

AN OLD TIME WORTHY

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Jacob Hiltzheimer was a native of Mannheim, Germany. He left there when nineteen years old, and arrived in Philadelphia September 5, 1748. He was apprenticed to a silversmith, but, after he had completed his trade, he very wisely preferred horse dealing, farming and open air to the confinement of a shop and store; and he started active business life—and made a success of it—by owning and running a livery stable and leasing lands “in the suburbs” to raise stock and crops.

It must be remembered that the sites of the Hotels Bellevue and Walton and of the Broad Street Station were then “suburbs,” while the present locations of the Mint and West Philadelphia were far out of town. There are men in Philadelphia still young and vigorous who used to “go a-fishing” on the east bank of the Schuylkill.

He fought the French when England's cause was ours; and he sided with the Colonies during the Revolutionary period. He was Street Commissioner for three years and Assemblyman for eleven. He was a public-spirited citizen and a charitable man. He married a Quakeress; lived on Seventh street, below Market; and died from yellow fever in 1798, after having passed safely through the epidemics of 1793 and 1797.

Thus he left this world before he had reached three-score and ten; but he lived well and was long time a man

of consequence; and even if he had not been then, he would be now. For he did what all men of affairs should do, and what nearly all of them neglect to do, viz., he kept a diary for thirty-three years. The books for three years have been lost. It is too early to measure the extent of this loss. From the copious records of the other thirty years, in 1893, Jacob Cox Parsons, of New York, his great-grandson, published a volume of extracts. Some day the whole of his notes will be found worth publishing—even if they never attain the classic eminence of Pepys or Evelyn.

For my present purposes and your edification, I refer to them only to throw some light on a subject that should be of perennial interest to the Lancaster County Historical Society, viz., the relative social, political and commercial importance of Lancaster and Lancaster county in the Colonial and Revolutionary periods of our country's history.

When there was no "Harrisburg, Altoona, Pittsburg and the West," our good city and our excellent county were "there!"

Hence it is that I industriously gleaned Hiltzheimer's diary—for a copy of which I am indebted to Judge Landis—to see what relations and references it contained of special interest to Lancastrians.

Friend Hiltzheimer was a true sport. We find him, in 1765, taking a ride with Andrew Hamilton "to try his black colt;" and two days before Christmas he breakfasted "at five o'clock in the morning," so as to get to the Darby fox hunting, where there were thirty hunters, who, by 11 a. m., had killed three foxes; and most of them stayed over night to resume the sport next day.

In that early day gentlemen were not so busy as now, practicing law and medicine, selling dry goods, groceries, hardware and drugs; printing and preaching, so that fox hunts, "cider frolics," funerals and weddings, take up a good share of my gentleman's annals. On March 4, 1766, he attended Court, "to give reasons why" he "did not serve as a juryman last term"—but whether it was because he "was at Nicholas Brosius' funeral," or because "Samuel Miles sent a quarter cask of wine," his diary does not disclose.

In view of the fact that his wife gave birth to a son, "at three o'clock in the morning of July 30," we can certainly excuse him for drinking a bowl of punch the next day with William Jones at Mrs. Gray's, and for shortly after attending Robert Erwin's "beefsteak dinner" to himself and a dozen others. If there were any horse races he did not attend, or sleighing parties that he missed during the winter months, some other chronicler must find them. He took his wife to the theatre to hear "Cato" and to see "Romeo and Juliet," but presumably he left her at home, when, on February 4, 1767, he reverently records: "At noon went to William Jones' to drink punch, met several of my friends and got decently drunk." The groom—William Jones, the week before had married Mrs. Gray—he says, "could not be accused of the same fault"—another proof that many a man is saved by marrying a widow.

Punch-drinking, military reviews, horse-racing, cock-fighting, fox-hunting and other diversions take up so much of this diary that I seriously question whether we have improved on our forebears in the fine art of "good living."

The Road to Lancaster.

The first mention of Lancaster or Lancastrians in his diary is under date of February 13, 1768, when he records that he took a ride with James Webb, Jr., Sheriff of Lancaster, "to the Middle Ferry"—one of the crossings of the Schuylkill river. You all remember, of course, that Webb was Sheriff from 1767 to 1769, having succeeded John Barr, and himself having been succeeded by Frederick Stone. That was about the time when that fine old English gentleman of the smooth and legible handwrite, Edward Shippen, was our Prothonotary, and Adam Reigart, founder of the East King street wine store, was succeeding Matthias Slough, the most famous hotel keeper of his day, in the then high and honorable office of County Coroner. The elder James Webb was then serving with George Ross, Emanuel Carpenter and James Wright as a member of the House of Representatives.

Hiltzheimer kept on buying and trading horses, attending barbecues and burials, drinking punch and buying old furniture at widows' vendues; but something moved him to come to Lancaster on May 13, 1768. He set out before sunrise, and, though he rode the horse, "Shewbald," fifteen years old, he reached Lancaster at 6 p. m.—making the sixty miles on horseback, with all stops, in fourteen hours.

I suspect he made many stops.

Unless he sank his real nature, as it is disclosed on every page of this diary, he must have tethered his horse at the edge of the county, on that great broad green which still spreads itself in front of the Compass tavern. No doubt after he had a drink—or possibly two—he sauntered down

to the old church yard of St. John's, of Pequea. The present church building was not there then, but the everlasting oaks that adorn the spot were already well-grown. If he strolled through the graveyard he could not have failed to notice the tombs of that first and most famous of all the French-Indian traders, who traversed these parts, Peter Bezellon, and his wife, Martha. He read the inscriptions as you can read them fresh and clear to-day. The skull and bones, the winged cherub on the Bezellon tombstones, and the fierce dragon skull that is cut on the bottom of the oldest grave stone in the yard, remain fine specimens of the sculptor's art. Through the kindness of Mayor J. P. McCaskey, I am enabled to present the Society with a picture of them all, and I deem the epitaphs worthy of permanent preservation in these records:

In Memory of
PETER BEZELLON
 who departed this life
 July the 18th, 1742
 Aged 80 Years.

Who e'er thou ar't with tender Heart
 Stop, Read, & think on Me
 I once was well as now thou ar't
 As now I am so thou shalt be.
 * * * * *

Here lieth the body of
MARTHA BEZELLON,
 Relict of Peter Bezellon:
 she departed this Life
 June J8, A. D. 1764.
 Aged 7J Years.

All you that come my Grave to see,
 And as I am so muft you be:
 Repent in time, no time delay,
 For fudden I was fnatched away.
 * * * * *

Here Lyeth ye Body of
IOHN COOMBE
 Who departed ys Life Sept be
 ye 12th 1736 Aged 78 years.

Behold ye place Where I doe Lie
 As thou art now so once was I
 As I am now so shalt thou be
 Prepare for death and follow me.

If Benjamin West really did paint that fine old gold and crimson sign which hung out at Archibald Henderson's "Three Crowns" Tavern it had not yet received the finishing touches when Hiltzheimer drew rein at that Colonial hostelry. At the early hour of the afternoon when he passed Widow Caldwell's "Hat" tavern the wagons were not yet turning in for the night. When he passed Leacock Church it was a log meeting house and John Brisbane was not yet home from the wars to display his Bird-in-Hand tavern sign; but as the traveler crossed the Conestoga at Døering's ford, near the site of Witmer's bridge, to be built a generation later, I doubt not he saw many teamsters pressing up the hill towards Lancaster for their forage and lodging.

Whom he met or how he was entertained that time in Lancaster this abstract of his diary does not tell. But I fancy he had many congenial friends, and, even if he came strictly on business, he was of the sort who could find and mingle with it moderate pleasure.

Died in Philadelphia.

Whoever John Cameron, of this town, was, he had the yearnings of all good Lancastrians to get home, especially when he was sick; and so, in mid-winter of 1770, notwithstanding he had been very ill for ten days at John Bidle's, he set out, but got no further than Stadelman's, thirteen miles from Philadelphia, whither, on January 20th, Hiltzheimer drove in a sleigh to see him and spent the entire day to no avail—for he left Cameron "very bad," and five days later he died there. The body was taken to Philadelphia, and, when it was buried from Hiltzheimer's

house in the Presbyterian Ground, in the lower part of the city, Emanuel Carpenter and Daniel Wister were the "chief mourners."

Little mention is made of Lancaster for a few next succeeding years; though when, on May 17, 1770, Hiltzheimer "went to hear Whitfield," that famous Evangelist was doubtless on his way to Lancaster county, where, it will be remembered, he preached both at Pequea and Leacock Presbyterian churches.

Our diarist seems to have been a man of many parts. Funerals and frolics had like attractions for him. He mingled with jockeys and gentlemen; one day he went with joy to hear a woman preach, and next day with as much zest to see a brown colt run two miles in four minutes and a quarter; he gaily rode with the hounds, too; but cheerfully took his wife to Schuylkill to see "two men and three women baptized"—by immersion, no doubt—and, scandalous to relate, "among them Hannah Gardiner, formerly a Friend."

If I were not restricted by the limitations of the present occasion to relate this most interesting diary to Lancaster county, especially, I could scarcely withstand the temptation to make some extracts of general interest. Remembering how recently it is that our great local agricultural interests have begun to generally employ long-wasted wind power in their service, it is notable that on July 9, 1773, the annalist crossed the Schuylkill to General Mifflin's house "to look at the wind mill pumping water for his garden." As early as February, 1774, we find him fattening cattle after the best Lancaster county fashion, and for weeks dining off beefsteaks from "my big steer Roger,"

which when killed, at the age of six, dressed 1,332 pounds. The fattening of cattle for home consumption seems to have at that time been a very important interest with the fashionable gentlemen of Philadelphia. Much rivalry existed between them as to their weight, and copious extracts are made from this diary by the editor of these killings and weighings. During the early days of the Revolution his associations were with the best men of his day. The Mifflins, Irwins and Butlers "rode out to visit him," and when he went to General Mifflin's to help him "raise a stable," "with a few Continental carpenters," the gentlemen who dined with him made a company which included the progenitors of many of the "First Families" of Philadelphia to-day.

During The Revolution.

Prices were high for the necessities of life in those days. In 1777 meat sold for 3 s. 9 d. a pound, in Philadelphia; sugar the same; flour was worth 17 s. 6 d. a quarter, "hard money," and wood £4 a cord, without hauling. A big cow, 7 years old, which weighed, when dressed, 1,763 pounds, sold, in 1780, for 65 guineas, the equivalent of \$325.

It is not irrelevant to the title of this paper to note the relations of its subject to Michael Hillegas, the first treasurer of the United States. Our native modesty is apt to lead us to forget that the English Episcopalians and Quakers are not the only prominent people in Pennsylvania—or even in Philadelphia—during Colonial and Revolutionary days. The Scotch-Irish will themselves often remind you of their presence; but the shy and retiring Pennsylvania German almost must be dragged into the historic lime-

light. Hiltzheimer was conspicuously of these; and so was Hillegas—the one Reformed, the other Lutheran. It required some effort to prove to President Roosevelt that Hillegas really was the first treasurer of the United States; but he “got there;” and—as you all can readily see, by turning to the thick roll of bank notes in your vest (or dress) pocket—his portrait adorns the latest issue of the ten dollar bills.

Well! Hillegas cashed one order to Hiltzheimer for \$20,000, to buy forage for Congress, February 29, 1780—and until the end of the war he seems to have been busy in military affairs, mainly associated with the quartermaster’s department and army supplies. When Cornwallis surrendered, of course, there were “fireworks” in Philadelphia; and I suspect this recorder of sly hypocrisy when he professes to be “sorry” to add that “so many doors and windows have been destroyed in houses of Friends.”

People who suffered the discomfort of being called “Copperheads” during and even after the war of the Rebellion may appreciate what it meant to be a Quaker, an Episcopalian or even a Mennonite when the military triumph of the United Colonies over English Arms was announced in 1781.

Howbeit, our present subject of interest was on the right—or at least the popular—side; and when “Gen. Washington from the northward and the Commander of the French army from the southward” met in Philadelphia and “fine fireworks were exhibited” and “hundreds of lamps were lit,” Hiltzheimer viewed the spectacle from his own stable roof, touching elbows with his guest, Col. Ephraim Blaine, the grandfather of James G. Blaine—who, moving to Carlisle, set up a tide

of emigration that flooded on to Washington county, Pa., and thence surged back to Maine.

What would we not give to have preserved the "table talk" of that dinner at General Mifflin's, September 2, 1782, which manifestly lasted three days, and had among its many guests Gen. Arthur St. Clair and Graydon, of the famous "Memoirs?"

An Eventful Career.

And who do you think—October 4, 1782—was this "General Lee, late of our army, and just from his farm in Virginia, to-day buried in Christ churchyard?" None other, surely, than that Charles Lee, who, born in England fifty-one years earlier, rose to the rank of Major General in the Revolutionary Army. He had held a commission in the British army when eleven years old, followed Braddock to disaster at Fort Duquesne, was shot at Ticonderoga in 1758, fought with the English for the Portugese against Spain, was adopted by the Mohawk Indians and named "Boiling Water," because of his impulsive temper and overbearing habits; was well received by Frederick the Great and made an aide to King Stanislaus; served as a Major General in the Polish army, fought the Turks for Russia, and killed an officer in a duel in Italy; boasted himself the author of the "Junius" letters and was welcomed in America as a caustic enemy of the Tory Ministry; acquired a large estate in Virginia and became the second Major General in the Colonial army; always a soldier of fortune, his capture by the British light horse was hailed by the enemy as the downfall of the Colonies—and yet he lived to be despised as a traitor to their cause. His interment in a church yard was a

defiance of his last will. All within less time than the span of my own life.

There was a "German Society" in Philadelphia in those days; and, after a fashion that is not entirely extinct, the officers adjourned "to the Widow Hess' for supper." In January, 1783, there is an entry in this diary of indictments found by the Grand Jury, of which the diarist was a member, against certain Philadelphians for aiding and assisting four British prisoners to escape from Lancaster to New York. It was largely upon the testimony of Captain "Noah" Lee that these bills were found. It will be recalled that Lancaster's situation made it a conspicuous place for the confinement of British captives. Thus Andre came here early in the struggle. Among the prisoners were many "artful fellows," who, aided by the rustic simplicity of their militia guards and by much local Tory sentiment and sympathy, were constantly devising effective methods of escape from restraint. Captain Lee,* whose name was "Andrew"—not "Noah," was sent in among the prisoners as a spy; he played his part so skilfully as to participate in the escape of four; by a preconcert arranged by him they were captured on the banks of the Delaware and taken in irons to Philadelphia. Besides the Philadelphians whom Hiltzheimer's grand jury indicted (and among fifteen persons brought to justice for aiding in this escape) four persons were convicted in the Lancaster County Court—Jacob

*He was, of course, Captain Andrew Lee, of Colonel Hazen's Regiment, "Congress' Own," that stout Paxtang soldier, who rose from the ranks, was captured on Staten Island, and won promotion. He died at Nanticoke, Luzerne county, in 1821, aged eighty-two years.

Grove, Christian Grove, Jacob Snyder and Henry Martin. Scan carefully these names—for if you are descended from any of them know full well you may be a "Colonial Dame," but you cannot be a (legitimate) "Daughter of the Revolution."

In April, 1783, soon after he had heard the High Sheriff of Philadelphia publicly proclaim "to the people at large that all hostilities by land or sea are at an end between America and Great Britain," Hiltzheimer set out with his old and near friend, Mr. Barge, for Lancaster, in his "chair;" he came by Downingtown and New Holland, having lodged "at Joe Webb's, on the Horse Shoe Road," which subsequently became the Hummelstown and Downingtown turnpike. In the spring that highway was probably more passable than the "old road," and it was then (and is now) not many miles longer, as the direct way between Lancaster and Philadelphia lies far north of the familiar railroad route.

In Old Lancaster.

Next month Hiltzheimer again paid a visit to Lancaster; and when he reached home, at "sundown," May 2, he found his "daughter, Hannah, ill with measles." I can only conjecture what he did while here, but I fancy he laid in a stock of snuff at Demuth's; of old Madeira from Reigart's; bought some spices at Heinitsch's, and took back with him a copper kettle or two from Steinman's. I am quite sure he worshipped at the Reformed Church, on East Orange street, where the venerable William Hendel was then serving his second pastorate—eloquent, zealous and pious, destined to die a hero and martyr in a later yellow fever epidemic

in Philadelphia. If in the afternoon or evening he sought out the Moravian congregation he found them in the old stone church at the corner of Market and Marion, and Rev. Otto Krogstrop was preaching to them. The third oldest Jewish Society in America already had a burying ground in Lancaster, and the Quakers, as early as that, had a church on the east side of South Queen street, where the Catholics owned and recently sold the dilapidated Odd Fellows' Hall.

It is quite likely he stopped at Adam Reigart's hotel, on North Queen street, then the sign of "The Grape" (now the American House), where later John Michael hung out a new sign, "Conestoga Waggon." It never successfully superseded the old and more classic appellation which Buchanan made memorable in Court circles, when he was Minister to St. James. By the way, in 1785, on Market street, above Fourth, in Philadelphia, Samuel Nicholas kept a tavern called "The Conestoga Wagon."

On June 25, 1783, when Hiltzheimer returned home from his ride, with his wife and two daughters, he found the "light horse gentlemen" in his yard and about his house "ready to protect Governor Dickinson from being insulted by the riotous soldiers from Lancaster, who demanded their pay from Congress. This demand affronted Congress so much that they agreed to sit at Princeton, New Jersey." It is only fair to say that these "riotous soldiers," after being duly addressed by President Dickinson on their duty of "full submission to the offended Majesty of the United States," laid down their arms and abjectly came back to this borough, whence they had so valiantly sallied.

Not of much local importance, and

yet most significant, as illustrating how some habits of to-day are a full century old, is this pathetic entry of May 22, 1786: "Our servant maid, Rosina, was impertinent to her mistress." Retribution, however, followed insolence with winged footsteps, for July 8: "Had my servant maid, Rosina Schaeffer, taken to Lewis Weiss's, Esq., on account of her insolent behaviour to my wife and myself. Mr. Weiss ordered her to the Workhouse." Alas! that Weiss is dead—he has been dead a hundred years—it seems even longer that the insolence of maid servants has gone unwhipt.

Hiltzheimer served frequently as a juror; he records that Court stayed in session until ten at night, and when three lawyers spoke on each side he declares what modern Lancaster jurymen have no doubt often felt, viz., that "one on each side would have been enough"—and perhaps two too many.

In the General Assembly.

It was nothing to a man's discredit, socially, a hundred and twenty years ago, to serve in the General Assembly; and when Hiltzheimer got there he freely entertained and frequently dined with his Lancaster county associates. George Ross and he feasted each other and were guests together at the hospitable home of General Mifflin, Speaker of the House. When Samuel J. Atlee, soldier and statesman, a member from Lancaster county, died suddenly in the street before he could reach his lodgings, the House members "set out two and two" to attend his funeral; "Charles Biddle, Vice President, headed the Executive Council, because of the President, Benjamin Franklin, Esquire, not being in health to attend."

When the bill "concerning the German College that is to be erected at Lancaster" (now Franklin and Marshall College) came up on third reading, March 1, 1787,† it scarce need be said he "attended at the State House;" and, some days later, when the House adjourned, he notes with characteristic German conviviality, "about fourteen of us spent the evening at the tavern opposite."

In the course of a two-weeks' journey in a light wagon, August 3-17, 1788, he and his wife, daughter and their very familiar friend, Mrs. Barge, drove over Lancaster county, visiting this city, Columbia (then Wright's Ferry), Lititz, Ephrata, and returning by Reading, Allentown, Bethlehem and Easton. On February 28, 1789, he had as one of his guests at dinner Alexander Lowrey, for many years an Assemblyman from this county—great-grandfather of the venerable Samuel Evans, and of the late Major Amos Slaymaker. On Christmas Day George Ross, General Hand and Hans Groff, of Lancaster, attended Christ Church with him; but it was in the Lutheran Church, October 11 of the same year, that he heard "the new organ made by David Tannenberg, of Lancaster county." (See Appendix.)

Meantime social and political circles in Philadelphia were stirred by the removal thither of the seat of Federal Government. His Excellency,

†The original Act "to incorporate and endow the German College and Charity School in the borough and county of Lancaster, in this State," was passed by the General Assembly, March 10, 1787. On February 27, 1788, there was a law enacted which made a gift to the Trustees of Franklin College, for the use of that institution, of the public storehouse and two lots of ground in the borough and county of Lancaster, situated on Queen street, and the title to which was in the Commonwealth, of Pennsylvania.

George Washington, and that first of all "Colonial Dames" and "Daughters of the Revolution," his stately wife, the "Lady Washington," made their advent. Hiltzheimer was evidently on terms with the first President; he attended the Assembly and heard the new Constitution of Pennsylvania proclaimed at 10 a. m., September 2, and at 4 p. m. dined with Washington at the City Tavern. He was almost continually breakfasting with Senators and other statesmen, dining with Governors or lunching with the gay blades of the day. He records no ill digestion nor headaches; even after three days of seasickness on the Delaware bay "a drink of good punch" put him "to rights again." Jacob Krug, of Lancaster, breakfasted with him June 2, 1791; and when he again dined with Washington, September 5, he found him "an unassuming, easy and sociable man, beloved by every person." Mrs. Washington sat at the table with her husband's guests; but it must not be supposed these family dinners lacked the formality of State functions. It will be remembered the first President was rich and elegant; his equipages were of the best; his cream-colored carriage, decorated with Cupids supporting festoons, was drawn by six blooded bay horses, attended by liveried footmen in white and orange and imposing outriders. He wore, at social ceremonies, black velvet, a pearl colored waist coat, silver knee and shoe buckles, dark silk stockings and yellow gloves; his hair was powdered, a dress sword dangled at his side, and a cocked hat was held under his arm. Even in quiet Quaker Philadelphia the lady of "the Republican Count" in that day kept up brilliant entertainments weekly, where ladies, "with hair

dressed high," rustled "their gowns of satin and taffeta, accosted by beaux powdered and decked out as brilliantly as beetles."

"The Lancaster Pike."

All the while Hiltzheimer seems to have kept up his hospitality to and interest in Lancastrians. October 29, 1791, he had Messrs. Coleman and Ege from the city, breakfast with Governor Mifflin; and early in 1792 he records that on March 31 he "finished with the bill for the turnpike between Philadelphia and Lancaster;" September 12 he dined with John Hubley at his intimate friend Barge's, a rich and popular German. By this time the turnpike from Philadelphia to Lancaster was under way; it was a notable work, and, on October 19, we find the Governor inviting Hiltzheimer to dinner with the Turnpike Commissioners, viz., General Hand, Adam Reigart, Andrew Groff, Jacob Groff, Abraham Witmer and Thomas Boude. They were all men of mark. Boude won the rank of Major in the Revolution; he was a prominent lumber man in Columbia, and, after long service in the Assembly, represented this district in Congress.

A comprehensive sketch of the great turnpike work and of the spirited attack of Matthias Slough upon David Witmer will be found on page 116 of volume VI., No. 8, of the Proceedings of this Society, in a valuable paper by Mr. Diffenderffer.

On August 7 Hiltzheimer inspected a mile of the new road and found the roadway twenty-four feet wide and covered with small broken stones to the depth of eighteen inches. He breakfasted all the members of the House from Lancaster county June 21, 1794; and next year, March 4, 1795, he

extended the same hospitality to Thomas Boude, Matthias Barton, Isaac Feree and Daniel Buckley, members from this county—why the other two, John Eckman and Brice Clark, were not there is not disclosed.

During the frightful epidemic of the yellow fever, in Philadelphia, in 1793, it may be inferred Lancastrians kept clear of that city, and Hiltzheimer was busy at home with more serious matters than the social functions which so often and so deeply engaged him. It will be recalled that when Washington consulted Madison as to his power to notify Congress to meet elsewhere than in plague-stricken Philadelphia the answer indicated Reading and Lancaster as practicable. With the former Madison said he was little acquainted, and Lancaster he never saw; but he added, "if the object should be to provide a place at once marking an impartiality in the Executive and capable of retaining Congress during the session, Lancaster seems to claim a preference."

November 24, 1795, we find Hiltzheimer again on the road to Lancaster, in his "chair," with a numerous company intent on an examination of the new turnpike. That highway, the first of its kind in all the United States, was an object of much public interest and private concern. The inspectors moved slowly and stopped over night at Hunt Downing's (now Downingtown), where they had "exceedingly good accommodations;" they proceeded next day to Humphrey's tavern for punch, and to Reynell's for dinner; they stopped at Witmer's Bridge, and thence came on into Lancaster and to Slough's for the night.

A Revolutionary Tavern Keeper.

What a host Matthias Slough must have been! In those days the tavern keeper was a gentleman, and, like the Macgregor, sat at the head of his table—indeed, this custom so “honored in the observance” prevailed within the memory of living men yet young when John Michael sliced the roast beef and Frederick Cooper tucked in the buffalo robes, as his guests set out to return by wheeled vehicle to Liberty Square and Peach Bottom.

Slough himself had been an Assemblyman when Lexington was fought and when Cornwallis surrendered; he was the confrere of George Ross, Alexander Lowery, Emanuel Carpenter, John Whitehill and Adam Reigart; he led the social “assembly” in Lancaster when the Lutheran and Reformed clergymen felt called upon to protest against mirth and dancing in the darkest hours of the young country’s peril. He had been County Coroner and Treasurer at the same time. He was a tavern keeper and educator, a jolly fireman and brave soldier, shopkeeper, stage driver and Free Mason; he once owned “the Poor House farm” and all the west bank of the Conestoga from Witmer’s Bridge to Graeff’s Landing; he was accused of “clipping the coin of the realm;” he was descended from that Gibson who kept the tavern that gave to Lancaster its original name “Hickorytown,” and his daughter became the second wife of Simon Snyder, a Governor of the Commonwealth, whose name is perpetuated in one of the counties of the State, and who was born on North Queen street, just above the Pennsylvania Railroad passenger station. When Slough visited Hiltzheimer, in Philadelphia,

May 21, 1796, they were guests of Governor Mifflin, with many other fine gentry.

To come back to the inspection of the turnpike—

In their examination of the newly-constructed road the Commission found it in generally good condition, "only here and there the stones were not sufficiently covered with gravel." Hiltzheimer and his companions spent two days on the return trip; and the diary has these notes of it:

1795—"November 27.—Mr. Whelen, General Henry Miller and I left Lancaster and dined at Reynell's. I frequently got out of my chair and measured the bed of the turnpike, which is full twenty-one feet wide, which is according to law. At Hunt Downing's we met United States Senator James Ross and wife, of Pittsburgh.

"November 28.—Set out after breakfast and made a short stop at Robinson's tavern. I frequently measured the turnpike down to the 14-mile stone, from which point to the city it has been viewed by the Commissioners. Dined at the Widow Miller's and reached home by sundown."

It will not be forgotten that when this turnpike road scheme was first broached the rush to subscribe for the stock was so great that from 2,275 anxious subscribers in Philadelphia the 600 shares to which number the law restricted the subscriptions there, had to be selected by lot. The original roadmaking was a wretched failure; it was reconstructed on the Macadam plan so admirably that Francis Baily, in his journal of a Tour in North America, 1796, says: "There is at present but one turnpike road on the continent, which is between Lancaster and Philadelphia, a distance of sixty-six miles, and is a masterpiece of

its kind. It is paved with stone the whole way and overlaid with gravel so that it is never obstructed during the most severe season." Would that I could say as much of its entire condition now!

In those days talk was rife in the Assembly about "moving the Legislature to Lancaster." Our county members were as a rule men of distinction and influence. When the House and Senate called on Washington, February 22, 1796, to congratulate him on his birthday, I doubt not all the Lancaster representatives went "into the front room where wine and cake were served." In that golden age, not only a candidate, but a President himself, could take a cocktail without exposing himself to the envy of rival statesmen; he could even tender one to a guest without forfeiting the respect of churchmen.

In mid-July, when Hiltzheimer had the "raising supper" on the second floor of his "new building intended for a store," among his guests was Judge John J. Henry, of Lancaster; and early in September, when he dined on turtle with Governor Mifflin, Judge Yeates was of the goodly company.

Dining With Washington.

One of the last of President Washington's entertainments of which mention is made here was a notable dinner party given just before he returned from the Presidency. February 18, 1797, it is recorded, Hiltzheimer, with a number of the members of the House, twenty-one in all, including the speaker, "dined with that great and good man, George Washington, President of the United States, who will retire from office on March 4th, next, at which time John

Adams, the present Vice President, will take his place." The Lancaster guests on that occasion were Richard Keys, Thomas Boude, Abraham Carpenter, Jeremiah Brown.

Martha Washington sat to the right, one seat removed from her husband, and the Speaker of the House between them; Hiltzheimer was next to the President on his other side. Whatever mirth and merrymaking may have prevailed, I suspect there was an undertone of sadness in the festal gathering, for when, two weeks later, Washington gave the last of his dinners, with Adams, Jefferson and Hamilton present, and many other men of distinction and ladies, after the host filled his glass and said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man; I do it with sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness"—Bishop White says a silent pause came over the hilarity; "all gayety was checked and there were signs of visible emotion in the company."

On June 20, 1797, one of our local Witmers arrived in Philadelphia with a team of nine horses, drawing three pair of wheels, that had hauled, from Wright's Ferry, through Lancaster county, a mast, ninety feet long, weighing nine tons. It, no doubt, had been rafted down the Susquehanna; it was unloaded into the Schuylkill and towed around the city. It cost about \$200 and was intended for the Algerine Government. The present site of Columbia was already a marked spot—a port of entry for the timber products of the north. March 5, 1798, "the bill for moving the seat of [Federal] Government to Wright's Ferry, on the Susquehanna, was debated to two o'clock in Committee of the Whole in Congress." The debate

was renewed March 17, and continued for five hours, and, on March 23, on third reading, the proposition was defeated by a vote of 36 to 38. Col. A. Hubley, of Lancaster, a member of the Legislature, died at the hospital in Philadelphia, and Hiltzheimer, with his other fellow members, attended the funeral March 6, 1798, from Henry Keppele's house, on Chestnut street.

At Three Score and Ten.

A little later these annals come to a sudden close. Their last entry records an act of kindness by their author to a woman and her little girl. Next day he was taken down with yellow fever and nine days later he was dead. He had witnessed and survived the terrible scourge of 1793 and the horrors of '97; but he fell a victim in those awful days of the next year, when wharves and markets were alike deserted, newspapers ceased to be printed, banks were closed, shops abandoned, schools emptied and four-fifths of the city's population were fugitives or sleeping in tents.

He died where he had long lived, on Seventh street, at or near the southwest corner of Market. You will see there now a fine stone bank building—the Penn National—and a brass tablet bearing the conspicuous boast that on that site Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. It is not quite certain exactly where the room was in which that immortal document was prepared. Nearly fifty years afterwards—and a little while before his death, when the subject was under discussion—Jefferson wrote, from Monticello, that he prepared the paper in lodgings, consisting of a second floor parlor and bedroom, of a new three-story, brick

house, which he rented from one Graeff, "a young German, newly married and a bricklayer by trade;" he was not quite sure, but thought it was the corner house. In 1775 Jacob Graeff, Jr., a bricklayer, bought a lot thereabouts. On July 24, 1777, he sold this property, identical in boundaries as his own grant, to "Jacob Hiltzheimer," yeoman, and with this addition: "The said Jacob Graeff hath erected a brick messuage or tenement on the said described lot." Hiltzheimer converted the first floor of this messuage into a store, and so occupied it until his death. He was a successful man, and owned other property. He built another house to match his "brick messuage or store," and adjoining, as appears by the partition of his estate, which was large and was shared by five children.

In the city directories of his day he is noted as a "livery stable keeper," until about 1786, when he was elected an Assemblyman. From 1791 to 1798 he is set down as a "Member of the House," or distinguished by that other title which his own record proves was fitting—and which "he wore without reproach"—the fine old name of "Gentleman."

APPENDIX.

A Famous Organ Builder.

Thanks to our omniscient Secretary, I am able here to make a permanent minute on our society's records of this remarkable builder of organs. From Mr. Diffenderffer's rich store and from Rev. Charles D. Kreidler, of Linden Hall, I gather that Abraham R. Beck, of Lititz, has sketched the main events of Tannenberg's career. He was born March 21, 1728, in

Berthelsdorf, Upper Lusatia. He was the son of Johann Tannenberg, who, with his wife, Judith (Nitschmann), left Moravia in 1727. He came to Bethlehem in 1749, and soon after married Anna Rosina Kern. In 1758 he assisted "Father" Klemm, at Nazareth, in the Hall, in the building of an organ; and there probably he first became familiar with his subsequent profession. Coming to Lititz, in 1765, he bought the "George Klein House," and there conducted his business until his death. The building was also known as the "Pilger-hause" (Pilgrim house).

While engaged in tuning the organ he had built for the Lutheran Church, in York, Pa., he was stricken with paralysis, and, falling from a bench upon his head, received injuries from which he died a few days later, May 19, 1804. At his funeral service, in York, his last organ was played for the first time, and the children of the Lutheran and Moravian congregations sang by his grave. He was a beloved and prominent man in the community, and, as a notably fine singer, invaluable in the church choir. His organs, as far as is known, went to the following places, and the price of some is given:

1761. Lititz, Pa., congregation chapel (£40).

1767. Albany, N. Y. Bishop Hehl writes in the "Church Diary" then when this organ was finished and set up here (in Lititz), "a great many strangers from Philadelphia and Lancaster—mostly from the former city—and even some Quakers, came to see and hear it."

1768. Maxatawney, Pa.

1769. Goshoppen, Pa.

Trinity Lutheran, Reading Pa. (between 1769 and 1771), £230.

1770. Lancaster, Pa., First Reformed Church—cost £250, and still in use.

1774. Lancaster, Pa., Trinity Lutheran and Catholic.

1776. Easton, Pa.

1783. An organ for Hagerstown, Md.

1787. Lititz Pa., Moravian Church (£350); Brethren's House; Sister's House (£50).

1790. Philadelphia, Zion Lutheran, Cherry and Fourth streets. While building this organ, Tannenberg wrote to a friend in Lititz: "That myself and assistants are well, I take with thanks from the Lord's Hand. and through His blessing we have got so far with our work. On the main manual 7 stops are now in place, and the Pedal is complete with the exception of 5 pipes in the Trombone Bass. The Echo is in place and completed. On the upper Manual one stop, the principal, is finished. When all is drawn cut on the lower manual, with Pedal, the church is well filled with the volume of sound, and to every one's astonishment. I am glad that you will accompany Br. Herbst to the Dedication; come, by all means; not that you will see anything extraordinary, but that you can share my thankfulness that the Lord has helped me. As regards the music they are preparing for the Dedication Psalm, one can plainly see that it will be very simple, and not in harmony with our taste."

Washington and Congress were present at the dedication of this organ, and this was the ceremony referred to in Hiltzheimer's diary. The church was destroyed by fire in 1794.

1793. Nazareth, Pa. (£274).

1793. Moravian Church, Graceham, Md.

1798. Salem, N. C. (£300), and an-

other (£150); Hanover, Pa.; Baltimore, Md. (£375); Macungie, Pa. (£400); Tohick, Pa. (£200); White Plain township (£200).

1799. Moravian Church, Lancaster (£260).

1801. New Holland, Pa., Reformed (£200); used ever since, and of its size as good as the best. Madison, Va.

1804. York, Pa., Christ Lutheran (£355).

Tannenberg's successor, John Philip Bachman, also built an organ for Hanover, Pa. (German Reformed), in 1805.

Hebron Moravian Church, Lebanon.

German Reformed Church, Race street, below Fourth, Philadelphia.

Tannenberg made pianos, also. One "for Br. Lembke" (£22 10s.); and another for the "Kinder-Haus" (now Linden Hall) (£22 10s.). The graceful steeple of the Lititz Moravian Church was designed by him. He was succeeded in the business by his late partner, John Philip Bachman.

He probably built more organs than any other man in the State, and their enduring qualities speak highly of his abilities. He was buried in York, although his first wife, Anna Rosina Tannenberg, is buried at Lititz, where she died in 1782. His children were Rosina, Maria Elizabeth, Anna Maria, David and Samuel. His second wife was Anna Maria Fischer; she was married to Tannenberg in 1800. She, also, is buried at Lititz; likewise his son, Samuel.

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