

REMEMBRANCES FROM 1807

BY

BARBARA STROHM

I, Barbara Strohm, was born in Kriegsheim on the Pfrimm in Rhein Hessen, on October 23, 1807.

My father, Johannes Strohm, was born on July the sixteenth in the year of 1781.

My mother, Barbara Strohm, Nee Lehmann of Heppenheim, was born in Heppenheim by the meadow near the Mill by the willows on April the twenty sixth in the year of 1782.

In the year of 1812, my father, together with his family, moved to the Petzmuehlehof, having leased it for a period of fifteen years. During this time with the year of 1815 the approximate median, there was a great emigration movement from the Palatinate to the farm lands in Upper Bavaria. After having resided on the Petzmuehlehof for almost eight years, so many of our people had already moved into Upper Bavaria that my father did not care to remain here any longer. We left the Petzmuehlehof on the eighth of March in the year of 1820 and arrived on the Schwaig on March the fifteenth of that same year. The Schwaig was located in the District of Dachau, about eight hours driving distance from the city of Munich in Upper Bavaria.

1825

On December the twenty third in the year of 1825, my father, Johannes Strohm, and I, Barbara Strohm, made a trip back to the Palatinate to visit my Aunt Elizabeth Janson. She was my father's sister. When we arrived at the city of Rodenbach where they lived we learned that she had passed away and that she was to be buried on the next day. The children were all very glad that we happened to come and visit them at this time. They told us that their father, Christian Janson, had passed away only fourteen days prior to the day that their mother passed away and that they now were orphans. There were five minor children in

this family, all girls, so my father had quite a lot of business to attend to to get everything in order. After everything was put in order and the necessary arrangements were made, we started on our trip back home, arriving there safe and sound on the eighth of March in the year of 1826.

1826

On June the twenty eighth in the year of 1826, my two brothers, Johannes and Henry, made a trip across the Rhine into the Palatinate. Johannes came home on the thirty first day of July. Henry came with him as far as the Schloss Muehle in Monsheim where he stayed with his cousin Junger to learn the Milling Trade as his vocation in life.

1827

On the twenty third of March in the year of 1827, Henry came home from Monsheim, he found that he was not strong enough to learn the Milling Trade.

On the twenty second day of September in the year of 1827, my father and my brother Johannes made another trip across the Rhine into the Palatinate and returned home on the nineteenth day of October.

On the fifth day of November in the year of 1827, my mother's sister's son, John Kraemer died. He was twelve years and one month old. His father died in the year of 1824 and his mother died in the year of 1825. They had seven children.

At noon-time on the twenty third day of December in the year of 1827, between the hour of twelve and one o'clock in the afternoon we had a terrible storm with very strong winds, rain and hail.

1828

On the thirteenth of January in the year of 1828, we had another terrible storm with a lot of rain and heavy thunder and lightning. It did not do very much damage in our neighborhood but the surrounding areas suffered quite a bit.

On the fourteenth of February in the year of 1828 at eight o'clock in the evening I had an occasion to

witness an odd and strange phenomena in the heavens. The stars were shining in profusion, all of a sudden the heavens seemed to part at one place and a burst of flame came out, moved to and fro for a few times and then died out, the heavens closed up and all of the stars reappeared and shone as before, just as if nothing out of the ordinary had ever occurred.

A short time after I witnessed this phenomena, we learned that Russia had declared war on Turkey.

On the seventeenth of March in the year of 1828, my father (Johannes Strohm) and I, (Barbara Strohm) made another trip across the Rhine to the Palatinate to visit with my brother Johannes Strohm.

On the seventh day of April in the year of 1828, my brother, Johannes Strohm, was married to Veronica Kaegy of Offstein in Groszherzogthum Hessen. He made his home with his father-in-law.

On the seventh day of April in the year of 1828, I was in Heppenheim for the burial of Tobias Lehmann of Heppenheim by the meadow. He was twenty six years old and was the son of my mother's brother.

On the nineteenth of April in the year of 1828, my father and I returned to our home safe and sound.

On the day of Pentecost (Whitsunday) in the year of 1828, Eliza Kraemer, the second daughter of Franz Kraemer, was joined in Holy Matrimony with Johannes Bergthold of Friedelsheim.

On the twenty third day of August in the year of 1828, Jacob Junger of Kriegsheim, Maria of Eppstein, B. Bergthold of Friedelsheim and my brother Johannes Strohm's wife Veronica came to our house for a visit and stayed until on the seventh day of September.

On the twenty ninth day of October in the year of 1828 my mother's brother, Michael Lehmann of Heppenheim by the meadow passed away. He reached the age of fifty one years, seven months and twenty days. Five children, two sons and three daughters survived him.

On the first day of All Holies, (November first) in the year of 1828, I became engaged to Jacob Ruth,

a son of Gerhard Ruth and Elizabeth Rupp of Harxheim on the Pfrimm, Palatinate. In the year of 1819 this family migrated from Harxheim on the Pfrimm to Upper Bavaria where they bought the farm named "Eichstock" that was located in the District of Dachau.

1829

On the third day of February in the year of 1829, we were married in my father's home on the Schwaig. There were forty six relatives and friends attending the wedding ceremony and celebration. Jacob Ruth was the groom. He was twenty nine years and seven months old and I was twenty one years, three months and ten days old.

On the seventeenth day of February in the year of 1829, we moved to Harreszell onto our farm which my parents had bought on November the fifth in the year of 1827.

On the thirty first day of August in the year of 1829, Janson's sister-in-law Maria and my father and mother, took a trip over the Rhine to visit brother Johannes who was ill and they returned home safe and sound on the twenty seventh day of September.

On the first day of December in the year of 1829, our first son was born, we named him Johannes.

1830

On the twenty second of May in the year of 1830, my brother Henry and my sister Katherine made a trip across the Rhine to visit our brother Johannes and returned home safely on the fourteenth day of June.

1831

On the seventh day of January in the year of 1831 at six o'clock in the evening until almost midnight, the sky was blood red. Streamers of light radiated toward heaven from the horizon in a fan shaped array and continued to do so until around ten o'clock. It was a beautiful and magnificent sight to behold. (It was without a doubt a display of the Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights. I recall having seen them many times when I was a youngster. A. J. Ruth.)

A short time after that the Russians declared war on Poland and in the year of 1832, Poland was made a Russian Province.

On the twenty ninth of April in the year of 1831, Magdalena Hirschler passed away. She was my father's sister's daughter, born Janson. She was survived by two children.

1832

On the thirty first day of January in the year of 1832, brother Johannes Strohm came to pay us a visit because our father (Johannes Strohm) was very sick. He stayed with us for eight weeks and then left for his home and Bergthold went along with him.

During oats harvesting time, in the year of 1832, my father went on a trip across the Rhine and stayed there for four weeks and then returned home safely.

On the twenty sixth day of December in the year of 1832, our second son was born to us, we named him Jacob.

1833

On the thirtieth of January in the year of 1833, my brother Henry made a trip across the Rhine to pay a visit to our brother Johannes. He stayed there for five weeks and then returned home safely.

On the eighteenth day of February in the year of 1833, my beloved mother passed away to her heavenly reward. She suffered for five years but was up and around most of the time. She was bed-ridden for only two days. She was under the care of a Doctor most of the time during her illness. She passed away without any aches or pains, her soul at peace with the world and her Creator. As the sun rises and lights up the heavens created by God, so did my mother receive the everlasting light and life when the Lord called her home to her eternal reward. Her earthly remains were lain to rest on the Schwaig on the twentieth day of February. The funeral services were held in our home in Harreszell, Bavaria. The Evangelical preacher was in charge of the services and the text of his sermon

was from Hebrews, Chapter 13, verse 14; "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

My mother attained the age of fifty years and ten months. She was a Lehmann by birth.

On the sixteenth day of March in the year of 1833 Katherine Lehmann of Heppenheim passed away. She was the wife of Jacob Strohm of Obersulzen. She was survived by two children, one eleven months old and one only nine days old. She was my father's sister's and my mother's brother's daughter.

On the fourth day of April in the year of 1833, my brother-in-law, Johannes Ruth was married to Miss Elizabeth Dettweiler.

The tenth of June in the year of 1833, was a very unlucky day for my brother Henry. He lost his eyesight on that day, but while God took away the light of day, he was given heavenly light, which proved to be much better. This was the most dreadful day in my life. It was terrible to witness such an occurrence. It is impossible for me to write any more about it. I will leave this entire matter in the hands of God. Henry said; "Vengeance is mine but I will requite an evil with good. God be merciful to us and help us in our time of such deep sorrow, Amen."

(Henry Strohm was blinded by being struck in the face by shot from a gun that was fired from a neighboring window.)

1834

On the twenty sixth day of January in the year of 1834, our third child was born, we named him Henry.

On the second day of March in the year of 1834, my father-in-law, Gerhard Ruth of Eichstock, passed away. He reached the age of sixty years and was survived by his wife and seven of their eight children; Jacob, Johannes, Katherine, Marie, David (Minister), Veronica and Susanna. Their fourth child, a daughter named Barbara, preceded him in death.

The two youngest of his sons, Johannes and David, took over the "Eichstock", each one taking one half.

On the nineteenth of August in the year of 1834, my son Henry, my brother Peter and sister Katherine and I, made a trip across the Rhine to visit brother Johannes Strohm. We arrived back home safe and sound on the twenty fifth day of September. We give thanks unto the Lord for our safe return, Amen.

Katherine Kraemer, whose home was on the Schwaig, was buried on this same day, September twenty fifth, 1834. She was the second daughter of Franz Kraemer. She attained the age of twenty eight years. She was my mother's sister's daughter.

1835

On the sixth day of January in the year of 1835, our oldest son, Johannes, died of Scarlet Fever. He was sick for sixteen days. He was five years, seven months and six days old. His funeral text was Psalms 103, verses fifteen and sixteen.

On the twenty second day of January in the year of 1835, Jacob, our second son died of Scarlet Fever after being sick for only twelve days. He was three years and twenty one days old. Preacher Jacob Seitz held the funeral services for both of the children. It was lamentable to lose both of these children.

The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the name of the Lord, Amen, Amen.

During the month of August in the year of 1835, my father, Johannes Strohm, together with my husband Jacob Ruth, made a trip across the Rhine and visited with relatives and friends for five weeks and then returned to our home safe and sound.

1836

On the twelfth day of January in the year of 1836 our fourth child was born to us, we named him David.

On the ninth of September in the year of 1836, my oldest brother's son, Jacob Strohm died, he was only six months old at the time.

On the sixth day of November in the year of 1836, Susanna Bergthold of the Schwaig died. She was seven years, seven months and fifteen days old.

1837

On the twenty first of May in the year of 1837, my sister Katherine was married to David A. Ruth of Eichstock. He was my husband's youngest brother and he was the preacher of the Eichstock Congregation.

On the twenty fifth day of October in the year of 1837, our fifth child was born to us, named Maria.

1838

On the tenth day of January in the year of 1838, Marie Strohm of Obersulzen, passed away. She was the second wife and was a sister of the first wife, Nee Lehmann of Heppenheim. She was survived by one son, Henry, one year old. She was twenty seven years old. She was my father's sister's and, mother's brother's daughter.

On the eighth of May in the year of 1838, a son was born to David and Katherine Ruth, Nee Strohm. He was named Johannes.

On the twenty second of June in the year of 1838, a son of my brother-in-law, Dahlem of Thann, drowned in the Wezer. He was four years and two months old. His name was Jacob.

1840

On the twenty second day of January in the year of 1840, our sixth child was born to us and we named him Peter.

1841

On the first day of August in the year of 1841, my youngest sister, Marie Strohm, was united in Holy Matrimony with Jacob Leisy of Friedelsheim in Rhein Pfalz (Palatinate). He was my mother's sister's son.

1842

During the months of January and February, in the year of 1842, our children and those of my brothers-in-law at Eichstock had the measles. Jacob, a son of my brother-in-law, Johannes Ruth, was seriously ill. We started out to drive over to Eichstock on Candle-mass Day (The second day of February) to visit him. There was a lot of snow on the ground so we took the

sleigh. We were driving along the road when all of a sudden the horses became frightened, they bolted and upset the sleigh, throwing both of us out against a tree that stood by the road-side. My husband was the first to recover and found that he was not injured. When I regained consciousness, I became aware of the fact that I had a terribly sharp pain in my side. We went to a Doctor who examined me and told me that I had two broken ribs. To make matters more difficult and complicated, I developed a case of pneumonia and was sick for fourteen days before I fully recovered from the accident and illness. During the time that I was sick, the child passed away. He was the son of Johannes Ruth and Elizabeth Dettweiler. He was three years old at the time that he passed away.

On the twenty first of March in the year of 1842, our seventh child was born to us, named Susanna.

On the fourth day of June in the year of 1842, my youngest brother, Peter Strohm, was married to Miss Barbara Schowalter of Weierhof in the Palatinate.

On the twelfth day of August in the year of 1842, my sister-in-law, Susanna Ruth, had a severe attack of nerve fever and was seriously ill for ten weeks.

On the fifteenth day of September in the year of 1842, I became ill with brain fever and was confined to my bed. I suffered from terrible agonizing pains for six days and six nights, and sometimes I writhed from pain so acute that I thought I would double up. During this time I was not able to see the light of the day. It was on a Sunday morning that I was first able to see daylight again and I said; "Thanks be to God for being able to see God's lovely sun-shine and the light of day again." I felt fairly well until in the evening when I became aware that something else was wrong. The Doctor said that I had nerve fever. I became so sick that the Doctor said that it would be at least three weeks before I would recover, however our Heavenly Father gave his sanction and blessing and I soon recovered. During this time everybody in

the house was ill. My beloved husband was so ill and weak that he could hardly get around the house, but our Heavenly Father preserved him and he was soon on the road to recovery. Everyone recovered at our home except one of the hired men. The Eichstock group was ill at the same time and my mother-in-law, Elizabeth Ruth, Nee Rupp, passed away. She attained the age of seventy four years. She passed away on September the eighteenth in the year of 1842.

1843

On Pentecost day in the year of 1843, we had some visitors from the Palatinate area. Jacob Krehbiel of Weierhof came to Upper Bavaria. Katherine and Anna Leisy of Friedelsheim came along with him. They were sisters of my brother-in-law, Jacob Leisy.

In the year of 1843, Johannes Ruth passed away, a son of my brother-in-law, Johannes Ruth. He was only seven years and five months old.

In December of the year of 1843, my brother Henry Strohm married Anna Leisy, a sister of Jacob Leisy. They built themselves a home on the Schwaig. He was the brother who lost his eye-sight on the tenth day of June in the year of 1833.

1844

On Easter Sunday in the year of 1844, we had some new immigrants from Weierhof come to Upper Bavaria. Johannes Krehbiel and family came here and he bought some houses in Kleinschwabenhausen.

On the twenty fifth of June in the year of 1844, we were struck by a terrible hailstorm which damaged most of the crops in our area. The wheat was so poor that bread was a mighty scarce item that year.

On the twenty fifth of July in the year of 1844, our eighth child was born to us, we named her Anna.

1845

In the year of 1845 we had more snow than we ever had in forty eight years. The crops were all frozen. In the fall we had plenty of potatoes but they would not keep, they all rotted later in the season.

1846

In the year of 1846 we had very good crops in our area, but in the surrounding area of Switzerland and France, the crops were not so good. There were a few severe hailstorms in our area this year but we were very fortunate, our crops were not damaged.

1847

On the twenty sixth of May in the year of 1847, my oldest brother, Johannes Strohm, passed away very suddenly. He was survived by his bereaved widow and six children. There were three daughters and three sons. The oldest daughter was nineteen years old and the youngest son was thirteen. He reached the age of forty three years. He was married to Veronica Kaegy of Offstein. They were married in Offstein in Hessen Darmstadt on the eleventh day of April in the year of 1828.

On the twenty fourth of May in the year of 1847, he, and four of his children, went on a sight seeing tour to the city of Worms to see the beautiful and lovely Schweitiger Gardens. From there they were to go to the city of Mannheim and when he was about to step up into a carriage, he suffered a stroke. There were two Doctors nearby who treated him and brought him back to consciousness but a short time afterward he suffered a second stroke. The Doctors tried hard but could not revive him after this second stroke so they took him to the home of one of his friends who lived nearby. Here they worked on him again and they were able to revive him a second time and he seemed to be doing real well, so the two Doctors went home. A short time later, his condition grew worse and the Doctors were called back. They gave him a hypodermic injection and some medicine that brought him out of the spell and he showed a marked improvement. On the twenty fifth, he told his three youngest children to go home but he kept the oldest one to stay with him. The children went home and informed their mother of their father's condition. She left immediately to go

to Mannheim and arrived there at five o'clock in the evening. The next day, on the twenty sixth, she sent the oldest daughter back home. The wife returned to the house at five o'clock in the evening to see him and found him doing well but at seven o'clock he had a third stroke which struck his brain and he passed away. It was only after a lot of trouble and expense that they were allowed to make preparations to bring his body home because he had died in Baden. Finally, after considerable discussion, the Police sealed the casket and his body was shipped to Offstein.

Three months previously, I had a dream about this same brother. I saw him in Mannheim, big and strong, like he was before he had the stroke. He was wearing a snow white robe. I looked at him in amazement and as I was reflecting upon his appearance I awoke from my dream. Now, three months later, he passed away in the city of Mannheim.

REMINISCENCE

In the month of June in the year of 1844, my beloved husband began to complain about being in poor health. He complained mostly of weakness and thirst. We called in Doctor Weiss of Jedersdorf who gave him some medicine that improved his condition very much. This pleased the Doctor very much and he said to us, "Thank God that the medicine helped him, for it is a rare disease that was seldom cured." We were anxious to do anything in our power to nurse my husband back to good health again and I knew that if God gave his sanction and blessing to the project, he would be on the road to recovery real soon. His condition was an uncertainty because it fluctuated. He would improve for a while and then get worse again. In the fall we called in another Doctor, but in spite of everything we did to cure the trouble, his condition grew worse and worse each succeeding day. After taking thirteen bottles of medicine that this new Doctor prescribed, he got so bad that he had to stay in bed. The Doctor told us that he could not live very much longer than

the coming spring. After this we went back to Doctor Weiss again, who gave him some pills. He had to take twelve of them each day. After taking quite a number of these pills he showed quite a bit of improvement.

On the tenth day of June in the year of 1845, my husband went to Marienbrun, four hours driving time from our home. He stayed there for twenty one days. During the first few days he got a lot better but in the days that followed, his condition grew worse day by day. He never complained of any aches or pains, only of weakness and thirst. He drank from eight to ten quarts of water each day and still complained of being thirsty. This condition continued until in the spring of 1846. The Doctor prescribed some pills for consumption but he did not take all of them. In the fall of the year of 1847, his feet and hands started swelling and he complained of chilliness. The Doctor said that he had developed dropsy and put him to bed to keep him warm. We had to keep him well covered to prevent him from getting a chill. Up to this time he was always up and around and attended to the chores, but now, since his feet and hands began to swell, he had to remain in bed. Not long after this, he became aware of the fact that he would never fully recover his health. One day he said to me, "I will never get well again" and often added. "Make an end to my time of life, I am a miserable man, what a pitiful person I am." From that time on he was resigned to his fate and was ready for the Lord to take him home. He said to me, "I will leave it all in God's hands, to live, or to die."

He always had many visitors every day, relatives, friends and neighbors, who tried everything in their power to make his suffering less severe, but he was resigned to his fate and longed for the day when the Lord would call him to come into his eternal home on high. I often asked him, "Is there anything that we can do that would stop you from wanting to die?" He answered, "No, not a single thing." I asked him. "Do

not your beloved wife and children give you the will and incentive to live?" He answered, "No, I will put you and the children in God's hands. He will always take care of the widows and orphans and he will also take care of you. My trouble and grief will be of no help or consolation to you anymore."

He was up for several hours each day until in the last few weeks when he got so weak that he could not get out of bed anymore. I asked him many times, "How will I be able to make it if you should die?" He was ready with this answer, "You can make it the way you want it or the way you can make it, or, the way that it works out to the best advantage to all."

On the sixth day of January in the year of 1848, during the night, he had one difficult struggle with himself and another with his soul. I alone, was with him and from then on, we stayed with him constantly, never leaving him alone at any time. On the morning of the eighth he was so weak that we thought that he was going to pass away, so I called in our relatives and friends. In this way, there was someone with him at all times during the day and night. We prayed and he prayed in spirit to God, dear Lord Jesus, be thou merciful to me, a little sinner, barefooted and also humble. Forgive me my sins. Later in the evening he rallied and after that, he felt somewhat better, sat up in bed and ate some broth that we gave him, drank some tea and water and spent a very peaceful night.

He heard and understood everything that was said. He slumbered lightly and rested peacefully until the next morning at eight o'clock. We had a premonition that the end was near. It was on Sunday morning and everybody was going to church. In passing, they came into the house to see how he was getting along. When they noticed what his condition was, they all stayed until after he passed away, attended by a minister. My husband said, "We want to hold church services in our home today." So they all stayed to pray and worship together. He passed away very peaceful and calm

about nine thirty in the morning on the ninth day of January in the year of 1848. All of his sisters and brothers were present with the exception of Reverend David Ruth. (Reverend David Ruth was the minister of the Eichstock Congregation, so, he must have been in the church to take charge of the Sunday services.)

Here I was, a widow in deep sorrow with six minor children to take care of and did not know what to do next to get things straightened out. Lord help me, I am so weak and burdened with sorrow, help me to bear my cross, give me strength and courage to carry on. Lord have mercy on me, give me knowledge and understanding so I can take care of my fatherless children. Help me to raise them properly in the fear of God. Without your help, I can not carry on. Oh Lord Jesus, give them knowledge and understanding.

Jacob Ruth attained the age of forty eight years, seven months and twenty three days. Interment of his earthly remains was at one o'clock on the twelfth of January in the year of 1848. He was laid to rest in the Eichstock Church-yard Cemetery at Eichstock. The Reverend Jacob Krehbiel of Obererlbach had charge of the funeral services. There were close to 300 people in attendance and the church was crowded. They came from near and far to pay their last respects because they all loved him. The funeral text was from Second Timothy, chapter four, verse 18: "And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work and will preserve me unto his heavenly Kingdom; to whom be Glory, Amen."

The children of Jacob Ruth were:

Henry: Seventeen days less than fourteen years.

David: Three days less than twelve years.

Maria: Two months over ten years.

Peter: Thirteen days less than eight years.

Susanna: Two months and twelve days less than six years.

Anna: Seven months less than four years.

I, widow Barbara Strohm Ruth, was forty years old at that time.

1848

On the twenty sixth day of January in the year of 1848, I had to go to Dachau with my brother-in-law, Johannes Ruth, who had been appointed the guardian of my children and those of my brother, Peter Strohm.

He was my support and assistant during the trying times of my bereavement. These days were a trial for me or anyone who had not gone through such an ordeal before. One can not realize the hardships and worry a person has to go through at a time like this. Just fourteen days ago, my children had a good and loving father, today, they are fatherless. The shock of his death prostrated me, it seemed as if I was standing all alone and forsaken by everyone. I felt much like a poor sinner, standing before the Judgement of God. It affected me so much that I had to stay in bed for twelve days and I felt as if I too was going to die. This thought, in itself, made me feel happy but when I thought of our poor children who were so young and helpless and of the fact that they were so young and could not realize that they no longer had a father, and that if I were to die, they would also be without a mother so I banished the thought from my mind. It took over three months for me to recover from the shock of my husband's death. I might add that it was only my physical body that was fully recovered but I could not say the same for my mind and soul. It sure was a terrible blow to lose my beloved husband at a time when all of the children were so young and they needed a father's care so much.

On the tenth day of March in the year of 1848, we had a visit from the Sheriff of the County.

On the twenty seventh day of March in the year of 1848, I had to go to Dachau and make out the papers for the children's patrimonial inheritance. In court I was told by the Judge that as long as I remained a widow and took care of my children, I would not have to divide the property amongst the children. After I thought things over, I decided to take his advice.

Jacob Ruth started ailing in the year of 1844 and was sickly until he passed away on the ninth day of January in the year of 1848. His interment was held on the twelfth day of January, the anniversary date of the birthday of his son, David B. Ruth.

The following poem was written in the Memory Book of Katherine Ruth of Eichstock, by my son Henry. The date was June 18, 1851. She was a cousin of Henry's. (Katherine Ruth later married Jacob E. Krehbiel.)

Mann reicht sich wohl die Hände
 al's soll gescheiden sein,
 Und bleibt doch ohne ende
 Im innigsten Verein.
 Mann sieht sich an als Fähe
 Mann sich zum letzten mal.
 Und bleibt in gleicher Nähe
 Dem Herrn doch Ueberall.

The translation or meaning is as follows:

Man puts forth his hand in salute
 as at the time of parting.
 But remains without an end,
 in the innermost society of Man.
 Man sees himself as a sly young fox,
 Until he gets close to his time of death.
 Then he humbles himself and stays
 as close to God as possible.

Now, I would like to tell you the story of how my son Henry happened to injure his foot. It was during the second year of his father's illness and while he was in Marienbrun taking baths for his health that I left Henry, eleven years old, and David, nine years, accompanied by one of our hired men, go to see their father. Somehow, Henry sprained his ankle by making a misstep, tripping over a stick, or stepping into a hole, and he came home limping slightly. We did not give it much thought and he attended school the next day as usual, but when the time came for him to come home, he found that he could hardly use his foot. He

managed to get home in some way and immediately laid himself down upon a bed. I removed his shoe to make an examination of his foot and found that it was all red and inflamed. I called in the Doctor who made an examination and said that it was blood poisoning. He said that the poison was spreading and he would have to use some leeches to draw out the poisoned blood. We had to use twenty four leeches to try to draw out the poison, it had already started to move up in his leg toward his body. The Doctor told us that if this poison reached his body it would cause his death. We had to use the leeches for three days in succession before we noticed any improvement. The inflammation and swelling cleared up nicely everywhere but around his ankle. This seemed to be the seat of the trouble and it finally broke open. The Doctor took a look at it and said that it was Whitlow. (A disease that was formerly supposed to be caused by a worm.) We waited for several days, hoping that his foot would improve but instead of improving, it got worse. It got so bad that we were afraid that Henry might lose his foot. This probably would have been the case if we had not tried some other method to cure him. He had now been in bed for twelve weeks and he could not bear to put any weight on his foot. I asked the Doctor if it was alright to give him some pills to relieve his pains. The Doctor asked if we had any Zutraum in the house. I told him that we did so he told us to give Henry a pill every evening until we got orders to change the dosage. After he had taken a few of these pills, pus began to flow from the open wound, later on, a loose sliver of bone came out. The Doctor probed around in the wound with a silver needle, to see if there were any more loose pieces of bone, but he found none. The one piece that was loose came out and the Doctor was pleased and said that the wound would start to heal. Henry stayed in bed for sixteen weeks longer before he could manage to get around. (This injury left him with a weak foot and it prevented him from doing any

heavy work. It was this injury that prompted him to learn the Cabinet Making and Carpenters Trade.)

Henry had talked the matter of becoming a Cabinet Maker over with his father, and when he gave him his consent, Henry became so elated that he did not know what to do. He had always wanted to follow this work from little on. (This foot gave him trouble the rest of his life. He always walked with a slight limp and at times it would break open and heal up again.)

On the ninth day of March in the year of 1848, my brother Peter Strohm's fifth daughter died. She was only sixteen weeks old.

1849

On the sixteenth of December in the year of 1849, Dorothea Vogt, Nee Ruth, passed away. She was eighty two years old. She was my father-in-law's sister.

On the twentieth of December in the year of 1849, Barbara Musselmann, Nee Dester, passed away. She was survived by two sons. She died of nerve fever after being ill for only four months. She attained the age of twenty two years and six months. She was a close neighbor of ours.

1850

On the sixth day of March in the year of 1850, I began to build our barn. The horses and cattle were getting sick with inflammation of the lungs. Several of them died and I had to sell several of the others at a loss. Then to make matters much worse, we had a terrible hailstorm in the month of July that damaged the crops and added much to our misery.

On the tenth day of June in the year of 1850, my son Henry went over to Lichthausen where he intended to learn the Cabinet Making Trade. He had to pay the sum of 50 Florin and was supposed to stay there for three years. God gave his sanction to this for which we most heartily thank him, Amen, Amen.

This was a very disagreeable year for me. I lived through dread and fright and lived in constant fear. The constant grief and sorrow wore me out. It seemed

as though I stood all alone in the world and I often thought of calling out; "Did God forsake me entirely in these trying times."

On the twenty eighth day of November in the year of 1850, my brother Johannes's daughter was married to Tobias Seitz of Offstein in Rhein Pfalz. (This is in the Palatinate) She was twenty two years old.

1851

On the tenth day of February in the year of 1851, Johannes Krehbiel of Kleinschwabenhausen sold out to migrate to America. I said to my son Henry, "If you would like to go along to America with the Johannes Krehbiel family, I will give you my sanction. I will trust you with this family. I would much rather see you in America than walking around here in Bavaria." After that, Henry was prepared to go to America with the Krehbiels. I asked him if he had thought of the fact that he could not come walking in to me at most any time of the day to see me like he had been doing in Harreszell. Then he told me that he and Christian Krehbiel had been talking about going to America for a long time and made an agreement that they would go there together when they grew up.

After Krehbiels had their sale, they came over to my place on the fifth of April in the year of 1851. Peter Krehbiel was only six weeks old at that time.

On the twelfth day of March in the year of 1851, I drove Johannes Krehbiel, Johannes Ruth, Christian Krehbiel and my son Henry over to Dachau to have the necessary papers made out for their long voyage.

I boarded the train along with Christian Krehbiel and my son Henry at Augsburg and accompanied them to Mannheim and Neu Leiningen. As I stepped off of this train, I did so with a heavy heart. I felt so downhearted that I could hardly say anything. All I said was, "Go in the name of the Lord, do not forsake him and I will not forsake you." I had already told him everything I intended to before we left our house. I stood aside of the train and watched. Henry did not

cry, but stood there in astonishment. Then the train started up and Henry was gone. I left him go to make his own career in the world.

On the twenty first of March in the year of 1851, we took the Krehbiel family to Augsburg in two large wagons. This group was made up of eighteen persons. Two children of Samuel Berger of Franking were among them, Katherine, twenty two years old and Johannes, twenty years old.

My brother-in-law, David Ruth of Eichstock, Jacob (Erlbacher) Krehbiel, my brother Peter Strohm's wife and I, Barbara Strohm Ruth, accompanied them as far as the city of Augsburg.

They arrived in Augsburg at three o'clock in the afternoon and from there they went to Heidelberg. In Heidelberg they stopped for a while and then went on to Alt Leiningen and Mannheim.

I really lost a lot of good friends and help when the Krehbiel family left because they were always so close to me. Aunt Krehbiel was like a beloved sister and Uncle Johannes consoled me many times during the time of my bereavement. His comforting words were as soothing as balm to my troubled and sorrowing heart. On the way we came across a garden full of beautiful flowers, and after taking a good look at it, I said, I am really very lucky after all, and I am still sad and so downhearted. From here I went to Augsburg and then started for home, arriving there safe and sound at seven o'clock in the evening. All of the children were very glad to see me come back home. They said, "It seems like the entire house loses it's life when you are gone." That was exactly the way it seemed to me since my beloved husband passed away.

On the twenty fifth of May in the year of 1851, I received my first letter from my son Henry and his friend Christian Krehbiel. They were now in the city of Friedelsheim.

On the twenty sixth of March in the year of 1851, my brother-in-law, Jacob Leisy of Franking, sold his

place in order to prepare to emigrate to America. He had his sale on the fourth day of July.

On the twenty sixth of June in the year of 1851, Krehbiels, Katherine and Johannes Berger and my son Henry, went aboard their ship to sail to America.

May the good Lord be their Leader, Jesus Christ, their protector and the Holy Ghost their Keeper. God give them peace, happiness, success and prosperity, much more than they had here in Bayern.

On the eighth of July in the year of 1851, Jacob Leisy of Franking, went to my brother Peter Strohm's home and lived there until he was ready to leave for the trip to America. God willing, I hope that we can all leave Bayern.

We had a possible buyer for our place and all the children were happy but the sale fell through so our hopes were not realized. When I came back home after visiting the agent, my five children, Susanna, Anna, Maria, David and Peter were very happy. They asked; "Mother, did you speak to the people who were to buy our place? Did they buy it from you?" Then my youngest daughter said to me; "Mother, my brothers, David and Peter do not want to believe me," Peter was soon weary of it and David laughed about it. Up to now it did not make much of an impression on the children's minds but after I told them that the sale was not to be made, they all became downhearted and sad, and so we did not get our chance to go to America with the first group. We had planned to be in the first group but could not go on account of the delay in getting our business in order, so we had to change our plans and take a ship that sailed several weeks later.

Three more weeks have gone by and the prospective customer has not made his appearance.

Today there was an auction at Harreszell. Most of the conversation was about migrating to America.

Today we had another Sunday that seemed very long to us. Anna, my youngest daughter, and I went into a woods for a long while and looked for strawberries.

The other four children, David, Peter, Maria and Susanna, went to Einsassen to look for huckleberries and found a large basket full of them.

The fifteenth is our Henry's family day. This, he can celebrate out on the ocean, if he thinks of it.

Yesterday, as I was holding a loaf of bread in my hands, I said to my children; "If only the people on the ship had this loaf of bread in their hands." My daughter Susanna, asked: "Mother, how many loaves of bread does one need on the ship?" To which Anna made the following reply; "Mother does not know that." To which Susanna replied; "If only our father was still alive, we would all have been on the ship already." The question of; "Mother, has the buyer been here?", was repeated without end. "Mother, you must write to him so that we too can go to America.

I went to Eichstock for a visit and upon arrival, found my sister Katherine (David Ruth's wife) lying in bed. On the way home, I thought to myself, why is there so much misery and need and none of us able to do anything about it? Then I thought in deep silence for a while and a voice seemed to say; "Be satisfied and contended, put your trust in God and everything will come out alright. After that, I felt a strange feeling come over me and I was much relieved and was contended and took pleasure in having said my prayer in silence.

I made a trip to Kleinschwabenhausen to visit the Dahlmeyers who were now living in the house in which Krehbiels used to live. It did not take very long to see that quite a few changes had taken place in this area. Everywhere I went, I missed the many relatives and friends whom I used to visit here. On the other hand, the people were all very glad that I came over to visit with them. I went into their garden and was so impressed by the beautiful blossoms, that I broke off three of the largest ones and pinned them to my dress. Katherine Krehbiel took them and planted them to see if they would grow.

Today, July the twenty fifth, 1851 is my daughter Anna's birthday. She is seven years old today. Today was also my husband's family day.

On the twenty eighth of July in the year of 1851, there was a sun eclipse that lasted from three until five o'clock in the afternoon. It became quite dark and many people said it was an omen that the world was coming to an end. Some of the children in school told Peter, my youngest son, that the ship on which Henry was going to America on would also go under.

Jacob Krehbiel, together with Barbara Strohm and Maria Leisy, went to the Jetzendorfer Market today.

Jacob Leisy is on a circle tour and will complete it when he arrives in Engelstadt. He is visiting his relatives and friends for the last time. He intends to cross the Rhine in three weeks from now.

On the seventeenth of August in the year of 1851, my two brothers, Henry and Peter Strohm, and I, went to church at Eichstock. The weather was very hot. We stopped and visited the Lehmann family. His wife was ill. As I entered the church at Eichstock, a strange feeling came over me. It seemed as if there had been a thick mourning veil covering my soul. All I heard was a lot of crying and complaining. The sermon was about the trials and tribulations of Job. A subject that did not help the condition I was in and it was probably what caused it in the first place.

At noon, we went to Eichstock. Later in the day, my sister Katherine Ruth and I, went to Thann to see the dam. Here, everybody was talking about the water that flows over and through the dam. My sister said that the water made such a frightful noise that the people sat in their seats from fright. She had been to Ludwigshafen several times.

On the twenty second day of August, I had another prospective buyer. The children would not go to bed. My youngest son said to me, "I will not get into bed until after you come home, even if you do not return until in the next morning."

On the fifteenth day of September in the year of 1851, Abraham Haury of Kemarden was interred. He was ill for only three days. He was survived by his wife and two children. He attained the age of thirty six years. He was a second cousin of mine.

Wie eine Blume die nicht lange besteht,
So auch dasz Leben bald vergeht.

Barbara Strohm Ruth.

Like a flower that blossoms and fades, we are
born, we mature, and all too soon, we pass away.

On the seventeenth day of September, I received a letter from a prospective buyer, they offered such a ridiculously low price that I would not sell.

Sunday, the twenty first day of September in the year of 1851, was a day of recollection for me. Four years ago my son Henry stood before the altar of our church, where he made his confession of faith before God and man and received Holy Baptism. God knows his whereabouts at this time. May God enlighten and lead him so that he will remain true to what he promised. Four years ago, his father was still alive, but was very weak and ill. He was in church, however, and as we approached our home, coming from the services, he said to me; "Praise God that I was able to see one of my sons confess his faith and join the church. He did not get to see any of the other children confess their faith because he passed away before that time.

My husband entered the realm of everlasting life three months after Henry confessed his faith in God. My husband lived and died with the belief that Jesus Christ was our Lord and Saviour. He was survived by his bereaved widow and six children.

Two years ago my son David stood by the altar and made his confession of faith and was baptized. Today it was my daughter Maria who confessed her faith before God and man and was baptized.

A list of the children who were baptized with our daughter Maria of Harreszell is herewith given.

Katherine Ruth of Eichstock.

Elizabeth Berger of Franking.

Johannes Dahlem of Thann.

Daniel Weber of Einsassen.

Maria Krehbiel, who went to America.

Dear Lord, have mercy and compassion, please show my children the way that they may become God fearing men and women and help them to become good citizens. They have lost their father, therefore, Dear God, be their father, leader and protector, Amen.

Henry has been gone for five months and I have no word or news from him since I got the letter he sent from Friedelsheim just before he left for America. I have not heard a word about him or anyone else since they left Le Harve for their trip across the ocean. Dear Lord, be with him and guide him in this strange new land. The earth belongs to the Lord and I do not know if I will get to see him again in this world.

On the tenth day of October in the year of 1851, my two brothers, Henry and Peter, came to see me and asked if I had received a letter from my son Henry. They told me that there was a letter from America in Indeshof. I sent my son David there to inquire about it. There was a letter there, but it was not for me and it was not from my son Henry. The anxiety of the waiting and hoping for news made me restless and low in spirits for eight days and I was beginning to get worried about the entire group. Finally I received a letter from my son Henry in America and I read it to my sisters and relatives. The letter stated that the entire group arrived in America safe and sound.

God bestows happiness, good fortune and blessings in this timely world and also gives everlasting life and joy in the hereafter. Blessed be the Lord, Amen.

It took them thirty seven days to cross the ocean and they landed at Port of New York on the fourth of August in the year of 1851. On the ninth, they were

in Buffalo and visited the Krehbiel Family who lived in that area. It was called "Clarence Center."

Today, I heard that the Berger children had also written a letter to their relatives in Bayern, but I did not hear of any letter since then.

On the twenty sixth day of October in the year of 1851, I was in church and Samuel Berger gave me the letter he had received from his children, Katherine and Johannes, who went to America with the Krehbiel family. They wrote a nice letter, but did not have a lot to say, other than what my son Henry had written to me. I also left my sisters read the letter.

In November 1851, I received another letter from my son Henry. The time seemed so long for me when we did not hear from Henry himself. He wrote to me from Ohio. I was very glad to hear that he found a job to keep him busy every day, it would help him to become diligent and industrious and teach him to work among and along with other people.

On November the twenty first in the year of 1851, my father went to visit my brother, Peter Strohm. He was with me for four years and one month. (This was the Johannes Strohm that married Barbara Lehmann.)

Now the buyers are here again, shall I trot along with them? John Ruth said that I should go along and David Ruth said that I should not.

Father Strohm is not satisfied, he does not want to go to America. When I informed the children that their grandfather did not want us to go to America, my girls began to sob and cry so much that it almost broke my heart. David and Peter said, "The next time it will be us and not the girls." My girls continued to cry and kept saying, "We want to go to where our brother Henry is." I put all of the children to bed, but they kept crying so much that I feared that they would all become seriously ill.

On Christmas, the twenty fifth of December, 1851, my children and I, went to church. As we left church and were approaching our house, Maria said, "Mother,

Aunt Seitz is sick, you should go and visit her." So I went to her home and found her very seriously ill. She passed away the next day. She had nothing but a lot of sorrow and grief on this earth. The good Lord put an end to her suffering in this world. Interment was on the twenty ninth day of December in the year of 1851. She was forty four years and two months old on the day she passed away. She was survived by her bereaved husband and seven children. There were six daughters and one son. She was my father's sister's daughter. She was a Janson by birth.

1852

On the second day of January in the year of 1852, I was hale and hearty and told the hired-man to get the buggy and our red horse ready because I intended to drive over to Old Muenster with Mr. Musselmann.

I intended to go into the woods about ten o'clock in the morning to get us some firewood. About eight, I had a severe attack of cramps and fever. I went to bed immediately and the pains became so terrible and sharp that I broke out in a cold sweat. I writhed in pain like a worm that had received the death blow.

For a time, I thought that I too had received the last death blow, but God who has the power over life and death, spared me so that I could take care of my poor fatherless children, otherwise, they would have become doubled orphans (both parents dead) and would have been all alone in the world. God exercised his power over my sickness and it had to yield. When the pains were at their worst, I again realized how much alone I was. There was no one to care for me except my little children. I subconsciously thought to myself, "Now you will die, you have no one to help you or assist you." But the Lord who will not forsake or forget the little birds did not forsake or forget me while I was in distress.

In the midst of it all, my brother, Peter Strohm, came like an angel in the night and helped me. I am most grateful for his help. Thanks be to God for his

mercy that endureth forever. My brother was startled when he saw me and called for the Doctor right away. The Doctor gave me some medicine but in spite of it, I had another attack of fever. It kept up for a few days and after that it began to abate and I was soon on the road to recovery. I was in bed for four days after the last attack of fever, and after that I was able to be up and around again, but I had to stay in the house.

The Doctor told me that I had a very severe cold. This was no surprise to me, because my work required me to be outside most of the time. My work was something on the order of this: summer or winter, hot or cold, it meant a visit to the sick, attend a person on their death-bed, enter the forest to get wood, or do any other type of employment and outdoor work.

Just before I had this last attack, I was outside in the cold weather for eight days, going on foot in and through the snow and the bitter cold winds.

It was the twelfth day of January, in the year of 1852, that I went into the forest for the first time since my illness, to get a load of wood. On this day I wrote a long letter to my son Henry in America. It was the first one that I had written to him since he left home to go to America.

On the fourteenth of January in the year of 1852, I had to go to Jedersdorf to attend to some business because that is where the Court House was located. I finished my business so late that it was six o'clock in the evening before I was able to leave Jedersdorf and start for home. It was so dark that it was quite troublesome for me to see the road, and since it was quite strange to me, I had to rely entirely upon the instincts of my horse. Shortly after I left the town of Jedersdorf, it began to rain, and this along with the darkness, made it much harder for me to drive on a strange road. I was a little worried because I was alone, but I arrived home safe and sound, for which I heartily thanked the Lord. My children were crying

because they thought that I had left them and that I would not return home anymore.

On the seventeenth day of January in the year of 1852, my sister Leisy, Mrs. Musselmann and I went to Old Muenster. When I almost reached our home, all of my children came to meet me and said, "Mother, there is a letter from America at our house." The children were so glad and I myself, was so excited that I did not know what to do first. I was pleased to know our folks were all well and that Henry had written to me so soon after arriving in America.

Today, the third of February, 1852, the new owner of our home was here. She is Landlady Kaufmann.

On the eleventh of February in the year of 1852, the Eichstock was sold for the sum of 19,500 Florin. Daniel Springer of Allersbach bought it.

We thank the Lord that he bought it on account of the church burial ground that is located on it. This burial ground is dear to my heart and it will remain in my memory because my beloved husband (Jacob Ruth) rests there in peace until resurrection day when the Lord, who has power over life and death, will raise his body from the dead and all of us shall enter the gates of Heaven in gladness and joy. Praise the Lord for his goodness and mercy, Amen, Amen.

On the fourteenth day of February in the year of 1852, I had visitors at our home. Henry and Johannes Kraemer of Oberflorsheim, came over from Rhein Pfalz to see me. Johannes Kraemer had been over in America for three and one half years. Peter Strohm and Jacob Leisy came along with them.

On the second day of March in the year of 1852, I had my auction sale at Harreszell.

On the ninth day of March in the year of 1852, we had moving day. The party who bought our place moved into the house. I moved into the room located on the south side of the house and made an arrangement with the new owner for us to stay there until we were all ready to go to America. That is, if it is the Lord's

will that I should go to America. In case it should be his will that I stay in Bavaria and die there, I will content myself and place the entire matter into his hands. Lord be merciful and compassionate, guide me in all things from here to eternity, Amen, Amen.

REMINISCENCE

On the third day of February in the year of 1829, I was married to Jacob Ruth of Eichstock, Bayern. On the seventeenth day of February of the same year, we moved to Harreszell onto a farm which my parents had purchased in the year of 1827. We lived there, happy and prosperous for eighteen years and eleven months until on that fateful day, January the ninth, in the year of 1848, when the Lord took my husband from my side. After that day, everything changed from joy to sorrow and it seemed as if everything began to waste away. I could not reconcile myself to the fact that I had lost my beloved husband and could not bring my mind to become contented. I remained a widow and did all of the usual work so I could keep my children in an effort to raise them properly. At last the happy day arrived for me and my children.

On the tenth day of February in the year of 1852, I sold my place, but not until after I did some very earnest thinking, because the price they offered was much too low. I sold the place for the sum of 14,200 Gulden which was much too low. When we bought it the land was in very poor condition, without fences and everything was in poor shape. The land was in such a run down condition that the only things that grew on it during the first year we lived there, was thorns, thistles and horse-radish. The barn had a very poor straw roof and the house had to be rebuilt before we could even live in it. We spent 6,162 Gulden on this place and had the land and buildings in an excellent condition. We lived on this place in Harreszell for twenty three years.

On the twenty eighth day of February in the year of 1852, my brother-in-law, John Weber of Einsassen,

sold his farm for the sum of 4,400 Gulden and began to make preparations to go to America with his large family. May God give them his blessing and sanction. They went to America on the same ship with us.

On the nineteenth of March in the year of 1852, I and my four children drove to Jedersdorf and Munchen (Munich) because I still had a lot of things to buy, things that we wanted to use on our trip to America. I also bought some things which I had promised to my children. I took the children along so they would be able to see the city of Munich once more. I took the following of my children with me, Peter, Maria, Anna and Susanna. David had been to Munich many times, so he stayed at home to take care of our things and see to it that no one would disturb our property.

On the twenty second day of March in the year of 1852, my brother, Peter Strohm had an attack of some disease and was taken seriously ill. It took a total of three weeks before he fully recovered from it.

On the twenty eighth day of March in the year of 1852, David Ruth, Jacob Krehbiel and I, drove to the city of Dachau for the second time to attend to some business in connection with our trip to America. The trip was of no avail, because they told us we had to have our passports with us.

On the second of April in the year of 1852, David and John Ruth went to Augsburg to see if they could get everything straightened out but they had no luck and could not get a thing done.

On the fourth day of April in the year of 1852, I received a letter from our sister-in-law Maria Leisy who lived in the Palatinate.

On the twenty second day of April in the year of 1852, sister-in-law Maria Leisy, brother-in-law Ruth and I, went to Eichstock and Munich, then from there we went to the Schwaig on the twenty sixth.

On the twenty seventh day of April in the year of 1852, we went to Pichensried and attended the school examinations. My son Peter, received an award.

On the twenty eighth of April of 1852, we were at Eichstock to visit relatives and friends.

On the first of May in the year of 1852, we were over on the Schwaig for a visit.

On the second day of May in the year of 1852, my five children and I, went on a farewell tour for six days. On the first day, we had someone drive us over to Kleinschwabenhausen where we visited for a period of four hours. Then we went on foot for four hours, then a friend of ours took us around for four hours. On the second day, we travelled to Ringel and on the third day we were on Lake Manor and Koldau. Then on the fourth day we went over to Engelstadt. The fifth day we went to Pfaffenhoffen, Salsbach and Holsried. On the sixth day we went to Singern, Lichthausen and Grenzhof. We arrived at our home at eight o'clock on the evening of the sixth day with everybody safe and sound and in good spirits.

We made one round trip in a period of twenty four hours and visited thirty four families. We said our last farewell to these people because we were going to go to America. All of these people were sad when we left them for the last time. Everyone was glad to see us and they were happy that we had come to visit them once more before we left for America. This trip was a comfort and joy for me and my children.

On the ninth of May in the year of 1852, we were at Eichstock and went to church.

On the tenth of May in the year of 1852, we went to Old Muenster and said our last good-byes.

On the eleventh day of May we were in Jedersdorf to visit with relatives and friends.

On the twelfth day of May in the year of 1852, I drove to the city of Munich, to deposit 6,000 Gulden in the bank. I received six percent interest for six months. From the city of Munich we went to Dachau.

On the sixteenth day of May in the year of 1852, I went to church at Eichstock. After church we drove to Hammerhof. I had all five of my children with me.

On the nineteenth day of May in the year of 1852, brother-in-law John Weber and three of his children, Gerhard Dahlem, son of Johannes Dahlem and Katherine Ruth, my five children, Peter, David, Maria, Susanna and Anna and I, went over to Augsburg. The party who purchased our home took two conveyances and drove us to Augsburg. From here we went on to Mannheim. Here, Gerhard Dahlem left us to go to the Palatinate.

On the twentieth day of May in the year of 1852, (Ascension Day) my five children and I went over to the city of Augsburg for the purpose of visiting the Evangelical Church. We stayed for the church service and the minister had a very good sermon. As I sat in this church in deep thought, the church at Eichstock came to my mind. I was thinking, all of my relatives and friends are sitting in church over at Eichstock, and here am I. A feeling of sadness came over me and almost overwhelmed me and I shed quite a few tears.

On the twenty first of May in the year of 1852, I and my children went to Offstein. On the twenty third we attended the Evangelical Church. Johannes Kraemer of Oberflorsheim came to meet us after church. Every one was happy and we continued with our visiting.

On the twenty fifth of May in the year of 1852, I and Johannes Kraemer and my daughter Maria, drove to Katherine Kraemer's home and visited many friends and relatives for the last time and said our good-byes.

On the twenty seventh of May in the year of 1852, Johannes Kraemer, sister-in-law Weber and I drove to Grundstadt and had our passports changed. We changed the date to read one month earlier.

On the twenty eighth of May in the year of 1852, my three children, David, Peter and Maria, went over to Weierhof to make several visits.

On the twenty ninth of May in the year of 1852, Johannes Kraemer and I went to Mannheim where we met my brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law and my father of Upper Bavaria, at nine o'clock in the evening. We found that some of the children were ill and that my

father was not feeling well. For a while, I thought that he might not want to go to America with us. We wanted him to go to Oberflorsheim with us because it was still four weeks before we were to leave for the long trip to America, but he would not go with us.

On the third of May in the year of 1852, Johannes Kraemer and I (Barbara Strohm Ruth) were married at six o'clock in the evening. Reverend David Ruth performed the marriage ceremony. He was my brother-in-law. This was the second time that I stood before an altar on the threshold of Holy Matrimony. Johannes Kraemer was a son of Heinrich Kraemer. He was thirty years old and I, Barbara Strohm Ruth was forty five.

May God grant that this marriage be a happy one, and everyone concerned will be satisfied. I had been a widow with six minor children for a period of four and one half years and suffered much sorrow and much discontentment since my husband, Jacob Ruth, passed away. May the Lord grant that things will turn out a lot better again. Lord be merciful and compassionate and give us peace, contentment and your blessing. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

On the ninth of June in the year of 1852, Abraham Seitz passed away. He suffered from Nerve Fever. He was survived by his six children, five daughters and one son.

On the tenth of June in the year of 1852, Elisa Weber, Johannes Kraemer and I, together with four of my children, David, Peter, Susanna and Maria, made a trip to visit some of our friends. It took us twelve days before we came to the last name on our list.

On the eighteenth of June in the year of 1852, we got a letter from my brother, Henry Strohm. He wrote that he had sold his place on the eighth.

On the nineteenth of June in the year of 1852, we had some visitors. Johannes Weber, together with his wife and children, came here from Einsassen to go to America with us. This Johannes Weber was the husband of my sister-in-law, Marie Ruth.

On the eleventh day of July in the year of 1852, we started out on our long trip to America, we left the city of Worms on that day.

All of us arrived at Le Harve safe and sound. The ship we were to take was set to sail at ten o'clock in the morning on the eighteenth day of July in the year of 1852. I and my children became seasick.

Our ship arrived at the Port of New York at three o'clock in the afternoon on the twenty third day of August in the year of 1852. We arrived safely and in good health.

From New York we went to Albany and from there to Buffalo. From Buffalo to Detroit and from Detroit to Chicago. We arrived in Chicago on the first day of September in the year of 1852. From Chicago we went to Milwaukee to visit Abraham Leisy and his family.

On the fourteenth day of September in the year of 1852, we arrived at Saint Louis. While we were here, we stayed at the home of Philip Lebber who came here from Oberflorsheim. There were a total of eighteen people in our group and we stayed here for two noon meals, two evening meals and one breakfast.

On the eighteenth we left Saint Louis. We boarded a steamboat and went to Keokuk, Iowa. We arrived at Keokuk on the twentieth and left for West Point, Lee County, Iowa on the twenty second, arriving in West Point, Iowa in the evening. Here we were met by John and David Ruth and Jacob Leisy, all brothers-in-law of mine. This group arrived at West Point on Monday evening, August the twenty third 1852, together with my father, Johannes Strohm and many other relatives.

John Ruth's wife, Elizabeth, gave birth to a baby daughter three days before we arrived at West Point. They named her Elizabeth.

On the fourth day of June in the year of 1852, my brothers-in-law, John Ruth, David Ruth, Jacob Leisy, my father, Johannes Strohm, Katherine and John Leisy and other relatives and friends, left Worms to go to Le Harve to continue their long trip to America.

This ocean voyage took fifty two days, there were many sick people on board. There were twelve deaths and two births on board ship during their voyage.

Katherine Leisy died of Nerve Fever (Typhoid) and she was buried at sea on the twenty third of July in the year of 1852. She was twenty nine years old. She was a sister of my brother-in-law, Jacob Leisy.

They arrived at the Port of New York on the third day of August in the year of 1852. (They came on the ship "Samuel M. Fox". The passenger manifest of this ship shows the date as August the fourth, 1852. This ship probably came into port late on the day of the third and did not land until on the fourth. So it is a case of the time of arrival at the port or time of the actual landing. The Captain delivered the ship's manifest to Customs on the day of the fourth.)

From New York, they went to Albany and from there to Buffalo. At Buffalo, they boarded a steamboat and crossed Lake Erie to Cleveland. There was a siege of cholera on board this steamboat and Johannes Lehmann of Heppenheim was one of the victims and died before the boat reached Cleveland, Ohio. He died less than ten hours after his first complaint of feeling sick. The Captain of the boat stopped the boat long enough for the men-folks to bury his earthly remains along the shore of Lake Erie, close to Cleveland. Johannes Lehmann was survived by his sorrowing wife and five little children. The youngest child died in the arms of his mother while on the way from Peoria, Illinois to Burlington and Fort Madison, Iowa. This Johannes Lehmann was a brother to my mother and the son of my father's sister. He was forty seven years old.

On the twenty third day of August in the year of 1852, my sister and her family and my father reached West Point, Lee County, Iowa. My father was all worn out from the long trip. He was very weak and ill. He went to the home of a blacksmith named Fisher, where he had a nice room. He was so worn out that he never did regain his strength or health and he passed away

in peaceful sleep on the second day of September at twelve o'clock noon in the year of 1852. He reached the age of seventy one years and his earthly remains lie buried in the Methodist Cemetery at West Point, Iowa. Reverend Henry Ellenberger had the funeral. We bought a tombstone in Fort Madison, Iowa. It cost us ten dollars. We also bought a fence for the lot that cost us twelve dollars.

On the ninth of December 1852, one of my sister's children died, a daughter of Reverend David Ruth and Katherine Strohm. She died of dropsy after being ill for four months. Her name was Marie. She reached the age of two years, one month and ten days. She rests beside her grandfather in the Methodist Cemetery at West Point, Lee County, Iowa.

1853

On January the seventh in the year of 1853, David Ruth and his family moved from West Point onto their farm on the Franklin Prairie, located ten miles from here. They purchased it on the twenty eighth day of December in the year of 1852 for the sum of 2,400.00 dollars. It consisted of 200 acres, 105 acres fenced and under cultivation and 95 acres of timberland and a large brick house less than two years old.

On the twenty seventh day of January in the year of 1853, John Ruth, together with his family, moved onto his farm on the Franklin Prairie. His farm consisted of 172 acres, several buildings and a house. He purchased it in the month of December in the year of 1852 at a cost of 2,355.00 dollars. This farm was located nine miles from West Point, Iowa.

On the twenty ninth day of January in the year of 1853, we bought our farm on the Franklin Prairie. It consisted of a total of 300 acres and was divided as follows; 100 acres of timber-land. 150 acres of farm land and 50 acres of prairie land. It had two wells and two American huts on it. (These were undoubtedly the usual log cabins built around this time.) It was purchased at a cost of 3,650.00 dollars.

On the eighth of February in the year of 1853, we moved onto our farm on the Franklin Prairie. It was located two miles from Franklin and nine miles from West Point. We lived in West Point for four and one half months and paid two dollars and fifty cents per month for rent. We purchased our farm from Mr. Henry Huntemann.

On the thirty first of March in the year of 1853, my husband, John Kraemer, my two sisters, Katherine, the wife of Reverend David Ruth, Marie, the wife of Jacob Leisy and I, Barbara Strohm Ruth Kraemer, made a trip to Illinois. We drove to Keokuk with our team and wagon. At Keokuk we boarded a steamboat going to Saint Louis. It took us twenty seven hours to get to Saint Louis, a distance of 220 miles. This trip cost us \$3.50. When we reached Saint Louis we crossed the Mississippi River and went east for ten miles to the home of Daniel Kraemer. We rode for six miles and we walked four miles. Then we drove for two miles more to the home of Jacob Pletscher. His wife is a cousin of mine. We drove for another two miles to the home of Jacob Baer on the Ridge Prairie. Jacob Baer was a cousin of my husband's father. (Kraemer)

Then we drove south for twelve miles to the home of Michael Kraemer. He and his wife are both cousins of mine. From there we went to Christina Meyer. She was another cousin of mine.

On the eighth day of April in the year of 1853, Christian Baer drove us to Saint Louis. Daniel Baer helped us in pricing and buying supplies. We bought a total of \$100.00 worth of supplies.

In the evening the steamboat left Saint Louis for Keokuk. We took this boat and the return trip took a total of thirty three hours for the trip.

On the twelfth of May in the year of 1853, Jacob Leisy and his wife went to Illinois, for the purpose of purchasing a farm in the vicinity of Summerfield. They were very fortunate, they stayed at the home of Daniel Kraemer until they found a place to buy.

On the twentieth day of June in the year of 1853, Peter Strohm arrived from Bavaria with his wife and five daughters. The trip across the ocean took them thirty three days. The family made their home on the Franklin Prairie in Iowa.

On the first day of August in the year of 1853, we had some visitors from Illinois. They were; Jacob Pletscher, Jacob Lehmann, Christian Baer and Michael Kraemer with his wife and seven year old daughter.

On the eighth day of August in the year of 1853, Christian Baer was united in marriage with Katherine Berger of Franking. They were married in Lee County, Iowa, in the home of Mr. Haffner. The Reverend Henry Ellenberger performed the marriage ceremony.

On the ninth of August in the year of 1853, the entire group left for their homes in Illinois. John Leisy, brother of Jacob Leisy, went along with them. He was homesick for his home in Germany. He was sick at heart and in spirit. The entire group left Keokuk for Saint Louis on the steamboat. When the boat had gone a distance of about four miles south of Keokuk, John Leisy fell off into the river and was drowned. He reached the age of thirty three years. May God be merciful and compassionate to all of us, Amen.

In the year of 1853, Jacob Leisy bought a farm in Illinois consisting of 195 acres of land and a large crop in the fields. He purchased this for the sum of \$2,925.00. He realized over \$400.00 from the crops. The farm was located two miles south of Summerfield. He moved onto it on the seventeenth day of August in the year of 1853. (In later years, Daniel Hirschler bought this farm. He sold it to Dietrich Schoene who gave it to his son William. This place was known as the Hirschler Place.)

In August of the year of 1853, my brother, Peter Strohm bought a farm consisting of 120 acres and the crops in the field. He paid the sum of \$1,600.00 for the farm land and \$200.00 for the crops. This farm was located in Iowa.

There were a total of twenty six families living on the Franklin Prairie at this time.

In the fall of the year of 1853, we had our first school. It was built upon our land on the Franklin Prairie. Christian Schowalter was the first teacher. He was paid the sum of \$150.00 per year.

In the fall of the year of 1853, I wrote a letter to my brother, Henry Strohm over in Germany. This is the brother who lost his eye-sight on the tenth day of June in the year of 1833.

On the thirtieth day of September in the year of 1853, we got a letter from my brother, Henry Strohm, who was still living over in Germany.

On the fourth day of October in the year of 1853, a son was born to David and Katherine Ruth and they named him Gerhard Benjamin.

1854

During the early part of the year of 1854, we got a letter from Mr. Musselmann.

On the third day of April in the year of 1854, my brother, Peter Strohm, and Reverend David Ruth went to Illinois to visit Jacob Leisy and his wife. They returned home safe and sound on the thirteenth.

Cousin Jacob Baer came back with them and stayed with us for eight days.

On the fourth day of April in the year of 1854, we dedicated our Cemetery. This was located upon our land on the Franklin Prairie. The first burial was a nineteen month old daughter of Peter Schowalter. The second burial on this same day was a stillborn child of Johannes Pletscher. It was born on the first day of April in the year of 1854.

On the twenty second day of April in the year of 1854, my son Henry, went to Illinois in an effort to get work. He had been working for Mr. Epinger in the village of Franklin for \$8.00 per month. He obtained work in the Post Office at Lebanon, Illinois.

On the sixth day of June in the year of 1854, my brother-in-law, Franz Hahn, together with his wife

and three children and cousin Christian Deutsch, together with his wife and their three children, came here from Bavaria. They arrived here after a thirty day trip across the ocean. Franz Hahn's wife was the daughter of Gerhard Ruth and Elizabeth Rupp. She was named Susanna. Christian Deutsch's wife was the daughter of Johannes Dahlem and Katherine Ruth. She was named Katherine.

On the sixteenth of June in the year of 1854, my brother-in-law, John Weber, died of cholera. He came to America on the same ship with us. He was survived by his wife and nine children, There were six sons and three daughters. Many people died of the cholera during this period. John Weber was married to Marie Ruth, a daughter of Gerhard Ruth and Elizabeth Rupp.

On the fifth day of July in the year of 1854, the masonry work on our new church and school was begun. These were also built upon our land.

On the sixteenth of August in the year of 1854, Peter Strohm passed away. He had consumption. He was sick for a period of fifteen months. He was able to be up and around for most of the time until the last few days. He coughed very much. He was ready and was anxious and eager to be taken into the hands of God, away from the sufferings on this earth. His funeral was held on the eighteenth of August. The text was, Tobias, Chapter three, verses 21, 22 and 23. Brother Peter was buried in our new Cemetery. He reached the age of forty two years and two months. The Reverend Henry Ellenberger had charge of the funeral service. He was survived by his sorrowful wife and his five daughters, the oldest of which was eleven years old and the youngest was five years old.

On the eleventh of November in the year of 1854, my son Henry came home from Illinois. He was having some trouble with his foot.

On the twenty second day of November in the year of 1854, our daughter Maria went to Denmark, Iowa to offer her services in return for learning english.

1855

On the fifth day of January in the year of 1855, my son Henry went back to Fort Madison, Iowa to the Cabinet Maker, Amborn. Here, he was going to operate the wood turning lathe and also take care of it. His foot is healed up again. He was home since November the eleventh in the year of 1854.

On the twentieth of January in the year of 1855, Reverend David Ruth and his wife Katherine, Gerhard Vogt, my husband and I, Barbara Strohm Ruth Kraemer, went to Denmark, Iowa to visit our daughter Maria. Upon our arrival in Denmark, we learned that she had been sick for four days. During the night, we had a snow-storm and by morning there was two foot of snow on the ground. In places where it was drifted it was around six and seven feet deep. On the twenty second and twenty third, we drove back home. It was sixteen miles to our home and it took us a day and one half to make the trip. It was terribly dangerous to drive and most of the time we had to get off of the road and drive in the fields. I have never witnessed such a hard trip or seen so much snow in all of my entire life, either here in America or over in Bavaria.

On the third day of February in the year of 1855, we went to Denmark, Iowa in the sleigh to bring our daughter Maria back with us. We made up a bed in the sleigh for her and then took her home. She had nerve fever (Typhoid) and was in bed for five weeks before she could be up and around again.

On the twentieth of April in the year of 1855, my husband, my daughter Maria, my brother-in-law, David Ruth and Mr. Haffner went to Illinois to visit Jacob and Marie Leisy, (my brother-in-law and sister) and other relatives. Things were going so prosperous and well with everybody that my husband was so impressed he purchased 80 acres of land two miles south of the Leisy Place for \$1,600.00.

On the ninth day of May in the year of 1855, they all arrived back home safe and sound. This group was

also at the home of Philip Lebber in St. Louis. They brought him along back with them and he stayed for a visit of four days. After he completed his visiting, my son David took him over to Keokuk where he took a steamboat back to his home in Saint Louis.

During the month of May, in the year of 1855, we had two terrible hail storms, one on the eighteenth, the other on the nineteenth. They broke forty two of our window panes, almost every pane on the north and west sides of our house.

On the seventeenth of August in the year of 1855, we dedicated our new school house. It was built upon our land located on the Franklin Prairie. We donated one acre and eleven rods for the purpose of building a Mennonite Church and School. We donated this land as a memorial to us after we are gone. The school is now completed and dedicated. The church is complete, with the exception of the pews.

On the first day of September in the year of 1855, the following persons came from Germany and Bavaria. The widow of Jacob Rupp, Nee Seitz, with her son-in-law and two daughters. John Rupp, with his wife and five children, John Dester, Jacob Seitz, with five of his grandchildren (they were the children of Abraham Seitz) and Maria Berger, a daughter of Samuel Berger and Elizabeth Kinkel.

On the thirtieth of October in the year of 1855, David Ruth and my husband, John Kraemer, made a trip to Illinois. They both returned home safe and sound, on the tenth day of November. This was their second trip to Illinois.

On the sixteenth of November in the year of 1855, Christian Ruth died. He was ten weeks old. He was a son of David and Katherine, Nee Strohm, Ruth.

On the twenty sixth day of November in the year of 1855, my brother-in-law, John Ruth, passed away. He had a severe attack of gall fever and pneumonia and was ill for only six and one half days. His funeral was on the twenty eighth. He was survived by his be-

reaved wife and seven children. The oldest was nineteen years old and the youngest was three years old. The oldest was named Katherine and the youngest was named Elizabeth. There were four daughters and three sons. He reached the age of fifty four years and ten months. It was a sorrowful occasion for the bereaved wife and the seven children.

On the sixth day of December in the year of 1855, I wrote a letter to Daniel Baer in Ridge Prairie.

1856

On the fourteenth day of February in the year of 1856, Katherine Leisy, the wife of Abraham Leisy, was buried. She was my mother's sister's daughter. She was born a Rohr of Eppstein.

On the eighteenth of April in the year of 1856, John Kraemer purchased 160 acres of land in Illinois for \$18.50 per acre. On the first day of May in the year of 1855, he purchased 80 acres for \$1,200.00. He now had 240 acres of land all in one piece.

All of this land was clear and there was no woods on it. It had two houses on it, but there was no one living in them. There were two wells, a stable, Corn Crib, Granary and a smoke house. The buildings were all in poor condition because of negligence and poor maintenance and care. There were thirty peach trees, twelve cherry trees and a lot of apple trees, but no good eating apples.

On the sixteenth day of March in the year of 1856, Katherine Ruth was married to Jacob E. Krehbiel, son of Johannes Krehbiel. This was Reverend Krehbiel.

On the eleventh day of April in the year of 1856, we began our trip to our farm in Illinois. Starting out on the afternoon of the eleventh, we drove until we came as far as David Ruth's home and stayed there all night. On the morning of the twelfth, we started out for Keokuk. At Keokuk, we loaded our things upon the steamboat. At four o'clock on the morning of the thirteenth, the boat started for Saint Louis. We had good luck and everything went fine from the time we

started until late in the evening, then things began to occur. About midnight, a severe thunderstorm came up accompanied by heavy rains and very strong winds. The wind was so strong that it blew down both of the smokestacks and set the boat afire. Fortunately, the rain was coming down good and heavy at this time and put out the fire before it could do very much damage to the boat. The Lord had seen fit to watch over us and we were saved again. Thanks be to God, Amen.

On the fifteenth of April in the year of 1856, we arrived in Saint Louis, where my son Henry had been waiting for us for three days. Jacob Vogt, Frederick Hahn and my son Henry, had gone on ahead of us. They left twelve days earlier. David did not get much of a chance to do any work on our farm. There were 100 acres of land that was fenced in but none of it had ever been worked, so it was still all virgin prairie land that had never been touched by a plough.

In Saint Louis we bought quite a lot of Supplies. We took them to the Railroad Depot and shipped them to Summerfield, Illinois by train. (This was the old Mississippi and Ohio Railroad. It had been completed only a short time before the year of 1856. It later became the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.)

From Saint Louis, we drove to Daniel Kraemers in the wagon. His home was ten miles east of the city of Saint Louis, Missouri.

On the sixteenth, we left Kraemer's home and then drove to the home of the Baer Brothers who lived on Ridge Prairie. We continued from here to my sister's home (Jacob and Marie Leisy) and arrived there about four o'clock in the afternoon of that same day.

On the seventeenth, we arrived at our home place. It was located a little over two miles south of the Leisy place. (This was the old Ruth Home that was on the north west forty and north of the Ruth School.)

On the following day, the eighteenth of April, we and the Leisys drove over to Belleville, Illinois to have the necessary deeds made out.

On the twenty seventh day of April in the year of 1856, we had church services at Ridge Prairie in the home of Christian Baer. Two weeks from this day they were to celebrate "Lord's Supper". We first held our services every two weeks, once here, and the next at Ridge Prairie. We held them in our house because it had such a large room in it. Christian Dettweiler of Upper Bavaria was our minister.

On the twenty eighth day of April in the year of 1856, Henry Ruth, Jacob and Gerhard Vogt purchased a lot in Summerfield for the sum of \$50.00. They built a shop on it and the three of them started a cabinet and furniture making business. (Gerhard Vogt came to Summerfield early in June of the year of 1856.)

During the month of April in the year of 1856, my brother-in-law, Franz Hahn, came to Summerfield with his wife and three children. He opened a Cooper Shop in the village of Summerfield. His wife was Susanna Ruth, a daughter of Gerhard Ruth and Elizabeth Rupp.

On the eleventh day of May in the year of 1856, we celebrated "Lord's Supper" for the first time in this area. We first had the regular services and the "Lord's Supper" after that. These services were held in the school house two miles north of our home. (It was the school house located just south of the Leisy place, later Hirschler.) Seventy two people attended these services. All of them were Mennonites with the exception of eight people. Thirty one partook of the "Lord's Supper".

On the twenty fourth of May in the year of 1856, the following persons came to Summerfield from Upper Bavaria. Jacob Dahlem, Daniel Hirschler and Johannes Schmidt. Johannes Schmidt was a minister and Daniel Hirschler was a son-in-law of his. Jacob Dahlem, was my brother-in-law.

The Dahlems lived one and one half miles from us. The Hirschlers lived three miles from us.

On the ninth of June in the year of 1856, Gerhard Vogt and John Brandt came here from Iowa.

On the twenty second of June in the year of 1856, the following persons came to Summerfield from Upper Bavaria. Samuel Haury with his wife and children and Samuel Berger with his wife, Elizabeth (Nee Kinkel) and their children. Three of their oldest children, John, Katherine and Maria, came over to America with some of their relatives who had migrated to America quite some time ago.

There were now a total of twenty one families in this area. Up to this time we had been having church services every two weeks, first here and then on the Ridge Prairie. At this time we have had two services in our home and two over on Ridge Prairie. The next services will be held on Ridge Prairie and that will be the third services to be held there.

On the seventeenth of August in the year of 1856, Elizabeth Berger, Nee Kinkel, passed away. Interment was held on the twentieth of August and her earthly remains rest in peace in the Baer Family Cemetery on Ridge Prairie. She was forty nine years old. She was survived by her husband and their nine children. Two of these children were married.

On the twenty first day of September in the year of 1856, Henry Miller's wife was buried. Her earthly remains rest in the Baer Family Cemetery located on Ridge Prairie. She attained the age of thirty seven years. She was survived by eight children. She was a born Dahlem.

On the twenty ninth day of September in the year of 1856, my son Henry went to Ohio and returned home safely on the fifteenth day of October.

On the twenty third day of November in the year of 1856, Samuel Haury's wife was buried. Her earthly remains were lain to rest in the Wittmore Cemetery. She reached the age of thirty years. She was ill for sixteen weeks. She died of consumption. She was born a Pletscher. She was survived by one daughter, named Margaretha, three years old. (The daughter later was married to Johannes Beutler.)

On the thirtieth of November in the year of 1856, Daniel Baer, Jacob Pletscher and John Wittmore were elected as deacons for four years.

This winter, however, church services were still held in our home. They first had to find a place to build a church.

1857

On the fifth day of February in the year of 1857, our son Henry was married to Katherine Bauchenz. She was a sister of Philip Bauchenz, the wagon maker in Summerfield, Illinois. Henry was twenty three years old and Katherine was nineteen years old.

On the eighth of March in the year of 1857, John Brandt married Elizabeth Langenwalter, Nee Baer. She was a widow with one son, Daniel Langenwalter, three years old.

On the sixth of May in the year of 1857, we had a few visitors from Iowa. My sister-in-law, Katherine Ruth, with John and Barbara, two of her children. It was a pleasant visit and they were all well pleased.

On the eleventh day of May in the year of 1857, my husband went to Iowa on a business trip and returned to our home safe and sound.

On the eighth day of August in the year of 1857, my daughter Maria, went to Iowa to visit friends and relatives.

On the eighteenth day of September in the year of 1857, I fell down the cellar stairs and broke one of my ribs on my right side. I had to remain in bed for seven days and I suffered severe pains.

On the eighth day of October in the year of 1857, we had an earthquake. At four o'clock in the morning we had a second one, but it was not as severe as the first one. Luckily, very little damage was done.

In the early part of November in the year of 1857, my daughter Maria, came home from her visit to Iowa. My brother-in-law, Reverend David Ruth and his wife, my sister Katherine, and their youngest son Gerhard, came with her to visit us and the Johannes Krehbiel