), p. 217.

²⁷Robert Brown Keller, *History of Monroe County, Pennsylvania* (Stroudsburg, Pa.: The Monroe Publishing Co., 1927), p. 269.

²⁸*The Mountain Echo* [Delaware Water Gap], September 20, 1890, p. 1.

²⁹*The Mountain Echo* [Delaware Water Gap], July 14, 1883, p. 1.

³⁰*The Mountain Echo* [Delaware Water Gap], October 15, 1881, p. 11.

³¹*The Mountain Echo* [Delaware Water Gap], September 19, 1885, p. 1.

¹²*The Mountain Echo* [Delaware Water Gap], September 19, 1885, p. 1.

¹³*The New York Times*, May 21, 1877, p. 5.

¹⁴*The Jeffersonian Republican* [Stroudsburg], April 24, 1873, p. 2.

¹⁵Neyhart, p. 3.

¹⁶Statement by Casey Drake, retired banker, in a conversation, Delaware Water Gap, September 21, 1983.

¹⁷Wetzel, p. 22.

¹⁸Koehler, p. 39; Keller, p. 264; Brodhead, p. 159; Wetzel, p. 16. Dutot spent huge sums of money excavating in the mountains looking for minerals. He also had a number of expensive law suits with his neighbor, Ulrich Hauser.

¹⁹Brodhead, p. 263; Keller, p. 265.

²⁰Neyhart, p. 6.

²¹Keller, p. 265.

²²Appel, p. 98.

²³Evans, p. 83.

²⁴T. W. Lee, ed., *Mountain and Lake Resorts* (New York: Lackawanna Railroad Company, 1905), pp. 60-67.

²⁵*The New York Times*, June 14, 1908, pt. 6, p. 4.

²⁶Cullen, p. 20.

²⁷*The Jeffersonian Republican* [Stroudsburg], August 22, 1867, p. 2.

²⁸Keller, p. 207; Koehler, p. 216.

²⁹*The Mountain Echo* [Stroudsburg], September 20, 1890, p. 4.

³⁰Keller, p. 273.

³¹*The New York Times*, June 14, 1908, pt. 6, p. 4.

³²Evans, p. 87.

³³Neyhart, p. 10.

³⁴Lee, pp. 60-67.

³⁵*The New York Times*, June 14, 1908, pt. 6, p. 4.

³⁶Cullen, p. 20.

³⁷Wetzel, p. 100.

³⁸*The Record* [Stroudsburg], October 29, 1938, p. 3.

³⁹Statement by Casey Drake, in an interview, November 25, 1983.

⁴⁰Neyhart, p. 8.

⁴¹Ibid.

⁴²Lee, pp. 60-67; Cullen, p. 20.

⁴³Statement by Casey Drake, in an interview, November 25, 1983.

Minisink Hills was called North Water Gap. Places as far away as Buskhill used the name of the borough.

⁴⁴*The Morning Press* [Stroudsburg], November 13, 1915, pp. 1-2.

⁴⁵*The Morning Press* [Stroudsburg], November 15, 1915, p. 1.

⁴⁶*The Sun* [Stroudsburg], October 31, 1931, p. 1.

⁴⁷*The Record* [Stroudsburg], July 30, 1938, p. 1.

⁴⁸Wetzel, p. 28.

⁴⁹*The New York Times*, August 31, 1909, p. 6, col. 3.

⁵⁰The Central (Now the Deerhead), the Mountain House, the Cherry Valley Hotel (now Rumours in the Gap), and the Glenwood Hotel are still operating today.

⁵¹Harold B. Croasdale, "History of Croasdale Manor of River-Farm" (an unpublished paper in John Wilson collection, March 22, 1976), pp. 2-3; Dutot Museum collection.

⁵²Croasdale, p. 3; Dutot Museum collection. In 1727, all of Monroe County was still part of Bucks County.

⁵³Ibid.

⁵⁴Franklin Ellis, *History of Northampton County, Pennsylvania* (Philadelphia: Peter Fritts, 1877), pp. 34-35; Croasdale, p. 3. The law was intended to uphold Thomas Penn's ownership of the land.

⁵⁵Croasdale, pp. 4, 6, 7; Ellis, p. 56.

⁵⁶Croasdale, p. 7.

⁵⁷Croasdale, pp. 7, 12.

⁵⁸Croasdale, p. 13.

⁵⁹Croasdale, p. 16.

⁶⁰The following is an abbreviated record of these transactions from Croasdale, pp. 8-10:

1. May 19, 1747

Aaron sold the land to his brother, Moses Depui.

2. June 16, 1767

Moses Depui sold the land to Jacobus Bruyn of Ulster County, New York. Bruyn gave the land to his daughters, Gertrude and Mary, who then gave the land to their husbands, Cornelius Dubois and Nicholas Hardenburg. The daughters lived at the River Farm except for a short time during the Indian Wars. They called the Mahor House

"Tranquility."

3. April 8, 1791

Cornelius Dubois and Nicholas Hardenburg sold the land to Ulrich Hauser.

4. March 5, 1810 to February 10, 1821

In a series of transactions Ulrich Hauser sold to his sons, Peter and John, several parcels of land. John acquired the River Farm property. He died in the late 1820's and Evan Thomas was appointed as the administrator of his will.

5. January 20, 1829

Evan Thomas sold the property to John Cary and Jacob Able of Easton.

6. December 14, 1835

John Cary sold his share of the land to Jacob Able.

7. March 31, 1837

Jacob Able sold the land to John T. Bell of Experiment Mills.

8. February 22, 1843

John Bell and others sold their land (the River Farm section) to John Jordon, Jr. of Philadelphia. Seldon Scranton acquired an interest for the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company. There were limestone quarries on the River Farm which the company used in their Oxford, New Jersey furnace.

9. October 16, 1860 and November 26, 1860

Evan T. Croasdale bought the land from Seldon T. Scranton and John Jordon. In 1879, Evan R. Croasdale bought the limestone quarries from the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company.

⁶¹"Resurrection of a Landmark," (An article published by Metropolitan Edison in their magazine), pp. 8-9. From the John Wilson collection.

⁶²*The Pocono Record* [Stroudsburg], May 28, 1968, p. 11.

⁶³Ellis, p. 56.

⁶⁴*The Daily Record* [Stroudsburg] (From a clipping in the John Wilson collection, summer, 1958).

⁶⁵"Resurrection of a Landmark," John Wilson collection.

⁶⁶Croasdale, p. 25; From a statement made by Robert Kaiser, whose father lived in the farmhouse, in an interview on July 23, 1984.

⁶⁷From a statement made by Robert Kaiser in an interview on July 23, 1984.

⁶⁸Appel, p. 83.

⁶⁹Croasdale, pp. 10, 15.

⁷⁰From an advertising brochure, John Wilson collection.

⁷¹Appel, p. 78.

⁷²Croasdale, p. 25; John Wilson collection; Harold was a chemist. That is how he made his living after the resort closed. According to Robert Kaiser, whose father worked at the River Farm and built the swimming pool, Harold purified the swimming pool by rigging a fire extinguisher filled with blue-vitrol to the pool's plumbing. When the pool was built in the late 1920's, only the Castle Inn could also boast of having one. From an interview with Robert Kaiser, July 23, 1984.

⁷³From the John Wilson collection.

⁷⁴River Farm Register. In the Dutot Museum.

⁷⁵From the John Wilson collection.

⁷⁶Croasdale, p. 26.

⁷⁷Croasdale, p. 27.

⁷⁸Croasdale, pp. 15, 26.

⁷⁹Appel, pp. 98-100, 159-160; Brodhead, p. 263; Cope, p. 1; George Cullen, ed., *Mountain and Lake Resorts* (Syracuse, New York: Lackawanna Railroad, 1913), various pp.; Cullen, (1917), various pp.; *Delaware Water Gap and Vicinity*, various pp.; Evans, various pp.; George C. Hughes, *The Bells: Ringing the Message of Progress in Monroe County, Pa. and Tributary Country*. (East Stroudsburg, Pa.: The Hughes Press, 1915), various pp.; W. H. Johnson, *Summer Excursion Routes and Rates* (n.p.) Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company, 1895), various pp.; Keller, pp. 264, 267; Koehler, p. 216; Lee, various pp.; *The Mountain Echo* [Delaware Water Gap], various issues; Neyhart, various pp.; *The New York Times*, various issues; Osborne, various pp.; Wetzel, p. 22.

THE SEARCH FOR OUR GERMAN ANCESTORS III: “THE ROYAL CONNECTION”

by Robert G. Adams

Anyone involved in family research will probably be asked the same question by family and friends that I am often faced with: “Why are you doing it?” (Most of the questioners seem to think that anyone so committed must be more than a little eccentric.) I have an answer that satisfies me, although other researchers may have better reasons. I think of genealogical research as an endless chain, linked together with other chains which lead back to our remote ancestors. To me, it is like seeking the solution to a complicated detective story: you pick up clues here and there, and one day a completely unexpected solution presents itself. In the process, you come across the most interesting people; and the sobering thought is, that if just one of them had not existed, we would not be here today.

Once your questioners have satisfied themselves that you are dedicated to your quest, come what may, they are likely to ask two further questions: “Have you found any horse thieves?”; and, “Have you uncovered any royalty?” Well, our family seems to have been singularly free of any known horse thieves, but I am firmly convinced that we do have some royalty in our ancestry. Suppose you judge for yourself.

The story begins with my great-great-grandfather, Christoph Daniel Kleisz, whom we (my niece, Jane Adams Clarke and I) first identified in the 1850 Philadelphia census, listed with his daughter, Maria Margaretha, and her husband, Jacob Shaner. Daniel, as he was called, was born in 1776, in the little town of Altensteig in the Black Forest area of southern Germany. His father, bearing the same name, was a baker and the host of the Lion Inn in that town. Son Daniel, being the sixth of eight children, had no prospect of inheriting the inn, so he too became a baker. Times were hard in Germany in those years, so, in 1816, he gathered his family together and sailed for America. (The only one to stay behind was thirteen-year-old Johann Daniel, who remained in Altensteig until he was confirmed; then, in 1818, he followed the rest of the family to the New World.) When the family arrived in Philadelphia, Daniel opened a bakery at 23 Strawberry Street. There, according to family tradition, he baked the first soft pretzels made in the city (perhaps in America).

Incidentally, the city records of Altensteig supply an interesting story on the adventures of one of Daniel's nieces, Maria Margaretha. In 1818, at the age of sixteen, she accompanied her Aunt Friederika to America, where: “On the 20th of October in the colony on the Red River, she married Felix Muller, colonist. When the colony was destroyed, he took his wife and children and returned to his homeland Switzerland. The marriage broke up, and she took her children and went back to

Altensteig.” No doubt Maria spent the rest of her life regaling her friends and neighbors with tales of the American “Wild West.”

But, to return to our genealogy. Daniel's mother was Maria Salome Klumpp, born to the far-flung Klumpp family from the towns of Roth and Klosterreichenbach in the Murg valley. I wondered how, in those days of extreme isolation, she managed to meet a husband from a town some 15 or 20 miles away. However, the *Ortssippenbuch Klosterreichenbach* published, in 1984, by a distant cousin of mine, Gunther Frey — supplied the answer. I discovered that the Klumpps also were innkeepers; in fact, the inn they ran has been in operation in that town since about 1627. So Maria Salome probably went to Altensteig to work in the “Lion” and met and married the boss's son.

My wife and I, along with my two nieces and my cousin, Bertel Fasnacht, from Cologne, visited Klosterreichenbach in 1976, and found many Klumpp tombstones in the little graveyard next to the church. This town has an interesting history which is described in a pamphlet available at the church office. The Cloister after which the town was named was founded in 1082, and the town grew up around it. About 1523, the Reformation brought Protestantism to the Cloister, and the Catholic brothers had to leave. The Cloister remained Protestant until the Thirty Years War (1618-1648), after which the rule of *Cuius regio, eius religio* (he who reigns, his religion) went into effect, and the Catholic brothers were in and out accordingly. Today it is a quiet little town with a modest church, and seems far removed from any hint of political or religious strife.

Maria Salome Klumpp was the great-granddaughter of Georg Friedrich Buob (or Bueb, as it is sometimes spelled), a pastor in the town of Wildberg in the nearby Nagold valley. To any genealogist familiar with German family names, the name of Buob (as well as a number of other family names) has a special connotation: it is the “royal connection.” In this case, the Buobs are the direct descendants of Agnes Dagersheim who, in 1417, gave birth to an illegitimate daughter Elizabeth (or Antonia, the record is not clear), the father being Eberhard V (the Younger), Duke of Württemberg. Now you may think this would be something to be covered up and kept quiet, but not so! There does not seem to have been any particular stigma attached to the illegitimate children of royalty in those days. At a much earlier time, the illegitimate son of Robert I, Duke of Normandy (himself a descendant of Charlemagne), and Arlette, the daughter of a commoner, was known to his contemporaries as “William the Bastard”; he is better known to history as “William the Conqueror” (more about

The eleven Dukes of Württemberg.



Eberhard V. Marggraf
† 1319

Ulrich V.
der Milde
† 1480

Eberhard IV.
der Milde
† 1419

Eberhard III.
der Milde
† 1417

Ulrich
der Graue
† 1388
Schlacht bei Döffingen

Eberhard
der Graue
† 1362

him later). This alliance seems to have been a step up for Arlette, because after the death of Robert she married Herluin, Viscount of Conteville, and had two more sons. One of them, Odo, became Bishop of Bayeux, and it was he who is reputed to have commissioned the famous tapestries depicting the Battle of Hastings at which his half-brother William was victorious.

In the same fashion, the Dagersheim family seem to have benefitted from their daughter's indiscretion. They were permitted to use the royal *von* before their name, and when the young Elizabeth (Antonia?) grew up she married Konrad Lyher, the chancellor to Count Ulrich (the Well-Beloved), who was the son and successor of Eberhard V; this seems to indicate a close relationship to the royal family. (An amusing incident happened to cousin Bertel Fassnacht from Cologne, whose family line extends not only to Eberhard, but also to his son, Ulrich (1413-1480). Bertel was explaining this royal connection to an elderly aunt of his, who said: "Oh I don't remember any of those people.")

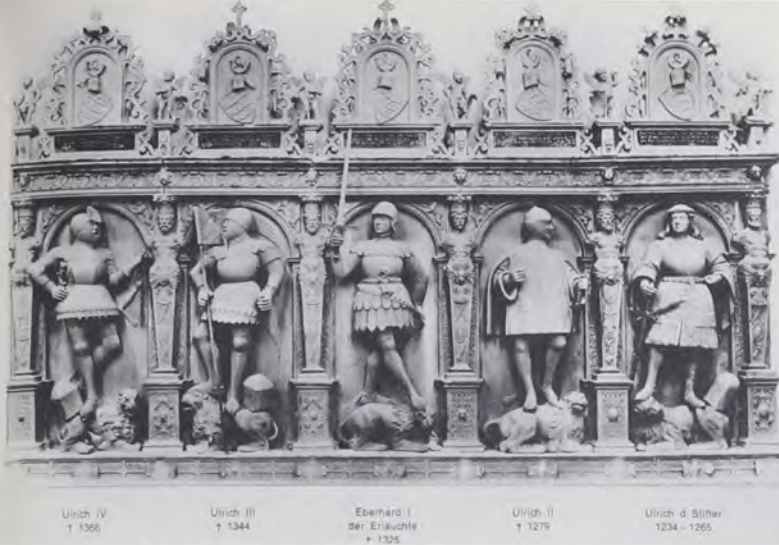
Eberhard V did not make much of an impression on history: he was born in 1388; became Duke in 1417; and died in 1419; and besides, in the common idiom, a duke is rather small potatoes in the royalty department. But there is more, however, for Eberhard V was the son of Eberhard (the Mild) and Antonia Visconti; they were married in 1380. Antonia was the daughter of Bernabo Visconti, Lord of Milan, Bergamo, Cremona, Bolgona, and Parma. Anyone who reads Barbara Tuchman's *A Distant Mirror*, will learn that Bernabo was one of the worst villians of the Middle Ages; he ended up being poisoned by his own nephew. (How's that for an ancestor to brag about?)

Eberhard's great-grandfather was Ludwig IV, Count of Upper and Lower Bavaria and Emperor of Germany, who died in battle in 1347. Ludwig married Margarete of Holland in the Cathedral in Cologne on February 25, 1324. She was heiress of Holland, Zeeland, Friesland and Hennegau. Her father was William III of Holland, and her mother, Johanna of Valois, was the great-granddaughter of Saint Louis IX of France. Now we are getting into the big leagues in the royalty game!

The antecedants of Louis IX go back through eleven kings of France, and Hugh Capet, to Rupert I, Count of the Upper Rhine and Wormsgau, who died in 764, and eventually, back to Charlemagne. Louis IX's mother, Blanche of Castile, married his father, Louis VIII, on May 23, 1200, when she was twelve and he was thirteen. This was a common practice in a time when royal marriages were contracted purely for political reasons. Many royal princesses were married off in childhood, and sent to live with their husband's family. Some unfortunates had to go back to their families when political fortunes changed, or when their young husbands died before they ascended the throne. In the case of Blanche and Louis, the marriage lasted and was fruitful. Blanche's father was Alfonso VIII of Castile who could trace his ancestry back to the Spanish hero Rodrigo Diaz (El Cid). Her mother was Eleanor of England, daughter of King Henry II and Eleanor of Aquitaine; her brothers were Richard (the Lion Hearted) and King John; truly a family who made their mark on English history. Not the least of her father's claims to fame was that he was the great-grandson of William the Conqueror. (I told you we'd get back to him.)

All the ancestors mentioned so far have been in the direct line, now let's look for some cousins. If one follows the line of the Württemberg dukes and kings down from Eberhard the Mild, one comes to Herzog Friederich Eugen (1732-1797) who married Dorothea, Grand Duchess of Brandenburg-Schwedt. One of their daughters, Sophia Dorothea, married Paul I, Czar of Russia, and was the great-great-grandmother of Nicholas II, the last Czar (my 12th cousin 4 times removed).

One of the sons of Friedrich Eugen was Ludwig (1736-1817), who married Princess Henriette of Nassau-Weilburg. They had a son Alexander, who entered into a morganatic marriage with the Hungarian Countess Claudine Rheday of Kis-Rheda, establishing the princely house of Teck. Their son, the Duke of Teck, married Princess Mary Adelaide, one of Queen Victoria's daughters, and this union produced Mary of Teck, who



Ulrich IV
† 1366

Ulrich III
† 1344

Eberhard I
der Erläuchter
† 1325

Ulrich II
† 1279

Ulrich & Stifter
1234 - 1265

in turn married Prince George, the son of King Edward VII. When Queen Victoria died, George became Prince of Wales, and on the death of his father was crowned King George V. George and Mary were the grandparents of the present Queen Elizabeth II (my 13th cousin 3 times removed).

The previously mentioned *Ortssippenbuch* confirms what I had previously known but could not substantiate: Erwin Eugen Johannes Rommel (1891-1944) was my 6th cousin, our common ancestor being Hans Bernhard Klumpp (1645-1724), and George Wilhelm Friederich Hegel (1770-1831). The German philosopher would have been my 4th cousin, 3 times removed; our common ancestor being the aforementioned Pastor Georg Friedrich Buob. In summary, my ancestry is as follows:

- Eberhard V. of Württemberg (1388-1419) — Agnes Dagersheim
- Elisabeth (Antonia) von Dagersheim (1417-1448) — Konrad Lyher (1410-1472)
- Elisabeth Lyher (1440-1490) — Heinrich Volland (1435-1482)
- Phillip Volland (1472-1537) — Margaretha Last (1465-1499)
- Catharina Volland — Konrad Dolmetsch (?-1559)
- Ludwig Dolmetsch (?-1580) — Margarethe Schweickhardt
- Ludwig Dolmetsch (?-1624) — Anna Maria Oesterlin (1583-1661)
- Susanna Dolmetsch (1613-1649) — Ulrich Etter (1600-1675)
- Susanna Etter (1641-1736) — Georg Friedrich Buob (1638-1719)
- Maria Jakobina Buob (1663-1730) — Johann Bernhard Klumpp (1645-1724)
- Johannes Klumpp (1691-1772) — Anna Maria Hammerer (1697-1763)
- Maria Salome Klumpp (1740-1813) — Christoph Daniel Kleisz (1722-1803)
- Christoph Daniel Kleisz (1776-1865) — Maria Margareta Ehinger (1783-1830)
- Maria Margareta Keisz (1809-1903) — Jacob Shaner

(1808-1860)

- Jacob E. Shaner (1844-1899) — Martha Ellen Dugmore (1844-1918)
- Alice May Shaner (1874-1955) — William George Adams (1872-1967)
- Robert George Adams (1913-) — Julia F. Haegele (1912-)

Now, all of the above sounds good and reasonable to me, but it certainly doesn't prove our "royal connection" to the satisfaction of the experts. Our German genealogist, Friedrich Wollmershauser, first mentioned the connection to me in August, 1980, saying: "You may be surprised to hear that the Buebs, through the Dolmetsch line, descend from the Dukes of Württemberg, and through the Visconti from the whole European nobility of the Middle Ages."

But then came the disclaimer of the careful researcher. He told me recently, "Of course you know that all this information is derived from research by other people, so I could not personally guarantee it." Therein lies the rub. Over the years many genealogies have been printed in German publications for such prominent people as Albert Schweizer, George Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel (the philosopher) and Erwin Rommel (the Desert Fox), all of whom are reputed to be descendants of Eberhard V. In addition, we must include the research, to prove or disprove "Aryan" ancestry, done during the Nazi years. This research was done by many different people, some as long as seventy or eighty years ago. Their conclusions do not always agree, and since many of them are no longer with us, we cannot question them about their sources. Recently I heard a researcher claim that it would take one man a hundred years to check all the birth, death, and marriage records involved.

Where, then, does that leave us? I would like to think that even if my royal connection is not one hundred per cent verifiable, you will agree it makes a darn good story. Perhaps the most appropriate comment I can make is that the records I rely on are at least as good as those used by Alex Haley when he wrote *Roots* — and we all know how successful *that* was.

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The following topical lists, compiled from *The Twenty-Five Year Index to PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE* are offered free of charge; simply send a self-addressed stamped envelope and a note of the numbers desired (no more than four lists to each envelope, please) to: Free List Offer, Pennsylvania Folklife Society, P.O. Box 92, Collegeville, PA 19426.

- # 1 Migration list
- # 2 Migration, arranged by Author
- # 3 Genealogy and Family History
- # 4 Folk Art & Fraktur
- # 5 Mennonites
- # 6 Folk Medicine & Powwow
- # 7 The Occult & Supernatural / Witches
- # 8 Goschenhoppen & Perkiomen Regions
- # 9 Authors from Goschenhoppen & Perkiomen
- # 10 Folk Custom & Beliefs / Folklore & Folklife Studies
- # 11 Hexerei & Ghost Tales / Jokes & Humor
- # 12 Folktales
- # 13 Folksongs, Music & Singers
- # 14 German Language Imprints / Books & Newspapers
- # 15 Dialect & Dialect Writers
- # 16 Holidays and Feast Days
- # 17 Edna Eby Heller articles as found in *Pa Dutchman & Pa Folklife*
- # 18 Moravians & Schwenkfelders
- # 19 Travels and Travel Accounts / Taverns
- # 20 Folklore & Folklife Questionnaires



**PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN STUDIES COURSES
URSINUS COLLEGE 1986**

Summer school courses in Pennsylvania German topics will be available again in 1986. They will run from 27 May to 21 August. College credit or audit. Individual students get the attention of professors who are of the Folk. Local history and folk cultural subjects.

PA GER 310. PA GERMANS AND RELIGION
3 hrs/day, 3 credits

SESSION A
Dr. MARTHA KRIEBEL

P G 424-5. SEMINAR: PA GER APPLICATIONS FOR TEACHERS

3 hrs/day, 2 credits

18 June — 1 July
BARRY FLICKER

P G 422. FIELD SEMINAR: DUTCH COUNTRY PHOTOGRAPHY

6 hrs/day, 1 credit

2 — 9 July
Dr. WILLIAM PARSONS

*P G 211. *PENNSYLFAANISCH DEITSCH*: The Dialect

3hrs/day, 3 credits

SESSION C
Dr. EVAN S. SNYDER

N.B. Course minimum size is 7 students

P G 305. PA GERMAN CRAFTS: WOODWORKING

3hrs/day, 3 credits

SESSION D
HOWARD KRIEBEL

More information as to specific dates and descriptions to be published after 31 January 1986. For information and forms apply to:

Dr. Wm. T. Parsons, Director
P. O. Box 712
Collegeville, PA 19426

37th Annual

Pennsylvania Dutch

KUTZTOWN

BETWEEN ALLENTOWN & READING, PA.

**FOLK
FESTIVAL**

June 28-29-30-July 1-
2-3-4-5-6, 1986

DAYTIME GATHERINGS
STARTING AT 9a.m. TO 5p.m.

The Festival and its Sponsorship

The Kutztown Folk Festival is sponsored by the Pennsylvania Folklife Society, a nonprofit educational corporation affiliated with **URSINUS COLLEGE**, Collegeville, Pennsylvania. The Society's purposes are threefold: First, the demonstrating and displaying of the lore and folkways of the Pennsylvania Dutch through the annual Kutztown Folk Festival; second, the collecting, studying, archiving and publishing the lore of the Dutch Country and Pennsylvania through the publication of **PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE** Magazine; and third, using the proceeds for scholarships and general educational purposes at **URSINUS COLLEGE**.

FOR THE FOLK FESTIVAL BROCHURE WRITE TO:

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College Blvd. & Vine, Kutztown, Pa. 19530

