

MEMOIRS OF A TEXAS PIONEER GRANDMOTHER

(Was Grossmutter Erzählt)

1805-1915

By

Otilie Goeth, nee Fuchs

Translated From The German

By

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Austin, Texas

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Revised and reformatted by Kenneth W. Fuchs

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Irma Goeth Guenther

1969

P R E F A C E

The Otilie Goeth book is an authentic account of life in pioneer Texas. It deals with the adventuresome undertaking of crossing the Atlantic Ocean in 1845 in a two-masted vessel, and the difficulties confronting Pastor Adolf Fuchs, a learned theologian and musician, a visionary rather than a practical man, in founding a home for a large family in the wilderness of Texas. Numerous aspects of Texas pioneer life and also later times are described. It is of interest to the author's descendants and also to those seeking knowledge on the life and thinking of German pioneers in Texas.

It is the story of a family that clung to German cultural traditions, at the same time never forgetting that a free and more practical way of life, a better future, was the object of their coming to the land of Texas.

The Appendices, the Index, and the Bibliography were not a part of the original book. The additional information in the Appendices, largely based on documentary source materials, will fill out the family history and provide insight on the reasons for the vast German immigration to Texas in the 19th century.

I feel that as a granddaughter of Otilie Goeth with a background in family research and translation works, it was appropriate that I undertook the translation of her book. I collected and compiled the supplementary data on the Goeth Wetzlar period during my stay in Germany from 1945 to 1967. Other supplementary materials are based on genealogical searchings since my return to Texas. I wish to express my sincere gratitude to the many individuals who cooperated in this work.

Irma Goeth Guenther

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TO MY CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN

I hope that this little book shall in some measure encourage the future generations of our family to retain their knowledge of the German language, not alone to read German classics, but also for practical purposes. I am aware how very useful the German language has been to my sons in their various professions as ranchers, in business, in law, or in medicine.

At this time I would like to express my thanks to our dear friend, Mr. Heinrich Sibberns, who edited and copied the manuscript of this book.

Cypress Mill, Texas
August, 1915

*Otilie Goeth
nee Fuchs

*Translator's Note: Otilie Goeth was an alert lady of seventy-two when she started her book and age seventy-nine when she completed it. It seemed inappropriate to eliminate any repetitions, or to presume to translate the various poems contained in the book.

BITTE

*Nimm diese gold'ne Feder
Mit einer Bitte reiche ich sie dir,
Daß du sie fleißig brauchest
Für deine treuen Kinder, dort wie hier.*

*Laß alles uns erfahren,
Und sprich zu uns aus deiner Jugendzeit,
Aus deinen Kinderjahren,
Noch nicht zu weit ist die Vergangenheit.*

*Mußt alles uns erzählen,
Wie du von deinem fernen Heimatland,
In deiner Eltern Hut
Gezogen kamst zu Schiff zum freien Strand.*

*Und ihr euch viel gequälet,
Geschaffen uns und euch ein trautes Heim
Und auch in Texas' Prosa
Verflochten deutschen Sang und deutschen Reim.*

*Bericht von schweren Zeiten,
Die du mit Vater oftmals ja geseh'n,
Daß auch die ernsten Seiten
Des Lebens deine Kinder wohl verstehen.*

*Was lustig ist gewesen,
Wie alles doch zuletzt gegangen gut,
Und drohen uns Gefahren,
Durch euch belehrt, wir schöpfen frischen Mut.*

*An diese große Bitte
Will diesen heißen Wunsch ich heute binden,
Daß dich in unsrer Mitte
Noch viele, viele Jahre mögen finden.*

Max

(The poem above was composed by Otilie Goeth's youngest son, Max. As the title, "A Request," implies, the author implores his mother to write her memoirs so that the children may know the story of her life. She shall tell of her childhood in Germany, of her journey across the sea to a land of freedom; then of her life there, telling of hard times, good times, and gay times so that all may find therein inspiration and fresh courage to face any challenge. He ends, hoping that she may remain in their midst for many more years to come.)

CHAPTER I

MY CHILDHOOD IN GERMANY

As I grow older the urge which I feel to write of my childhood in Germany, my old home, becomes all the more pressing. On February 27, 1908, I celebrated my seventy-second birthday, and it is now high time that I start. Surely I would have done so long ago, had I but found the time. As a busy housewife and grandmother with many grandchildren, my day is always well filled with tasks that cannot be postponed. Besides, as an old Texan without training, I am not half as skilled with the pen as with a kitchen utensil. Since years the request poem which Max wrote has been prodding me to write of the memories concerning my early youth for the American-born descendants.

The picture of my childhood in Mecklenburg, where I lived until I was ten years old, may seem all the more vivid to me as it was so suddenly broken off through our emigration to Texas. That must have been quite an undertaking in 1845, little impressive as this might seem today. Above all, I am grateful to my beloved parents for making our childhood of such happiness that even today I recall it only with deep joy. Our emigration marked the beginning of life's seriousness. In the vividness of our imagination, we children had visualized this land of Texas as a kind of paradise; the reality was a bit different.

Most of all I missed our beautiful garden with its spacious playground surrounded by apple trees, with a large and small arbor containing tables and benches, the lovely flower beds marked off with dainty boxwood hedges, to say nothing of the numerous kinds of berries. First came the strawberries, then during the summer a succession of gooseberries, raspberries, currants, and the never to be forgotten cherries that grew in our parsonage garden. In the autumn there were quantities of apples, plums, and pears of which there are so many varieties in Mecklenburg.

Somehow our first Christmas in Texas seemed a little meager in comparison to our German Christmas celebration with its fragrant fir tree, always decorated with so much loving care by our good parents for us seven children. At Cat Spring, Texas, father had nailed a large cedar limb to a stump. There

were only three cedar trees in the vicinity. Homemade yellow wax candles and small molasses-cooky figures, baked by my two older sisters – that was the entire decoration. This must have pained my dear mother considerably, although despite her physical frailness she was a very courageous woman.

Perhaps our good parents did not take the sorrows and disappointments of those first years, in what was still wild country, too seriously, because they hoped and trusted that gradually everything would be easier and better, as it actually developed. Although progress was slow at the beginning, Father always remained optimistic. I recall that he once wagered with someone that the railroad would be extended to Austin within a given time. This proved to be right.

Before I continue with our experiences in Texas, we shall return to Mecklenburg once more. Since Father's biography is recorded in more detail later, I shall now write about Mother.

When little Luise Johanna Rümker was born on October 14, 1809, in Rostock, probably no one dreamed how far away she was eventually to wander from the home of her parents. (See Appendix A, No. 1.) Although her father, Theodor Rümker, was born to poor circumstances (his father was a country parson) [in Poserin, Jonas Christoph Rümker, 1718-1783], he succeeded in becoming a well-to-do merchant under the highly favorable conditions which developed after Germany was freed of the servile condition it occupied under Napoleon. He engaged in shipping the excellent Mecklenburg wheat from Rostock to Spain in exchange for casks of wine. Each year the merchant himself went on a journey to Spain in the fall. He always brought back a carefully packed bunch of grapes of such great size that it completely filled a large bowl, inspiring no end of astonishment.

The entire happiness of my Grandfather Rümker's life centered around his wife Helene, nee Wien. But unfortunately this happiness was not to last for long. After bearing four children, she died of measles. She had contracted the disease together with her children. The youngest child, Theodor, was scarcely one year old. After her death a portrait of her was discovered in a trunk. She had it painted during one of her husband's trips to Spain, but not liking the portrait she had put it away in the trunk. It must have been a rather good likeness though, for when little Theodor saw it, he immediately said "Mamma." Mother related that her father was never again known to laugh, nor even to smile, after the death of his wife. He did not heed the urging of his friends to remarry. Eight years later, when my mother was twelve years old, he died suddenly of a stroke without having left a will to his young children. As a result, his children were defrauded of practically all of his large estate.

When we visited the old country fifteen years ago, that is in 1892, one of the Wien cousins again mentioned this matter. The Wien ancestors were highly regarded country-estate owners. The great-grandfather [Ernst Carl Friedrich Wien, 1755-1812] had leased several estates from the well-known Countess Voss [Sophie Marie von Pannwitz, 1729-1810], who was in charge of the estates of Queen Luise of Prussia, the mother of Kaiser Wilhelm I.

For almost one year I have not been able to continue writing these memoirs because of insufficient time. Today, January 10, 1909, I am resuming this task, so dear to me, and shall stay with it in spite of household chores.

Although I did not know my Grandfather Rümker personally, for he died all too soon, I do know quite a lot concerning him through my mother, and therefore would like to tell a little more about him. As I have already mentioned he came from a long line of pastors. When he was a small boy, the patroness of the parish where he was born made him stand on a chair in order to demonstrate whether or not he was born to speak in the pulpit. It was not said how the examination turned out, but actually he took up a career in business as a young man, for some relatives had provided him with an excellent opportunity to do so. It must have been in the vicinity of the Wien family, for he soon fell in love with the beautiful Helene Wien who returned his affection. However, as he lacked the necessary means to finance himself in business, he dared not ask for her hand. Meanwhile, the elder Wien, having quickly observed how ambitious the young man was, and liking him otherwise, was in favor of the match. Therefore, through a friend, he gave young Theodor Rümker to understand that he would have no objections if he wished to ask for the hand of his daughter Helene. And so the two became a happy couple.

As a dowry and wedding present, the young bride received her entire inheritance. Thus the energetic and bright young husband was able to purchase a house in Rostock and could put his commercial training to good use. As was customary in that day, he gave his young bride a beautifully bound edition of Schiller's works. It is still in existence after more than one hundred years and is in the possession of my brother Hermann's family. Also the building where he had his business was still standing in Rostock when we visited there in 1892. When going down Lagerstrasse, it is the first building on the left along the shore. With his dearly beloved wife at his side, to whom

he owed all happiness and prosperity, the new enterprise grew beyond all expectations, and he soon became a well-to-do, possibly wealthy, man. My mother used to say, "If you children still had your grandfather, you would be well off in this world."

In true Christian fashion, he found happiness in quietly doing good for others. When the Greek war of independence broke out in the twenties, Grandfather Rümker shared in the enthusiasm which spread throughout Germany. Although he could not participate in the battles as did Lord Byron, nor write inspirational songs about Greece as did Wilhelm Mueller, he did whatever he could. He fully equipped two young Germans who were going to Greece. When to his great joy the two returned as victors, he had his children present them with laurel wreaths. We see then that the idealism of Schiller, strengthened by the humanitarianism of Lessing and the broad philosophy of Goethe, surprisingly can serve as an inspiration even in the business world.

It was indeed bitter for the children to lose such a father and mother so early in life. But their strength of character, their compassionate and discriminating understanding of greatness, their determination in overcoming the difficulties of life – these were carried over to the younger generation. Only that explains to me how my delicate little mother, in spite of the many dangerous and terrifying events occurring throughout her venturesome life, never lost the cheerful conviction that happiness can be found everywhere, that our faith does not betray us, that like Lessing's Nathan we may say, "*Gott, ich will, willst du nur, daß ich will.*" (I am willing, God, so pray I only that you keep me willing.) I believe that this fine heritage from Grandfather Rümker compensates for whatever thousands in property may have been lost to the children.

When Grandmother Rümker died, there was staying with her an elderly friend, a Fräulein Holzschuh, who remained afterwards to care for the children. There were three girls, Sophie, Luise, Ulrike, and one son, Theodor. Mother often spoke of Mamsell Holzschuh with love and respect. At that time the title of Fräulein was applied only to those of the aristocracy. Girls of ordinary citizenship were addressed as Demoiselle, or simply as Mamsell. Grandfather Rümker often remarked to the elderly Fräulein that the business could not be carried on without him. So it was against her protest that the office staff continued to operate the business for four years, with the result, as I have already mentioned, that the poor children lost the greater part of their rightful property.

When Theodor grew up, he learned about agriculture from his uncles, Fritz and Otto Wien, both owners of large estates

such as are common in Mecklenburg. I remember this friendly Uncle Theodor very well. He visited us before we emigrated. He owned a large farming estate in West Prussia. We again saw his wife, Aunt Albertine, when my husband and I and son Max visited Germany. (I shall come back to this later.) They had only two children, one son and a daughter. Unfortunately the son died of typhoid fever while away from home as a student. I recall the deep sorrow of our uncle when he wrote us about this. The daughter, who inherited the large estate, married an officer. They had no sons, but had four daughters, of which the two oldest ones were living in Berlin with their grandmother in 1892. The girls thought that I greatly resembled their mother.

My mother's oldest sister, Sophie Rümker, married Pastor Tarnow when she was quite young.

When Mother and her younger sister Ulrike were young ladies they went to stay with an Uncle Rümker in Güstrow. It was there that a romantic love affair developed for the two girls, who were so devoted to one another. One of the young men was the son of Superintendent Fuchs of Güstrow; the other was his friend, a distant relative named Wilhelm Schulz, who was a young lawyer and son of a wealthy merchant of Hamburg. Fuchs was musically gifted, and all of the young people around regarded him as a singer of first rank. His fellow students at the university often remarked that he was a fool for not going on the stage with such a voice. In answer he would say that he regarded his music as a divine gift, not to be used as a means of earning a living. The two sisters became engaged to these two highly idealistic and interesting men, who were not at all suited for the practical side of life. Luise, my mother, became engaged to the young theologian Adolf Fuchs and Ulrike to the lawyer Wilhelm Schulz. A close relationship always remained between the two families, even after our family had emigrated to America.

Young America had so deeply impressed the two idealistically inclined young men that both were planning to come here with their young wives. At that time, a cousin of my Father's returned from America who had not liked it there. This man, Heinrich Franke, later known as water doctor "Rausse," had contracted yellow fever in New Orleans. This so alarmed the young couples that they postponed their emigration for the time being. But my Father never ceased to consider going to America, the United States where freedom, particularly religious freedom prevailed, as the primary aim of his life. Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans* had so inspired him as a young man of twenty-three that he and his hunting companion, Dr. [August] Kortüm, always addressed one another as Hawkeye and Uncas, even in their correspondence.

Dr. Kortuem was Uncas, and Father was Hawkeye. This correspondence lasted until the beloved doctor died. He became the chief medical advisor for Doberan, his last resting place. We visited his grave, as Father had told us so much about him, and we had always greatly welcomed his letters, even years after we had come to Texas. Unfortunately my Father never had the opportunity of visiting his old home again, but he always cherished the memory of his boyhood friend. In his old age he probably reflected a great deal on his youth and his ideals.

Now I would like to relate of my grandfather on my father's side of the family (Adolf Friedrich Fuchs.) Unfortunately I do not have very much to tell, men usually being less informative in this respect than women. Furthermore, my father's mother died when he was only four years old so that he did not have a real family life. There were four sisters who were older than he, and they were raised in Güstrow under care of Mamsell Drümmer, similarly as my mother and her brother and sisters grew up in Rostock. Grandfather Fuchs had the misfortune of losing two wives, each leaving behind one son and one daughter, before his third wife, my father's mother died. The oldest son, Uncle Conrad Fuchs, was a minister in Kittendorf.

The son of the second wife, Fritz Fuchs, was the father of my cousin Fritz Fuchs who resides in this country. As a young man, the older Fritz fought against Napoleon with Lützow's Volunteers and doubtlessly must have joined in discussions and songs with Theodor Körner. After my parents had emigrated to Texas, Fritz Fuchs also came here with his wife Julia, and four sons. Unfortunately, their oldest son, Otto, died under tragic circumstances after they had arrived in Houston. The young man, age twenty-three, was shot by a young ship's companion who had invited him to go hunting. The second son lost his life while fleeing to Mexico during the Civil War in the sixties. Dear Aunt Jule had died long before them when she had been in this country for scarcely a half-year. She was such a kind person that I have tried to preserve her memory by telling her grandchildren about her since they never knew her. The death of Aunt Jule was all the more sad as she had so easily adapted herself to life in Texas.

It was Aunt Jule who remembered Father hopping about as a little boy of four with brown curly hair while his doting mother, in French, would describe him as the very essence of her life. It seems that he inherited his great musical talent from his mother. So often Father would sing a song that tells us one should retain the glow of youth, for when that is gone nothing on earth can make one glad. The song went:

*O schütz in dir den Geist des Lebens
Der Jugend Morgenrot,
Das schönste Glück lacht dir vergebens,
Ist's in dir kalt und tot.*

Grandfather Fuchs was a highly learned, serious minded man, possibly the more so because of his ill-fated marriages. It also went with his profession as superintendent and church dignitary. Nevertheless, his attractive and intelligent little son was the pride of his life; and who could blame him for that. At our home in Mecklenburg, my Father had a glass cabinet in his study in which were all manner of pipes, originating from his Father, which his servant had kept in best of order. Several of the pipes were taken along to Texas where one of the Meerscham heads was sold for thirty-five (\$35) dollars during a period when money was scarce, unfortunately this was not seldom the case. When Grandfather Fuchs had to officiate in the induction of a new parson in the church, he was always picked up in a coach drawn by four horses as the custom demanded. When Father accompanied him on these rides as a small boy, he felt it to be very festive indeed and decided that his main object in life was to become a pastor as well. And that was what actually came to be. Later then, when the young theologian preached his first sermon in Güstrow (ca. 1828), Herr Superintendent Fuchs caught a severe cold in the customarily unheated church – although winter time – which developed into pneumonia, causing his death. The son had just become engaged and had wanted to inform his beloved father of his plans, but he was no longer capable of understanding.

The memory of this hour always remained painful to my Father. Furthermore, the sermon which the young candidate had preached was branded as not conforming sufficiently to the Bible. Of course this was during the time when Protestant Orthodoxy was so inflexible that it alienated the independent-minded individual. Perhaps Father became embittered with church policy in general at that time, for as we see later, he was already then enchanted with the thought of going to America.

The marriage of my parents took place on July 10, 1829, after the young theologian had obtained a position as the assistant headmaster / teacher (or *Conrector*) in Waren. Mother had sufficient of her inheritance left from her father's estate to furnish their home nicely. There they lived for six years, happy in the joy of their young love. They had no lack of friends, and music was always the main feature of entertainment. They soon became happy parents. Additionally, there were the hunting excursions with Dr. Kortüm – the inseparable Hawkeye and Uncas – so that I can assume that their life in Waren was generally happy, even though saddened by the loss of their son Adolf. They still had the two little girls Lulu and Ulrike, and my oldest brother Conrad.

When Father was appointed to become the pastor in Kōlzow (1835), he had to give up his hunting. This he expressed in spirited verse form. Upon singing these verses to his beloved friend, the latter stated, "You are in fact better suited for the backwoods of North America than for the pulpit of a village church." Hawkeye Fuchs did get to the backwoods, but who knows if his trusted friend might not have modified his opinion somewhat had he seen him there. A highly cultured lady, of whom I will relate later, was in any case of a different opinion than Dr. Kortüm. It is always precarious to let a work of literature determine ones future, but in this case there were more far-reaching and valid reasons for making a complete break with the past in order to begin a new future. It was a highly problematic experiment in any case.

In 1835, Father was ceremoniously inducted as the pastor in Kōlzow. He took his duties very seriously. Within the church parish were four to five large estates where the residents lead highly interesting and grand lives. The manor houses were castle-like structures surrounded by magnificent gardens, which even today seem as a kind of paradise to me. Adjoining most of the estates were large parks with tall majestic trees and well-cared-for paths. Professional gardeners kept everything in exemplary order, while the manor lords naturally did nothing themselves, as there was a servant for each and every task. Belonging to every estate was a village where the numerous farm laborers and their families lived. The huge barns, used to shelter the horses, cattle, and sheep from the long and cold Mecklenburg winters, virtually formed the small towns. One had to be well prepared.

The patron of the Kōlzow parish was the Councilor of Justice, Otto von Prollius. He was so impressed with Father that he dispensed with the usual procedure of considering three applicants. He was always a welcome guest at the parsonage, so when I was born on February 27, 1836, he became my godfather and I was named Otilie for him. Each Christmas, for as long as we lived in Germany, there was a gift from my godfather which included something for all of the children in the parsonage. Thus, unaware, I became a kind of Christmas fairy in our house. I hope I may still be regarded as one for as long as I live in form of a mother and grandmother amongst my dear ones.

As German children, we were literally awed with fright out of respect for this prominent personality. The like would be unknown amongst the younger generation of Texas. I so vividly remember a scene from my childhood that I cannot resist describing it here. Several ladies were visiting us in our so-called front room when chancing to look out of the window I screamed

in full fright, “There comes the Justizrat!”, thereupon crawling under the piano. There I sat in the furthest corner, in thousand fears, trying to slip out of the room without being noticed, although this was impossible as the room had only one door. When the feared one had entered the room, he soon noticed that all eyes were turned in amusement towards the piano. Small as I was, he soon discovered me, and I had to come out and present myself. Although he was very kind, I was thankful when the audience was over and I could rush from the room. At the time of our emigration, when I was ten years old, addressing me with great affection, he stated that although he probably would never see me again I must never forget him. He then presented me with a roll of coins, his last gift to me as my godfather. Unfortunately I never saw my godfather again, but when we visited the old home in 1892, his son Otto von Prollius was the owner of their Kōlzow estates.

My dear mother had thought that living out in the country, she would be able to manage with less means. This was not the case, for Father was much too interesting a personality for the estate owners of the area to let him lead a quiet contemplative life for long. His singing alone attracted many visitors to the parsonage, and he gladly shared the golden treasure of his songs with anyone who enjoyed them. Music lovers gathered around him wherever he was. And it was always easy to organize a male quartet, which he directed so excellently, while also playing the piano accompaniment. His knowledge of musical theory was most certainly out of the ordinary. This kind of musical activity was carried over to Texas too, where in early times there was a deeper appreciation of cultural matters than one finds today. This is a theme I will come back to later. Thus, naturally, there was quite a bit of social life in the parsonage in Kōlzow, although there was not always sufficient income for this, particularly as the family was still growing.

We little ones were not aware of the family financial situation. Our childhood was carefree and gay, the environment of our home providing the best possible opportunity for our development under bright and cheerful conditions. Mother looked after us with unfailing care and kindness, while Father taught us as best he could and time allowed.

Winter and summer we could romp and play in our large yard until, tired out, we sought rest in the living room. The winters, although cold, provided sufficient fun and red cheeks. A pond bordered on the yard in front of the house. As soon as this was frozen, we spent all of our free time amusing ourselves on the ice in spite of frosty red noses and fingers. Brother Conrad was quite a skilled skater as a little boy, but the girls had to content themselves with just sliding on the ice.

For this purpose a track was made by sweeping aside the snow on the ice; then with a wild approach from the shore, we charged across the smooth ice on firmly planted feet.

But how great was our joy when the beloved spring time finally approached – when the cuckoo bird sang in the brush and the forest. It was often quite late in Mecklenburg. We too, under Father’s direction, burst forth with countless songs of spring: Let us sing and dance and hop, for spring, spring will soon be here. Particularly brother Conrad had a nice boyish singing voice; in fact, he retained his good voice throughout life – not an altogether happy life. How often we went walking directly out of the yard into the forest. To us it was the greatest fun to walk the extensive paths there on summer days after school.

Walking here in Texas is not really customary at all. Oh, for the large oaks and elms, majestically stretching their branches upwards to form a heavenly dome; the meadows with their soft beds of moss; the bushes echoing with the voices of a thousand birds. The German forests are really exceptional, as numerous songs about them will testify. Whether one is alone or with companions, either one is inspired to indulge in serious contemplation, or one feels compelled to shout and sing for joy: “*Im Walde geh’ ich wohlgemut,*” or “*Wer hat dich, du schöner Wald, aufgebaut so hoch da droben.*” (What Joy it is to Walk in the Wood – or, You Beautiful Forest, Who Built You up so High.) Sometimes we proceeded in march tempo, with Father in the lead:

*Links, rechts, links, rechts,
Die ganze Companie!
Schultert das Gewehr!
Augen links, Brust heraus.
Ei, wie sind wir flink und nett
Blinket das Gewehr.
Und mit welcher Freudigkeit
Marschieren wir daher.
Links, rechts, links, rechts!*

What fun this was for the children, eyes brightening, and young limbs quickening in growing animation. And then we pounced upon the wild blueberries, raspberries, and strawberries.

In the fall we went hazelnut hunting, each child taking along his own little sack in which to collect his findings. Father cut a crook for each of us so that we could pull down the branches to pick the hazelnuts from the trees. This was a special treat for us. Then there was more singing.

Brother Conrad and the two older sisters, Lulu and Ulla, excelled in part singing. They were often admired for their talent. A friend once remarked to Father, "*Pastor, we mokst du dat, dat din Kinnigs, so schön singt?*" (Pastor, how do you get your children to sing so beautifully?)

Even the cultured people of Mecklenburg speak Plattdeutsch when they feel relaxed. With the publication of the delightful books of Reuter, we soon discovered how poetic this semi-barbaric language can be. Soon after publication, these books were also brought to Texas, and it seems doubtful that any family found greater joy in them than ours, particularly as my cousins Heinrich and Otto Fuchs were playmates of the great humorist. Fritz Reuter was a topic of conversation for many years; Uncle Braesig, Havermann, Linning and Minning, all of these were like close friends to us, almost like brothers and sisters!

In a small wood near a meadow, there grew those lovely fragrant lilies of the valley. Hunting these was my greatest joy; also the dear violets, growing near the edge of a stream, were a delight. Mostly they grew on the meadow where one was not permitted to go. Consequently, Inspector Lindemann had to shake a warning finger at me on occasion, although he never scolded the little violet thief, this friendly inspector, nor did he ever bring any "court" action against me, nor even tell my parents. In this connection, I should like to say that the relations between my parents and the noblemen who owned the estates were always good. They never experienced anything such as the pastor's wife in the parsonage of Count H.

Since the case is typical of those times, I will relate it here, even though it presents the arrogant gentry in their worst light, these people who even today decline to support a constitution. (A jokester recently scoffed, "Mecklenburg, you are the richest land, but you have no constitution.") During a horseback ride, the Countess H., becoming aware of an unpleasant dripping from her elegant nostrils, with a flourish, brought her snorting steed to a stop before the parsonage, her parsonage, and had her servant go in and request a handkerchief. The parson's wife, all aflutter over the great honor, brings out her finest little hand embroidered wedding handkerchief to collect the royal secretion. However, when the handkerchief was not returned to her, she had the audacity to complain about it. Thereupon the countess responded, "Have a bundle of flax delivered to the pastor's wife." Fortunately the pastor was not an Othello, and the incident passed without a duel.

On another occasion the little daughter of the pastor's wife was in the presence of the countess when the lady spread out her robes with her well-groomed hands. The child became confused,

looking towards the lady's maid when a cold-sounding voice said, "Well, how much longer is it to take?" The maid whispered, "Child, you must kiss the skirt of the countess." How would you like that, my Texas grandchildren?

But let us return to the meadow, to the green grass where the fine linens were spread out to bleach. When the linen comes from the loom, it is ash gray in color, but turns completely white in the sun if it is sprinkled with water several times daily. The flax fields are a lovely sight with their blue blossoms, surging like the waves when a wind blows over them. At that time flax was spun in every home, rich and poor alike. When a daughter was born, one soon began to build up her trousseau of linens. In the well-to-do families, there were large piles of linens, carefully stored in trunks and chests, awaiting the day when the young bride was to found her own home.

This may seem incredible to the present generation when everything can be purchased ready made. But even during the Civil War between the North and the South in the United States, one experienced a taste of the good old days when a housewife might have been singing as she spun, like in Schiller's *Glocke*, while the shimmering thread took up the snowy flax. And if you young people have read *Silas Marner*, you will at least know where the linen comes from, and that it does not grow on trees. In those days the use of cotton was still a rarity; and, at most, the village women had bought clothing only for holidays. Chamisso's, "The Old Washerwoman," provided a touching commentary on the subject, whether the time would ever return that one spins and weaves at home? During the Civil War, even I had to learn how to do it, and I never considered it a waste of time. Sometimes when old customs and vogues of past days are revived, stirring us to homely reminiscence, like the memory of a fairytale, we may rightly speak of "the good old days."

Of course there was no lack of playmates. To mention them all would be going too far. Our dearest friends lived at Dettmansdorf, an estate belonging to Kölzow. We walked there often as children, and we considered it the greatest of pleasures. The path lead through a magnificent beechwood forest, then over a green meadow surrounded by water canals crossed with cute little foot bridges, then continuing through a gateway into a spacious garden where the path lead through artistically clipped hedges up to the manor house. We were privileged to enjoy every hospitality of the estate.

It was all the more that I enjoyed corresponding with my old friend Alvine, of the same age as I, after we had renewed our friendship as old ladies, both somewhat surprised at finding one another still alive. Fond memories of a happy childhood were revived, making the past seem all the more realistic. As memories

become more vivid, images of dear friends crowd my memory, and I see the past as though it were today. Not that the present does not hold its attractions, but the old simply enjoy taking refuge in those days when an all lovely world still held promise of fulfilling our fondest dreams. Our youth therefore seems all the dearer for that which did not actually come to pass.

Once more then, I tread as a child through the wide gateway of the parsonage yard. To each side there are stables with the garden adjoining on the right. To the left is a lovely pond, partly surrounded by willows. A wide stone stairway, with a small rose garden on each side, leads into the house. The windows are framed with grapevines behind which stands my mother who looks at me with her dear gentle eyes. For it is Sunday morning, and one already hears the ringing of the bell, the bell which Father had ordered to be cast. It was delivered in an open wagon, all shiny and new, with an oak wreath upon it. Cast into the bell is the inscription "*Ehre sei Gott in der Höhe*" (Glory to God on High). And on the insistence of the church elders, Father's name is also there. With feeling of deep reverence, one raised it aloft with stout ropes to the belfry, from where it was to summon the members of the parish to prayer. Hark how it sounds; at first softly in quiet vibrations, now louder, and finally in that earnestly pious tone which the bell master somehow contrived to infuse into it. Thoughtfully the congregation listens; the men have removed their hats, all stand in moved silence, for surrounding the building is the churchyard where dear ones lie slumbering in eternal sleep. Eternity is stamped in every feature of these serious faces; it is almost too serious, and searchingly the crowd looks for him who attempts to mediate between death and life. And see, he approaches, the beloved minister in his pastoral robes, followed by the sexton, the word of God carried under his arm, the warm heart filled with love, proffering spiritual comfort. And as he comes nearer, the sound of the bell grows louder, and all eyes are turned upon him, who at this moment seems as someone holy to me, and whom no one dares address. Silently I sit in the church, silently and reverently I listen to what Father has to say. So glorified did it all seem to me on that Sunday that it was difficult to return to the normal routines of the day.

We children knew no fear of death for our belief in eternal life in pure heavenly bliss banned all dark thoughts from the grave side. We were often present at funerals, but the solaces of the blessed life of which Father spoke were regarded as the indisputable truth by us children. We well understood that there was want and suffering on earth, that numerous tears were shed, and had to be shed:

*"Aber in den heitern Regionen,
Wo die reinen Formen wohnen,
Rauscht des Jammers trüber Sturm nicht mehr."*

(But in those bright regions,
Where the pure souls reside,
The sad storms of sorrow subside.)

Perhaps Schiller's soaring imagination had to be translated into Christian words for the understanding of the mourners at the grave, but Father had also imparted his brightly serene outlook on death to us children. Although I must relate too often of death, suddenly and unexpectedly, overtaking members of my family, my spirit has always rallied under the solacing assurances of Schiller's words:

*“Lieblich wie der Iris Farbenfeuer
Auf der Donnerwolke duft'gem Tau,
Schimmert durch der Wehmut düstern Schleier
Hier der Ruhe heitres Blau.”*

(Schiller – *Das Ideal und das Leben.*)

As I have already mentioned, Father supervised our education, for the village school did not meet with his standards. Of course there were some interruptions, because of Father's official obligations. I have just talked of the burials, but there were also happy occasions, such as the baptisms of the children. It was customary for the poor people to bring their children to the pastor for baptism. All of the guests of the baptismal ceremony would arrive in big rack wagons, sitting on straw sacks, which of course provided quite an amusing picture for us children. Indeed, it was not the colorful costumes of the Black Forest, or of Switzerland, which drew our attention, but alone the large wagons delighted us with their enormous straw sacks, in comparison to which the wool sacks of Westminster must have seemed rather small.

While the baptism was in progress, we children would climb onto the wagons to play rollicking games. On one such occasion, my four-year-old brother Willing, as William was called in those days, fell from the top of the wagon and broke his leg. Mother, the poor dear, happened to be busy upstairs taking care of four-week old Ino. Now she had the additional burden of nursing our little brother back to health, taking four weeks. Downstairs, the life of the household continued on its normal course under the loyal supervision of the two servants, Hanne the cook, and Lotte the chambermaid. Both were with us for as long as I can remember. During the last year of our residence in Germany, the two took care of the entire household. Mother was suffering from a gouty condition of the head and knees and had to go to a spa, because the doctors did not know what to do for her. At the spa, Rausse the water doctor, cured her after five months of treatment.

Of course I do not know for how long my parents had been discussing and considering the possibility of our voyage to America, for they never mentioned it around the children. In any case, we had all studied English, although not even the oldest one of us realized that this was to be a preparation for our emigration. Lulu and Ulla were now 16 and 14 years old and brother Conrad was also quite big. They were thus capable of helping, for certainly my parents must have heard that there were no servants in the new country.

During the forties, the Braunfelser Adelsverein (see Appendix, A, No. 2) was organized and purchased extensive tracts of land in Texas. Father joined this Society, and thus Texas was to become our future home.

We began making the preparations for our emigration. This was done largely according to the instructions issued by the Society, particularly in regard to the crates to be used. These were heavy cumbersome things. I still remember clearly when Father told us that we were to go to America and would cross the ocean on a ship! We were not permitted to tell anyone about it until a final letter had arrived. After that we could tell anyone about it who cared to listen. Thereupon we youngsters, in our childish way, ran out the big front gate to the so-called "Brink," shouting as loudly as possible, "We are going to America!" We did not realize the many difficulties it would entail for our parents. Father's dictum was, however, rather to earn a living by the sweat of his brow than be supported by the grace of God (*Lieber im Schweiß seines Angesichts sein Brot verdienen, als um Gotteswillen erhalten zu werden*). Having to preach for a living was entirely contrary to his finer sensibilities. Had he been able to bring himself to make practical use of his musical and literary talents, there would have been no lack of the necessary income to raise his large family, even in comfortable circumstances. But perhaps he saw beyond all this with that certain clarity of vision, virtually inspired by divine providence. "Only he who must daily strive for freedom and life truly deserves these." Like Abraham, he felt a divine calling to go out into a new land where his descendants would not be hindered through social prejudices.

It does not require any vast psychological knowledge to understand that Pastor Fuchs wished to provide greater opportunities for his children, rather than allowing them to be stifled, body and soul, through the miserable conditions prevailing in Germany. To understand this, one needs only to visualize the rigid bureaucracy of the thirties and forties, when Metternich was in power, to sense the impending storm in the political atmosphere precipitating in the year of 1848; to recall the tyrannical suppression of the writings of the "*Jungen Deutschlands*" (Young Germany), as well as the then prevailing oppressive

rule of the Church. Was he to watch his girls at most attain positions as governesses, the boys starving themselves to struggle through a university in order, perhaps too by God's will alone, to earn a scanty living, thus perpetuating the old miseries and wants from generation to generation? Or was it not better to go into the wilderness, there with axe in hand and happy at heart to found a new home? The choice must have been a difficult one, but once the decision was made, the problems involved were resolutely faced. Today I can say that my good parents made the right decision, and I believe that all of the Texas descendants will agree with me in this, although one or the other may have wished for something else.

The preparations for the journey required all of Mother's strength. There was a dressmaker in the house for many weeks, and everything was planned for Texas conditions as best they knew how. The entire wardrobe was hung in one room where it was eyed with interest by many of the villagers. What the various comments were, I do not recall, but I can well assume that while some things were admired others were viewed with skepticism. And doubtlessly there was no lack of profound advice on how to survive in the backwoods. Mother's fine trousseau, the many pieces of comfortable furniture were sold at auction, bringing in quite a sum of money. (See Appendix A, No. 3.) So that Mother would not have to take a hand in this, Father sent her and the children ahead to a dear uncle, Fritz Wien, at the Waserin [Woserin?] estate. We remained there for several weeks before going on to Bremen. (See Appendix A, No. 4.)

When we said farewell to the congregation, it was obvious how well loved their pastor had been. When Father delivered his farewell sermon, the people congregated from all the surrounding country-side and villages. The Church was very crowded, and all of the people listened attentively to what their beloved pastor had to say in farewell. At first the simple village people had some difficulty in understanding their young pastor, but in the course of the ten years he was there, this had changed considerably. "We all understand our pastor much better now," they had said. (*"Wi verstan usen Herrn Paster nu all beter."*)

This sermon was printed in 1845, and my husband and I were delighted when we found a copy of it still in existence (in Kölzow) in 1892. Our beloved son, Conrad Goeth of San Antonio, had it reprinted in many copies. It is difficult to say whether or not the dear Mecklenburgers understood all of it at the time, nor did I ever learn what Father's closest friends said about it. The fact that they had Father's last sermon printed indicates that they were very sad at his departure and that they at least wanted to preserve the memory of his last public word. (See Appendix C.)

Our departure with Mother in the very early morning hours is just about the clearest memory of my childhood. It was really touching. All of the day-laborers of the village had arisen sufficiently early to bid farewell to the good pastor's wife. Perhaps they remembered the many good soups which Mother had sent to the sick in the village. Providing for others and making others happy was her creed of living. Even as a child of ten, I felt proud when I was permitted to carry a soup to the sick, or to a young mother.

One might well wonder what Mother's feelings were as she sat in the carriage with her seven children, driving off to face an uncertain future. As she later related, it was at least consoling to know that none of her children remained behind in the cemetery. A note of gaiety was added when the youngest of us, brother Herman, not quite four years old, yelled "We have forgotten my gold shillings." Just as I had, he also received as a gift a small roll of coins from his patron as a remembrance. A shilling, incidentally, was a small silver coin, the only one known to the little boy. We spent several pleasant weeks with Uncle Wien in Waserin [Woserin?] before we continued our journey to Bremen with Father, who had meanwhile joined us.

After arriving in Bremen, our departure for Bremerhaven, where our ship lay at anchor, was postponed for another eight days. For us children this was our first opportunity to visit a larger city. Of course we saw "Roland the Giant in the Market Square," the interesting city hall, and whatever else of interest the old Hansa city with its old churches and ramparts had to offer. Meanwhile our cousin Heinrich Fuchs, a Theology student, had joined the group of emigrants. Generously Father twice let us go to the opera with him where we heard *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz* by Carl Maria von Weber. Attending these performances always remained an unforgettable experience to us. At Bremerhaven we again had to wait for several days, and we used the time to take long walks into the interior. Then we embarked on the *Gerhard Hermann*. (See Appendix A, No. 5.) Well do I remember my apprehensions as we boarded this fearsome crate which was to carry us out into the new world. I might mention that the *Gerhard Hermann* sunk on its next trip to Galveston. Fortunately the passengers were rescued. Thus our former home and happy childhood now lay behind us, soon to be followed by more serious times. Yet we were cheerful. There was no lack of singing, everyone attempting to encourage the other, with probably many a secret tear falling into the waves. We hurried towards the sinking sun, the magic West beckoning, as we wondered what the future held in store.

CHAPTER I I

EARLY YEARS IN TEXAS

At the time when my parents and so many others emigrated to Texas this was still a dangerous undertaking requiring equally as much courage as the first Europeans going to America had shown. The old sailing vessels on which one came over from Bremerhaven were gruesome crates in comparison to the present elegant and comfortable steamships. One was at sea for ten to twelve weeks with horrible food and the worst imaginable drinking water. I do not know how my parents managed to survive it. But in their search for freedom and their enthusiasm for young America, they overcame every hardship without complaint. One must not forget that Germany was still a divided country at that time, in disgrace and bondage, a mockery before the entire world. Now conditions are different since it is again a united great Reich and is looked upon as a leading nation. People consider more carefully before deciding to leave the old Fatherland.

Our journey in the fall of the year was the worst imaginable time to sail. The food was wretched, the water barely drinkable, and we were seasick throughout most of the voyage. It was particularly rough in the North Sea, with its choppy green waves. Finally, the weather became so bad that our two-masted vessel, the *Gerhard Hermann*, had to put into port during the night at Dartmouth, England. As we came on deck the following morning, we were delightfully surprised at the wonderful sight. Before us lay a steep and beautiful coastline, gayly decorated in autumn's colors. The apples were still on the trees, green hedges were everywhere, every wall was clad in ivy vines, and above on the hill a hunt with its dogs and other traditional trappings was in progress. To our delight, the ship remained there for several days to take in water. We went on land and imagined that it was going to be just as lovely in Texas. We children had already acquired some knowledge of English. Mine was very scant, but I chatted with the innkeepers as best I could. Father was quite fluent in English and very soon felt at home in conversation with the natives when we made some excursions further inland.

We could not stay in the pretty little harbor of Dartmouth forever; the anchors were pulled up, and we headed into the ocean. The voyage lasting for weeks and weeks, seemed endless. Constantly seasick, we lay around on the deck, our spirits greatly depressed; even Columbus could not have looked more eagerly for

land than did we hollow-eyed, half-starved, pale-faced specimens. Finally, we reached the island of Puerto Rico where we lay for one week, because of insufficient wind. This was most welcome to us children, for there we were not seasick, and the natives brought us various exotic fruits and foods which tasted all too good and somewhat revived our weakened vitality. It was now close to Christmas. Father made some attractive little wagons out of dry palm leaves for the two smallest children. These were taken on board and provided no small amount of entertainment for the two little brothers. From there it probably did not take much longer until we arrived at Galveston. Of course the city of that day, 1846, was not the large beautiful port city of today. It consisted of only a few streets, and instead of the modern towers in the sky, there were only a few wooden houses. We had imagined it otherwise.

After we had landed, it was found that reports concerning conditions for the immigrants sponsored by the Society were so discouraging that Father decided to drop out of the Society and continue the journey on his own. The members of the Society were brought to Indianola on small ships and from there transported in ox-drawn wagons across endless prairies to the lands purchased where the cities of New Braunfels and Fredericksburg are now located. Many of the emigrants died from infectious fevers during the long journey. It now seems quite impossible to me that my frail mother could have survived a trip of that kind. It appears that even in this a lucky star governed Father's decision.

Immediately after our arrival, we boarded a small steamer which at that time traveled between Galveston and Houston along the Buffalo Bayou. This provided an interesting change from the horrible ocean voyage, particularly for the children. We dined at a lovely long table. There was a great deal of animated conversation, Father being completely fluent in English and through his winning personality attracting the attention of everyone. The food was excellent, and one can imagine how much we enjoyed it after the repulsive food served on the *Gerhard Hermann*. New hopes blossomed, and there was again a happy bunch of children surrounding our dear parents. Doubtlessly they had experienced much suffering on our behalf during the voyage on the Atlantic Ocean. At many points the Buffalo Bayou is, or was, so narrow that one could touch the green bushes along the shore. We also found the green magnolia trees most attractive.

One of the passengers on the steamer was an American phrenologist who undertook a scientific examination of my head. I do not recall how the examination turned out, but one thing I do remember is that he presented me with a whole pound of candy, which I joyously divided amongst the children. Candy was a rarity in Texas at the time, so perhaps I may regard the doctor's present

as a favorable prognosis that the head of a little German girl would be able to adapt itself to Texas conditions. Children are in any case adaptable, and the land is yet to be discovered where they would be unable to find inspiration of some kind. As a matter of fact, I soon felt at home in Texas. It became my second fatherland, and I would not like to be put to rest anywhere except here with the dear ones who have preceded me. True, Germany and my home there remain vivid memories in my heart; but I was young when I left there with my parents so that my mind had not yet become so deeply rooted that it was not detachable. Children are more readily transplantable and capable of thriving on strange soil. When one is older, it becomes more difficult to adapt oneself to unfamiliar circumstances. Or as one may say “an old dog learns no new tricks,” and in Heine’s idiom “*verdorben, gestorben.*”

We remained in Houston for about eight days before loading our belongings into a wagon drawn by five pairs of oxen. Our intended destination was Industry, where we hoped to find Mr. Ernst. He was called the “Father of the Emigrants,” because of his generosity in advising and aiding everyone who sought him out.

Actually, the journey was probably not as gay as the memory of it, for as Goethe said:

*“Was im Leben uns verdrießt,
Man im Bilde gern genießt.”*
(Imagination is better than reality.)

Of course our ox-wagon could proceed only slowly across the endless prairies, which seemed as monotonous as the calm ocean. But at least it was possible to get out, and we were not seasick. The wagon moved so slowly that we could keep pace with it walking at the side. We had sufficient provisions with us, but it still remains a riddle to me how Mother managed to bake cornbread on an open fire in so-called bread pots. Game was sufficient. The men, well-armed, often went hunting along the way, returning with a rich quarry. At such times, Hawkeye Fuchs must often have thought of his good friend Dr. Uncas Kortüm, who at most could have bagged a few wild ducks in Germany, but certainly not deer and everything else abounding on the immeasurable prairies. The novels of Cooper had become a reality for the one; and possibly there may have been times when the two old friends envied each other their destiny. This is quite likely, but Father never uttered a complaint, nor did he ever wish to return to the easier life he had led in Mecklenburg where he earned his keep in God’s service.

We were deeply impressed by the vastness of the prairies, endless as far as the eye could see. We were of course familiar with some large meadows, but these were always plotted out with ditches, while here the prairies appeared to dominate everything without barriers of any kind; all was free, the soil virtually begging for a hand to cultivate it.

I do not recall encountering any Indians along the way, but I clearly remember the friendly reception we got from the Americans living along the main road, if one can so designate the path we traveled. Even today, Texas still has a reputation for hospitality, while it was all the more true at a period when every settler was received in almost festive fashion. Whatever they possessed was offered to the stranger with a certain irresistible charm. Racial prejudices did not yet exist. If the new arrival made an honest impression, it sufficed not to ask him about his forefathers.

Meanwhile it developed that we did not go to Industry, but instead, by chance alone, or through providence, we settled at Cat Spring, in what is now Austin County. Here we met the large families of the von Roeders, the sons-in-law of Mr. Kleberg; and the Engelkings, who had already resided there for thirteen years. All of these families received us with utmost friendliness, and they prevailed upon Father to establish his first home in Texas at Cat Spring. True, it was a very modest home. We children particularly longed for our big garden at the parsonage, with its wonderful fruit trees and secluded arbors.

When we arrived in Cat Spring in 1846 it was turning spring, which meant that we had to get to work immediately. A modest plow, drawn by a yoke of oxen, was at hand from the previous occupants of the farm where we settled. How he must have suffered, this intellectual behind the plow; how clumsy and difficult it all was for the hands better suited to the use of a violin bow or at most a pair of light garden shears. But these oxen, this plow! All of the geometry, the six languages and the logarithms he knew were of no help; it seemed impossible. And behold, was that not Mephistopheles in person on horseback at the edge of the field to taunt him as in the witch's kitchen:

*“Ernähre dich mit ungemischter Speise,
Lebe mit dem Vieh als Vieh, und acht es nicht für Raub,
Den Acker den du erntest, selbst zu düngen.”*

(With unmixed food thy body nourish;
Live with the ox as ox, and think it not a theft
That thou manur'st the acre which thou reapest.)

Fortunately it was not Mephisto, but only one of those kindhearted American settlers, so typical of that time, who dismounted from his horse and with the greatest friendliness showed Father how to control the stubborn plowshare. It may well have been a bitter spring, but we all took a hand wherever we could, thus banishing discouragement when it threatened to take over.

Unfortunately, Father had become very nervous from the long journey, making his attempts at farming all the more difficult. Soon though there were good friends to encourage him; musical activity was resumed; and the wonderful Texas climate did the rest to restore his health. Our farm had previously belonged to a Mr. von Roeder, who had died there. Thus some of the preliminary work had already been done when we started. The friendly Mr. Ernst sent us some fig trees which grew well and later provided a big crop of figs. It goes without saying that Mother and the older sisters soon felt at home, and it was not long before love established even closer bonds between the families.

True, some conveniences were completely lacking and the more comfortable furnishings we previously had could not be replaced immediately. Still, everyone felt comfortable in our house as there was nothing better available elsewhere. The men sat outside under the oak trees; the women did not ask for upholstered chairs; a simple meal sufficed one, for every dish was well seasoned with Attic salt (charm, wit, intelligence), with gay and unfettered conversation, and lively discussions on art and literature. Although it may not have been the paradise we had visualized, it was a land of freedom where everyone was his own master. That alone was a great step forward.

Although Austin County then had only a few settlers, the Fourth of July was marked with a celebration there in 1846 at a site where Bellville is now located. Apparently the celebration, including a big barbecue, took place at this beautiful location in order to promote it as a town site and county seat. Mr. Jack Bell, a tall man with dark curly hair, was in charge of the affair. Although we could see the houses in the vicinity of Bellville from our farm located fairly high on a hill, we had to travel for miles to reach the place. We had to detour through the impenetrably dark "Millcreek Bottom" and then over prairies with thick grass, and wide-bladed grass reaching the chests of the horses. A path had to be hewn in order that the animals could get through. Then, after going over some open hilly land we finally reached our destination.

The grounds where the celebration took place swarmed with black and white people. The wealthy slave holders, with their black servants were a unique sight for the Germans. I was only

a child at the time, so I must have been all the more impressed by the strangeness of it. The official speaker was one General Portin. His wife, a lady of considerable stature, like most of the other ladies, wore a muslin dress with large flowers printed upon it and fanned herself with an enormous spread of tail feathers from a turkey. Incidentally, there were no tamed turkeys at that time, but there were many wild turkeys about. Sometimes the eggs were found and brought home from the wilderness to be hatched out by chickens, and then one had tame turkeys.

At the Bellville celebration we also saw for the first time how large quantities of meat are roasted over open pits and then spread out on long tables for everyone to help themselves as desired. Later we attended other celebrations of this kind and became less aware of the uniqueness of the custom. Seeing young and old armed with huge chunks of meat which gradually disappeared into the mouth without ever having been cut, must have created great astonishment amongst us. Best I do not attempt to describe how we little ones coped with it. It must have been quite a sight.

The close association with our first Texas friends lasted only two years. After that they all sold their lands to newly arriving immigrants in order to move to the "Calett" where they had been awarded large tracts of land by the Government. [Calett probably refers to Coletto Creek in De Witt County.] The men of the von Roeder and Kleberg families had participated in the Battle of San Jacinto and were awarded for their bravery in this manner. We too would have followed along had we not been deterred by a great tragedy. My oldest sister Lulu, as dear and lovely a young girl as one can imagine, had married Wilhelm von Roeder, the youngest son of that family, when she was but seventeen years old, only to die after two months from an acute fever, fatal to so many of the immigrants at the time. For this reason we did not move to the Calett. This was to be the first grave in Texas of a dearly beloved one for whom we mourned. So soon then, we were bound to this country in such a way that, as Wilhelm von Humboldt put it, we associated home with two worlds. Our dear parents and the young husband bore this heavy blow with uncommon spiritual strength, setting a worthy example of resignation to the will of God for the younger brothers and sisters.

We remained at Cat Spring for altogether eight years. To some extent we led a pretty miserable existence there, particularly at the beginning. Apparently Father himself realized that it was impossible for us to live from farming alone, for he decided to make use of his great musical talent by teaching. At first he taught in the homes of wealthy plantation owners along the Brazos River, and later at Independence where the first known institute for young ladies was located at that time. (See Appendix, A, No. 6.) His salary there was very good, and probably

Mother and the children would have joined him there had it not been that around this time Father came into possession of some land in Burnet County on the Colorado River a few miles above where Marble Falls is located today. I shall now relate how we happened to obtain this land.

At the time we had decided to emigrate, a young man by the name of Hollin had returned to his home in Rostock from Texas in order to bring back a young bride from there. During this time, that is in 1844, some Texas land papers had been offered for sale in Mecklenburg at very low prices. Mr. Hollin had declared that land in Texas had no actual value as one needed only sufficient land for a house and fields, while there was free grazing land everywhere for the cattle. A number of these land papers were owned by Mayor Lüders in Marlow, who was a close friend of Father's. A brother of Mayor Lüders had been killed in Texas during the War of Independence. Anyone familiar with Texas history will recall that President Houston had to pay each soldier with a league of land because there was no money in the State Treasury. Lüders was also paid with a league of land which was turned over to his brother, the mayor, after his death. He first offered the papers to Mr. Hollin, who turned them down. Then when Mayor [Carl Friedrich Wilhelm] Lüders learned that his friend Pastor Fuchs was going to Texas, he said to him, "Fuchs, would you like to have the papers? I will never have any use for them anyway. See that you get the land surveyed."

Father accepted the offer, whereupon the certificate was transferred to his name in Rostock. However, it took eight years, with numerous difficulties to overcome, before Father got possession of the land with aid of the land surveyor [Jacob Raphael] De Cordova. Had Father not been so fluent in English, we doubtlessly would never have gained possession of the land. One third of the land went to the surveyor, while the rest of it was surveyed for us at four different locations in the State. One section of 1,000 acres was located on the Clear Fork of the Brazos River, where the town of Lueders is located. Two other tracts of land of six hundred acres each were sold by Father at a very low price. He did not have any business ability whatsoever, otherwise he doubtlessly would have received a greater sum for the land.

Our dear parents spent the remainder of their lives residing on that part of the land located on the Colorado River above Marble Falls. They are also buried there. (See Appendix A, No. 7.) The farm was then taken over by my brother Hermann Fuchs and is now (1909) in possession of his son Albano Fuchs. I spent five happy years of my life there, from my eighteenth to my twenty-third year before I was married.

My good brothers Conrad and William, with the help of Benno and Hermann, worked very hard to fix up the new home. They had

already operated the farm at Cat Spring. Fortunately, my brothers were more practically inclined than their learned father, so that after a time we were somewhat better situated. Mother also had a practical side, although she was highly idealistic by nature. Above all she had a masterful way of making our modest home attractive. Besides, Father was easy to please, and a very pleasant family life soon developed in our home on the Colorado River with its tree-studded banks and romantic scenery.

We now lived more to ourselves than we did at Cat Spring. Although Father no longer had a fine quartet, such as he directed at Cat Spring, after a few years we obtained a piano, and music lessons were resumed for the younger children. My sister Ulla, still very young, had married Mr. Matern before we left Cat Spring. Since I did not marry quite so young, I had the opportunity to study more piano under Father's guidance, something I enjoyed very much. Later, when my own children proved to be more talented than I was, I gave up playing.

During our first year on the Colorado River, we did not see a single German, only Americans. They were extremely kind and friendly to us, and we were invited to every celebration taking place in the area.

We also attended the big Fourth of July celebration at Marble Falls in 1855. The little town of Burnet sponsored the affair. There were many intellectual people residing in Burnet with whom we were on very congenial terms. It may be of interest to mention that the blind General Johnson, still alive today (1909), was at that time a member of the younger set. Together with our neighbors, we floated down the river on a raft. It was highly interesting, and the arrival of our ferry was greeted with loud cheering by the other guests. Above the falls the river forms a two-mile long lake with a fording point at the upper end, practically the only one on the river, except during low water when one can cross at many points.

The celebration was very gay; everyone was in high spirits; no one was aware of the clouds forming on the political horizon; all were still true to the Union. Eloquent speeches were held, and young and old cavorted around on the banks of the beautiful river, or admired the falls gushing over the huge boulders. There was singing and dancing, and many fanciful ballads were sung as a tribute to the romantic surroundings. That still was the Texas of old which had only so recently become a member of the Union. Secure against further attack by Mexico, and with the expanding cultural and industrial interests, a good future under the Lone Star banner seemed well assured.

My brothers had now grown to young manhood and exuberantly made the most of nature's bounties which the surroundings offered in lavish splendor. The springs never ran dry, and the lack of grass for grazing sheep and cattle was unknown. On the contrary, one had a struggle to prevent the great carpet of flowers from rolling down the surrounding hills to completely smother the vegetables. Our kitchen was well supplied with vegetables from our garden virtually the year around. In those days the droughts we experience today would have been viewed as a frightening omen.

My brothers built boats to use for fishing in the river, teeming with trout, so-called cat fish and dozens of other creatures inhabiting the watery depths. On Sundays it was a favorite pastime to go boating on the river lake. It was normally very calm, but in the spring time was occasionally transformed into a foaming icy sea by the water rushing down from the upper Colorado. Mighty oaks growing along the banks were uprooted and carried along by the raging red flood, a grand display of the water's force. We stood on the banks watching the spectacle in utter fascination as we had never imagined anything like it in our old homeland. As we had lived in the flat lands of Mecklenburg, we knew neither hills, nor high places. Thus the near hills with the Shovel Mount and the Pack Saddle looked like real mountains to us, and to this very day they are still referred to as such. How interesting this all was for us, the pecan trees, the clear creeks, the many beautiful springs. The magic of Texas was beginning to unfold before us.

Besides fishing, the hunting possibilities along the Colorado River were without equal. There were great numbers of deer and turkeys. During the winter, the river was alive with wild geese and ducks so that we could make feather beds to sleep under in the winter time. We had produce in surplus, but unfortunately there was no railroad so that we might have traded with the outside world. Therefore, money was often scarce, and Father had to take to the road (possibly tuning pianos).

At this point, I want to insert a hunting adventure which brother Hermann experienced and wrote about in his own modest way. I do this so that it will not be lost to future generations, and so one may see how this poet was able to handle a gun as well as the pen. One would scarcely have expected it of him.

“When I was fourteen years old (relates Uncle Hermann) I had collected some lead, mainly bullets which had been shot into trees. There was scarcely enough to pour four bullets for a rusty old rifle that blacksmith Fehnly of Round Mountain had brought to my brother Conrad to repair and to test-fire. This was the only rifle in the house, as my older brothers, Conrad and William, had taken the others along to camp two miles from the house where they and Father were fencing in a small field which could be watered from a spring.

“That morning I had obtained permission to go to a sandbank, about a half mile above the house, in order to shoot wild geese which stayed there over night in large flocks after having stuffed themselves so full of acorns that by evening even their necks were filled with them.

“At last the delightfully cool evening came, and I felt refreshed by its cooling effect, for the sun had already sunk behind a bank of clouds. I had gone scarcely half way to the sandbank when two huge mountain lions crossed over a small clearing in front of me. Quickly I got the dogs and put them on the trail, I running behind. Soon the dogs had chased one of the mountain lions up a tree, where he stood on the lowest main branch, not more than five to six feet above the ground. The other mountain lion was about six feet away and appeared to be waiting for his companion. I wanted to shoot the mountain lion in the forehead at close range, but the rifle failed, only the small G. D. cap gave a slight bang. Luckily I had another waterproof cap, but before I could insert it in the barrel, the mountain lion jumped out of the tree to join his companion. Angrily the dogs pursued him. The mountain lion held its tail in an upright position, the way cats do when they are pursued by dogs, and soon he ran up a slanted limb of a high cottonwood tree where he crouched on a thick limb about thirty feet above the ground. The other trees were very close, and the ice plants were rather high, but I was able to find a spot from where I could plainly see the mountain lion. This time the rifle went off, and the mighty animal almost fell out of the tree. Blood streamed down like rain onto the wide leaves of the ice plants.

“I quickly reloaded the rifle. The second shot had the same effect as the first, the mountain lion wavered, but did not fall. Again I reloaded as quickly as I could, but the third shot was no more effective than the others. The mountain lion had placed his neck and head between the heavy upper shanks of his two forelegs so that the bullets were too weak to penetrate.

“I now loaded my last bullet into the old rifle, but put twice as much powder behind it, and to my great joy the huge animal fell. It fell to the ground as heavily as though it might weigh two hundred pounds. The dogs pounced on it immediately, but were just as quickly repulsed, bleeding and howling. They continued barking at the mountain lion for two hours until it was finally dead. The next morning I discovered that only the last bullet had penetrated, while the others had lodged in the left foreleg.”

Father did not get to do much hunting in Texas, and in the old homeland his position in the Church had precluded it. But he was particularly adept at relating the most fantastic hunting

stories. These were especially entertaining at wedding banquets where a leg of bear was served on occasion. Bears were still quite common in Texas, but few people enjoyed eating the meat, so he liked to spice it with an amusing hunting story, making the meat somehow more palatable to the guests.

If anyone knew how to spin gold out of chaff, it was Pastor Fuchs; and it was this ability that attracted people, which always made him a welcome guest amongst his friends. Father's ability to attract people also encouraged a number of other Germans to settle in our neighborhood. The first ones to follow us were sister Ulla and her husband and child. They built a house in the vicinity. Our brother-in-law, Mr. Matern, was a young forester from Bavaria and was a highly skilled craftsman. Some of the attractive and solidly constructed cabinets he built are still in existence.

Lumber and construction materials were supplied by the Mormon Mill located in the vicinity. This institution was regarded with disfavor by many. With much shaking of heads, it was once rumored that Pastor Fuchs had joined the Mormons. Of course this was only a joke, but not exactly a wholesome one. Liberal as Father was, he had no understanding for the religion of the Mormons, for their degrading customs and institutions, the scandalous manner in which they made the women dependent upon them, thus undermining the well-being of the family. Although he never spoke against them openly, he must have been somewhat disturbed by their proximity in an area so dear to him.

A group of Mormons had settled on Hamilton Creek at a time when the community was entirely unsettled. They were industrious and lived very frugally, but they were nevertheless shunned socially by the rest of the community. They built a large water mill where they produced lumber, furniture and all manner of other items which sold quite well. The valley in which they had settled was a highly romantic location. Hamilton Creek forms a large waterfall there which drove the huge wheel of the mill, while below this is a deep clear lake. At that time the only road to Burnet went past the Mormon Mill; otherwise I would probably never have seen it. Burnet was the place where we purchased our modest supplies. It was about eighteen miles away, and the trip there and back took all day. When the number of settlers increased they claimed the land on which the Mormons were established, as they had never officially purchased, nor paid for the land. After burning down the mill and the entire village, they moved away, presumably to Utah, although they did not tell anyone where they were going. It was in any case a strange thing to do, to burn down and destroy everything one had worked for, particularly on the basis of a religious belief which no thinking man could accept. That is fanaticism.

The traces of these unusual people were wiped out, but there were also other people who came and went. Naturally in this virgin territory every new arrival was of great interest. Once when Father told us that a new family was moving in, the girls were particularly pleased. But when we greeted the newcomers, we were rather disappointed, saying, "Alas, only men!" They did become somewhat forward so that we had to show them that we were not particularly interested in their advances. Mother felt obliged to write a note to one of the young men on my account, because she actually felt sorry for him.

On the other hand, amongst the many acquaintances and strangers who came to look at the territory, there was a certain young man named Carl Goeth. It was thus that we first met, four years before we were married. I was nineteen years old and did not at first entertain any such thoughts. The early death of my sister Lulu had made a deep impression upon me as a child, so that I did not wish to marry too young. Additionally I had been busily reading Schiller in the edition which Grandfather Rümker had presented as a gift to his bride, Helene Wien, who incidentally had also died very young. My mind was probably so occupied with a Posa, Carlos, a Max Piccolomini that I would scarcely have lent an ear to any cavalier of lesser rank. Mr. Goeth, like so many others, was also a guest in our home. Things were a bit different as far as he was concerned, although this lively young man was certainly not unduly abrupt.

Young Mr. Goeth was traveling with Mr. Flato, the former helmsman of the infamous *Gerhard Hermann*, Mr. Flato having visited his brother-in-law, Mr. Robert Wolters, at nearby Cypress Creek. I call it near, for anything within twenty or thirty miles is still considered to be in the neighborhood. This Mr. Flato married a Miss Wellhausen; and the town of Flatonía, where he lived for many years, is named after him. Naturally there was a great deal of lively conversation concerning our impressions of that ocean voyage during this visit.

Mr. Goeth was employed in the saddlery business in New Braunfels, where he had at first expected to settle. By German standards, he seemed too well educated for the work of a saddle maker. We soon learned that he had received a humanistic education in Wetzlar and afterwards had learned the printing trade.

As there was no demand in Texas for this trade, his brother-in-law also a Mr. Wolters, had initiated him into the mysteries of saddle making, at that time a profitable business.

Goethe-Wetzlar-Goeth, this called to mind the classical period which was now quite familiar to me. Thus, unconsciously, the tie which was to bind us for life was already established. But we have not yet reached that point. The young man departed again, and the many duties I had prevented me from thinking about him for long.

Now, in order that you children may better understand how much more time the young people of today have for studying than those of my generation, I think I should tell you about our housekeeping problems of before the Civil War and later. Like Margarete in *Faust*, I can likewise say:

*“Da geht’s, mein Herr, nicht immer mutig zu,
Doch schmeckt dafür das Essen, schmeckt die Ruh.”*
(One’s spirits, Sir, are thus not always good,
But then one learns to relish rest and food.)

You will see too how much progress the world has made in seventy years, particularly as pictured here in Texas. Perhaps you will agree with Goethe when he said: “Every fifty years, the progress of human affairs assumes a different pattern.”

How tedious and time consuming life was in those days as compared with the present. How wonderfully easy things are today when it is possible to buy practically all clothing ready made, both for grownups and children. How many jackets I had to make for my brothers, as well as for my husband and children. Even a dressmaker could not have had more sewing to do. And as for the kitchen: When one wanted to bake bread, one had first to hand grind corn on a steel mill fitted with two handles. Even then, it was more like groats, rather than flour. Cooking and baking in an open fireplace was extremely difficult, and one had to watch carefully that baked goods did not burn. Practical as they are now, the first cooking stoves were not completely satisfactory, although they did make things a little easier than before. Food was simple, but wholesome.

We did not have many dishes in our home, and thus there were not many dishes to wash. Our parents had brought along a complete set of pewter dishes from Bremen. It was a terrible job to keep these at least fairly well polished. An American who had dinner at our home related everywhere that at Pastor Fox’s house they eat on silver plates. We were very happy when after some years we were able to exchange the “silver” plates for porcelain ones. The old pewter plates and dishes were as heavy as lead, and if one did not constantly clean them with soap and lye they turned quite black. We also had an iron stove from Germany which could be used for cooking, but was not usable for baking. This had to be done in the coals in the fireplace. Later the old stove still served as a means of heating.

We had all kinds of meat such as venison, turkey, lamb, and beef, as well as quantities of fish. There was also no lack of milk and butter, so our table was always rather well filled with food. Guests were always welcome. Flour was somewhat scarce. It had to be brought from Houston by wagon. This took fourteen days.

If we did not wish to sit in the dark at night, we had to make our own candles, having no kerosene or lamps. We prepared a mixture of wax and tallow which was poured into candle moulds. Unfortunately the light was so weak that any reading or fine needlework ruined ones eyes. Probably as a result of the poor light of those days, Father was unable to read anything handwritten when he was old. We did not have any lamps until after the Civil War. After that we even obtained a sewing machine, a very important event!

Not enjoying the luxury of ready made soap, we had to fabricate our own. Lye balls, which merely have to be dropped into water in order to obtain a solution of lye, were fully unknown. Lye had to be produced in the most cumbersome manner. First one had to build a wooden hopper in which ashes were collected. Then just sufficient boiling water was added to make the lye drip out at the bottom. When it was possible to float an egg on top, fat was added and the mixture was boiled as long as necessary, sometimes taking days until one hit upon the right mixture. Our homemade product turned out very well, for our log cabin was always spick and span.

Fence-making was the most tedious job for the men. Fences were made only of split logs set up in zigzag fashion. Wire became available much later. Rock walls were also in use, but building these was even more time-consuming. On the other hand, there was no problem as far as broken window panes were concerned. This was for obvious reasons, for the log houses had only a few, and these were as carefully guarded as our own eyesight.

Wagons were scarce. Everyone rode horseback. Large ox-drawn wagons were used to transport freight as well as passengers, stage coaches in a way, the postilion unfortunately less romantic, driving the oxen with his whip, and completely forgetting to sound the post horn. Also women and children were usually seen traveling on horseback. The scene often resembled the movement of some Germanic tribe of ancient times. One woman I saw had made two large pockets, resembling sacks, which she laid across the back of her horse, carrying a child in each one and a third child in her lap as she rode along.

Once to attend a celebration in Cat Spring, Mother having difficulty in walking, rode on a sled decorated with green branches. The sled was drawn by a large white horse, and it glided smoothly through the tall grass, much as it might have done on the ice in the old country, only there were no accompanying bells. Instead there was much joking and laughing in spite of all the hardships. Most of the time morale was high, because everyone firmly believed that a better future was in store. This thought made the many hardships easier to endure.

Now prepare yourself to accompany us on a longer journey. It is all of 45 miles, but as a reward you shall see Fredericksburg in the year 1859. Anyone not having seen this has never known the real Texas. Additionally there will be a music festival, the first German singing festival I was to attend in Texas. If you will recall how much music there always was in our home, you can well imagine that our hearts beat faster with excitement as we took this trip.

Father's singing was a true gift of God. On the piano lay Mozart's *Don Juan* and *The Magic Flute*, Haydn's *Creation*, and many other treasures of the German masters. Father had advised many people in the selection of a good piano, but accepting any commission from the firms would have offended his sensibilities. He had grown up in an environment where the earning of money was never mentioned; money, like for Saladin in Lessing's *Nathan*, was "the least important of the unimportant" (*der Kleinigkeiten Kleinste*); where it came from was of no concern to the cultured; any question in that connection would have been rejected as banal. However, the publishing firm of Breitkopf and Haertel in Leipzig showed their appreciation by presenting Father with the piano scores of some of the great master works, which were then still very costly. He gladly accepted this gift, all the more so because his limited means did not permit him to purchase these. Thus we became familiar with other operatic works. We had heard only *Freischiuetz* and *Oberon* in Bremen just before our emigration, an unforgettable occasion for the children.

Now in Fredericksburg we were again to hear large choral groups, even with orchestral accompaniment. Much as we loved our piano, this promised to be a great deal more entertaining, so that we were more than a little bit excited as we started out.

Taking the trip were my father, two younger brothers, my sister Ino and I. Mother and Conrad remained at home. The journey was too strenuous for her, and my brother did not wish to leave her at home alone.

At the Palo Alto, we stayed over night with the friendly Dangers family. In Fredericksburg, we were guests of the gracious Basse family. Like my father, the old gentleman had also been a minister in Germany. There we also met the Tips brothers, Edward and Walter. Edward was probably already in love with the beautiful Olga Basse.

Since the festival lasted for three days, one became quite well acquainted with the guests who came from everywhere, people I might never have met otherwise. Many of these people are no longer living today, but I remember them vividly. If I am not mistaken, the director of the festival was August Simmering, the

fiance of Miss Schuetze. I shall never forget him as he was so friendly and charming to us who were strangers there. At that time Julius Schuetze, who unfortunately died very young, was a remarkably handsome man. There were other ladies and gentlemen whose names I cannot remember. I did meet Mr. Schimmelpfennig, as well as Mr. Seele from New Braunfels, again later. We enjoyed reminiscing about those romantic days in Fredericksburg. A Mr. Ernst Pressler, who likewise did not live to be very old, was a particularly interesting personality to me. I wonder why? My brother William said to me, "Shall I point out Carl Goeth to you?" Of course he was not there at all, but he did resemble Mr. Pressler. But how does this concern me? Have a little patience and you shall learn why even the alter ego of Carl Goeth sufficed to interest me.

Mr. von Gehren, a young singer from New Braunfels very charmingly sang "*Mußt nicht schuechtern sein, lieber Joseph mein.*" A play, which was very well received, was presented in the lovely theater. Unfortunately I do not remember the title, nor the players. The ball, taking place on the third evening, was of course the highlight of it all for a young lady who loved to dance. This was to be one of the last singing festivals taking place at that time, for the Civil War already threatened to engulf the land. For the time being, one was not in the mood for singing. The singing festivals died out until a happier era brought them back to life.

On our return home, we found everyone cheerful and happy, as everything had been kept in the best of order by brother Conrad. At this time I feel I should devote a few words to this dear brother for his steadfast loyalty and conscientiousness in attending to the work and management of the fields and house. Conrad was two years older than I, that is twelve years old when we founded our new home in Cat Spring. From the very beginning he worked like a man. He learned the art of being practical much faster than did his father. He was skilled in all handcrafts. Alone from observing a cobbler at work, he could make shoes out of heavy German bedding material with leather soles for his younger brothers and sisters. Above all he was devoted to his mother, always jumping to her aid when he felt that she was overtaxing herself.

He was also a skilled huntsman, shooting many deer and selling the venison in a settlement where there were no hunters. His greatest joy was to bring the money he had earned to his mother, so that she could buy a few necessities. A quarter of a mile from our house, in the middle of the prairie, was a pond. Next to it, he had built a small hut from where he shot the wild geese and ducks which sought refuge on the pond at night. Sometimes his shooting yielded so much game that the brothers and

sisters had to run to the pond to help him carry it home. The feathers were sold, providing another small source of income.

He had the best voice of all the children. Had his voice been trained, he might well have become a renowned singer. But always he had to work and toil by the sweat of his brow. And this handsome young man never complained, always cheerfully performing his duties. One should not forget this. Because of his self-sacrificing nature and constant concern for others, one would certainly have wished him all the happiness in life. But this was not to be, for contrary to every expectation, he had an unhappy marriage. Although his children clung to him in deep affection, his wife insisted on a separation, although it probably was a difficult decision to make. Good-naturedly he agreed. Thus his earthly life was filled with loneliness and sadness, ending abruptly when he fell from a high pecan tree. Let us honor the memory of this dear person.

Meanwhile my youngest brother, William, had also advanced to help as best he could. As far as the housework was concerned, I did my share, for I did not marry quite as young as was the general custom of the day. Because it upset Mother when my two older sisters became engaged so very young, I had determined not to do likewise. I had decided not to become engaged until I could be sure that my parents would be pleased and in favor of the idea. In those days there was ample opportunity for a young lady to marry. There were hordes of cultured and attractive young men in Texas, constantly on the lookout for a wife. Young women, on the other hand, were scarce. There were only those who had immigrated to the state with their parents, none who had grown up in Texas. When I became engaged I was already twenty-four years old. Mother very calmly stated that this time she would not say, "Child, are you sure you have given this careful consideration."

On my twenty-third birthday, falling on a Sunday, I found myself wondering, with a light touch of hope, if the one I cared for might be thinking of me – my Posa and Carlos fantasies probably having subsided somewhat. At this very time my "future intended" wrote me from afar what was doubtlessly a much more straightforward love letter than any Carlos might have composed. Anyway, the writer's name was Carl, and that sufficed for me.

As I mentioned before, I had met Carl Goeth four years ago as a guest in our home. He wrote that I had made a deep impression on him immediately, and that this feeling had remained with him throughout the three years he had spent in extensive travels, including a visit with relatives in Ohio. By chance we had met again at Christmas time in 1858 in New Ulm. He had been engaged there since one year in an active-going saddlery business with

his brother-in-law Ferdinand Wolters. New Ulm is located in Austin County, and is probably now a nice town.

At Christmas time in 1858 dear Mother insisted that Father, my four-year younger sister Ino (her real name actually is Adolphine) and I should visit our old friends and acquaintances in the lowlands at Cat Spring. It was a slow undertaking in our small mule wagon. It took us four days to get to Black Jack Springs in Fayette County, to the home of the gracious family of the poet and planter Mr. Romberg. Our families had become close friends when we lived at Cat Spring and they lived only three miles away on the Bernard River. Later they moved to Fayette County with their large family of sons and daughters. Two of the Romberg girls, Luise and Lina, both now widows, were married to my brothers William and Hermann. There were never happier marriages than these. It was a particular joy to me that several of their children were blessed by the Muses and Graces. But I have gotten far ahead of my story, for the young ones are still very much alive, blooming and lovely. We were treated with generous hospitality, for Grandfather Romberg was of a truly poetic nature, faithfully assisted by his wife, Frederike Bauch, his soul's confidant, until the end of his days. The poems of Romberg have now been published in a fittingly attractive volume.

Since the roads were too bad to continue by wagon, Father and I completed the remaining journey of 40 miles on horseback, while my sister stayed with the friendly Rombergs. As a young lady I could sit in the saddle all day without getting tired. We went to New Ulm by way of La Grange and Fayetteville as we had a message from Robert Wolters for his brother Ferdinand. The latter was married to Elise (Elise Goeth) the sister of my "intended." Thus, by luck Carl Goeth and I happened to meet again there. We stayed in New Ulm overnight. That night, Mr. Goeth on the guitar and a good violinist he brought along played various lovely songs for us. To me it was the most enjoyable occasion and music I had experienced in a long while.

On the following day, we continued our journey to the Bernard where we visited the Amthor family. Mr. Amthor had brought over his second wife from Silesia, an intelligent woman and excellent pianist. There we had a real concert. Mrs. Amthor played divinely and Father sang Beethoven's *Adelaide* and arias from Haydn's *Creation*. Each inspired the other, resulting in a few hours of the most unforgettable music. It has ever remained impressed in my book of memories. "No, this man in the wilderness; he belongs in a large city!" exclaimed Mrs. Amthor.

But, I wonder how many people in a large city are truly aware of the music of the great masters; It is this very thing of knowing that the finest creative works of a cultured people

are being neglected that is so distressing. In the wilderness it is different; surrounded by the greatness of nature, the heart is more receptive to the sublime, the spiritual creativeness; one not only hears, but also feels the greatness of the master creations. In the large city, everything rushes by one, be it a symphony by Beethoven, or the clanging of the streetcar. In the woods there prevails a kind of reverence, the deeply spiritual of lasting impressions to the soul. That is why this evening remains as a beautiful memory with me. Who knows, had fate brought me into a city, if I would now still be thinking about it fifty years later? Deeply touched, we departed from our friends.

We soon arrived in Cat Spring, our first home in Texas. There I met all of my former friends. Most of them were married and happy mothers. So many memories were revived. I wonder what Father's thoughts may have been as he revisited the farm where he was unable to control that frustrating old plow.

I remembered a gay nuptial eve celebration (*Polterabend*) which took place in the early years of our residence there. I had portrayed the part of a nun! You children will laugh. The occasion was as follows

At Christmas time in 1848, Robert Wolters and Miss Wellhausen were married. All of the German settlers residing in the area were invited for the occasion. It was decided that something special should be planned for the occasion, something to prove the old saying that the crazier the "*Polterabend*," the better the marriage.

It turned out to be one of those evenings of moonlight magic, such as we know them in Texas. The yard had been thoroughly cleaned and provided both the first floor and box seats. The moon served as chandelier for the audience. On the stage fluttered a few homemade lights. The players consisted of just anyone who happened to be available, and yet there were scarcely enough to meet the ambition of the authors. Particularly, there were not enough ladies present, so that I, all of twelve years old, had to join in the mimicry as a nun. There were supposed to be six of these, but where in all of Cat Spring and within a vicinity of twenty miles would it be possible to find six grownup young ladies without abducting some?

The guests, all well educated people, were exceedingly animated. The touching young bride was only sixteen. "She has had no training in the duties of a wife, but what a catch!" the bride's father whispered around. In accordance with the custom of the time, the bride wore a dress of blue muslin and a wreath of blue flowers on her delicate child's head.

I must admit that our dear bridal couple had been somewhat neglected during the theatrical performance which followed. As I recall, the plot went something like this: The abbess, played by Mrs. Hollin from Rostock, leads in her six nuns (including myself) all dressed in black, and singing to the melody of Mehul's *Joseph*, "I was only a youth in years," whereupon she proceeds to lecture in rhyme on the pitfalls of marriage. But at this point the popular God of marriage, Hymen (played by Mrs. Flato) appears and states just the opposite. After a lively repartee, oh horror, the nuns show themselves unfaithful to the abbess and run away with Hymen. The abbess promptly falls into a faint, but before she can possibly have recovered from this, intones in the best Rostock *Plattdeutsch*: "*Kinner, hew ick't ne good makt?*" (Say kids, I did a fine job of that didn't I?), thus adding to the general amusement.

At this point Mr. Flato appeared (we know him as the former helmsman on the *Gerhard Hermann* and recall his visit in our home with Carl Goeth) as Santa Claus and laughingly declared:

"De Nonnen hewn sick all tom Weltlichen bekert, Nu hew ick jem geern'nen Bruetgam bescheert."

(Now that our nuns have settled for the worldly life, Let us turn our attention to the bridegroom here.)

Everyone now put on his funniest act. Mr. Amthor presented our groom with that well known symbol for a henpecked husband, a house shoe. Father, attired in hunting costume, told a fantastic bear story while he presented a suitably fine leg of bear. And that is how it continued with all manner of jesting and fun. All feeling of strangeness was soon forgotten. There was dancing by moonlight in the yard until late into the night. The evening was cool, but mild in contrast to the old country with its prevailing snowy fields and meadows.

Our visit to Cat Spring was over too fast. It had been a deeply satisfying experience to Father and me. With that feeling we departed for Millheim to visit Mr. Ernst Kleberg. My dear friend Valeska Langhammer, daughter of Louis Kleberg, also resided there. Here too, we experienced several pleasant days before returning to New Ulm where we spent the night with the Ferdinand Wolters on our way home. On the following day Carl Goeth accompanied us as far as La Grange. There our paths separated again for the time being. That was in January, 1859. At the end of February, on my birthday, as already mentioned, my future "Carling" took heart and wrote me the said love letter. I was really not expecting

it at all, much as I liked the young man. In early June he made the long trip by horseback to visit me as his fiancée. Our wedding day was set for September 19th, on my father's birthday. Meanwhile, as I write this, it is September 19th, 1909. Fifty years have gone by. The whole world has in fact changed its face.

CHAPTER III

AS WIFE AND MOTHER

After our marriage, my husband and I went directly to New Ulm where Carl had already prepared our new home. We had a nice little house with a pretty yard to which I devoted particular attention. Our furniture was made by German cabinetmakers. It was so solid that it is still in existence today. Keeping house had in any case become somewhat easier. In Father's time, even matches were unknown, and having heard that there were no flints in Texas, he had brought along a bundle of these for the journey. It was really not quite as bad as all that, and I probably did not include any flints for my husband in my dowry.

I shed many tears as I left my parents' home. At most, I had been away from home for a few days at a time and had come to believe that my beloved little mother could not get along without me. However, there was still a younger sister at home who did not marry until four years later, when she became the bride of Adolf Varnhagen, a nephew of Varnhagen von Ense. This was of some consolation.

Although my husband and I arrived in New Ulm at a late hour, some of Carl's friends had planned a lovely serenade for us. A few days later, the New Ulm Rifle Association, of which Carl was a member, gave a ball in our honor. Robert Berner, his stepfather, was the captain of the Association. In fact, everyone tried to make life pleasant for me. Actually, it was as a young wife that I lived without care for the first time in my life. All too often I had shared with my parents, particularly with Mother, the problems of living with limited means. Now everything was different, and the boundless love of my husband soon helped dry the tears I had shed upon leaving my parental home.

Thus two years went by until the Civil War broke out in 1861. Here in Texas we experienced little of the horrors which raged elsewhere, but the young men were being drafted for army service, as was my Carl, while his brother-in-law, Ferdinand Wolters, was exempted. Those were unsettling days, all the more frightening to me as we had already lost our little son Carl. Additionally there was the loss of our little Toni. Now

there was another little Adolf, who was only six weeks old when his father was drafted. There was one possibility whereby he could stay at home, and that was to work in Government service. Some married men were permitted to remain at home while serving as Indian guards. After much trouble and effort, Carl obtained such a position. Dangerous as it was, at least I had him nearby. Besides we could move to my parents in Burnet County. This was fortunate, for the climate on the Colorado River, with its hills and healthful air was very beneficial for our little Adolf who was spared us as our oldest living child.

Had I expected all of my life to be peaceful and idyllic, the frightful events of those next years, might well have destroyed my happiness forever, for it was a time which raged about us like a storm, causing the most steadfast to waver. Now it is all behind me like a confused evil dream. Fortunately no one in my immediate family was killed, although we lived in the shadow of death and worse, for our whole family, as indeed did all Germans, remained loyal to the Union. Furthermore, we were looked upon with suspicion because we had never held any slaves. The Fuchs women were ridiculed for deeming to do the housework themselves which was all done by slaves on the large plantations. Those were frightful times we had to face, the war lasting from 1861 to 1865, as you know.

After most of the men and youths had been drafted into service with the Southern Army, the Indians began to reappear. Even the city of Austin was no longer safe. Stealthily they robbed and killed wherever they could. Measures had to be taken. The government of Texas tried valiantly to protect its women and children. If this was not always possible, it is because of the enormous size of the state, as large as France and England together, and larger than the new German Reich.

The so-called Fire Eaters of the South were almost worse than the Indians. Secretly they murdered anyone who was not for the South and who expressed this view too openly. Fanatically they looked upon their actions as heroic deeds. A few miles from Marble Falls, on the road to Johnson City, one can see a place where men favoring the North were killed and thrown into a cavern after a trial of sorts was held there. Many of the best men of this area lost their lives at this spot. One of these was Adolf Hoppe, father of George Hoppe, the son-in-law of my brother William. After the war, sacks full of human bones were removed from the so-called "devil's hole" to be ceremoniously buried at Burnet. Gradually the men grew more cautious and at least gave the appearance of supporting the Confederates. My brothers were warned in time, perhaps indicative of how well liked they were. One of the fanatic Southern Fire Eaters was John Townsend, a former friend and hunting companion of my brother Conrad. He was now a member of the gang of assassins who were

supposed to report anyone who remained loyal to the Union. He came to my brother Conrad with tears in his eyes and said, "Conrad, I can't save you any longer, you must go away." My brothers then left their wives with my parents for safety and themselves joined in Government service. They stayed with it until the end of the war.

An additional problem was created by the death of my husband's brother-in-law, Mr. Wolters, leaving Carl's sister Elise quite helpless with five little boys. Decisions had to be made, so my good Carl went there to do what he could.

During our stay at my parents' place, we lived in a cozy little log house, less than one hundred steps from their house. It was well equipped and had a porch and a kitchen. As soon as my little Adolf could walk, he was constantly on the way between the two houses. This additional house had been built for my brothers to live in until they were married. Thus I had the good fortune to live near my parents for another four or five years. I had the opportunity to become better acquainted with the intellectuality of my father, also with his views on religion and his striving for religious freedom and enlightenment. This was a great inspiration to me, particularly as so little informative material was available. The harbors were blocked, nothing was coming in, not even newspapers. One could only surmise what was going on at the battle sites, and no one knew whether the news were based on facts or rumors. One turned again to the classics, Goethe, Lessing, Schiller, Shakespeare, as well as Jean Paul. People borrowed literature from one another. The German families traded books. What the one did not have, the other probably had. It was impossible for me to read Schiller during this war period, having read him so avidly as a young girl, and not wishing to destroy those impressions.

Writing paper had also become quite rare. Every scrap of paper was carefully saved for use as stationary, and ink had to be self fabricated. Correspondence with Germany was completely broken off.

Only those who experienced these rough times can understand the difficulties of the war years for the women. There was practically nothing left to buy. One turned again to spinning and weaving in order not to go about in rags. From month to month, the Confederate money dropped in value. It was impossible to buy any food with it. Even a relaxing cup of coffee became an impossibility. I would now prefer a cup of water to the brew we contented ourselves with.

A portion of the earnings from the farm had to be turned over to the Government for support of the Army. Slave uprisings and the uncertainty of how the war would end added to the constant

unrest. The sullen fury against Lincoln and the North, the grief for fallen husbands and sons, and the destruction of all the splendors of the South were horrible and yet exciting. I shall not relate further of this past era; you have your history books for that.

The joy and elation when the war ended are indescribable, the outcome of the war being as we had hoped. One can imagine how glad we were when the gangs of murderers had to flee from the country, escaping into Mexico in the dark of the night.

This is the hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth. I too honor his memory and place a modest bouquet of thanks on the grave of the great martyr. Of course the slave owners hated him in those days. Our neighbor had told his freed slave that he would kill her with his rifle if she dared work for the Fuchs family. The good old woman worked for us many a time though, long after her master had been assassinated by vengeance seekers in Mexico. From now on the men could once more think, talk, and do as they pleased. The pressure that lay upon us for those long four years was now gone.

There were no more slaves. Fastidious Southern hands now had to submit to household chores and learn how to iron, to cook, and to wash. To the credit of many, it must be said that they made heroic efforts to adapt themselves to the limitations of the times, while others did not have the capacity to do so. In those cases, things looked rather bad.

At last the harbor blockade ended and one could again take up contact with the old world. Everyone wrote letters, for it had been years since one had heard from one another. There were no deaths in the immediate family. On the contrary, another little daughter, Luise, was born, she who was destined to become the piano-playing song bird of the family. She caused me to drop my own piano playing, but then she inspired me to even greater enjoyment of music through her fine appreciation of it, which she did in spite of her busy life on the ranch. I felt all the more devoted to this new little daughter as we had lost our little Toni during a visit to New Ulm.

After we had moved to Burnet County, Carl bought a farm in 1862 on the Cypress Creek from Mr. Wolters. We did not move there, however, until 1867, when Adolf was five and Luise two years old. We lived in a good old double log cabin there for sixteen years. And what a happy time it was (see Appendix A, No. 8). All of my other children – Otilie, Conrad, Edward, Richard and Max, the youngest, were born in this house. It was very cozy living there, and all of us enjoy recalling those days. Besides, these had been prosperous times. The sheep raising

business was excellent. Each year my husband could buy additional land, until the little farm was expanded into a large ranch.

Sheep raising was a rather satisfying and interesting undertaking, although more complicated than the inexperienced might think. It requires experience and patience to care for the large herds, to protect them against disease, to provide them with good grazing land and water, also to protect them from the wolves and then to count them each evening in order to determine if any were lost. During the lambing season Carl was particularly busy keeping the mother sheep and young lambs together. Every sheep and lamb had a number painted on its hide so that the shepherders could assist the mother sheep in keeping track of their little ones. Shepherds were well paid, as the wool brought good prices, sometimes almost thirty cents a pound. Quite often well educated young people volunteered for the work.

I could write books about these young people. As I said, most of them were highly cultured and had ambitions of getting rich fast. During the summer it was a pretty leisurely job, and the shepherds had time to read and study. One of them wrote articles on philosophy for the *New Yorker Staatszeitung*, another worked out complicated mathematical problems, while another wrote poems and fell in love. This one no longer wishing to camp out in the fields at night, sent us a memorandum in verse:

*“Bei den lieben Mutterschafen,
Laßt von jetzt den Teufel schlafen.”*
(With the dear mother sheep,
From now on let the devil sleep.)

The good devil was, however, a reliable shepherd who ate with us at the house, while the spitfiery hero of Pegasus slept in the “field with the herds.” I do not recall if the request was granted, but rather doubt it, for practical reasons.

Of course it was the greatest fun for the children when the young lambs were driven out in the mornings, or came home in the evenings, and it truly did look very gay when hundreds of lambs were hopping about. Almost every morning one could see little two-year old Eddie in the midst of the flock, his little head barely showing above the sheep, while Uncle Otto Fuchs (cousin of Otilie Goeth) always kept an eye on him so that he would not come to harm.

Since Uncle Otto lived with us for so long, I would like to write something about him at this time. He came to America during the revolutionary year of 1848. He attended the university as a student of divinity, but later turned to the stage. Not being able to overcome a deep-seated timidity, he was not a successful actor.

He also went on tour with an opera company in France. As musical history relates, the company became stranded in Paris, where the fiery Franz Liszt arranged a benefit concert for the company. Amongst other songs on the program was the song "*Der Rhein soll deutsch verbleiben*" (The Rhine shall remain German), resulting in a mild protest from the Paris press. "*Lisztomanie*," as Heine expressed it, was at that time at its height, so the press did not go so far as to have the concert cancelled. Louis Philipp even entertained the singers at his palace and had them sing for him. The King addressed them in German stating, "*Gute Musik. Gut exekutiert. Ich hoffe, daß Ihre Not nun ein Ende hat.*" (Good music. Well executed. I hope that your problems have now been resolved.)

My cousin Otto remained in France for a number of years, where he was employed as a tutor in the eminent de Andre family. As such he traveled a great deal, including trips to Switzerland and Italy. He became quite French, and a refined social manner was second nature to him. However, his mother tongue always remained his favorite language. He could not tolerate any grammatical errors, and he did not hesitate to lash out at any impurity of speech, sparing no one. Even during his final illness, he preferably occupied himself with German grammar.

In Texas, he was at first engaged as a tutor with the Engelking and Amthor families in Cat Spring. Afterwards he moved to De Witt County where he founded a family and went into farming. Soon he resumed teaching, and Rudolph Kleberg and his brothers became his students. During the war he served as a teacher in Independence and Salado (both colleges), teaching languages and music. In 1869, his brother Heinrich brought him to our home as it was located in a more healthful area. He soon recovered his health and remained with us, tutoring the children until 1890. Hereafter, he lived in patriarchal peace, which, at most, was interrupted by a struggle with one of the large rams that he cared for. Quietly he passed away on the 9th of January, 1902, following a short illness.

As our Uncle Otto, as he was generally called, was a somewhat negative personality, he was an unfortunate failure in family life, and his wife and children had long since left him. Nevertheless, he deeply influenced our children through his friendly disposition, his great literary knowledge, his charming manner of relating a story, and his fine appreciation of music.

Although, together with my beloved husband, I prided myself on spending time with the children, I did not have sufficient time to supervise their education. Further, I did not regard a higher education as nonessential, in the way that my father tended to shrug it off. On the other hand, Carl and I saw to it that our children received a formal education. We were joined in this effort by my brother William and his wife Luise. They operated a water mill on the south side of Cypress Mill Creek.

A nice little school house was built at Cypress Mill, and the first teacher to be employed there was Julius Romberg, brother-in-law of brother William. This young man had been sent to Germany for a higher education by his father, the Mr. Romberg we had previously known at Black Jack Springs. Besides mathematics, the young man had studied astronomy. He was the first to show us the wonders of the world of stars with the aid of a telescope.

As I had little time in later life for literature, I was glad that, under Father's promptings I had well utilized the time of my youth to become familiar with its golden treasures. These continued to sustain me while carrying out the taxing duties of a young mother and housewife.

You children who grew up in the city tend to imagine life on a ranch as either more romantic or as more monotonous than it actually is. In any case one needs an abundance of humor in order to remain well balanced. Each day brings its new tasks and additional responsibilities, so that one is never really finished. One had to get up early in order to prepare breakfast, for this was not the simple affair that it was in Germany. Bacon had to be fried, eggs boiled, coffee prepared, and then the assembled family served at the table, while constantly running back to the kitchen for more food to satisfy healthy appetites. When the men had finished eating, lunches had quickly to be packed into little buckets, for some of the men did not come home for lunch. There was scarcely time to have a bite oneself. Now all the dishes had to be washed, the churning had to be done, the laundry could not wait, and all too often the boys came running with torn trousers and a skinned knee which Mother should quickly heal with kisses, she being only too glad that it was not a snake bite. The baby in the cradle awakens and, likewise crying for Mother, must be nursed, washed and dressed; then with friendly gurgles begging for more attention.

All too fast, the morning was gone. Perhaps the midday meal was ready, but because it had been wash day it was on the simple side. But clomp, clomp, we hear horses. A company of rangers on the trail of Indians has arrived. Everyone jumped to action.

The riders unsaddled, washed, and took care of the horses. Quickly Carl had a mutton ready for roasting. There were vegetables and fruits and with it all a glass or two of the fiery Texas wine; instead of the simple meal, we had a little banquet. All tasks were abandoned for the day.

On another occasion one Sunday, cousin Heinrich Fuchs came for a visit. He was wearing a stiff front shirt, all shiny and elegant behind his long full beard. Then it happened. The beard fell into the soup, and either it, or the shirt had to be sacrificed. "The scissors!" demanded cousin Heinrich, and the beard was sacrificed for the sake of his vanity.

Fortunately we wore very simple clothing. Shoes and socks were worn only on the coldest days of winter. Fine linens were worn only on holidays so that ironing did not take too much time. Many things had to be overlooked in those days when there was so little to be had, and one had almost no help. The older children were real jewels in helping with the housework.

Since I have just mentioned the Rangers, I shall insert a few Indian stories here, because you youngsters always enjoy them so much.

At the time when we moved to the Cypress Creek in Blanco County, in January 1867, the Indians still passed through the region on occasion, much to the alarm of the white settlers. Before the Civil War, at the time when my parents moved to Burnet County, all Indians had long since moved away from the area. No one was then concerned about any danger of Indians, but during the Civil War, the situation changed. Invariably they harassed the people on moonlight nights while on dark nights there was nothing to fear. During the day, they were rarely seen, usually remaining hidden in the brush. One lived in constant fear and did not like to let the children go even one hundred steps from the house.

I am reminded of a humorous episode when several strangers camped in front of our house. Many people came to the region because of the sheep raising business. Suddenly they came running into the yard screaming, "Indians, Indians are coming!" My husband ran out with his gun, but soon noticed that it was only the shepherd and his flock coming in late. Everyone had a big laugh. The herder had purposely come in late, as the sheep graze best during the evening hours. Armed with a rifle and plenty of ammunition, the herders drove their sheep into open areas to graze so that they could see well into the distance. A few sheep were probably destroyed by wolves, but we never lost any sheep to the Indians.

At another time, things were not so funny. All of us, including by brother William and his family, were fleeing to my parents home for safety. On the way there, we came upon some glowing embers, and nearby on the rocks we saw the remains of a slaughtered colt. The Indians ate these with great relish. It was a frightening sight for the women and children, and the men whipped the horses to speed our way to the grandparents.

Shortly after that, a man and his wife were slain at a point four miles above our place on the Cypress Creek. The creek was quite open at this spot and only a few hundred feet away from their house. The grandmother, a young woman and two children were alone at home. The young woman decided to go fishing at the creek. A little later when the husband returned and learned that his wife and children had gone to the creek, he followed them there. Shortly after that the grandmother heard some frightful screaming. Both the man and the woman were killed by the Indians. At the exact time this occurred, I was also on the creek with my children, less than a mile from where the killing took place. It was a true miracle that we escaped.

The following night, the same Indians stole our three horses from the meadow in front of our house. On the next day, they stole the horses out of a pen fifteen miles from here and then a few miles further on they abducted a young boy. Luckily the boy and the horses were recaptured in the vicinity of Fort Mason. A man out hunting had spotted the Indians with the many horses and the white boy. He shot and severely wounded one of the Indians, thereby hindering them in their getaway by horseback. The hunter quickly assembled as many men as possible, who together pursued the Indians and recaptured the stolen booty. I do not know if any other persons were killed in the action. Two of our horses were returned to us for a ransom of five dollars each. Later, when my husband drove to Austin with a particularly beautiful white horse, a boy called out to him, "The Indians made me ride that horse."

Let us not dwell on these frightful events as the like did not often recur in our region. Conditions were, however, critical enough in Texas for a time following the Civil War. Strangers were in authority, the old order destroyed, and the sword ruled where words had failed. Although tempers constantly flared and fists were raised in threat, there finally was unification; common sense once again prevailed; one turned back to agriculture; cattle and sheep raising developed into a prosperous business; soon Texas rejoined the Union; confidence was reestablished; and all the war years faded as a dream.

Although not everything was satisfactory, we did have peace, while in Europe the torches of war flamed. The people of Germany arose as one to conquer the old enemy which could not tolerate

the development of a united Germany. "The Watch on the Rhine" had taken to the field, and the news of its victory spread around the world. We too heard the news and were surprised to read of the astonishing victories on the heights at Spichern, at Woerth, at Metz, and even at Sedan, with capture of Emperor Napoleon the Third. Then finally there came the renewal of the German Reich at Versailles. It was difficult to fathom and one feared to be imagining it. Still it was true and probably the reality was more meaningful than the papers related. Germany was an empire as large and grand as in the days of the Hohenstaufen. Young dreams had been fulfilled. Old people were glad to have survived long enough to experience it, even those living in Texas, where so many had fled from their fatherland, because the world political timepiece of Germania had run too slowly. And yet it had come about. Away then with the bloody revolutions of the eighteen-forties. All were in accord, all praised the emperor, whether a Carl Schurz or a Carl Goeth. Devotion to Bismarck was boundless and everyone admired the strategic planning of Moltke. In 1870, and later, I saw some letters written by German girls expressing regrets that they were not men, in order to join in the battle. It was sincerely meant, so truly German, not just empty phraseology.

The Germans over here shared in the enthusiasm, perhaps the more so because of the broader outlook one had, and because they had not directly experienced the wounds inflicted by the vicious war. To us it meant only that Germany was united. We were not aware of the many difficulties yet to be overcome before the new Reich became firmly established; nor, fortunately, were those aware of it who might have liked depriving the Germans of the fruits of their victory.

There were various interesting developments for us when Germany became a large and powerful nation. One could now be called a "German," rather than as formerly a Mecklenburger, a Bavarian, a Hessian, or otherwise. This had now changed. There was also an increase in the number of German settlers arriving in Texas. German industriousness and culture were everywhere in evidence. Schools and churches were built, roads were improved, the state treasury grew, land values increased. The Germans should feel proud to have contributed to these developments. You grandchildren, perhaps comfortably seated in a high school, should not forget that the hard work of your fathers helped make this possible. You should strive towards even greater accomplishments.

During this important era, we were blessed with a happy event in the family, for it was then that our son (Edward William) was born, bearing the name of the great reformer, Edward Baltzer, whom we so greatly admired, as well as the name of the emperor

of the newly established Reich. My unforgettable father, who seemed to have regained impetus through the stirring events of that time, always called our big handsome boy the “Little Emperor.” He was always the largest and strongest of our five sons. To our joy he decided to remain on the ranch and soon became his father’s right hand. Apparently he also inherited his father’s great sense of humor.

In 1876, my husband, still quite youthful, together with two friends attended the centennial celebration in Philadelphia. The sheep raisers of this region could well afford to take such a trip, for the price of wool was high. He wrote many letters during his journey and his visit to the “City of Brotherly Love.” Many prominent personalities attended the celebration. Amongst these was Bayard Taylor (a noted journalist and traveler), who gave the opening address on the 4th of July. As my husband had the good fortune to be sitting on the platform where Taylor spoke, he was able to understand every word. The address was given in form of a poem. My father translated the Taylor poem into German.

A practical souvenir of the journey was an encyclopedia, bought in New York, which we used extensively; as well as a world globe for everyone’s use.

Among my old papers I find a page I wrote on July 4th, 1876. I would like to insert it here:

“Even as I wonder today in which way our descendants may be celebrating the 200th anniversary of this great republic, some grandchild, one hundred years hence, may wonder how his grandparents and great-grandparents might have celebrated the day one hundred years before. In order to gratify any such devoted interest, I shall as best I can give a brief picture of how things look today.

“I would not be spending the day in such quiet contemplation were it not that my husband, Carl Goeth, has gone to the centennial celebration in Philadelphia. Our two oldest children, Adolf who is already 13 years old, and Luise, have gone with my brother William and family to attend a simple 4th of July celebration held at a beautiful grove on the Double Horn Creek. Gayly they drove away in a large farm wagon, all loaded with children and big watermelons. They grew so beautifully during this fruitful summer.

“My flower garden is only now celebrating spring in full bloom. The real spring season had been so dry and

cold that nothing bloomed, and the farmers had feared a crop failure on making their inspections. For the sheep raisers, the weather is not so all important as the sheep thrive best during dry years. We have no shortage of water, because the springs flow as always whether it rains or not. For the farmer, the situation is different. He must have rain for his grain crops, otherwise he is forced to buy it, resulting in a loss of profit. But the rains have come, and everyone is happy.

“In the South, unfortunately, the centennial is not generally observed. It is mainly the Germans who mark the occasion with festivity and ceremony. The former slave holders are still too much filled with resentment, and it will probably take a number of years before these ill feelings are placated. My dear mother wrote me as follows: ‘Carl should be glad that he is not here in the South on the occasion of this great day.’ My father (Grandfather Fuchs) has written some verse in English for the 4th of July. I shall write these down when our good Papa returns . . .

“And he did return with many things to tell, particularly as he took an active interest in current affairs. His descriptions of the exhibition in Philadelphia are so vivid that we can enjoy it right here at home. He saw all of the exhibits, and heard the address of President Grant. He visited the Niagra Falls, where he had already been as a young man, and sent me a letter from Goat Island containing a lime blossom twig which I have carefully preserved. Perhaps one of my descendants will do likewise one hundred years from now.

“I anticipate, that is we anticipate, having many descendants so that our struggles and ambitions for an independent and meaningful life will continue to bear fruit. After one hundred years have gone by, you dear ones will scarcely understand what it meant for your ancestors to emigrate to Texas at a time when there were virtually no intellectual, or even physical refinements available there, giving up in Germany a relatively comfortable life in order to insure that the future generations might live a life free of worries, such as would have been impossible over there without private means. Mother and Father Fuchs both grew up in genteel homes where servants were employed, but they remained indefatigable, as only the well-bred can be, in face of all the difficulties that settling in Texas brought with it. Although they might have enjoyed an easier life in Germany, they never regretted their emigration to Texas.”

So much for those yellowed pages.

On the 10th of July, 1879, the golden wedding anniversary of my esteemed parents took place. Mentally they were both entirely alert, while physically they were somewhat weakened by age. Circumstances considered, there was quite an inspiring celebration. It had been an uncommonly good year, so that all of those attending were in the proper mood and spirit to enjoy the unique occasion.

When the old gentleman saw the many friends around him who had come to congratulate him and his wife of those many years, he very likely felt that his life had been richly blessed and that the future held even greater blessings in store.

Surrounding the golden wedding couple were their children, happy in union with their families. They were Conrad Fuchs and wife Anna, nee Perlitz; Ulla and Adolf Matern; Otilie and Carl Goeth; William Fuchs and Luise, nee Romberg; Hermann Fuchs and Lina, nee Romberg; Benno Fuchs and Emma, nee Kellersberger. In addition, 36 grandsons and granddaughters and three great grandchildren were present.

Daughter Luise Goeth presented her grandmother with a golden wreath, together with an appropriate verse; while our son Richard presented his grandfather with a golden boutonniere, also with a poem. This was an intimate family gathering such as very few of the old settlers had the opportunity to experience.

The children were touched and proud to see their dear parents, still so sound, after the many trials and sacrifices they had faced. Adding to the festivity was the Bnaas family and the popular musician William Besserer who accompanied on the piano the many lovely lyrics Grandfather had written for the occasion to be sung to familiar melodies. Everyone was carried away by the unique and lovely atmosphere of the occasion which the songs helped inspire.

Three years later, in 1882, we were very busy, for my husband was having a large rock house built for us at a site about one mile from where we had been living. This caused a lot of work, but when it was finished, we lived very comfortably and we could make things pleasant for our beloved guests. It was a compensation for all of the hard work of our first sixteen years in the area. From then on things went better. Soon we added a large barn for the sheep where they could be kept in the winter, particularly during the lambing season. My husband stayed with the sheep raising business for many more years. Although he sometimes talked of giving it up, he was none the less delighted each year to announce, "The first lamb is there!" Even at the beginning of this century, the coming of this event still gave us pleasure.

Meanwhile, our children were growing so fast that ere we realized it our two eldest ones were already grown up. The children were taught by the best teachers available under the circumstances. Our oldest son, Adolf, went to Austin to join a firm there, while in the early eighties he had studied business administration in New York. Edward, Conrad, Richard, and the sisters were tutored by various private teachers. One of these was old Uncle Otto, who taught them all until Conrad and Richard decided on professional careers. After that they were taught by Professor Schaupp who had quite a reputation as a natural scientist. The two boys were among the first students at the new University of Texas where they passed their entrance examinations with outstanding results. Edward decided to remain at home, while a business career had originally also been planned for Max.

All of the children were musical, particularly daughter Luise, who much to the joy of her old grandfather was soon playing the master works of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert and other great composers.

When Luise was only eighteen, and still seemed as a child to us, a young man came courting. Though somewhat reluctantly, because of her youth, we gave our consent to their engagement as we were so favorably impressed with the capable young man.

Thus, John B. Wenmohs and his radiant bride, Luise, were married on September 19th 1884. The wedding date was also the birthday of Grandfather Fuchs, as well as our silver wedding anniversary. It was an auspicious occasion, and according to expectations, they have lived happily together throughout the past twenty-five years of their marriage. It proved the saying "*Jung gefreit hat keinen gereut.*" (Those who marry young have no regrets.)

Since I was exceedingly busy in the double role of "silver bride" and mother of the bride, I shall make use of old Uncle Otto's witty description of the lovely celebration.

But you may be wondering who this Mr. John Wenmohs was who captured our song bird. This would entail a long story, and I would have to take you back to Germany, where I would very likely become lost in revered old family archives. Fortunately, Mrs. Lina Graff (nee Wenmohs) came to our aid with a suitably poetical description of the extensive and interesting family tree of the young bridegroom. Possibly he may not himself have been aware of what she related. Now you shall read this beautiful family epic, or whatever you choose to call it.

Ahnengruss

. . . *Lina Graff (nee Wenmohs)*

*Hört! Hört vor Jahr und Tagen nach Mecklenburg einmal,
Vom Ausland ward verschlagen ein junger Korporal.
Er war ein wackrer Degen und feiner Cavalier,
Zu Grabow hat gelegen er lange im Quartier.*

*Und da es ihm gefallen, und weil er dort gefiel,
Setzt er zu Friedenszeiten sich dort ein Ziel.
Stets munter, frisch und feste, selbst in der Schalkheit fein,
So fanden seine Gäste bei ihm stets Geist zum Wein.*

*Als Grabows Bürgermeister fand einen jähen Tod,
War nach den wüsten Zeiten ein sichrer Führer not;
Da wurde denn berufen einstimmig bei der Wahl
Zum neuen Bürgermeister der alte Korporal.*

*Fein hat er gefreiet ein Ratsherrntöchterlein
Und zeugte in der Ehe mit ihm der Söhne zweie,
Der Leonhard getrieben hat Rechtsgelehrsamkeit,
Ist kinderlos geblieben, ob zweimal er verfreit.*

*Er wurde neunzig Jahre, war nie im Leben krank,
Nun in der Väter Hallen ist er versammelt lang.
Der zweit', Andreas Adam, war herrlich von Gestalt,
Von Geist und edler Sitte und Herzensallgewalt.*

*Da folgte seinem Vater, als er entschlafen war,
Sofort in der Regierung, ein stolzer junger Aar.
Daß Friedrich Franz der Erste ihn Grabows Fürst genannt,
Das ist aus sicherer Kunde noch heut' im Ost bekannt.*

*Er ließ des Elbstroms Rücken von Quadern aus Granit
Gar mächtig überbrücken, wie's man noch heute sieht,
Kein Stein ist je gewichen und Nichts davon versehrt,
So fest war auch der Bauherr in seinem Werk geehrt.*

*Fest ging er seine Bahnen dahin in Leid und Glück,
Wir schau'n auf unsre Ahnen mit frohem Stolz zurück.
Ein Mägdlein, vierzehn Jahr erst, die Eva Germesen hieß,
Die führt der Fürst von Grabow ins Eheparadies.*

*Sie lebten in der Ehe in guter Harmonie,
Doch nannt' sie ihn "Herr Hofrat," und er sie "Schatz" u. "Sie"
Sie hatten viele Erben, darunter einen Sohn,
Den Leonard, doch stieg er nicht auf der Väter Thron.*

*Er folgte dem Berufe des Richters seine Bahn,
Führt auf die erste Stufe ihn ehrenhaft heran.
Zum Hagestolz nicht geboren, hat er zum Eheweib
Luise Wien erkoren, gesund an Seel' und Leib.*

*Und seiner Zeit da gingen aus dem Beamtenhaus
In Dömitz viele Kindlein vergnügt wohl ein und aus.
Und als sie flügge wurden, da flog ein Vögelein,
Dem's dort zu eng geworden, weit in die Welt hinein.*

*Das war der Adolf Wenmohs; von Tatendrang erfüllt,
War er des alten Ahnherr getreues Ebenbild.
Der hat im fernen Texas gegründet einen Herd
Und lebt mit seiner Gattin dort still und hochverehrt.*

*Auch seinem Stamm entsprossen sind Kinder guter Art;
Des Ältesten Bund geschlossen wird heute "stark and zart."
John Wenmohs heut als Bräutigam, Luise Goeth als Braut
Vor Gott wie vor den Menschen, sind eh'lich heut getraut.*

*Es fließt in Beiden Adern ein Tröpflein gleiches Blut
Von einer teuren Ahne, die lange, lange ruht.
Nun schenke Gott den Beiden des Lebens Sonnenblick!
Gesundheit, fette Weiden, und gutes Eheglück.*

*Hoch John! und Hoch Luise! Hoch! Beider Elternpaar,
Und Hoch dem fernen Deutschland und teurer Freunde Schaar.*

(The poem, with the title “Ancestral Tribute,” tells of a gallant young corporal, a superb swordsman, who came from afar to be stationed in the town of Grabow in Mecklenburg, Germany. When peace was declared, he decided to remain in Grabow as he had become devoted to the town and the townspeople to him. He established an inn, where he pleased every guest as he served them their wine in his personable manner, while dealing firmly with any rogues. When the mayor of Grabow died of violent causes, the people realizing the need for firm leadership, unanimously elected the former corporal to become the new mayor of Grabow.

He married a town councilor’s daughter. They had two sons. The first was Leonhard who followed the legal profession and lived to be ninety. Though twice married, he had no children. The second was Andreas Adam, a man of tremendous stature and spirit, noble of manner and stout of heart. When his father died, this proud young eagle immediately succeeded him in the Government. As the records still show, he was named the “Prince of Grabow” by Friedrich Franz I.

Amongst his achievements was the construction of a mighty stone bridge, still spanning the Elde River. He married a maiden

of fourteen years, Eva Germesen by name. It was a marriage of great harmony, although she invariably addressed him as “Mr. Privy Councilor,” while he addressed her only as “Sweetheart” or with the formal “Sie.” One of their numerous children was a son named Leonard. He did not follow in his father’s footsteps, but took up law and married Luise Wien. They had many children, and one of these was Adolf Wenmohs, a man of ambitions, a true picture of his old ancestor. He moved to far away Texas where he now lives with his wife, quietly and respected.

This branch of the family has also produced children of noteworthy character. The eldest of these, John Wenmohs, has just been joined here in marriage with Luise Goeth. They share a drop of blood of a mutual ancestor, now long since dead. The poem ends with a toast wishing the bride and groom happiness, good health, prosperity, and a blissful marriage.)

The poem, read by Adolf Wenmohs, was received with stormy applause. As for John, it should be added that his ancestor, “the corporal,” lives on in him. He has done so much for the county in his capacity of deputy sheriff. He was the terror of the bandits who have largely disappeared because of him. Perhaps a modern day “Friedrich Franz” might have named him the “Prince of Blanco County,” a suitable title in more ways than one. After the wedding celebration, the young couple left for a honeymoon trip to New Orleans and a visit to the Exhibition there.

Uncle Otto described the occasion approximately as follows:

“The wedding of the young couple took place about 12 noon. The ceremonial address of the dignified old grandfather was brief and to the point. His words were profound and touching. Doubtlessly they will linger long in the hearts of the young bridal couple.

“After the ceremony, in accordance with the good old custom, endless congratulations were expressed, accompanied by tears and kisses. O. O. (Onkel Otto) must now confess that he had been looking forward to a little kiss from young Mrs. Wenmohs who had for many years been his dear pupil. But since she had already had so many kisses bestowed upon her, he thought *ne quid nimis* (too much of a good thing is not good) and contented himself with a congratulatory handshake, a very hearty one however.

“Let us leave the tears and kisses and turn to more material matters, that is the banquet and what goes with it.

“Two huge tables had been set up under an attractive canopy. The Goddess Flora would gladly have bestowed her gifts to decorate the tables and tent, but for obvious reasons this was quite impossible. Beautiful young cedars were substituted, their branches used for wreaths and garlands, so lovely that many a guest expressed an admiring Ah! upon seeing them.

“But what have we there at the end of each table? Since no one will be able to guess, O. O. will have to tell you. At one end, decorated with a wreath, a likeness of the great-grandfather of the bridegroom smiled down upon the guests, but seemed in particular to have an eye for his beloved grandson. Opposite, the great-grandmother was doing likewise.

“By ten o’clock all manner of wagons had rolled in, loaded with wedding guests until there were so many that it resembled a turnout of a Germanic wagon encampment. Young males came galloping up on fiery steeds, swinging out of their saddles with more or less grace, while adjusting their stiffened high collars and cuffs before entering the new house. The house had already become known throughout the region for its location, size, and beauty.

“Above all, the wedding gifts were inspected and admired. What magnificent things there were! Most admired were the various pieces of exquisite, tastefully designed silverware. (Perhaps you will recall how I polished our “silver” dishes with soap and lye until they assumed a deceptive luster. How times have changed! – Grandmother Goeth.)

“Before the guests were seated at the richly laden tables, the bridegroom’s father, Postmaster Adolf Wenmohs of Flatonia, who attended the wedding with his wife Anna (nee Brandis) and sisters Donata and Alexa, called the assembled guests to attention and, after pointing to the portraits of the grandparents, read to them a poem composed by Mrs. Lina Graff. It dealt with the history and deeds of the bridegroom’s ancestry, told in a verse form, sparkling and to the point. It was received with great enthusiasm as demonstrated by the loud applause. There followed a widely echoed toast to the young couple – and then the feasting began.

“The hospitality of the Goeth family is widely known, and naturally there was an abundance of everything at this triple family celebration. With slight modification,

I would like to quote the following from Schiller:

*“Ja, die Frau Goeth
Verstehts. Sie lernt es ihrer Mutter ab –
Das war eine Hausfrau!”*

(What an expert Mrs. Goeth is. She learned it all from her mother. What a housekeeper!)

“I must mention the three-layered cake, symbolizing the triple celebration. It was baked by Mrs. Luise Fuchs, the highly accomplished daughter-in-law of my greatly respected uncle. This delicious cake surpassed everything that the dessert course had to offer.

“Adolf Goeth, much to the joy of his sister the bride, returned from New York just in time for the event. He took care of serving the wine, the strong Texas wine, and saw to it that the glasses did not remain empty for long.

“With that, the older people had just about finished with the most important aspects of the celebration, while the young ones were just getting started. Already there was to be heard that enchanting music, enticing one to dance, as only Mr. Ernst Goeth (brother of Carl Goeth), Mr. Reiner, Conrad Goeth, and last but not least, Miss Jerry Goebel, knew how to elicit from their fine instruments. But dear me! For all my describing of the music, I have almost forgotten the real essence of the music, for who could fail to be delighted with the unquestionably estimable ‘schrum, schrum’ which Carl Goeth produced on his cello. Honor to whom honor is due! The ball was over at about two in the morning, but the memory of it most certainly lingered on.”

The young couple lived about ten miles from our house. Today the distance would be quickly covered by automobile, but in the eighties, this was a difficult journey and we saw our beloved daughter far less frequently than I would have liked. We particularly missed her wonderful piano playing. It was not easy to become accustomed to her not being with us any more. I must add that on August first of the following year (1885), the first grandson was born. He was named Charles Adolf after the two grandfathers. The boy thrived splendidly. He is now married, is already a father, and resides on a large ranch near us, the land at one time belonging to the Goeth ranch.

Soon after Charles was born, while I was away at my daughter’s residence, an extremely

tragic event occurred in our home. The young son of Mr. Walter Tips died there while visiting our son Conrad. He died very suddenly, for no one had realized that he had already been ill at his home. All efforts to save him were in vain, and the deeply grieved father could only come to take home the body of his son.

Also brother Benno's wife, Emma (nee Kellersberger), died very suddenly during this time.

Then in the year 1885, our dearly beloved parents both died in our home. This was the most sorrowful experience of my life so far. Only the deep devotion of my husband and children helped me to overcome this loss. I have written more about it at another point. Let me add here just a few words from the obituary by Julius Schuetze which was published in the Austin *Vorwärts* expressing so nearly what I feel:

“Despite the drawbacks of frontier life, the deceased raised a large family whose background of culture, musical interests, and appreciation of the beautiful may well be compared to that of anyone having enjoyed the advantages of the best schools in the land. Although having to face all of the tedious daily tasks as necessitated by life in the wilderness, he faithfully retained and nurtured his background of German cultural interests for himself and for his entire family. He wrote poetry and composed music. He was the teacher of his children. Today one will find his grandchildren residing in cozy flower-bedecked homes where one may hear them singing songs with lyrics and piano accompaniment composed by their beloved grandfather. The life of this patriarch, who has left us, may be compared to a mighty German oak tree, that provided shelter to many a deserving person and many a tired wanderer. Among the elderly couples of his descendants, we clearly see the results of a fine upbringing and education in cultural and spiritual matters.”

That the descendants may prove themselves worthy of their ancestry in every respect is the thought of my prayer as I stand at the graveside of my parents.

Not long after Luise's marriage, our oldest son, Adolf, was married to Miss Julia Tips, the daughter of Mr. Walter Tips, industrialist and State Senator in Austin. Our eldest could not have brought home a more charming daughter-in-law. We had become acquainted with Mr. Walter Tips in 1859 at the singing festival in Fredericksburg when he was only eighteen. At that time we did not anticipate the close family ties that were to

develop later. The young bride soon captured our hearts with her natural charm of manner. Her fine piano playing enchanted everyone who had the opportunity to hear her. She probably inherited her talent from her highly cultured father, who in spite of his extensive business obligations, found the time to perfect himself as a cellist in a string quartet. Our son joined the Tips firm where he now occupies a responsible position. Of course we always enjoyed their visits. Soon they had a lovely family with two daughters, Carrie and Anita, and one son Ralph. Ralph soon developed an astonishing talent for the violin, a genuinely inherited talent from his forebears.

In 1890, we had an interesting guest from Germany, Lieutenant Otto Wenmohs. His father, Carl Wenmohs, brother of Adolf Wenmohs of Flatonia, had lived in Texas for ten years; first in Millheim, then on the Double Horn Creek where Otto, their third child, was born. Unfortunately his mother died when he was very young so that he scarcely remembered her. Later the family returned to Germany where Otto's father inherited a large country estate, Laserkrim, in East Prussia. Otto was trained in the military service and had already served as a first lieutenant in Danzig when he came to Texas for a vacation after having made a study tour of the United States. He wanted to become acquainted with the land of his childhood for "once a Texan, always a Texan." Thus he came to visit us, particularly to see his cousin John Wenmohs, our son-in-law. A sprained foot kept him at our house for sometime, and that is how it happened that our daughter Ottie became his loving bride.

The wedding took place in January (27 January, 1891). For the occasion, Mr. Schaupp made up a humorous debate in which Kaiser William and Uncle Sam wrangled over the dashing young officer. The U.S. won. The young couple went to Germany on their wedding trip where our new son-in-law received an honorable discharge from the Army. He settled in our vicinity where he still resides on his model farm and ranch. They too had a little son named Leonhard and four other children, Margrete, Fritz, Luise and Thekla.

Early in the nineties, John and Luise sold their farm and settled on our old place. How happy we were. While the old log-house, in which we had lived those many happy years, was being renovated for them, the young couple moved in with us. During this time, in 1892, my husband and I with son Max took a trip to Germany. We had long wished to revisit the old country, and John agreed to take care of our ranch while we were away. This was an important year in our lives. It was a reward for the many hardships, this visit to my old home which I had left in 1845 and had not seen again for nearly fifty years. I shall not attempt to describe my feelings in so many words. I am sure you can well imagine it. My heart simply overflowed with joy. That is all I can say.

CHAPTER IV

AS GRANDMOTHER

My husband has written a description of our journey which you may read in his biography. How greatly he enjoyed the anticipation of showing me his home in South Germany, while I looked forward to showing him my home in Mecklenburg. Also Max's bright eyes sparkled with excitement, for he probably imagined Germany to be a kind of fairyland. And we were not to be disappointed.

What a difference there was in our ocean journey of 1845 and that of 1892. Previously the journey had seemed endless and tiresome on the notorious old two-master, the *Gerhard Hermann*; while on the elegant modern steamer of the Hamburg Line, with its many passengers, comfortable cabins, and the delicious food, the days passed very fast. Almost sooner than we wished, we arrived in Germany.

I had the good fortune of seeing quite a few of my relatives once more, some of whom were owners of large estates where it was wonderful to visit. To have seen our old homeland once again was indeed deeply satisfying and remained a pleasant memory in our old age.

We spent the greater part of our time on the romantic Rhine. Everything there is connected with a legend of the ancient days of knighthood. One could write volumes about it. What a joy it was to introduce this world to our young son. He had read a great deal and it was interesting for him to see the old castle ruins where some Conrad might have lived in bliss with his Kunigunde. This was the familiar land of German poetry and song that he had already learned about in his cradle. I too had never been on the Rhine, nor in South Germany. Like a newcomer, together with Max, I was thrilled to call to mind great historical moments and the many-fabled legends. My husband made an excellent guide, everywhere knowing how to lead us to the most beautiful, the most important things. To him the visit also brought back vivid memories of his youth, particularly in Wetzlar (see Appendix B), his place of birth which he left when he was seventeen years old to emigrate to Texas. He too had experienced so much since that time. His greatest pleasure was to show us the places which he had loved and still held in fond memory. Naturally we also visited the places

connected with Goethe in the old town. My only regret was that I could not have brought a memento to my dear father, whom I shall never forget. My husband had the good fortune of meeting a close friend of his youth with whom he carried on a lively correspondence from then on.

Of course we were greatly impressed by Berlin, the new imperial city. As I already mentioned, we visited some of my mother's and my husband's relatives in Berlin. They could not do enough for us to make our visit an enjoyable one. They were particularly delighted with Max. There was so much to see and hear, but I was becoming restless to get to Kölzow, my real home, where I had spent ten years of my childhood while my father was a minister there.

The village and the parsonage were virtually unchanged from the way I remembered them. We were in the church and saw the pulpit from which Father had spoken the words of God. It had once been said that "he preached like a philosopher rather than like a Christian minister." I believe this was the greatest honor for him, for it was his striving for religious freedom which motivated him to go to America. The country people, however, had loved him. There were now many of these resting in eternal slumber in the cemetery, many I would like to have seen again. It was indeed a happy surprise when we were presented with a copy of Father's last sermon held there (see Appendix C).

Unfortunately, our return journey to the United States was delayed through the misfortune that cholera had broken out in Hamburg. Consequently it was almost impossible to leave there. Carl will relate of the difficulties involved. I only want to mention how very happy we were at last to be back in New York. Even then we faced a long quarantine and all manner of formalities. The publisher of the *New Yorker Staatszeitung* had the daily papers brought on board, helping to shorten the hours. We were never sure from one hour to the next whether a case of cholera might not break out aboard. Fortunately all went well. We were permitted to land, but were not treated as welcome guests. We were urged to move on and virtually compelled to go on to Texas immediately. Even here we were looked upon with some misgivings. You can imagine that we felt as though "delivered" to be back home. It must have been similar to the feelings of a refugee upon spending his first night within the shelter of his family after having escaped the enemy. It was a happy ending for all of us, as our family had also been in fear of our safety. There were many presents for everyone and much more to relate.

John and Luise, to whom we were very grateful for the faithful care they had given our house and land, were preparing to move to their new home which was now ready to receive them. They

experienced luck and prosperity, for the Wenmohs ranches may be considered among the best in Texas.

Things look somewhat different today than at the time of our immigration, when Grandfather Fuchs was trying to operate his modest plow at Cat Spring. The Wenmohs children show signs of developing the same dependability and loyalty as displayed by their parents. Old Grandfather Fuchs lived to carry the oldest son, Charles, around in his arms. Then came Alexa, or Patty as she was called in the family; Otilie, my godchild; Victor, and the youngest child Max. A little Adolf, whom the parents lost as an infant, slumbers in the shade of the trees, not far from our house.

Although we had the rare fortune of having our daughters residing in the vicinity, we did miss them a great deal, in particular the music of our song bird. Therefore we were very glad when our Eddie brought home a dear lovely daughter-in-law, Gussie, the daughter of our good friend Mr. August Schroeter and his wife Hedwig, nee Klappenbach. The house seemed to come to life again. Soon though, the young couple built their own nest nearby. It was next to an ever-running spring beneath the widespread limbs of a huge elm tree. Within a year, Wolfgang made his appearance. He soon developed into a kind of living telephone between the houses of his parents and the grandparents. For a long while, he was the only child, but then followed a dear friendly little sister, Hedwig and later sweet little Irma. So once again we had a family of little ones in our immediate vicinity and we had the joy of seeing how fine the little brood thrived.

Our son Conrad is practicing law in San Antonio where he also met his beloved bride, a daughter of the banker Frederick Groos. The animated young lady soon became a favorite through her gay singing, her happy disposition, and the witty poems she sent us on birthdays. They have two sons, Frederick and Arthur, both showing great promise. Apparently Frederick is taking up law and doubtlessly will be a great help to his father in his large practice. Conrad is also very active in municipal affairs. One evening as Carl opened the newspaper, what should we see but a headline reading "C. A. Goeth Caned!" Our momentary fears quickly dissolved into a hearty laugh when we found that his political friends had presented him with a golden-headed cane in recognition of his work in the elections. This was in the year 1900.

Our son Richard was now established in Boerne as a physician. He was only twenty years old when he passed his examinations to become a doctor. In spite of his winning personality, the young doctor found his extreme youth somewhat of a drawback. He therefore grew a dignified full beard in order

to make himself look a little older. He started as an assistant physician in New Braunfels, but shortly thereafter began working independently in Boerne where he soon had an extensive practice.

Once he became critically ill. When we learned of it we rushed to New Braunfels by wagon. That was a trip I shall remember the rest of my life. Although the roads were quite rough, the fiery horses raced ahead at full gallop. An automobile could not have gone any faster. Under the skilled care of his doctor and parents, Richard soon recovered.

Richard too, met his bride in San Antonio. She was the beautiful Lily Edith Dittmar. The wedding was celebrated in grand fashion, for the young lady was the niece of the famed Dr. Ferdinand Herff, Sr., who incidentally thought highly of his young colleague. Unfortunately the father of our beloved daughter, the former attorney Albert Dittmar, was no longer living, but the mother was present. The wedding was an important social event in the Alamo City; never was a marriage solemnized under more propitious circumstances. In 1900 the young couple took a trip from Boerne to New York. While they were there, Richard took a few singing lessons to develop his talent for the art. Early the following year, the young doctor Goeths moved to San Antonio where their oldest son, Richard, was born. There too everything had pointed to a bright future when the young wife passed away in her second childbed. The little daughter was named Lily after her mother. I will not attempt to describe the sorrow at the loss of this dear one who had departed so soon. It was fortunate that our son was able to spend the bitterest hours of his grief within the comfort of his parents' home.

Although the other children had founded their own homes relatively young, Max was already thirty when he surprised us with the announcement of his engagement to Miss Marie von Rosenberg, daughter of Mr. Ernst von Rosenberg of Austin. Originally Max had planned on a business career, but finally chose the healthier life of the ranchers. As the old rock house has sufficient room for two families, he and his dear Marie are living with us. We have grown to be very dependent on one another, in fact we are long since indispensable to each other. So far, 1909, there is only one little daughter, Elsie, the pride of her grandmother.

In August 1900, death chose to deprive us of one of our grandsons who had shown such great promise. It was Leonhard, the eldest son of daughter Otilie and Otto Wenmohs. He died suddenly after a short illness. Adolf Wenmohs and his wife had just recently moved to Cypress Mill from Flatonia in order to spend their remaining days near their children John Wenmohs and Donate Pellar, nee Wenmohs. It so saddened the old friend and

great uncle to see this child sink into the grave that he never quite recovered from it. A large assemblage of mourners expressed heartfelt sympathy to the unconsolable parents, but only time, the all healing, would bring any consolation. And that is how it was, although it was not easy. There are then two young grandchildren resting together. Life was short for them, but perhaps not in vain. As Goethe said, "To live, is a bounden duty, and be it but a moment."

My brother Benno, whose second wife was Anna Mackensen, also died suddenly at the turn of the century, while visiting the grave of his first wife. Were it not for Father's teaching, how very painful this would have been to bear. As it was, a gentle melancholy stole into the hearts of all who had been close to this dear brother. There were two children from the first marriage. They were daughter Cora, married to Henry Clay von Struve, former attorney now in the consular service, the son of our old friend Amand von Struve who had a large sheep ranch about six miles from us; and son Oscar Fox, composer and music teacher who resides in San Antonio.

A few years later my brother William died quite suddenly following a stroke, although he had seemingly been in the best of health. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge and was buried with very impressive ceremonies conducted by his brother Masons who carried him to the grave. He was survived by his wife Luise, nee Romberg, and a large family of children.

One of these was another Luise, whom the graces had blessed with a golden voice. After her studies in Berlin, we particularly enjoyed her fine interpretations of the German *Lieder*, so well intoned in her charming voice. Unlike in the Italian song, where the words seem immaterial, it is through the skillful blending of words and tones that the German song so touches the heart. My niece was particularly gifted in this respect and certainly deserved all of the praise I so often expressed to her after one of her moving performances. I hope that we shall all enjoy the privilege of hearing our two Luises, daughter and niece, perform together many more times. Rendering a compatible accompaniment for a song is also a fine art, and in this instance shows such deep understanding.

Since our settling in Texas we have so often experienced the sudden interchange of joy and sorrow, but we have never allowed this to disrupt our family life. No matter what the passing of time has brought, we were always drawn all the closer together. Our children and grandchildren have visited us often, and how gay we always were at these times. My dear Carl saw to that, for he was ever the loyal father and friend in fair weather or foul. It was then, when we were all assembled around the coffee table, as I filled the many cups, and we all ate heartily

of the abundance of cake on the table, that I would be overcome by a feeling of gratitude as I contemplated the advantages of a good family life. I hope that I may be forgiven if I sometimes permitted my pride to show through. All those gathered around me obviously wished me well. This is what makes for a full life, a meaningful life, increasing with the days, moons, and years that pass.

My beloved Carl likes best of all to sit with his sons-in-law in a game of Skat while he enjoys an extra cup of coffee and smokes his pipe. If there is a sea of matches surrounding him, it means that the game was particularly interesting, for Otto and John are indeed, fine players. "Bring out the wild cat!" cries the Lieutenant. That means watch out. I don't know anything about Skat, but Mrs. Julia Goeth certainly does and has won considerable respect from the men in the game. When I see the many matches lying about, I am reminded of pre-Civil War days when Carl's sister Elise and I would sometimes confront one another, shovel in hand, to borrow a few embers to start a fire. We always had, to laugh when this happened, although the conditions were trying.

The rest of the crowd will have gathered in the parlor. There is singing and music with everyone performing at their very best. But if things threaten to become all too solemn, Eddie just runs his hands over the keyboard. There is no resisting him and all of the couples will be seen gracefully turning in time to the music. I like to see people dancing. Jean Paul too recommended it for young ladies, in fact for all young people, in his *Levana*. It makes the body lithe and lends elasticity to the walk. And is it not true that young people must be flexible? I do not like it when girls are so sticky.

Or one sat outside on a bench facing to the east. There one sees the chain of hills smiling above the live oaks and the elms clad in their eternal green. The Shovel Mountain is the highest point. Of course anyone accustomed to high mountains will search in vain for this mountain for it is scarcely 1,500 feet high, but to us it is indeed a mountain for we had once lived in an area which was entirely flat. In the spring before the flowers sprout, the dead grass is set on fire, and one can see the flames rolling from one hill to the next. One might thus imagine the magic flame in Wagner's Siegfried or Walkyrie which the God Wotan used to court Brunhilde. Then when it rains, everything is transformed into a colorful sea of flowers so inviting, so enchanting. The trees will be decorated in new greens, seeds come back to life, new calves and lambs hop about, young colts circle around the mares, while the garden sprouts and blooms in the eternal rejuvenation of nature.

Father now has more time to help me at home since Eddie has become his strong right hand. Particularly he is concentrating on the vegetable garden. There is now a windmill between

our house and Eddie's so that the garden can be irrigated. It is the greatest pleasure to my husband to surprise me with an early vegetable, including the beloved spinach, which the Lieutenant cannot bear. Many a joke has been made about that. My Carl excelled in the cultivation of vegetables, and I might add that he has offered advice in that respect to many other families. We also had a fine fruit orchard with wonderful pear trees. In 1900 we had a large crop of pears, the finest we ever had, but after that the trees got the "blight" and have never again borne a full crop.

The soil and the climate have changed greatly since we first settled at Cypress Mill. While there were formerly numerous dependable springs over the entire area, most of these, including some of the largest ones, have gradually run dry. The region seemed to have become quite unusable for cultivating any crops when heavy rains began to set in again in 1900. The branches ran full, and there were even waterfalls at some points. Wild grapes grew along the banks, and the grapes were used to make some of that Texas wine which is so well liked. We always had some on hand. Later the dry years came again, and I do not know what this will lead to. The farmers should not become too easily discouraged though, for a meager year is soon ended and one good year can easily make up for the loss.

It would seem that only the German farmers have sufficient trust in the weather, to judge from the prosperous looking farms they operate between Cypress Mill and Marble Falls, and which support them in spite of prevailing conditions.

Land has also become very valuable. Everything is now fenced in with barbed wire. At first, before they became accustomed to it, many horses hurt themselves on it. Our old "King" never quite healed from these injuries and had to be doctored constantly. The days were past in Texas when "the land had no value and cattle grazed freely" as Herr Hallin had reported in the Forties. There was also a great improvement in the breed of cattle being raised and prices rose to a level the old pioneers would never have dreamed of. My brother Herman had a large herd of Angora goats from which he made quite a profit. It was from the silky hair of these that my niece Frieda made the most beautiful handwork.

Our region is undergoing constant improvement. One is learning more about the secrets of nature, and the intelligent farmer knows how to obtain good results even in this soil. I am glad that the members of our family are not lagging behind and that the children and grandchildren make every effort to achieve the best attainable results in their undertakings.

I suppose one may be allowed to say a word about the matter of discipline after having successfully raised a big family, a family of honest, useful people with their hearts in the right place. As a wise man once said, “He who wishes to discipline others must not forget self-discipline.” That is actually the most difficult part of the problem, for what person is himself entirely free of faults?

For the most part, knowing how to deal with children is a matter of talent. I have known women who were good at instructing their children, but who otherwise left much to be desired as mothers. On the other hand, there are others who are exemplary housekeepers, but who have little success in training their children. Some will talk endlessly about morale to their children, without even noticing whether or not they are listening. The first words should be “listen to what I have to say,” but then one must not say too much at one time. It should be said in as friendly a manner as possible, or if need be as strictly as the case requires.

Small children are eternally getting into mischief so that there is no end to the restraining and scolding one must do. One should always attempt to divert the child. Intelligent children, such as every parent hopes to have, will not sit idle; they want to have diversions or to work in their own way. Good Froebel has given us so many useful suggestions along that line. It pays for young parents, particularly young mothers, to read books on child training.

When I was a young mother – now long ago as our youngest is over thirty – I read everything I could obtain on the subject. The book *Levana* by Jean Paul, then famous, was very useful to me. Also Dr. Bock, in his book *The Well and the Sick*, devotes a chapter to the training of pre-school children. He states that if a child still needs to be spanked after it is five years old, it is a sign that it has not been properly trained. He emphasizes the importance of overcoming obstinacy in early infancy. The young child must learn obedience, of course not out of fear of punishment, but because the mother desires it, or requests it, for the child may not yet be capable of determining between right and wrong. I remember that my dear father never punished a child without first warning “if you do that again you will get a spanking.” One should never punish a child in anger. In that respect, though of course unaware of it, the child may be setting an example for the parents. Jean Paul said, “A child should retain its good humor whether the mother has said no or yes in response to its childlike wishes.”

I was often deeply touched when the little ones obeyed me so willingly. Once one of them said very importantly, “Anything you have ever said to me, Mother, I will always know.” Another

time, when confronted with a strange dish at the table he said, "Mother, do I like this?" It showed that he regarded his mother as all authoritative. When anyone told my children anything in fun which they doubted to be right, they would come to me and say, "Mother tell us how it really is."

I enjoy recalling the days when I still had all seven of them around me. As I sat near the window with my needlework, the children playing outdoors, the youngest one probably still in the cradle, I felt that no one could be happier than a mother surrounded by a flock of healthy children, with a good father to lend her support even though he may not be as close to the children as the mother. Our children missed their father when he was not there. His even tempered and cheerful disposition influenced the entire family. Even now in his seventies the grandchildren enjoy his gay, optimistic outlook.

Some modern women have become dedicated to other interests. They too have taken up club life and want to participate in political affairs, which seem to offer them greater satisfaction than the quieter life of the home. You dear grandchildren will just have to indulge your Grandmother Goeth when she says that she does not approve of this. Of course I do not want to assert that the whole world should agree with my views, but do consider carefully when you stand at the crossroads whether you may not be tossing away the more valuable things in life, although a public life appears to be more attractive.

I feel that women have so many rich opportunities of benefitting mankind that we should be glad that we do not have to participate in voting. In doing so we would be competing with the men. Nature has made us the weaker being, although not necessarily the less intelligent one. Thus we look up to a man for his strength and consideration. It seems that nature intended it that way, as the biologists have proven.

Our sphere of influence is nevertheless just as important as that of the men, if not more so. Raising the children is indeed mainly our responsibility. If the mother does not do the best in this respect, there is little the father can achieve. We represent the internal side of life, while men represent the outside world. One cannot exist without the other. It would be tiresome if everyone occupied the same position. If that were the case, women would also have to go to war.

I do not wish to say that we should remain indifferent to public life and to politics. We can take a keen interest in these matters and can discuss them with our husbands, but we should let them do the voting. Every good and sensible man will look after the rights of the women, and that makes a more far-reaching impression than if we did it ourselves.

A friend in Denver related that she had been persuaded to go to the polls. She felt so embarrassed about it though that she decided never to do so again. As a country woman, I am not very well informed on the life of the independent women and young ladies living in the large cities, but I imagine that they should all be able to find a satisfactory career in keeping with their education and background.

For a married woman it is of course no problem to spread and receive love, but I do have the greatest respect and admiration for the unmarried woman who retains a loving disposition, who keeps busy in helping out where necessary, finding satisfaction in contributing to the happiness of others. In my long life I have met many in that category who are nevertheless happy. Ask yourselves if you prefer placing yourselves on a level with the common rabble of the streets, perhaps even seeking their votes in an election; or whether you prefer a family life, though it does entail its unending petty problems. There will also be deep sorrow such as when one must stand at the grave of a beloved child or husband. Sorrows, however, tend to enoble the soul; for unhappiness sublimates one's character, particularly that of a woman, while the hard knocks of the cold, critical outside world tend to harden her sensibilities. Once the opportunity for maintaining a closely knit family life becomes disrupted in a land, the entire land becomes disunited. The family is the true foundation and deserves every support, for as it expires, so expires the life of a nation. The history of the Romans has proven this, and we of today should let it serve as a warning.

So now that Grandmother has made clear her views, let it rest at that.

Time goes by and old habits and customs have changed. The old roads have been made into good highways, "sleds" have given way to large wagons, buggies and "hacks" made their appearance, and now our sons and their dear families come from Austin and San Antonio even by automobile, announcing their arrival in advance by telephone. Transportation has become speedier; the world, once so large, is growing smaller; man is trying to conquer the atmosphere. Graf Zeppelin has built his dirigible and the whole world has heard of his success. Everyone is on the move; no one has the patience of former times; even the once popular quilting bees are almost a thing of the past.

These were once so popular among the women. Large groups of women would get together to participate in them. Men were seldom admitted; at most they were allowed to set up the framework, but that was all. They began with the serving of good coffee and cake. These were new luxuries which had developed after the war. Four to five ladies would sit at each side of a

quilt, and their hands moved so quickly at their work that it was a pleasure to see. How quickly the work can progress when it is accompanied by good conversation. (*“Wenn gute Reden sie begleiten, dann fließt the Arbeit munter fort.”*) Naturally there was no lack of subject matter for conversation. The household, the garden, the raising of children; and also literature and art were discussed. The horrors of the Civil War, and the danger of Indians were diverting subjects. Other topics of conversation were how to reduce expenses without sacrifice of food and comforts, or how to prepare healthful and tasty foods. As there were women around from all major countries of the world, we all tried to learn things from one another. If there was a piano in the house, there would also be playing and singing. Thus the various sides, working in friendly competition, quickly moved towards one another, and before the afternoon was over, a quilt would be finished, while at the same time it had been a day of relaxation.

Evening parties were seldom possible, because the distances were too great when the tasks of the next day awaited one, perhaps even more difficult than those of the previous day. Even the quilting bees broke up early although they served the useful purpose of filling chests with warm quilts. It would almost seem that as the refinements of civilization increase, so does the cold weather. When one of those “northers” sweeps across the country, it is very cozy to sleep under one of the quilts made by grandmother or mother.

My husband always looked after the stoves and the fireplaces which we used for heating in the winter. What quantities of wood the dear man chopped in order to keep us comfortable. This too has changed. Instead of hearing perhaps the humming and purring of only a spinning wheel, we may now hear the sound of a gasoline engine which in only a few hours cuts up more wood than was formerly possible in many days, or even months of hard work,

Neither do I see the wheelbarrow anymore, once the most important equipment on the farm. That reminds me of an amusing incident. One day at noon I had put on one of Carl’s hats and was busy doing something outside. Being somewhat tired I had seated myself on the wheelbarrow to rest when along comes our strong son Eddie who quickly rearranges me on the wheelbarrow and takes off with Mother! No shouting or screaming on my part was of any avail, and I had a jolly, though unwilling ride. If the Chinese, who are known to utilize the wheelbarrow as a means of transportation, travel as fast as I did on that hot noonday, they must get to their destinations much faster than any of us imagine. Of course it is only an enlargement of the story, but it is claimed that I was not released until a promise of no punishment was extracted from me.

Indeed, a mother may actually be happy even while she must show a stern face. She may know that a child has no bad intentions, so why should she not be willing to condone a playful prank. I do not believe that it weakens a mother's authority, my proud lady, you who may at most allow your child to kiss your hand while letting yourself be addressed only in the formal manner as "*Sie*."

Father (Carl) always regarded sociability and friendliness as necessary attributes to make life pleasant. Whenever he was present, the conversation soon turned to pleasurable matters. He has maintained his affable attitude to the present day, and it is hoped that he will always retain it (see Appendix A, No. 9).

As long as there were only a few settlers, friends and relatives felt completely free to visit one another on Sundays. Soon, however, there were so many people that it became difficult for a housewife to take care of the many guests. Therefore we founded a club where all of the members got together once a month. At the beginning, it was very modest. In order to operate a big ranch on the Pedernales, my brother William had turned his mill over to Julius Kellersberger (husband of my niece Helen Matern, the daughter of my sister Ulla) who added a large room where the organization had its beginning. This soon proved to be too small, and a hall was built on a beautiful hillside location in the vicinity. It was wonderful there, perhaps one of the loveliest spots in all of beautiful Blanco County. A marvelous view to the hills and the Pedernales River below offered an enchanting panorama.

The road there, however, literally went over sticks and stones and was highly dangerous when a ball took place on a dark night. While the drivers and the horses were accustomed to racing over the hills at the edge of the precipices, and the women sometimes had difficulty in suppressing a scream, no serious accident ever occurred.

The Cypress Creek flowed about one mile from our new house, the same creek where that gruesome Indian tragedy occurred, of which my children and I might easily have been victims. The creek is usually a delightful stream of running water with tall cypress and sycamore trees on its banks. Like a blue thread it winds its way through the forest, at some points pleasantly gurgling, at others as quiet as a lake. It is full of fish and is a favorite place for anglers in the summertime. The Cypress has supplied many bass for the table. In the spring and autumn though, heavy rains sometimes transform it into a roaring torrent. At times it has risen almost twenty feet. There is a danger that this may occur quite suddenly. My dear granddaughter

Patty Wenmohs and her cousin Anna Pellar, while riding home from school, came very close to drowning in the creek and owe their lives to their horses who brought them through.

The mill has been converted to a cotton gin. Numerous bales of cotton can be seen outside the warehouse of the establishment, proving that agriculture is making good progress in our area.

Now the large gatherings of friends and relatives take place at the hall. Strangers are also admitted. This occurs mainly at election time when the candidates come there to hold stump speeches. As a precaution, Mr. Pellar will ask the candidate, "For how long are you wound up, Mister?" Political speeches are not actually a planned part of the program, but out of generosity one usually allows the politicians to speak.

I see a whole new generation growing up among those who gather at the hall. I would like to write about each one, but if I write only a half page concerning each person, there would be at least fifty pages more and your patience would come to an end.

The children play around without constraint; there is no coercion, and they rush through the hall and through the brush like wild game. It is advisable to take along a needle and thread. The older contingent of young people indulge in group games and rounds. Gaily the dancers move in colorful groups and pairs, so that it is a pleasure to watch them. The ladies sit in the hall and relate the latest news, while the men bowl or play Skat until Mr. Kellersberger, as the president, gives permission to tap a barrel of beer. How good it tastes. Everyone becomes more talkative. Old and new jokes are told. The ladies are subjected to teasing, but show themselves quite clever in repartee so that the men are made to feel quite small and one may hear the familiar exclamation "Yes, you are right, Helene!"

But now everyone moves into the hall where a small stage has been set up, for Mr. August Schroeter has arranged for the performance of a play. The action goes smoothly, for everyone is familiar with the good old mother tongue of German, even though they are all fluent in English. Declamations and songs follow; we old ones applaud the young; everyone is animated and gay.

And now the coffee is ready. Long tables have been set up outside, loaded with an abundance of delicious cakes and preserves. How good it tastes out under the huge trees with a view of the lovely landscape. The men are not permitted to serve, for indeed the German women would not tolerate that. The men have it hard enough during the week, sometimes scarcely dismounting from their horses, so why should they not be privileged to relax with

their coffee on Sunday? The fun and gaiety continue at the coffee table, enough to cheer up the greatest of pessimists.

But what is all that gay laughter and bantering about? All the young people – how they love to dance – have surrounded our Eddie, insisting and begging him to go on playing until, in his genial way, at last he gives in. Quickly you see how the dancers swing into action for a few last dances on the smooth floor. The strings of the piano vibrate, for dancing to Eddie's music is nowhere to be equaled. Although he is already married, he is himself still like a youth, and does not youth love youth? Formerly his Uncle Ernst Goeth furnished the music, but he is now gone and his nephew sits at the piano in his place. And just look at them. There we see the former Lieutenant waltzing with his Otilie as elegantly as in his officer days; old man [Joseph] Giger at least keeps time to the music with his hands; and my cousin Fritz Fuchs has been moved to the extent of trying to say a few “nice words” about the dancing just when Aunt Theodora pulls him away by the sleeve. We see many a couple taking one last whirl around the ballroom. We see Theodor and Helene Fuchs, Willie and Selma; and there we see Mrs. Poggenpohl making a curtsy before her husband as she says, “It's about time, isn't it?” He too is compelled to join the throng. And there we see one who looks at the strange movement in hopeless astonishment, for the legend goes that he can only dance the polonaise, and that being somewhat difficult to do in three-quarter time, he cannot participate. No one has dancing shoes, but high boots can become amazingly responsive when the right musician plays.

On September 19, 1905, a memorial celebration, honoring my father on the one-hundred-year anniversary of his birth was held at the home of my brother Hermann on the place where they lived for so long and where they rest in eternal sleep. A large gathering of close relatives was present at Tiger Mill, as the post office is called.

The spiritual values by which our beloved father lived were particularly emphasized and his highly idealistic principles lauded as a fine example for the descendants to follow. He had fled from the oppressiveness of the kind of surveillance imposed by the High Consistory (*Oberconsistorium*) which made freedom of progress and development impossible. He had fled from the unacceptable political nonsense advocated in the forties of the nineteenth century. He had chosen to exchange the ceremonial robes of the minister for the jacket of a plowman, his comfortable study for virtually a junk room in our first log house at Cat Spring. Thus in the example of his idealistic way of life he continued to preach for the cause of

human dignity, although not doing so for a salary in God's service. Now that he was gone, the real meaning of his life became crystal clear. As was expressed at the memorial celebration, his spiritual greatness had become all the more meaningful to us, now magnified through all the splendors of eternity. The world of time and space may have taken little notice of this modest man, rather giving attention to the more brilliant public figures of the day; but here now in all composure, his virtues were stamped with the seal of eternal values. All of those present were aware of this greatness of spirit, invisible but existent in his songs and verse (see Appendix A, No. 10).

My husband gave a stirring rendition of Father's farewell sermon (Appendix C), of that fateful day in 1845 when he took leave of his parish in Kölzow. I had been present on the occasion as a child of ten years. Max, who was familiar with the homeland of his ancestors, served as the memorial speaker. My niece Luise Fuchs, who has such a lovely voice, sang one of her grandfather's songs, "*Wenn der Sänger zieht durch den wilden Wald*" (The Singer in the Wild Wood). She was accompanied by my daughter Luise. It was an inspiring occasion which clearly touched the hearts of all those present. It was not an expression of despair over a death, but rather a hypostasis on the meaning of life. Surely he must have looked down upon us, our exalted father, from those joyous regions where, as Schiller said, the dark storms of our troubles no longer rage, blessing his descendants who in honoring him twenty years after his death were doing themselves honor as well.

Not long after this impressive ceremony had taken place we were assembled at the grave of my brother Herman, whom death had finally released from his suffering. Since early youth he had been afflicted with terrible headaches which would begin in the morning, reach the critical point at noon and subside only when the sun went down. The poor dear experienced relatively few days without suffering. This did not prevent him from carrying out his duties. His dear wife did everything she could to relieve his condition, but family remedies proved to be useless where the best known medical aids had failed to help. In the later stages a cancer-like head ailment developed which completely undermined his already weak constitution.

In the limited time he had for intellectual pursuits, he wrote for agricultural newspapers and other publications. Many of his poems have been published. When his children were away from home, he did not mind staying up until midnight to compose

for them a poetical report from home. He carried on an extensive correspondence and always tried to answer all letters punctually, but at times when his strength failed he would turn to his eldest daughter, Frieda, who took care of some of the most urgent matters. He even arranged to offer prizes for the best children's compositions, himself paying the awards.

When we boarded the ship, Herman was not quite four years old. His birthday was celebrated on the two-masted vessel. The little fellow liked to cling to his mother and hold her by the hand. When my cousin Heinrich Fuchs and his friends laughed at him because of this, he no longer dared to touch his mother. Later, after we were in Cat Spring, while taking a walk with his parents one evening, he suddenly said in all sincerity, "Mother, may I take your hand again now?" He always remained a sensitive and gentle soul as is shown in the following last words he composed that were read at his graveside:

"Even though my life was filled with worry and pain, it was nevertheless not all in vain.

The dear members of my family have always done everything within their power to make my life more pleasant and to ease my pain.

It is the poorest man who must spend his life alone without family or friend.

As you drive homeward from this fresh grave, think of all the beautiful and good things of this earth and of the things you wish to do outdoors in the fresh air. The rain and the sun will come and reward you for your work.

When the lovely spring arrives with its blossoms and flowers, its leafy bushes and trees, the birds will remind you that humans too should sing and be gay.

When my dear ones once again lay flowers on this resting place, as they hear the birds who live in the branches of the trees, let them enjoy the pure air and the light of this immense world.

Each of you assembled here must have shown me some kindness, and for this my heartfelt thanks."

These were words expressing my brother's deepest feelings. He was the last of my brothers. Conrad, William, Benno, Herman, all have departed before me. I still had my sister Ulla. She has now found a friendly home with Franz Ebeling and his wife Lulu, nee Matern. This large ranch also borders on the Shovel Mountain so that we could see one another frequently, or could at least hear from one another. This is a great consolation when one is old.

So now we have reached that year we all hope to experience, but that nevertheless comes too soon. I mean our golden wedding anniversary on September 19th, 1909. Twenty-five years earlier, we had a triple celebration; my father's seventy-ninth birthday, the silver wedding anniversary of Carl and myself, and the wedding ceremony of John and Luise. It was humanly not to be expected that my father would be alive on this occasion, but we thought of him nevertheless.

The celebration itself was as beautiful and perfect as anyone might have wished it to be. It looked rather bleak outside as it had not rained for a long time, but this did not seem to disturb the gay and festive atmosphere of the occasion, There were plenty of cedar and other green branches of trees to decorate the big house, and there was even an abundance of flowers which loving hands had cultivated for the double celebration of the golden and silver wedding anniversaries. The main thing was that all of the immediate members of the large family were able to attend the affair in happiness and good health. All else seemed unimportant.

As human nature requires, the material appetites must be satisfied first, the spiritual treats following. And that is how it was at this celebration. We wanted to provide the grandchildren with the nicest possible memory of the occasion of their grandparent's golden wedding anniversary. For the ten youngest ones we had set a special table, complete with small wine glasses and a roasted turkey. In addition, Grandfather had prepared an envelope with the name of each one on it containing a gold coin as a souvenir of the "Golden Wedding." The little daughter of our youngest son was especially honored, as it was at the same time her first birthday. Else, going on her second year, was already running around quite independently. The delightful little grandson, the son of Charles Wenmohs and his wife Cecilie, nee Richter, of Fredericksburg, the first grandchild of the silver wedding couple, was a joy for all to see. Little John Jr., looking about very brightly, promised to become a fine young man.

As we were being seated at the beautifully-decorated table, twenty-three in all, together with children and children's children, we regretted that there was still one missing, Dr. Richard Goeth of San Antonio. But it was not long before we heard the sound of his automobile. Now we were doubly happy, for the gay festive mood was complete.

I cannot describe our happiness as each of our sons, beginning with the eldest, arose to give a toast, expressed and received with equal sincerity. It would be too much to write here all of the stirring words spoken; instead, I would like to give space

here to the address of Max, which you grandchildren will doubtlessly still enjoy reading. His words were approximately as follows:

My dear relations!

It is to me a sincere honor and great pleasure to have the privilege of addressing you, my relations, in a gathering of such extent. As I look at this very respectable number of blood relations gathered here, I am vividly reminded of what our beloved grandfather and great-grandfather, Adolf Fuchs, stated in his farewell sermon to his congregation in Kölzow, Mecklenburg when he departed from there in 1845 to emigrate to Texas.

As his text for this memorable sermon Grandfather Fuchs chose the 12th Chapter of the First Book of Moses: “And the Lord spoke to Abraham: Go from thy homeland and leave thy friends and out of thy father’s house into a land which I will show thee and I will make thee into a great people and I will bless thee.”

Therefore, at the end of his sermon Grandfather said, “I feel then that you must believe that God will bestow upon us both material as well as spiritual blessings and like Abraham will not only make us into a people of great numbers, but into a people of high spiritual values, of intelligence, as also a religious people. Yes, that is my true hope; and were this not my hope, not my right to hope, I probably would not be leaving my fatherland.”

And how do things stand today in regard to all of that which our honored ancestor prophesied? Can one not look upon this gathering as an undeniable proof of the fulfillment of his expectations?

My dear relations, let us today on his 104th birthday gratefully honor the memory of our Grandfather. How sincerely the descendants respect him and his dear wife was so clearly demonstrated four years ago at the celebration of his 100th birthday which most of the descendants attended.

When Grandfather Fuchs performed the marriage ceremony of my parents fifty years ago today, he said among other things, “I expect you not merely to emulate others, but rather that you shall strive to do better.” It is my belief that this expectation has been well fulfilled. I do not claim that my parents have done better than everyone else, but I am convinced that I may say they have done well, in fact extremely well. They have raised seven fine children, the last and finest of all by sheer

persuasion. This one was at first so puny that they did not expect him to survive for a day. And actually he never did develop any special talents except his big mouth! (Meaning Max the speaker.) In any case, Father and Mother can look with pride upon their achievements of the past fifty years. A toast to Father and Mother!!!

I have not been able to establish if similar prophesies were expressed at the wedding ceremony of our silver-wedding couple, but I believe that throughout their long union, John and Luise have carried in their hearts many commendable ambitions, and I know that these hopes and wishes have been fulfilled to great satisfaction. In midst of the prosperity they have attained, and surrounded by a flourishing family, John and Luise may too look with pride upon their achievements of 25 years. A toast to John and Luise!!!

And now I turn to the final honoree of this celebration, my little yearling Elsie, to whom we also want to offer a toast. A toast to my little yearling!!!

In addition to this impressive speech there were numerous letters from far and near. I shall quote several of the poems which were dedicated to us, because they are excellent and because we were not expecting the like:

A poem respectfully dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Goeth by Frau Anna of the *New Yorker Staatszeitung*.

*Beginnt das Jahr sich abzustreifen,
Das Laub auf seiner Wanderfahrt,
Dann erst gedeihen recht und reifen
Die gold'nen Früchte edler Art.*

*Drum dürft ihr nimmer ängstlich sorgen,
Bricht euer Wintertag herein;
Es wird für euch ein gold'ner Morgen
Der hocheffüllten Hoffnung sein.*

*Auch euer Lebenspfad entfernte
Vom Lenze sich und Sommer schon;
Heut' bringt des Herbstes reiche Ernte
Euch eurer Treue gold'nen Lohn.*

*So grüss dich Gott zum Hochzeitsfeste,
Verehrtes gold'nes Jubelpaar,
Und schenke dir der Gaben beste:
Daß es so bleibe wie es war.*

*Wie Lächelt euren Feierstunden
Noch Licht der Abendsonne Glanz,
Da ihr – in Liebe eins befunden –
Empfangt als Preis den gold'nen Kranz.*

(The poem above honors the golden-wedding couple, pointing out that the golden harvest of life, like the fruit of the trees comes to full ripeness only then when the leaves, or the years fall away. It closes with the wish that life for them shall retain its joys.)

Mr. E. F. Rumpel, editor of the *Texas Vorwärts* sent the following congratulatory poem:

*Heil dem edlen Hochzeitspaare,
Das nun waltet fünfzig Jahre,
Treu in Leid und Freud verbunden,
Das die Liebe hat gefunden
In der frohen Kinderschaar,
In den Enkeln immerdar.*

*Möge sanft das Leben fließen,
Mögen tausend Freuden grüssen
Ferner noch auf eurer Bahn,
Bis die letzten Tage nah'n,
Und des Herzens heil'ger Frieden
Sei für immer euch beschieden.*

*Mag die Zeit die Haare bleichen
Aus dem Born, dem immerreichen
Fließt dem Menschen das Geschick,
Lächelt gütig oft das Glück.
Wo die Herzen sich verstehen,
Kann kein Sturm die Blüt' verwehen.*

(This poem, dedicated to the golden-wedding couple, wishes them continued blessings and heavenly peace and points out that where two souls are in such close accord, no troubles can disrupt the beautiful harmony.)

I would like to express my thanks here to the authors of these lovely poetical wedding gifts.

There were approximately one hundred guests, consisting of close and distant relatives, for the afternoon coffee, each one extending the heartiest congratulations. Later after everyone had enjoyed the coffee and huge amounts of cake, after the children had presented their cute little recitations and the grownups had sung some beautiful songs under direction of my niece Luise Fuchs; all of the guests, except us two old ones, departed for the Cypress Mill Hall where a big ball was held in honor of the silver-wedding couple. It had been a celebration

in the German tradition as we had wished it to be. Although everyone is fluent in English, all of the conversation and songs were in the German language. It was particularly nice for us two old ones, for the German language, German art, and German literature have always been highly regarded in our home. I hope that the grandchildren will continue to do so.

Among the many gifts we received was a marvelously comfortable pair of grandmother and grandfather chairs from the children. There we sat, we two old ones, after all the others had gone, our eyes radiant with the love that had endured for fifty years. We felt deeply gratified with our marriage. It may have been a hard school at times, but our love and mutual trust carried us through. Happiness remained with us like the golden sun which sets in the west but invariably returns for those of the next generation. May all of you children and grandchildren celebrate such a golden wedding anniversary.

I did not forget on this occasion that there are many persons to whom I owe thanks. I also thought of how fortunate my entire life has been, not forgetting that fate had spared my life in several severe illnesses I had experienced. But as I sat there in my grandmother chair, a few lines of poetry occurred to me that I would like to quote here as a close to my thoughts on the day. May I be forgiven if it seems presumptuous of me to do so.

*Wir sitzen allein im großen Haus,
Wir beiden alten Leute,
Die Kinder zogen alle hinaus
In die Nähe und in die Weite.*

*Zuerst, da waren wir ganz allein,
Dann folgten die Kinderjahre –
Nun sind wir wieder nur zu zwein,
Und weiß sind unsre Haare.*

*Sie folgten alle dem Herzensdrang,
Das eigene Heim zu gründen,
Wie's immer geht, es währte nicht lang,
Ein zweites Herz zu finden.*

*Wir haben unsre Pflicht getan
Und waren glücklich daneben,
Die Liebe, sie ist kein leerer Wahn,
Sie hat uns alles gegeben.*

(The poem contains the following thoughts: Here we sit alone in the great house, we two old people. The children have all gone away to places near and far. All have followed their heart's desires to found homes of their own. In the beginning we were all alone. Then followed the years with our children. Now again there are only the two of us, while our hair has turned gray. We have done our duty and were happy therein, for love, not an empty illusion, has given us all.)

CHAPTER V

CARL GOETH--A STORY OF HIS LIFE

Since 1909 I have not made any further entries here for our descendants, and now I can only write with tears in my eyes. My beloved Carl is no longer with me. Our sunshine, our father, grandfather, and great-grandfather died on December 16, 1912. It was entirely unexpected, for he simply slept, never again to awaken. It was in apparent good health, in bright and cheerful humor that he had lain down at eleven o'clock to take his usual pre-noon nap. He still wore his glasses and his newspaper had slipped from his hands. Unaware, I had sat at the fireplace reading. Then I got up to call everyone to dinner. He lay there like one fast asleep as I touched his still-warm forehead before I went out. Then when son Max came down and saw that, contrary to habit, his father had not yet arisen, he became aware of that which had escaped his mother. He was no more. Dr. Harwood, an old friend of my husband's, who had been quickly summoned from Johnson City, could only confirm his death. The house was forever bereft, and eternal night had settled upon me as the children rushed to my side. Today I do not know how we managed to live through the first few hours.

For you dear good children, who offered me sympathy and strength in those bitter days, I will attempt to write a coherent life story of your father. Forgive me if I repeat myself here and there, for my heart is still heavy with grief. I would prefer to wait a while, but who knows how soon I shall be following him, and then it would be too late. I hope you will not be taken by surprise when this time comes. On his gravestone you may read the words "*Du warst unser Sonnenschein*" (You were our sunshine). Since he had to go, how I would like to have told him of this, but now the chisel has engraved it in the hard granite, while in the softness of our hearts there shines the bright message of the eternal sun, love inextinguishable.

Carl Alexander Goeth (see Appendix A, No. 11.) was born on March 7, 1835, in Wetzlar, Germany. This is the town so well known through Goethe's residence there while serving in the *Reichskammergericht* (Imperial High Court of Justice). Carl's father, a highly respected man to whom he was completely devoted, died when his son was only fourteen. Thus the young boy was not attracted to the young stepfather (Robert Berner) his mother married several years later, but became more attached to his maternal grandfather.

His name was Ernst Franke. My husband's oldest brother, Ernst Goeth, widely known in Texas as a brilliant pianist, was named for him. This grandfather was a teacher in Wetzlar for fifty years. On his fifty-year anniversary, he was presented with a gold-plated cup. When we visited Berlin in 1892, his daughter, Mrs. Marie Loose, with whom he stayed during the latter part of his life, showed it to us. The beautiful cup was displayed under a large glass cover. I suppose Carl would have liked taking it along as a memento.

Grandfather Franke was also an accomplished organist. He was employed in this capacity in the famous old cathedral of Wetzlar. Being of cheerful disposition, this trait apparently inherited by his grandson, he showed a preference for playing lively march tunes for the postlude instead of the more conventional music. When a young pastor criticized him for doing this he said in response, "Why don't you sweep before your own door; I know what the people like to hear."

Evidently the old gentleman Franke was widely remembered. When we were in Wetzlar during our European trip, we went up to the so-called Metzberg where an elderly lady, popularly known as the Metzkarlin, served us some excellent coffee. She too remembered the old gentleman and pertly remarked, "When I hear the young teachers complain nowadays how difficult the teaching profession is, I say to them, 'Eh, why don't you do like old teacher Franke used to do. When the boys misbehaved, he spanked them, but he never became irritated!'"

After Carl had finished his studies at the *Gymnasium* (a high class secondary school providing humanistic studies) he took a job as an apprentice in a book printing firm where in his usually adept way he soon made very good progress. When his boss heard that the family was preparing to emigrate, he offered him a position as a journeyman. During the time of his apprenticeship, he usually had his meals at his grandparent's home as he felt more at ease there than in his own home. His brother Ernst had meanwhile gone into business.

In 1852, when Carl was seventeen years old, the whole family did emigrate together to Texas (see Appendix A, No. 12). In those days there was no demand in Texas for the book printing trade, while saddlemaking was an excellent business as everyone rode horseback. Therefore, Carl and his friend Carl Welhausen decided to learn this trade with Ferdinand Wolters who later became Carl's brother-in-law when he married Carl's sister Elise. After he had learned this trade, he took leave of his stepfather and went traveling. His first destination was New Braunfels. There he happened to meet Mr. Flato who took him along to Burnet County.

It was on this occasion that I met my beloved husband for the first time. Carl confided to me later that he could not forget me.

There was already quite an interesting German cultural life in New Braunfels. Among other things, there was a singing society which Carl joined, as he always did when he had the opportunity. The little town also had a printing shop, and young Goeth sometimes had to switch between the saddle buck and the printer's bench, thus becoming a useful member of the new colony. He did not remain in New Braunfels very long, however, but went to Ohio to visit an Uncle and Aunt Seeberger (see Appendix A, No. 13). This aunt was the only sister of his father. She seems to have been fond of her nephew. Sometimes she begged him to read to her as he read so beautifully, saying, "*Carl, lies doch noch e bische, du liest so hübsch.*" The uncle though would sometimes admonish him at the table, saying, "Goeth, eat some bread with that." The couple had three sons, Alexander, Anton, and David, all of whom died long before their cousin. I saw a picture of David in a newspaper in the nineties where he was shown as the treasurer of the World's Fair in Chicago. It was during that time that Carl visited the Niagara Falls for the first time.

When Carl returned after two years, his sister Elise had meanwhile married Ferdinand Wolters. He was a very good, capable, and practical man. Carl then went into the saddlery business with him in New Ulm. That too was where his mother resided since coming to this country. Carl and I met again at Christmas time in 1858, and after becoming somewhat better acquainted were married on September 19, 1859. For the first two or three years we were very closely associated with Ferdinand and Elise. I also got to know my mother-in-law very well. I found her to be a well-poised lady of lively disposition, with uncommonly bright eyes. I have already told you of our life in New Ulm (see Appendix A, No. 14).

In our wedding ceremony, Father had admonished us not merely to endeavor to emulate others, but that we should strive to do better. We felt justly proud of this, for he must have seen in us, potentially good and wise people. May our good Father not have been mistaken.

By October 1862, the horrible Civil War had advanced to the stage that my young husband, as also many of his friends, was drafted for army service. Like all Germans, we had remained loyal to the Union, so we fled, so to say, to my parents' home in Burnet County. You can imagine my fright when your grandfather and father had to leave me and our young children to be dispatched

as a “deserter” to Austin. Nevertheless, he succeeded in being taken into the Quartermaster Department under Major James McKinney. Later he served with a company assigned to protect the border against the Indians. Although my husband could not stay at home all the time, at least he was in the vicinity. At first he had to supply the government with a certain number of saddle horns. Sometimes it was rather droll when we walked in the woods, for while I enjoyed the birch trees and other things growing around for their beauty, he only had eyes for the trees and branches for their usability as saddle horns! When a powder mill was constructed at Marble Falls, he was also conscripted to work there. He went there each morning, taking along his lunch box, crossing the Colorado River at a bend in order to get there. Thus he was close by, did not have to leave so early, and could get back sooner. Powder, incidentally, was never manufactured.

We stayed with my parents on the Colorado River until the beginning of 1867. Our brother-in-law, Mr. Wolters, died after the war just when peace conditions gave promise of a better future for everyone. Carl had to look after Elise and her five little boys. He advised her in the settlement of business matters and helped her in every way as best he could. I did not accompany him to New Ulm, because we had already lost our first son there, little Carl, and additionally our little daughter Toni during a visit there after the peace.

Even while the war was still in progress, my husband had planned for our future. He had traded our nice residence in New Ulm for a farm near the Cypress Creek, about fifteen miles from Marble Falls. He also included a horse in the trade, for it would probably have been stolen by the Indians. The region had proven to be well suited for sheep raising, so he bought a herd of sheep from Mr. Varnhagen, husband of my sister Ino. He let them live on the farm until we were ready to move there ourselves with our two children Adolf and Luise. The farm was purchased from Mr. Robert Wolters. We lived there about sixteen to seventeen years. Our first two children, Carling and Adolf, were born under loving care of my husband’s mother at New Ulm. Toni and Luisig were born at the home of Grandmother Fuchs. All the others, Otilie, Conrad, Edward, Richard, and Max were born at Cypress Mill. When the last child was born, I was very ill and the community felt concerned, particularly an elderly American who urged my husband to prepare me for the journey into eternity. Fortunately my Carl had more faith and I recovered under his loving care. How sorrowful it would have been for me had I been doomed to leave my beloved husband and small children just then. Busy as I was, I never found my duties too hard. Often as I sat at a window, occupied with some not so dainty needlework, watching the children at play under one off the many large live oak trees

growing in our valley, as their gay laughter and bright voices touched my heart, I felt that no one could be as happy as I was. Then my hands worked all the faster, and when evening came no one had to wait for his food.

The sheep raising business brought increasing prosperity. Each year Carl could purchase an additional tract of land, and eventually he had constructed four large sheep barns. He bought four smaller farms at the Shovel Mountain and along the hills, where he let the sheep herders live. The numerous lambs – a great delight for the children – were mainly raised near the house under Father’s personal care. (I had long since become accustomed to calling my dear husband Father, while Father Fuchs was now only called Grandfather.) The boys helped a lot when they grew up. However, none of them was particularly interested in sheep raising, unless Max or Eddie might take it up again.

The Goeth ranch became very well known. There were thousands of woolly four-leggers in our herds, and their fleece brought in many a dollar. A particularly busy time was when the sheep were sheared in March or April. The shears clipped away many a day, while the housewife did not complain as she prepared good food in the kitchen for the men. I suppose many swollen hands had to be taken care of as well. But she enjoyed doing it all. Then, after the price had been settled, the wagons, piled high, were driven to Marble Falls. For once my Carl had a soft seat. Naturally it was not all profit, and Carl was very conscientious in paying off bank notes, the stores, and the sheep herders before he thought of himself. But he always had some gold coins left over for his family. One could be sure that he would return from Marble Falls with some new convenience. An American commented, “Mr. Goeth always brings back something nice for his family.” Actually they were things for the house to make my work easier, in that way of benefit to us all.

Strangers would also come to the Goeth sheep ranch to learn from observing its methods. Some odd characters appeared, people who had no notion of country life. One of these was a rotund little man, directly from Thorwaldsen’s sculpture studio where he had engaged in making large-dimension photo studies. First swinging out of the coach came a huge tobacco pouch, almost larger and plumper than the gentleman himself. He peered at the herds and the sheep in utter astonishment, then saying, “Tell me Mr. Goeth, do you raise only mother sheep?” I had best let you guess my husband’s answer. Those who knew him well will visualize the smiles playing around his eyes, while his lips perforce brought forth a serious answer. The next morning the same old gentleman, seeing us doing the churning in a large wooden churn, stood before it in utter amazement as he said, “So that is a churn. I have never seen one before in my life.” You

can imagine that we were rather glad as we saw the tobacco pouch disappearing into the coach as it then seemed hopeful that the guest would soon follow suit. And thus it was. Now of course we know that the wind does not always blow from the same direction, the trees therefore remaining upright. Likewise there was a difference in the types of shepherds who came to our ranch, some of them remaining over a longer period of time actually becoming quite prosperous, in itself a recommendation for our own enterprise.

The first years we lived at Cypress Mill were very wet ones and therefore everything grew prolifically. My flower garden, with its rose bower that the girls loved so dearly, was beautiful throughout the summer. We enjoyed going into the garden together in the mornings to enjoy the beautiful flowers before starting the tasks of the day. I tried early to awaken the young minds of my children to the beauties of nature. And actually all of them did grow up to love these things. There is nothing my city children enjoy more than being in the country to hunt and fish. Indeed it is beautiful on the Pedernales River on a balmy moonlight night, while the fire built underneath the wild grapevines lends a romantic glow to the whole scene. They rest there on their comfortable cots, and they fry the fish and wild game they have bagged as skillful anglers and fine marksmen. They talk together as brothers to brothers. And when they return one can see the look of deep satisfaction on every face.

When our son Conrad was born in the year 1869, it was a rather critical period for me as I was worried about the Indian raids, the serious flood that had occurred, and most of all, I was saddened by the death of my sister Ino in childbed, besides being concerned about the serious illness that Father had. Perhaps these events had in some way contributed to Conrad's serious disposition; while Eddie, born during a happier period, was the gayest of our children. Thus the two brothers complemented one another so that there is a fine spiritual harmony between them. In the days when one was picked up by wagon from Marble Falls, I could sometimes hear the two from far away, loudly singing or in animated conversation. It did my heart good. Although the children may have achieved a higher standard of living than we could offer them, I knew in my heart that they still had the child-like affection for their mother and father. The happy days when your father was joking and laughing with you are past, my sons; as are the days when as children he drove your sorrows away to make you happy again. But I am so thankful when you come, when I can take you by the hand. Do come often, my children. Yes often!

Although I am sad, I shall try to relate a few amusing incidents. Since we frequently hired Mexican shepherds, Father

became fluent in Spanish. For fun he would use Spanish names for the knives and forks, etc. Why a spoon is called a "*cuchara*" he explained: "*Ja, siehst du, man kutschiert eben damit an die Futterluke.*" Another time when asked: "*Ist nicht Maulbeere ein häßlicher Name?*" "*I wo! geht sie doch ganz bequem ins Maul und schmilzt auf der Zunge.*" I am afraid the philologists would not have given our family language teacher a passing grade, nor would the boys have related this to their university professors, better leaving it as a joke.

A close friendship had developed between our family and that of my brother William. He formerly operated a mill on the Cypress Creek in our immediate vicinity. My sister-in-law, Luise (nee Romberg) was almost like a real sister to me. They too had a large family, and as their children and ours attended the same school, our association was all the closer. Each aided and counseled the other. The relationship between Carl and William was more than that of in-laws, although they were so different in temperament. My brother was very good natured, but somewhat ponderous; while Carl was very quick-witted. William was tall and of heavy build, while Carl was of medium stature and slender. Yet they shared many opinions. Following the Civil War period, they already seemed to foresee the unification of Germany and were both delighted when the final barriers had fallen. The Main River boundary had lost its significance and all of the people alike were Germans. Whether they were Mecklenburgers or Swabians was no longer of concern.

The close friendship between the two men continued even after William had established a large ranch elsewhere in order that he might better secure the future of his sons and daughters. After that there was sufficient land that the sons could stay on the places they inherited from their father. John, the youngest who became an attorney, married my granddaughter Patty Wenmohs and established his home in New Braunfels. As I mentioned before, William died suddenly from a stroke, but Luise is still there. Together we can talk of old times now long past, so very long past.

When Carl went to Philadelphia in 1876, he took along 100 sheep as far as Austin to pay the expenses of the journey. I still have the dear letters he wrote me while he was in the East. At my request, he had a photograph made while he was in New York. It shows him with dark hair, but soon after that it began to turn gray. Our son Conrad in San Antonio has this photograph. Our future son-in-law, John Wenmohs, then age 21, also went to Philadelphia and visited an aunt while he was there. Carl saw the Niagara Falls for the second time on this trip.

In 1877, Max was born.

On July 10, 1879, my parents celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. The celebration took place at their home on the Colorado River. It was an inspiring event, and Grandfather Fuchs composed some lovely songs for the occasion. It was in any case a year of many blessings.

In 1882 our big rock house was built, (see Appendix A, No. 15), the house where we have lived ever since and where my beloved Carl closed his eyes forever. His dear friendly eyes! His sight remained good until the last, so that even at an advanced age he could still shoot a squirrel in a tree. He also shot many rabbits which sneaked into our garden. Otherwise Carl did not care much for hunting; he was not a great admirer of the chase. It was different as far as the sons were concerned.

Particularly Eddie was a great enthusiast of the hunting chase after the fox and the wild cat. He tore up and down the hills on the fieriest steeds. What magnificent animals he sometimes brought home as hunting trophies. He also laid out well-hidden traps for the wolves, and in that way caught many a howling marauder of the sheep. He has recently given up the hunting chase though. Probably he has done so for the sake of his dear wife Gussie, and certainly to my satisfaction for I would gladly forego having a fox pelt in order not to worry about him in the night.

I have already written of the marriages of our children, of our daughters-in-law and sons-in-law. I wish only to add that our dear son Dr. Richard Goeth has wed Alma Tips in his second marriage. I can only regard it as most fortunate that she is filling this position which is so often devoid of affection. She is now herself the mother of a healthy son, (Dr. Carl Goeth). How well she has won the hearts of the other children may best be described in a little scene which took place at the coffee table at the John Wenmohs home. Just as all of the guests were seated young Richard threw his arms around the neck of his new mother, saying in German, "*Herr, habe ich nicht eine feine Mama bekommen?*" (Didn't I get a fine mother, Mister?) Doubtlessly the little fellow did not realize how much this meant to his papa and to all of us. I have earlier stated that parents can learn from their children; here was a good example. It was an expression of pure joy on the part of the child upon having again a mother, on knowing that he was loved by one in whom he could have complete confidence. Most of all I was happy for Alma, for now she knew that the place she filled at the side of her husband was as a mother to all of the children.

Now I should correctly write a long chapter concerning Carl's political activities. Those who know my views on political matters will understand that I do so with great hesitation.

I believe that everyone who knew Carl Goeth, those who did not misunderstand him, will admit that his advice in public affairs was of great significance in the county, in the state, as well as nationally; that his support was often decisive in the elections; that he was in correspondence and had personal contact with leading statesmen; that he invariably kept his word; that he supported a cause only after careful deliberation; and that he acted in the interest of the general public rather than in his own personal interests. Peaceable as he was, he was all man in defending his rights, for in defending himself, he was defending the rights of all. He refused to deal with dishonest politicians. He remained incorruptible through all the political wrangling that went on. This was often mentioned by the political candidates, even those he did not support.

During election years, we entertained many of the candidates as guests. He received them all in a friendly manner, patiently listening to their views, but always voicing his own convictions. He gave sound advice to many, straightened out false impressions, and encouraged those worthy of it in their difficult election campaigns. He also appeared as a speaker and on occasion wrote for the press.

Inevitably he was asked to serve in public office which he finally agreed to do. He served as Justice of the Peace. In this office he always advised the disagreeing parties that even a bare compromise would be preferable to a big suit. He usually succeeded in persuading the disagreeing parties to come to terms, so one may say that he was a justice of the peace in the truest sense of the words. He rendered a great service to our Blanco County in that respect. While our son-in-law, John Wenmohs, in his younger years did a great service for the county in ridding it of law-breaking bandits and horse thieves at the risk of his own life, Carl went a bit further in that he made peace-loving citizens of the neighbors who had settled here from all parts of the world. He was entirely fluent in English, and, spiced with his fine South German sense of humor, he often managed to bring the people to terms in a manner that an American could not have achieved.

In 1886, Carl was elected by a large majority to the Legislature in Austin as the representative for Blanco, Llano, Comal, and Gillespie Counties. Mr. Rumpel wrote the following in the *Texas Vorwärts* concerning his work there:

“The young lawmaker has proven himself a real benefactor to his district. His practical business experience enabled him to propose four useful legislative measures, of which the two of main importance have been adopted. It is scarcely

necessary to mention that Goeth was a member of the liberal democratic wing and that he staunchly opposed the placing of any extreme limitations on the rights of the citizens. He served in office for two terms, then retiring to the quiet of his hills to return to sheep raising, together with his sons.” (See Appendix A, No. 16.)

So much for Mr. Rumpel. While Carl was in Austin he was very busy working on his bills and trying to get them passed, but still he always remembered his family at home. I cannot say how much the children and I missed him. The work progressed as usual, but still we missed him at meals and in every possible way. Of course our joy was all the greater upon receiving his letters, so alive with his great love, As I touch them now there are tears in my eyes. Sometimes I have someone read them to me.

Only one more time did Father agree, upon the urging of his friends, to become a candidate, running for the House of Representatives. I believe this was around 1910. We were all glad, particularly he himself, when the election was won by a younger man, for by then he really had reached an age when it would have been too difficult to carry the burdens of the office, even though he was still young in spirit. This was during the time of the prohibition issue when friends sometimes became bitter enemies. Naturally Carl was opposed to prohibition, for he was of the opinion that a citizen of Johnson City did not have the right to prescribe what a citizen of Dallas should eat and drink, although he was extremely moderate himself.

Never at any time did I see him indulge to excess. He would drink a glass of beer or wine with friends or with his sons, but no one ever showed any signs of overindulgence. I almost feel that I am degrading his memory by even mentioning the matter; were it not for the conditions that existed I would not do so. The children may find it odd, and I shall quickly drop this subject that is of so little importance in our family. Father made his own wine at home from the wild grapes growing on his ranch without aid of any form of cultivation. And, after all, should not man enjoy the good things of nature?

To the end of his days Father enjoyed smoking his pipe. Judging by the number of matches strewn on the floor, one might have concluded that his tobacco bill was very high. He rarely smoked an aromatic cigar and the actual amount of tobacco he consumed must have been quite limited, for his pipe went out every half-minute. In the evenings he liked to have an extra cup of tea with his pipe (“*zur Pfeif*”) which I was more than

glad to serve him for it was at such times, especially on long winter evenings, that he often read to me at great length. I had finally grown to depend upon him to do so. As late as the beginning of the century he, together with a young house guest, had read a Spanish translation of Alexander von Humboldt's travel descriptions. He often talked of undertaking an extensive tour of Mexico as he was greatly interested in this country. But after all, "there is no place like home" and he never did take the trip. I shall, however, include an excerpt of his description of our trip to Germany which daughter Luise Wenmohs has saved, for it had been published at the time. It demonstrates his brisk narrative style.

Our Tour of Germany, 1892 – "Berlin! There is so much to see, one does not know what to relate first.

"We found suitable quarters at the Hollstein Hotel in the vicinity of the Anhalter Railroad Station. First we visited the panoptical gallery with its large wax figures, besides attending concerts and seeing art galleries along Friedrich Straße. The ethnological museum on Königgrätzer Straße is highly interesting. There I had occasion to donate a Mexican calling card with artistic feather decoration on it which the museum was glad to receive and placed in their section on Mexico. Nearby is the museum of arts and crafts which we also visited and admired. We spent one morning at the zoo which with its lovely park and refreshment places is one of the major attractions of Berlin. We also spent several hours at the aquarium with its underground rooms and zoological exhibits. Of particular interest are the jelly fish. An officer's orderly, sent there by his superior for a look, reported to him, 'You know Lieutenant, there actually are no such animals as these.'

"We also had a bird's-eye view of Berlin and the surroundings from the top of the Victory Monument. We spent two evenings at Krolls Garden where Boetel, in *Martha*, and Elise Heymann, in *Lucia*, were the guest artists. We experienced a good sampling of Berlin night life at the Belle Alliance Summer Theater where the variety stars performed on a spotlighted open-air stage, while fleet-footed waiters served diversified refreshments.

"All tourists also visit the new Neptune Fountain in front of the king's palace; while a walk along the Unter den Linden, with its attractive display windows and the Brandenburger Tor also must not be forgotten.

"In order to visualize how much more this gigantic city expects to spread out, one must visit its suburbs. Thousands of businesses have already been established in Charlottenburg,

Wannsee, Birkenwerden, etc., and it is only a question of time until many miles of new territory will be added to the colossal capital. After five well-spent days in Berlin, we left there on the 30th of July from the Stettiner Railroad Station in a second class compartment for Ranzie in Pomerania, where a Mr. von Homeyer owns one of the finest estates in Germany. I had been in correspondence with the gentleman for approximately ten years and had imported some of his fine Rambouillet sheep.

“Some of our young Texans would do well to follow the example of this well-organized agricultural undertaking where every foot of land is utilized to advantage. The owner’s residence of the estate at Ranzie is a veritable palace. The wide staircase in the house is made of Italian marble and has a gilded banister. The gorgeous rooms with parquet floors are kept in order by a staff of servants. The manor house is surrounded by the most beautiful flowers, parks, hothouses, and nurseries. All of the paths are kept raked in the beautiful beechwood forest, where the finest wild game is held in preserve. The cattle, kept in various pens and stables, are in first class condition and are of good breeds.

“We were royally entertained as guests from Texas and spent several enjoyable days there and on other neighboring estates. One feels disinclined to advise anyone to emigrate after seeing the truly patriarchal conditions on these estates where the workers are regarded as a part of the family; that is, all of their needs are supplied, and everyone is free to stay or go as they please. Furthermore, their wages are almost as high as in Texas, at least during harvest time; and the workers are assured of steady employment.

“The entire month of August was set aside to visit Mecklenburg, the homeland of my dear wife. We saw a number of our relatives on their large estates at Rostock and Schwerin.

“By luck, we happened to hear at twelve noon the famous musical clock on the great Marien Church in Rostock. At each stroke one of the apostles comes out, passing before the figure of Jesus to be blessed before entering the heavenly gates on the right. Only before the last one, Judas Iscariot, the gate is quickly closed so that he must remain outside until the next noon hour when he is allowed through just in order to see what he has forfeited.

“It is very interesting, especially for people who live inland, to walk along the ramparts where the large Swedish canons are placed, and along the shore where one can see numerous cargo vessels loading and unloading on the Warne. From Rostock (city of seven towers, seven churches, seven portals, and seven streets

ending in the market square) we took a steamer on the Warne River down to Warnemünde. We made our headquarters in Doberan, which we liked very much. But also Warnemünde is one of the most enjoyable sea resorts in Germany, which moreover is advantageously located on both the sea and the river. Along the stream up to Breitling, the rows of small houses, formerly used by fishermen, have been converted into comfortable summer homes, mostly rented to families. People from all countries live together quite congenially for several weeks or months at a time. We stayed at the Kralendorf Hotel for several days where we met some of our relatives and many interesting people. We took an excursion steamer to Heiligen Damm, the aristocratic bathing resort of Mecklenburg, at the same time combining this with a trip on the Baltic Sea. From there we returned to Doberan by local train in order to rest there a few days, for seeing new things and meeting new people daily can also become strenuous.

“Kückenshagen, near Damgarten, owned by a brother-in-law of our Lieutenant Wenmohs, was our next destination. Here, as well as at Wolfshagen, Hohenfelde and other large estates, we had the opportunity to observe some authentic German agricultural methods. It happened to be the harvest season when everyone was busy from early morning to night bringing in the big harvest. Kückenshagen is located in the region where Spielhagen’s *Sturmflut* takes place, and thus may be familiar to many of you. One can plainly see how far inland the Baltic Sea once extended by the sand dunes forming landmarks far inland.

“Hohenfelde, near Lalendorf, together with Wattmannshagen and Friedrichshagen, belongs to a cousin of my wife, Herr Wilhelm Wien, a descendant of one of the oldest families of Mecklenburg. Here too, it was highly pleasant for us. There is always much company from the neighboring estates and there are hunters from the city. One Herr von Standiger was particularly interesting as he kept all of the guests around the large table well entertained while champagne, Rhine wine, and fine cigars were being served. Herr Wien had his wonderful Arabian stallions, which had won prizes in Rostock and Berlin, paraded out for us to see. We also inspected his fine herd of big wool-bearing sheep and his excellent dairy cattle. He also showed us his orchard of American hickory trees, growing in the midst of a beechwood forest. He was most gracious in seeing to it that we were well entertained.”

Those are impressions my dear husband gathered in my homeland. It would seem from what he writes that he liked it. Rightly, I should now describe his part of Germany and the Rhineland in glowing terms. A Rhine journey is no longer a difficult undertaking, but to find the words to describe it,

that is all the more difficult. Therefore, I can only state briefly that the Rhine panorama is indeed one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. There are the marvelous vineyards and the castles of the knights. We visited one of these, the Rheinstein. It has been called the pearl of the Rhine and has been restored in original style. Looking down from its high tower, we saw a view so marvelous that it might easily inspire a poet or an artist to produce a masterpiece. It is a scenery of intoxicating beauty, a dream from which one does not awaken.

We did not undertake any other extensive travels after our trip to Germany. It was not for lack of interest or inspiration, but then we were getting older and felt happier at home. There were new grandchildren and with them new family concerns; and the household needed its head. Our trips to Austin and San Antonio became rarer too, in spite of the many invitations from the children living there. How good it was when they came to see us. Their visits provided diversion, and each time there would be a small celebration. Although we were not indifferent to the outside world, we had always found the greatest happiness within the family circle.

If there was a *Sängerfest* (song festival) within reasonable distance, we always attended; such as the one held in Austin in 1889 which I do not want to neglect mentioning. Our daughter, who later became Otilie Wenmohs, wrote an interesting letter concerning it to the *Texas Vorwärts* where it was published. The letter read as follows:

Dear Mr. Schuetze!

Ever since attending the delightful singing festival, I have been wanting to express my thanks for this most enjoyable occasion. Since you so graciously mentioned in your newspaper, so highly regarded and widely read, that my father and his daughters attended the celebration, I shall take the liberty of informing you that not only we, but our neighbors as well, were highly delighted and enthusiastic about the festival as I am sure all of those attending must have been. I feel certain that your popular newspaper will be receiving many letters of thanks, for it is a nice old custom for the guests to express thanks for the friendly hospitality and wonderful entertainment they have enjoyed.

Rightfully, I should have done so immediately, but the many dear guests we have had prevented me from doing so. It is in any case a very busy season out in the country, but how marvelously easy the work is when the

music performed at this wonderful festival still lingers in our ears, for my sister, Mrs. Luise Wenmohs, plays the piano, I sing, and the boys whistle all of the tunes we can remember that the festival orchestra played. We shall probably continue doing so for a long while.

We had the additional pleasure of hearing the serenade honoring Mr. Walter Tips. And most of all the marvelous ball will remain a highlight of my young days.

If every guest feels as I do that the festival was arranged for their particular enjoyment, they will join me in expressing heartfelt thanks to all of the Austinites who spared no trouble in making the festival as lovely as possible! I sent the two issues of your newspaper with descriptions of the festival and comments on it to my aunts in Germany.

Respectfully yours,

Otilie Goeth, Jr.

From this you may see, my dear grandchildren, that even in Texas one can learn to write a letter in correct German. When Otilie married her Otto from Germany, it was not necessary for him to teach her any German, even when he introduced her to his elegant circle of officers during their wedding trip in Germany. The young woman was widely entertained. Now wasn't that lovely?

Whenever we were away from home, the widow of my husband's brother, Ernst Goeth, took charge of the house, which she did so excellently, this good Aunt Christel, whom everyone loved. One time, however, a minor accident occurred. We had obtained a new churn, a circular one. I suppose the Swede's eyes would have popped out at the sight of it. In Aunt Christel's case, only the milk escaped, for she had forgotten to screw the lid on securely. A few days later, a joking house guest wrote us in San Antonio that Aunt Christel had reverted to using the old churn. This particular gentleman knew about as much concerning butter churns as disk plows, for he had expressed a fear that the new disk plows would probably disrupt the very foundations of the earth. His Hamlet dilemma did not find much sympathy, and the disk plow goes on rendering its service without harm. The man did have one good virtue though; when Father and I would leave early in the morning to go to the Hall, he could be depended upon to take the bread out of the oven punctually on the stroke of eleven-thirty as instructed. Then again, he together with little Wolfgang Goeth, Eddie's son, would get into my highly prized brown molasses cookies carefully stored away in a pottery

jar. Well there are all sorts of little men one must keep an eye on. We always kept in touch with this particular young man, wherever he happened to wander, which he did rather frequently, as he was restless, and I fear, rather aimless.

I have mentioned it several times, but shall repeat it here that a purely idealistic education alone is insufficient. An understanding of the practical aspects of life must be implanted and fostered at an early age. Only then does life become meaningful and young people can become useful members of society. Even a Schiller transplanted into the wilderness would be unable to establish strong roots, for life sets us certain demands that must be satisfied.

Only one more time did we feel an urge to travel, namely to visit our old friends in Cat Spring. Our grandson Fritz Wenmohs, son of the Lieutenant and daughter Ottilie, accompanied us as we wanted to show him the area where his grandfather Carl Wenmohs had lived in early times. Before going to Cat Spring, we stopped to visit our oldest son, Adolf Goeth, and family. He had recently presented us with a fine new grandson. We also wanted to attend the Columbus Day celebration (1911) in the capital city of Austin, where they lived. Many changes had taken place in Austin since we had known it in early days. The imposing capitol building, the wide Congress Avenue, the high light masts, the electric lights wreathing the entire avenue, the many beautiful residences, the University, and numerous other things had appeared since that day when my father had wagered that the railroad would likely reach Austin in the near future. We no longer saw any ox wagons, but instead there were endless rows of automobiles, there were electric streetcars, and wonderful department stores frequented by elegant ladies. We felt somewhat outdated, but still retained sufficient confidence not to lose one another in the big-city whirl. Fritz stayed with the Ernst von Rosenberg family and was highly delighted with everything.

This dear friend of the family has died recently. He had served in the Land Office for many years in an authoritative position. This was a bitter and irreplaceable loss for Max and Marie. This is the sorrowful side of old age, having to see ones dear friends depart one after the other, while it becomes more difficult to accept the inevitable.

But to come back to our trip, on Columbus Day it rained so hard that the parade had to be postponed until evening. Then it rained so hard throughout the night that this old grandmother shied away from continuing the trip, and even the children agreed that it would be better to return home for the time being. And that is what we did, but left Fritz in Austin.

In a way I was glad to be at home so that I could personally congratulate my only living sister on her 80th birthday. The unique celebration took place at the home of Franz Ebeling at Shovel Mountain and was attended by members of her large family, one son even coming from Karnes City, much to the joy of his mother. Our friends in Cat Spring will have to forgive us for not coming. Afterwards we learned through August Kinkier that a reception had been planned for us, almost as it had been in New Ulm fifty years ago. We two old ones were very sorry about that.

I must tell you how Mr. Kinkier happened to be named. When the time for his birth was nearing, his mother said that if it was a girl she was to be named Auguste. But it turned out to be a boy and the mother remarked to me, I was still a young girl, that he could not be named Auguste. I suggested calling him August instead, and apparently no one else had thought of this simple solution. So I hope that Mr. Kinkier will enjoy the name for many more years.

To my deep sorrow, my sister Ulla died last July, 1915, after a bad fall from which she seemed unable to recover. Rest gently dear sister after the many joys and sorrows we have experienced together. So I am now the last remaining one of my large family. It is almost too much. Perhaps it is a sign of their love that my children have made me continue writing my memoirs so that I shall not grow too lonely, for I have so often found consolation in allowing the past to heal the sorrows of the present. I hope the remedy continues to be effective.

How brightly the year of 1912 had started, that year of tragedy for my family. Wherever my old eyes looked, I saw progress and every promise for our spiritual and material well-being.

For the first time our school was served by two good teachers. There were advanced classes, providing our children with a complete high school education. I could scarcely imagine what my grandsons and granddaughters were doing with such mounds of books. But none of them ever let their grandmother feel that they were really "smarter" than she. None of them seemed to be indifferent towards learning the German language and all of them spoke German with me if they possibly could. This always pleased me.

Meanwhile Carl had divided up the ranch between his sons Eddie and Max so that each of them might know where his future lay. Thus they have also found greater satisfaction of accomplishment. The ranch is in such fine condition that I feel confident that my sons will adhere to the adage expressed in *Faust*:

*“Was du ererbt von deinen Vaetern hast,
Erwirb es um es zu besitzen.”*

(To truly possess that which you have inherited from your fathers,
you must first have earned it.)

The tremendous fields of our son-in-law, consisting of hundreds of acres in cultivation, may well be the just pride of our Luise. Also Fritz and Charlie Wenmohs have large farms of corn, oats, and cotton nearby, which they cultivate in exemplary fashion. If their old great-grandfather could just see these two grandchildren he would have to admit that his dreams had been more than fulfilled. That is how it was in the spring of 1912.

On New Year’s Eve the new hall of our club was inaugurated. It is located closer to Cypress Mill Creek and is less dangerous to get to. In former years Carl would probably have held the inaugural address, but now he left the honors and pleasure to Max. I did not go along and while I stayed at home alone entertained thoughts of how valuable such a hall is when it serves the very human need of good companionship. If the members are congenial and make an effort through art and literature to promote the finer things of life, the hall may serve to preserve some of the German customs and ideals that may be of interest to nonmembers of the club as well. Should it ever sink to the crude, the ignoble, one should simply burn it down and strew the ashes in the wind.

After excusing himself to the American guests for holding his address in German, Max continued approximately as follows:

“Ladies and Gentlemen!

“One aim the founders had in mind when they established this club was to foster and retain the use of the German language, that magnificent precise language, a heritage from our parents. It seems to me that the occasion of the dedication of this new hall is a fitting time to recall this aim as well as the many other reasons for the founding of this organization.

“Above all the sociable aspects provided by the organization should be cited, for of course the nicest feature of it is that in this way we have the pleasure of getting together every four weeks. It is true that the various families visit one another less frequently than they did before we had the hall. As for myself and my friends, I know that there are families among us who, although they

are close friends, do not visit one another for years at a time. As I happen to be one of those most lax in this respect, let us not be too resentful about this. Those of you who have had similar experiences will understand what it means to get yourself, your wife, and the children into the car, all dressed up for going calling. So let us not be too exacting about counting the visits.

“I scarcely believe there is another club in which the membership is as congenial as we usually are here. It is precisely for this congenial atmosphere that the club has been known in the past, and we should retain this tradition. Should any small differences occur among the members, every member should take it upon himself to resolve the differences and let peace prevail.

“Moreover, I believe that the members of the Cypress Club comprise the most peace-loving group anywhere to be found. Do you know that I have always attributed the contentment and tranquility of our members to the fact that we men of Cypress Mill have the most beautiful and best wives in the world. Indeed I say the most beautiful and best wives in the world – and I would like to see the man willing to declare me wrong when he gets home.

“I should like to say that it was only through the self-sacrificing effort of the membership that it was possible to celebrate this occasion in our new hall. We owe a vote of thanks to those who helped to complete the construction, and a special vote of thanks to the two master builders and architects, Mr. George Hoppe and Mr. Theodor Fuchs.

“It is our hope that this lovely building may see many, many gatherings such as this one. Therefore let us forget the things about the old hall that were not so nice and not to the liking of everyone and take with us into the New Year only that which is beautiful, elevating, and harmonious, above all, good will to one another.”

I had stayed at home because of the extreme cold, but having heard so much about the success of the inaugural festivities, I expressed the wish to see at least the play which had been performed. My wish was soon granted, for our old friend August Schroeter brought his entire cast to the house where a small stage was quickly improvised. After everyone had been served refreshments, the performance took place. Another big crowd was there, including almost all of the relatives living at Cypress Mill. Some of the guests sat in rows, while others found standing

room only. The play was enthusiastically received and the players, with our Eddie outdoing them all, were overwhelmed with applause. As they say in the theater, Mr. Schroeter won new laurels as the director. The young people demonstrated that they are capable of good theater. I think they will also retain their ability to perform in German.

Of course our loyal friend, Eddie's father-in-law, Mr. Schroeter is now (1915) also in the grave and slumbers next to my dear husband's burial place. In the course of his long life – - Mr. Schroeter lived to be almost 80 – he contributed much, very much indeed, towards the entertainment of people; this had probably been his last "great achievement." How could I have surmised during the happy hours on that New Year's Day at the side of my Carl that the circle present would so soon be dissolved. All were light-hearted and gay.

Luise Fuchs performed her marvelous songs in the parlor, in another room my husband played his customary and beloved game of Skat, the young people scurried in and out in unrestrained joy, the fireplaces flamed with bright warming fires. And yet what was not all to happen even before the moon had completed its cycle? That is why I look back to that day with such great nostalgia.

May we not look back upon the joys of this earth as a lovely gift bestowed upon us by God, though the poets warn us of the illusiveness of these? Indeed you children may well do so too, when the pleasures have been so pure, so free of evil and envy. A person of warm and considerate heart is surely entitled to devote a portion of his life to the enjoyment of harmless pleasures.

Although he may well have been misunderstood at times, my husband was like no other person on earth to me, and the memory of that last year I was to spend at his side remains as something virtually sacred to me. It seemed that the full force of his love and deep understanding in our marriage was all the more manifest as his life, that had been so beautiful, so full, came to an end.

As I mentioned, my eyesight became so poor that I could scarcely read large print, while my husband retained excellent sight. We would sit together in the evenings before the fireplace in our big grandfather chairs. The cheerful light of a lamp illuminated the room we had occupied for so long. Above us we heard the light footsteps of the dear children of our youngest son. We received good daily papers and periodicals which we read with great interest, but Carl had also bought a whole series of

books that he read aloud in his inimitable way. I sat and listened as I worked on some simple needlework, go ahead and laugh you grandchildren, even while I knitted those white socks. The boys liked to wear these in the winter when they went hunting, for they kept their feet warm as they sat around the camp fire; so they told me.

We read such things as *Lay Down Your Weapons* by the Baroness von Suttner, and *Letters He Never Received* by the Baroness Elisabeth von Heyling; but we also read two heavy volumes on the Germans of America by Professor Faust. Professor Faust was an acquaintance of our friends, the Gieseckes, in Denver. Giesecke was a doctor of engineering. His grandson, Albert Giesecke, now also active as an engineer in Washington State, had attended Cornell University where Professor Faust teaches German. Professor Faust had asked him about Grandfather Fuchs. Thus we had come in contact with this highly regarded man and carried on a personal correspondence with him as he was also interested in Texas, particularly its early history. Since we too may consider ourselves as old settlers here, I wrote a number of things for him for which he expressed his thanks very graciously.

My good husband had planned to read to me Harnack's *Meaning of Christianity*, but he no longer got around to this. There is now a whole library of unread books in the house, but my sons do not have time to read them to me.

Since I have just mentioned Harnack, I shall now express a few thoughts on religion, particularly as you children and grandchildren, now numbering more than one hundred, have so often asked me to do this. Know then what my thoughts were on the subject on this 17th day of March, 1915.

I do not believe that there is a heaven or a hell in the medieval concept. There is only one world without beginning or end. And this one world is inhabited by the spirit of the Creator who made and created all, he whom we call God, the dear Lord whose presence we feel, but feel only as we do not lag in our effort to be good. Or as Goethe said, "Man should be noble, helpful, and good, for that alone distinguishes him from all other living creatures."

This is the great teaching that we children took over from our parents, for selfishness was unknown to them. When my beloved father closed his eyes forever, I thought of how he had felt only kindness towards his fellow men. Strict with himself, but lenient towards others; that was his principle.

How thankful we humans should be to our Creator that he endowed us with the mental capacity of correct reasoning, of

distinguishing between right and wrong. There is alive within us some of the spirit of God, but we are only then aware of it when we endeavor to be good. Might we be good without conscientious effort, then goodness would not be of full value, for we value only that for which he have earnestly struggled.

Our mind is the greatest gift God has bestowed upon us. And what vast potentialities God has placed within this mind. The mind cannot create that which is totally new, but “to improve upon that which has already been created should be our highest aim.” For example: Has not man improved upon the fruits of the field until today we can scarcely identify their wild-growing forebears? And above all the flowers, how beautiful they have become through cultivation. More and more we realize that everything on earth came about according to specific laws and must follow certain rules to survive. Without rules, everything would be chaos, without rules nothing could develop; nothing would be satisfactory, the rhythm of music and verse, the grace of the dance in the noble tradition of the Greeks, the symmetry of our architecture and gardens, the proportion in sculpture and painting. The snow flake falling from the sky does not crystallize without rule; and without certain determining laws, even you would not exist, my child. And that is God, the God that is love, the God of the almighty orderly scheme of the universe.

Bear all this in mind and many rare wonders of the spiritual and material world will most astonishingly be revealed to you.

In 1912, my birthday, which falls on the 27th of February, was celebrated in the old tradition. Birthdays are very important events in our family, for we feel that we belong together, no matter how scattered the family may have become.

Some years ago, my cousin Fritz Fuchs moved to the Panhandle region with part of his large family. He bought a large tract of land there, but he still feels homesick for the hills of Blanco County, where among other things he had engaged in raising bees. He was quite adept at this. His wife, Aunt Theodora, visits us too, but unfortunately not very often. They are always welcome guests in our home. Fritz was always a unique personality. He often stays out in the woods alone, there enjoying the beauties of nature. He is most interesting when out camping, for it is there that he feels most at home. Even now in advanced age, his eyes still reflect his unusual sensitivity to the beauties of nature. An artist who found him to be highly interesting painted his portrait. It is a work of art.

Three of our sons have also moved away from here, but they never fail to remember their parents' birthdays, and their

letters, assuring us of their love, are a great joy to us. Mrs. Goeth in Austin would send us early spring flowers; while Carrie Goeth, Conrad's wife, would send us a bouquet of poetry. I should like to insert one of these here. It was written in 1901 and was intended for Carl's birthday on the 7th of March.

*Vater, heute kommst du dran,
Mal sehn, was ich noch dichten kann
Dir zu deinem Namenstag,
Schick's zurück, wenn's keiner mag.*

*Deswegen kannst du noch so schaffen,
So will ich es auch mal machen,
Wenn ich bin so alt wie du;
Hoffentlich kommt's noch dazu.*

*Dir auch wünschen wir fürwahr
Alles Gute nur dies Jahr;
Das du lebst noch furchtbar lang,
Davor ist mir gar nicht bang.*

*Dein Humor ist auch das Beste,
Das steht einmal nun ganz feste:
Bei euch hört man niemals klagen,
Das muß ich ganz offen sagen.*

*Mit Schläfchen vor and nach dem Essen
Kann man ja Gutes nur erpressen,
Und gesegnetem Appetit bei Tisch,
Wirst du bleiben ewig frisch.*

*Ja, du konntest leicht so werden
Mit der besten Frau auf Erden.
Zum Beispiel will ich nehmen heut'
Euch beide "Muster-Eheleut".*

(The poem expresses the thought that Carl Goeth is bound to live for many more years, continuing always to be useful, this being practically assured because of the little naps he is in the habit of taking before and after meals and by his steady good humor. But how could it have been otherwise but that he would be the best humored of men when he was married to the best woman in the world?)

There are many such dear things written for us and my heart mellows as I take the pages in my hand. These touching poems were of course intended only for us parents, and they must be regarded only in that light, for only then can they be rightly

appreciated. They are not intended for those who would regard them with critical eye and should be disregarded by those who have no interest in a simple poem dedicated to mother.

I also find here this little greeting which daughter Ottilie composed in 1900:

*Heut' muß ich es dir sagen,
Wie groß mein Sehnen nach dir ist,
Ich kann es nicht ertragen,
Wenn du so lange fern mir bist.*

*Kaum bist du fort,
Wo wünsch' ich dich zurück!
Und bist du dort,
Es ist mein höchstes Glück.*

*Komm oft in diesem neuen Jahr:
Ist mein Geburtstag Wunsch.
Du mit Vater, geliebtes Paar,
Erfüllt mir diesen Wunsch.*

(The poem expresses the wish that Mother and Father Goeth should come often, for it is their daughter's greatest joy to have them near.)

Then there is the following little poem from dear daughter Luise:

*O Mutter, was du uns bist,
Wir können's dir nicht sein,
Auch sagen dir es nicht,
Am wenigsten im Reim.*

*Nur Lieb' und Güte hat dein Herz
Für deine Kinderschaar,
O, brächten nie wir drum dir Schmerz
Im neuen Lebensjahr.*

(The poem expresses the feeling that there are no words to tell Mother how dear she is to all.)

The following was written by Max in 1893 when he was still a young boy:

<p><i>Zum heutigen Geburtstagsfeste, Lieb' Mutter wünsch' ich dir das Beste. Daß du noch dreiunddreißig Jahr, Inmitten deiner Kinderschaar, In Freud' and Ruhe mögest leben Und nicht in deinem edlen Streben, Für sie das Leben leicht zu machen, Dich kümmerst um zu viele Sachen.</i></p>	<p><i>Hätt' ich des Geldes einen Haufen, Würd' ich dir gar was Schönes kaufen, Doch nun mußt du zufrieden sein Mit einem schlechten Verselein.</i></p>
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(The poem expresses the wish that Mother shall spend another thirty-three years living in joy and peace among her big family of children. It is hoped, however, that she shall not overtax herself in her effort to make life easy for them. Since the writer does not possess the pile of gold with which to buy her the present he would like to give, she will just have to make do with the bad little poem he has written.)

At that time I was fifty-seven years old and was supposed to live to be ninety. When a mother has such nice children, she might actually have the courage to do so. In addition there were greetings from many friends. With each year there were more. Carl answered them all. His writing desk stood out in the corridor, where in the summer he had the lovely Texas Gulf breeze. With his fluent style of writing, always legible and attractive, the task was quickly done. Some may find that his handwriting was more large than dainty, more characteristic than pretty. I will not dispute the matter with the calligraphists who are more objective than I am, but I feel that I should have the privilege of being subjective about it, for even today I can still recognize the stroke of his hand although I can no longer read it.

His birthday too was celebrated in the old tradition with the usual fun and festivity of early times. He did have to be more careful about his diet. He was also subject to light fevers that often caused him to have phantasies. Generally though these were images of a cheerful nature and there was no cause for serious concern. He always retained his enjoyment of a cup of coffee or tea with his pipe, and above all a game of Skat was his greatest pleasure. Invariably when dark clouds

announced the approach of a norther, he would rub his hands in joyful anticipation of the “fine Skat weather!” An ample supply of kindling would be provided for all stoves and fireplaces; there was no lack of warm bedding; the sheep would be driven into protective barns; the horses and cows found shelter in the brush or in the pens; and then the weather could rage as it might. The sons-in-law would get there in spite of any frost, snow, hail, or cold fit only for bears. Soon they were warm again, and who could help but enjoy it. Carl always kept score, and, someone once remarked that his figuring must have been invented by the spirit “Skat” himself, but there was never any doubt about his scores being correct. I was inclined to be glad when he lost, for no one took a loss with greater good humor than he.

It was the same spirit that prevailed at his last birthday celebration, the very last! And why did it have to be then, for there was so much that I might have been thankful for in the next year. For the time being, we had no presentiment of anything, while our life continued in its normally tranquil way.

Now I shall mention something I would rather have left to someone else to say; that a number of my poor efforts at writing were actually published. I am sure that without the encouragement of my husband I would never have agreed to it.

Many years ago, Mr. Julius Schuetze, genial publisher of the *Texas Vorwärts* of Austin, whom I had met in 1859 as a very handsome young man at the Fredricksburg singing festival, had asked me to write an occasional article about the early days of Texas for his publication. As you can see, it was a long, long time before I could get around to it. I could not give the matter much serious thought until later when I had a little more time.

Thus with Carl’s help I did write a number of articles which according to letters I received and what people said, were of wider interest than I had anticipated. Many of the things I wrote about in these articles have been repeated in this little book. Since one cannot plagiarize one’s own writing, and since I would not be able to say it better now, I found it indispensable to repeat some of the material. Both Mr. Schuetze and his successor Mr. Rumpel, to whom I am very grateful, were kind enough to send me several copies of the *Vorwärts*. I will not make any comment on the merits, or lack of merit, of these articles. I have merely wanted to repeat some of the historical data here for the interest of my grandchildren who will not have access to the *Vorwärts*. Furthermore, Mr. Edward Schuetze, son of the founder of this popular newspaper, has recently found it necessary to discontinue its publication. Thus I am no longer

able of keep in touch with my friendly readers. It had been a pleasant diversion for my husband and me to revive old memories while writing these articles. I probably would not have accomplished it without Carl's help in preparing the articles. Now others will have to decipher my handwriting.

Not long after my beloved husband had celebrated his final birthday, I fractured my hip. This was a severe test of my patience as well as that of the entire family. I had been busy in the kitchen as usual that morning when I stumbled over some object there. I did not regard the matter as being very serious, but did allow myself to be put to bed. A doctor was called from Marble Falls who applied a bandage. It was very painful, but I was still not convinced that it was a serious matter.

It is extremely difficult for an old housekeeper accustomed to being very active, suddenly to be forced to lie in bed and to suffer such pain. My aged body probably would not have survived had it not been for the best possible care and endless love showered upon me from all sides, but particularly by my two daughters Luise and Otilie, who dropped everything to help me.

As soon as our son Richard heard of my accident by telephone, he went to Austin by train and from there drove the forty miles by automobile with son Adolf. They also brought along a nurse. But the roads were so bad from heavy rains that the car got stuck in the mud and the poor dears had to stay out on the road all night. When they finally arrived, Doctor Richard applied a new bandage which brought immediate relief. A week later he returned together with his brother Conrad from San Antonio. Thus I did get to see all of my sons who live so far away as I lay in my bed of pain.

I did not understand why everyone was cautioning me to be patient and calm, for I imagined that in a few weeks everything would be all right again. They were aware through the doctor how long it might be before it healed, if at all. But it did heal, probably because of the fine care I received and perhaps too through my will power.

For five weeks I was unable to move by myself. During this time, our big son Eddie would come and gently lift me out of bed into a wheel chair so that I could get out into the fresh air of spring. How different this was from that ride together of so long ago in the wheelbarrow. It was so touching.

Also my dear husband and all other members of the family were so kind, so gentle, as though they could not do enough for me. So I did recover. Soon I was able to walk with crutches, and could even do some writing while sitting in the wheel chair, which provided diversion for me. Only then did I come to realize

in what danger I had been during those first weeks and how much I owed to the doctor, to son Richard, and the faithful nurse. The story might have ended as in "*Ritt Über den Bodensee*" (Ride over Lake Constance), a poem in which the rider dies at the mere thought of the grisly adventure he had just survived. But I was not left to the contemplation of any unpleasant matters, and besides some happy events took place in our family which helped me in my struggle to cling to life.

On April 12, 1912, two great-grandchildren were born at almost the same hour; at Cypress Mill, Milton Wenmohs, son of Charles; at New Braunfels, Marcus Fuchs, son of Johannes Fuchs and his dear wife Patty, daughter of our Luise Wenmohs. Also arriving in May was a fine boy born in San Antonio to Dr. Richard Goeth and his wife Alma. Then crowning it all was the announcement of the engagement of Margarete Wenmohs and Kurt Schroeter. We were all happy and delighted. The wedding was to take place at Christmas time and Father had agreed to make the wedding speech for Gretchen, just as he had done for Patty. Thus there was always something dear to my heart to think about as I lay in my tiresome sickbed.

My dear husband also helped me pass the time by reading to me. Among many other things, he read out of a delightful book my niece Luise Fuchs brought back from Berlin, *Gabriele von Buelow*. It consists of letters dating from that period of classical writers, a time when so many great men lived in Germany, such as the brothers Alexander and Wilhelm von Humboldt, and Goethe and Schiller, who are presented here from a very human side by the imaginative Gabriele von Buelow, a daughter of Wilhelm von Humboldt. It was highly delightful.

Thus the summer went by, fall came, and Christmas was approaching with its wedding plans. I had made an excellent recovery, and everyone was astonished how well I could walk, aided only by a walking cane. We had celebrated a very pleasant Thanksgiving at the home of daughter Luise.

Until the very last day, my husband was entirely his usual self. It was on December 12th that he remarked, as he brought me the milk into the kitchen, "I shall bring this to you for another fifteen years." It was scarcely longer than that many hours before he was resting under the cool ground. His death came as gently as if he had been put to sleep. Today we can look back upon it more calmly as our tears flow more gently, for the sudden transition from life to death weighs less brusquely upon our hearts, while all around us it has grown calmer and quieter. He went to sleep in the fullest sense off the word without any indication of struggle. Eternity had opened its doors to him in friendly fashion, and he entered there to rest, to rest as we

all hope to do eventually. Now his image has become glorified and free of any fault; those small failings every mortal has have all been blotted out, as though by the touch of a guardian angel. If it be true that the souls of the departed ones continue to unfold, then he must be wakeful there among those who slumber; here death holds no horrors; eternal life is the peaceful development of a purified soul to whom the heavenly beings sing:

*“Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
Den können wir erlösen.”*

(Whoe'er aspires unweariedly
is not beyond redeeming.)

A large group of mourners accompanied my Carl to the grave. All of his children were present as were many of our grandsons and granddaughters. A new cemetery was laid out on our ranch. He is the first one to be put to rest there. A wonderful December day was drawing to a close as he left the house; nature itself sent him a last ray of sunshine. It is inscribed in granite on his tombstone in the words *“Du warst unser Sonnenschein”* (You were our sunshine). John Fuchs spoke so beautifully at the grave and emphasized that in him was exemplified true love, a love which forever retained the freshness of youth. Yes, my Carl, that is how it was. You were indeed our sunshine.

CHAPTER VI

MY MOTHER, IN MEMORY OF HER 100th BIRTHDAY

October 14, 1909

Since my great wish to be at her graveside today could not be fulfilled, I would like here to dedicate my thoughts of the day to her cherished memory.

It is not because she was my mother that I regard her as the most kind and noble of women, but because she really was that. It was her life's goal to make others happy, always being self-sacrificing for the sake of others, particularly children. She had a compassionate heart for everyone, even the simplest of men. She seemed to bring out the best in people, as was evidenced in the way they spoke to her. She always attempted to see the idealistic side in people.

There was no room in her heart for the ugly or the mean aspects of the world. One of her favorite sayings was "purity of heart is the noblest of aims, as it was conceived by wise men and carried out by the still wiser."

That is approximately how the saying went. There were a number of lovely axioms which constituted her guide to living. Once when she discussed these with a devoutly religious sister--in-law in Germany, she was told by her, "No Luise, one must have faith in those things which are beyond our understanding." But for that my sweet little mother was far too well enlightened through our philosophically trained and far-thinking father, with whom she was spiritually so close. He and the children were the substance of her life.

This probably explains how she could be entirely happy at his side in spite of their simple, sometimes almost penury circumstances. She had the gift of lending a certain charm to the simplest surroundings as well as to her personal appearance. In this way she supported our good father, who was remarkably undemanding himself, in his sincere belief that we had everything that we needed.

Mother's spirit of contentment was all the more to be admired as she had grown up in circumstances of great wealth

and freedom from care. She probably would have been able to retain her state of wealth and comfort had she and her three brothers and sisters not lost their parents when they were so young. I shall never forget her last words. They were "I am contented." Believing that I had not understood her, she even repeated these words in the most touching manner. She had wanted to console her children with these words.

CHAPTER VII

MY FATHER – A BRIEF STORY OF HIS LIFE

My father, Adolf Fuchs, was such a kind, noble man that he well deserves that his name be held in high esteem. Our descendants will doubtlessly feel grateful to me for portraying his life story here as best I can still do in my eightieth year. Some of the events in his life I have already recorded, so this addition is intended only as a general biographical sketch. The following may shed a little additional light on his way of life that will be of interest to you. I write this so that you children and grandchildren may see how, under truly free conditions, it is possible to overcome any difficulties and that a modest beginning can develop into great achievements.

It was the great hope of your ancestor to see the development of a strong generation of descendants, capable of actively participating in the current tide of events. He himself scarcely had an opportunity to do so, but others of the family did contribute to the early development of the state of Texas as pioneers in agriculture and other undertakings.

My father was born in Güstrow, Mecklenburg, on September 19, 1805. He was the youngest son of the highly respected Superintendent Fuchs. (Adolf Friedrich Fuchs died ca. 1828 in Güstrow). He was only four years old when his mother died, a highly cultured lady from whom he seems to have inherited his great musical talent. His father was an intellectual who found his prime happiness in books. Since young Adolf was also to become a man of learning, he did not receive any guidance in practical matters, which as it developed bore its bitter fruits later. So frequently during the last century young people experienced great difficulties because their education had been purely along cultural lines. I observed this situation so often during my long life in Texas.

At first Adolf was tutored at home. He learned so readily that his father was all the more determined to prepare him for an academic life. He did in fact enter the university when he was only eighteen. Primarily he studied theology at the universities of Jena, Halle, and Göttingen; but he was also very much interested in the study of philosophy, particularly with

Fries at Jena, (see Appendix A, No. 17). He was highly interested in all of the aesthetic things of life. While he favored freedom and valued good companionship, he did not join in the wild escapades of the students. He did seem to be well-liked by his fellow-students, however. He was a very undemanding person and always very kind to his friends, never turning anyone away, but offering help wherever he could. This magnanimity always remained an outstanding trait of character in him, indeed sometimes at the expense of his own family, but none of them ever resented it.

Adolf had studied the violin as a young boy, and he remained devoted to the instrument until he sprained his hand so badly that he had to give it up. His fine natural gift for singing provided a richly rewarding substitute. He cultivated this gift and continued singing into old age. It was a joy and inspiration for many. The violin, however, was not left behind when we emigrated to Texas, where it was put to good use in that strange land of which the name was scarcely known in Europe at that time.

The philosophical ideas which the young theologian had so enthusiastically adopted at first brought him into conflict with orthodoxy. When he preached for the first time, his sermon was criticized somewhat by the church officials as being insufficiently Biblical. We find a delightful description of a similar situation in the novel *Robert*, who likewise did not preach in the Biblical, or orthodox manner (see Appendix D). The influence of philosopher Fries seems unmistakable here. Fries had just been discharged for being too liberal. Some of the young students, however, remained loyal to their master. Since he was barred from the classrooms of the university, they accompanied him on walks. There Fries probably spoke to his young students with less restraint and greater freedom of thought than he would have dared doing in the capacity of a professor. It may have been as Goethe said that one can speak better and more freely under the open sky. In fact, the books of Fries were taken along to Texas where they continued to be read for some time.

He was only twenty-three when he experienced that blissful state which even the Gods have extolled. He was already quite old when he composed a gay poem in memory of his falling in love, expressing that his love had endured and that he knew that she still loved him dearly too. Only those who have known the two will fully appreciate the beauty of their love for one another. The poem reads as follows:

*Ich fragte sie, Kannst du mich lieben?
Da sagte sie zwar nichts.
Doch glänzt in ihrem Auge
Ein Funke Sel'gen Lichts.*

*Auch legte sie ihr Köpfchen
So sanft an meine Brust,
Und hörte drin ein Klopfen
Von namenloser Lust.*

*Und eines noch, das weiß ich,
Daß ich ihr treu verlieb',
Und sie hat mich noch immer,
Noch immer herzlich lieb.*

*Da fragt ich sie nicht weiter,
Es war ja offenbar,
Daß sie mich jungen Burschen
Zu lieben willig war.*

And that truly is how they loved one another when they were married on July 10, 1829. He was not quite twenty-four and she not quite twenty. And that is how it remained, even when they were very aged. They had a long, interesting and adventuresome life together. They experienced many things that they had not anticipated in a country of which the young bride in any case had little conception.

Soon after their marriage Father obtained a position as the *Conrector* (assistant rector/teacher) in Waren. The young couple was not lonesome for long, as the young rector was of a very sociable nature. His attractive personality and spontaneous humor, his singing and his poetic and musical temperament generally, closely shared by his young bride, soon attracted those of similar interests to his home.

It was during this period that he formed a close friendship with young Doctor Kortüm. The two often went hunting together. It was probably their great interest in hunting that made them share in the reading of the novels by Cooper. The two young hunters were deeply impressed by these stories, and for the rest of their lives called each other Hawkeye and Uncas, even when they lived an ocean apart. Most likely the idea of emigrating to America germinated at that time. It was a time when the entire young world was captivated by idealistic thoughts of freedom. Whereas the books of Cooper were first read in the translation, they were now carefully studied in the original English.

After Father had served as the *Conrector* in Waren for six years, he became the pastor in Kölzow. He led a very active life there. On Saturdays he would write his sermons for Sunday. After he had written them, he would have Mother read them to him. Memorizing presented no difficulty for him.

On week days Father liked working in the garden, which he kept in beautiful condition. It was a true paradise for the children in the summer with its fruits of all kinds, its arbors with tables and benches, and above all the large playground!

Naturally there was no lack of music in the parsonage. Notable was the men's quartet which specialized in singing those uniquely sentimental German songs. I remember these gentlemen so distinctly that I could paint their portraits. They were Rector Ellmann, Doctor Huse, and Candidate Stüdemann. The latter was helping Father in studying English as he had spent some time in England. In accordance with practice, Father had of course also learned Latin, Greek, French, and Hebrew. Besides our regular studies in German, the children were taught English at home. By the time we emigrated to America we had at least some knowledge of the language.

Father served as the pastor in Kölzow from 1835 to 1845. The patron of the parish, Justizrat von Prollius, was so favorably impressed with Father that he appointed him to the position without hearing the usual three candidates. I was born in Kölzow and was named Ottilie after the Justizrat Otto von Prollius. I have already told about my Godfather but must add that he visited us often, for he was Father's close friend.

By this time Father had composed a number of songs. In particular, he had also set to music texts from the second part of *Faust*:

*“Nur der verdient sich Freiheit wie das Leben
Der täglich sie erobern muß,”* etc.

(He only earns his freedom and existence,
Who daily conquers them anew.)

He was in any case a great admirer of Goethe, but tended to take too literally the verse:

*“Ständ' ich, Natur! vor dir ein Mann allein,
Dann wär's der Mühe wert, ein Mensch zu sein.”*

(Stood I, O Nature! Man alone in thee,
Then were it worth one's while a man to be!)

As though all learning might be regarded as superfluous! He seemed to believe that if his sons were merely people of high moral conduct, it would be sufficient as a way of living. Later

he became aware of the drawbacks to the children with insufficient schooling. When his grandchildren were growing up, he often said, "Make sure that they get a good education."

I would like to insert here that four of the children were born in Waren, namely those dears Lulu and Ulla, as well as Conrad and Adolf, the latter dying very young. Those born in K \ddot{o} l \ddot{z} ow, besides me, were Wilhelm, Ino, and the youngest, Hermann. We were thus seven children when we emigrated. My mother was thankful as we departed that at least she was not leaving any of her children behind in the cemetery at K \ddot{o} l \ddot{z} ow.

When the extensive emigration movement to Texas began during the forties, there was no holding Father in his homeland. This is not the place to go into the reasons which moved him to make the weighty decision of going into the wilderness with his frail wife and family of minor children. He has expressed his reasons, calmly and clearly, in his farewell sermon. I refer you to this sermon of which printed copies are in existence (see Appendix C). When all of the children were still small, he could not seriously think of emigrating, but when the two oldest were 16 and 14 years old, the long-fostered wish was finally carried out. To his great joy, his friend Rector Ellmann was named as his successor.

The farewell on parting from his congregation was very touching. People came from far and near to see their beloved pastor for the last time and to wish him luck in the uncertain future he was facing in a strange land.

Father was not actually going without any constructive planning, for he had joined the Braunfels Adelsverein, which as we know was headed by Prince Solms as the president. Perhaps this step helped to calm the initial fears of our dear friends at home.

We quickly learned, however, that in a strange land one must always be prepared for sudden changes. When we landed at Galveston, after a difficult journey of ten weeks, as I have already described, we found that continuing the journey to New Braunfels would be connected with such great hardships that we decided to drop all connections with the organization and continue on our own by way of Houston. Everyone was free to do so if he wished; thus there was no breach of contract involved.

So there we were in Texas, where to our extreme amazement, great prairies extended in all directions. I do not know what went on in the hearts of my parents at the time, but as far as the children were concerned, we felt no doubt that they had brought

us to a land where we could do well. Our only desire was to move onward. And we were not to be disappointed.

Influenced by the friendly treatment we were accorded by the von Roeder and Kleberg families, Father decided to buy a small farm at Cat Spring. Here he hoped to realize his glowing ideals and to find freedom, which as Faust states must be earned daily. But alas, poetry and prose are often at odds, for life demands that we have material assets in order to make progress. In spite of all good will and enthusiasm, Father simply lacked the practical aptitude to match his idealistic ambitions. He had to make up his mind to give music lessons. Probably nothing could ever have moved him to undertake such a step while he was in Germany. He did give the children singing and piano lessons at home, but that was as far as he would go. But now it was a matter of making a need into a virtue. He did so out of love for his family.

At the beginning, the plantation owners along the Brazos engaged Father as a music teacher. At that time the beautiful plantations covering large estates were still a picture of Southern charm. The wealthy planters lived a life of luxury amid extensive holdings surrounded by a beautiful countryside, tempting one to a life of sweet idleness. Hundreds of slaves stood by to fulfill every need at a gesture. And the singer with the golden voice was just the thing to entertain the guests. They always remembered him, even when he called on these people many years later.

Father could not stand this life for long and therefore took a more dignified position at the Young Ladies Institute in Independence. There he received a salary of one thousand dollars a year plus earnings as a violin teacher. I scarcely need mention that he used very little of this income for himself. Meanwhile, Mother and the children remained in Cat Spring where my brothers William and Conrad cultivated the fields. Actually, we had all intended moving to Independence so that we could attend school there, but at this particular time (1853) the surveying of the Lüder's land was completed, and we moved to Burnet County on the Colorado River, (I have already told about this land.)

Much as we regretted leaving Cat Spring, it was better for our health. All of the children suffered from anemia. We soon recovered at the Colorado River. You can imagine how difficult it was to provide a home of livable conditions in the wilderness. But my young brothers did everything they possibly could, and soon a house had been put together. Even under those primitive circumstances, our dear mother succeeded in lending a certain air of graciousness to the place so that we soon felt at home there. Father's condition had become worse, however. As he was not

accustomed to hard physical labor, he had developed an extremely painful condition of the bones so that for a long time he was unable to lie down to sleep. His recovery took much longer than we had expected.

Pleasant as it was in our home, our happiness was not really complete until we had acquired a new piano, actually an old one, a very much used one which Father bought at a low price and repaired himself. He could restore an old piano to make it sound like new. He soon developed the trade of tuning pianos. When money was scarce at home, which unfortunately would occur quite often, he took off on a tuning trip to replenish the empty pocket book. He charged only a small fee though, not deigning to accept more when it was offered. Therefore he was always a welcome guest at any house where he cared to stop.

When Father the craftsman had finished tuning a piano, then "Mr. Fox" the artist sat down at the piano, often singing the rousing Texas songs with verses by Hoffmann von Fallersleben which Father and Robert Kleberg had so faithfully translated into English (see Appendix A, No. 4). The appreciation of his music meant a great deal more to him than any money he earned. The small sums of money he brought home did not last very long. Our little mother, noble and good as always, never reproached him for this while we got along as best we could with the little we had, and thus the harmony of our home was never seriously disturbed. How could it have been otherwise with one who was the very essence of kindness and unselfishness?

Even during the worst turmoil of the Civil War, when the life of every Unionist was in danger, Father calmly conducted himself as usual, and he was not molested although he made little secret of his loyalty to the Union. He appeared to regard slavery as a necessary evil, but no one was more pleased than he to see the abolishment of this bondage. He still retained the liberal spirit he had adopted in his youth, so how could he possibly condone slavery when he was himself an exponent of freedom.

Another of his youthful hopes was also to be fulfilled. This was the founding of the new German Reich under William the First and the famous chancellor Otto von Bismarck. He had often seen Emperor William as a young prince in Berlin, vividly recalling the dashing figure as he galloped on his black steed on the Unter den Linden, or in the Tiergarten. I might say that in a sense the reestablishment of the German Reich contributed to the prolongation of his life. In order to understand how this aged man could so relive the turbulent dreams of his youth, one need only recall that the long-held fond hopes and dreams of young German student groups had now finally become a reality.

The golden wedding anniversary of our beloved parents in 1879 was really a double celebration. They had experienced the settlement of political turmoil, both here and over there, a united Germany over there and an undivided Union in this country. Conditions seemed to promise a bright future for the younger generation our good parents saw growing up about them. They must have been happily aware that their big sacrifices had not been in vain, that they had made the right decision and that the promise of Jehovah to Abraham had also been fulfilled for them. Under the circumstances, it was doubtlessly an inspiring occasion. The memory of the lovely celebration has not faded, but lives on today, uplifting and beautiful as the tone of the bell that once sounded in the Sabbath quiet of that village over there in Mecklenburg.

Father celebrated his eightieth birthday with me and my family, as did Mother her seventy-sixth birthday. For the occasion Father composed his final poem, but my husband had to write it out for him as he could no longer read handwriting. It was only a few months, in December 1885, after this birthday that my dearly beloved father died. Mother followed him a few months later, as though it could not be otherwise. They are resting in idyllic peace where they once founded their home on the Colorado River, far away from the turmoils of the world, but not forgotten by any of those who ever came in contact with them. How often my heart is with them, and I am grateful that they were with me as their lives drew to a close.

Now I am seventy-nine years old myself, the last remaining member of my family. I can no longer read what I write, but my inner thoughts have become all the clearer. I believe that these words by Goethe, which Father so often expressed in song, might apply to him as well:

*“Zum Augenblicke dürft ich sagen,
Verweile doch, du bist so schön!
Es kann die Spur von meinen Erdentagen
Nicht in Äonen untergehen!”*

(Then dared I hail the moment fleeing:
‘Ah, still delay – thou art so fair!’
The traces cannot, of mine earthly being,
In aeons perish, – they are there!)

Father was of course too modest to apply these high-sounding words to himself. He did though possess a sublime understanding of the beauties of life and was dedicated to sharing these with

everyone. Although he did not become a world conqueror, an industrial giant, nor a political leader, he did so well succeed in transplanting his idealistic philosophies into the wilderness that even today he is still remembered for this. (See Bibliography; see Appendix A, Nos. 6, 10.)

There was no belittling of Father's concepts at any time, although he lived in an era in which the struggle for greater material gains was alive in both hemispheres. His descendants now number in the hundreds. His favorite saying "Noble is man, helpful and good" (Goethe) should apply to them as well. I am very happy to see that this rare virtue is being practiced even by the younger generation. Repeatedly we see the outgrowth of his great love for music. Even among those whose household duties leave them very little time for practicing, we hear playing and singing for the sheer pleasure of it. How could it be otherwise then that Father's songs are regarded as virtually immortal by his descendants:

*"Die Liebe ist ein Edelstein,
Sie brennt jahraus, sie brennt jahrein
Und kann sich nicht verzehren."*

(Love, like a precious stone, glows year after year and cannot disintegrate.)

I would like to have this sung at my grave. (Words by Herwegh and music by Adolf Fuchs.)

Now in my old age – so old that I feel like resting even after the simplest bit of housework – when I become engrossed in reminiscing, it deals most frequently with my dear parents. The complete harmony and consideration between them was indeed exceptional. It was always Father's greatest concern to make Mother happy, she who had adapted herself for his sake to the primitive living conditions of Texas, who never complained that she desired something better, or who never upbraided him for not approaching life in a more practical manner. He never forgot to compose a poem for her birthday, in gay, serious, or even humorous vein. Often too he made up songs for her which he would play on the piano. It was eleven years after we had landed at Galveston that we were fortunate enough to obtain one again.

The Muses never failed him, no matter what he happened to be doing. Even behind the plow, his mind was occupied with composing poetry and music, or just thinking up new words for old melodies.

On one occasion Father had gone with his two oldest boys and his nephew Fritz Fuchs to the Clear Fork of the Brazos to inspect some land there. This was in the time when one still had to stand guard at night because of the Indians. He too did not shy from taking his turn as night guard; and while the younger men slept, he composed the following poem:

*“Steh ich in finstrer Mitternacht
Einsam auf Indianerwacht,
Und träf’ ein Pfeil ins Herz hinein
Ich trüg’s geduldig, trüg es still,
Und dächt’ es wär’ wohl Gottes Will’;
Doch eh’ ich schließ’ die Augen zu,
Mein letztes Denken wärest du.”*

(The poet expresses the thought that should an Indian arrow pierce his heart as he stands guard in the dark night, he would take it calmly and quietly, regarding it as God’s will. And yet before he would close his eyes for eternity, his last thought would be of her, his wife.)

Father was always blessed with a marvelous trust in God in spite of his broad-mindedness and liberal attitude in religious matters. It was particularly his striving for religious freedom which moved him to leave Germany, but these views certainly did not mean that he became a disbeliever. He liked to use the expression “my Creator” instead of saying God, but in moments when events were beyond human help he would say “with God’s help.” The line in the poem which states “and believed it God’s will” is therefore not an empty phrase, but was rather the wording of the mature man expressing his inner thoughts as he faithfully stood guard while the young slept at his feet.

At that time there were still herds of buffaloes and antelopes in the region. My brothers had arranged that Father would have an opportunity to shoot a buffalo. He was delighted. Before he went into the ministry he had been an enthusiastic hunter. Those were the days when Hawkeye and Uncas went hunting on the grounds of estates in Mecklenburg, stalking through rough lands and meadows. I wonder if he recalled those days of the Cooper novels as he saw the buffaloes stretched out before him? On the land which they had inspected on this trip there is now a bridge spanning the Brazos River and a small town named Lueders.

The following is one of his humorous poems which he composed while he was away on a piano-tuning trip, even then his poetic bent not failing him:

*“O, wie schön ist’s zu wandern
 Von einem Land zum andern!
 Da weicht aller Gram und Schmerz,
 Da schlägt so frei so leicht das Herz!
 Daheim in den vier Pfählen
 Pfllegt manches mich zu quälen.*

*Doch so schön, o, so schön ist’s zu wandern
 Von einem Land zum andern.
 Was meinem Herzen wohlgefällt
 Liegt in der weiten, weiten Welt!
 Daheim saß ich gefangen
 Im sehnlichen Verlangen.”*

(In these two stanzas the poet expresses his enjoyment in the freedom of wandering from land to land, rid of the problems he would be facing at home.)

When Father sang these two stanzas for his friends, they said, “But what will Mother Fuchs have to say about that?” He quickly added a third stanza which says:

*“Ach, freilich in der Fremde hier,
 Da lächelt niemand freundlich mir,
 Wer kümmert hier mein Sehnen?
 Wer fragt nach meinen Tränen?
 Drum schön vor allem andern
 Ist’s heimwärts doch zu wandern.”*

(In this stanza the poet admits that although it be nice away from home, who is there to show him a friendly face, who cares about his wishes, who asks about his tears. He concludes that after all the best place to wander is towards home.)

When Father had finished his song, dear little Mother said, “It is too late now, you have already given yourself away in the first two stanzas.” But, of course, she did not really take it amiss. I would like to quote one other poem and song which Father wrote not long after we had settled in Texas. I can still see him sitting there under a tree as he wrote and hummed to himself:

*“Wenn der Sänger ziehet durch den wilden Wald,
 Und sein Lied durch Blüten, Laub und Zweige schallt,
 Nun wie leises Weh'n und nun mit Sturmes Gewalt,
 Dann neigt alles, was da lebt, ihm sein Ohr,
 Selbst der Blumen Auge schaut zu ihm empor,
 Und die Vöglein alle stimmen ein im Chor:
 Alles, alles freut sich seiner Lieder,
 Gar der kahle Felsen hallt sie wieder.*

*Wenn des Sängers Lied ans Ohr der Menschen dringt,
 Wenn es im Palast und in der Hütt' erklingt,
 Wenn es Lieb' und Lust und Kampf und Freiheit singt,
 Ha, wie hebt sich da so mächtig manches Herz,
 Ha, wie klopft so manches dann in Lust and Schmerz
 Manches heitres Auge blicket niederwärts
 Denn der Sänger weckte tiefes Sehnen,
 Und ins heitre Auge dringen Tränen.*

*Heil, o Heil dem Sänger, welchem das gelingt,
 Der dem Menschenherzen heil'ges Feuer bringt,
 Wenn es Lieb' und Lust und Kampf und Freiheit singt!
 Schön ist's singen wohl im wilden Wald,
 Wo sein Lied durch Blüten Laub und Zweige schallt,
 Aber dreimal schöner, wenn es wiederhallt
 In dem Dome gleichgestimmter Herzen,
 Unter gleicher Lust and gleichen Schmerzen.”*

This song was frequently sung in our family and is probably still the most popular of Father's compositions. After much persuasion, he finally put them down in a note book. (See Appendix A, No. 18.) I will not allow myself any comment on the artistic merit of these songs, but they always seemed exhilarating when the poet-composer performed them at social functions.

Father modestly refrained from calling himself a poet, or a composer. None of his works have been published. It sufficed him if his close friends enjoyed hearing them. He was always the irresistible improviser, providing surprises and charming his listeners with his spontaneous inspirations.

He was an imposing figure, but was never corpulent. His forehead was high and he had thick wavy hair which had the feel and shine of silk. He had a natural grace and refinement of manner so that in spite of his simple clothing, he cut an elegant figure. One immediately recognized in him a man of high ideals. There was no affectation or artificiality about him. He was in the truest sense a gentleman. His language was straightforward and unstudied, therefore sincere. He never assumed the airs of

a German intellectual, although it was obvious that he was well informed in the field of philosophy as well as the exact sciences and that he knew the language of these branches of learning.

Above all he was loving and always gallant to his delicate little wife. When they arrived somewhere by wagon, he would lift her out, keeping her in his arms until he set her down on the veranda, in spite of her protestations to put her down. Thus he set an atmosphere of good humor the moment he arrived which lasted until his departure.

At times he could be quite frolicsome, as on one occasion when he improvised the following song at the piano:

*“Was reimt sich wohl auf Frauenzimmer?
Nimmer, schlimmer, immer.
Denn besser werden sie doch nimmer,
Im Gegenteile schlimmer.”*

(In this song the poet teasingly points out that as the words rhyme, women never improve, but only get worse.)

This was going a bit too far, even for our gentle little mother. “Father, what in the world are you singing there,” she remonstrated, while completely ignoring this, he continued as follows, accompanied by the most sentimental of melodies:

*“Und dennoch lieben wir sie immer,
Und keiner bleibt von Liebe frei.”*

(But we love them just the same, for no one can do without love.)

This time there were tears in Mother’s eyes. Smilingly he turned to granddaughter Luise (Mrs. Wenmohs) and said, “I shall never put that one on paper, but keep it in your head, Luising.” Even now in 1915 she has not forgotten it and sings it as she remembers her grandfather very distinctly.

It is not surprising that the grandchildren always wanted their grandparents to relate their

stories without end. Mother was exceptionally gifted in that respect.

Here follows Father's last poem, dictated ad lib when he was eighty, as he could no longer write:

*“Meinem lieben Weibe
Zum 76ten Geburtstage.*

*Ist's denn wirklich so? Du bist heute 76 Jahr?
76? Seit dein Mütterchen dich einst gebar?
Ja, so ist es, was sich macht, das macht sich,
Bin ich selbst doch schon seit wenig Wochen achtzig.*

*Es sind wirklich wahrhaftig sieben Jahr',
Seit einst unsre Goldne Hochzeit war.
Und nun fragst du, war's auch gewiß ein glücklich' Paar?*

*Nun, bisweilen gab's ein bischen Zank,
Aber meistens, Gott sei Dank,
War das Zanken bald vorüber,
Und dann hatten wir uns desto lieber.”*

(The poem is dedicated “To my dear wife on her 76th birthday.” Its lines state: Can it really be true that you are 76 years old today? Is it really 76 years since your mother brought you into the world? Yes, it is so, what will be, will be. I myself am eighty for several weeks now. Imagine, it has actually been seven years since we celebrated our golden wedding. And now you will ask, were we really such a happy couple? Well on occasion there was slight disagreement, but usually, thank goodness, it was soon forgotten, and then we loved each other all the more.)

Any man who all of his life wrote his wife such charming verse for her birthday must have loved her very much indeed.

CHAPTER VIII

CONCLUSION

Now my dear children and grandchildren, I have come to the end of my story. I must leave it up to you to judge whether I have succeeded in giving you a clear picture of our family life.

At the moment our old fatherland, Germany, is surrounded by a vast army that aims to destroy the existing empire. Now I wonder if this simple story does not become entirely insignificant when the world conditions are so horrible, for as the universe is endangered, so will the individual be destroyed. It is impossible for a field commander to know each one of his soldiers; and yet, dear children, remember that were it not for the individual man, there could be no whole. Within the realm of the nation, the family is the individual. Only then when individuals hold steadfastly together, can the nation develop to fulfill its greater aims. I am convinced that the nation cannot achieve its goals without the inner harmony of the families, without good will between neighbors and friends. Without these conditions, a nation cannot maintain itself and must eventually fall. I hope that I have at least in a modest way succeeded in showing how a nation's culture, here for example the finer things of German culture, is passed from generation to generation through family traditions.

Let our social life grow as complex as it may, our state political affairs grow increasingly intricate, the scientific world make undreamed of discoveries, were it even that the invisible spirit became discernable to our eyes; none of this must be permitted to minimize the importance of a family life such as that which we have attempted to realize. Even as my father said in his wedding sermon to me and my bridegroom, I invoke you my dear children and grandchildren: "Do not follow our example; you should do better than we did."

APPENDICES

A P P E N D I X A

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES

Correction of Name Rümker: In the original German of this book, the name of Otilie Goeth's

1.

mother has been printed as Ruencker throughout. The correct name is Rümker as shown on her tombstone in the old Fuchs family cemetery at Tiger Mill on the Colorado River, near Marble Falls, Texas. Additionally, an existing place card used at the golden wedding celebration of Adolf and Luise Fuchs in 1879 shows her maiden name as Rümker.

2. Adelsverein: The Adolf Fuchs family emigrated to Texas, landing at Galveston on January 10, 1846, under auspice of the *Verein zum Schutze Deutscher Einwanderer in Texas* (Society for the Protection of German Immigrants in Texas). It was also known as *Mainzer Adelsverein* (Nobleman's Society of Mainz), as *Braunfelser Adelsverein*, or simply as *Adelsverein*. (See *History of the German Settlements in Texas, 1831-1861*, p. 66, by R. L. Biesele.)

3. Rümker Porcelain: Among belongings which the Adolf Fuchs family left in Germany when emigrating to the wilds of Texas was an exquisite set of porcelain on which were painted miniature portraits of the Rümker children and their parents, Theodor and Helene Ruemker, nee Wien. (Mrs. Julia Schnelle of Marble Falls, Texas, was told this by her maternal grandmother, Ulrike Fuchs Matern.)

4. "*Der Stern von Texas*" (The Star of Texas)

*"Hin nach Texas! Hin nach Texas!
Wo der Stern im blauen Felde
Eine neue Welt verkündet,
Jedes Herz für Recht und Freiheit
Und für Wahrheit froh entzündet
Dahin sehnt mein Herz sich ganz.*

*Hin nach Texas! Hin nach Texas!
Wo der Fluch der Überlieferung
Und der alte Köhlerglaube
Vor der reinen Menschenliebe
Endlich wird zu Asch' und Staube
Dahin sehnt mein Herz sich ganz.*

*Hin nach Texas! Hin nach Texas!
 Wo die Pflugschaar wird das Zeichen
 Der Versöhnung und Erhebung,
 Daß die Menschheit wieder feiert
 Ihren Maitag der Belebung –
 Dahin sehnt mein Herz sich ganz.*

*Hin nach Texas! Hin nach Texas!
 Goldner Stern, du bist der Bote
 Unsers neuen schön'ren Lebens:
 Denn was freie Herzen hoffen,
 Hofften sie noch nie vergebens.
 Sei begrüßt, du goldner Stern!"*

Upon the departure of Pastor Adolf Fuchs for Texas in 1845, the above song was dedicated to him as a farewell by the composer, the renowned German lyric poet and songwriter, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, particularly famed as the originator of the German national anthem.

Hoffman von Fallersleben wrote, collected, and privately published lyrics for thirty-one songs dealing with Texas and the German immigration to Texas. The lyrics were published in a small book entitled "*Texanische Lieder*" (Texan Songs) which Fallersleben had printed in limited edition in Hamburg-Wandsbeck in 1846. This book is mentioned in his autobiography, *Mein Leben* (My Life) published in 1868 by Carl Rümpler of Hannover, Germany. The first song in this collection is "*Der Stern von Texas.*"

Following are translated excerpts from Hoffmann von Fallersleben's autobiography describing in his own words his farewell to Adolf Fuchs in 1845, while there had been one previous entry in the autobiography dated 19 April, 1844 mentioning a festive dinner he had attended at the Otto Wiens' at Hohenfelde where Pastor Fuchs was one of the guests:

"October 1, 1845: I am staying for a few days at Hohenfelde at the estate of Otto Wien, father-in-law of Adolf Fuchs. I wanted to leave, but Wien asked me to stay until the arrival of Pastor Adolf Fuchs, who has resigned from his position as pastor of Kölzow and is emigrating to Texas.

"On the 9th of October, late in the evening, the emigrants arrived, i.e., Fuchs, his cousin, and Franke. We had an animated conversation about Texas. Fuchs, who has a lovely voice, sang several of my songs, all having a bearing on his emigration. There were tears in our eyes.

"The following day we talked almost exclusively about emigration and Germany's present state and its future. Considering my

present situation, I too should emigrate. . . .” (Note: Hoffmann von Fallersleben did not emigrate to Texas, although he was urged to do so by the Society for the Protection of German Emigrants in Texas, offering him 300 acres of free land with a log cabin and the promise of naming a town in his honor.)

“And thus I wrote a farewell song for my dear Fuchs: ‘*Der Stern von Texas*’

<i>Hin nach Texas, hin nach Texas</i>	(On to Texas, on to Texas
<i>Wo der Stern im blauen Felde</i>	Where the star in a blue field
<i>Eine neue Welt verkündet</i>	Proclaims a new world
.

“On the 11th of October I accompanied the emigrants to Güstrow. Once again we sang ‘On to Texas.’ It was a sad farewell.

“There followed some quiet days. I was in a contemplative mood, but very restless. On the day when the ship with the emigrants sailed for Texas I was very sad and shed many tears.

“By the end of April the printing of the songs was completed. In spite of the meager materials available to me, I felt so much at home on the subject of Texas that I could write poetry about and for Texas. . . . The book has the following title:

Texanische Lieder

(Texan Songs

*Aus mündlicher und schriftlicher
Mittheilung Deutscher Texaner*

Based on oral and written materials
of German Texans

*Mit Singweisen
San Felipe de Austin
Bei Adolf Fuchs & Co.*

With Musical Accompaniment
San Felipe de Austin
Adolf Fuchs & Co.)

The edition was very limited, and the little book soon became a great rarity. Even I have only two copies left.”

Inasmuch as Hoffmann von Fallersleben was at times in trouble with the ruling authorities of the country, because of his writings on freedom in pre-revolutionary times before 1848 in Germany, he sometimes used a pen name, or otherwise disguised the origin of his writings. Therefore “*Texanische Lieder*” does not show his name, but rather seems to indicate that the songs were published in San Felipe de Austin by Adolf Fuchs and Co., and that the texts were originated by German settlers in Texas. At least some of the songs, if not the greater part, are Fallersleben’s own. “Sturm Lied am San Jacinto,” “Der Deutsche Hinterwäldler,” and “Liebeslied eines Ausgewanderten,” are included in the handwritten book of compositions by Adolf Fuchs with the texts attributed to von Fallersleben. These three songs were translated into English by Adolf Fuchs.

An original copy of “*Texanische Lieder*” is located at the Stadt und Landesbibliothek of Dortmund, West Germany, and another in the library of the Germania Männerchor (or Lincoln Club) in Chicago. A photocopy of the book is located in the Eugene C. Barker Texas History Center of The University of Texas Library in Austin, Texas.

The song “Star of Texas” which Hoffmann von Fallersleben dedicated to Adolf Fuchs on his departure for Texas also appears as a theme song in Hoffmann von Fallersleben’s opera *In Two Worlds (In beiden Welten)* which concerns emigration of Germans to Texas and their adventures. (See Hoffmann von Fallersleben, *Mein Leben*, Volume IV, pp. 264-266 and 278; and Volume V, p. 152, published by Carl Rümpler, Hannover, Germany, 1868.)

5. Ships List: A list of ships from Europe with immigrants to Texas shows that the *Gerhard Hermann* sailed from Bremen on November 13th, 1845, and landed at Galveston on January 10, 1846. Among the 153 passengers were Pastor Adolf Fuchs, his wife Luise (nee Rümker) and their seven children, Lulu, Ulrika, Conrad, Otilie, William, Ino, and Hermann. They are shown as coming from Kölzow, Mecklenburg and settling in Austin County in 1846. With them were two nephews of Adolf Fuchs, Heinrich Fuchs and Ludwig Franke. (See *A New Land Beckoned, German Immigration to Texas, 1844-1847*, Compiled and Edited by Chester William and Ethel Hander Geue.)
6. Adolf Fuchs as Music Teacher at Baylor College: In 1937, an article by Dr. Lota M. Spell in *The Southwestern Musician* concerning the early musical life at Baylor College refers to

the memoirs of Horace Clark, Jr., son of the president, quoting his statement: “Especially did my father show discrimination in judgment in selecting music teachers. One was Dr. Adolf Fuchs, Fox we called him, who came from Germany; my father considered him one of the most cultured men he had ever met.”

Dr. Spell goes on to mention: Dr. Fuchs was one of the first German composers in Texas, that an extant manuscript volume of some hundred pages gives evidence of his ability, that ability being inherited by a grandson, Oscar Fox, the well known song writer.

Likewise the article states that in 1857 sixty students were enrolled for instrumental music under Louis Franke (nephew of Adolf Fuchs), professor of French, German, Piano, Guitar and Voice. (See *The Southwestern Musician*, Volume 3, No. 7, May-June 1937, page 7.)

7. Fuchs Family Cemetery: The cemetery is located on Oak Lane in the Cottonwood Shores development on the south side of the Colorado River southwest of Marble Falls. Pastor Adolf Fuchs and his wife Luise (nee Rümker) and various of their descendants are buried there. Although the area has been developed as a new residential area, the cemetery has been preserved as a site of historical interest. Mrs. Richard Schnelle was instrumental in bringing this about and was also instrumental in the planning of the Oscar Fox monument located just south of Marble Falls on US Highway 281.
8. Goeth Log Cabin, Cypress Mill: It is of interest that the double log cabin in which the Carl Goeth family lived at Cypress Mill from 1867 to 1883 is still standing. It has now been converted to use as a barn.
9. Geniality of Carl Goeth: The affable disposition of Carl Goeth seems to have become something of a legend in his territory. At one time when a bull he had just purchased was killed by the old bull, who seemed to resent the intrusion, he did not long bemoan the fact but stated, “That is not so bad; at least it was not one of us.” (This story was related by Mrs. Katherine von Merz, who was a guest on the Goeth ranch at the time.)
10. Influence of Pastor Adolf Fuchs on Cultural-Educational Life in Texas: It is evident that Pastor Fuchs influenced the cultural-educational life of pioneer Texas times as illustrated by the fact that his works and way of life have been described in various books and articles (see Bibliography), as also at the 1968 World’s Fair, or Hemisfair,

in San Antonio, Texas. The Institute of Texan Cultures, as a part of its Hemisfair exhibit and for its permanent files, assembled various materials on the story of his life. A portrait of Adolf Fuchs shown in the Institute of Texan Cultures during the Hemisfair was inscribed as follows:

“1849 – PASTOR ADOLF FUCHS

Typical of the pioneering drive of Texas Germans for publically-supported education was the petition* of Pastor Adolf Fuchs to the Legislature for financial aid to the Cat Spring school, in 1849. This was the forerunner of a petition by Texas Germans for general State support of public schools, the first promotion of this now-accepted practice in Texas. Pastor Fuchs left the ministry and tried farming, then became interested in education. He taught music at Baylor Female College, Independence, before moving to Cypress Mill (sic), in the Hill Country, where he died.”

*Following is the text of the Adolf Fuchs petition for maintenance of a school at Cat Spring – filed in the Archives Division of the Texas State Library:

“To the Hon. Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Texas

Thirty German families at Cat Spring and in the neighborhood, feeling the necessity of having an English school for their numerous children, are building a convenient schoolhouse, and the underscribed is appointed their first teacher.

But, though these families are convinced that a school is an indispensable requisite to them, as well as that English schools are undeniably the best way to Americanize the German population of Texas and to make good citizens of them and that good schools are undoubtedly the bulwark of the Republic (sic) – still most of the said families are poor and accordingly their means insufficient to maintain a good school. On the contrary, their exertions will probably be of little success, if not quite lost, unless the Government of the State of Texas will sustain them. They hope, therefore the Government will not refuse their request, and the Senator of their County, General Portis, will be their Intercessor

Cat Spring
October 29, 1849

Adolphus Fuchs

in the name and commission of
30 German families of Cat Spring
and neighborhood.”

Further, the Institute of Texan Cultures exhibited a portrait of Hoffmann von Fallersleben with the following inscription relating to Adolf Fuchs:

“1846--HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN

When a group of Germans headed by Pastor Adolf Fuchs of Mecklenburg were sailing for Texas, early in 1846, the famous poet Hoffmann von Fellersleben, wrote a song, “The Star of Texas,” in honor of the occasion. Soon he wrote a score of other Texas songs, published them in a small German songbook, and sent them to his Texas friends. His *‘Texanische Lieder’* became the most popular source of German Texas songs in the new country. Von Fallersleben is best remembered as the author of ‘Deutschland Über Alles,’ the German national anthem.”

11. Identification of Carl Goethe: The birth certificate of Carl Goeth, filed in the archives in Wetzlar, West Germany, shows his full name as Anton Karl Ludwig Goeth. As shown on original documents of the United States Register’s Office in Blanco County, Texas, he signed his name as Charles Goeth. Generally, however, he used the name of Carl Goeth, or Carl Alexander Goeth.
12. Emigration to Texas of Goeth-Berner Family: In 1852, Anna Elisabeth Luise Henriette, nee Franke (see 14), with her second husband Robert Friedrich Berner, her children of her first marriage (Ernst Goeth, Carl Goeth, and Elise Goeth), and the children of her second marriage (Friedrich Emil Berner and Richard Berner) emigrated to Texas and settled in New Ulm. A third son, Felix August Berner, was born to this union at New Ulm in 1853.
13. Naturalization of Carl Goethe: Carl Goeth made application for American citizenship at the Austin County Court House soon after his arrival in Texas. He was issued a certificate of naturalization on August 25, 1857, at the County Court of Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio.
14. Mother of Carl Goethe: Anna Elisabeth Luise Henriette Goeth (nee Franke) was born on June 19, 1813, in Wetzlar, Germany. She died on June 10, 1868, in New Ulm, Texas. She is buried in the New Ulm cemetery near the site where she had settled in 1852. Her tombstone is inscribed Lisette Berner. A

lovely portrait painted ca. 1836 by Carl Geibel, renowned Wetzlar artist, shows her as an attractive young woman of obvious charm and spirit. A matching portrait shows her first husband Anton Christian Goeth, who died in Wetzlar in 1848.

15. Carl Goeth Residence: The two-story rock house built in 1882 at Cypress Mill, Texas, near the Shovel Mountain, by Carl Goeth is still an important and beautiful landmark of that area. It is now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Youngblood. Mrs. Youngblood is a granddaughter of Carl Goeth.
16. Political Career of Carl Goeth:

- a. Representative, Twentieth Legislature, State of Texas. –

Carl Goeth served as a Representative in the two sessions of the Twentieth Legislature in 1887 and 1888. He was a member of the following standing committees: Educational Affairs, Revenue and Taxation, Federal Relations, and Penitentiaries.

He addressed the House to nominate Mr. Kinney of Blanco County for Enrolling Clerk.

He introduced the following House Bills in 1887:

- (1) To authorize the Commissioner of the General Land Office to issue patent for 320 acres of land in Gillespie County. (Passed.)
- (2) To compel railroad and other corporations to establish public offices in the State, to keep books for inspection, and to compel them to report their true status to the Governor and Comptroller. (Reported favorably, but not reached.)
- (3) To amend Article 4404 to exempt teachers from road tax. (Reported adversely.)
- (4) An act to issue bonds for authorizing construction of bridges and levy a tax to pay for same. (Reported favorably, but not reached.)

(Source: Journal of The House of Representatives of the Twentieth Legislature, State of Texas, Austin: Triplet & Hutchings State Printer, 1887.)

April 19, 1888, he presented a petition from the citizens of Llano County asking for a geological survey of our State. (Referred to the Committee on State Affairs.)

May 12, 1888, he submitted a resolution that the members of the Twentieth Legislature tender their appreciation for the Drill and Dedication Association of Austin for kindly furnished complimentary passes and courtesies. (Adopted.)

(Source: *Journal of the House of Representatives of The Twentieth Legislature*, Extra Session held April 16, 1888, Austin; Hutchings Printing House, 1888.)

- b. *Personnel of the Texas State Government with Sketches of Distinguished Texans*. – This book, compiled and published by L. E. Daniell, Austin Press of the City Printing Company, 1887 contains the following:

“Carl Goeth was born March 7, 1835 in Wetzlar, one of the former imperial free towns of Germany, now a part of the Rhenan province of Prussia. After a course in the public school, he entered the Royal College of his native town, where he studied classics and mathematics, his grandfather, Ernest Franke, being one of the professors. At the age of sixteen, he learned the trade of compositor, emigrated with his parents to the United States in 1852, and landed in Galveston July 4, from where the family started with an old-fashioned ox-team towards Austin County, and bought there a farm in cultivation, with all the stock, on the identical spot where now the small town of New Ulm is situated.

Here the young man worked at the farm and helped to reap the first year’s crop in the fall of the same year, ten bales of cotton and fifteen hundred bushels of corn. Three years afterwards, his only sister having married a saddle-maker, young Goeth connected himself with his brother-in-law in the then quite profitable business. After having learned the trade, he traveled and worked as a saddle-maker in different parts of the United States, and when five years in the country, he became a citizen of the United States in Ohio, in the year 1857, when he cast his first vote for Governor Payne, the Democratic candidate for Governor of that state.

Returning to Texas, he started his own business in New Ulm, married Miss Otilie, daughter of Adolphus Fuchs (Fox), professor of music, a gentleman well known among the early settlers, having immigrated in 1845, first settling at Cat Spring, Austin County, and eight years afterwards in the southern part of Burnet County, near Marble Falls, becoming the first sheep raiser in that part of the state.

At the beginning of the Civil War, Carl Goeth also moved into Burnet County to leave his wife and child under the protection of her parents, while he himself had to serve the State in the quartermaster's department in Austin, under Major James McKinney, as saddlemaker. During the Indian raids, he was detailed to join the scouting party near his family home, but still making saddles for the government.

At one of the Indian raids, when a neighbor and his wife were killed by the savages, and a white boy while fishing at the creek captured, all of Mr. Goeth's horses were stolen; but in the neighborhood of Fort Mason the Indians were attacked, some killed, the rest routed, and the white boy and forty horses recovered.

After the close of the war, Mr. Goeth moved to Cypress Mill, Blanco County, his present domicile, where he engaged in the sheep business with his brother-in-law, Adolphus Varnhagen, grandnephew of Varnhagen von Ense, and a practical sheepman. He was successful, like many others, and is at present the owner of a fine homestead and splendid range in one of the most beautiful valleys of our State, chiefly occupied in the wool business, having large herds of fine merinos, interbred with the famous Rambouillet stock.

Mr. Goeth's family consists, besides his wife, of five boys and two girls; the oldest girl is married to John Wenmohs, a neighboring sheep raiser; and his eldest son to Julia, daughter of the well known hardware dealer, Walter Tips, of Austin. The younger children are at home, helping hands to their parents.

In 1867, General Reynolds offered Mr. Goeth the assessor and collectorship for Blanco, but the latter declined, as an appointment to office by the military authorities was at the time quite unpopular, but since, Mr. Goeth held at various times different offices, such as school trustee, justice of the peace, county commissioner, etc.

At the Democratic district convention, previous to the election of 1886, he was nominated to the office of Representative for the Eighty-ninth district, composed of the counties of Blanco, Comal and Gillespie, and elected by a vote of 2,585 against 174 cast for the Independent Republican candidate."

- c. *Texas the Country and Its Men.* – This book, published by L. E. Daniell (year not specified) repeats some information quoted above, but as it contains additional information of interest, this sketch of Carl Goeth is also quoted:

“Carl Alexander Goeth of Cypress Mill was born on March 7, 1835, in the town of Wetzlar, Germany, now a part of the Rhenan Province of Prussia. Following a course in the public school, he was enrolled as a student in the Royal College of his native town, in which his grandfather, Ernest Francke, was a professor. At the age of sixteen he came with his parents to America, landing at Galveston, July 4, 1852, whence the family journeyed by ox team to Austin County, where they purchased a farm under cultivation, taking over all the live stock thereon. The property was located on the spot where is now the village of New Ulm. In 1857, in his twenty-second year, taken with a desire to see more of his adopted country, he made a tour of the Northern States, acquiring a residence in Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio, where he cast his first vote for Payne, the Democratic candidate for Governor. In 1859 he married Miss Otilie, daughter of Adolphus Fuchs, an eminent German philosopher and teacher of music, well known among the early settlers, who came to Texas in 1845, first settled at Cat Spring, in Austin County, and subsequently removed to Burnet County, where he established the first sheep ranch in that section.

At the outbreak of the war between the States, leaving his wife and child with her parents in Burnet County, he enlisted in the Confederate Army, first serving in the office of the Quartermaster General under Major James McKinney, where he remained until detailed as a member of a scouting party, organized to protect the frontier against the encroachments of predatory Indians, at that time the source of great annoyance to the settlers in the western section of the State. He performed his duties with conscientious fidelity, and when peace was declared in 1865, removed with his family to Cypress Mill, in Blanco County, where he engaged in the sheep business with his brother-in-law, a practical sheepman, and where he made his home until his death on December 16, 1912, at the age of 78.

The eldest daughter married John Wenmohs, of Cypress Mill. The second daughter is the wife of Otto Wenmohs, cousin of John, who took an honorable discharge from the German Army to become a citizen of Texas. His eldest son married a daughter of Walter Tips, of Austin, and is now

president of the Walter Tips Hardware Company and manager of the large hardware business founded by his father-in-law at the state capital. Conrad, the second son, graduated from Law School of the State University in 1890, and in the same year, at the age of 20, was admitted to the bar, and some years ago associated himself with the late Hon. J. E. Webb in the practice of law at San Antonio. He married Carrie Groos, daughter of F. Groos, a prominent banker of San Antonio. Dr. R. A. Goeth, another son, is a prominent physician of San Antonio, whose wife was Miss Alma Tips, of Austin. Edward and Max Goeth are prosperous ranchmen of Blanco County. Edward married a daughter of August Schroeter, a pioneer of Burnet County. Max Goeth, the youngest of the family married a daughter of Hon. Ernest von Rosenberg, for many years officially connected with the State General Land Office, and now lives in the old Carl Goeth homestead. This home, in the valley of Cypress Creek, within the shadow of the foothills of Shovel Mountain, has long been known for its true Southern hospitality, and here the founder of the family spent his last years, and passed away, mourned by sorrowing relatives and an endless array of affectionate friends.”

17. Jakob Friedrich Fries: Born August 23, 1773 in Barnby, Saxony; died August 10, 1843 in Jena; professor of philosophy, physics, and astronomy at the universities of Jena and Heidelberg. He was discharged in 1819 for his political views, but reinstated in 1824 as professor of mathematics and physics. His religious-philosophical ideas were similar to those of F. H. Jacobi which are classified as “Irrationalism.” (See German Encyclopedia *Der Grosse Brockhaus*.)
18. Songs by Adolf Fuchs: [The original handwritten manuscript of the Pastor Adolf Fuchs songs, bound into a book of 116 pages, is at this time – March 1981 – in the possession of Dr. Carl Goeth of San Antonio, Texas, a great-grandson of Fuchs. A photocopy of this book is on file in the Texas Collection of the University of Texas in Austin. The book contains forty-eight songs, while it is not known how many more Fuchs composed. Manuscript copies of the songs were reproduced by Professor F. G. Schaupp and Friedrich Reiner and assembled into handbound books. These were distributed in the immediate family late in the 19th century and are now a rarity.

The songs were composed over a period from 1835, or earlier, to about 1880, five years before the composer’s death. All but one of the melodies are original Adolf Fuchs compositions, the one exception being “The German Backwoodsman” – “Der deutsche Hinterwäldler” – set to a familiar German folk song. While many of the lyrics are by Fuchs, others are by Goethe, Uhland, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Herwegh, Baltzer, Freiligrath, Reinick, Auerbach and Rittershaus.

Of notable interest is “Battle Song at San Jacinto,” the lyrics by nationalist German poet Hoffmann von Fallersleben, translated into English by Adolf Fuchs, and the melody by Fuchs. A letter by Otilie Goeth of November 7, 1904, states: “When Father performed this song at a concert in Houston, it was ecstatically received by the old Texans present who had participated in the Battle of San Jacinto.” The exact date of this concert could not be ascertained. – 1982 ed.] “*Wenn Der Sänger Zieht Durch den Wilden Wald*” was long a favorite in family circles.

A P P E N D I X B

GOETH HISTORICAL CONNECTIONS IN WETZLAR*

Wetzlar, Germany, birthplace of Carl Goeth, was founded approximately 1,000 years ago. In the 12th Century, Wetzlar was one of the free imperial cities (*Freie Reichstadt*) of Germany and was of considerable importance as a trade center. In the 14th Century, the town became impoverished through lack of trade, plagues, and fires. With transfer of the Imperial Court of Chancery (*Reichskammergericht*) to Wetzlar in 1693, the life of the city took on new importance. Today the city is known largely for its optical industry, the Leitz Plant.

Archive findings in Wetzlar, show the first traceable Goeth to have resided there in 1543. This was in an era when spelling and writing of names was often not firmly established. Thus the family name has undergone several spellings as follows:

1543 = Goet
1564 = Goed
1601 = Goet
1672 = Goeth

Apparently there are no descendants bearing the name Goeth residing in Wetzlar today. However, the name and family are regarded as of historical interest as evidenced by archive documents and several history books. Genealogists have compiled data on the forebears of the Goeth family, possibly for future use in a history of old Wetzlar families.

In 1967 an old Wetzlar hotel still used the name “Goeths Garten,” although the proprietor did not appear to know the specific origin of this name beyond that it is regarded as a historical designation. Research reveals, however, that it was established in 1836 by one Hubert Goeth, described as a master brewer and man of means.

An ancient building is still standing near the Cathedral at No. 9 Am Fischmarkt, formerly containing the inn and coach station

*Based on observations and research of Irma and Ernest Guenther in Wetzlar, 1949-1967.

“Zum Goldenen Löwen,” owned by Anton Goeth (grandfather of Carl Goeth) who lived from 1759-1805. Records describe “Zum Goldenen Löwen” as an “inn of distinction” in its day.

A history of Wetzlar, *Geschichtliche Heimatkunde von Stadt and Kreis Wetzlar*, by Dr. A. Schönwerk, published in 1954, states that during the 17th and 18th centuries, that is for 200 years, virtually one-half of the 400 mayors (two serving simultaneously) required for Wetzlar in that time were drawn from the following small group of families, most of them related: Beilstein, Bepler, Büsser, Debus, Goeth, Hert, Kraft, Kupferschmidt, Luy, Münch, Nickel, Pausch, Ritter, Schuler, Schurge, Seeberger, Verdriess, Waldschmidt, and Winkler.

Of this group the families of Beilstein, Bepler, Debus, Goeth, Hert, Kupferschmidt, Luy, Münch, Nickel, Pausch, Ritter, Seeberger, and Waldschmidt appear in the Goeth family tree.

The Ulmenstein History of Wetzlar (Geschichte und Topographische Beschreibung der Stadt Wetzlar) by Friedrich Wilhelm Freyherr von Ulmenstein, published in 1802-1820, contains various references to the activities of Goeths serving as mayors of Wetzlar during the 18th century. Among these were Johann Eberhardt Goeth, born 1672, died 1745; and Johann Georg Goeth, born 1719, died 1779.

Three authentic Goeth family crests have in common the figure of a man with a staff who appears to be walking. This is a pictorial representation of the name Goeth, that is “the man who goeth,” or in German “*der Mann der geht*.” (Research of genealogist Erich Waldschmidt, Wetzlar, September 1958.)

A unique double crest, topped with a crown, may be seen hewn into a stone set into the side of an 18th century Wetzlar bridge. The crests are those of Johann Georg Goeth (see above) and Johann Heinrich Waldschmidt who together served as mayors of Wetzlar. The bridge, still much in use, spans a stream, the Wetzbach, in the vicinity of the Leitz Plant. The stone bearing the double crest, as the inscription shows, was placed there in 1773, when the two men in their capacity as mayors had the bridge reconstructed. The Goeth crest again shows a walking man, or the man who “goeth,” while the Waldschmidt crest shows a smithy working at his anvil in a forest, this representing the name Waldschmidt which translates into “forest smith.” The double crest is topped with an honorary crown because the two men are of old Wetzlar patrician lineage, many of whom were active in the city government.

Further of interest is a square in Wetzlar named Ludwig Erk Platz, Ludwig Erk, whose mother was a Goeth, lived from 1807

to 1883. His birthplace is marked with a tablet on Ludwig Erk Platz. He was a musician and composer who became noted for his research in folk music and for his folk song collections published in several volumes called *Liederhort* and *Liederschatz*.

The city archives and church records of Wetzlar are a rich source of genealogical material. It is from these authentic records that all of the data for the period from 1543 to 1852 of the Goeth family tree is drawn. This portion of the chart is based on the research of genealogists Erich Waldschmidt and Professor S. Roesch of Wetzlar. The United States portion, from 1852 to the present was compiled by Ernest A. Guenther. The chart has been exhibited at a convention of the Texas State Genealogical Society where it drew attention for its uniquely wide coverage.

APPENDIX C

FAREWELL TO THE OLD WORLD

FAREWELL SERMON

of

Pastor Adolph Fuchs

Delivered in Kölzow, Mecklenburg-Schwerin on the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, 1845

The speaker has since emigrated to Texas by way of Bremen. He had long planned to leave his parish in order to cross the ocean to the New World. See, Fuchs, A. "The New Fatherland," a song with annotations, Rostock, 1836.

Translated from the German by
Irma Guenther nee Goeth,
Austin, Texas, 1967. Original
German and translation on
file, University of Texas. The
sermon was printed at Kölzow,
1845.

A clergyman often is bound by the viewpoint of the members of his congregation. Therefore, there is no justification in accusing him of insincerity when, in the course of his official duties, he sometimes speaks contrary to his own opinions – taking into account the concepts held by others. On the other hand, it would be presumptuous on his part to impose exclusively his own views upon the congregation. Although it is not at all inconsistent with one's duties to yield to views alien to one's own convictions, as long as they are not presented as one's own, it must be very oppressive and repugnant to a person of truth and sincerity to carry out the duties of his office when he must act in accordance with officially prescribed opinions which differ materially from his own.

. . . Fries, *Ethik*, Par. 69

Peace Be With You!

My dear people, it is now more than ten years since I became your pastor, and today it will be the last time that I shall address you. How could this day be anything other than one of great emotion for me, and I am convinced that it will not be an occasion of indifference to you either.

It was on the second Sunday after Easter in 1835 that I was introduced to you as your pastor. The Gospel of the day was the Gospel of the Good Shepherd.

How beautifully this seemed to foretell of things to be. I envisioned a wonderful life, a marvelous reciprocative relationship between the shepherd and his flock. Was this after all only a vision? Indeed this Gospel does speak of a hireling who does not love the sheep, a hireling who deserts his flock and flees when the wolf appears, the wolf who catches and disperses the flock.

Am I such a hireling, a faithless hireling? That would be very distressing and a painful discovery indeed.

A hireling, my dear Christian people, is a shepherd who has no love in his heart, who is indifferent to the fate of his herd, a person who is more concerned with worldly and material matters than with the divine and spiritual values, with money and earthly possessions rather than with that of true worth, more interested in the salary of a minister of the Gospel than in the truth and virtues of the Gospels. Tell me now, have you ever known me to be such a person? Be it so, then call me a hireling, for then I would deserve it.

But then you may say, if you are not of that kind, why do you want to leave us? My esteemed congregation, had I promised you that I would stay with you forever, then I would not leave you. I believe it to be possible in fact that a shepherd who remains with his congregation, nor ever does want to leave it, may in reality be nothing more than a hireling. Would not the reverse be possible as well? Furthermore, if there were any grounds to fear that some dire fate threatened to befall my herd, or that, as Christ said, the wolf would catch you and scatter you, then I would not leave you. But, were I to fear such a thing, I think it should be considered as utter conceit on my part. No, my dear ones, I hold no fear that you will not be

equally well guided by my honorable successor as you were by me – and I ask that God shall make your life with him equally as good and sincerely Christian as I might ever have aspired it to be.

But why, why do you want to go away from us to face an uncertain existence?

Certainly you are not driving me away. On the contrary, as I have been assured here and there, I really feel that you would like to keep me here; we have always lived in peace with one another; I believe I have scarcely one enemy among you; and we have not only lived in peace, but you have always shown me your love which I appreciate with all my heart.

And yet you want to go away, you say?

Yes, my dears, in spite of all this, I wish to leave you, and will leave you. You have a right though to ask me to give an explanation and at least the primary reasons that drive me from here; and that, with God's help, I shall now do.

In that connection, I have selected as my text today from the Old Testament, the 12th Chapter from the First Book of Moses, in which the first and second verses state: "Now the Lord said to Abraham, go from your country and your kindred and your father's house to the land that I will show you. And I will make of you a great nation, and I will bless you. . . ." When we ask for the reason why the noble leader of the Jewish people left Mesopotamia and crossed over the Euphrates into distant Palestine, the answer always remains obscure, and we must be satisfied with the little that the Holy Scriptures tell us about it, namely, that he discerned the voice of God saying to him, "Go from your country into a land that I will show you, and I will make of you a great nation, and I will bless you." There may well have been some more specific reasons and expectations on his part, however. Doubtlessly there were spiritual as well as material considerations; the spiritual may have been of a religious nature, the material very likely nothing more than that his old land did not offer sufficient space for his herds and his shepherds; he was searching for a country where there were fewer people, and therefore the space greater. Now, it is in the main not different as far as I am concerned. I too have my spiritual and material reasons, or in other words, my lower and my higher motives, my secular and my religious considerations.

First, My Material Considerations. – There are still many people who do not want to believe that Germany, as perhaps once Mesopotamia, has too many people; or, as we say, that we are

suffering from overpopulation. Actually, many more people could live here if certain conditions were different. If, for example, the possessions of the world, namely property and land, were not so unequally divided. But that happens to be the way it is, and it is difficult to change things from the way they have been for centuries. Difficult, I say, to achieve by legal means; and what about the illegal means? Through rebellion and bloodshed? May Heaven protect my country from revolution!

No, my dear ones, when it can no longer be denied that the citizens of our country, and particularly the fathers of large families, find it harder day by day to support their families by honest means because the competition in every field increases drastically from day to day, that specifically is a sign of overpopulation; and when it can no longer be denied that on this basis poverty and immorality become more and more prevalent, then it becomes necessary to seek a suitable means of aiding the country. One way of doing so is by making room for the next person, thus giving him the opportunity to make a living. Our population has long recognized this, and for that reason thousands of people are leaving each year to settle in countries where the population is sparse, but good land is plentiful. Think of what the conditions would be in our country had not millions of people left their old home since centuries already? Then why should you censure me if I wish to do the same thing?

But then you may say to me, was it not you who so often counseled us: Have no care! Look at the birds in the sky, they plant nothing, they harvest nothing, they store nothing in the barns, and yet our Heavenly Father provides them nourishment! And look at the lilies in the field, they do not toil nor do they spin, and yet even Solomon in all of his glory was not as well clothed as they. Why then go to a foreign land? Is not the earth everywhere that of the Lord? Is this your way of submission to God, of showing humility? Yes, indeed I have often said to you in all sincerity: Have no care! Look at the birds in the sky and the lilies in the field – but never did I say let your hands rest in your lap, let everything go as it will until the Lord provides for you.

Rather have I often reminded you that it is the Lord's will that we humans earn our bread by the sweat of our brow. And why to a foreign country, you say, for the earth is everywhere the Lord's? Exactly because it does belong to the Lord, on the other side as on this side of the ocean; yes, because the same sun shines everywhere on this earth, and the Heavenly Father blesses all who fear him, so it cannot matter so much, be it far or near. And finally, you want to remind me of my obligation to

submit to God's will and to surrender to the Lord? Oh my beloved people, surely it is not God's will that we shall waste away in an overpopulated country while the richest countries of the earth are still underpopulated. A Christian also submits to God's will when he cheerfully and piously places his trust in the Lord as he courageously sets out on a new venture. It rests in God's hands whether in fact He will be with me – whether His words to Abraham “. . . and I shall bless you” will apply to me as well. Perhaps you have misgivings, but at least I am sure that your blessings will accompany me and my family; and as for me, I have faith and I pray. My expectations are not aimed at obtaining great riches. It has never been my aspiration to become wealthy, and it never shall be. As my slogan is at present, hope and pray, in the future it shall be, work and pray! Yes, you beloved Christians, in the future I would rather earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, than through God's will to be dependent here on the surplus of the wealthy and the hard earned money of the poor. Do you call this an exaggerated desire for freedom and independence, a false ambition and wrongful pride? If you do, then I confess that I am not ashamed of being thus proud and having such aspirations to find freedom.

And now I come to the spiritual aspects of why I feel moved to leave you. – Beloved congregation, if, as I have just said to you, I would rather be dependent on God than on human beings for my physical and material needs, this is all the more true as concerns spiritual matters, religion, and the Church. Now, it is my opinion – as well as that of thousands of Christians today – that the entire institutional arrangement of our public religious life, that is our church life, is in a deplorable state; that it is vastly different from the Church which Christ came to found, and that it has scarcely a trace of that freedom which, as He stated, was to be gained through truth. The freedom of the Church has become lost through regimentation and restrictions which are not based on the will of the entire Church or of all its believers, but alone on the will of powerful individuals in it, who as priests or as kings took the privilege to determine the religious life of all the other people. A truly Christian Church can exist only where it is not subjected to restraints of conscience and belief; where the congregation, that is the community of all believers, through self-elected representatives, may determine what their public religious life shall be, in accordance with the dictates of their own conscience. The earliest Christian Church, with its elders and superiors, had that kind of religious freedom, not outwardly but within itself; and if we do not return to it, it seems certain that our religious life will deteriorate further and the participation in Christianity by the Christians will dwindle more and more!

Indeed, it has already gone far enough in that respect!

And how do you stand, my dear Christians? I, least of all, can judge how the individual among you feels deep inside about his religious life. You yourselves probably know how you stand with your God, with your Savior. But the fact that you don't have any great interest in your public religious life already became painfully apparent to me on the day of my introductory sermon, which no more than fourteen persons attended. If the number of those coming here to pay honor to God was often not greater than that, in fact frequently even less, was it perhaps not my own fault? Yes indeed, I must frankly admit that on occasion when preparing for the coming Sunday, I was lacking in proper spirit and religious fervor as I anticipated having again to deliver my sermon before an empty house of God. Or was there perhaps another reason why I was at fault? Perhaps it was impossible and intolerable for you to accept that which I presented as being my own thought because – yes, because it was not that which you understood to be true Christianity? No, in that I am not guilty of insincerity. For it would have been impossible for me to present to you anything other than that which I myself regard as true Christianity, or as the primary point of the Gospel! Can it be that this did not please you? Is it because I always considered the rising from the dead and the transmutation to another life of greater import than the resurrection of the Savior; that I considered the life in heaven more meaningful than His ascension; or is it because His virtuousness, His inspiration through God, always seemed of greater importance to me than all of the wonders that He performed and experienced; or that the message “You are my friends, if you do as I command” seemed more important to me than that of the lamb that carries the sins of the world; that the message of love is more important than that of faith and hope? Is it that you may have had a different opinion on these matters? Now, as I have said, in that respect I am not guilty of insincerity, for I could not possibly have presented anything to you as being what I accept as the truth other than that which I actually do consider to be true.

Therefore I am not disturbed by this.

But there is something else which has disturbed me, tortured and tormented me a thousand times – and that is what is driving me away from here. Although I have never presented anything to you as being my own opinion unless it truly was; yes, even though I have never lied to you, there were thousands and thousands of times when I had to remain silent concerning my inner convictions – for reasons of prudence, for your sake as well as my own. That is what I could no longer bear! My dear Christians, if the pure truth – that what the human, the speaker, recognizes to be the pure truth, is not acceptable in religion, in a house of worship,

then where would it be acceptable? Will we then ever in our lives be rid of the lie? Or must a pastor be in complete agreement with the religious opinions of each member of his congregation? To achieve that is also impossible. The difference of religious thought among humans will always remain, even should they outwardly be joined in a single congregation; yes, even should there only be one shepherd and one herd in the entire world; just as certain as the intellectual capabilities and the predestinations of the individual will always vary. It cannot be otherwise.

But for that reason each individual, each congregation, each party must be allowed freedom of belief, conscience, and worship of God – that is religious freedom! And one should not feel that one must unite all human minds under one letter – that is slavery! And that leads to persecution and hypocrisy.

And for these reasons not every minister is suitable for every congregation, at least not for the majority of its members, which after all must rule. My dear people, you have no use here for a reformed minister, a Catholic, or a German-Catholic – or for me. It must be a minister who agrees, as nearly as possible, in his religious views with at least the majority of you. And it is my hope that you have chosen such a man as my successor. Oh, may God bless your devotional relations with him!

I further hope that there is no one among you who has misunderstood what I have openly confessed here, or the reasons for my confessions; and that there is no one who believes that because I am giving up my present position, that I do not sufficiently respect the profession of a Christian minister, or that I may not properly respect Christianity as such, that I am ashamed of the Gospel – that perhaps I have not taken it with the proper seriousness – or even further, that all my previous life, my counseling has been meaningless, completely meaningless.

Oh, may God shield you from such misinterpretation! It could do immeasurable harm to the souls of many among you; it could finally contribute to the heart becoming completely indifferent to all our religious life, even to all Christian belief and virtues. It could, however, occur only in one of shallow or semi-educated mind who, in any case, believes only little or nothing and who has long since felt ashamed of the Gospels.

So hear, I have never felt embarrassment about the Gospels and shall never feel embarrassed in them, for I really believe and sincerely feel that for those who believe in them, that is for those who are capable of extracting the living essence from the dead shell of the letters, they embody the power of God to make one happy. And for that reason, too, I revere Christianity, I revere the profession of the Christian minister; yes, and if

such assurance is necessary, I shall, although I am now giving up the profession, not give up preaching the truth and working for the Kingdom of God on earth, there on the other side of the ocean, as much as it is in my power to do so.

And do you hope, I believe you will say that God will bless you there with these, the most precious of assets, as well as with material things; that like Abraham you even hope that God will make you into a great nation, not only of large numbers, but a nation of highly spiritual, intellectual, religious, and righteous people? Yes, I truly do hope this. And did I not hope this, or did I not feel justified to hope this, I could not honestly leave my fatherland.

You see, I also hope that there where I will be respected only as a person rather than for my position and my dress; and that as God dwells in the hearts of all human beings and not only in temples built by human hands, I hope, I say, that there where the actual religious freedom exists which we do not know here, in the course of the years a community will develop which is worthy of comparison with the beautiful original concept of a Christian community.

That is my hope!

And yet, my dear ones, it is with great difficulty that I take leave of you. Parting brings sorrow! – It would be different did I not love you and you love me.

Oh, do not condemn me! I cannot do otherwise!

Retain for me the love which you have always shown me. Even when I am far away, I shall hold you in loving memory.

In departing, I wish the best for all of you. I wish that the little ones who received their Holy Baptism through me will develop to be the joy of their parents and will live in respect of God! That the young boys and girls who under my guidance gave their promise of faith to God shall never break their vows! That the young couples whose bonds I blessed shall keep their love and faith in one another! That those seeking consolation and strength here at the table of the Lord have found these and shall continue to find them! For the fortunate and wealthy among you I wish humility, for the unfortunate and poor, good spirits! To all of you, men and women, old and young, I wish peace and happiness and, finally, a blessed end through Jesus Christ!

Amen!

A P P E N D I X D

Robert, An Ecclesiastical Novel by Adolf Fuchs – Rostock 1842*

It may well be assumed that the prototype for the hero of this two-volume novel was Pastor Adolf Fuchs himself. The book reveals the writer as a man of great intellectuality, remarkably enlightened for his time. He is doubtlessly a man of great spirituality and high ideals, but too much the rationalist to be compatible with the Church of his time and yet too impractical to cope with the realities of the world.

The most significant portions of the book are those in which Robert in form of a diary philosophizes on what he expects to find in North America in regard to Christian religion and cultural and economic opportunities.

A Synopsis of *Robert*

In this two-volume novel, the hero, as the title implies, is one Robert, son of a village pastor and superintendent of the Lutheran Church. Robert likewise aspires to become the pastor of a peaceful village church. Already in childhood he showed his close affinity for the Church, utterly sincere in his convictions though obviously impressed with the outward display of religious ceremony, its formal rites.

When he becomes a student of divinity at a university selected by his father, his reaction to the instructors and their approach is one of shock and disappointment at their lack of reverence, a great hurt to his sensibilities. He finds none of the religious inspiration he had anticipated, nothing resembling that feeling of religious awe he always experienced upon entering a house of worship.

On his own decision he changes universities, hoping there to find more compatible conditions. Now he is exposed to the teachings of a prominent philosopher who influences Robert to become increasingly confused with his theological studies.

* Reviewed by Irma Goeth Guenther on basis of the original edition of this book supplied by courtesy of Norma Wenmohs and Bernice Casey.

Basically, however, Robert never changes his religious and idealistic conviction that he wishes to become a village pastor.

Robert does complete his theological studies at the university, passes his candidate's examination to become a parson, although admonished to be more Biblical in his preaching, and finally delivers his introductory sermon in the village church where his father has officiated as parson and superintendent for many years.

At several stages in his career towards becoming a full-fledged minister, he is severely criticized by an intolerant clergyman of limited mental resources, perhaps typical of some village clergy of that period. Full of religious fervor and conviction that he will be an inspiration to the congregation, he preaches his first sermon as he considered appropriate. He is initially praised by his father as well as some members of the congregation, but later it is whispered about, started through a rival theological candidate, that his sermon had no appeal since the congregation was not unanimously moved to tears.

Basically, it appears that Robert had preached well beyond the comprehension of the simple villagers, and like others in history is castigated for daring to be different. In this case the "being different" consisted of failing to back up his sermon with sufficient quotes from the Bible. He was eloquent, he was scholarly, he longed to move the people to deeper religious feeling.

"Is it not discouraging for the fisherman when he must continue casting his carefully woven net into the sea without results?" states Robert.

"Indeed," answers William, "the meshes of your net are too large for most fish; but you must not become discouraged; continue your fishing as you have and you will catch many fine big fish; and many of those now too small will grow and become worthy of your net."

One might consider these words as appropriately summarizing the 234 pages of Volume 1.

At various times, especially when Robert's spirits were low concerning his prospects for a successful career in the church, he discussed with his intimate friend William (the William with whom he traded the nicknames of Uncas and Hawkeye) the possibility of emigrating to North America, there hoping better to realize his idealistic ambitions.

There is of course a love theme with endless trials and tribulations running through the novel – Robert’s undying love for Maria since Confirmation class, and William’s love for Robert’s sister Mathilde.

The author exhibits considerable talent for earthy character portrayals, particularly of the ludicrous Mr. Pfennig, a penny-pinching small shopkeeper: “tall and thin with pale eyes and skin, but red nose and enormous fire-red hands; sparse hair, closely combed to the head, especially on Sundays; stooped posture, the right shoulder thrown forward; a swaying gait; a highly voluble voice; and reeking of the combined odors of cod-liver oil, brandy, herring and cheese.”

It is a novel which will strike the present-day reader as somewhat droll or extravagant, but such reaction might prove the writer has given an accurate picture of the people and manners of that day. Baroque, one might call it, in the sense that one applies the term to some delightfully improbable forms of music today, a compliment.

In Volume 2, Robert marries his true love of many years and finally succeeds in obtaining a poorly paid and uninspiring position as village pastor. His dissatisfaction with the German Church grows from day to day – or rather from Sunday to Sunday, as the author puts it. Frequently his thoughts turn to America, which he believes to be the only place in the world where religious freedom would be truly possible. Chancing upon a book describing the possibilities for Germans to emigrate to the United States, particularly to the western backwoods, Robert is all enthusiasm and fully determined to go there with his family.

Following is a translation of the major part of Robert’s diary which highlights the author’s thinking and philosophy.

Robert’s Diary

“With the constantly increasing overpopulation in Germany the number of persons emigrating grows from year to year.

“If there were thousands leaving during the past few decades, there may be millions going in future decades. There has been both wide praise and criticism of emigration, both often without basis in that neither the existing conditions of the new country nor the circumstances of the émigrés have been taken into consideration. One often finds in widely read newspapers that no distinction is made between East India and West India, South America, and North America, in the latter failing to differentiate

between the North and the South, and particularly between the East and the West. Furthermore, one fails to distinguish between vagabonds and legitimate people, beggars and people of means, the crude and the well educated, and the ignorant and the intelligent emigrant. All are put in the same category and judged by the same criteria. One finds the most diverse opinions on the matter of emigration in general, while actually one cannot generalize in expressing praise or criticism of emigration.

“There are people who consider that conditions are good everywhere except in their own country, and therefore visualize every foreign country as a paradise; and likewise, there are people who regard any emigration to a foreign land as a foolhardy undertaking, ridiculously decrying any such thing as though God does not let the sun rise everywhere on good and bad alike, or as if paradise existed only between the Baltic Sea and the Alps, or that it is in Berlin or Vienna, Krähwinkel or Schöppenstadt. But there are also those who, like Falstaff, regard it as wrong to leave one’s homeland in order to live in another country. But can one possibly speak here of any obligation when no such promise was ever made? Or is this a case of a ‘natural obligation?’ One would need to prove this on basis of the Schmalz theory of natural rights or some other theory of equal excellence, a proof which we emigrants however, are not inclined to wait for. Don’t you love your fatherland, would be another question. And we would answer: ‘Oh yes indeed, perhaps just as much as you people remaining here; and yet not so much as to want to remain here, perhaps to be buried alive.’

“Is North America really a land of freedom, or does it only seem that way from afar? One might also say, is our fatherland really a land of suppression, or does it only seem that way from close by? Yes indeed, we might say that both seem to be so; for, as the philosophers say, ultimately everything is illusory; even truth, for it is unlawful to tell an untruth, but telling the truth is also unlawful. And then – what actually is it that is suppressed over here, probably only that which is harmful, or that which might become harmful? And what does it matter how states are formed as long as a true spirit of freedom prevails in them. And who would deny that the true spirit of freedom could not also exist here in our states as well as in those of North America, or that indeed it is over there? To mention only one point, but one of legal impact: Does not the free country of North America still have black slaves in a few of its states? Where do we have black slaves? I am sure that it must be quite clear what conclusions one may draw from all this.

Indeed, it might give the impression that we believe there could be some white slaves in our country. But, just as the rules of Latin grammar show that there are certain exceptions here and there, without getting too angry about it, we may find some citizens here who are forced to accept all manner of rough treatment, in spite of the much glorified elimination of serfdom. On the other hand we should hold with the philosophers that everything that exists is good in just the way that it does exist, and not in some other way. I say not in some other way, for what conclusion is simpler but that an institution exists out of the necessity for its existence. Therefore: Is North America a free country, and our fatherland not? Answer: It seems that way, particularly to us emigrants. Emigrants usually form peculiar conceptions of freedom which frequently are as different from those held by the remaining population as the difference between the eagle and the doves – as stated in Goethe’s song ‘The Eagle and The Dove.’ Perhaps, if this comparison should possibly be considered an insulting arrogance, we might also say, as between the conception of wild geese in autumn and the domestic kind which are destined to be fattened. Who wants to scold the wild ones because they do not want to stay? They cannot do otherwise since they are wild. And who wants to scold the tame geese for not wanting to leave? On the contrary, they like getting fat. Concerning the wild and tame geese, Goethe said: ‘What is appropriate for one is generally not appropriate for all; let everybody determine his own action, let everybody decide where to stay – and who is standing should take care that he does not fall.’

“Why will we shed tears? There are bitter-sweet tears, tears of melancholy bliss, tears which are hard to define such as tears of sadness and tears of joy, and tears which are shed by a lover who is leaving his father and mother in order to live with his wife.

“One could say to us: Dear friends, just serve your country! Nobody will interfere with you and drive you away. You will see that your fatherland is still the protector and shield of freedom. But, without lengthy deliberations, we would answer honestly: Of course, one does not exile us and we are not fleeing from a guardianship. But we do not want to serve as free as they will let us serve, and they will not let us serve as free as we would like to serve. Why not? Well, because for one thing the wild geese have a different conception of freedom than the tame geese. The latter feel quite comfortable in the narrow space of a peasant’s yard and feel quite free; the water from the puddle is excellent with the food they are getting. They do not desire anything better and call to their sisters soaring high aloft: ‘Look how happy we are here. Come down and eat with us from the abundant food in the trough! You will be welcome! Quench with

us your thirst at this puddle. Sufficiency is real happiness, and it finds satisfaction anywhere.’ An old aerial traveler called back: ‘Oh, wisdom, you talk just like a tame goose.’

“When I was the tutor of Paul who was absolutely to become a singer, I had to listen daily to his voice which showed complete lack of musical talent. At the beginning I thought that this would ruin me; every shrill dissonance seemed to cut through my nerves which are really not weak, and I felt like running away. It was already different after one year, and after a few more years the sounds of dissonance did not cut through my heart anymore – but I was sad that they did not stir up any further resentment in me. Alas! Is it right and just that man learns so quickly to endure dissonance in his life with indifference? If habit, this grand all-equalizing habit, has not yet made us into dull oldsters, we will notice certain precepts in our old European life – the religious or secular, the scientific, civil, and even in home-life – which can only distress the spirit; also we will note those obsolete restraints which constrict our hearts.

“But do you really hope to avoid such evils in the West? Frankly, not quite – because we are not blind make-believe boys who believe, as many have done until recently, that America is too far beyond this world to be subject to any European faults. We know quite well that this young country has been created by Europeans, who not alone transplanted the good but also the bad, and who have not yet been able to eradicate completely from their daily lives the jumble of constraining habits which have accumulated for thousands of years. To some extent, actually in good part, they have already done so because the conditions in Western North America (which is our goal as emigrants, and which only the uninformed can confuse with Eastern North America) appears to be more favorable for leading a public and private life of spiritual firmness and of vigor, with beauty and a sound education. Our opinion is based on the knowledge that her progressive spirit is supported by the constitution and the ideal external conditions.

“If I could banish Magic’s fell creations
And totally unlearn the incantations,
Stood I, O Nature! Man alone in thee,
Then were it worth one’s while a man to be!

“Stand on free soil among a people free!
Then dared I hail the Moment fleeing:
‘Ah, still delay – thou art so fair!’”

. . . Goethe

“Those who are not born with advantages, must earn these on merit.

“It is not entirely unjustified that one often calls the concern for one’s physical needs a concern for one’s livelihood. The head of every household worries about the future, that is if he has a large family or expects one – or not to say that he may be apprehensive of getting one. He thinks in terms of the increasing population – in most parts of Germany there is already overpopulation, and the resulting race for any kind of employment. However, there are enough poor fathers with a dozen children, who are still cheerful as if money and jobs would grow on trees. And then there are pious souls who have plenty of food and well-paying jobs, and who speak with disdain of the goods of this world. We don’t mind their pious self-deception, but we have a different attitude. We think of the wild animals, how happily they live, and they are not overpopulated because they never shy away from emigration; we also think of the loving care they bestow upon their offspring until they have grown up, and how they then may say look here, you go ahead and find your food and multiply. Do we cultured Europeans of the nineteenth century have to select wild animals as our teachers? We could just as well call attention to old and new colonies or to human migrations, which may have to be repeated very frequently if, as some intelligent people maintain, the earth will exist for another two hundred thousand years. Then we think of America, a land largely blessed with a soil of abundant fertility unknown in Germany, and which could hold sixty-five Germanies, yet has a population hardly as large as ours, while our citizens are vegetating under bitter privations. Should hundreds of thousands of square miles of the most productive soil remain idle, its use withheld from us and our children? Man is primarily dependent upon good soil, even the Chinese recognize this and have their emperor personally plow a piece of land each year. Has God chained us to the land in our country in order to let us languish in poverty and immorality, which is the inevitable result of overpopulation? Let nobody believe, however, that he only needs to board a ship in Bremen or Hamburg and sail to the New World where he can enjoy laziness and lead a life of luxury. No, hard work is called for!

‘He only earns his freedom and existence,
Who daily conquers them anew.’

. . . Goethe

“Emigration is not to be recommended to the very poor, unless our governments follow England’s example and assume the management of emigration, which would be a counter move to the ever-present

and feared possibility of a revolution. Instead of caring for the increasing number of the poor, the governments could, at a lesser cost, provide them with the opportunity to become ten times happier and also harmless to their homeland. It has always been the hungry people with nothing to lose, rather than the well-to-do citizens, who have sparked bloody revolutions.

“Youths and even boys often decide on the occupation or profession they wish to follow, at an age when they don’t have a clear conception of its implications. This leads to thousands of errors, and not everybody is so lucky or energetic as to correct his mistakes later by choosing a new way of earning a living which corresponds more to the personality of the disappointed individual.

“Only those who follow with vital force their seriously and sensibly chosen plan of life will become courageously self-confident. And only those who feel in their heart how happy they can become when freely using the power which has been bestowed upon them by Heaven, will be able to look piously up to God as to a loving father.

“One could theorize against the assertion that virtue and piety, self-confidence and faith in God, are not bound to specific locations and conditions. Yes, ‘even a man born in chains is free and can piously look up to Heaven.’ Virtue and piety can exist in Europe just as well as in America. Yes, also we emigrants could live and die here just as virtuously and piously as over there. Yet, this theory is also not perfect, or to speak like Mephistopheles, it is gray like all the rest. For what man who really knows himself can be of the opinion that his spiritual life is in fact independent of any location and conditions, and that everything that is external or accidental is of no importance and would have no bearing on lifting or lowering his spirit? Of course, the struggling and striving of man for all things which are not identical with virtue and piety would then be the greatest folly. No, specific locations and conditions are only then unimportant for self-confidence and faith in God when man possesses already complete virtue and piety; but as long as he does not have them, he will always strive for those material means which, in accordance with his individuality, he considers best suited to him, whether they are located on this side or the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. To this thought we would like to add the closing lines of a well-known war song:

*‘Und wer den Tod im Heil’gen Kampfe fand
Ruht auch in fremder Erde im Vaterland.’*

(He who dies in holy battle, also rests in his fatherland,
though he be bedded in foreign soil.)

“It would be more than foolish if we emigrants – like so many followers of Rousseau – were to grumble about our culture, insofar as it is a true, natural, human culture promoting the highest values, such as true religion and virtue, spiritual education, freedom, justice, security, order and welfare. Truly, we do not know whether we are generally advanced in comparison with the North Americans, who in certain respects are completely European, but who also have the advantage of their constitution and particularly of such material resources which we lack. Nor do we care for any culture which more or less suffocates all these qualities by thousands of restrictive forms and formalities – intentionally or otherwise; a culture which gives us a clergy and church with obsolete rites instead of true religiousness, in place of human integrity brings forth legal restrictions, where instead of mental learning there is too much empty convenience, not seldom coupled with inner rudeness; too much dead science in place of freedom; immeasurably hated compulsion; instead of justice, the law and arbitrary action; instead of security and order, a standing army and secret police; instead of welfare, unheard of luxury and abject poverty – a splendid misery. We are fleeing from such a culture! Yes, we take off and throw away the old jacket which has some nice patches, but also is worn, uncomfortable, is apt to tear when one tries to move freely, and does not protect against the cold any more. We shall put on a new jacket which has most of the good qualities of the old one, but excludes most of the latter’s bad characteristics.

“Dreams! Dreams! The world is the same all over. Well, then at least it would be just as good in the West as in the East. But let us do away with this disconsolate doctrine of folly and cowardice! The New World is rightfully designated as new. This word conveys the sincere truth which will be confirmed by the coming centuries. Prophetically we say: New life will be created over there, a life of youth and a life of men. The Old World is correctly called old, very old indeed, in the same sense that Rome and Greece were old. All bread grows moldy when it gets old. Considering that our occidental culture originated in the Orient, there may develop in the New World a young and more beautiful Europe -if in part it does not exist there already – and in it a new Germany, perhaps on the banks of the mighty Missouri, which location over there as here would be in the center of the land. It follows that some day when the New World is overpopulated, it will also become old and wither away and, perhaps with greater splendor than ever before, be reborn in Australia, with the French and British – true to their nationality – reestablished in the coastal lands. This immense land complex can never remain one country and one people. Of course, many things will then change their form. Into worse forms? Only the exponents of European or Chinese arrogance and conceit could make such an assertion. The core of our entire new European culture, represented by the

Christian faith, will sooner or later be established over there in a manner which may seem like paganism to many a European Christian, in about the way they called one of the greatest Christian philosophers a pious heathen. We, however, think that the vital element of Christianity is the purely human aspect, that is the divine in human nature – and this will not perish, just as God will not perish. The forms of religious life are in themselves only worthy of secondary consideration, and merely important insofar as they promote through their inner beauty and eminence, a sense of piety and morality. Perhaps soon, the New World shall surpass in this matter her timid mother which has existed for more than a thousand years in restrictive compulsion. This reminds us of building a new house. It is always easier to build a new house with new material more attractively and efficiently as compared with the renovation of an old house with rotten lumber and moldy stones which one does not want to discard, thereby producing only patchwork,

“The only requirement is a plentiful supply of new building material. There will be no scarcity of builders who know how to use the material. Rather, as if by magic, it will join automatically into a harmonious entity.

“It is perfectly clear to me that the correction of abuse and deficiencies in our public religious life and also in our general public life, can only be accomplished through a complete reform emerging from a general, genuine enthusiasm of the German people for beauty and the sublime, and thereby the divine. However, any hope for this is more and more disappearing.

“Oh, should it not be possible for the Germans in the American West, where some areas are already almost completely settled by their countrymen, to accomplish gradually – possibly in the beginning only on a small scale – that which over here apparently cannot be achieved because of existing obstacles?

“It is not likely that we are deceiving ourselves with this statement, and that we would have to be satisfied over there merely with a pleasant private life. Considering man’s sociable nature, he would also participate in public life under the existing favorable conditions. The United States already has shown evidence of this. There is no place in this world where the conditions for us Germans are more favorable than in the interior of so-called Western North America. Therefore, we already visualize a new German fatherland in flower, that sprouted from the root of the old tree, in its original noble conception, including language and morals – in the same manner as the British have already established such a second fatherland over there. The deciding factor is what type of people will emigrate. In other words, that not an increasing number of freedom fanatics go there, but that better-educated men emigrate. For this concept, the last decade has given us some hope.

“It is sad that in our country, men who have been friends in their youth, are separated when they acquire a permanent residence and hardly see each other in years. They live perhaps in Königsberg, Berlin, or on the Rhine, without being able to visit their friends. On the other hand, how fortunate are those who were able to sail together on a ship to a country where they can form a community and live as closely together as they desire. Therefore, one should not go there without friends, for probably no one would like to live without friends, even if he has a surplus of all else.

“‘Now the Lord spoke to Abraham, go from your country and your kindred and your father’s house to the land that I will show you.’ We emigrants apply these words to us. In doing so we are not more daring than most of the interpreters and expounders of the Bible.

“Thousands of German families emigrate yearly to North America. Some are very poor, some rather wealthy, and most have only limited means which would sustain them only for a few years in their homeland. Then there are families mostly consisting of intellectuals. They all are happy, providing that they did not depart with wrong or exaggerated expectations, and were able to follow the right ways and methods for their settlement. The success of the undertaking usually depends on the methods used to carry it through. North America, which is rich in natural resources, has only a small population. It has still millions of acres of the most fertile soil for sale in inviting areas, which can provide room for a multitude of people.

“My dear Germans, my brothers! Are you not to use this opportunity?

“There are always some people who disagree with us on certain basic views of human life, as shown in the following examples. They feel completely free over here. Some have such peculiar notions of culture that they believe an emigration to North America would necessarily be an act of regression to wildness – on the contrary, we expect there to gain in culture. There are those who believe that the life of a North American, particularly of a Western farmer, is too prosaic, while we consider it to be rather poetic. . . . Then one has to consider that there are some who believe we cannot do without certain comforts and luxuries in our lives. Some farmers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, preachers, and actors hold the idea of emigration to be adverse to the duty to their fatherland, to themselves, and to their loved ones. Then there may be such a timid soul that the thought of emigration is completely anathema to his brain; or who is afraid of rattle snakes, wolves, Indians and ocean waves, and at the mere mention of emigration thinks only of

impending danger, illness, accidents, and the possible failure of such an adventure. In other words, some think only of the possibility of failure and have no heart for an adventure such as ours. All these people should stay at home and can say to themselves over a cup of coffee: 'Stay in your country and keep toiling honestly.' We don't begrudge them their homemade philosophy, and only hope that they don't hide a secret unphilosophical opinion that all those who do not want to remain in this country have no intention of making an honest living.

“Oh, could we but inspire for the new fatherland more and more German men who are not only dissatisfied over here but who also have the necessary qualifications to become an emigrant.”

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