

A
CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL
OF
CHRISTIAN AND ANNA MARIA WOLFF,
MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH,
1863:

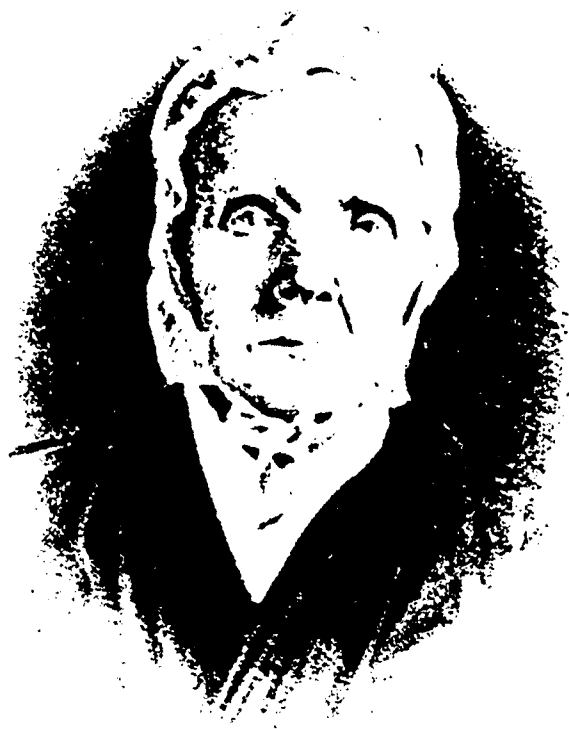
With brief Records of their Children and Relatives.

“Howe’er it be, it seems to me,
’Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets.
And simple faith than Norman blood.”
Tennyson.

PHILADELPHIA:
1863.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year of our Lord, 1863,
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To Barnard Wolff,
OF
CHAMBERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA,
THE OLDEST LIVING REPRESENTATIVE OF THE WOLFF FAMILY
IN AMERICA,
These reminiscences of his parents and ancestors,
ARE
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE first suggestion of a Memorial, commemorative of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of our grandparents, contemplated nothing more than a brief biographical notice, condensed within the limits of a small pamphlet. Insensibly, however, the work grew to its present size. New material was developed in the progress of research. Much time and labour have been spent in consulting old records, deeds, historical works of local interest, and files of newspapers published between the years 1750 and 1800.

This compilation was not commenced a day too soon. Had it been undertaken a score of years ago, and information carefully collected while the principal actors were yet alive, much interesting detail, now irrecoverably lost, might have been preserved. When the *second centenary* is celebrated, a hundred years hence, the value of these genealogies will be fully appreciated. As it formed no part of the original plan of this Memorial to include the genealogy of the Wolff family, these records are not offered as complete, but merely as contributions towards any work of that kind which may be undertaken hereafter. At the same time, by a comparison of family bibles and records, every pains has been taken to render the statistics as full and accurate as possible.

To obtain access to the ancestral records of our venerated German forefathers, I applied to my kind friend, Hon. Wm. W. Murphy, United States Consul General, at Frankfort on the Maine, within whose consulate lies the ancient community of Hochstadt. With his characteristic promptness,

he immediately dispatched his secretary, Mr. A. Gläser, to that place, where he spent some days in examining the parish and civil registers; of which he sent me a certified copy, embracing the genealogy of the Wolff family in Ober and Nieder Hochstadt. He obtained, also, verbal information from the oldest members of the family still living there.

To BARNARD WOLFF, Esq., of Chambersburg, I am chiefly indebted for the material upon which this volume is based, and also for his cheerful encouragement as the work went on. So, also, to REV. BERNARD C. WOLFF, D. D., of Mercersburg, in whose possession are many of the original family documents in German, translations of which he kindly placed at my disposal, together with copious notes from his own recollection. Where so many friends and relatives have lent me a helping hand, I should be glad, did space permit, to acknowledge the kind assistance of each individual.

The photograph of grandfather Wolff, which, with that of grandmother, form the frontispiece of this volume, is copied from a portrait now in the possession of B. Wolff, of Chambersburg, which was painted by Mr. Eicholz of Lancaster, when grandfather was about fifty years of age. It was esteemed a good likeness. Grandmother's photograph is copied from a small daguerreotype taken under most disadvantageous circumstances, when she was about ninety years of age. Having to sit unsuccessfully a great number of times, she became thoroughly wearied before the present copy was obtained.

The genealogical records are partially interleaved with blank pages, upon which may be continued in manuscript, the records and history of each family.

GEORGE WOLFF FAHNESTOCK.

PHILADELPHIA,

MARCH 25TH, 1863.

MEMORIAL.

JOHN GEORGE WOLFF,

THE first of the family of whom we have any account, according to the record in his family Bible, bought in Landau in 1718, and now in the possession of his great, great, great grandson, Rev. George Dering Wolff, of Norristown, Pa., was born in Oberhochstadt, in the Palatinate, on the tenth day of August, 1676, and was married on St. John's day, 1695.

Hochstadt, or "High Town," is one of those quiet, dreamy old villages of Germany, belonging to a type not represented in America. It lies within a fertile and admirably cultivated district, near the ancient town of Landau, and not far from the famous city of Spires, or Speyer, long renowned as the residence of the German emperors, and venerable with most interesting historical associations. *Ober*, or *Upper* Hochstadt, and *Nieder*, or *Lower* Hochstadt, although embraced within the limits of one parish, are two separate

villages, small and unimportant, and "within four or five minutes walk," or less than half a mile of each other. They lie a few miles from the Rhine, some distance above its mountain scenery, and not far from the frontiers of France. Embosomed in orchards, and surrounded by wide tracts of farm land, without an enclosure or fence for miles, the scenery in the neighborhood of Hochstadt is of a finished and most pleasing character.

How many generations of our forefathers were born, and spent their lives in Hochstadt, cannot now be ascertained. Whilst a commendable curiosity might be gratified in tracing back a long ancestral line, be it sufficient for their descendants to know that so far as the record extends, no blot mars the fair page of their humble history.

The oldest parochial register deposited in the archives of the community of Oberhochstadt, extends back no further than the year 1707. All records prior to that time are missing. Our only sources of information, then, for our earlier progenitors, are a few official documents, and the great old German Bible of John George Wolff. Reasoning from analogy, we know that he must have been a good man. Money in those days was a great deal harder to obtain than now—and money in Germany is always slowly earned by the poorer people, or small farmers, when compared with the same classes in America. Bibles, too, were much dearer, and consequently more highly prized than now; and we may safely infer that John George, in purchasing this cherished volume, which may have cost him no little self-denial, was actuated by a deep and holy love for the Word of God.

The early records of the parish of Oberhochstadt were

not kept with much regularity, as is apparent from many omissions.* No entry was made of the death of John George Wolff. Although the civil and ecclesiastical archives of Hochstadt contain the record of births in the Wolff family in the year 1709, and following years, no mention is made of the birth of George Michael, son of John George Wolff. The probability is that he was born in the year 1696 or 1697. He first appears on the parish register of Oberhochstadt as a widower, and in the marriage book we find the entry as follows:—

“L. s. 1730. June the sixth, George Michael Wolff, widower, and Juliana Maria Engelhart, native of Kinssbach:” (or Königsbach.)

The next entry concerning him, reads thus:—

“L. s. 1732. January first was born, and on the sixth of the same month was baptized, Johann Bernhard, son of George Michael Wolff, and Juliana his wife.

The names of the godfather and godmother were Johann Bernhard Meyer, and Anna Barbara Licht, both unmarried.”

The name of Conrad Wolff, as a son of George Michael, does not occur in the chronicles of Oberhochstadt, and we confess to a perplexity in determining his true relationship. He may have been the son of George Michael by his first marriage. George Michael may have married his first wife at some other place than Hochstadt. In the subjoined cer-

* For further information respecting these earlier records of the Wolff family at Ober and Niederhochstadt, see Appendix, note A, at the end of this “Memorial.”

tificate of Pastor Kessler, Conrad is *distinctly associated* with John Barnardt as a son of George Michael Wolff. The records of the year 1735 in Niederhochstadt, chronicle the birth of Conrad Wolff, without giving month, or day, merely adding the names of his parents, Johannes Wolff, and Elizabetha his wife. If this be the Conrad in question, by reason of any error or misapprehension of Pastor Kessler, the boy would be but four years old at the period of his emigration to America. Tradition affirms that Conrad was the uncle of John Barnhardt, yet from the same source we learn that Juliana was childless, which is proven to be an error.

As the whole matter is involved in doubt, the historian can do nothing more than present the facts, so far as ascertained, without further comments. The certificate of Mr. Kessler, being a document of an official character, given under seal, we can only assume that Conrad *was the son of George Michael*, until we are enabled to establish proof to the contrary.

GEORGE MICHAEL WOLFF.

According to a certificate of character given by the Rev. J. G. Kessler, removed, with his wife Juliana, and his two sons, John Barnardt, and Conrad, to Pennsylvania. The original certificate, of which the following is a translation, is in the possession of Rev. Dr. Bernard C. Wolff, of Mercersburg, Pa. :—

“George Michael Wolff, heretofore a citizen of Chur-
“pfalz, together with his two sons, Conrad, and John Barn-

“hardt, confess the German Reformed doctrine, and pro-
“poses with them, and his wife Juliana, (belonging to the
“Evangelical Lutheran Church,) to remove to Pennsylvania.
“To their life and conversation there is nothing to object,
“and I accordingly commend them to God, and the Spirit
“of his Grace.

“Given at Nieder Hochstadt, May 21st, 1739.

[SEAL.]

“J. G. KESSLER,

“Minister of the Reformed Church at Nieder Hochstadt.”

Tradition assigns as one reason for their leaving Germany, the religious intolerance manifested towards those who professed the Reformed doctrines.

As it is reasonable to infer that Pastor Kessler's certificate was given upon the eve of their departure from Germany, the probability is that George Michael Wolff, with his family, reached our shores sometime in the summer or autumn of 1739.

They landed at New Castle, in Delaware, then under the control of the Colonial Government of Pennsylvania. Here they were informed that by going into the interior of the country, they would have full liberty to take up all the land they wished, upon the borders, catch as many wild horses as they needed, and enter at once upon the possession of lordly domains. With no invading foe to molest, peace and plenty would crown their labors. Encouraged by these false representations, they were anxious to press forward towards the promised land. Having brought with them a wagon, they purchased a horse, and loading up their chests and fur-

niture, proceeded leisurely to Philadelphia. Here their eyes were opened. They had been deceived. The true state of the case was manifest. If they wanted horses, they must buy them. If they wished to enter lands, they must pay for them, although at a merely nominal price. The Indians also were represented as a faithless and bloody race—not to be trusted.

In this trying position our ancestor neither faltered nor turned back. With his little family, and worldly effects, he set out for Lancaster, then a thriving town in the midst of rich lands. The borders of civilization were not far beyond. Walking behind his wagon, as they turned their faces westward, George Michael, realizing his true condition and slender means, was heard to soliloquize: “*oh ihr lügner, oh ihr betrüger, warum habt ihr mich betrogen?*” (Oh, ye falsifiers! oh, ye deceivers! why have ye thus deceived me?)

Finding at Lancaster many of their countrymen who had already settled there, they took counsel and advice from the Germans, as to their future course. Having been a farmer in Germany, George Michael was advised to take up lands in the northern part of the county. Attracted by the fertility of the soil, and the beauty of the country, he purchased a large body of land in Tulpehocken, then in the County of Lancaster, upon a portion of which now stands the town of Womelsdorf. As his sons were but lads, it may be imagined that the principal labor of clearing the land devolved upon the father. His first care was to provide shelter for his family. A large cabin and barn were erected, and the primeval forest yielded to the sturdy strokes

of the woodman's axe.* In process of time they brought a considerable portion of land under culture. The earth yielded a bounteous increase, and with their harvests they accumulated the means to surround themselves with the comforts of life. Deer, and game of all kinds, abounded in the forests; and the streams were stocked with excellent fish. With abundance of cattle, and good crops, they were doubtless contented in the enjoyment of their quiet homestead. For some years, it may be supposed, they prospered. George Michael was a man of quiet and peaceful disposition, laboring daily with his two sons upon the farm. At this remote day, no particulars remain concerning his latter years. It may be inferred, that, as a thrifty farmer, he gave a careful personal supervision to the management of his farm. About the year 1746, whilst mowing in his field one day, he was suddenly stricken down with apoplexy, and died in the full vigor of manhood. At the time of his death, he was about fifty years of age.

During the next few years we hear but little of the survivors. John Barnardt, and Conrad, mere lads, remained with Juliana, who resided upon the farm. John Barnardt, becoming dissatisfied, left the old homestead never more to return. Conrad, it may be presumed, remained upon the farm. His mother married again, sometime after the death

* The winter of 1740 was one of unusual severity, and the sufferings of the poor emigrants must have been very great. Snow fell to a depth of more than three feet, and many new settlers endured the pangs of hunger, for lack of bread. When the snow melted in the spring of 1740, a great flood overflowed the low lands.

of his father. Concerning his labors, his recreations, his joys and sorrows, we have no authentic information.

In those early days, our frontier settlements were but feebly protected from their savage neighbors. True, the Delawares, as allies of the English, were upon friendly terms. Mingling with the settlers, they had free access to the towns and farm-houses. Northward and westward of Lancaster, the face of the country presented an almost unbroken wilderness. Here and there a rude stockade fort, or a small village stood in the midst of an imperfectly cultivated region. Harris' Ferry, (now Harrisburg,) Carlisle, Shippensburg, Chambers' Fort, McDowell's Fort, Fort Cumberland, Winchester, and a few other frontier posts, served as places of refuge in case of alarm. But so long a time had elapsed since Indian outrages had chilled with horror the hearts of the settlers, that former precautions were relaxed, and the community subsided into a condition of fancied security.

The English, by virtue of treaties with the Delawares, and other tribes, possessed the broad regions of Pennsylvania; whilst the French had been cultivating the same disinterested and friendly relations with the Iroquois of the north. A war between England and France broke out in the Colonies in the year 1755. A brilliant army, under the command of General Braddock, marched through the wilderness to the Monongahela, intending to surprise the French and capture Fort Duquesne. The disastrous results of that expedition are too well known to need repetition. Braddock found a lonely grave in the wild solitudes of the Alleghenies. His discomfited forces, saved from utter anni-

hilation by the admirable skill of Washington, retreated through the mountains to the eastward.

Braddock's defeat occurred upon the 9th of July, 1755.

Early in the autumn of the same year, apprehensions of an Indian war were entertained along the border. About the middle of October, bands of savages appeared about forty miles from Harris' Ferry, and massacred and scalped a number of the inhabitants. Reports brought in confirmed the intelligence that a large body of Indians, mostly Shawanese, were scattered in parties of from forty to one hundred warriors, and had made sudden attacks upon the frontier settlements. Hitherto the Delawares had maintained a friendly relationship with the English. But the offers by the French to render them assistance in repossessing their lands, with other considerations, induced the Delawares to take up the hatchet. Striking hands with the Shawanese, they swept down upon the devoted settlers, leaving nothing but blood and fire in their track. The air was darkened with the smoke of burning homesteads. Neither age, nor sex, nor condition were spared. The feeble old man, tottering upon his staff, and the helpless babe, shared alike, as objects of their vengeance.

Panic-stricken, and unprovided with the proper means of defence, the poor settlers of the frontier were compelled to abandon their homes, and fly for shelter to the more thickly populated districts. Along the southern slope of the Blue Mountains the horrible work of butchery was enacted with relentless fury. The border was a scene of

desolation. Of the once happy homes there remained but smoking ruins.

Tulpehocken, being an exposed position, did not long remain unmolested. Its inhabitants, although aware of their danger, shared, in common with many of the border settlers, a strange and unaccountable apathy. Accustomed to the privations and trials of frontier life, they may not have realized their peril. Many remained in this fancied security until the war-whoop of the savages, or the crackling flames about them, aroused them from their slumbers. Great numbers of farmers, with their families, fled to Lancaster. Others sought protection within the stockade forts, or other fortified positions in the interior.

Conrad Wolff, accompanied, perhaps, by some members of his mother's family, set out at this time for Lancaster. He was unmarried, and was between twenty and twenty-five years of age. After remaining about two weeks in Lancaster, he determined to return to Tulpehocken, to look after the property. Cautiously making his way through the deserted country, he reached the farm in safety. Contrary to his expectation, the house was standing as they left it—the cattle roaming about the fields, and the crops and barns unmolested.

In the closing days of October, and first few days of November, 1755, the Indians appeared at Tulpehocken. Two men were murdered and scalped, and their bodies found on the "first branch of the Swatara, on the road leading to Shamokin." As they both had families, which were missing, the presumption was that they also were carried off by the Indians. The neighbors united together for protection and defence, and appointed a place of rendezvous.

Conrad Wolff was one of these brave defenders.

On Saturday, the 15th of November, 1755, a band of savage warriors, nearly all of whom were Delawares, again made their appearance in Tulpehocken. No better idea can be formed of the events of that day, than from a letter written by the interpreter and government agent, Conrad Weiser, to Governor Morris. He writes from Heidelberg, Berks County, Pa., under date of November 19th, 1755, and after acquainting the Governor with the alarm and confusion which prevailed, he says: "On Saturday last, about
" 4 of the clock in the Afternoon, as some men from Tulpen-
" hacon were going to Dietrick Six's place, under the Hill,
" on Shamokin Road, to be on the Watch appointed there,
" they were fired upon by the Indians, but none hurt nor
" killed. (Our People were but Six in Number, the rest
" being behind;) upon which our People ran towards the
" Watch-house, which was about one-half a mile off, and the
" Indians persued them, and Killed and Scalped several of
" them. A bold, Stout Indian came up with one Christopher
" Ury, who turned about and shot the Indian right through
" his Breast. The Indian dropt down dead, but was dragged
" out of the way by his own companions; (he was found
" next Day and Scalped by our People.) The Indians de-
" vided themselves in two Parties. Some came this Way to
" meet the Rest that was going to the Watch, and Killed
" some of them, so that six of our Men were killed that
" Day, and a few Wounded."

Mr. Weiser then details the attack made by the savages upon the farm-houses, the flight of the terrified inhabitants, and the bloody butchery of women and children which followed.

Conrad Wolff was one of the party of six who were fired upon near the Watch-house. When Christopher Ury turned and shot down his pursuer, Conrad, who doubtless witnessed the occurrence, was engaged with another Indian. In the presence of an overwhelming superiority in numbers, the combat must have been short. Whether it was hand to hand for the moment, or whether as the savage, emerging from the thicket, gained on the fugitive, and was pierced by Conrad's bullet, we may never know. But Conrad killed the Indian, whose body was carried off by his comrades.

Conrad did not escape unscathed. He received a wound in the abdomen, from which, after lingering a day or two, he died. Mr. Weiser writes in a postscript on the 19th: "The Poor Young Man since died of his Wound through his "Belly."*

* Tradition gives another account of Conrad's death. "Conrad promised to return to Lancaster at an appointed time. Failing to appear, his friends waited some time, became alarmed, and a party of men went in search of him. They found the farm-house unmolested, but no human being to be found. About three miles off stood another cabin, occupied by emigrants. Upon visiting this house, they found upon the bed a mother and her babe, scalped and tomahawked. Across the woman's feet lay the dead body of Conrad Wolff. He had been shot through the body by the Indians, and escaping from them, found his way to this cabin, where, weak and faint from loss of blood, he must have thrown himself down, and died." This account, although partially correct in some main facts, is evidently erroneous in the particulars of his death.

Another tradition reports that about this time, one of the family, a young man, and unmarried, set out to return to Europe. The vessel in which he sailed was never heard of afterwards, and is presumed to have gone down at sea, with all on board.

Thus passed away in the morning of his days, and in the full flush of early manhood, the second member of that little family. Thenceforth strangers sat around the hearth in the homestead of Tulpehocken.

This cruel warfare continued for another year, when Governor Morris entered into a treaty of peace at Easton, in November, 1756, with Teedyuscung, the chief of the Delawares. The main cause of this defection of the Delawares, hitherto a friendly tribe, is accounted for in a message from the Assembly to Governor Morris, in December, 1755. They assign, among other reasons, the defeat of Braddock, the increased strength of the French and their Indian allies, and an apparent want of union among the English, who appeared unable, or unwilling, to protect them. Petty quarrels, and unhappy differences between the Governor and the Assembly, weakened their own cause, emboldened their enemies, and drenched the borders in blood.

The frontiers of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, presented one continued scene of massacre. Mangled bodies of men, women, and children—houses and barns in flames, were found upon every side. Carnage and desolation kept pace with the march of the ruthless invaders.

JOHN BARNARDT

Was now the sole survivor. He was born in Oberhochstadt, in the Palatinate, on the first day of January, 1732, and was in his eighth year at the time of landing with his father at New Castle, Delaware. As has been already intimated, he left the paternal roof some time after the death

of his father. Bidding adieu to the associations of his childhood, he launched boldly into the wide world, relying upon his own energies to maintain his independence. This important move, which changed the whole current of his after life, must have occurred in 1748 or 1749. Proceeding alone to Lancaster, he indentured himself to Mr. Sheets, a saddler and harness maker. Thus his pupilage passed away, and he remained with his employer until the years of his apprenticeship were fulfilled.

Next to Philadelphia, Lancaster was the most important town in the State. Its position on the frontier drew to its mechanics much trade from the border. It numbered at this time, about five hundred houses, and two thousand souls. The manufacture of saddles and harness was actively carried on. The existing war between the English and French created an unusual demand. Benjamin Franklin, who bent the energies of his sagacious mind to prosecute with vigor, the war which had been but feebly conducted, guaranteed to raise a large number of wagons and pack horses for the transportation of military stores. These being required at once, Lancaster was actively at work until the order was completed.

The first day of the new year, 1753, saw John Barnhardt Wolff a free man. He was the possessor of a trade. With his characteristic enterprise, he soon acquired sufficient means to commence business on his own account. Having established himself in trade, the next important step was to settle himself in life.

The year 1755, was an eventful one, not only to the inhabitants of the Colonies, but also in the annals of the Wolff family. It records a marriage and a death.

The summer had passed away—a season of drought, like the two preceding—and the serene autumnal days had come,—those golden days, so glorious in Pennsylvania.

On Thursday, the second of October, 1755, John Barnardt Wolff and Anna Charlotte Bier, were married in Lancaster by the Reverend William Otterbein. She was the third daughter of John Peter Bier of Lancaster, and was born in Cassel, in the Dutchy of Deux Ponts, on the 17th of October, 1734. Her father emigrated from Cassel to Pennsylvania in 1748, accompanied by his wife and four children. They were pious people, and exemplary members of the German Reformed Church.*

Conrad and John Barnardt met for the last time. Six weeks after the marriage of his brother, poor Conrad received his death wound.

Barnardt, as he was usually called, now applied himself earnestly to the prosecution of his business. Industrious, frugal, and regular in all his habits, his undertakings were prospered. The country was far from tranquil. For years the Indians hung upon the settlements, ready at any moment to seize their victims. Even in Lancaster it was

* For further records of the Bier family, see Note C in the Appendix at the end of this Memorial.

deemed necessary to construct a fort in the town as a place of refuge for the women and children. Few of the inhabitants failed to lend a helping hand. Upon several occasions, so imminent seemed the danger, that the able bodied men rushed to arms, organized into bands, divided into regular patrols, and kept watch until the danger passed away. Barnardt was not a man to stand back in the face of such a summons. His well known energy of character nerved his sturdy arm to defend his growing family and home. Experience, and constant intercourse with the Indians, familiarized him with their habits and mode of life. Petty thieving was common, and private property was not secure. These depredators seized whatever they could carry off without danger of detection and punishment. A certain lawlessness and laxity of morals were more or less apparent along the frontier.

Mrs. Wolff, upon one occasion, made a narrow escape from death by the tomahawk. It was the fashion in those days to divide the outer doors into two portions; an upper and lower. Many grist mills in the interior of Pennsylvania may still be found with similar arrangements. Whilst Mrs. W. was sitting one day within the front door of her dwelling, the lower half closed, and the other thrown open, affording an unobstructed view of the street, a drunken Indian loitered by. Pausing in the street before the door, he commenced a series of antics, to which she, not dreaming of harm, paid but little attention. By degrees the savage worked himself into such a frenzy, that brandishing his tomahawk, he sent it flying full force at her head. Barnardt, unperceived by the Indian, had been watching the

whole affair. As the keen weapon was hurled towards her, her husband quickly closed the upper door. The tomahawk was firmly wedged in the panel. Opening it instantly, Barnardt found the Indian already upon him. A struggle ensued for possession of the hatchet. Barnardt seized it by the handle, whilst his antagonist grasped the head. By a powerful movement, he secured the weapon, at the same time severely lacerating the hands of the savage, whom he hurled into the street. After lying some time, the Indian arose, evidently much injured by his fall, and disappeared. This tomahawk was preserved for many years by his grandson, Barnard Wolff, Esq., of Chambersburg. It was accidentally lost by falling into a deep hole in the creek.

On the 14th December, 1763, occurred the retaliatory massacre of Indians, by a band of men known as the *Paxton Boys*. To avenge repeated outrages perpetrated by those so-called friendly Indians, these men attacked an Indian village, and killed a number of women and old men. The survivors fled for protection to Lancaster, and were placed for safety in the jail. The details of this remarkable episode in history are too well known to need repetition.

Barnardt was in Lancaster at this time. He often related the discovery of one poor squaw, who in order to escape with her life, hid herself under a large tub which was turned bottom upwards. Her place of concealment was discovered by the corner of her blanket protruding, and she was despatched by the infuriated Paxton Boys.

The unsatisfactory condition of our national affairs at this time, engrossed the attention of every lover of freedom:

With all its great natural advantages, one essential element of prosperity was wanting, without which our country could not flourish. It languished under the supineness of the government, and the insults and wrongs inflicted upon the Colonies by the mother country.

The crisis came—and the hour of our deliverance was at hand !

Barnardt was a true patriot. The holy flame of liberty kindled early in his bosom. The nature of his business had afforded him daily opportunity of witnessing the perfidious exactions of foreign tyranny, and he panted to be free. He early espoused the cause of the Colonies. His name is enrolled upon the records of Lancaster county, with others, who swore allegiance to the State of Pennsylvania, and absolved themselves from all fealty to George III. Whatever he did, was done with a will. Barnardt Wolff was no half-hearted man.

Some time after the revolt of the Colonies from the yoke of British oppression, Barnardt contracted to convey the mail from Lancaster to Philadelphia and back again. This was done at first once, and then twice a week, by his eldest son Christian, who performed the service on horseback.

At one time he purchased a large number of horses for the use of the American army, and took them to Long Island, crossing the Delaware at Easton, on his way. Nor was he idle at home. Writes his grandson, Barnard Wolff, in reference to this period : “ All his available forces of
“ workmen were employed for the government in furnishing
“ the army with what belonged to the cavalry and artillery.
“ All this was paid for in Continental money, or scrip issued

“ by the government of the State of Pennsylvania, redeem-
“ able at the pleasure of the State, (and up to the present
“ moment it has not pleased them to fulfil their promise.)
“ My grandfather, having the most implicit confidence in
“ this scrip, received it in payment for all the work turned
“ out of his premises during seven years. In addition to
“ this, he sold some of his real estate for the same currency,
“ and laid it carefully by, until his chest was well nigh
“ filled. He accumulated, as he supposed, an amount suffi-
“ cient to establish all his sons in business, endow each of
“ his daughters with a handsome patrimony, and secure for
“ himself a sufficient competency for the remnant of his
“ days. His confidence was misplaced. The State and
“ General Government repudiated the paper. It fell from
“ 100 to 1, and was finally good for nothing.”

The pious example of his ancestors, and the early teachings of his father were not lost upon Barnardt. He had been educated in the “nurture and admonition of the Lord.” Through all their wanderings and perils, the ponderous bible of his grandfather was carefully preserved. Doubtless in his childhood, he turned reverently over its venerable pages; scanning the rude wood cuts, which to modern eyes seem quaint, and calculated to provoke a smile. Pharaoh, and the old prophets bore a striking resemblance to the German dignitaries of the seventeenth century. Saul slept in his tent with a kettle drum near his head, and Belshazzar’s feast, illuminated by a single low candle, looked very much like an old time Dutch tea party. Whilst “*diligent in business*,” he was “*fervent in spirit*.” In the year 1771 a Charter for a German Reformed Church in Lancaster, was obtained

from Thomas and Richard Penn, Esquires. Barnardt, being at the time a Deacon of the church, appears as one of the corporators. He was an active and exemplary member, and from the records of the church, it appears that at different times he discharged the duties of elder, deacon, treasurer, and trustee.

“He must have been very regular and punctual in his attendance at the church on the Lord’s day, as may be inferred from the following incident. His dog used to accompany him to the church, and occupy a place near the choir, of which his master was a member. On one occasion he accompanied him on an excursion to the Susquehanna river, some ten or fifteen miles from Lancaster. On sabbath morning the animal, true to his instinct, travelled all the way to Lancaster, took his place near the organ, remained during divine service, and returned on the same day to his owner. His presence at church gave rise to a discussion among the neighbors, some contending that Mr. Wolff had returned home, whilst others denied it. The controversy was settled when some one volunteered to call at his house, and ascertain how the matter stood.” The query arises “How did Prince know that it was the sabbath day?”

In his domestic relations, Barnardt was happy. He was the father of ten children, three sons, and seven daughters, seven of whom survived him. The sound catechetical instruction of those days, and the pious spirit of the old German hymns, were well calculated to lead the young mind into the path of religion. Barnardt himself, was a constant reader of the bible, which he loved, and made the “man of his counsel.” Mrs. Wolff, as a christian wife and mother, gave earnest heed to the religious culture of her children.

These teachings were doubtless blessed to her own spiritual comfort, many years afterwards, when in an extreme old age, she found consolation in dwelling upon appropriate passages of scripture, and repeating the good old German hymns, which she had learned in her childhood.

The days of the good old man were numbered. He had seen his children grow up around him, and nearly all were married and settled in life. *John Barnardt Wolff died in Lancaster, on the twentieth of August, 1792, aged sixty years, seven months, and twenty days.* He was buried in the grave yard attached to the First German Reformed Church at Lancaster. "His memory," says one, "was cherished by his friends and neighbors."

His grandson, Rev. Bernard C. Wolff, D. D., in speaking of his character, writes as follows, (Feb. 1863), "Our grandparents, John Barnardt Wolff, and Charlotte his wife, were pious people; their minds well stored with scriptural knowledge, and their hearts filled with the devotional feelings inspired by the beautiful and affecting German hymns they had learned in their childhood. Their sons and daughters all became members of the church, were respectable and useful members of society, and lived and died in the faith of the gospel.

"Forty and four years ago, during a visit I made to Lancaster, I sought my grandfather's grave, and found it immediately in the rear of the old stone church in which he had worshipped. While standing over it, and reading the inscription on the headstone, a white-haired, feeble old man, leaning on his staff, approached me, and asked whether I knew anything of the person buried there? I

“replied that I had never seen him, but that my name was
“on his tombstone. ‘Then you are a relative—perhaps a
“grandson?’ I replied in the affirmative, and asked him in
“return whether he knew anything about him? ‘Oh yes,
“I knew him!’ and he added with emphasis and emotion;
“‘*He was a good man*, and in his day a pillar of the
“church.’ I wanted no more, and lifted up the silent
“prayer that all who were named after him might have
“some aged man, leaning on his staff, to say as much for us,
“as he stood over our graves, and recalled the history of our
“lives.”

Charlotte, his widow, died in Lancaster, April 17th, 1825,
at the advanced age of ninety-one years, and six months.*

* The record of their children, and further particulars may be found
in note B of the Appendix.

CHRISTIAN WOLFF.

CHRISTIAN WOLFF, the fourth child, and eldest son of JOHN BARNARDT, and ANNA CHARLOTTE WOLFF, was born in Lancaster, Pa., on Monday, the sixth of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-two. According to the usages of the German Reformed Church, and the established custom of the times, he was baptized on the nineteenth of December, when only thirteen days old. His sponsors in baptism were his uncle and aunt—Christian and Susanna Margareta Buch.

He was born into the world in troublous times. In the year 1755, the Indian tribes, as has been already mentioned, burning to avenge their real and fancied wrongs, and rid themselves of the usurpers of their hunting-grounds, listened to the insidious counsels of the French, and devastated the frontier settlements. Although a temporary peace was afterwards secured by treaties, and large presents, the people of the border were never safe. The farmer went forth to his daily toil with his weapon at his side, plowing, and holding his gun. As he surveyed his improvements, or traversed the lonely forest, his eye, grown keen by long-practised vigilance, scanned every hiding-place, and startled

at every shaking leaf. His step quickened, and his heart beat faster, as he approached his dwelling, until he found all safe beneath his roof. The mother listened through the live-long day, and grew pale at the report of a gun. And in the silent stillness of the night-watches, she drew more closely to her bosom the tender babe, when she heard the shrill cry of the panther, or the dismal hooting of the owl.

The treaty was of short duration. The war-whoop again resounded through the forests, and the same bloody scenes were re-enacted.

To Christian Wolff, in the earliest days of his childhood, these narratives of

“ Maiden, helpless babe, and wife,
Tomahawk, and scalping knife,”

were no idle tales. Many of his playmates were destitute orphans, whose parents had been massacred by the Indians. Oftentimes, only a babe remained, whose parentage and name were unknown. His only uncle on his father's side had fallen by a savage and bloody hand. In the year 1763, the Indians, again driven to frenzy, gave full vent to their diabolical passions, and palsied with terror the settlers along the frontier. Lancaster itself was not considered safe from their attacks. The border homesteads, rebuilt or repaired since their former devastations, again illumined the heavens with a lurid glow. Wretched fugitives sought refuge in the forts or villages, and men, women, and children were tomahawked and scalped, or dragged into captivity, to endure, possibly, a more agonizing and lingering death at the stake.

Whilst a small lad, Christian was sent to school in Lancaster, and received the usual rudiments of an ordinary education. As he grew older, it was his delight to accompany his father in hunting excursions. Like his father, (and not a few of his descendants,) he relished fishing, and was withal a skilful and successful sportsman. Game in those days was abundant. Wild turkeys, pheasants, rabbits, &c., were easily secured near the town; and deer ranged the forests within a short distance of the settlements.

His father being a saddler, he was brought up to that business. In his early years he was keenly alive to the stirring events of the times. Endowed with an enquiring mind, he became well acquainted with the prominent political occurrences of the day, which formed the topic of daily conversation in his father's shop and elsewhere.

About this time a Committee of Observation was formed, to further the interests of the Colonies in resisting the exactions of the mother country. The patriotism of the people was not long dormant. The blood of freemen coursed hotly through their veins. A long catalogue of wrongs had been unheeded by the English Government, and our people could brook the insult no longer. The Boston tea excitement spread over the country, and extended to Lancaster. Diligent search was made for any lots of that article, that might have been imported under the new tax law.

As these events occurred in 1773, '74, and '75, Christian was enabled to comprehend many of the prominent causes of disaffection. He was ever afterwards well versed, not only in the history of the war, but the complications which led to that alternative, and resulted in our independence.

He well remembered the excitement in Lancaster in the spring of 1775, when news was received of the battle of Lexington, and later, of the obstinate engagement on Bunker Hill. The sensation was intense. The nation was aroused. He remembered how the people flew to arms—the organization and training of the militia—the gatherings of the populace in earnest knots upon the corners—the conferences of the Committee of Safety—the reviews and drills—the marching of troops, and the din of war.

Washington, even then a man of mark, upon whom the nation placed reliance for his wisdom and ability, visited Lancaster about this time.

In the early part of the year 1777, the British and Hessian prisoners taken in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, were brought for safe keeping to Lancaster, and as many as were able, lodged in the jail. These prisoners were guarded during the day by the young men, and by the older citizens at night. Christian, then a lad of fourteen, performed this duty for some time, and was relieved at nightfall by his father. Over two thousand prisoners of war were collected in Lancaster. As speedily as arrangements could be made, portions were distributed, and marched in bodies to Carlisle, Lebanon, York, and other points. The paroled British officers were allowed certain privileges within specified limits. Many of these were gentlemen of education and refinement, and produced a favorable impression upon the inhabitants.

During the summer of 1777, Barnardt, having made arrangements with the government to transport the mail between Philadelphia and Lancaster, it devolved upon his

son Christian to perform this service. It was, at times, a duty requiring the utmost adroitness and caution to avoid falling into the hands of the British. Along the route were many Tories, who seized every opportunity of affording information to the enemy. Upon more than one occasion the youthful post-boy narrowly escaped capture. Fully alive to his peril, he was always on the alert, and happily eluded the snares of the foe.

He has been heard to relate that while in Philadelphia, he was walking one day in Market street below Front. Just as he crossed the street, unconscious of danger, a cannon was discharged, the heavy wadding of which he barely avoided. He was so near the cannon at the moment, that had he received the force of the charge, it must have killed him. His escape was providential. The occasion of the firing was the appearance of two British war vessels in the Delaware.

In those days the post-boy was an important personage. As he passed through the country, covered with dust, or bespattered with mud, as the case might be, (for at that time the turnpike had not been made between Philadelphia and Lancaster,) the patriot farmer by the wayside accosted him for a hurried word of news from the seat of war. As he urged his steed through the storm, the good dames waved him an encouraging god-speed from their cottage doors. Everybody knew the post-boy and his horse. His gait portended good or evil tidings. When he dashed rapidly onward, the gallant steed reeking with foam, men held their breath until they heard the news. As he rattled over the streets, the workman arose from his toil, and the women paused in their daily avocations. A gaping crowd, eager

for the news, collected at the Post Office, anxiously awaiting his arrival. Darwin's prophetic apostrophe—

“ Soon shall thy power, unconquered steam, afar,
Drag the huge barge, or drive the rapid car ;”

had not yet assumed a definite realization, and the neigh of the iron horse had never resounded through the forests of the American Continent. Every item of news was carefully digested. In those days, a plethora of newspapers did not afflict the community with a political dyspepsia. Of those who awaited the advent of the post-boy with his mail-bag, none, perhaps, were more deeply interested than the paroled British officers. Every reverse to their arms depressed their spirits, whilst it created a corresponding rejoicing among the good people of Lancaster. That those were times to try men's souls, *we who live in 1863 can most fully appreciate.*

On the night of the 20th of September, 1777, Christian, on his post route, slept at the Warren tavern, near Paoli. Being within a mile of the battle-field, he heard

“ the din
That raged around the Warren Inn,
And on Paoli's fearful plain,
When Massacre the sword had drawn.”

He heard the sharp reports of musketry in that short and bloody engagement. General Anthony Wayne, with 1500 men, was attacked by a British force led by General Gray. Under cover of the darkness, they stole up a defile, drove in the pickets, and dashed into the camp. They were received by several well directed volleys, but rushing upon our

men with fixed bayonets, and giving no quarter, they compelled our forces to retreat. The foe manifested upon this occasion, a brutal ferocity which admits of no palliation.

From November, 1777, until May, 1778, Philadelphia was occupied by the British. During all this time, Christian was released from postal duty. The people of Lancaster were active in promoting the success of the Colonies. General Wayne, with whose personal appearance Christian was familiar, made frequent visits to Lancaster. His men were encamped during that winter in the neighborhood of Mount Joy, and suffered many privations for lack of blankets, shoes, and comfortable clothing.

After the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, Christian resumed his old position, with its pleasures and hardships. He was of a cheerful disposition, and possessed a hardy constitution.

The religious impressions produced by faithful teaching and example, induced him at this time to profess his belief in the saving efficacy of the blood of Christ, and to conform to the visible ordinances of the Church. He was confirmed in the German Reformed Church in Lancaster, by the Rev. J. T. Faber, on Easter Sunday, March 24th, 1780.

The winter of 1780 was one of unusual severity; the coldest, indeed, that had been experienced for many years. The inhabitants of the Colonies suffered greatly. The ground was frozen to a depth of four or five feet—wild animals perished—the squirrels were frozen in their holes, as were also the wild birds, under the shelter of the rocky ledges, or deep laurel thickets. One cold night of this hard

winter, Christian was nearly frozen. His mother heard the sound of hoofs, as his horse passed by the house, and up an alley which led to the stable. She waited sometime for his coming, and asked her husband, "What detains Christian so long in the stable?" He had not heard him come in. "Yes!" she replied, "I heard him come up the alley some time ago." Supposing that all was not right, they went together to the stable. The door was open, the horse in his stall, and Christian seated upon his back, in a state of insensibility. They carried him into the house, placed him in a tub of water, used constant friction, and after long exertion, and the application of various means, succeeded in restoring animation. Had he remained undiscovered a little longer, he would have been frozen to death.

He was in Philadelphia when news was received of the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, on the 19th of October, 1781. It was night when the messenger arrived with the joyful tidings. The watchman announced it at one o'clock in the morning; and Christian often spoke of the sensation produced through the city in that still hour of the night. Windows flew up, many a night-cap was protruded—lights flashed along the streets as if by magic—neighbors congratulated each other, and the whole city was in a tumult. Christian conveyed the intelligence to Lancaster. Everywhere along the way, the news was received with rejoicing. In Lancaster the whole population was moved. With one accord, every man rushed out to assure himself of the fact. The bells were rung, bonfires and illuminations lighted up the town, and a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm was everywhere apparent. Many brave hearts that had here-

tofore borne up through all the trials and gloom of the war, now brimmed over. They saw before them a bright augury of its speedy and successful termination, and strong men sat down and wept like children. The young people ran from house to house, and street to street, half wild with joy. Some country folk, who happened to be in town, joined in the carnival. "Hurrah for Donegal!" "Hurrah for Chestnut Level!" shouted their respective representatives. "Aye," rejoined a little Irishman, "And *Swate-arry*, too!" (*Swatara*.) Old Mr. Z——, an honest German, in the exuberance of his patriotism, harnessed his horses to his sleigh, (although the summer days yet lingered,) and with his burly spouse, drove excitedly through the streets, exclaiming in German to his wife, who sat beside him, "Hurrah, now, wife! hurrah! I'll swing my hat, and you do the yelling!"

At one time he was detached from regular postal duty, to convoy a large number of horses to New York and Long Island, for the use of the American troops. Whether he was in company with his father upon this occasion, or alone, cannot now be clearly established. As both acted in this capacity, the presumption is that they were together. Upon another occasion during the war, he was detailed by the post office department upon special service at Newport, Rhode Island, where he remained some time.

A few years after the close of the Revolution—probably in the year 1786—Christian Wolff left the parental roof, and removed to Chambersburg, then a small and insignificant town. It had been heretofore in Cumberland County, but in 1784, when a division was made, it was included within

the limits of Franklin County. By many, the town was called "*Rogues Harbor*," from the number of outlaws who dwelt in and about it. At that day a regularly organized band of horse-thieves and incendiaries extended along the frontier. A horse was stolen from his owner, passed rapidly along the line, and sold several hundred miles from home. The inhabitants were in constant dread of their vengeance.

Equipments and preparations were made here for the transportation of various commodities to the head-waters of the Ohio. Iron, salt, hardware, and many other articles were carried over the mountains, and through the wilderness, by the tedious and expensive conveyance of pack-horses. Not unfrequently, long cavalcades of from fifty to one hundred pack-horses set off together bound for the "*far west*." To be a successful pioneer, demands a certain independence of character. This qualification was exhibited in an eminent degree by the sturdy men to whose care was committed these important caravans.

Chambersburg, at that time, contained but few permanent dwellings. The majority were log or frame tenements, nearly all of which have given place to more substantial buildings. A few brick and stone houses then already built, are yet standing.

Christian commenced his business as a saddler and harness maker, in the house at the corner of Main and Queen Streets, on the same lot now occupied by the residence of his son, Barnard Wolff, Esq. It belonged at that time to John Brown, who kept a small store on the first floor, the saddler's shop being above. By the depreciation of Continental money, which fell so low, that one hundred dollars in specie bought seven thousand of this scrip (which soon after became

entirely worthless,) his father had locked up all his available means. Nothing daunted by his slender outfit, Christian sold his horse for fifty dollars, which constituted his capital in commencing his worldly career. Small as was the village, it contained eight or ten saddler's shops. Many of these were sustained by the demand for their work from the pack-horse enterprises. Being a German, he had to contend with an almost overwhelming opposition, and combat the prejudices of the settlers. These being for the most part Irish, and Scotch Irish, had little or no affinity for the Germans. He applied himself diligently to the work before him, and although clouds appeared upon the horizon of his hopes, he never doubted for a moment that the sun shone beyond. Boarding in the family of Mr. Brown, he found himself at the end of the year, burdened with debt. Mr. Brown, partly from selfish considerations, exerted his influence with his Irish friends and customers, recommending them to patronize his "*seddler*, the best of all in town." From this time forward, his work was introduced, gave satisfaction, customers were abundant, and he prospered.

In 1787 he returned to Lancaster, on a brief visit to his parents. The journey was accomplished on horseback. Often he rode miles without meeting a solitary traveller, or seeing a house. He obtained a credit for saddlery to the amount of £50 from Mr. Meyer Simon, a Jew; and about £20 worth of leather from Mr. Krug. Returning to Chambersburg with this stock, he was enabled to extend his business, and by close application, and the manufacture of work that proved satisfactory to his customers, his prospects began to grow brighter. Competition, too, within the year, diminished

to one half the number of his former rivals. Thus he struggled patiently, never relaxing his efforts. In the following year, 1788, his younger brother, George, then about nineteen years of age, came out from Lancaster to join him. Not having a thorough knowledge of his trade, he entered Christian's shop, and remained until he completed his arrangements to go into business for himself in another part of the country. The quarters above Mr. Brown's shop having become too contracted, Christian removed his business stand to Queen Street, and opened anew in the house more recently owned by Thomas Kirby.

In the early part of 1789, Christian made another visit to Lancaster. Other visions than leather and bridles flitted through his mind. He came all the way from Chambersburg to don a new harness—the *bonds of matrimony*. Years before, he had become acquainted with Anna Maria Krause. In this connection, it may be well to advert to her early history.

ANNA MARIA KRAUSE.

Eldest daughter of Jacob and Christiana Krause, was born in Limerick Township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, on Friday, the 25th of March, 1763. At the time of her birth, her parents resided in a neighbourhood then, and still known as "*Crooked Hill*," about three miles and a half from Pottstown, on the road leading to Reading. Her mother was of the family of *Dering*, who, before the Revolution, were possessed of considerable wealth and influence. Her father was a farmer, owning a

fine body of land, still in the possession of his descendants.* During her childhood she was sent to a country school some distance from her father's house. The Delaware tribe being upon sociable terms with the whites, she was frequently honored with an Indian escort as she trudged to and from school. They were disposed to be conciliatory, to efface the remembrance of former treachery, and often gathered fruit for her by the wayside: Accustomed to see them daily, she had no

* Since the manuscript of the "Memorial" has been placed in the hands of the printer, the following extract of a letter written by Barnard Wolff, Esq., contains additional information in regard to the Krause family. "Being seated one evening with my mother, some eight or ten years before her death, our conversation reverted to her ancestors and old home in Montgomery County. I expressed a desire to know something about her father's family, and as she related the facts, I pencilled her words in her own language, as follows: 'My grandfather Krause removed from Montgomery County to the neighbourhood of Taneytown, Maryland. He had sons named as follows: viz., Jacob, my father—being the eldest—John, Philip, Valentine, and Frederick: two daughters named Catharine, and Anna Maria, who married two brothers named Noll: I think one of them lived in or near Cumberland, Md. My mother's name was Christiana Dering; my grandfather's name was Henry; my grandmother died when my mother was five years old: what were her maiden and christian names I do not know. My father died in March, 1820, aged 86 years, 5 months, and 15 days: my mother died Aug. 20th, 1823, aged 80 years, and 5 days, leaving seven children, viz: Anna Maria, (myself) the eldest, intermarried with Christian Wolff of Lancaster; Henry; Elizabeth, who married J. George Wolff, of Martinsburg, Va.; Jacob; Christiana; Anna; and Catharine, who married Samuel Brandt. Christiana and Anna never married. My brother Henry died Feb'y, 1845, and left five children, John, George, Jesse, Henry, and Christiana: he was 80 years of age Jacob died April 14th, 1846, aged 70 years and 26 days: he left two children, Samuel and Daniel.'"

fear of her savage neighbours, and found them entirely harmless.

Her uncle, Mr. Dering, who kept a public house at Crooked Hill, had a daughter, Kitty, of the same age as Anna Maria. These two young girls were tenderly attached to each other. Mr. D. prevailed upon her parents to allow Anna Maria (or Mary as she was called for the sake of brevity) to remain awhile in his family. As the school house was close to his dwelling, they consented. Always a favorite in her uncle's family, and reciprocating their kind feelings, her return home was postponed from time to time.

Whilst residing at the Crooked Hill in December, 1776, a number of paroled British officers passed through, on their way to New York to be exchanged. The roads becoming impassable, they remained a week at her uncle's house. Of these officers she retained vivid recollections, and often spoke of them in calling up reminiscences of her early life. Major André and Col. North were of the party—another, a young nobleman, was a mere stripling. With Major André she seemed particularly impressed. He was then a prisoner for the first time, having been captured November 3d, 1775, at Saint John's, at the head of Lake Champlain, and had been on parole about a year in Lancaster and Carlisle. She described him as rather under the average stature, of a light agile frame, active in his movements, and of sprightly conversation. He was a fine performer on the flute, with which he beguiled the hours of twilight, and was an excellent vocalist. Whilst at Mr. Dering's house, Major André occupied the most of his time in examining and drawing maps and charts of the country. She bore full testimony to his polished manners, and the easy grace and charm of his

conversation. His engaging deportment rendered him popular with his fellow officers. Mary always spoke feelingly of Major André, and in after years, often sung his remembrance, as addressed by him to his "Delia," commencing with

"Return, enraptured hours,
When Delia's heart was mine."

Her tender sympathies would have interposed, had she possessed the power, to save the major from his ignominious and untimely death. It was a matter of remark that Major André did not, like the majority of his brother officers, indulge in vituperation against the colonists.

Reared amid the beautiful scenery of the valley of the Schuylkill, her mind was early imbued with a deep love of rural life. She loved the peaceful vales, and wood-crowned hills, of her native county. There was much to attract in the scenery in the neighborhood of Pottsgrove. The Schuylkill wound in many a graceful curve through fertile meadows, and along the base of picturesque, rocky hills. Wild flowers sprang up along her path, and thus, in the seclusion of the country, she communed with Nature. A love of flowers increased as her tastes were cultivated, and lingered to the end of life. This fondness of botany was early developed, as she ranged through the deep woodland ravines, or skirted the sunny meadows.

In the year 1777, her uncle Dering removed from Crooked Hill to the Conestoga Creek, one mile east of Lancaster. The stream was crossed at that time by a ferry, no bridge

having been erected until some time afterwards. Through this thoroughfare many travellers were continually passing, in addition to the extraordinary demands on the ferrymen to transport troops on their way to the army. Here Mr. Dering kept public house and managed the ferry. Mary was now to lose, as she thought, the society of her cousin Kitty. Much persuasion, and many inducements were held out to prevail upon her to accompany them. In order to afford their daughter the facilities for obtaining a better education in Lancaster, her parents at length yielded their consent, and Mary went to the Conestoga with her uncle's family.

Such was the lawless state of the country at that time, that no man could be master, even in his own house. Taking advantage of the condition of national affairs, prowling ruffians preyed upon the property of their defenceless neighbors. Upon more than one occasion, leaving everything to the mercy of the marauders, the inmates of the house were obliged to fly for safety to the cellar or barn, to escape the fury of the intoxicated soldiers and rabble collected at the ferry. Before a file of soldiers could be brought from town for their protection, the miscreants would disappear. Whilst at the Conestoga, she witnessed scenes to which ever afterwards she reverted with tearful eyes. She often detailed to her descendants the dreadful condition in which wagon-loads of American soldiers, wounded at the massacre of the Paoli, were conveyed to her uncle's house. As many as the house could contain were brought in. The noble and heroic virtues of her aunt were brought into active exercise. She dressed and mollified the wounds of the soldiers—tearing

up her sheets and linens for bandages to bind their shattered limbs and bleeding wounds. She had a kind word or a tear of sympathy for all, and poured balm into many a desponding heart. Her recompense was the consciousness of having done her duty to her country and her suffering countrymen. "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

The melancholy case of Captain Vanhorn, a Virginian, made a lasting impression upon Mary. He was a person of refined deportment, and by his amiability endeared himself to all the family. Confined with a shattered limb, he lay a long time at Mr. Dering's house. Upon one occasion, a marauding band of ruffians, under the influence of liquor, came suddenly to the house and attacked him in his enfeebled condition. Unable to defend himself from their brutality, the poor gentleman, to save his life from their hands, leaped out of the window, and was killed by the fall.

The noise of cannon, "speeding through miles of frightened air," from the field of Brandywine, was heard distinctly at Lancaster. Mary was at her uncle's, and in the quiet stillness of the country

"The soft air felt the jar
Of thunder rolling from afar."

As they listened, it grew deeper, and caused their hearts to flutter. A battle was progressing, and surely we were never in greater need of a successful issue. With trembling, and fervent expectation, they prayed for a victory to our arms.

“It is, it is the cannon’s mouth !
Its awful answer from the south,
Bears tidings of the roaring ranks,
That crash upon the trembling banks,
The crimson banks, of Brandywine.”

Towards the close of the year her uncle removed to Lancaster, and contracted, with Robert Morris, to furnish the army with cattle, which they had brought from Virginia. A large and desirable house and property being offered for sale in Lancaster, Mr. Dering became the purchaser, and removed into the house.

Lancaster, at this period, was crowded with prisoners of war. The success of our arms at Trenton and Princeton had thrown several thousands into our hands, as has been previously mentioned in this connection. Many of the British officers were accompanied by their wives; others, whose wives were in New York, or elsewhere within the British lines, sent for them to share the hardships of their imprisonment in Lancaster. Some came voluntarily and sought out their husbands. A number of these officers and their wives boarded with Mr. Dering. They were allowed many privileges under their parole, but restricted to keep within six miles of the town. To their active minds the ennui of such a life became almost insupportable. Casting about for means to divert themselves, they bethought them of the drama. Mr. Dering’s spacious brew-house would be just the thing! They lost no time in applying for its use, and having obtained his permission, proceeded at once to convert it into a theatre. The greater part of these gentlemen and ladies were familiar with the plays of Shakspeare—hence it was not difficult to prepare themselves in this

respect. Whilst the necessary alterations were making, rehearsals were attended to, costumes and scenery improvised—all of which was the work of amateurs.

Kitty Dering and Mary Krause were neither idle nor disinterested spectators of these preparations. Having free access to the “green room,” they were soon initiated into the mysteries behind the scenes. It is not strange that their young minds should become infatuated, for the time being, with these novel performances. Mary’s retentive memory soon enabled her to repeat nearly the whole of the plays, and to sing the popular songs of the day. Naturally gifted with a melodious voice, she cultivated it to an extent quite unusual for the limited opportunities of a border town. In alluding to this love of music, her eldest son writes, “How
“ often have I sat, when a child, and in my youth, and with
“ delight drank in her sweet song, accompanied with the flute
“ by uncle George Wolff. In fancy I can yet hear her soft
“ melody, and never can I forget those songs of my now
“ sainted mother, learned during the Revolution, from Eng-
“ lish ladies on the stage in the old Brew-house.”

The winter of 1777–8 was one of severe trial to the suffering soldiers in the army of the Revolution. A series of reverses had dispirited the men. Conspiracy among several prominent officers against Washington, added to the horrors of want and the rigors of the season, produced a feeling of deep gloom throughout the camp:

“ But wilder, fiercer, sadder still,
Freezing the tear it caused to start,
Was the inevitable chill
Which pierced a nation’s agued heart.”

The army was in winter quarters at Valley Forge. As her father's house was only a dozen miles above, Mary, in passing to and from Lancaster, had the fullest opportunity of acquainting herself with the condition of the troops. Her heart went out in the deepest sympathy for the poor, shivering, starved patriots, who braved the elements, and endured the hardships of the camp with scarcely a murmur. The impressions made that memorable winter,

“Where every blast that whistled by,
Was bitter with its children's cry,”*

were indelibly impressed upon her memory.

* T. Buchanan Read has depicted the miseries of that winter, which she so often described, and closes thus:—

“Such was the winter's awful sight
For many a dreary day and night,
What time our country's hope forlorn,
Of every needed comfort shorn,
Lay housed within a hurried tent
Where every keen blast found a rent,
And oft the snow was seen to sift
Along the floor its piling drift,
Or mocking the scant blanket's fold,
Across the night-couch frequent rolled;
Where every path by a soldier beat,
Or every track where a sentinel stood,
Still held the print of naked feet,
And oft the crimson stains of blood;
Where Famine held her spectral court,
And joined by all her fierce allies;

In the early part of 1782, Captain Joshua Huddy, of the American army, was taken prisoner in New Jersey by the British, and carried to New York. After undergoing the brutal treatment experienced by many of our prisoners in their hands, he was taken out of prison by order of Captain Lippincott, and on the 13th of April was hung. This was justified by them as a retaliation for the hanging of one of their own men. The affair, a most cruel outrage, created a profound sensation. It was brought before Congress. Washington took counsel of his generals, and the result of their action was a letter sent to Sir Henry Clinton, demanding that Captain Lippincott should be delivered up. An equivocal answer was returned, and as forbearance was no longer possible, retaliatory measures were agreed upon. It was determined that a British officer of equal rank with Captain Huddy should be chosen by lot, and suffer death in the same manner. All British captains, then prisoners of

She ever loved a camp or fort,
Beleagured by the wintry skies,—
But chiefly when Disease is by,
To sink the frame and dim the eye,
Until with seeking forehead bent,
In martial garments cold and damp,
Pale Death patrols from tent to tent,
To count the charnels of the camp.

Such was the winter that prevailed,
Within the crowded, frozen gorge;
Such were the horrors that assailed
The patriot band at Valley Forge."

Wagoner of the Alleghenies.

war, were ordered to assemble at Lancaster. From Philadelphia, York, Reading, and Frederick, the sad captives were gathered. On the appointed day, in the latter part of May, the lot was drawn in Lancaster, at the tavern of Adam Reigart. In a box were placed as many slips of paper as there were officers present. All were blanks excepting one, upon which was written the word, "DEATH!" Each officer drew his own lot. Some who had faced the cannon's mouth with composure, grew pale at the prospect of a hangman's noose. Truly it was running the gauntlet between life and death. Captain Charles Asgill drew his death warrant. When the result was announced, he fell to the floor as though a bullet had pierced his heart. He was a tender stripling of nineteen, the only son of Sir Charles Asgill, and of wealthy and powerful connections.

Poor Captain Asgill had the sympathy of his fellow-prisoners, and of the good people of Lancaster; yet none cared to alter the stern decrees of war. He had been an inmate of Mr. Dering's family, and won the esteem of all who knew him. Mary Krause knew him well, and whilst fully acknowledging the justice of the proceeding, felt the keenest pity for the wretched victim. As soon as consciousness was restored he was marched off between files of soldiers and taken to Philadelphia, on his way to the place of execution. Clinton was awe-stricken at this prompt action of the American Commander-in-Chief. Great excitement prevailed within the British lines. Carleton reprobated the conduct of Captain Lippincott, and yet he was not delivered over into our hands. Remonstrances covered Washington's table. The news flew to England in a fast sailing vessel. Both Houses of Parliament stood aghast. They soon came to their senses.

Conciliatory measures were advocated, and thus the affair hung in a state of suspense for some months. Weighty influences were brought to bear upon Washington and Lafayette, but without success. Lady Asgill, the mother of the doomed youth, begged the Count de Vergennes to intercede with Washington. As the probabilities were that the like barbarity would not be repeated, Washington set Captain Asgill at liberty in the early part of November.

Nothing worthy of record occurred in the life of Mary Krause for some years. She grew into womanhood, endowed by nature with many graces of person. Much of her time was spent in Lancaster, where her personal attractions and amiability drew around her many friends. Christian Wolff had long admired her, and before setting out in his life pilgrimage, sought to woo her. Their affections, discreetly engaged, were like

“two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun ;
And in the dawn, they floated on,
And mingled into one.”

In 1789, Christian journeyed from Chambersburg to claim his bride. Those pleasant May mornings may have been the brighter from the anticipation of an auspicious future. Henceforth the hill was not to be climbed alone.

“ON SUNDAY, THE TENTH OF MAY, 1789, WERE MARRIED IN LANCASTER, BY THE REV. WM. HENDEL, CHRISTIAN WOLFF, OF CHAMBERSBURG, TO ANNA MARIA, DAUGHTER OF JACOB KRAUSE, OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.”

When the days of feasting were ended, the youthful pair bade adieu to the dear old associations around which clustered so many and hallowed memories. To part with all her friends was a severe trial for Mary. Henceforth her lot was to be cast among strangers, where no familiar face or voice should bid her welcome. Leaning alone upon her husband, she turned bravely towards the setting sun, and they went on their lonely way. The tedious journey to Chambersburg was accomplished on horseback, and their worldly effects were forwarded by wagon. The roads were steep and difficult, yet, in the balmy May days, were shaded and pleasant. Every new prospect from a lofty hill; every cool and sequestered valley; the flowering shrubs by the wayside, and expanding blossoms under her feet, had a charm for Mary. She was a devoted lover of nature. She has often related, with much humor, her first impressions of Chambersburg. On the last day of their journey, anxious to arrive as early as possible, they increased their speed. At best they could not arrive until after nightfall. It happened that the night was very dark, with neither moon nor stars. In the South Mountain, some dozen miles from the town, they became bewildered in the darkness, and lost their way. When they regained the road, a fearful storm arose. They could obtain no shelter, as no houses were to be found in that part of the mountain. No alternative remained but to brave the storm. It came like a fury upon them. The voice of the wind through the forest was fearful. The old pines groaned and quivered, as the breath of the storm king passed over them. The firmament was of an inky blackness, and their way only indicated by the frequent flashes of lightning. The crash of the thunder through those mountain

gorges reverberated in terrific majesty; and then the windows of heaven were opened, and the floods came.

They never forgot that memorable journey. At midnight they entered the town. Their garments were soaked with rain, and half-dead with fatigue and hunger, they found no preparations made to receive them. But a sweet morning smiled upon them after a night of storms.

As soon as the proper arrangements could be completed, they commenced housekeeping. His brother George boarded with them, and soon afterwards, his youngest brother Jacob came from Lancaster to learn the same trade. In 1791 he bought a fine lot from Patrick Campbell. It occupied a central position on the north side of the Main street. The following year he erected the substantial house in which he resided during the remainder of his life.

On the 20th of August, 1792, his father died. The good old man went down into the grave

“Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

Christian being the eldest son, administered upon his father's estate. He commenced by relinquishing the double share, to which, as the eldest son, he was entitled. Having convoked the heirs at Lancaster, in the latter part of 1792, the property was divided, and he returned to Chambersburg.

For some years he gave his attention exclusively to his business and his family. When he had leisure he assisted his wife in arranging and pruning the flowers and shrubbery in their garden. On pleasant days, their not unfrequent habit was to explore the woods and meadows bordering the

creek for rare or curious wild plants, which they transplanted into the garden. Sometimes, in their longer excursions, they conveyed their botanical treasures many miles. These, by careful nurture, grew well in the rich black soil prepared for them, and flourished for many years. An ardent cultivator of flowers lived not far off, in West Water Street—the Rev. Anthony Ulrich Luetge. He was the pastor of the Lutheran Church in Chambersburg; a young German divine, of high literary and theological attainments, and a true lover of nature. The most attractive flowers graced his garden; yet he lived but a short time to enjoy them. Early in life he died of a lingering consumption, leaving a widow, and greatly lamented by a sorrowing congregation. His loss was felt severely by our grandparents.

In those days the German element was not large in Chambersburg. The great majority of the inhabitants were Irish, or of Irish descent. The moral condition of the border, as compared with the present day, was not encouraging to lovers of good order. Drunkenness prevailed to an unusual extent, and tippling was decidedly popular. When a customer entered a store, the bottle was handed around; when a visitor went to see a neighbor, the same formality was considered indispensable. Indeed, to neglect it upon any occasion was deemed uncourteous, and indicative of a decided want of respect. Hence brawls and fights were of common occurrence, especially on Saturdays, when it was customary for mechanics to quit work at noon, and spend the afternoon and evening about the taverns.

The Sabbath was most rigidly observed by the Seceders and Presbyterians, who held fast to the stern teachings of their ancestors of the days of Cromwell. Not so, how-

ever, with the Germans. After attending church in the forenoon, they spent the afternoon in social visiting, or in strolling through the woods and fields. These ideas of the recreations of the Sabbath day, they too brought with them from the fatherland. In many respects, time and example have wrought many beneficial changes.

In 1794 the Seceder congregation was the most numerous of all the religious sects in Chambersburg; and in 1862, by removals, and other causes, had become so reduced that regular services were discontinued. The Presbyterians, at that day, worshipped in an old log church, upon the same site now occupied by the present substantial church edifice. The Lutherans and German Reformed held service in a log church, which they built and held jointly, in Washington street, upon the spot where the Lutheran Church now stands. The modern comforts of the sanctuary were then unknown, and worshippers who attended during the winter months, shivered through the service without fire.

After the death of pastor Luetge, the Rev. Mr. Blitt was chosen by the Lutherans to be their pastor, and with the Rev. Mr. Faber, of the German Reformed Church, occupied the pulpit every alternate Sabbath.

The exciting scenes enacted in the western counties during the Whiskey Insurrection, will ever render the year 1794 a memorable era in the annals of Pennsylvania. Since the imposition of an excise in 1791, taxing stills and distilled liquor, those engaged in carrying on distilleries had been conspicuous in fomenting discord. The counties of Allegheny, Washington, Fayette, Westmoreland and Bedford being more particularly interested, the excitement in that

region was intense. The farmers who owned stills argued that they had just as good a right to convert their grain into whiskey, as to grind it into flour. They did not fully comprehend their obligations to sustain the government. Its policy, its trials, its claims upon their sympathy, and their manifest duty in return, were then but imperfectly understood. At that time the financial affairs of the nation were greatly embarrassed. Large loans had been obtained in France and Holland, and in order to liquidate these obligations, recourse was had to direct taxation. Obedience and restraint were felt by many to be *oppression*; their idea of *liberty* was to act as they pleased, without let or hindrance from any one. What a man possessed, or whatever pursuits in life he followed, pertained to himself alone. No person or government had any right to meddle therewith. Such views and feelings were entertained by the masses of the inhabitants of those western counties. When the assessors, or tax collectors, in the performance of their duty, attempted to collect the tax, they were maltreated in the most shameful manner. They were subjected to personal violence; their property destroyed; their houses burned, and in several cases their lives were sacrificed. Government soon interfered, and a large army was sent to the Monongahela to quell the insurrection, which was happily accomplished without bloodshed.

Franklin county was not without its Whiskey Boys. True, they were not numerous enough to do much mischief, had they been so inclined. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of the law abiding citizens, they erected a tall whiskey pole in the public square in Chambersburg. This attracted about two hundred light dragoons, recruited from New Jersey,

Philadelphia and Lancaster, to pay them a visit. The commotion produced by the sudden appearance of the Light Horse is well remembered by some of the old inhabitants yet living. They encamped on the common near the Seceder Church. Our grandparents, taking their eldest son Barnard by the hand, visited the encampment, and met with a kind reception from many old acquaintances from Lancaster. A number of the malcontents who had been active in raising the pole were arrested, brought to the spot, compelled to cut it down close to the ground, and afterwards chop it into firewood. It was a beautiful pole, very tall, carefully bound together with iron bands, and decorated with a long red streamer at the top. Thus ended the demonstration of the Whiskey Boys in Franklin county.

General Washington directed the movement of the troops in the suppression of the Whiskey Insurrection. He passed through Chambersburg at this time, and remained over night. He lodged in a house on the north side of the Main street, a few doors below the Bank of Chambersburg, long occupied as a drug store. It was a hotel at that time, and he was on his way to Fort Cumberland to join the army. At daylight the next morning, the inhabitants were at their doors to see him pass. He acknowledged their salutations as he rode through the streets. He was on horseback, followed by his black servant, carrying a great portmanteau.

In the year 1798, our grandfather was appointed magistrate by Thomas Mifflin, the first Governor of Pennsylvania, under the newly formed Constitution. His commission is dated April 6th, 1798. "The office of a Justice of the Peace in those days was considered of vastly greater im-

portance, and far more honorable, than at the present time. None but men of probity, strict integrity, and the highest respectability could aspire thereto, or were appointed by the Governor. The duties of the office were laborious. The laws for facilitating the collection of debts of all sums under one hundred dollars produced an immense amount of litigation." It was no uncommon occurrence that from fifty to one hundred cases were tried weekly before Squire Wolff. Many referred their cases to arbitrators, and consequently a great deal of time and labor was necessary to decide and record the same. As time wore on, and his children grew up around him, his eldest son afforded material aid to his father. He wrote out the necessary blanks, summons', and executions, and stated cases upon the docket, so that his father had only to fill up the blanks and decide for the plaintiff or defendant, as the case might be. He was well versed in law, and improved his legal knowledge and experience from year to year, at the same time adding continually to his law library. Many farmers from a distance came to consult his opinion in matters of dispute, and whenever he was able to prevail upon the parties to avoid a lawsuit, he sought to accomplish an amicable settlement. The fact is known to many of his descendants, that in no single known instance was his decision reversed by a superior tribunal. In the course of his long life he was called upon to sit in judgment in many cases in which all the legal shrewdness and moral forbearance possible were brought into active exercise. He retained his commission until his death, exactly forty-three years afterwards.

In the discharge of his magisterial duties, and in taking

the necessary recreation, he was prevented from giving much attention to the affairs of the shop. This, in the course of time, was managed entirely by his son Barnard, who took his father's place. Barnard purchased material, disposed of the finished work, and superintended the journeymen and apprentices.

Nothing worthy of special mention occurred for some years. Occupied daily in the multiplied engagements of his office, our grandfather saw with pleasure that with the increasing demands of his growing family, he had always the ability to satisfy their wants. In speaking of his father at this time, his eldest son, now a venerable man, remarks: "I never knew a man whose life was less chequered, or who passed through life more smoothly than my father. Naturally of a most amiable disposition, his aspirations were not high. Possessing this placid cheerful temperament, perfectly content with his circumstances and condition in life, he seemed to desire nothing more than a comfortable competency, which he always had. He was a great admirer of nature, the beauties of which he often pointed out to his children. His greatest pleasure was in his flower garden, in which enjoyment my mother largely partook. A strong congeniality in their tastes and feelings was always manifest in this particular. The toil and labors of the garden were pleasures to them of which they never seemed to weary." And thus

"Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

In some respects a marked difference existed between the natural dispositions and temperament of our grandparents.

Our grandmother was an energetic woman, proverbial for industry and economy. Perseverance and decision of character, were strongly marked in carrying out the duties and discipline of the household. She ruled her house well, and permitted none of her children to eat the bread of idleness. The spindle and distaff were daily in her hands. In the management of her domestic affairs she saw that every thing was done at the proper time, and each article of household use in its appropriate place, so that even if required in the darkness of the night, she might lay her hand upon it, whether in the garret, cellar, smokehouse, or pantry. Thus she trained up her children. She strove also to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Before they retired to bed, she taught their infant lips to pray, and to her faithful teachings in their childhood and later years, are her children largely indebted for their moral and religious culture. As a member of the German Reformed Church, she was active in promoting the welfare of Zion. After the death of Rev. Mr. Faber, Mr. Stock became the pastor, preaching exclusively in the German language. This was also the case with the Lutherans; there was very little English preaching among German families at that day. The two congregations now saw fit to relinquish the joint occupancy of the old log church, and each built a house of worship for themselves. The Lutherans erected their church in 1806 or 1807, and the German Reformed congregation completed their present church edifice in 1813, under the pastoral ministrations of Rev. James Hoffman. This clergyman was called from Woodstock, Va., in 1806 or 1807, and continued to go in and out before this people for upwards of twenty years.

In the year 1812, the complications which interfered with the friendly relations heretofore existing between the United States and Great Britain, led to an open rupture, and a declaration of war. The right of search had been carried to such extremes by John Bull, that our people would tolerate it no longer. British vessels on the high seas had boarded our merchantmen and impressed not only naturalized subjects, but American born citizens. Remonstrances were of no avail in putting an end to these outrages. Congress passed an act of non-intercourse, and after other decisive measures, was finally compelled in June, 1812, to declare war against Great Britain. This announcement aroused the patriots of our land to buckle on their armor, and go forth to maintain the honor of their country. Chambersburg was not backward in doing her duty in the crisis.

About a month after the declaration of war, a volunteer company of infantry, commanded by Captain Jeremiah Snyder, and numbering sixty-eight men, made a tender of their services to the President of the United States, and were accepted. This company was afterwards included in a requisition made upon the Governor of Pennsylvania to furnish eighteen hundred men. Volunteer companies soon filled the quota, and were ordered to Buffalo, N. Y. On the 5th of September, 1812, they took up the line of march, bidding farewell to their friends in Chambersburg. It was a sorrowful day for our grandmother. With a heavy heart, under a stern sense of duty, she sent forth her first-born to do battle for his country. Our grandfather, always patriotic, and truly loyal to his government, accompanied the troops as far as Licking Creek, in Bedford county. Other gentlemen, whose sons were in the army, went with them a portion of the way. Five

companies marched from Franklin county, viz.: Capt. Snyder's, Capt. Hays', Capt. Oaks', Capt. Harper's and Capt. Reges'—the latter, riflemen.

Before taking his final leave, and turning his face homeward, our grandfather gave good counsel to his son. What were the emotions of his heart, as they bade farewell, are only known to those who have been placed in similar circumstances. Our grandfather turned his horse's head, and rode back to Chambersburg. During the absence of that boy, song and mirth seemed banished from the household. The mother half forgot even her flowers, in her anxiety for the absent one. At length the troops were disbanded along the frontier, and permitted to return home. Barnard, too, came, but by slow stages. He had been sick nigh unto death. His father, hearing of his severe illness, set out to bring him home. As the invalid soldier approached Sideling Hill, accompanied by a faithful comrade, he saw a horse and rider in the distance, coming towards them, and remarked to his companion, "there comes my father's bald-faced horse!" The meeting was a joyful one, although our grandfather was greatly shocked at the emaciated and altered appearance of his son. They returned to Chambersburg by easy journeys of ten or fifteen miles a day. Barnard did not recover his health for some months afterwards.

On the 23d of August, 1814, the good people of Chambersburg were thrown into a state of consternation by the startling announcement that the British had effected a landing on the Patuxent—had burned the capitol at Washington, with all the public buildings, and the national archives—and would make a speedy attack upon Baltimore. The bells

aroused the people, and summoned them to the Court House on the public square. The glorious old flag of our Union, presented by the ladies of Chambersburg to the volunteers, at the time of their departure for Buffalo, was again unfurled and flung to the breeze. As they marched through the streets, hundreds of old and young men fell into the ranks. Workmen threw down their tools, and rushed into the procession. As they passed his door, young Barnard Wolff filed into the company, and before dismissal, they organized by choosing officers. Dr. Culbertson was elected captain, the necessary preliminaries were hastily arranged, and each man required to be in readiness to march the next morning at break of day. Men flew to arms from every township in the county, in such numbers, that when they assembled at Baltimore, they were organized into a separate battalion.

On the following morning they took up the line of march for Baltimore, where they arrived several days afterwards. Not his parents alone, but his young wife also shared in the eagerness for tidings from the camp, and awaited his return with breathless anxiety. When the British, after being handsomely repulsed, abandoned the enterprise, and weighed anchor, the troops were disbanded, and returned home, after an absence of a few weeks.

After the close of the war, but few incidents worthy of record varied the tranquil life of our relatives in Chambersburg. Our grandfather found his time fully occupied from day to day in discharging the duties of his office. Once in a while, gun in hand, he sought relaxation in a hunting expedition, or in fishing nearer home. Taking his family in his barouche, he drove through the beautiful Cumberland Valley to Williamsport, Md., where he crossed the Potomac into Vir-

ginia, and paid an occasional visit to his brother George Wolff, who resided in Martinsburg. Between these brothers the tenderest attachment always existed. Sometimes they journeyed by the same conveyance to Carlisle, Hagerstown, York, or the principal towns within fifty or a hundred miles. At longer intervals they visited Lancaster, Pottstown, (then called Pottsgrove) and Philadelphia or Baltimore. They have often described the appearance of Philadelphia in their early visits, when few buildings were found west of Eighth street, beyond which was open country. The fashionable part of the city was near the Delaware, and south of Market street.

Time wore on apace. Their children grew up around them and began to scatter. One by one, they married and bade farewell to the dear old homestead. Few homes ever seemed to possess the same genial attractions. Its every nook and cranny was crowded with pleasant associations or tender memories. Who of the children fails to recall the satisfaction with which he or she came again to sit at the old fireside? They were all born beneath that moss-grown roof. Every tree in the garden was mantled with recollections of the past. The enjoyments and pains of childhood; the pleasures and pangs of early maturity, were all nurtured there. A thousand long forgotten thoughts trooped through the brain, as from time to time they came to find vacant places at the old ancestral board. Each son or daughter endeavored to make arrangements to spend a few weeks during the year under the paternal roof. Their children came with them. What joyful reunions! How kind the dear old grandparents! The grandson who pens these lines well remembers the intense gratification which attended his annual visits

from his home in a distant city. How distinctly we can place before us everything about the house! Who of the children, or older grandchildren, do not remember the old front room, with its capacious cupboards, its wainscoting, and the carved wooden cornice; the tall old clock in the corner, whose strokes sounded solemnly in the twilight dimness; the pictures on the walls; the bookcase, with its pictorial treasures, its huge tomes and encyclopedias, which we unfolded, volume after volume, to marvel at the pictures, and the great old folio copy of Carver's travels, illustrated with wonderful engravings? Who does not remember the old ten-plate stove, wherein the youngsters of several generations have roasted apples in the long days of winter; around which have gathered so many happy groups, now to meet on earth no more forever? How well we remember each room in the house—even the rude autographs cut with diamond rings upon the window panes—the wide hall; the piazza, paved with brick, which led to the dining room; the spacious staircase; the book-case in the second story hall; the deeply recessed windows, crowded during the winter with blooming plants; the collection of cacti in the warm room over the kitchen, at the extreme end of the back building; the old garret, with its boxes and barrels of documents and papers; the apple cellar, whose sombre twilight stillness half overcame the desire of the youngsters for the coveted fruit; the old leathern fire buckets which hung within the doorway at the cellar stairs, all ready for the first alarm. How well, *how well we remember them all!* Through the mind's eye we can see the table spread with that quaint old china, (we do not see such any more,) so translucent in texture, so delicately painted, and brought out on special occasions for company,

and the old English fluted tumblers, ornamented with gilt wreaths. And so imagination leads us through the paved yard with its vigorous plum trees—those gages and golden eggs—who ever saw better fruit? The grandchildren stood in a ring beneath, as old grandfather, with a tremulous hand, used to shake the trees and enjoy the scrambling of the youngsters after the ripe fallen fruit. By the garden gate, too, stood the old smoke-house, with its motley collections, its buckets formed of chestnut bark, made to gather wild berries long years ago; its great hedge shears, and manifold array of garden tools, all in their proper places. And then the garden,—so clean, so neatly kept, so freely accessible to neighbors, so often visited by strangers, attracted by its rare indigenous treasures; how we all loved it! We can yet see its long paved main walk, and numerous side borders, cornered with great plants of evergreen box, clipped into geometric figures, after the old style; the luxuriant array of magnificent roses; the bright flashes in the warm sunshine from the tulips, hyacinths, crocuses, snowdrops, &c., in masses, the lovely wild heralds of the spring-time; the fences covered with blossoming vines; the trellises bearing odorous exotics; the admirable collection of interesting native plants, all flourishing under careful and intelligent culture; the little greenhouse, with its cherished inmates, Camellias, Fuchsias, Cape jessamines, and many an exile from some foreign shore—but they are gone! So, too, the great old lemon tree, with its golden fruit; the oleanders; the pomegranates, with scarlet blossoms and curious fruit—all are gone! Sweet associations cluster around that dear old garden; about the shrubbery along the borders; the old cedar at the corner of the main walk, planted by hands now mouldering; the

bank of green sod, with the berberry bushes, and the gigantic sweet-scented shrub, forming a little copse by itself near the old summer house ; the tall hedge of tree boxwood, and the great apple tree overtopping all its neighbors, and bowing with its tribute of delicious golden fruit. Under its shade, beneath the vine-clad arbor, generations have plighted their troth, and its whispering leaves have listened to many a tale of love. The trysting tree may yet stand, but all else is changed and gone.

Our grandmother was an excellent florist. She understood the culture of plants, and kept herself well informed of the introduction of new plants from abroad, sending orders frequently to the cities for the latest novelties. She was a good botanist, too, perhaps the best in that region, and cultivated her tastes and flowers with the same enthusiasm. She considered the lilies how they grew, and fully realized "that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." Horticulture was a favorite pastime with grandfather. One prominent and beautiful trait in his character was his deep love of nature. Accompanied by his children, with his microscope in his hand, he never lost an opportunity of instructing them in the glorious beauty of the infinitesimal as well as the infinite. His grandchildren well remember those pleasant walks. Surrounded by a numerous retinue, who were ever on the alert to attend his steps, none have forgotten his pleasant discourse by the way, as they walked to his orchard in a distant suburb, beyond the German Reformed Church. The finest apple, pear, peach and other fruit trees were carefully tended. And there, too, was his kitchen garden; the useful being interspersed, as usual, with a profusion of flowers.

And thus the years wore on. He maintained his cheerful vigor, and ever relished a good joke. The society of his old companions was always pleasant; those tried friends, with whom he mingled for many years, cultivating an intimate and cordial friendship. In all his habits he was methodical and abstemious. The results of this course of life were apparent, when, at the age of seventy, in company with old Charles Young, his senior in years, he thought nothing of rising very early in the morning, and walking before sunrise nearly to the foot of the North Mountain, a distance of seven or eight miles, hunting for game by the way. At the sound of the horn, they turned into John Butler's for breakfast, leaving pheasants and squirrels sufficient to make a pot-pie dinner, to be ready on their return at midday. Good Mrs. Butler knew well how to prepare it, and was always sure of a bountiful contribution of game. After ranging through the mountain thickets for many miles, and undergoing an immense amount of fatigue, sometimes separated for hours in the wild gorges, these hale old men, walked back to town at the close of the day, laden with sufficient game to satisfy the wants of their families for days. These excursions contributed greatly to grandfather's vigor and health.

Towards the end of his life, a relaxation of the nerves, which had been increasing gradually for some years, interfered greatly with his comfort. Several attacks of paralysis foreshadowed the decay of the vital powers. For about three years before his death, he was confined to his bed. And yet, during all that long protracted indisposition, he ever maintained his cheerfulness. The same equable serenity which characterized his life was manifest to its close. Always full of animation, he enjoyed the company of his chil-

dren and grandchildren, who loved to assemble around his bedside. His fund of anecdote was exhaustless, and his personal reminiscences of the Revolution and War of 1812-14, particularly entertaining and valuable. How well does the writer remember that sick chamber, where he sat for hours, when a boy, drinking in those thrilling narrations. Many important facts, useful in elucidating the history of our country, and interesting in themselves, have perished with him.

The philosophy and patience which characterized his life, bore him through his long sickness without murmuring. He was, indeed, a beautiful example of christian resignation. Although confined entirely to his bed, his sufferings were not great, nor was he often racked by acute disease. He preserved his fresh, ruddy complexion, and was heavier than for many years. While the old and young enjoyed his company, as he did theirs, they marvelled at his cheerfulness.

His last illness came unexpectedly, and commenced with a sudden pain in the great toe of his left foot. It seized him on the night of Wednesday the third of February, 1841. Grandmother, who was well skilled in the use of domestic remedies, bathed the foot in hot water, and resorted to other means, yet the excruciating pain still continued unabated. The next morning, his son Barnard, seeing that medical aid was necessary, summoned Dr. S. D. Culbertson. By this time the pain had extended to the heel. Dr. Culbertson came promptly, and after a careful examination, gave them to understand that all had been done already that could be of any avail. The toe and heel began to assume a dark, livid appearance, the pain gradually extended up the leg, agonizing in its severity at first, and lessening through the

day. Towards evening the pain had almost entirely left him. Mortification ensued, and he was beyond the power of human skill. Thus he passed through Thursday night. The following morning, between eight and nine o'clock, whilst old Jacob Snyder, who had called to see him, was in the chamber, with grandmother, and uncle Barnard and aunt Judith, it was apparent that his end was approaching. He retained entire possession of his faculties, and manifested composure in the presence of death. About five minutes before he breathed his last, uncle Barnard, bending over his couch, enquired of his expiring parent, "Father, are you conscious that you are dying?" He nodded an assent. Uncle asked him again, "What are your hopes for the eternal world?" With a firm voice he replied, "*My hope is in Jesus Christ—if that fails, all fails.*" He spoke no more. Soon afterwards his jaw fell, and his spirit took its flight.

And thus he died, on Friday the fifth of February, 1841, aged seventy-eight years and two months. "He died in a good old age; an old man, and full of years." His sun had set—not in the splendor of the meridian, but with a soft rich light. The old patriarch had gone, but the radiance of his pure and guileless life yet lingers in our skies. His end was peace—he had lain aside the staff and the sandals, and entered the rest that remaineth "for the people of God."

The announcement of his death produced a feeling of sadness through a large circle of acquaintances. For many years he had been so widely known in all that region, that he seemed identified with the place. On the following Sabbath

he was buried in the cemetery of the German Reformed Church. The funeral was numerously attended, not only by his fellow townsmen, but by many persons from the country, who thus testified their respect for his memory. Rev. Jacob Helfenstein, pastor of the church, officiated at the grave. He rests near the church, to the right of the gate—a pleasant spot, beneath the waving of cedars.

“O good old man ; how well in thee appear’d,
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou wert not for the fashion of these times,
When none will sweat but for promotion ;
And having that, do choke their service up,
Even with the having : it was not so with thee !”

Our dear old grandmother was now bereft of the husband of her youth. Hand in hand, they had journeyed through life for fifty-two years. The years had drawn nigh when she could say she had no pleasure in them. The silver cord that bound her to the beloved companion of her earthly pilgrimage was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken ! She spoke but little, as she moved quietly through the house ; busying herself with the superintendence of the household, and with mellowed thoughts over the buried past. Within the house, all remained unchanged. Her children gathered around her, as of old, and sought to solace her declining years. The sound of youthful voices in frolicsome glee was heard again, as the little grandchildren and great grandchildren clustered around her knee. Spring came again, with its flowers, and she went forth into her garden. Every plant, as of yore, received her careful culture. The box was

clipped, and the shrubbery pruned, and the luxuriant vines trained, yet her heart was sad within her. Every spot partook of hallowed recollections, and departed joys. Her children would fain have persuaded her to take up her residence with themselves, yet she clung fondly to the associations of the old house, and would never leave it. One of her motherless grandchildren lived with her, and thus year after year wore on. Possessed of an activity unusual for one of her age, she spent much time during the pleasant weather in cultivating her plants. Dear, kind old grandmother! how grateful she was for the assistance of her grandchildren, in tying up and watering her plants—in weeding the borders, and in removing the pot flowers to and from the greenhouse. What searches were instituted for her spectacles, sometimes dropped by accident into the great square plants of box—and how rejoiced the urchin who was fortunate enough to recover them. Her son, Barnard, who lived near by, himself far advanced in years, watched her daily with tender and affectionate solicitude.

Towards the close of her long life, the decay of the natural powers grew more rapid. Sight and hearing became dull. She sat day by day reading her German testament, or with the hymn book of her early years by her side. Her descendants came on their customary annual visits; some, who lived nearer, came oftener to solace her declining years. Her eldest daughter, Charlotte, bestowed the most tender care upon her aged mother, sometimes remaining with her for months at a time. Life had lost its charms, and she waited patiently for the call of the Master.

For several weeks before her death, she was unable to leave her bed. Her last illness was not of a violent char-

acter. The feeble frame was worn out, and the sands of life run out. During the last few days, she conversed but little. Receiving the proffered nourishment, and conscious of the affectionate attentions of the loving ones around her, she was evidently anxious to be gone. Quietly and almost imperceptibly she passed away from earth, so gently indeed that

“They thought her dying while she slept,
And sleeping when she died.”

She breathed her last at four o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the thirty-first of October, 1854, aged ninety-one years, seven months and six days. She survived her husband thirteen years and eight months.

On the following Thursday, the second of November, she was laid beside our grandfather in an arched vault in the burying ground of the German Reformed Church. The funeral services were of an unusually impressive character, and conducted by her pastor, Rev. S. N. Callender. A large concourse of friends followed her remains to their final resting place. There was much to remind her children of their good old mother. She had labored long and actively in the early days of the church, to assist in building up that branch of Zion. The very bells that mournfully tolled her funeral knell, were purchased with funds collected for that purpose by our grandmother and Mrs. Heyser.

There they are resting side by side. Earth's fitful dreams are over, and we rejoice in believing that among the redeemed in Heaven, they “sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.”

Two neat marble slabs at the head of the graves bear the simple inscriptions :

OUR FATHER.
Christian Wolff,

DIED
FEBRUARY 5TH, 1841,
IN THE
79th year of his age.

OUR MOTHER.
Mary Wolff,

DIED
OCTOBER 31ST, 1854,
IN THE
92nd year of her age.

They had nine children, four sons and five daughters, as follows :

BARNARD,	JACOB,	ELIZABETH,
JOHN GEORGE,	CATHARINE,	ANNA MARIA,
CHARLOTTE,	CHRISTIAN,	SUSANNA BARBARA.

Of these Barnard, Charlotte, Anna Maria, and Susanna Barbara, are still living. Of the other children, three died in childhood, and Christian and Elizabeth after marriage.

Some time after her death, the estate was settled up, the property divided among the heirs, and the old homestead sold. It passed into the hands of strangers.

Our grandparents left behind them one treasure as a legacy to their children—one inestimable heritage—A GOOD NAME.

FAMILY RECORDS OF CHRISTIAN WOLFF.

The following record of the descendants of Christian and Anna Maria Wolff, although not perfect, is as complete as could be made under the hasty circumstances in which the

NOTE.—Family records are generally too meagre. They should indicate more than date of birth, marriage and death. A form somewhat like the following would be far more satisfactory to posterity, for whose benefit the records are intended.

BIRTHS.

A—— B—— C——, was born in ——, —— County, ——, on ——, the ——, day of ——, 18—; baptized on ——, the —— day of ——, by Rev. Mr. —— ——. Sponsors in baptism were —— ———, and —— ———.

MARRIAGES.

A—— B—— C——, was married in ——, on ——, the —— day of ——, 18—; by Rev. —— ———, to M—— ———, eldest daughter of B—— and J—— H——, of ——, —— County ——.

DEATHS.

A—— B—— C——, died in ——, —— County ——, on ——, the —— day of ——, 18—, aged —— years, —— months and —— days, and was buried in —— cemetery, on ——, the —— day of ——. Rev. —— ——— officiated at the funeral.

genealogy has been compiled. Their children, all born in Chambersburg, were as follows :

I.

BARNARD, born February 6th, 1790. His sponsors in baptism were his father and mother. He was married in Chambersburg, April 6th, 1814, by Rev. James Hoffman to Judith Ann Heyser. She was born in Chambersburg, November 23d, 1794, and died in the same town, July 28th, 1860. Barnard still resides in Chambersburg, where he has lived all his life.

Their children, all born in Chambersburg, are,—

1. CHRISTIAN HEYSER, born April 6th, 1815; resides in Pittsburgh.
2. JACOB HEYSER, born September 30th, 1816; died July 10th, 1817.
3. JOHN GEORGE, born June 6th, 1818; married in Chambersburg, October 15th, 1844, by Rev. W. W. Bonnell, to Theresa Rebecca May, (born at Hagerstown, Md., April 12th, 1823). They reside in Chambersburg, and their children are :
Bernard May, born November 6th, 1845; baptized by Rev. W. W. Bonnell.
Christian Edward, born January 1st, 1849; baptized by Rev. Alfred Nevin.
Adelaide Sumpter, born April 30th, 1851; died February 9th, 1852.
William Heyser, born April 11th, 1858; baptized by Rev. Samuel Phillips.
4. CATHARINE ELIZABETH, born September 18th, 1820;

married in Chambersburg, February 25th, 1841, by Rev. Jacob Helfenstein, to John Vance Lindsay, (born near Chambersburg, March 15th, 1814; died in Chambersburg, June 4th, 1853.) She resides in Chambersburg. Their children are,—

John Bernard, born January 24th, 1843; baptized by Rev. Mr. McKinley.

Thomas Crawford, born January 22nd, 1845; baptized in Baltimore by Rev. Dr. Musgrave.

William Wolff, born February 11th, 1847; baptized in Baltimore, by Rev. Dr. Musgrave.

Mary Elizabeth, born December 31st, 1848; baptized in Baltimore, by Rev. Dr. Musgrave.

Frank, born January 28th, 1851; baptized by Rev. Mr. Clark.

5. ANNA MARY, born September 18th, 1822; married in Chambersburg, May 2nd, 1848, by Rev. Alfred Nevin, to Jacob Dutrow Thomas, M. D., (born at Carroll's Manor, Frederick Co., Md., January 19th, 1827). They reside in Adamstown, Frederick Co., Md. Their children are,—

Adelaide, born at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, September 19th, 1851.

Mary Catharine, born at Jefferson, Frederick Co., Md., February 10th, 1854.

Margaret Ellen, born at Adamstown, Md., April 16th, 1856.

Flora May, born at Adamstown, Md., March 10th, 1858.

6. CHARLOTTE JUDITH, born September 11th, 1825; died in Chambersburg, August 4th, 1845.

7. BERNARD, born March 26th, 1828; resides in Pittsburgh.
8. WILLIAM HEYSER, born August 15th, 1830; married in Philadelphia, September 19th, 1855, by Rev. John B. Henry, to Mary Bunting, (born in Philadelphia, March 27th, 1835.) They reside in Philadelphia, and their children are,—
Kate Nininger, born in St. Paul, Minnesota, August 23d, 1856.
William Bernard, born in St. Paul, Minnesota, May 4th, 1861.
9. HENRY L. RICE, born October 25th, 1834; died December 17th, 1834.

II.

JOHN GEORGE, born September 11th, 1791. His sponsors in baptism were his uncle George Wolff, and aunt Elizabeth Krause. He died May 31st, 1797, aged 5 years, 8 months, and 20 days.

III.

CHARLOTTE, born August 9th, 1793. Her sponsors in baptism were her father and mother. She was married in Chambersburg, February 20th 1821, by Rev. Frederick Rahauser, to Bernard C. Wolff, of Martinsburg, Va. (See records of family of John George Wolff, on page 90).

IV.

JACOB, born June 28th, 1795. His sponsor, was his

uncle Jacob Wolff. He died October 7th, 1796, aged 1 year, 3 months, and 9 days.

V.

CATHARINE, born February 25th, 1797. Her sponsors were her father and mother. She died October 4th, 1799, aged 2 years, 7 months, and 9 days.

VI.

CHRISTIAN DERING, born March 11th, 1799. His sponsors in baptism, were his father, and aunt Charlotte Slagle. He was married in Charlestown, Va., April 21st, 1825, by Rev. Wm. C. Walton, to Elizabeth Goggin Likens, (born in Charlestown, Aug. 4th, 1803). They resided in Shepherdstown, and subsequently in Martinsburg, Va., where he died September 2d, 1837, aged 38 years, 5 months, and 22 days. Their children are,—

1. CHARLES CHRISTIAN, born in Shepherdstown, February 27th, 1826 ; died in Martinsburg, June 15th, 1855.
2. MARY ELIZABETH, born in Shepherdstown, March 17th, 1828. She was married in Martinsburg, June 6th, 1848, by Rev. Wm. Love, to Andrew Meelick Vanarsdale, (born in Berkeley Co., Va., November 25th, 1816). Their children are,—

Charles Christian, born in Martinsburg, March 12th, 1849.

Mary Fahnestock, born in Martinsburg, September 24th, 1850.

Henry Edgar, born in Martinsburg, April 30th, 1853 ; died August 14th, 1854.

Elizabeth, born at Berkeley Springs, October 6th, 1854.

Ann Doyne, born in Baltimore, August 14th, 1862.

3. ANN DOYNE, born in Shepherdstown, August 31st, 1830.

She was married in Martinsburg, May 15th, 1849, by Rev. Lewis F. Wilson, to David Hunter Strother, (born in Martinsburg, September, 1816). She died in Martinsburg, November 5th, 1859, aged 29 years, 2 months, and 5 days. Their only child is *Emily*, born in Martinsburg, March 21st, 1850.

4. SUSAN JANE, born in Martinsburg, 1833; died October, 1838.

5. ELLEN DOUGLASS, born in Martinsburg, March 7th, 1835.

She was married in St. Joseph, Missouri, June 15th, 1859, by Rev. Wm. Fackler, to Joel Henry Berry Miller, (born in Hopkinsville, Ky., 18—.) Their only child is *David Strother*, born in St. Joseph, February 19th, 1860.

6. BERNARD LIKENS, born in Martinsburg, June 7th, 1837.

VII.

ELIZABETH, born March 28th, 1801. Her sponsors in baptism were her parents. She was married in Chambersburg, April 16th, 1822, by Rev. Frederick Rahausser, to John Whitmore, (born in Chambersburg, November 4th, 1798, died in Dayton, Ohio, September 25th, 1862). They resided in Chambersburg, where she died, March 9th, 1836. Their children, all born in Chambersburg, are,—

1. ANNA MARY, born August 18th, 1823. She resides with her uncle, Rev. Dr. Wolff, in Mercersburg.
2. JACOB DERING, born May 2nd, 1826; died in Pittsburgh, November 11th, 1839.

3. CHARLOTTE SUSAN WOLFF, born April 23d, 1829; married in Chambersburg, June 24th, 1856, by Rev. S. N. Callender, to Samuel Calvin Crumbaugh, (born near Frederick, Md., May 1st, 1831). They reside in Dayton, Ohio, and their children are,—

Lizzie Fahnestock, born at Farmington, Ill., March 22nd, 1857.

Grace Ada, born at Richmond, Ind., June 6th, 1858.

4. JOHN CHRISTIAN WOLFF, born July 29th, 1832: died in Chambersburg, in 1834.

VIII.

ANNA MARIA, born April 30th, 1803; her sponsors in baptism were her father and mother. She was married in Chambersburg, April 9th, 1822, by Rev. Frederick Rahauser, to Benjamin A. Fahnestock, (born at Berlin, Adams Co., Pa., July 8th, 1799, and died in Philadelphia, July 11th, 1862, aged 63 years, and 3 days.) She resides in Philadelphia, and their children are,—

1. GEORGE WOLFF, born in Chambersburg, September 23d, 1823; baptized by Rev. Frederick Rahauser. His sponsors in baptism were his uncle Barnard Wolff, and his mother. He was married in Baltimore, Md., September 15th, 1846, by Rev. Thomas Atkinson, D. D., to Grace Sarah Ensey, (born in Baltimore, June 13th, 1826.) Their only child, *Grace Ensey*, was born at Oakland near Pittsburgh, June 4th, 1848, and baptized by Rev. D. H. Riddle, D. D. They reside in Philadelphia.

2. CHRISTIAN DERING, born in Chambersburg, August 2nd, 1825; died in Chambersburg, December 9th, 1825.
3. HELEN MARY, born in Chambersburg, July 3d, 1827; died in Pittsburgh, September 21st, 1829.
4. MARY ELIZABETH, born in Pittsburgh, September 27th, 1830; baptized by Rev. Dr. D. H. Riddle. She was married in Philadelphia, July 6th, 1854, by Rev. Charles Wadsworth, D. D., to George Heberton, (born in Philadelphia, August 22nd, 1822). She died in Philadelphia, May 5th, 1855.

IX.

SUSANNA BARBARA, born January 13th, 1807. Her sponsors in baptism were her father and mother. She was married in Chambersburg, September 9th, 1830, by Rev. Frederick Rahauser, to John Shea, (born in Dillsburg, York Co., Pa., February 7th, 1800). They reside in Pittsburgh, and their children, all born in that city, are,—

1. EDWARD WOLFF, born June 3d, 1831; died in Pittsburgh, May 15th, 1836.
2. MARY ELIZABETH, born February 4th, 1833. She was married in Pittsburgh, May 6th, 1851, by Rev. Charles Cooke, to Joseph Horne, (born near Bedford, Bedford Co., Pa., January 11th, 1826). She died in Pittsburgh, June 15th, 1862, where her husband still resides. Their children are,—
John Shea, born October 20th, 1852; died in Pittsburgh, April 17th, 1854.
Durbin, born July 15th, 1854.
Susan Ella, born October 22nd, 1856.
Joseph Otto, born December 29th, 1859.

3. CHRISTIAN BERNARD, born June 6th, 1835; married in Pittsburgh, October 6th, 1859, by Rev. A. Cookman, to Elizabeth Galway, (born in Pittsburgh). They reside in Pittsburgh.
4. SARAH MARGARETTA, born November 10th, 1837; married in Philadelphia, November 2nd, 1858, by A. Henry, to Caleb Jones Milne, (born in Philadelphia, January 4th, 1839). They reside in Philadelphia, and their children are,—
David, born July 24th, 1859.
Caleb Jones, born March 6th, 1861.
5. BENJAMIN A. FAHNESTOCK, born September 19th, 1840; died in Pittsburgh, January 23d, 1855.
6. SUSAN ALICE, born August 2nd, 1842; died in Pittsburgh, October 2nd, 1843.
7. JOHN WILBER, born March 21st, 1845; died in Pittsburgh, November 6th, 1846.

JOHN GEORGE WOLFF.

JOHN GEORGE WOLFF was one of the excellent of the earth. He was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, February 12th, and baptized February 19th, 1769. His sponsors in baptism were John Peter Bier, and his wife Susanna Margareta. He was confirmed in the German Reformed Church in Lancaster, by Rev. Wm. Hendel, on Easter Sunday, March 24th, 1786.

In the year 1788, leaving Lancaster, he went to Chambersburg and joined his elder brother Christian, who had established himself in business in that town. George, at this time, was but nineteen years of age. Entering the shop of his brother, he remained with him some years, acquiring, in the meantime, a thorough knowledge of the trade of a saddler and harness maker. He was prepared to seek a new field, and begin the world for himself. An additional incentive to prompt action, was his engagement to Elizabeth Krause, the younger sister of his brother Christian's wife. They were married in Chambersburg, March 13th, 1794.

Not long after their marriage, they removed to Martinsburg, Virginia, where they passed the remainder of their

lives in prosperous tranquillity. The attachment between the brothers Christian and George, and their families, was of the most tender and endearing character. Whenever opportunity offered they visited each other, and the recollection of that long past intercourse, revives pleasant memories in the hearts of their children.

In his disposition he was unusually kind and gentle, drawing to him, by his genial sincerity, all who approached him. His eldest son, Rev. Bernard C. Wolff, D. D., in recalling reminiscences of his father and mother, remarks in a recent letter: "My parents, John George and Elizabeth Wolff, " were educated after the manner of their fathers. They " both attended catechetical instruction, and were received " into the church by Rev. Mr. Hendel, at Lancaster, and " there, if I am not mistaken, they became acquainted with " each other. My mother, from my earliest recollection, at " a time when there were but few professors of religion in " Martinsburg, and no preaching in English, except occa- " sionally in the Court House by travelling ministers, was " strict in attending to religious duties in the family, and " sought to train her children, my sister Maria and myself, " in the fear of God. We were taught to recite our prayers, " and to read the Bible as soon as we could well speak. I " still cherish a lively sense of my obligations to her, not " just for the impressions made upon my mind by the scrip- " tural truths she inculcated at that early period of my life, " but for the direction she gave my thoughts upon points " which I now appreciate as of theological importance— " especially as it regards the church and sacraments. She " lived to the age of seventy-nine, and though her faculties " were somewhat impaired towards the close of her life, she

“ ‘knew in whom she believed,’ and died as she had lived, a
“ pious, good woman. When I think of her virtues as a
“ wife and mother, I can only regret that I have no longer
“ the opportunity of showing how much I venerate her me-
“ mory.

“ My father, in the early part of his married life, was,
“ perhaps, less interested in religion than my mother. There
“ were, however, but few religious families in the place. Of
“ those in which he was acquainted, I can remember but
“ three—two belonging to the Reformed Church, and one
“ to the Presbyterian, and both without pastors. Still he
“ was concerned about religion. It was owing to his exer-
“ tions, in connection with Geo. Doll, from Lancaster, Chris-
“ tian Silber, from Germany, and Jonathan Cushwa, from
“ Washington Co., Md., that the German Reformed Con-
“ gregation at Martinsburg was founded, and of which he
“ continued to be an Elder to the day of his death. After
“ the establishment of the congregation, he ever took an
“ active part in sustaining it, consistently maintained the
“ profession of his faith in the gospel, and gave liberally
“ for the support of the Institutions of the Church at large.
“ He was in the Commission of the Peace for Berkeley
“ County, Virginia, under the old constitution, for many
“ years; and in his turn held the office of High Sheriff,
“ when the appointment of these offices was made by the
“ County Court. When he died, the Court, which hap-
“ pened to meet the day after his funeral, adopted reso-
“ lutions expressive of their high sense of his integrity and
“ probity as a magistrate, &c.

“ He lived to be 76 years of age, and died in the full
“ possession of his mind. His death was occasioned by

“ a sympathetic tumor in his side, produced by a cancerous
 “ affection on his left hand. His sufferings for a time were
 “ intense, but when the tumor broke, the pain subsided. The
 “ recuperative powers of the system were, however, ex-
 “ hausted, and he lay for some days, calmly awaiting the
 “ good pleasure of the Lord to dismiss him from the body,
 “ and quietly departed, fully assured of an interest in
 “ Christ.”

The following extracts from an obituary notice, written and published at the time by D. H. Conrad, Esq., of Martinsburg, is an additional evidence of the esteem in which he was held in that community :—

“ Died at his residence in Martinsburg, on the morning
 “ of Thursday, April 10th, 1845, GEORGE WOLFF, Esq., one
 “ of the oldest, and most respected citizens of the town.
 “ * * * * He lived to see his grandchildren grown up
 “ around him. His well spent life gave him that which
 “ should accompany old age—honor, love, obedience—troops
 “ of friends. * * * His life had been adorned and dis-
 “ tinguished by his christian virtue, and his end was but
 “ the close of the warfare of the soldier of Christ. * * *
 “ The departure of such a man—a good citizen—a just
 “ magistrate—and an exemplar of old fashioned honesty and
 “ plain virtues—is a loss to such a community as ours. We
 “ shall miss the upright Justice from our County Court
 “ Bench—the sage friend from his accustomed place—his
 “ anecdotes of the revolutionary days of our fathers, which
 “ he delighted to tell to the younger men. His accustomed
 “ seat in church will be vacant. *The venerable father Wolff*
 “ *is called home.* Have we many such left behind? Far
 “ better would it be for the destinies of our land, if there

“ were more among us whose principles and conduct—whose
“ life and death, would emulate the unpretending but valu-
“ able example left us by our departed fellow citizen,
“ GEORGE WOLFF.” 1845.

At the time of his death he was aged 76 years, 1 month,
and 28 days.

His wife, Elizabeth, born in Montgomery County, Pa.,
January 17th, 1767, died in Martinsburg, June 5th, 1846,
aged 79 years, 4 months, and 19 days.

Their children are,

I.

BERNARD CRAUSE, born December 11th, 1794. He
was married in Chambersburg, February 20th, 1821, to
Charlotte Wolff. They reside in Mercersburg, Pa., where
he is Professor in the Theological Seminary of the German
Reformed Church.

Their children, all born in Martinsburg, are,

1. GEORGE DERING, born August 25th, 1822, baptized by
Rev. Dr. L. Mayer. He was married by his father,
Rev. B. C. Wolff, D. D., in the German Reformed
Church at Norristown, November 11th, 1852, to Sarah
Jane Hill, (born at Lebanon, Conn., May 14th, 1829.)
He is a minister of the German Reformed Church,
and they reside in Norristown, Pa.
2. MARY CATHARINE, born April 3d, 1824; died July
12th, 1825.
3. ELIZABETH MARY, born September 20th, 1825; died
in Chambersburg, July 17th, 1826.
4. SUSAN BURTON, born February 20th, 1827. Baptized
by Rev. J. Beecher. She was married by her father,

April 13th, 1854, to Rev. Theodore Appel, (born at Easton, Pa., April 30th, 1823,) Professor of Mathematics in Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., where they now reside. Their children are,
Charlotte Wolff, born at Mercersburg, February 21st, 1855. Baptized April 29th, by her grandfather.
Mary Elizabeth, born at Mercersburg, April 14th, 1858. Baptized April 29th, by her grandfather.
Bernard Wolff, born at Lancaster, April 9th, 1862. Baptized April 26th, by his grandfather.

5. CHRISTIAN BEECHER, born September 15th, 1829. Baptized by Rev. Jacob Beecher. He resides in Greencastle, Pa.

II.

ANNA MARIA, born February 20th, 1796. She was married, April 6th, 1820, to John Doll, (born September 26th, 1793, and died August 18th, 1833.) They resided in Martinsburg, where she is still living. Their children, all born in Martinsburg, are,

1. CHRISTIAN WOLFF, born December 24th, 1820. Married September 11th, 1845, to Margaret Ann Harlan, (born April 11th, 1827.) They reside in Martinsburg. Their children are,
John Harlan, born November 9th, 1848.
Charles Boyd, born October 23d, 1850.
Harry Lee, born March 22d, 1853.
Frank White, born September 17th, 1855.
Edmund H., born January 20th, 1859; died April 11th, 1860.
Nannie Harlan, born June 15th 1861.

2. ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE, born June 22d, 1823. Married April 14th, 1845, to Daniel S. White, of Martinsburg, Va. They reside in Baltimore, and have eight children.
3. CATHARINE SOPHIA, born February 3d, 1827. She resides in Martinsburg.

III.

CATHARINE ELIZABETH, born April 3d, 1809. Married, February 26th, 1833, to Daniel H. Doll, (born March 3d, 1804.) They reside in Martinsburg, and their children are,

1. CHARLOTTE WOLFF, born April 20th, 1834.
2. MARY SUSAN, born August 19th, 1838.
3. VIRGINIA BURTON, born November 22d, 1841.
4. GEORGE WOLFF, born October 9th, 1843; died October 26th, 1843.
5. GEORGIANNA, born February 26th, 1845; died April 26th, 1849.
6. BETTIE WOLFF, born February 20th, 1847.
7. HELEN MARIA, born June 9th, 1849; died July 6th, 1849.
8. BERNARD WOLFF, born June 5th, 1851; died July 23d, 1852.

IV.

JOHN GEORGE, born April 24th, 1811. Baptized by Rev. Lewis Mayer. Married in Easton, Pa., by his brother, Rev. B. C. Wolff, May 29th, 1838, to Susan Young, of Easton, Pa. They reside in Lancaster, Pa. He is a minister in the German Reformed Church.

FAMILY RECORDS OF BARNARDT WOLFF, OF LANCASTER.

The following records of the children of Barnardt and Anna Charlotte Wolff, have been compiled, after a careful examination of the family bibles and the church registers in Lancaster.

Their children were,

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| I. ANNA CHARLOTTE, | VI. ELIZABETH, |
| II. SUSANNA BARBARA, | VII. JOHN GEORGE, |
| III. ANNA CHARLOTTE, | VIII. ANNA MARIA, |
| IV. CHRISTIAN, | IX. ANNA MARIA, |
| V. EVA CATHARINE, | X. JACOB. |

To enlarge upon the history of each individual of this family, and their descendants, would far exceed the limits of this brief Memorial. We can do no more than advert to each one briefly, in chronological order. They were all born in Lancaster.

I.

ANNA CHARLOTTE, born July 1st, 1756; baptized July 18th, 1756; died April 7th, 1758.

II.

SUSANNA BARBARA, born August 27th, 1758. Her sponsors in baptism were John Peter Bier and Susanna Barbara his wife. She was married in Lancaster, March 31st, 1779, to Jacob Miller, of Baltimore, (who was born in 1753, and died in Baltimore, October 18th, 1829, aged 76 years,) by whom she had eleven children—seven sons and four daughters. She resided in Baltimore, and died there, June 6th, 1836, aged 77 years, 9 months, and 10 days.

Their children are,

1. BARNARDT, born February 2d, 1780. Died in infancy.
2. ANN CHARLOTTE, born November 7th, 1781; married October 27th, 1802, to Richard Diffenderfer, by whom she had nine children. She died in Baltimore, May 1st, 1849, aged 67 years, 6 months, and 6 days. Her husband died, January 30th, 1851, aged 75 years, 9 months, and 5 days. Of their children, Susan was married to Edwin S. Tarr, Henry Thomas to Rebecca Graham, Mary Anna Maria to Jacob Whitmore, and Anna Elizabeth to Alfred Friend, by whom there are numerous descendants.
3. ELIZABETH, born February 4th, 1784; died young.
4. JACOB, born November 17th, 1786; died March 18th, 1816.
5. BARNARDT, born February 3d, 1788; died in infancy.
6. SUSANNA, born May 20th, 1789; married in Baltimore, May 19th, 1814, by Rev. Mr. Kurtz, to John Jeremiah Myer Miller, (born October 11th, 1777; died in Baltimore, December 8th, 1841.) She still resides in Baltimore, and their children are,

John Jeremiah, born March 8th, 1815; died August 21st, 1816.

Susanna Maria Barbara, born November 7th, 1817; married December 23d, 1845, to Samuel D. Johnston.

John Jacob, born October 17th, 1819.

James Alfred, born September 30th, 1821.

Ann Catharine, born August 24th, 1823; married June 6th, 1843, to Nicholas D. Haner.

Martha Rebecca, born September 1st, 1825; married August 2d, 1854, to Ira C. Lyon.

George William, born February 18th, 1828; married October 9th, 1851, to Mary Jane Myers.

Daniel Webster, born February 15th, 1830; married November 3d, 1859, to Laura A. Huffington.

Mary Elizabeth, born January 24th, 1832; married May 28th, 1856, to Alexander Schultz.

Charles Marshall, born November 9th, 1834; married November 6th, 1862, to Margaret J. Hilberg.

7. **BARBARA**, born December 31st, 1790; married in Baltimore to John Wood, and died September 10th, 1833.

8. **GEORGE**, born May 4th, 1793; died June 19th, 1811.

9. **CHRISTIAN**, born October 30th, 1795; died February, 1850.

10. **BARNARDT**, born November 5th, 1797; married to Susan R. Whaling; died April 14th, 1829.

11. **WILLIAM**, born September 26th, 1799; married to Mary Ann Ward.

III.

ANNA CHARLOTTE, born January 9th, and baptized January 18th, 1761. Her sponsors in baptism were Chris-

tian Buch and Susanna Margaretha, his wife. She was married in Lancaster, October 3d, 1786, by Rev. William Hendel, to Christian Slagle, of Baltimore, (who was born February 22d, 1749, and died January 31st, 1794,) by whom she had four children, all born in Baltimore. She resided many years in Washington, Pa., and died in that place, January 21st, 1851, aged 90 years and 12 days, having been a widow about fifty-five years. Their children are,

1. SUSANNA, born September 1st, 1787; married November 6th, 1804, to David Eckert, of Berks County, Pa. They removed to Washington, and had twelve children, of whom eight are now living, with numerous descendants. Her husband died June 20th, 1850. She still resides in Washington.
2. JACOB, born February 27th, 1789; married first on August 3d, 1815, to Mary Marshall, at Wellsburg, Va. She died April 14th, 1817, leaving one son, now living. He married a second time, to Martha McKemey, daughter of Joseph Alison, of Chambersburg, Pa., by whom he had ten children, eight of whom are now living, with numerous descendants. Martha died at St. Louis, May 15th, 1858, aged 65 years. Jacob still resides in Washington, Pa.
3. MARY, born October 19th, 1790, and was married April 13th, 1813, to Jacob Oyster, at Chambersburg. She died August 5th, 1826, leaving six children, all living, and numerous descendants. Jacob Oyster died in the autumn of 1862.
4. CHARLOTTE, born July 8th, 1792; married in Chambersburg, September 19th, 1809, to John Schaffer of York

Co., Pa. They removed to Washington, where they had ten children, nine of whom are still living, and numerous descendants. She died August 18th, 1846. Her husband still survives her.

IV.

CHRISTIAN, born December 6th, 1762; married in Lancaster, by Rev. Wm. Hendel, May 10th, 1789, to Anna Maria Krause. His history and genealogy are given elsewhere in this volume.

V.

EVA CATHARINE, born February 2nd, 1765; baptized April 7th, 1765. Her sponsors in baptism were John Peter Bier, and Susanna Margareta, his wife. She was married in Lancaster, Pa., June 10th, 1787, by Rev. Wm. Hendel, to Philip Gloninger, of Lancaster. He was born in Donegal township, Lancaster Co., June 11th, 1752, and died in Lancaster, October 1st, 1825. They had four children, all daughters. She died a widow in Lancaster, January 1st, 1845, aged 79 years, and 11 months. Their children, all born in Lancaster, are all dead, and were,—

1. ANNA MARIA, or MARY, born April 29th, 1788; married in 1808, to Rev. Jonathan Helfenstein, (born in Germantown, Pa., January 19th, 1784, and died in Frederick, Md., September 23d, 1829, aged 45 years, and 8 months,) who was pastor of the German Reformed Church of Frederick, for 18 years. After his death, she returned to Lancaster, and died a widow, April 14th, 1855, in the 67th year of her age. They had

fourteen children, six sons and eight daughters, of whom nine were married; and eight of whom are yet living.

2. CHARLOTTE, born January 30th, 1791; died January 29th, 1805, aged 14 years.
3. EVA CATHARINE, born April 28th, 1794; married May 27th, 1819, to Walter B. Kemp, of Frederick, Md., where they resided and where she died, September 17th, 1853, aged 59 years, and 5 months. They had three children, all daughters, two of whom are still living, and one of whom is married.
4. ELIZABETH, born October 11th, 1797; died October 16th, 1797.

VI.

ELIZABETH, born December 11th, and baptized December 28th, 1766; died February 7th, 1783.

VII.

JOHN GEORGE, born February 12th, 1769; married to Elizabeth Krause, March 13th, 1794. Further particulars of his life and family, are contained on page 87.

VIII.

ANNA MARIA, born November 15th, 1770; baptized November 18th, 1770; died October 15th, 1772.

IX.

ANNA MARIA, born February 1st, 1773; baptized February 25th, 1773. Her sponsors in baptism were Everhart Michael, and Anna Maria, his wife. She was con-

firmed on Easter Sunday, in 1789, by Rev. Wm. Hendel, and married by the same, in Lancaster, on March 26th, 1791, to John George Diffenderfer, by whom she had nine children ; six sons, and three daughters. Her husband was born November 17th, 1765, and died April 12th, 1834. They resided in Martinsburg, where she died September 16th, 1854, aged 81 years, 7 months, and 16 days. Their children are,—

1. MICHAEL, born May 9th, 1792 ; died July 2nd, 1811.
2. BARNARD, born June 9th, 1794 ; died June 9th, 1794.
3. GEORGE BIER, born August 16th, 1795 ; married February 12th, 1818, to Sarah A. McGonigal.
4. CHARLOTTE, born June 23d, 1798 ; died May 30th, 1799.
5. WILLIAM, born May 15th, 1800 ; married August 26th, 1823.
6. CATHERINE, born March 29th, 1803 ; married August 20th, 1840, to Emanuel Kearns.
7. MARY ANN, born April 20th, 1806 ; married November, 8th, 1827, to Jacob Poisal.
- 8 PHILIP, born February 11th, 1809 ; married May 1st, 1832, to Nancy Mong.
9. JOHN WOLFF born March 1st, 1812.

X.

JACOB, born July 25th, 1775. His sponsors in baptism were Peter Bier, and his wife Elizabeth. He was confirmed by Rev. Wm. Hendel, on Easter Sunday, in 1792, and married Lucy Bishop of Hicksford, Va., by whom he had four children, three sons and one daughter. He died at Jamestown, Prince Edward Co., Va., August 23d, 1813, aged 38

years and 29 days, and was buried at Petersburg, Va., August 29th, 1813. Their children were,—

1. SUSAN, who married Mr. Williamson, and has children married.
2. GEORGE.
3. JAMES, a widower since October 1858, with grown up children.
4. A SON.*

In reference to the above records, Barnard Wolff, Esq., of Chambersburg, remarks: “Not one of these children now remains. They are all gone, as I fondly hope and believe, into that rest prepared in heaven, for the people of God. I knew all of them well. I knew them to be Christians, and so far as I have seen and heard, their faith did not forsake them in the trying hour of death.”

* [At the present time, all postal communications having been suspended with Petersburg, we have no means of obtaining copies of the family records. March, 1863.]

APPENDIX.

OBER AND NIEDERHOCHSTADT.

NOTE A.

Certified copies of "Extracts from the oldest parochial registers, deposited in the Archives of the community of Oberhochstadt and Niederhochstadt, as well as Schnegenheim," were made from the 20th, to the 24th February, 1863, by M. Gottfried Lind. The accuracy of the "Extracts" is attested by the civil officer, M. Kiintz, and legalized by the seal and signature of M. Werner, President of the Royal Circuit.

These genealogical Extracts, embrace one hundred and thirty-four names of the Wolff family. Every pains have been taken to ensure accuracy in copying from the Reformed Church books, and the town registers. The keeper of the records expresses the opinion that John George Wolff was twice married. He bases his supposition upon the idea that John Thomas Wolff, born in 1709, son of George and Agnes Wolff, may be half brother to Anna Maria, born in 1718;

Valentin, born in 1720; and George Ullrich, born in 1730; children of George and Catharine Wolff. This is no evidence that George and John George were one and the same person. They may have been cousins.

The genealogy of the family of Jacob and Anna Margareta Wolff, is also given. They had eleven children between 1725 and 1744. Jacob was perhaps a brother to George. The greater portion of the "Extracts" are of no particular interest to the descendants on this side of the Atlantic.

After the year 1749, the annals of Oberhochstadt no longer contain the family name of Wolff. Oberhochstadt formerly belonged, and still appertains to the Reformed parish of Niederhochstadt. Of some of the older members, Valentin, died in 1741, aged 75 years; Jacob, in 1762, aged 62 years; Conrad, in 1769, aged 88 years; Anna Maria, in 1773, aged 73 years; Peter in 1793, aged 67 years; &c. Many whose deaths are recorded, are not found in the register of births, showing the irregularity with which their books were kept.

In February 1863, when inquiry was made, the family name of Wolff had ceased to exist in Oberhochstadt. Some of the oldest of the Wolff's still residing in Niederhochstadt, remember hearing their ancestors relate that a great while ago some of their relatives emigrated to America. The Wolff's of Niederhochstadt are of the same old stock, and trace back their lineage by the same church registers.

In the year 1846, several of these Wolff's, single or intermarried, emigrated with their families to America, and resided at Portsmouth, (name of State not given).

NOTE B.

Rev. T. Appel, Professor of Mathematics in Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, and son-in-law of Rev. Dr. B. C. Wolff, writes as follows, in relation to the graves of some of the earlier members of the Wolff family :
 "Some years ago the remains of Barnard Wolff, and wife, were removed and deposited in the Lancaster Cemetery, near the city. Within the same enclosure repose the remains of their daughter, Mrs. Gloninger, and of her husband, Philip Gloninger; of their granddaughter, Mrs. Mary Helfenstein, and of her husband, Rev. Jonathan Helfenstein, an eminent and pious minister of the German Reformed Church, at Frederick, Md. ; of their great-granddaughter, Miss Caroline Helfenstein, and of several great-great-grandchildren. Thus the representatives of five generations lie sleeping together, in close proximity, until the morning of the resurrection day. The old tombstones have disappeared, and others of a more modern style have taken their places. In the centre of the plot stands a marble shaft (in addition to the tombstones) on which are recorded, among others, the following epitaphs :

BERNARD WOLFF,
 BORN JANUARY 1, 1732,
 Died Aug. 20, 1792.

ANN CHARLOTTE WOLFF,
 BORN OCTOBER 17, 1734,
 Died April 17, 1825."

NOTE C.

The following translations of documents relating to the Bier family, have been kindly furnished by Rev. Bernard C. Wolff, D. D.

“ Extract from the Protocol of the Evangelical Reformed Church, of the town of Cassel.

Anno 1699, March 5th, was born, and on the 14th inst. was baptized, *Susanna Barbara*, the legitimate daughter of *John Nicholas Finck*, citizen of this place, and tailor by trade, by his lawful wife, *Maria Catharine*. They both died in Cassel; the first on April 20th, 1745, after having been blind for fifteen years, aged 84 years and six months; the last, on the 26th of January, of the same year, aged 80 years.

Anno 1701, August 30th, was born, and on the 4th of September was baptized, *John Peter*, legitimate son of *John Nicholas Bier*, citizen of the place, and morocco dresser by trade, and of his lawful wife, *Maria Elizabeth*.

Anno 1729, May 19th, the above-mentioned *John Peter Bier*, a citizen and shoemaker of Cassel, and *Susanna Barbara*, daughter of *John Nicholas Finck*, were married in the Evangelical Reformed Church, of Cassel. Their children were :

Anno 1730, March 5th, was born, and on the 11th was baptized, *Susanna Margaret*.

Anno 1732, June 17th, was born, and on the 22d was baptized, *John Peter*.

Anno 1734, Oct. 17th, was born, and on the 20th was baptized, *Anna Charlotte*.

Anno 1737, June 23d, was born, and on the 30th was baptized, *John Philip*.

Of the foregoing children there were confirmed and admitted to the Lord's Supper, *Susanna Margaret*, on Easter Sunday, 1744; *John Peter*, on Pentecost, the 21st of May, 1747: *Anna Charlotte*, on Easter, 1748.

Extract from the Church Protocol of Cassel, and certified by the Presbyterial seal. Cassel in the Dukedom of Zweibruck, May 27th, 1748.

GERVINUS, Magister, and Consistorial Roth.

[SEAL.] SPANGENBERG, Evangel. Reformed Minister."

Translation of the certificate of dismissal given to John Peter Bier, when he left Germany :

" This certifies that *John Peter Bier*, for 19 years a citizen of this place, and a shoemaker by trade, who intends, with his wife and four children, to go to Pennsylvania, is a member of our Evangelical Reformed Church, has been regular in his attendance upon the preached Word, and the observance of the sacraments ; and in his walk and conversation, has so conducted himself, that nothing objectionable can be alleged against him. We accordingly commend him to the spiritual watch and care of the Consistories of the Reformed Church, and to the guidance and graces of God's good and Holy Spirit, which we also assure to and ask for their three oldest children, Susanna Margaret, John Peter and Anna Charlotte, and for his wife, Susanna Barbara.

Given at Cassel, in the Dutchy of Deux Ponts, May 27th, 1748.

GERVINUS, Magister, and Consistorial Roth.

[SEAL.] SPANGENBERG, Minister."

NOTE D.

The following records of the brothers and sisters of Anna Maria Wolff, furnished by Mr. John Krause, of Limerick

Township, Montgomery County, Pa., have been received since the MEMORIAL is in type, and just as it is going to press.

JACOB KRAUSE, born August 22d, 1733; married June 27th, 1762, to Christina Dering. She was born August 5th, 1742. He died February 18th, 1820, aged 86 years, 5 months, and 15 days; she died August 20th, 1823, aged 81 years, and 15 days. They were interred in the Limerick Union burying-ground. Their children are,

1. ANNA MARIA, born March 25th, 1763; married Christian Wolff.
2. HENRY, born October 20th, 1764; married to Sophia Zoller, who was born in 1766, and died March 4th, 1846. Henry died February 20th, 1846, aged 81 years and 4 months; buried in Limerick burying-ground. Their children are, *John*, married, and still living; *Jacob*, married, and now dead; *Henry*, married, and now dead; *Christina*, married, and now dead; *George*, married and dead; *Jesse*, a widower yet living; *Frederick*, died in his minority; *Charles*, married, and yet living.
3. ELIZABETH, born January 17th, 1767; married J. George Wolff.
4. CATHARINE, born March 17th, 1769; died in infancy.
5. JOHN, born July 29th, 1771; died in infancy.
6. SOPHIA, born November 26th, 1773; died September 25th, 1795.
7. JACOB DERING, born March 17th, 1776; married Elizabeth Zoller. He died April 15th, 1846, aged 70 years, and 29 days. She died January 26th, 1857, aged

86 years. They are buried in Limerick burying-ground.

Their children are, *Samuel*, married, and yet living; *Mary*, died in her minority; *William*, died single, somewhat advanced in age; *Daniel*, married, now living; *Charles*, died in his minority.

8. CHRISTINA, born June 16th, 1778; died May 20th, 1847.
9. ANNA, born December 19th, 1781; unmarried, and yet living in the immediate vicinity of her birth-place.
10. CATHARINE, born July 7th, 1786; married to Samuel Brant, who was born December 31st, 1778, and died January 6th, 1835. She is still living, a widow. They had seven children, five sons and two daughters, nearly all of whom were married, and three of whom are still living.

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