

THE LIFE OF PHILLIP JACOB MAURER

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INTRODUCTION

This is the life of Phillip Jacob Maurer, my great, great grandfather, as reflected in his diaries and other writings. It is my hope that the reader will have a sense of knowing this man and something of the times in which he lived.

Born in Germany in 1791, Maurer emigrated to America in 1833 and died later that same year. He was a very thoughtful, religious man with a strong sense of responsibility for family and community. Living during a period of political, religious and economic turmoil in Europe, he was remarkably aware and concerned about the events affecting his world.

Most of this account is based on Maurer's diary or journal that was written during the period 1823 and 1832. In this journal he reaches back and records events that happened as early as 1722. This journal passed into my hands after the death of my uncle, Attorney Fern Sharp of Elkader, Iowa. Just how he acquired it I do not know. Since the diary is in old German script, I have had it translated by Edda Gentry, a professor of German Language at the University of Wisconsin, and B. Kelly, a retired high school language teacher.

In addition to the journal, I have borrowed items from the "Genealogy of Phillip Jacob Maurer and his Descendants" by Dorothea Dicke Maurer and from an article by the same author in the centennial edition of "The New Bremen Sun", June 30, 1933. I am especially indebted to Lois Maurer Vogel, a daughter of Dorothea Dicke Maurer. She has provided me with translations of a diary that Maurer kept to record his business transactions and of a booklet containing, among other things, his reasons for coming to America.

My interest in the Maurer family was stimulated by many family gatherings with Maurer descendants in the homes of my parents and grandparents. My grandmother was Matilda Maurer Fritz, a daughter of George Peter Maurer (usually called Peter) and, therefore, a granddaughter of Phillip Jacob. I found especially interesting, Jessie Lathrop, a cousin of my Grandmother, and a writer of children's stories. I had enjoyed several of these in my grade school reader. When I was in high school, my parents took me to hear Dr. Irving Maurer who was at that time president of Beloit College. Later, while a student at Yale University, I had the great pleasure of visiting in the homes of Rev. Oscar Maurer, Pastor of Center Church in New Haven, Conn. and that of his brother, Dr. Lloyd Maurer, a well known New Haven urologist.

In the summer of 1970, I had the opportunity to visit New Bremen, Ohio, to walk on the land that Phillip Jacob Maurer purchased in 1833 and to visit with several of his descendants still living on the land. Leonard Maurer and his son, Vernon, were gracious enough to drive me around to the original grave site of Phillip Jacob, then a church yard but now part of a city park. They showed me the original grave marker which had been moved to the Maurer plot in the German Protestant Cemetery.

In 1972 my sister, Jane, and her husband, Chris Vee, were most graciously received and entertained by Ella Schneider, Kaiserslautern, Germany. She and her two children are the only known descendants in Germany. They are descended from Friederich, brother of Phillip Jacob.

In his journal, Maurer tends to return to events that happened many years before. In an attempt to make this account more readable, I have rearranged items by subject matter and chronological order where possible. As would be expected in a farmers diary, there are a lot of references to crops and the weather. Part of this has been omitted, but hopefully enough included to show his daily concerns and to give a picture of farm life in that period.

I think that Maurer's writings reveal a man with many of the problems and prejudices that still plague those of us that are his descendants. At one point he speaks of his mother as being "rather difficult". Probably he was a little difficult, too! He was so sure that his decisions were right since they were inspired by the Holy Spirit. We are very fortunate that Maurer, in his writings, tells us not only what happened but what he thought and how he reacted to the events. Even through translations, you have the feeling that you are getting acquainted with the man.

Since he signed his name as "Jakob Maurer", that must have been the name that he went by even though Phillip Jacob was his full name. His younger brother was called Phillip.

The Maurer family came from the village of Cronenberg. I have spelled this with a "C" rather than a "K" because our translators insisted that that is the way Phillip Jacob spelled it. The modern highway map, a portion of which is attached, shows this "C" spelling.

Jack Densmore
Madison, Wisconsin

EARLY FAMILY HISTORY

Phillip Jacob Maurer begins his journal with this account of early family history:

In the year 1777 in the month of April, my grandfather, Johann Nickel Maurer I, born in Breitenheim, moved to the Cronenberg Farm which provided farm produce for the Prince. My grandfather, a linen weaver by profession, had his possessions and chattels auctioned at Breitenheim save what he needed for his use; but he kept the meadows which he rented for half.

My father, Phillip Jacob Maurer I (same name as mine), was single and 18 years of age when they moved to Cronenberg. He had two brothers also single at the time; the oldest was called Johann Nickel II and the other, Michael. My father was the youngest. Both of his brothers were linen weavers.

Johann Nickel II and Michael married while their father was still living. They lived together with him in our farmhouse until their father died.

After my grandfather's death, Michael moved to Schlossbeirlichen, the home of his wife, Scharlotta Nagel, and the two of them lived until 1807. In the month of February they both died, hardly two weeks apart.

On their death, Michael and Scharlotta left three sons. The oldest, Johann Nickel III, was 20 years old. He married a year later, Margareta Mohr, the daughter of his mother's sister. She had just turned 22 and was a very industrious and good woman. But she died in June 1815 in childbirth leaving two children. The oldest son, called Johann Nickel IV, is still living today (1823). His father remarried at the end of 1815 and lived with his second wife until his death in 1820. He was a pious, quiet and good man.

Johann Nickel III had two brothers, Johannes and Michael. They turned out very poorly; they squandered practically all their possessions and through their marriages they did not gain anything worth mentioning. And Michael's wife is Catholic on top of it.

My father's oldest brother, Johann Nickel Maurer II, was my godfather. He married Anna Eliesabeta Schlicher who was born in Cronenberg. She is living today (1823). He died on April 29, 1807. They lived together in "middle class" conditions and had no children. They adopted and brought up one child, the present wife of Philip Peter Kunz.

After the death of my grandfather, Johann Nickel Maurer I, in 1795, my father took over his share of the Cronenberg farm.

There he lived with his wife, my mother (Margareta Balter), until 1808 when he died. On his death he left four sons of which I was the oldest and 17 years old. My brother Friederich was 13 years old, Peter was 6 years and Philip was 3 years and 10 months.

The day before my father's death, in the morning before dawn, when I was getting bread for the threshers, I heard him say to my mother who was in bed: he had dreamed that the holy angels had approached him and wanted to pull him up to heaven with a wire. They passed him upward, higher and higher, one to another, and at that moment he woke up.

On the 4th of December, half an hour before dawn, my father passed away. A quarter of an hour before he died, he called the four of us to his deathbed, gave us his right hand and said: "My dear children, I now must leave you and so I say goodnight to you. Be good and obey your mother." Then all of us started to cry bitterly. Deeply touched by his crying children he also cried quietly, shedding one tear after another. Finally, he said, "Children, leave the room a little while so that I can not hear your crying. I can not die like this." After a quarter of an hour he was gone.

In the spring of 1809 I did all the planting.

In the month of June 1809, my mother married Peter Scherer, who lived on the Schnitter farm and was born in Hohenellen. He was a widower and 34 years old. He and my mother, who could be a little difficult, did not live well together. His spirit and attitude after he had several successful years with us became overbearing. His being with us was of no advantage but a detriment. He had two daughters by his first marriage, one was 9 years and the other 2 and one half years. He owed 800 florins on his small Schitter farm which he paid out of our proceeds without my mother knowing it. When he died, he left 1600 florins of debt, of which we had to pay half without gaining anything from it.

Now I will be quiet about all this and talk about the main point of my fate. At the same time I want to show how the Almighty God so marvellously supports the poor orphans whose parents he took away so early.

IN NAPOLEON'S ARMY

In the year 1789, a revolution broke out in France against King Louis XVI. They took his life and elected one of their generals, called Bonapart, to be their military leader. He was not of noble but of common descent. At the beginning he was a common soldier but he moved up in rank due to his talents.

This revolution resounded among the monarchies of Germany after the remaining members of the French court had fled into Germany. They moved their armies and occupied the borders of France until in the year 1793 the French broke out with a big military force and invaded the whole German empire and drove onward into Russia.

In the year 1806, Bonapart declared himself emperor. He no longer called himself Bonapart Premier Consul but Emperor Napoleon. Also, he conquered Italy, Naples, Spain and Portugal.

After occupying our country for several years, he began to draft young and strong men into the military. I drew the number 35.

In the month of March in 1811, I entered the army. In August I was sent to the French-Spanish border, to the last fort called Bayonne. It was one hour from the Atlantic Ocean which we could hear roaring all the time. (One hour would be about 3 miles.) There we stayed for a time. Later we transported cattle and other foodstuffs for 50 hours travelling time to the French army in Spain. We were often in danger of our lives because of the resentment of the Spanish peasants.

In March 1812, we marched 100 hours along the Spanish border to the Mediterranean Sea, following a highway through the immense Spanish mountains. There we dispersed to occupy several Spanish villages and to wait in garrisons for orders.

Every day we went to that great Mediteranean Sea where I was impressed with the power of the Almighty God. I enjoyed many a fish from the sea. Also, we ate delicious fruits and figs and drank good red wine. Sometimes thing went badly with me and sometimes everything went well. We went here and there and in March 1814 we returned to France.

Now we became aware that the French were being defeated in Russia. The German kings, who had been subjugated, noticing that Napoleon had nothing much left to fight with, turned against him

and he was finally captured by the Russians and imprisoned on the Island of Elba. In 1814 and 1815 England, Austria, Russia, Bavaria and Prussia occupied almost all of France.

In the spring of 1815, Napoleon escaped from the Island of Elba and landed in France. Then all France cheered, "Long live Napoleon"; since by then the Germans had withdrawn for the most part. German troops had to return to France in 1815. During that time many Russians marched through our area. After the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon was again taken prisoner. This time he was taken to the Island of St. Helena and guarded by the British. After several years he died of sorrow.

From 1814 to 1816 we had a temporary government from the Royal Courts of Austria and Bavaria. Their residence was in Kreuznach.

On May 8, 1814, along with two comrades, I deserted from the border fortification in Spain, called Kulinuver, near the Mediterranean Sea. On the first night out we waded through two bodies of water up to our necks. After 200 hours of walking, I arrived home on June 6th at 2:30 in the afternoon.

My homecoming was a cause of great joy to my mother, my brothers and all who knew me.

Behold, dear children, how God leads and regulates the lives of men. How He brought your father home, who was in so much danger. In hospitals I saw seven or eight men die every day, and He permitted me to return to my home again unharmed.

MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN

My stepfather had died of a fever in 1814 and my mother (Margareta Balter) died in June 1815. In the month of December of 1814, I married Margareta Catarina Wagoner who was born in Biestersheid in March 1793.

(Dorothea Dicke Maurer has this to say about the marriage: "Margareta was a daughter of widow Scharlotta Wagner. The Wagners owned a woolen mill where they manufactured a good grade of wool broadcloth. Bolts of this cloth were brought to America. Katherine Maurer Buss, the youngest child of the Maurer - Wagner marriage, wore a dress made from this cloth for her confirmation.

"The records of Phillip Jacob Maurer show that he and Margareta were married after seeing each other only twice. Biestersheid was about 36 miles away. The third time he made the trip to Biestersheid, he brought the 19 year old Margareta back with him to take over the household which included his sick mother and three younger brothers."

Phillip Jacob gives the following information on the children born to his marriage to Margareta:

1. Johan Jacob Maurer, my first son, was born on September 6, 1815 in the same house in which I first saw light. He was baptised in the Odenbacher Church on September 10th by Inspector Mueller. Peter Wannamacher, Karl Wagner and Caroline Schlicher were his sponsors.
2. Friederich, my second son, was born June 20, 1817. He was baptised by Inspector Mueller at Medampt at the Ref. schoolhouse on Sunday June 24. His sponsors were Friedrich Maurer and his wife, Karolina.
3. Johannes Maurer was born March 23, 1819. He was baptised on March 29 in the Court residence of Pastor Wilhelm Vogel at Cronenberg. Sponsors were from Lauterecken.
4. Wilhelmine Sophia Maurer was born September 15, 1821. Baptised by Pastor Vogel at Cronenberg in the Court residence. The gracious von Fuerstenwuerther ladies, Wilhelmine and Sophia were her godmothers.
5. George Peter Maurer was born November 21, 1823. Baptised by Pastor Wilhelm Vogel of Lauterecken in the Court residence in Cronenberg. The sponsors were Peter Maurer, my dear brother, George Corman and Phillipine Walter of Maddert.

6. Dorothea Scharlotte Maurer was born February 12, 1926. Baptised in Lauterecken in the church by Vicar Christian Schmidt. The sponsors were my brother Phillip Maurer, Dorothea Lenz and Scharlotte, wife of Lorenz Wagoner.

7. Johann Phillip Maurer was born April 1, 1828. Baptised in the church of Lauterecken by Vicar Schmidt. The sponsors were Johannes Walter and Elizabeth Wannamacher.

8. Katherine Caroline Maurer was born Feb. 16, 1832. She was baptised on Sunday, Feb. 26 by Pastor Ludwig Mueller in the Court-residence at Cronenberg.

FARMING

My step-father had died of a fever in 1814. I married Margareta Wagoner in December 1814.

After my mother's death in June 1815, I took over the holdings and assets of the farm. I inherited 1056 florins from my parents and my wife, unless I have to return several hundred florins to her brother.

In the year 1815 we had to go into debt for 1550 florins for cattle, grain, feed and furniture. Fortunately, we could pay the debts with the help of God in the years 1816 to 1818.

1816 - We had a very harsh winter. On April 2nd in the morning, a sharp wind was blowing from the Rhine so that there were icicles on the mouths of the oxen when we spread the manure. On April 14, 15 and 16 snow covered the ground. On May 5th the fruit trees were in bloom. We had a terribly wet year from June 24th on to the end of the year. Consequently, the grain prices went up. A malter* of grain rose from 5 fl. 30 kreuzer up to 22 fl.

In this year we became Bavarians and the seat of government moved to Speyer.

1817 - Inflation of prices continued but it was a good year for feed production. There was good weather for plowing up until Christmas.

1818 - We had a good spring. All fruit trees blossomed. On May 5th it started to rain and continued until May 18th. All the valleys flooded. From then on there was no rain until July 20th when we had a good thunderstorm. The grain looked beautiful on May 5th but looked equally sad during the big drouth that followed. Grain prices rose: rye from 6 to 8 florins and spelt from 3 to 4 florins.

On July 20th, monday morning, I was very unlucky. As I was looking for straw to make binders for the wheat harvest, I broke through the boards and fell with several bundles of straw to the hard floor below. I broke both arms at the wrists and my left knee as dislocated. Thank God I am well again.

1819 - This year the Good Lord gave his blessing to the laborious kohl seeding which I did around August 7th last year. At that time I was still bandaged. I hung my seed bag around my

* Note - a malter is equivalent to 2 2/3 bushels or 150 pounds.

neck on a string because I could not hold it. When I wanted to pour seed out of the pot, I had to slowly bend my poor damaged body forward.

In 1819 on 9 morgen of land (1 morgen = about .7 acre), we harvested 46 malter of kohl* but very few potatoes. The kohl bloomed in the middle of April. Then we had a good amount of snow and there was a frost at night so that in the morning there were icicles on the kohl plants. In the last week of May we hilled up our potatoes. We had to get rid of a lot of our cattle because of the shortage of feed.

1820 - We had a very bad winter with cold and a lot of water damage. The month of March was very cold, nevertheless, it was a prosperous year. We harvested 21 malter of chick peas, 8 malter of lentils, 42 malter of barley and 100 malter of oats. Wheat and spelt were scarce. From 13 morgen we harvested 21 malter of kohl seed. We had a lot of potatoes.

God's wise providence plans everything in our best interest. If the dear Lord let everything grow plentifully, good bread would be trampled underfoot.

My dear children and descendants, always keep in mind the beautiful words of Jesus Christ: don't worry so anxiously about your lives and what you eat and what you drink. Don't worry about victuals during unfavorable weather. Trust firmly in God, the giver of all good and perfect gifts. He will never abandon you in your need but will eventually help you out of your difficulties. Be content with your daily bread; don't be unhappy with your creator. Rather try to keep a happy heart and experience a good conscience until the end.

1822 - The whole winter was very warm and we had hardly any snow. On April 9th the kohl bloomed beautifully. On June 26th we cut the rye. The spelt was dried out and there was very little summer produce. However, in the latter part of the summer, the harvest was fairly good as there was a good quantity of cabbage, beets, potatoes and turnips. Furthermore, the wine was very plentiful and of excellent quality. Kohl seed also turned out well.

* Just what Maurer meant by "kohl" is a puzzle. German - English dictionaries are clear enough, it means "cabbage". But Dorothea Dicke Maurer in her translation said that the seed is pressed to produce colza oil. Colza oil is an alternate name for rape-seed oil or Canadians call it canola. Rape-seed oil is now used as a cooking oil but in those days it was used to fuel their lamps. Maurer describes the crop as planted in August, blooming in March or early April and harvested in the summer. That sounds like rape. J.D.

Mice caused a great deal of damage for some people, especially along the Glan River. The mice settled in and multiplied so fast that authorities gave out the following order: per one guilder of land tax one had to deliver 15 mice to the village official. We delivered only 1100. In Meisenheim and Odenbach an order was issued that directed that the poor were to receive 12 kreuzer for each 100 mice caught. But in spite of all the catching we did not notice any decrease in the number of mice; on the contrary, the more they caught the more the mice multiplied.

In 1822 I built 4 pig styes, with an upper story, which cost 106 florins.

1823 - We had such a very severe cold spell as had never been experienced within living memory. It started two weeks before Christmas and lasted for six weeks. Almost everywhere the millers could not grind their grain because of the ice. The ice on the Rhine River was four feet thick. The kohl froze on dry, as well as, wet land so that not one plant was left. We had planted 12 morgen of kohl. We had to plow it all up and plant barley, peas and lentils instead.

The mice which were so numerous in 1822, have peeled the bark off from young trees in the woods. The good Lord knows whether we will have to suffer a lot of hardship as a result.

On January 26, 1823 a big rattling noise, almost like thunder, emanated from the Heidenwald (Heathen Woods). With the noise came the voices of crying and lamenting men, women and children. This lasted about one hour. All this noise was to remind the impious people to change and turn to God. Unfortunately, it has not yet happened!

1824 - In the month of October, a fire broke out in Etschberg, a village in the district of Kusel. It was caused by some children who set fire to a pile of straw in front of a house. The fire reduced the house and two barns to ashes. Then an order was issued by an official of Kusel that all straw and hay placed near the houses, in the street, was to be taken either inside the building or 200 feet outside the village. Thus, on the 18th of October, we moved 18 wagon loads of straw and 3 wagons of hay outside the village.

1825 - My brother, Peter, was with me as the second hired hand when I advised him in January 1821 to become a teacher. He was of slight build but was very intelligent. Also, he did not have enough money to acquire a farm. He followed my advice and went to school at Meisenheim until October of that year. Then he went to the teacher training school in Kaiserlautern as a trainee.

In the summer of 1822 he fell ill with scurf. Before he was completely well, he went swimming in the river with other trainees. Oh what misery came from this childish action.

In the fall of 1822 he developed a thick lump on his right thigh which had to be cut open. Then he developed a lump on his left hand that had to be lanced. In 1824 lumps developed on his right toe and on his neck. These four wounds were incurable and he had to pay the doctor 100 thalers.

In December 1823 he was installed as a teacher in Schaubern and stayed there until March 1825, At that time he became bedridden and my brother, Friedrich, took him home with him to Glebweiler. He had to bear terrible pain. On Sunday, June 5, 1825 the Lord granted his wish and ended his suffering.

1826 - At the end of the year we made several improvements in the house and barn. Among other improvements, we had a brandy kettle installed.

1827 - I had the well in the feed kitchen dug deeper by 6 feet which cost 5 florins. There we found a spring which produces 52 buckets of water per hour. Before we had only 2 buckets in 3 hours. We watered all our cattle from it and still had 12 feet of water left in the well.

While I was working on the well and giving directions to the workers and even while I was writing my books, I had to suffer the most bitter reproaches. This is caused by the domineering character of my wife and brother-in-law, Karl Wagoner, who constantly criticize me with their fast and vicious tongues, calling me a bad manager. Who can express the suffering and sorrow I had to bear during the time when Karl was here? For nine long years!

The spring of 1827 was extremely cold and many people died.

On Sunday night, February 25, my brother-in-law, Karl Wagoner, got a bad finger on his right hand and complained miserably about it the whole night. Now listen, my children, how death takes a mysterious beginning.* On Monday morning he came from Lorenz's house to ours. The sickness in his finger spread with a terrible swelling through all his fingers, through the whole hand and finally up to the middle of his arm. For five days he couldn't get any sleep because of the pain. A large white spot appeared on his hand. Schuhmacker, the barber from Lauterecken, cut it open. From Friday on he was confused. Saturday night I got up 14 times to put him to bed and talk to him kindly. He ran around the room, talking about his wagons

*Karl Wagoner worked in a woolen mill and apparently contracted anthrax from handling the wool from diseased animals. Anthrax was a poorly understood disease at that time.

and carting and wanting to go from one bed to another. Monday morning he died the peace of the Lord. Karl had a strange, quick and volatile temperament. He could not get along with anybody. But he had his good side, he was economical and industrious.

I hired Friedrich Gillman's Johann for 1827 for 9 florins and double keep. I advanced him money to cure his arm - 1.4 kreuzers, for his father a pair of everyday shoes - 2 fl., for his mother five pounds of butter - 1.5 kreuzers, and for travel money to Kusel - 6.45 kreuzers.*

In November 1827 I hired a girl for the year 1828. Her name was Phillipina Connor. Her salary is 13 fl. and double keep and I promised her an extra pair of shoe soles if she did her work nicely. On the 24th of September I sent her away because she fried herself an egg in the middle of the forenoon and threw the butter into the sink. She was lazy and slept at her work.*

I hired Katherina Nagel for 1829 for 14 fl and keep. Instead of aprons she is to receive 13 yards of material.*

Between January 1, 1816 and January 1, 1827, we acquired 3980 florins. The following payments were made during this period:

1550 fl. were used to pay off the debts we incurred when we set up house.
 365 fl. for my brother, Friedrich's share of buildings and woods.
 423 fl. for my brothers for their share of the property of my deceased brother, Peter.
 200 fl. for my brother Phillip's share of buildings, etc.
 89 fl. for the plot in the Odenbach area.
 140 fl. for the field in the Herling area.
 68 fl. for half of the uppermost meadow in lowest valley.
 110 fl. for the first lot in Spitzenberg.
 33 fl. for the last lot in Spitzenberg.
 116 fl. for the field in the Hehwies.
 50 fl. for the Gredenweis of the Rev. Jacob Gilman.
 211 fl. for half of the Kopfwald.**

* These two items come from Maurer's diary kept to record business activities.

** This accounting comes at the very end of the Maurer journal, in my possession. J.D.

INTERNATIONAL CONCERNS

(Maurer's journal includes many comments on the conflicts taking place between nations and, also, between the people and their rulers. He was particularly disturbed by the many battles between the Greeks and the Turks, between the Christians and "the infidels". Apparently newspapers were his source of information for these events. How sad it is that many of these same national, racial and religious rivalries are still plaguing us today. Just a few of Maurer's comments on the turmoil in Europe are given below.)

The Greeks, after 400 years of occupation, had a opportunity to free themselves from the Turkish yoke. In 1820 a general revolution broke out. All the provinces of Greece agreed secretly to destroy the Turkish Government, their troops and guards, as well as, the Sultan in his castle in Constantinople. When the Sultan heard of this, he became furious and ordered all Greeks living in Constantinople be murdered. This is the way the disaster started.

After a lot of fighting the Greeks won and pursued their enemies even into the provinces in Asia. However, by 1826 the barbarians overcame the poor Greeks and slaughtered all who could not escape. Their cries reached us here and our good-hearted king, Ludwig Joseph, felt moved to organize voluntary contributions through all the churches in support of the unhappy Greeks. He donated 160,000 florins to them. A collection was held in all the churches in the Rhineland. In the protestant parish of Lauterecken only about 20 guilders were received. I put into the hands of our minister 2 florins and 42 kreuzers.

In 1827 England, Russia and France were fighting for the Greeks against the Turks. In December the Turkish Sultan declared holy war against all the powers in Europe and made it clear that he wanted to eradicate all Christians. First the Russians defeated the Turks but in December 1828 the Russians were defeated and retreated to their country.

Sad times are awaiting us. In all countries revolts are breaking out. A longing for freedom is felt in all cities. Even in Meisenheim a tri-colored flag was raised on the city hall on the night of August 15, 1830.

In the month of January 1831, the Polish people revolted against their Russian rulers. The Poles were victorious into the month of May, then the Russians began to win. In January 1832, after the Russians defeated the Poles, many Polish nationals and

remnants of Polish troops passed through Kaiserlautern on their way to sanctuary in France. Every night the city of Kaiserlautern has to shelter the Poles. Money and clothing are being collected at the notary Garvinus' home in Lauterrecken for the naked, poor Poles. That troubled me and I took 2 of my shirts and 24 kreuzer to the collector and he listed them in the book.

CONTROVERSIES (YOU WIN SOME AND LOSE SOME)

For justice sake, I now want to talk about my fate from March 18th to May 23rd in 1823.

My brothers, Peter and Phillip, had a bad guardian, a man from Meisenheim. Before he took over the guardianship, he mortgaged all his property. Now I saw how he indulged every day at the pubs. Moved by the spirit of God, I made an effort to have him relieved of his guardianship. So the Family Relations Board at the Judicial Assembly investigated the matter and I was appointed guardian in his place.

When I came home everybody in my household attacked me with scolding and abuse. It was undescribably bad and indeed a wonder that they did not strike me.

My heart was very heavy, as I was being punished for my attempt at justice. It was in the evening and I went to the barn and opened my heart before God and cried bitterly. However, all this could not prevent me from pursuing the well being of my brothers. It hurt me deeply that my two minor brothers should be cheated out of everything which the bad guardian had already received. I imagined myself at my father's deathbed. Would I have done my brotherly duty if I had willfully neglected what I saw before my eyes?

After many difficulties and lawsuits, I succeeded in getting a remittance of 566 florins and 23 kreuzers on May 23, 1823 from the main administrative office in Meisenheim. But the total sum owed, including interest and legal fees, amounted to 700 florins. We lost 133 florins. But what would have happened if the bad man had remained as guardian?

Now I will tell about our school teacher, Zauner. He had been removed as teacher in 1818 because of his bad behavior. However, in 1823 he ingratiated himself with Wannamaker, a junior civil servant, who procured the position of school teacher from the school commission. He did this only for his own profit since Wannamaker was an innkeeper and Zauner drank a lot.

As Zauner had promised not to request more than one sack of grain from each family and 15 kreuzers from each child, and as Wannamaker in 1824, without the knowledge of the council of jurors, procured 5 additional kreuzers from each child for the teacher, a revolution broke out.

Finally on October 29th, I had a written complaint delivered to the high government in Speyer. It addressed the bad

comportment and incompetence of Zauner. On January 5, I reported on a lascivious relationship between Zauner and a married woman to Vicar Schmidt in the presence of Zauner. But the vicar still deemed him worthy of his position.

On April 4 a school visitation was held by the new school inspector, Jacob, who was a minister at Wolfstein. He eliminated the quarrel between the teacher, Zauner, and me. After the children had left, he said, "Unfortunately, I have heard too much about the quarrel between the two of you. I have to say that I am pleased with the performance of the teacher. I believe that your complaints are pure and clear but from today on we want to forget everything that has passed and keep in mind the future. From now on we want to become new human beings".

I thought should I, a member of the church, be so stubborn and unrelenting and make more enemies among the clergy when our savior went to see sinners and did not condemn the adulteress? So I gave in.

The friendship between the Vicar Schmidt and me has been reestablished. We all have weak sides and fail this way and that. The Vicar loaned me two nice books on Sunday, April 9th. On April 12th he sent me another book to read about the discovery of America. Also, one on the defence of the pious Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms, this with illustrations. On April 30th he gave me a beautiful book of biblical stories from the New Testament with copper engravings.

DEATH OF HIS WIFE

The illness of my wife, Margareta Katherine Wagoner, started in the beginning of the year 1830 with shortness of breath and general weakness. This illness became worse in the year 1831.

During her last pregnancy, she had to sit down for half an hour every morning and cough most miserably.

One night she confessed to me that her mother was the cause of this illness. Her mother, with the help of her sons, talked against me violently. In order to keep peace, my wife did not dare to contradict her mother but kept her sorrow to herself. Also, she overheard her 80 year old mother criticizing her to the maid and she railed against us to the tailor and the shoemaker who were working in the room.

In bed she often told me that she asked God with all her heart to grant her four or even two more years of life.

On February 16, 1832 at 5:00 pm, she gave birth to our last child, the eighth, a beautiful little girl. Afterward she became healthier than she had been before. This lasted about a month when she suddenly took ill again. She felt cold at the beginning, then feverish and thirsty. On the 27th day of her illness, I was alone with her when she suddenly said, "The bed in which my mother is lying is not hers but ours, only the featherbed is hers. When I am dead, give six loaves of bread to the poor since I promised the bread if the Lord let me have my child. Give my black fringed scarf with the red and green wreath to the maid. I am dying." And saying this, she cried quietly.

None of the medication would help. Dr. Schaffner, who visited us, told me alone that he believed that her liver was ulcerated.

During the last days we loved each other and became closer. I spent many hours at her sickbed.

During the first two nights she could still nurse the baby. The third night she would put the warm cow's milk in her mouth, hold her mouth to the mouth of the child and let the milk run into it. Dorothy Gauch, may God reward her with eternal life, came and offered to care for the child.

During the last days of her life, my wife was partly confused, partly rational and slept a lot. The last day she asked for her child and they gave it to her. She looked at it

carefully pressed it to her breast, kissed it and said, "Oh, my angel". Then she handed it back. On Sunday, March 18, 1832 at 7:30 pm death took her.

I had prayers said for her in the churches of Meisenheim, Odenbach and Lauternrecken. She was buried on Wednesday morning. There was an endless procession.

She will live forever in my memory. The path we walked, hand in hand together, seems to me like a passing dream. I cannot imagine life without her.

[The following statement comes from a diary that Maurer kept to record his business dealings.] Christian Schaefer von Giusweilen cared for my little daughter, Kathrina, from the burial of my wife March 21, 1832 for 37 weeks. I paid him 55 florins, 3 cords of wood, 36 malters of grain and 1 barrel of Kohl seed. His son's wife, Eliza nee Buehler, had charge of the child. The whole household was made up of fine people and they gave the child excellent care.

[Phillip Jacob Maurer married Elizabeth Boesel on January 1, 1833.]

REASONS FOR COMING TO AMERICA

(This section comes from a booklet published in Sidney, Ohio in 1896 based on writings by Phillip Jacob Maurer while on ship board on his trip to America. The booklet was printed in German. Dorothea Dicke Maurer made the translation to English.)

The thought came to me, early in the month of October, 1832, that I should like to come to America with my children. From the moment I resolved to go, I became happy and carefree. It seemed as though I were transformed. At work and in marching I was never tired. I could make a two-hour march in one and a half hours. Thank God for the wonderful gift of health and a light and happy heart.

The conditions that influenced me to go to America are as follows:

1. The bad house-keeping of the state where the expenses are so great, and the princely household, the officers and the state officials are paid too high; also, the customs and the toll. The land is cut into small parts so one gets into a new land with each day's journey and each land is encircled with a toll line. Commerce is hindered. The last cent is taken away from the common people. Also, the money must be changed and the people are again the losers.
2. Of complimenting and politeness and saluting there is no end. One hardly knows how to frame his sentences so as not to offend. Everyone wants to be addressed as "Thou".
3. In the field and in the home one is robbed. One cannot be careful enough.
4. Poverty is so universal that one has to hand out 10 to 15 pounds of bread a day. Among these are many beggars. One knows them but dares not to refuse them, because of what they might do. They live in the next village and are very dangerous.
5. One cannot be too careful in the lending of money and grain. One is often cheated. There is no such as keeping one's word among the people. The returning of things is hard because they are so needy. Many times one loses. All confidence is gone and one dreads to help anyone, but still one has no peace from the borrower.
6. The Sabbath is desecrated. The good and upright person has to battle to stay on the straight and narrow path.

7. In spite of the extraordinary taxes, the state debt gets higher and higher every year. What will thing come to when it must be paid? According to the speakers at the Hambacher Festival, the state debt amounts to 124 million florin on the 22nd of May, 1832.

8. The military duty is worrying me because of my five sons.

9. Friendship is seldom found. Greed and selfishness have taken the place of true friendship.

10. When it is necessary to go to the law, there is so much expense that many a one loses his right.

11. When one buys land for 100 fr., the state gets 14 fr. and 14 crowns.

12. In the several states of Europe, one is robbed of all freedom. A chain is thrown around the people and they are led like animals. For instance, one may not take a dog to the field with him without a fine of 5 fr. One may not catch a rabbit, for the fine is 3 fr. Because of these things and many others, I am leaving Europe. For these reasons wealthy, prominent and worthy men, also, officials and spiritual leaders, who are dissatisfied, resolved to come to America where there is freedom.

TRIP TO AMERICA

The following account is based on the story by Senator William Ault as quoted in "Phillip Jacob Maurer and his descendanta in America". Mr. Ault was one of the people making the trip with the Maurer family.

The Maurer party, as they left Cronenberg, included Phillip Jacob, his eight children, his second wife, Elizabeth, his mother-in-law, Mrs. Boesel, his brother-in-law, Karl Boesel, and other members of the Boesel family. Karl Boesel later married Phillip Jacob and Margareta's fourth child, Wilhelmina, and after her death, he married their sixth child, Dorothea.

The Maurer group along with many other families, travelled along the Imperial highway to Le Havre de Graz in large freight wagons pulled by four horses. Because the horses travelled at a slow pace, the young people usually went on foot behind the wagons, when the weather permitted. Ault reported that the Imperial highway was alive with freight wagons and pedestrians as far as one could see. Apparently there were a lot of people on the move.

When they arrived at Le Havre de Graz on April 20th, 1833, two American three-masted ships were lying in the harbor, the Logan and the Jefferson. They watched as the last of the passengers loaded onto the Logan. As they watched, "two sailors pulled on a rope and raised a mass of bunting. A little later a breeze unfurled before our bewildered eyes the glorious stars and stripes of the United States. We could not keep from shouting".

On April 24th the Maurer party loaded on the Jefferson. It sailed out of the mouth of the Seine River loaded with 173 passengers. Apparently it was a rough crossing with three terrible storms encountered. Ault recalled that Phillip Jacob Maurer assembled the Christians on deck and conducted Sunday Services. Others remembered that it was he that gathered the passengers together for prayer service during the storms.

When land fall was finally imminent, Ault wrote, "Suddenly a warm zephyr from the west wafted toward us, a breeze so full of the perfume of flowers and spicy aroma, that we could no longer doubt that land was near. I have tried several times to describe this exchange of air, the inspiring effect of the flower scented air on the seaway passengers but I have never succeeded --- When one goes to sea one forgets the smell of land air because of the tar smell of the ship and because of the odor caused by seasickness and things general to life at sea."

"The next morning at sunrise we sailed across the gulf stream. Now Virginia lay to our left and the eastern shore of Maryland to the right of us. Toward evening the Jefferson sailed majestically between the lighthouses on Cape Henry and Cape Charles and into Chesapeake Bay where we dropped anchor. The next morning three half-naked negroes came to our ship in a canoe with several baskets of cherries which disappeared quickly. A pilot came and took us to the Baltimore harbor where we landed on June 27th after 63 days at sea."

According to Ault, the Maurer party, along with many other families, travelled by flatboat to Wheeling and onto Cincinnati. At Cincinnati they joined a colonization society and took part in a plan to settle in Mercer county, Ohio. They travelled on to Hamilton where, leaving their families behind, Maurer, Braun and other heads of families travelled north to search for their new home. They came to New Bremen and were so well pleased that Phillip Jacob went to Wapakoneta and applied for one and a half sections of land or 960 acres. This he bought at \$1.25 per acre. On August 8th, 1833 the Maurer and Boesel families arrived in New Bremen. They now had to build a home and start clearing the land.

George Peter Maurer, the fifth child of Phillip Jacob and Margareta, was 10 years old when the family came to America. He married Elizabeth Braun of the Braun family that came to America with the Maurers. He was known by his family and friends as Peter Maurer.

DEATH COMES TO PHILLIP JACOB MAURER

Just one month after arriving in New Bremen, Phillip Jacob died on September 9, 1833. Johann Jacob wrote in his father's diary, "My father was helping care for my brother, Friedrich, who was very sick, when he, himself, became ill. It was shortly before midnight. He died before noon with no doctor in attendance." Others have suggested that he died of cholera, which was epidemic at the time. We will probably never know for sure.

According to Leonard and Vernon Maurer, Phillip Jacob and his son Friedrich were buried in the old church cemetery which has now been converted to use as a park. Phillip Jacobs grave marker has been moved to the family plot in German Protestant cemetery.

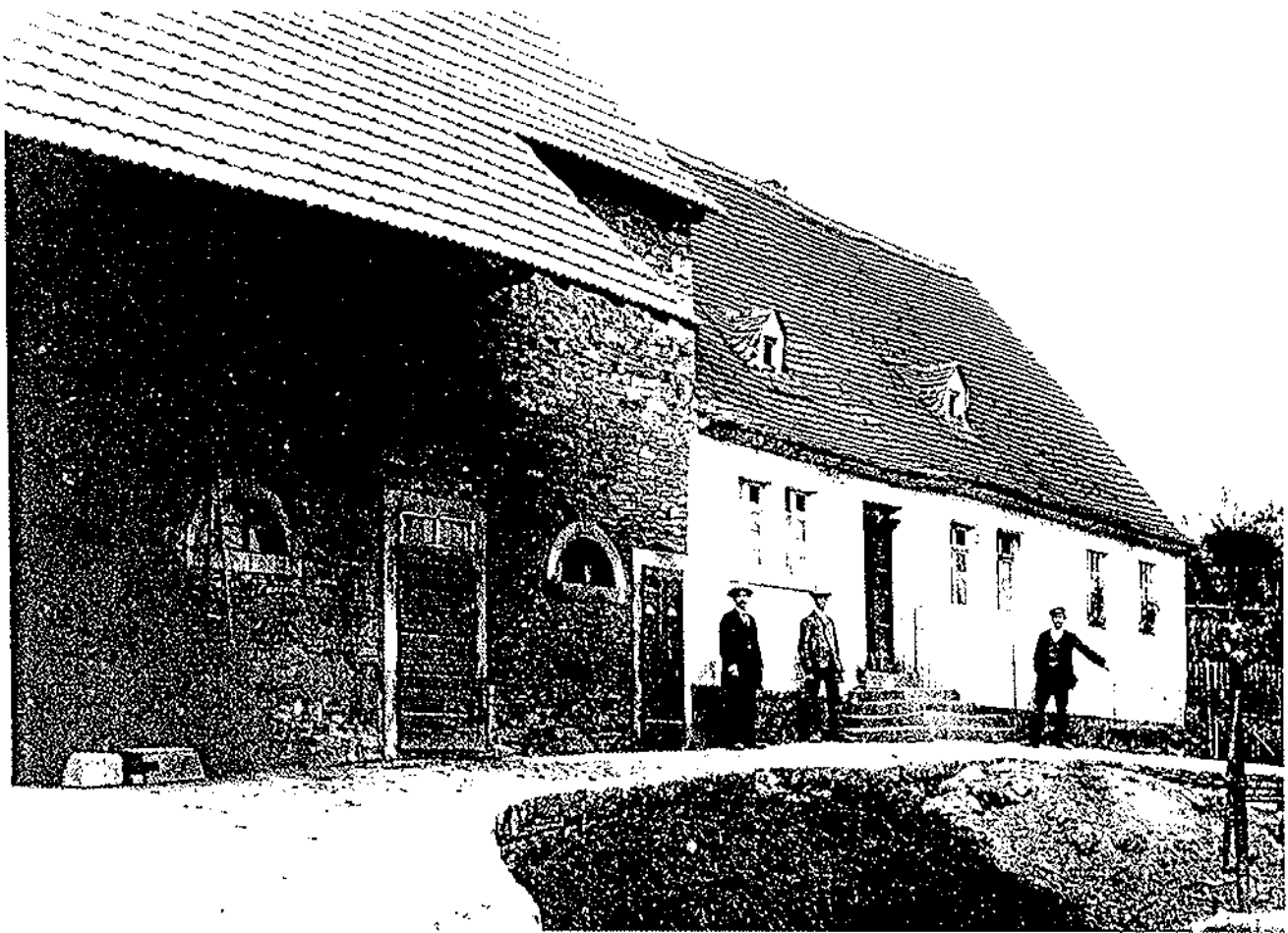
At the time of death, the Maurer family was living in a cabin in New Bremen where St. Peter's Church now stands.

According to Ault, Phillip Jacob Maurer was the best educated and the richest man in the settlement, that a number of his writings on history, economics and religion remained. Ault was writing this about 1885.

When Phillip Jacob passed away his remaining seven children were kept with their stepmother, Elizabeth Boesel Maurer. Her husband's ninth and last child, Karl Maurer, was born November 28, 1833, two months after his death. This was Elizabeth's first child.

The following year Elizabeth remarried. Adam Paul was her new husband and, over the years, they had eight more children. He was reported to be a very good man who took very good care of his large family.

Phillip Jacob Maurer never lived to see any of his grandchildren. However, he had a total of 43, according to Dorothea Dicke Maurer. One of these was my grandmother, Matilda Maurer Fritz, the daughter of Peter Maurer.



The Phillip Jacob Maurer House at Kronenberg.

This is a photo of the Phillip Jacob Maurer combination house and barn in Cronenberg, Germany from the publication, 'Phillip Jacob Maurer and his Descendants in America'. According to Maurer's journal he made major improvements to this building in 1825. The photo was taken in the 1890s.