

Our son Johannes was born on January 22, 1801.
He passed away at 12:00 o'clock noon on November 26, 1855. He reached the age of 54 years, ten months and four days.

Our daughter Katherine was born on February 22, 1803.
Sister Katherine passed away on March 6, 1861 at the age of 58 years and 12 days.

Our daughter Barbara was born on July 26, 1804.
She passed away on August 22, 1810.

Our daughter Marie was born on December 22, 1806.
She passed away on September 3, 1869. She was married to Johannes Weber and they lived in Summerfield.

Our son David was born on December 10, 1808.

Our father, David Ruth, passed away in Summerfield at 6:00 Sunday morning on March 3, 1867. He reached the age of 58 years, 2 months and 27 days.

Our daughter Veronica was born on December 5, 1811.

Our daughter Susanna was born on October 15, 1815.

Our father, Gerhard Ruth, passed away on March 2, 1834. He was married 36 years, 8 months and 13 days. He reached the age of 60 years, 1 month and 22 days.

Our mother, Elizabeth Ruth, passed away on the 18 of September in the year of 1842. She reached the age of 74 years, one month and 14 days. She was a widow for 8 years, 8 months and 16 days.

In the year of 1835 A. D. I, David Ruth, had this Bible rebound at Neuberg on the Danube, it cost 3p and 30pf.

Note; The cost, 3p and 30 pf is not quite clear. In checking back on this we found that there are 30 pfennigs in a Mark and 3 Marks in a Thaler. The cost probably amounted to 3 Thaler and 30 pfennig. At this writing the Mark has a value of \$0.2381 cents in our money.

I, David Ruth, was born on December 10, 1808.
My wife Katherine was born on November 28, 1815.
On May 21, 1837, we were married on the Schwaig.

Our Children

Our son Johannes was born at 10:30 P.M. on May 8, 1838.

Our daughter Susanna was born at 5:00 P.M. on the twenty second of April, 1840.

Our daughter Barbara was born at 2:00 A.M. on the thirteenth of November, 1841.

Our son David was born at 5:30 A.M. on December 30, 1843.

Our daughter Katherine was born at 2:00 P.M. on the twenty eighth of October, 1845.

Our Son Henry was born at 6:00 P.M. on June 27, 1847.

Our son Jacob was born at 11:30 P.M. on November the twenty sixth, 1848.

Our daughter Maria was born at 6:00 A.M. on October the twenty eighth, 1850.

Maria died of dropsy on December 9, 1852. She was ill for five months and rests beside her grandfather in the Methodist Cemetery at West Point, Iowa.

In August of the year of 1852, we came to West Point, Iowa, U. S. A..

Our son Gerhard was born at 10:30 P.M. on October 4, in the year of 1853.

Our son Christian Emmanuel was born at 10:00 P.M. on September the eighth, 1855.

Christian died on the morning of November 16, 1855.

Our daughter Marie Amelia was born at 5:00 P.M. on August the twenty seventh, 1858.

Our beloved Marie passed away at 6:00 P.M. on the twenty fourth of August, 1864.

FINIS

Thus comes to a close the record of the family as recorded by Daniel Rupp, Gerhard Ruth and Reverend David Ruth, and the story of the Ruth Family Bible.

January 27, 1963.

By Albert J. Ruth.

STROHM FAMILY HISTORY

The following is a History of the Strohm Family as taken from the "Strohmische Stammbuch" or "Strohm Family History", which was handed down to me by the Family at my mother's death in the year of 1892.

The translation is made from the German as near as possible as the original which is very indistinct and difficult to get an exact record of the families that are recorded. Per Jacob E. Ruth.

The original translation is now in the Historical Library of Bethel College at North Newton, Kansas.

Henry Strohm was born in 1713 and died in 1797 as a preacher of the Mennonite Church of Kriegsheim on the Pfrimm, Canton Pfeddersheim.

He left two sons, one went to America, the other, Peter, took his father's place in Kriegsheim. He was born in 1741 and died in 1795. He was married to a woman named Kolb, also of Kriegsheim. They had three children, the oldest, a son, named Henry, who, as a single man went to America and there married a woman named Baer, whose mother was named Galle of Monsheim on the Schloss Muehle. The second daughter was named Christine, she died single at Kriegsheim in the year 1797. The third was a daughter Elizabeth, the mother died at Kriegsheim, year of her death is unknown.

The father married a second time to Susan Galle of Monsheim Schloss Muehle. They had three children, daughter Marie, son John born July the sixteenth, in 1781, third, a daughter Magdalena. The year of the mother's death is not known. Elizabeth married Christian Janson in 1801. He died in 1825. They had five children, their oldest daughter, Magdalena, married

Jacob Hirschler of Quirnheim in 1827. They moved to Thankhof, a farm in Upper Bavaria which his father-in-law had bought for him. Second, a daughter Marie, third, a daughter Barbara, fourth, a daughter Christine, fifth, a daughter Katherine. They all went to Bavaria with their parents. Marie, the oldest by the second marriage, married Jacob Seitz of Monsheim on the Pfrimm. They had six children and moved to Upper Bavaria in 1826 to a farm their father had purchased for them.

John Strohm (my mother's father) was born in the Canton Pfeddersheim, Rhein Hessen in 1781. (He wrote this history of the Strohm Family.)

My youngest sister Magdalena married Michael Lehmann of Heppenheim by the Meadow in 1803. He was the son of John Lehmann of the Mill by the Willows. They had four children, the oldest, John, second, Jacob and two daughters, Katherine and Maria. The mother died in 18---. The father was married again to Elizabeth Latscha, of Friedelsheim. They had one child, a daughter, named Elizabeth. The father died in 1827.

John Strohm (my grandfather, named above) married Barbara Lehmann of Heppenheim, born in 1782 she died on February 18, 1833. They had six children. First, John who married Veronica Kaegy of Offstein in 1828, a daughter of David Kaegy of Offstein. She died on November 1, 1874.

Second; Barbara Strohm born in 1807 married Jacob Ruth. (my Uncle, after whom I was named.) He was the oldest son of Gerhard Ruth (my grandfather).

They had six children:

Henry: married Katherine Marie Bauchenz.

David: married Maria Berger.

Marie: married John Eicher.

Peter: married Barbara Strohm.

Susan: married Valentine Krehbiel.

Anna: married Jacob Pletscher, he died, afterwards married Peter Lauer.

So much for the History of the Strohm Family.

STROHM FAMILY HISTORY

While searching the records for information and data for the genealogical record of the Ruth Family the compiler was fortunate enough to find some data on the Strohm Family. Combining this with the record on the preceding page, it becomes more complete and more readily understood. With this thought in mind it has been revised, clarified and corrected.

Henry Strohm was born in 1713 and died in 1797 as a preacher of the Mennonite Church of Kriegsheim an der Pfrimm, Canton Pfeddersheim.

He left two sons, one went to America, the other, Peter, took his father's place in Kriegsheim. He was born in 1741 and died in 1795. He was married to a woman named Kolb, also of Kriegsheim.

They had three children, the oldest, a son named Henry, who as a single man went to America and there married a woman named Baer, whose mother was named Galle of Monsheim on the Schloss Muehle.

The second daughter was named Christina, she died single in the year of 1797 at Kriegsheim.

The third was a daughter named Elizabeth, the mother died in Kriegsheim. The month, day and year of her death are not known.

The daughter Elizabeth, married Christian Janson in 1801. He died in December on the year of 1825.

They had five children: Magdalena, Marie, Barbara, Christine and Katharina. The whole family went to Bavaria with their parents. The oldest daughter Magdalena, married Jacob Hirschler of Quirnheim in 1827. After their marriage, they moved to Thankhof, a farm in Upper Bavaria which his father-in-law had purchased for them.

Peter Strohm was married a second time to Susan Galle of Monsheim, Schloss Muehle. They had three children.

First, a daughter Marie, second, a son John, born on the sixteenth day of July 1781, third, a daughter Magdalena. The year, month and day of the mothers death are not known.

Marie, the oldest daughter, married Jacob Seitz of Monsheim an der Pfrimm. They had six children and they all moved to Upper Bavaria in 1826 to a farm that their father had purchased for them.

John Strohm was born in Kriegsheim an der Pfrimm in the Canton Pfeddersheim, Rhein Hessen on the sixteenth of July, 1781. He married Barbara Lehmann of Heppenheim. She was born in Heppenheim an der Wiese from the Weiden Muehle in April, 1782. They had six children: Johannes, Barbara, Henry, Peter, Katherine and Marie. She died on February the eighteenth 1833.

Magdalena married Micheal Lehmann of Heppenheim an der Wiese, in 1803. He was a son of John Lehmann living at the Weiden Muehle. They had four children: John, Jacob, Katherine and Marie. The mother died in 18---. The father later married Elizabeth Latscha of Friedelsheim. They had one child, a daughter named Elizabeth. The father died in the year of 1827.

The children of Johannes Strohm and Barbara Lehmann were:

JOHN: who married Veronica Kaegy of Offstein on the seventh of April, 1828, daughter of David Kaegy of Offstein. She died on November 1, 1874. He died on May the twenty sixth, 1847.

BARBARA: was born on October 23, 1807, married to Jacob Ruth, a son of Gerhard Ruth and Elizabeth Rupp of Harxheim. He died on January the ninth, 1848.

They had eight children:

Johannes: who died under six years of age.

Jacob: who died under three years of age.

Henry: who married Katherine Marie Bauchenz.

David B.: who married Maria Berger.

Mary: who married John Eicher.

Peter B.: who married Barbara Strohm.

Susan: who married Valentine Krehbiel.

Anna: who married Jacob Pletscher. After his death she married Peter Lauer.

Barbara Strohm Ruth remained a widow for four and one half years and then on May 3, 1852, she married John Kraemer of Oberfloersheim. There were no children of this marriage. John Kraemer with his wife and her children with the exception of Henry, her oldest son who came to America one year earlier, arrived at New York City, on the Ship Saint Nicholas on August 27, 1852. After making several stops along the way they finally arrived at their destination which was West Point, Lee County, Iowa.

Barbara Strohm Ruth Kraemer died on January the twenty seventh, 1864 and her remains lie buried in the Summerfield Cemetery at Summerfield, Illinois.

The gravestone of Barbara Kraemer shows only the connection of the Strohm Family and gives no record of her being the widow of Jacob Ruth.

After the death of his wife Barbara, John Kraemer married Barbara Schowalter Strohm, widow of Peter Strohm. They made their home in Kansas.

Henry: who married Anna Leisy in December, 1843. They had no children.

Peter: who married Barbara Schowalter on June the fourth, 1842.

They had five children: Katherine, Eliza, Barbara, Mary and Anna. Peter Strohm, with his wife and five children came to America on the Ship Mercury, landed at New York City on May 30, 1853. They went to West Point, Lee County, Iowa where they made their home.

Katherine: who married Johannes Lowenberg.

Eliza: who married John W. Ruth.

Barbara; who married Peter Ruth.

Mary: who married Daniel Risser.

Anna: who married Daniel Haury.

Peter Strohm died on August 16, 1854 and his remains lie buried in the Franklin Prairie Cemetery at Franklin Prairie, Iowa.

After the death of his first wife, John Kraemer

married Barbara Strohm (Nee Schowalter) the widow of Peter Strohm.

John Kraemer died on July 10, 1893 and his widow, Barbara, died on May 11, 1900. Their earthly remains lie buried in the Halstead, Kansas Cemetery.

Katherine; who married Reverend David Ruth on May 21, 1837. They had eleven children. These are listed in the Ruth Family Genealogy.

Marie: who married Jacob Leisy on August 1, 1841. They had no children. Jacob Leisy was born December the fourth 1810 and he died on March 30, 1894. Marie Leisy, Nee Strohm, was born on May 24, 1818 and died on July 26, 1879. Their earthly remains lie buried in the Summerfield Cemetery, Summerfield, Illinois.

Johannes Strohm came to America on the Ship Samuel M. Fox, which arrived at the Port of New York on August the fourth 1852. He was one of a large group of Mennonites that arrived on that ship. He went to West Point, Iowa, arriving there on Monday evening the twenty third of August, 1852. Here he died quite suddenly at noon on the second of September, 1852. His remains lie buried in the Methodist Cemetery at West Point, Iowa. A gravestone, inscribed with his name, John Strohm, and the date of his death marks his grave. Compiled by Albert J. Ruth.

References:

History of the Ruth Family: by Reverend David Ruth.

Remembrances from 1807: By Barbara Strohm Ruth.

The english translation of Strohm Family History, by John Strohm. Translation made by Jacob E. Ruth.

All are in the Historical Library of Bethel College at North Newton, Kansas.

The Vital Statistic Records of Saint Clair County, Illinois, at Belleville, Illinois.

Inscriptions on the gravestones in the Cemeteries of Halstead, Kansas and Summerfield, Illinois.

Dr. Fritz Braun, Kaiserslautern, Germany.

FOREWORD

While checking through some old vital statistic records in an effort to locate some early ancestors of the Ruth Family, the names of Janson, Seitz, Rupp and Vogt appeared quite frequently. An investigation showed that these families were closely connected by marriage. In an effort to learn more about the close relationship, we wrote to Dr. Fritz Braun of Heimatstelle Pfalz, Kaiserslautern, Germany. He supplied us with the data on the Vogt Family and received the Rupp, Janson and Seitz data from the Rupp Family. It is given herewith. We are most grateful to the Rupp Family and Dr. Braun for this valuable information.

It is translated from the German as literally as possible to maintain its form and sense rather than to transpose it into perfect English.

By Albert J. Ruth.

EXCERPTS FROM A HOUSEKEEPING BOOK OF THE
 JANSON FAMILY IN GERMANY
 THROUGH THE COURTESY OF FRAU BITTEL JANSON

The writer of the book states that she received quite a bit of the data by word of mouth, when she was a young girl, from an old trusted housemaid. Her name was not mentioned. Additional information was added to it through the co-operation and help of the members of the Janson Family. I have copied only the information that pertains to my ancestors and kin on my side of the family and of those who are included in the register of the Harxheim Congregation records in Harxheim. Emendations and supplants that I have added are given in parenthesis.

My great grandfather, Gerhard Janson, was born in Kriegsheim on February 26, 1702 and his father was

Johannes Janson, middle class citizen of Kriegsheim. The family name of Gerhard Janson's mother, is to my sorrow and regret, unknown.

Since Gerhard Janson was by trade, a linen weaver in Kriegsheim, I presume that his father, Johannes Janson, followed this same vocation.

Gerhard Janson married Dorothea Holl of Wolfsheim in 1739 and then went to Harxheim to make his home. Here he took a hereditary lease on half of an estate that belonged to a family in Coblenz by the name of Pluhe. This estate formerly belonged to the Baron of Geispitzheim.

Gerhard Janson married when he was 37 years old. His wife, Dorothea Holl, daughter of Gotthard Holl, middle class citizen of Wolfsheim, was 21 years old. The maiden name of the mother is unknown.

Their children were;

Anna Catharina; born on June 17, 1741. Married to Johann Jacob Ruth.

Veronica; born on November 29, 1743. She died on April 29, 1794. Lived 51 years and 7 months. (53 years according to the register of the Reformed Kirchenbuch of Sellerthals). Married to Johann Jacob Seitz.

Anna Maria; born on October 7, 1745. Married to a man by the name of Korbil. (Korbilin).

Anna; born on July 19, 1747. She died in Neuwied on June 15, 1836, attaining an age of 88 years 10 months and 26 days. (From an item by Fritz Berninger, Essen, Friedenreich)

Susanne; born 1749. Died 1751.

Johannes; born 1751. Died 1751.

Johannes; born 1752. Died 1753.

Abraham; born 11-19-1754. Died 3-15-1823.

The grandchildren of Gerhard Janson were;

Marie Ruth; later married Siegrist. (Sigrist).

Dorothea Ruth; later married Johann George Vogt.

Veronica Ruth; later married Johann Jakob Seitz.
Gerhard Ruth; later married Elizabeth Rupp.

It seems that at first, things did not go any too smoothly in Harxheim, with the newly married couple. Through their diligence, thrift and honest toil, the couple gradually built up their assets and resources and forged ahead in their enterprize. Of their eight children, only four daughters and the youngest son Abraham, lived to reach maturity.

Gerhard Janson died in 1760 in the middle of the seven years of war (1756-1763) when times were very hard and difficult and was survived by his widow and five children, of which the youngest son, our grand father, (Abraham Janson) was only seven years of age and the oldest daughter, Catharina was only twenty.

To this day, there is a footpath in the village, bounded on both sides by small decorated plots and it is called the "Plunder Path". The path is located on ground upon which an entire row of houses stood, they were set afire during the plundering period and being burned to the ground, they were never rebuilt. The small village was so forsaken by its inhabitants that wolves came down from the forest covered hills and through the briar covered fields that came up to the edge of the village, to hunt for food near the remaining houses.

There was a field camp set up on the plateau of the nearby Zellerbergs on the way to Florsheim where the inhabitants of Harxheim and of other surrounding villages took everything they could find or raise in the way of food. All of the people were impoverished and destitute.

I recall that I often heard our hired girl relate that her mother told her that as a child, (the hired girl's) she had to go for weeks without bread, until an invading soldier took pity on her and offered her some out of his provisions. (This story seems to be more rightfully connected with the 30 years war than

with the seven years of war. See also the charts and transcripts of the Harxheimer Business Paper for the year of 1759).

Even before the end of the war (seven years war) our great grandfather (Gerhard Janson) was taken out of this wretched world to be called to eternal rest and a reward of a better life, as written by his son (Abraham Janson) in his own handwriting. The text of the funeral service was Revelations 16 verse 28. He lived to be 58 years and nine months of age.

The widow now busied herself at her business with double diligence. She sold in small lots, anything that could be found in the farm household. She sold Cream, Cheese, Butter, fresh and dried fruit for one Kreuzer so diligently that the following byword came into being; "By Frau Janson one can buy anything for one Kreuzer". Even so, it must have been rather hard for her to get enough money together to meet all the expenses and keep from going bankrupt.

In the fall of each year, come rain or snow, she went to the market at Grunstadt with her two wheeled cart loaded down with fruit and barley and drawn by her only horse while she walked alongside with her fatherless children in hand. The money she received from the sale of the fruit and barley must not have been too significant, though it was silver, because she placed it into the trousers pocket of her little son. She feared being held up and robbed and in case it became a reality, she said, no one would think to look for any money on such a small child. Such was her reasoning with reference to the matter.

In the 1760's the daughter Catharina was married in Harxheim to a rugged but very industrious farmer from Oberflorsheim by the name of Johann Jakob Ruth. The widow was very fortunate through this marriage for she obtained an excellent and most qualified man to help her in her business. He moved into the home of his mother-in-law and made his home there to make it easier for him to help her run the business.

Johann Jakob Ruth, his wife, three daughters and one son, lived in the home of his mother-in-law for many years.

I believe that Johann Jakob Ruth did not buy his own home in Harxheim until some time after the death of his wife. In the year 1820 (1819) the house was purchased by his brother-in-law Abraham Janson, and he later gave it to his youngest daughter Christine (she later became Mrs. Leisy).

After the marriage of his three daughters, Johann Jakob Ruth gave his house and court yard to his son Gerhard, divided his land amongst his children, all of whom were living in Harxheim, kept a small amount of money for himself and returned to Oberflorsheim, the place of his birth.

In Oberflorsheim he was married a second time, to a woman by the name of Kraemer. Here again, through diligence and thrift, he accumulated a small fortune and left the greatest part of it to Jakob Ruth, his only son by the second marriage.

This Jakob Ruth was regarded as a very talented and highly esteemed gentleman that was respected by everybody. He lived to reach an age of approximately 85 years. This Jakob Ruth was married and his family consisted of three daughters. Since there was no son in the family to carry on the name, the name "Ruth" became extinct in Oberflorsheim.

Veronica, (she died 3-8-1818) the third child and daughter of Johann Jakob Ruth and Catharina Janson, was married in Harxheim about 1795. She married her Uncle Johann Jakob Seitz, a native of Ibersheim and widower of Veronica Janson. Veronica Janson was the daughter of Gerhard Janson and Dorothea Holl and was an Aunt and Godmother of Veronica Ruth.

Veronica Janson was much older than her husband, She became afflicted with a chronic disease and took her niece (Veronica Ruth) into her home to act as an attendant and nurse and when she became aware that the end was not too far off, she begged her faithful

and most attentive husband to marry her niece. This marriage became a reality about the year 1795. This was a fortunate marriage but it was a pity that the second Veronica died much too young for the numerous small children in her family (48 years old). Most of the children died young, only three, two daughters and one son, reached an advanced and matured age.

Maria, the oldest daughter of this marriage, was married in her father's mill which he inherited from his first wife, Veronica Janson. She married Daniel Rupp, miller, son of Daniel Rupp and Maria Ochsner, mill owners in Harxheim. Daniel Rupp was born in the year of 1800 and died on the twentieth of May, 1861. Maria became the mother of eight children, some have made their home in Germany while others went to live in various states of the United States of America. One daughter has already gone to her eternal reward.

The children were;

Heinrich Rupp; lived and married in Harxheim.

Jean Rupp; baker, went to America in the 1850's.

It is hoped that he will be successful.

Marie Rupp; married Jean Herr of Harxheim. Both died young and left three small children.

Jakob Rupp; owner of a brick kiln in the vicinity of Wachenheim. Married and had a family of one son and two daughters.

Lina Rupp; married Butzby, a mill owner and lived in the vicinity of Frankfurth.

Elizabeth Rupp; married a farmer by the name of Heinrich Ochsner of Harxheim.

Maria Rupp, Nee Seitz, the mother of these seven children, like her mother before her, was, through God's impenetrable counsel, called on to her eternal reward at an early age of approximately 38 years. It was exceptionally hard on the children for they were all of an age when a mother is so necessary to their welfare and well being.

The grandmother on the father's side took these motherless children into her home and care and since she was a competent and able woman, she was able to do much for the children's comfort and welfare.

Susanna Seitz, the only Aunt of the children, was living in Albisheim. She married Jean Leisy, whose father came to Albisheim from Friedelsheim, having a large family of her own to take care of she did not have the time to care for or to visit her nieces and nephews as much as she would have liked to.

Susanna Seitz was a beautiful blonde girl, lovely to look at and loved by all who came in contact with her and since she was rather delicate and frail from the standpoint of her health, the family treated her with special care and encompassed her with love and devotion. Whether or not her husband, who was more of a rugged nature, understood her disposition and nature and treated her as she was accustomed to, is questionable. She died in her forties from a chronic illness and left four children, three sons and one daughter. Of the four children, only the oldest son, Abraham Leisy, stayed in Albisheim. He took over the parental inheritance consisting of a beautiful and desirable small farm and established his home on it. The other two sons, Jakob and Heinrich, both went to America after their father refused to advance them the money to set them up in business. Heinrich Leisy came back to Albisheim after being in America for a time and made the acquaintance of a young maiden by the name of Lauer. He asked his father to sanction their betrothal and marriage and upon his refusal to give it, the young couple eloped and went to America and settled in Cleveland, Ohio where his brother was living. The couple arrived safely in Cleveland, Ohio and it is hoped that they will be most successful. The two brothers, Jakob and Heinrich, were indeed a very fortunate pair for they secured a position that gave them joint operation and management of a large mill in Cleveland, Ohio.

Marie, a daughter of the beautiful Susanna Seitz, had a disposition and nature precisely like that of her mother. Having lost her mother at such an early age, she naturally grieved for her, and this sorrow, together with her soft disposition made it hard for her to be happy and content with the rough handling she received from her father. Immediately after her mother was laid to rest, the father became more and more repulsive and peculiar. He seldom left his home except to go out on his farm to work and he avoided contacts and relations with all mankind.

Many just and upright young men who lived in the surrounding neighborhood would have liked to win the hand of Marie Leisy of Albisheim but the morose and sullen nature of the father was enough to discourage their efforts. Some time later, Marie thought of the idea of going to America to visit with her brothers and the more she thought of it, the more determined she became and decided to make the trip. The voyage across the ocean was not a serene and peaceful one. The ship finally arrived at Port of New York after a long and strenuous voyage through many severe storms and rough seas. Marie, seriously sick, found refuge in a German lodging house on the quay, where by mere chance, Dr. Krehbiel was the resident physician for all immigrants who came by ship to Port of New York from their old homes in Europe. He was called to see the sick among the newly arrived German immigrants. He made his diagnosis among the patients and noticed that nerve-fever was reaching the epidemic stage, so he jointly inquired who the sick people were and how destitute each one of them was. When he reached his home he told his wife about the conditions he found, who the people were and just how destitute each one of them was. When the Doctor mentioned Marie Leisy, his wife, Marie, a born Hiestand from Harxheim, said she knew the mother of Marie Leisy very well, having made her acquaintance as a young girl and loved her like one of her own relatives. She together with her

oldest daughter, asked the Doctor to take his wagon, go to the lodging house and bring the sick girl back home with him and she would personally care for her and nurse the girl back to health. The Doctor took his wagon and went to the lodging house to bring the girl back with him and when the forsaken girl heard who the person was that offered to take her into her own home and nurse her, she was overjoyed and happy. She accepted this high-spirited offer with profound gratitude and stayed in the Krehbiel home for three months, during which time she regained her health. In the intervening time Marie got in touch with her two brothers in Cleveland. One of the brothers went to New York City and personally offered his thanks to the Krehbiel family for taking care of Marie and then took her back to Cleveland, Ohio with him.

Marie married on a later date, I do not know whom she married because I do not hear any news about her from anyone. May the couple be fortunate and happy.

I now come to the youngest child of the Seitz's. Their only son, Heinrich Seitz, born in Harxheim in 1812, was a farmer and lived in one of his father's inherited houses (school house) located next to the mill that was occupied by his brother-in-law by the name of Rupp. When he was close to being forty years old, he married Caroline Biedert of Niederflorsheim, who, unfortunately, was sickly and after a number of years of married life, died childless. Shortly after this couple was married they established an inn from which they sold wine. A neighbor named Curschmann, a miller by trade, was a constant visitor at this inn from morning until night. His wife used to call him back to the mill at least six times a day. He always used sound judgement in taking care of the business at the mill but would finish it very quickly and go back to the inn. One day a most terrible catastrophe occurred in the Curschmann home. A murdered child was discovered and it was found that the Curschmann maid was both the mother and murderess. The court came to

hold the investigation and was questioning the maid in one of the rooms. Curschmann eavesdropped at the door of the room in which they were questioning the maid, listened for a time and then went into the bedroom where his youngest child, a girl of a few weeks was lying in the crib, looked at it for a long time and then quietly left the room. A short time later, a shot rang out through the house. They went to the room from which the sound came, through an adjoining room, and found the door bolted on the inside. Using force, they broke open the door and found Curschmann lying on the floor in a death struggle, in a pool of his own blood.

The grief and lamentation of Mrs. Curschmann, her four sons and those present was great. The housemaid was thrown into prison. A funeral was held for the burial of the body of the murdered child and that of the suicide and a short time after they were laid to rest, the tragic event seemed to have been forgotten in and around the mill. The widow operated the mill to the best of her ability and came into the village quite frequently, to get needed counsel and advice, her path always took her past the house of Heinrich Seitz, a widower of many years. He was of a timid or one might say, of a fainthearted nature and the rash suicide of Curschmann, whom he daily worked with at the mill, made a strong impression on him. At first, the thought of the tragic event was such that he was unable to overcome the fear of going past the mill. He overcame this fear and in the space of a year was the trusted husband of the widow Curschmann and made his home in the mill which he heretofore was afraid to pass. The widow's four sons and her new husband were inseparable. The new Mrs. Seitz was indeed very fortunate in having such an upright and stately man for a husband and to show her appreciation, always did everything she could to please him.

Source; Familiengeschichte Rupp, Harxheim.
Translated from the German as literally as possible.

This is a story about a voyage or pilgrimage made by a group of people who left Bavaria to come to the United States of America to seek a new home where it was possible for them to live a peaceful life and to enjoy freedom of worship according to the dictates of their conscience and belief.

The story begins at the time they left their old home in Eichstock, Bavaria and ends when they moved into their new home which was in the area where the City of Donnellson, Iowa now stands.

It was written in the german language and appeared in the January fourth, 1910 issue of the german language newspaper "Das Kansas Volksblatt" printed in Newton, Kansas, the editorial work being done by the Reverend Christian E. Krehbiel.

The english translation of the story was made by Albert John Ruth.

A STORY OF A VOYAGE

MADE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

WRITTEN BY

JACOB ERNST RUTH

For those who find that making a trip of one, or two days at the most, under the present day comforts and conveniences of travel becomes quite an ordeal, it should be very interesting to read about a trip made by a group of people, who in the year of 1852 travelled continuously for over eighty seven and one half days from the time they started at Eichstock, Bavaria until they arrived at their destination at West Point, Lee County, Iowa.

This group was composed of approximately seventy German Mennonites, coming from the various sections of Bavaria and Germany that had assembled themselves into one group and immigrated to North America where they made their new home and lived a life of peace and enjoyed the religious freedom granted to them by the United States of America.

This trip was begun by a small group at Eichstock in Upper Bavaria and kept increasing in size as they proceeded across Bavaria and Germany toward the City of Köln, the last of the group having joined them at Worms. The long strenuous and tiresome journey with all the hardships and tribulations, walking, riding, sailing and the many sad and sorrowful events which occurred, that would make a traveller of the present day give up and abandon the trip, was completed with the entire party happy and unruffled.

The writer wishes to thank the following persons who gave their help to make it possible to write the story of this most important and adventurous voyage. My cousin, Katherine Krehbiel of Summerfield, Ill., (widow of Jacob E. Krehbiel), my sister, Susanna A. Krehbiel, (widow of Christian Krehbiel) of Halstead, Kansas, Jacob Vogt of Moundridge, Kansas, J. W. Ruth and John Lehmann of Halstead, Kansas. Since most of these persons were all rather young at the time this most important and adventurous voyage was made, some very interesting anecdotes may have been overlooked,

or even forgotten, and should this have been written by some of the older members of this group, who have passed on to their eternal reward, they most likely would have told some additional stories. To the best of our knowledge, this story is sincere and true due to the fact that most of the persons mentioned above agree with one another as to the accuracy and truthfulness of the incidents mentioned in the story.

This group of voyagers was organized by my Uncle, Jacob Leisy, and no doubt, this entire trip was made under his direction and guidance, since he had quite a bit of travelling experience, having made the trip to America seven years earlier and lived there for a time. Returning to Bavaria and Germany he encouraged the others to immigrate to America. Having obtained a lot of knowledge through his previous travels, the entire group looked upon him as their leader and was contented to place their faith in his wisdom.

This group was composed of the following people; Jacob Leisy and his wife Marie, his brother John and sister Catherine, the family of David Ruth (11 persons), the family of Johannes Ruth (8 persons), the family of Johannes Lehmann (7 persons), Jacob Krehbiel the third's wife, mother and six sisters, the family of Jacob Schnebele (8 persons), the family of Erlacher Krehbiel (6 persons), the widow Haury and two children, the following single persons, Gerhard Dahlem, Marie Dahlem, John Fröh, Christian Springer, Jacob Vogt, Phillip Lehmann, Micheal Würtz, Jacob Hertzler and a number of other people making a total of seventy two souls.

The families of Ruth, Haury, "Erlacher" Krehbiel and Jacob Vogt came from Old Bavaria. In Mannheim we were joined by the family of Jacob Schnebele, Jacob Krehbiel the third, Uncle Jacob Leisy, his brother and sister and Johannes Fröh, and in Worms we added the Lehmann family. From what section the balance of the people came from or where they joined the group was not mentioned.

Since the writer of this story is a descendant of the David Ruth family and who as their three and one half year old son made the trip with the rest of the group, it is hoped that you will overlook this when you take into consideration the fact that the story begins on May 28, 1852, the day we left "Eichstock", the Ruth Homestead in Old Bavaria.

On this day we started the trip by wagon from the old Homestead, "Eichstock", to the City of Augsburg, a distance of about one hundred miles, from here to Bruchfall by train, then on to Heidelberg by coach. These coaches were all drawn by a double span which consists of two teams of two horses each, hitched so that one team is ahead of the other, making up what is called a coach and four. The driver of the coach in which our family rode was an inebriate and almost upset the coach during the trip.

Here my fourteen year old brother J. W. Ruth, had his first tragic never to be forgotten experience in travelling. I will repeat here word for word his experience as written by him in his own words. We were on our way from Bruchfall to Heidelberg, a trip that had to be made by coach. In getting the party seated it became evident that the double span coaches were all overloaded so that it was necessary to place one of the younger people in a single span coach along with two of the older people and alas, this lot fell to me. I cannot say whether or not Vogt and Dahlem, the two people I had to ride with, got the opinion that I understood more about the trip we were making than they did or if it happened by chance, anyway I was soon to be the recipient of a never to be forgotten experience in travelling. About three o'clock one morning the group arrived at an exchange station (I do not remember the name of the town) where Vogt and Dahlem got out of their coach and changed to one with a fresh span of horses being held in readiness, got into the coach and drove off, disappearing into the darkness, leaving me stranded in a strange town.

Here I was, all alone in a strange place at three in the morning considering what my next move should be, to get in contact with the rest of the group, who at this time were well on their way to the next station where they would again be supplied with fresh teams. It is not hard to picture in your mind the sort of a feeling and what thoughts would come to the mind of a fourteen year old boy, who instead of being safely in the care of his mother and father, along with his sisters and brothers, finds himself all alone in the middle of a street of a strange town at such an hour in the morning.

I went into the Office, or Post Office as we call it, and told the men that were there my story. They all gave me the same answer; "Then you will have to start out walking after them". Without much further thought or ado, I took off my shoes, threw them over my shoulder and started off on the road out of town. This was easy for a short time until I came to where the road forked and branched off in two directions, one toward the North and the other toward the West. Luckily for me, I knew the direction in which I had to go so I took the road leading to the West, later finding to my misfortune that I was always about one half hours traveling distance behind the Postman. To say that there were a lot of tears which ran down my reddened cheeks was putting it very lightly. Finally about eight o'clock that evening I came within sight of the next exchange station where I caught sight of my father standing in the doorway hopefully watching and waiting for me to arrive. It is not possible for me to say which of us was the most relieved and glad when we met after my long walk and his long watch of anxiety to make my appearance. We continued our trip in a coach which my father was holding in readiness, arriving at the railroad depot about four hours ride from Mannheim, in time to join and continue the trip with the rest of the group. It is readily understood that all members of the group were filled with great

joy and gladness to see the lost son safely returned to the fold.

Regarding brother John's trip, he covered between twenty four and twenty five American miles in seventeen hours.

In Mannheim we stopped for several days and were joined by other members of the group. From here we travelled on a steamboat up the Rhine to Worms where we added the last group and then continued on to the City of Köln. Here we stopped for a short time and took the opportunity to inspect the Köln Cathedral, its construction having been begun over four hundred years ago and still was not completed at this time.

From Köln we took the train to the City of Paris. Here we might add that prior to this trip very few of the younger people and not all of the older ones in the group had ever seen or ridden on a train, for there were only three railroads in Germany at that time. In Paris we stopped for one day, long enough for the writer's eleven year old sister Barbara and cousin Marie Dahlem, who was a little older, to lose themselves. They were found soon thereafter with the aid of the Paris Police. Here too, John Lehmann, now of Halstead, Kansas, together with a younger brother that had been placed in his custody, went to see the sights of Paris and there being so many interesting things to see they forgot all about the time set for them to return to the rest of the group, with a net result that they were thought lost and a search was instigated to locate them. They were located shortly there-after. The final result was rather painful for John for his stern father made it perceptibly understood that he and the younger brother in his charge, should stay closer to the rest of the group.

From Paris we took a train to Le Harve, a trip we completed without an accident or delay, where we had hoped to embark on a sailing vessel for New York. We were delayed at Le Harve for several days before we embarked on an English sailing vessel, a three mast-

er of a little over 1500 tons named "Samuel M. Fox". This ship had a total of thirty two sails. Compare this ship with one of the modern passenger steamers, 15 to 20 thousand tons capacity, 700 to 890 feet in length, 90 or more feet wide, with engines of 30,000 horse power or with the contemplated Liner "Olympic" of the White Star Line which will be able to cross the Atlantic Ocean from Liverpool to New York in the remarkable fast time of a little over four days.

The total number of persons on board this ship, including the crew, to whom this group of voyagers owes many thanks, was given as from 500 to 900, presumably about 700 would have been more correct, but even if the count was only 500 the ship seemed to be heavily overloaded.

Just after the trip was started we made very good time but soon there-after we ran into such unfavorable weather that we made very little headway. Soon there-after, mutiny broke out among the sailors and had their plans been successful it would have been a terrible catastrophe, since the mutineers threatened to set the ship afire and escape in the small boats. Luckily however, the greatest number of the sailors remained faithful to the Captain so with the help of some of the passengers the mutineers were caught and placed in irons for the rest of the trip and turned over to the magistrates upon arrival in New York.

At this time it was customary for the voyagers to carry their own food supply, provisions were made on board ship for preparing it. Our group was fortunate enough to be well supplied with food and to have the means on board this ship to prepare it. There were a total of four kitchens on this ship. One for the use of the crew, one for the use of the cabin passengers and two for the use of the passengers between decks, one being for the use by the men and the other for the women. These kitchens were twelve feet long with an oven on each side extending the entire length of the kitchen. It is easy to see that the kitchens for

the passengers between decks were much too small and meager and in case you were the first one to arrive, it was your responsibility to kindle the fire in the side you chose, then stand watch over it to keep the inconsiderate ones from crowding you out. Many times during the trip a kettle full of potatoes or some of the other vegetables were thrown out of the kitchen door by the inconsiderate passengers who showed very little tolerance and were of the opinion that might makes right, with the result that the stronger overcame the weaker and it was the latter's pot of food that was thrown out of the kitchen door.

From the standpoint of maintaining a standard for health measures, "Cleanliness" was the watchword, so when subsequently one of the straw mattresses of one of the younger men of our group was thrown overboard into the ocean the old familiar adage of, "The loser must pay the consequence", proved itself to be true in this particular case.

We encountered rather stormy weather at the start of our trip and many became sea sick, but soon there after it became calm and the sick recovered quickly.

Under the expert guidance of our goodhearted English Captain, five or six of the older youngsters in our group were allowed to help raise and lower the small sails on the ship. This task was an agreeable one since it helped to pass away the time and gave these youngsters something to do to shorten the many long and weary hours of the day during this voyage.

Due to the severe weather encountered on the trip the ship was driven so far north off of its regular route that whales were often seen, this was amusing and also helped to pass away the time, for everybody was on the lookout to see who would be the first to spy one of them in the distance.

The writer being only three and one half years of age at the time this voyage was made, remembers only one event that occurred on the trip across the ocean and probably would not have remembered it if it had

not been that my father supplied the information in detail. In an effort to see the wonders of the ocean from a more advantageous position the writer and his five year old brother climbed upon the balustrade of the ship, which of course was against their fathers advice, since we could have easily fallen overboard. This particular event probably would not have been retained in my memory, had it not been that a stern father, together with an older brother, brought this "Seance" to an abrupt finish with a box on the ear with the net result that my brother fell off of the balustrade on to the deck, rolling into and down the nearest stairway to the next lower deck. This sudden turn of events drew the attention of my father away from me and making good use of this opportunity, got out of that spot as quickly as possible.

There were twelve deaths which occurred during the ocean voyage, one of these was the twenty nine year old sister of Uncle Leisy who died of Typhoid Fever, she like the others was buried in the deep waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

There were three children born on the voyage, two girls and one boy, the latter if still alive carries the name of the ship, namely "Samuel Fox".

Toward the end of the sea voyage water and food became scarce making it necessary to ration food and water and the passengers had to wash with salt water taken from the Atlantic Ocean.

Finally on the third of August, after a voyage of fifty two days on the ocean we heard the welcome cry of "Land, Land". What a rejoicing and pleasure when we finally seen the end of the crowded and distressing life between the decks of the ship.

When we arrived in the City of New York we had to wait for a time until we could be released before we could go to a Hotel or Boarding House, there were no provisions made for immigrants like there are in the present day, and "Castle Gardens" was still unknown.

We spent the Sunday in the City of New York where

the American Tract Society seen to it that our group was supplied with an escort to lead and direct them to a church. In the evening on the way to church the people on the other side of the street threw stones at us. "Green Germans" they called us, we who, while living on the other side of the ocean were taunted, despised and severely mistreated whenever possible, because we would not conform to their religion.

It was during our stay in New York City that the writer's twelve year old sister Susan, now the widow of Christian Krehbiel, was almost kidnapped but for the watchful eyes of the German Inn Keeper that prevented it. While some girls that were about the same age were playing in front of the Inn a spinster came along and spoke to the girls in German, promising to buy them some nice hats if they would go along with her. No doubt the preference for a beautiful hat had already been implanted in the minds of these German girls who knew of nothing more than a scarf to cover their heads. It is therefore easy to understand why this allurement was such a great temptation to these girls. In spite of everything the lavish promises of the spinster tempted these girls and taking Susan by the hand and leading her the entire group started on down the street. Shortly thereafter the girls became frightened or mistrustful of the spinster's promises and turned to go back to the Inn, Susan however, was prevented from doing so because the spinster took a tighter grip of her hand and began to pull her along against her will while being induced with all sorts of humbug. The other girls, having returned to the Inn and relating what had taken place, alerted the Inn Keeper who rushed to the door, took a quick look down the street and spied the spinster pulling Susan along with her. He started down the street to overtake them and as she was about to turn the corner to go down a side street he gave a shrill whistle which attracted their attention, turning to look they seen the Inn Keeper rushing toward them making gestures

for them to return. The spinster however, continued on her way pulling Susan along until the Inn Keeper caught up with them, then she let go of Susan's hand and disappeared down the street and he brought Susan back to the Inn. On their return he spoke to her of the dangers involved in making up with strangers and gave her to understand never to let herself be taken in by any strangers again.

After a five day delay in the City of New York we continued by steamboat up the Hudson River to Albany the capitol City of New York State. From Albany we went by train to Buffalo, a trip that was completed without an accident or delay. Here we stopped for a time and had a chance to make a side trip to see the wonders of Niagara Falls which was taken by quite a number of our group. Here we were soon to learn that Cholera was prevalent so in order to prevent any unnecessary exposure to this dreadful disease we made plans to continue our trip as soon as possible. The trip was delayed no longer than the time necessary to get our possessions out of the railroad station, take them over to the dock and load them on the Lake Steamer bound for Toledo. Here we might add that the railroad station as it was in those days should not be compared with those of the present day, for they were simply an open yard without any shelter or safe guard from inclement weather, one simply had to make the best of the situation and try and make ones self as comfortable as possible under those conditions.

About four o'clock that afternoon, Father Lehmann who suddenly became very ill was brought aboard the Lake Steamer which was to leave Buffalo on that same evening, it soon became evident that he had Cholera and in less than ten hours met his death. That same night his body was placed in a rough board casket, the steamer stopping long enough for a number of the group to inter his remains along the shore of Lake Erie after which the group got back on board and the steamer continued on its journey. It was but a short

time later that the writer's eight year old brother had an attack of this same dreadful disease but was fortunate to have made a quick recovery. The Steamer stopped at Cleveland for a short time and then left for Toledo where we disembarked and took a train to Chicago. This train we took was the only railroad to Chicago at that time and if I am correct it was the "Lake Shore Railroad".

Here we might add that there were two different and conflicting stories with reference to the trip, some say that the group disembarked at Detroit while others say Toledo. Since Detroit is much farther to the North and not in as direct a line to Chicago as Toledo, the writer has taken Toledo as the point of disembarkation.

Insertion; With reference to the two conflicting stories on the point of disembarkation, the compiler has added this insertion for the purpose of making a clarification and to show proof that both of these stories are correct and true. First we wish to call to your attention a fact we found in checking of the "Ruth" lineage, that our forebears almost always had given their offspring identical names, you will find a David, John, Barbara and Katherine in most any of the generations you check, even so that you find the first cousins with the same given names. Such being the case, should a group of two or more people meet and discuss an incident which involved a David Ruth without first mentioning his lineage, as David Ruth, son of David Ruth and Katherine Ruth, Nee Strohm or David Ruth, son of Jacob Ruth and Barbara Ruth, Nee Strohm, one party may be talking about one David and the other about another. The compiler found this was the case when collecting information for the history section of the genealogy. When making inquiry about the family, people would mention incidents concerning a David Ruth and when questioned about which one of the David Ruths, they were not always sure of the proper connection until their lineage was explained.

So we have here two different stories and each is connected with a different group, both can be proven to be true when applied to the proper family group.

The first group, the story of which is herewith given disembarked at Toledo, the writer, Jacob Ernst Ruth having made the correct deduction by applying a principle of navigation and through the use of a few of the available facts he knew.

Further proof of the veracity of the story can be found in two separate family histories. One of the "Ruth" family that was written by David Ruth and his wife Katherine, Nee Strohm, the other written about a branch of the "Krehbiel" family by Marie Krehbiel, widow of Johannes Krehbiel of Weierhof, a member of this first group. This first history about the Ruth family states that the group went by steamboat from Buffalo to Toledo and the second by Marie Krehbiel states specifically that the group crossed Lake Erie from Buffalo to Toledo by boat and then went on to Chicago by train. Thus we find that these two family histories corroborate the story as written by Jacob Ernst Ruth and assures us that this first group did disembark at Toledo, Ohio.

The second group left Eichstock, Bavaria a little less than five weeks after the first group, sailed on the Ship Saint Nicholas and arrived at New York City on the twenty seventh of August, 1852, containing the following people of the Ruth lineage; John Kraemer with his wife, Barbara, and her children and the Johann Weber family.

Here, to prevent any misunderstanding, we find it necessary to clarify and establish the relationship of the Ruth family and John Kraemer.

Jacob Ruth, an uncle of the party that wrote this story, married Barbara Strohm. This union was blessed with eight children that were born at Haareszell, Bavaria, two of which died in their infancy. Jacob Ruth passed away on the ninth of January, 1848, survived by his widow, Barbara, and their six children.

She remained a widow for four and one half years and then married John Kraemer shortly before she came to America with him and her six children. The family of Johann Weber is related through his wife, Marie, she was a sister of Jacob Ruth.

This is only an apercu of the relationships that John Kraemer has with the Ruth family. The complete narrative is given in one of the history sections of this genealogy.

We find in the family history, "Remembrances from 1807, by Barbara Strohm", (the same Barbara that is mentioned above, the widow of Jacob Ruth) that this group went from New York City to Detroit where they visited with relatives of John Kraemer, then went to Milwaukee where they visited with Abraham Leisy and family. Then from Milwaukee they went to Saint Louis where they spent four days visiting with friends and then went by steamboat to Keokuk, Iowa, from here by team to West Point, arriving there on the twentieth of September, 1852. Here they joined the first group that arrived there almost four weeks earlier, on the twenty third of August.

This history written by Barbara Strohm, describes in fair detail the route taken by this second group and gives us the necessary proof that both of these stories are true, they only seemed to be conflicting because of the fact that they were not considered as two separate stories and related to two distinct and separate groups of people. Now back to the story.

The distance between Toledo and Chicago is about two hundred and fifty miles, which at this time can be covered in six hours or less by the same railroad but it took us over two days to make the same trip, being sidetracked to give the right of way to all of the freight trains, freight being considered of much more importance than passengers at that time. At one time the train stood on the main track from morning until evening and another time it stood on the side-track all night. Since we had not expected to be on

the road this long, we did not have enough food and ran short of rations, so the younger men went out to search the immediate area to see if they could find some provisions while the train was standing on the sidetrack. Micheal Würtz and Jacob Hertzler returned from their expedition with one of them carrying some buttermilk and the other some pancakes. It is surely needless to say that none of us burned our mouths or tongues on the pancakes, farm homes were few and far between on the prairies of Northern Indiana at that time. Some of the young men had to go several miles to find a farm house where they could ask for food.

The train finally arrived at the City of Chicago and the entire group with sack and pack, chests and trunks was placed on the prairies of Illinois, since here, as in Buffalo, there was no railroad station. Chicago at this time was a City of from fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants so it was not very easy to find accomodations for the entire group, who here as in other places were called "Green Dutchmen" and mistreated whenever possible. During our short stay in Chicago the women folks in the group went to the shores of Lake Michigan where they did the necessary washing of clothes after which time the entire group sailed down the Illinois River on a Canal Boat drawn by two horses, there being no railroads to the west of Chicago at that time. To those who have seen such a canal boat, whether it was drawn by horses, mules, or even men, it will be easy to foresee that such a trip does not proceed with such racing speed that it splashes water and sprays foam over the deck of the boat. It was our lot to find out the same thing. The boat would often settle in the slime and sandbars of the river bed and the younger men had to get out in the slime and sand and help to push the boat free so the trip could be continued. It is easily understood that we had no trouble with hot boxes on this trip. When a person takes a trip on one of the fast trans-continental trains of the present day and rides on a

parallel line along the side of this canal, going at a speed of sixty miles an hour or more, and compares the snails pace of these canal boats which are still operating in competition with the railroads, because of their cheaper freight rates, it is very easy for anyone to make a comparison of the trip made at this time, with what it was when we made it in 1852.

As the boat continued on down the Illinois River, five of the younger men who got off and walked along the banks of the canal because the boat was going so slowly, were almost left behind. This would have become a reality if it had not been that the writer's father, who offered one of the colored attendants on the boat a quarter, which arousing his pity for the youngsters, went out in a skiff, picked them up and brought them back to the boat. We were now nearing Peoria and the water now was deep enough so that it was no longer necessary to push the boat. Since the weather was warm and the water not too deep, several of the youngsters undertook it upon themselves to go and wade in the water as long as the boat travelled so slowly, suddenly the water became deeper and two of the youngsters found it impossible to continue so they had to call for help since they could not swim. The crew on the boat just laughed and made no effort to help them and both probably would have drowned if it had not been that Christian Springer who was able to swim, went to their aid and returned them safely to the boat.

It was the original plan of the group to continue on to Saint Louis, but in Peoria they learned that Cholera was prevalent in that area, so they stopped off at Peoria and made a change in their plans.

In Peoria, the widow of Johannes Lehmann withdrew from the group, took her children and her belongings and went to Fort Madison, Iowa in a special coach. They were on the road for three days and on the way, her youngest child, a boy of two years took sick and died in her arms and since they did not pass a farm

house for over seventeen miles she held him so until they came to the next farm house where they stopped off for the night. The next morning they placed the body in a casket made out of rough boards nailed together and buried it by the roadside, under a large shade tree about two hundred paces from the house, then continued the trip to Fort Madison, Iowa. What such a trip meant to the mother, a widow, losing her youngest child on the way and finding it necessary to bury it in a strange place along the road is hard to picture in ones mind unless one had to go through the same experience. This widow Lehmann was the wife of Johannes Lehmann that died of Cholera on the trip from Buffalo to Toledo.

The rest of the group travelled by stage coach to Burlington, Iowa where they were delayed for a short time. Here also, as was the case in other places we stopped, we were shamefully mistreated. In one such instance we were all gathered together in the hotel dining room to eat our dinner, the regular boarders came in and drove the entire group out of the dining room and made us wait until they were all finished. The trip was not a complete misfortune however, for we had several pleasant incidents, one of these was where a good hearted german played the part of the good samaritan. The seventy one year old grandfather of the writer, being ill most of the time during the trip was sitting in a chair outside of the inn, when an alert german approached him and said, "This man is sick and should be in bed and if there is none to be made available, he is welcome to mine", then seen to it that grandfather obtained the much needed bed.

Here at Burlington, Iowa the group broke up with the families of David and John Ruth going on to West Point, Iowa by team and wagon, arriving there on the twenty third of August, 1852, staying there until in January, 1853 when the family moved to the farm that father bought, located on the spot where Donnellson, Iowa now stands. The family of John Ruth found their

new home in the same area and moved there in January of 1853. Both families were now located in their new homes, having spent seven and one half months on the trip from the time they started in Bavaria until the time they moved on their farms in Iowa.

The writer's grandfather and two year old sister both died at West Point, their death being hastened by the hardships encountered on the voyage of over three months duration.

Since this group broke up at Burlington, Iowa it is impossible for the writer to continue this story and include all of those who are mentioned from the start and that the purpose of this story, as we have mentioned at the beginning, was to serve as a means of acquainting the present day generations with some knowledge of what our forebears had to go through in making this trip to America and establish themselves in their new homes in a new country.

This story will certainly be most interesting to the descendants of the group that made the trip and also to those that made the trip. We beg the latter to use a little discretion and make allowances if a related incident does not ring quite true or that it may have been considered from another angle or if it should appear that anyone was overlooked or slighted in the compiling or editing of the entire story.

This story is to the best of my knowledge and belief, a true depiction and related as I recall the incidents through association on the trip and having my mind refreshed by the older members of the group who have often recalled and retold these incidents and can vouch for their veracity.

Jacob Ernst Ruth.

Appendix; With further reference to the movements of this group, we would like to elaborate upon their travels in connection with how long the group stayed intact and how and when they began to separate, each

particular group going to their destination in somewhat of a different way or manner.

From all the data we have been able to locate the group reached their maximum number when they stopped at Worms. From this point on they remained intact as a group, with the exception of the two they lost in death, until they arrived at Peoria. Here the group began to break up into smaller detachments, each of them going on their separate ways. The widow Lehmann with her children, went to Fort Madison, Iowa by way of a special coach. The families of David and John Ruth, along with some others of the original group, went on to Burlington, Iowa by stage coach. Here we have evidence that this group broke up in Burlington but since we find no roster of names or the total in the group, we are at a loss to give further details. We do have evidence that the two Ruth families went from Burlington to West Point.

Another group for which we have some evidence is the one that included Marie Krehbiel and her family. No doubt the families of Erlacher Krehbiel and Jacob Schnebele were included in this last group because they were related and they settled in the same area on the Franklin Prairie near West Point, Iowa.

From the evidence at hand we find that this last group sailed by boat down the Illinois River to its confluence with the Mississippi River and then on up this river to Keokuk, Iowa, then overland for about twenty five miles to their destination, it being on the Franklin Prairie, not far from West Point, Iowa.

They arrived at their destination on the twenty second day of August, 1852, one day earlier than the families of David and John Ruth who arrived on the twenty third.

From this point on the families and their travels can be traced through their separate histories and genealogies.

Inserts and appendix were edited by the compiler,
1-5-1957. Albert J. Ruth.

A SUPPLEMENT TO
REMEMBRANCES FROM 1807, BY BARBARA STROHM
AND
RUTH FAMILY HISTORY, BY DAVID RUTH

The Ruth family migrated into the Palatinate area from Switzerland. We have not been able to find the exact date, but it was some time during the years of 1671 to 1709 when the Church and State renewed their persecution of everyone who did not conform to their way of thinking or worshipping God.

Through the courtesy and generosity of the Janson family of Germany we received some excerpts from the "House book of the Janson family" in connection with the history of our family from which we were able to get the genealogy records for both of the parents of our ancestors Gerhard Ruth and Elizabeth Rupp. Since the detailed information is fully covered in another part of the genealogy, it is not repeated here.

The first Ruth ancestor we found a record of was Johann Jacob Ruth, born in Oberfloersheim about the year of 1740 or a few years earlier. He probably was the second ancestor to be born in the Palatinate. He was married about the year of 1767 to Anna Catharina Janson, born in Harxheim on the Pfrimm on the seventeenth of June, 1741, the daughter of Gerhard Janson and Dorothea Holl.

Gerhard, their fourth child, was born in Harxheim on the Pfrimm. Here he spent his youthful days, grew to manhood and married Elizabeth Rupp in the year of 1798. Eight children were born to this union, one of whom passed away at the age of six years. The others grew to adulthood, married and raised a family.

Gerhard and his family lived in Harxheim until in December of the year of 1819 when the family decided to migrate to Upper Bavaria.

THE MIGRATION TO UPPER BAVARIA

In December of the year of 1819 Gerhard Ruth, together with his wife and children, migrated from the city of Harxheim on the Pfrimm in the Palatinate, to Upper Bavaria onto a farm called "Eichstock" located in the District of Dachau about twenty four miles to the northwest of the city of Munich. It consisted of 140 (german) acres of meadow and timber-land, equal to about 346 American acres depending upon how close the german acre compared to the French hectare which was generally considered the standard at that time.

Among those who accompanied Gerhard Ruth to Upper Bavaria to make their new home were two of his three sisters; Marie, who was married to Johannes Siegrist and Dorothea, who was married to Johann George Vogt. We were unable to locate any of the descendants of the Siegrist family but were more fortunate with the Vogt family, the data is given in the early ancestor section of the genealogy.

Shortly before his death, Gerhard deeded the farm or homestead in equal parts to his two younger sons, Johannes and David.

In the year of 1839, David Ruth tore down the old house because it was in poor condition and built an imposing two and one half story edifice of stone and brick made on the farm. The family history tells us that they made the brick in their own kiln and while there was no mention made of the stone being bought, they most likely cut it too. A stone tablet bearing the date of erection and the designation that David and Katherine Ruth had built it, was placed over the court doorway. The latest report received about this house included a statement that the tablet was still in it's place over the doorway. In those days it was common practice for each house to have a stone fireplace that served as a source of heat as well as the means for cooking. In later years, the fireplace was replaced by cooking and heating stoves.

A VISIT TO THE OLD HOMESTEAD

In the year of 1914 Jacob Ernest Ruth, son of the builder, together with his wife Augusta, visited the Eichstock homestead and found it to be so much of a showplace that colored picture postcards of it were on sale, a number of which are in the hands of some of the descendants and a reproduction of the same is included in the history section of the genealogy.

The postcard along with J. E. Ruth's description, show "Eichstock" as an elaborate arrangement of many buildings forming a hollow square with the residence at it's front. Across a covered driveway and extending back on a right angle from the right side of the house is a building consisting of two stories and an attic, almost as high as the house and three or four times as long. In back of this and at a right angle, is a still larger building. These two buildings were used to house the granary, hay lofts, distillery and servants quarters. The distillery was used mainly to make alcohol from the blighted potatoes and spoiling grain that otherwise would have been a total loss to them. It is not to be construed that it was used for the purpose of making whiskey or liqueurs.

Adjoining the one end of this second large building, was a somewhat smaller one, followed by several others that were used for the purpose of storing the vehicles, tools and other household appliances and a section for keeping chickens and hogs. Next to this, is a stone fence, six or more feet high, separating the two estates. Adjoining David's home was the home of his brother John, whose buildings are arranged in the same way but in reverse order. Together they are in the form of a large hollow court or square.

In the year of 1927, Glenn Lehmann, a great grand son of David Ruth, visited the old homestead on his return from the Philippine Islands where he had been teaching for two years and then made a complete trip around the world. The Scheibs, owners of the home at

that time, gave him a hearty welcome. The house was now eighty six years old and in excellent condition.

Several years after the Second World War, Gladys Dreese, a great granddaughter of David Ruth, visited the old homestead and at that time it was more than one hundred years old and appeared to be in somewhat of a rundown condition due to negligence and lack of the proper maintenance. The war left the country and the people in poor financial straits, making it very difficult for them to maintain their homes properly. The son of the Scheib family whom Glenn met in 1927, was still living in the old home, sharing a part of it with another family.

David and John Ruth, joint owners of "Eichstock", sold it to Daniel Springer of Allersbach. According to a story that has been handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth, there was one other party who purchased "Eichstock" from Daniel Springer and the Scheib family purchased it from this second owner.

A PERIOD OF PEACE AND CONTENTMENT

At Eichstock and the surrounding area, the family enjoyed a life of peace and contentment for a period of twenty eight years. No one interfered with their way of life and there was adequate room for families to expand and children reaching marriageable age had little or no trouble finding a home.

The sun never shone on a more beautiful spot than this rolling country with fields of waving grain and forests of pine whose pleasing aroma wafts by as you drive through them. Small wonder that you find pines and cedars on the yard and lands of these people who migrated to this country from Upper Bavaria.

The people utilize and cultivate every bit of the soil so that every small farm takes on the aspect of a well kept garden plot. Colorful flower boxes seem to be an essential part of most houses and add charm