

**The Mossman Family**  
**Division II**

## **A Brief Chronology of the Trail from Scotland, through Ireland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana to Tennessee through the Mossman Family**

**Sir Andrew Mossman**  
1475—1565

**John Mossman**  
1496—?

**James Mossman**  
1519—1573

Born in Scotland  
Hanged in 1573

**John Mossman**  
Little known of him except that he had a son, James

**James Mossman**  
1660—?

Born in Scotland  
Presbyterian Minister  
Emigrated to Ireland and then to America in 1713  
Settled in Boston area

**John Mossman**  
1709—1802

Born in Ireland  
Married Elizabeth Herdman  
Emigrated to America in 1790 (long after his father emigrated to America)  
Settled first in Delaware, then in Pennsylvania and finally in Ohio

**James Mossman**  
1746—?

Emigrated to America in 1781 (prior to his father)  
Settled eventually in Ohio

**John Mossman**  
1769—1838 (possibly 1839)

Born in Ireland  
Emigrated to America with family in 1781  
Married Polly Lewis  
Lived in Pennsylvania and Ohio

**Francis Mossman**  
1810—1904

Born in Pennsylvania  
Moved with family to Ohio in 1814  
Married Rheua A. Conner in 1842  
Moved later to Indiana

**Orpha Lavinia Mossman**  
1849—1934

Born in Indiana

Married Addison Boyd Nickey

Moved to Memphis prior to 1910 (see Nickey notes)

**Samuel Mossman Nickey**  
1868—1959

Born in Indiana. Moved to Memphis (see Nickey notes)

**Samuel Mossman Nickey, Jr.**  
1912—1992

Lived entire life in Memphis (see Nickey notes)

**The Mossman Family - Division II**  
**Samuel Mossman Nickey Ancestry**  
**The Trail from Scotland, through Ireland,**  
**Delaware, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana to Tennessee**

This is a brief synopsis of the history of the Mossman family in a direct line through Samuel Nickey Jr. quoted and paraphrased from the *Mossman* notes written by Bertha Kaler in 1912. Few facts are known about Andrew Mossman (1475-1565) and John Mossman (1496-?), the earliest known Mossman men.

About four centuries ago, the minor sovereigns of Europe began to consider the "open crowns" as no longer consistent with their dignity, so to distinguish them from the coronets of the nobles, they were ordered closed. That is, bands of gold were brought up from the sides to meet at the top, which was surmounted by the Imperial Ball and Cross. The change was made in Scotland in the reign of James Fifth (1512-1542) and this historic work was entrusted to the court jeweler, **James Mossman**. This same jeweler subsequently furnished many other pieces of jewelry to "Queen Mary of Guise" and other members of her family.

This James Mossman (born 1519) became unfortunately embroiled in the Jacobite Cause, embracing the cause of Mary Queen of Scots and taking part in the defense of Edinburg Castle under Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange. The castle being taken by Elizabeth's troops, a chronicler tells the following story in quaint but effective language:

"William Kirkaldy of Grange, Knight sometime Captain of the Castle, and James Mossman, Goldsmyth, were harlet in two carts backward from the abbey, to the cross of Edinburg, and there hanged, third August, 1573."

The execution of James Mossman, goldsmith, caused great fear among his kinsfolk and it is understood that all except his son John emigrated at once to Ireland and later to Australia, New Zealand and America. **John Mossman** left no history and the only information known of him is that he had a son, James Mossman.

**James Mossman** was born in Scotland in 1660. He was a Presbyterian minister and non-conformist. He emigrated to Ireland and settled near Belfast. He had two children, a daughter, name not known, who "dropped dead while milking a cow," and a

son John Mossman, born near Belfast in 1709. The mother died very young. James Mossman came to America in 1713 and took up land now covered by the city of Boston. He intended to return to Ireland to bring his son and daughter to the New World, but different accounts say he died in Boston, at sea on the return voyage or in Ireland.

James' son **John Mossman** (1709 - 1802) married Elizabeth Herdman in Ireland where she died at the age of 71. They had eight children which were born from 1746 to 1765. The four eldest, including **James Mossman** (b.1746) with his family, emigrated to America in 1781 and settled in Fayette County, Pennsylvania. The Mossman lineage from which the Nickey family descends is from James. Their father John and his younger children came from Belfast, landing first in Wilmington, Delaware on March 25, 1790. They later moved also to Fayette County, Pennsylvania in 1794.

In the fall of 1797, Francis and William Herdman Mossman, two of James' brothers, and several others left Fayette County to explore the then far West, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. They traveled through Pittsburgh, then a settlement of about forty houses, northward on Indian trails and bridle paths to territory which would later become West Salem Township, Mercer County, then Allegheny County, an uninhabited region. Their first object was to explore the country and, if they liked it, become actual settlers.

After several days spent in looking, they each selected a claim and proceeded to girdle a few trees and build a small cabin. Hunger staring them in the face, they returned home after an absence of two months, having made the entire journey on foot.

The next year, 1798, they returned to more fully establish their title and, after clearing a patch and building a cabin on each tract, they proceeded on October 1, 1799 to move their families from Fayette County to their wilderness homes. They were obliged to pack everything on horseback, there being neither wagons nor wagon roads. Each family carried an iron kettle and these were closely packed with sacks of flour. The journey took two weeks, the men walked and led the heavily laden horses.

The Mossmans who made the trip established Mossmantown in West Salem Township, Mercer County, Pennsylvania, except for James who crossed the state line into Ohio and settled a few miles distant in Trumbull County, Ohio and later in Coshoc-ton, Coshoc-ton County, Ohio.

Mossmantown was six miles west of the present Greenville, Pennsylvania, near the Ohio state line. It was established by the Mossmans at the beginning of the 18<sup>th</sup> century and became a thriving place before modern methods of travel marked out different routes. It was noted on early maps. There were fifteen or twenty houses and about 125 inhabitants. Members of the Mossman family operated a shoe shop, spinning wheel factory, blacksmith shop, tannery and grocery and one Mossman served as postmaster. There was a post office there from 1851 to 1875. As of 1912 (when Bertha Kaler compiled the history) there were no Mossman descendants in the area and only about five houses. (As of 2005, I can find no mention of a town named Mossmantown in Pennsylvania).

The father John died at Mossmantown in March of 1802 and his was the first burial in the cemetery on his son Francis's farm, later called Rock Ridge Cemetery.

James Mossman had six children, all of whom were born in Ireland. Very little is known about most of the children; however much is known about the eldest, **John Mossman**, who was born in 1769 and came to America with his father in 1781. He married Polly Lewis from Fayette County, Pennsylvania in 1793. She was born in 1771 of Irish parentage, but a native of Pennsylvania. John died on his Ohio farm in 1838 (possibly 1839). His wife Polly died in 1868. They are buried at Chalfants Church yard, five miles northwest of Dresden, Muskingum County, Ohio.

John and Polly Mossman had at least eleven children that are known. Of these, the Nickey line descends from **Francis Mossman**, born in 1810, the fifth child, who moved with his father's family to Ohio in 1814. On January 22, 1825 he married Rheua A. Conner (b. 1817), daughter of William and Alcinda Conner, natives of New Jersey and Virginia. It was understood that Rheua was "the prettiest girl in all that county and people generally talked about Frank Mossman's good luck in getting her." Recollections of Rheua Conner Mossman are included in the attachments.

In 1842, Francis Mossman moved with his family from Coshocton County, Ohio, to a farm and cabin in Whitley County, Indiana. They came in a large covered wagon with three horses along with Mr. Conner, his father-in-law, who was riding the lead horse. Past Columbia City they had to cut the road as they went. The Mossman family was never satisfied with their isolated location. They later relocated to land north of Coesse, Indiana where he accumulated a large farm. (The town of Coesse, which

apparently no longer exists, was obviously named after the old Indian chief in the area. See the *Autobiographical Notes of Orpha Lavinia Mossman*).

Rheua Mossman died in May of 1903 in Whitley County, Indiana. Francis Mossman moved to Columbia City shortly thereafter where he died in January, 1904. Both were buried at the Coesse Lutheran Cemetery.

Rheua and Francis Mossman had eleven children, several of whom died in infancy. The eighth child to be born to them in 1849 was **Orpha Lavinia Mossman**. Her extraordinary autobiographical notes of memories of life as a pioneer child are attached.

Orpha Mossman married Addison Boyd Nickey of Whitley County, Indiana. Orpha and Addison Nickey had six children, **Samuel Mossman Nickey** (b. 1868), Maxamillia Nickey (b. 1873), William Ellsworth Nickey (b. 1875), an infant born 1879 who died the day of birth, Florence Elizabeth Nickey, born in 1881 and died several days later and Alice Elpaso Nickey (b. 1864).

**Samuel Mossman Nickey, Jr.** was the son of Samuel Mossman Nickey and Lois Frances Metsker. See the Nickey Family notes on Samuel Mossman Nickey, father to Samuel Mossman Nickey, Jr.



**Orpha Lavinia Mossman**  
1849—1934  
Mother of Samuel Mossman Nickey



**Excerpts from Mossman Family History**

by Bertha Kaler

## MOSSMAN FAMILY CREST

"A hand couped at the wrist and erect, holding a book, with the Latin motto: "Me mel ora manent." –  
(Better things await me)

**Sir Andrew Mossman** – born 1475 – died 1565

**Sir James Mossman**, son of John  
Court Jeweler, hanged August 3, 1593, - born 1519

**James Mossman**  
Presbyterian Minister – born Scotland, 1660

**John Mossman**  
Born County Down, Ireland, 1709 – Died March 1802.  
Came to America 1790

		Elizabeth	John F.
		James	Mary C.
	John-----	Joseph L.	Alcinda
	Joseph	Francis ----	Joseph
	Robert	Mary Ann	William E.
James -----	Francis	Eleanor	Paul
	Eleanor	Amelia	George S.
Francis		Orpha	Orpha L.
Eleanor		Catherine	Francis M.
Nancy			James Albert –(Bertha M. Kaler)
John			Maxamillia (Nellie M. Smith)
Lillias			
Wm. Herdman			

	William Mossman Kaler
Bertha M. Kaler ---	James Walpole Kaler
	Margaret Kaler

Nellie M. Smith ---	Robert Smith
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John Mossman who was born in 1709, came to America 1790.  
Died as Mossmantown, March 1802. Was the first burial in Cemetery on his son Francis' farm, now Rock Ridge Cemetery.

Of the first family that came to America, John, born in 1709, and his seven children:

James, born 1746	
Francis, born 1748, Died 1851	John, born 1753, died June 6, 1843
Eleanor, born 1751, Died 1834	Lillias, born 1762, died Oct. 27, 1845
Nancy, born 1753, Died 1848	William Herdman, born 1765. Died May, 1851

## **James**

Born in Ireland, 1746. Married in Ireland and had six children:

1. John, born in County Down, Ireland, May 27, 1769. Was with his father in Fayette County, Pa where he married Polly Lewis in 1793. Full record later.
2. Joseph – No record
3. Robert – No record
4. Francis – No record
5. Eleanor – born in Ireland, 1773. Died April 3, 1813. Married James Bailey – (b) 1761, died March 31, 1837. They had several children.  
Daughter, died in infancy. Name unknown.

## **John Mossman**

Was born in County Down, Ireland May 24, 1769. Came with his father James to America in 1781. The other families who came over 1781 and 1790 all settled at Mossmantown except Eleanor who always remained at Baltimore.

Several times has the author thought the places where James and family located and lived had been accurately ascertained, only to have it upset by other and later information. We do know he was with the other families in Fayette County, Pa. for some years, and that about the time they moved to Mercer Co., Pa. – 1799 – he moved not far from them but across the line in Ohio, Trumbull Co., and later to Coshocton Co., Ohio, and this last removal, may have been from any time from 1800 to 1815. But the son, John, whose family we are now and here tracing, married Polly Lewis in Fayette Co. in 1793 and located in Muskingum Co., Ohio, about the time his father located in Ohio, near Mossmantown. We cannot find that any of the Mossmans except this family of James, ever located in Ohio, nor can we tell anything of Lewis, Joseph, Robert and Francis, brothers of John, and sons of James. We are, therefore, led to believe the large families of Mossman in Muskingum, Coshocton and other counties all sprang from the family of James.

John Mossman (son of James) was born in County Down, Ireland, May 24, 1769. Came with his father to America in 1781. Married Polly Lewis in Fayette Co., Pa. in 1793. She was born 1771 of Irish parentage but a native of Pennsylvania. John Mossman died on the farm he first located on in Ohio, Aug. 24, 1838, as shown by his tombstone, but the family Bible of his son Francis puts it just one year later. The wife, Polly, died in Coshocton Co., Ohio, Oct. 5, 1868. They are buried at Chalfants Church yard, five miles northwest of Dresden, Muskingum County, Ohio.

### **Children of John and Polly Lewis Mossman:**

- Elizabeth (Betsy) b. July 14, 1802. Died May 20, 1898.
- Sarah, b. Jan. 21, 1804. Died Mar. 25, 1821. Unmarried.
- James, b. Aug. 12, 1805. Died Nov. 16, 1860.
- Joseph L. b. Oct. 10, 1807. Died July 31, 1865.
- Francis, b. Aug. 28, 1810. Died Jan. 21, 1904.
- Mary Ann, b. Aug. 29, 1812. Died Mar. 18, 1858.
- Eleanor, b. July 2, 1814. Died July 10, 1822.
- Amelia, b. Sept. 30, 1817. Died Jan. 23, 1864.
- Orpha, b. Aug. 20, 1819. Died April 15, 1850.
- Rebecca W., b. April 22, 1821. Died June, 1823.
- Catherine, b. Jan. 23, 1824. Died May 5, 1903.

There is some tradition of other and earlier children who died in infancy and the date of marriage and recorded birth of first child would allow for this, but we have absolutely no information on the subject.

### **Francis Mossman**

Fifth child of John and Polly Lewis Mossman

Born in Fayette County, Pa., Aug. 28, 1810. Removed with his father's family to Ohio in 1814. Jan. 22, 1825, he married Rheua A. Conner, daughter of William and Alcinda (Smallwood) Conner, natives of New Jersey and Virginia.

Aunt Maxie Foust, then a girl in that neighborhood, told me Rheua Conner was the prettiest girl in all that county and people generally talked about Frank Mossman's good luck in getting her.

Mrs. Mossman was born 6-21-1817, died May 16, 1903, at the old homestead, the home of their son James Albert, in Union Tp., Whitley County, Indiana. May 16, 1903. Francis Mossman died in the same house, in Columbia City to which they had moved in Fall of 1903, on January 21, 1904. They are buried at Coesse Lutheran Cemetery

#### **Family of Francis and Rheua Conner Mossman:**

John F., b. Feb. 14, 1837.

Mary Co., b. June 23, 1838, died about 1919 or 1920.

Alcinda, b. March 26, 1840, died about 1929.

Joseph, b. Sept. 3, 1841, died Feb. 3, 1843.

William W., b. Sept. 17, 1843, died about 1930 at Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Paul, b. May 26, 1845, died Sept. 9, 1845

George, b. Sept. 23, 1846, died Aug. 28, 1887.

Orpha L., b. May 6, 1849, died July 7, 1934 at Hollywood, California.

Francis M., b. Feb. 2, 1851, died about 1932.

James Albert, b. Aug. 20, 1852

Maxamillia, b. May 2, 1856, died Oct. 11, 1914 at Wabash, Ind.

### **Orpha Lavinia Mossman**

Born May 6, 1849. Married Addison Boyd Nickey, b. August 22, 1844, Died August 4, 1917. Orpha died July 7, 1934. Six children were born to them.

1. Samuel Mossman, b. 9-9-1868. Married Grace Darling Metsker (whose mother was a daughter of Jacob Nickey) 9-1-1892. She died 2-18-1909. Two children: Eleanor Maximilia, b. 6-27-1893, died October 1924, unmarried; and infant born dead. Remarried her sister Lois Metsker  
Two children born to them:

1. Sam M. Jr. born July 23, 1912. Phi Gamma Delta at Davidson College, Davidson, N.C., graduated 1934. Memphis lumberman.
2. Lois E. born November 24, 1917.

(Other children of Orpha and Addison Boyd are included as many of these are known to present generations)

2. Maxamillia. born 6-4-1873. Died 1908. Married Elisha Lyman McLallen, Jan. 12, 1893. Five children born to them:
  1. Elisha Lyman, III. b. 4-15-1894. married Sue DeGraffenreid Oct. 12, 1916, Phi Gamma Delta and Memphis lumberman. Two children:
    - Elisha Lyman, IV, born Jan. 15, 1921
    - Patti Sue (adopted daughter) born Sept. 25, 1927
  2. Francis Nickey, b. 12-30-1897, married Henry L. Howard, March 28, 1931, attended Smith College, lived in Hollywood, California
  3. Margaret Alice, b. 3-7-1900, attended Southern College, genealogist, lived in Hollywood, California
  4. William Henry, b. 1-5-1904, attended University of California, Phi Gamma Delta, married Bess Hager of Vancouver, B.C. on June 12, 1931, lumberman in Vancouver, had one child:
    - Virginia Frances, b. Dec. 18, 1932
  5. John Addison, b. 8-17-1905, attended University of Washington, Phi Gamma Delta, married Lydamas Davis of Seattle, Washington on Sept. 3, 1929, one child; Vancouver lumberman
3. William Ellsworth Nickey, b. 5-21-1875, married Nelle McMahon 10-8-1902, two children:
  1. William McMahon, b. 2-15-1904, Phi Gamma Delta, married Elizabeth Tayloe of Memphis, Tennessee on Oct. 15, 1927, had two children:
    1. William McMahon, Jr., b. June 3, 1929
    2. George Tayloe b. Jan 13., 1931
  2. Addison Boyd, b. 5-28-1907, graduated from Washington & Lee University in Virginia
4. Infant b. 8-1879. Died day of birth
5. Florence Elizabeth Nickey, b. 4-9-1881. Died 4-10-1881
6. Alice Elpaso Nickey, b. 6-28-1884. Married Adair Hardin Sanders 10-24-1916, Los Angeles, California. One child, Kathleen, b. May 1921

**Rhuea Connor Mossman**

**1817—1903**

Memories of Rhuea Connor Mossman written by her grandchildren,  
Bertha Kaler and Samuel Mossman Nickey

RHUEA CONNOR MOSSMAN

by

Bertha Mossman Kaler

*Hamilton*  
*Feb 5 - 1945*

I would like to write an ode to my Grandmother, singing her virtues and wisdom and the beauties of her mind, but as I have not that power I can only set down in simple words my memories of her.

I believe I knew her more intimately than any of her grandchildren, for from my earliest childhood I spent hours in her living room, at the period in her life when she had almost all leisure time. We both enjoyed reading and in her room I could read undisturbed.

I do not think she ever read fiction in her life, but she would pore for hours over Hume's "History of England" and such kindred books as our limited library had. How I would love to share with her the numerous magazines and books we have today. She would have enjoyed them so much.

Children intuitively analyze the characters with whom they are closely associated and I say, without reservation, that I believe my grandmother was one of the most intelligent women I have ever known, as well as the most innately refined. She scorned anything vulgar. This was not an acquired Mid-Victorian refinement, but the result of a naturally pure spirit.

I never saw my grandmother laugh and I do not think it would have become her. She was unable to cry too when tragedy came into her life, as when her beloved son, George, died. I believe she suffered more because she could not give vent to her emotions - her beautiful dark eyes just became a little more tragic.

Grandmother did not make friends easily for she was not interested in small gossip. But what friendships she did make were deep, real and fine - based on a common intellectual plane - with those whose characters she admired.

When her services were needed, my father said that she would go anywhere and help - in times of sickness or death.

The flag carried by the Fifth Indiana Battery during the entire Civil War was made at my grandmother's home by herself and eight other ladies because she had the only sewing machine in the county. My grandfather, Francis Mossman, was the treasurer of a

fund raised by the citizens of Union Township, Indiana, to pay men to go to the Army. After the war a sum was raised for the widows and orphans from this township and grandfather had charge of its disbursement.

It is interesting to note that due to this a great granddaughter, Margaret McLallen, was eligible to join a patriotic society and was sent from Los Angeles as the representative of their society to the King George VI Coronation. How my grandmother would have gloried in that!

Two of Grandmother's outstanding traits were, first, her ambition for her children to succeed, to do something, to be somebody worthy of respect in their community - not in the climber sense, for she was too great a lady in her own right for that, and secondly, her stern moral code, which seemed almost too relentless. Because of one son's marriage of whose wife she did not approve, she refused to ever enter his home, although he lived on an adjoining farm, and she was never very friendly to their three children. She never mentioned the wife's name nor was she discouraged, but as a child I always felt sorry for my cousins when they occasionally came to see us. I think her unrelentlessness broke my grandmother's heart as well as that of her great-minded son, George, whom all the children agreed was the most brilliant of the six sons. His favorite poet was Milton and he could quote pages from "Paradise Lost and Regained". George died when about forty years old, August 18, 1887.

Of my grandmother's early life I do not know a great deal. She was born in Coshocton County, Ohio, near Dresden, the only girl in a family of six brothers. Her name was Rheua Connor. Her grandmother lived with them and I can remember Grandmother telling me, "My grandmother was a very noble woman". She had a small tintype of her and destroyed it because she did not want her descendants to think of a very beautiful character as the frail old lady in the picture. How often this is true. We do not think of the aging bodies of those we know and love very well, but others who did not know them can only visualize them by their photographs.

In this pen portrate of my grandmother I wish I could envisage her as the very lovely young woman she must have been. She had very large, dark, expressive eyes, dark brown hair, was slender and very graceful. This combined with a certain dignity that was much a part of her charm.

After I was married, Mrs. Franklin Foust, wife of the Columbia City banker, told me that Grandmother was noted for her beauty as a girl - that she remembered the morning of my grandparent's marriage, her father coming in and saying, "Well, Frankie Mossman is marrying the prettiest girl in Coshockton County today".

My grandparents came to Indiana with nothing but their youth, stout hearts, and courage. We can scarcely conceive what hardships Grandmother must have gone through to go with her husband



into the almost unbroken wilderness and establish a new home in that forest - to leave all those so dear to her. I don't think she ever saw any of them but once or twice after that. She lost a child on that laborious trek. She told me that many times the Indians came to their cabin when she was alone and asked for food. She said, although terrified, she always set out some food for them and they never molested her.

Grandmother made one trip back home on horseback taking her oldest son, John, a baby, with her through forest trails for at least two hundred miles. We wonder how she could do it.

Grandfather had over 1,000 acres of land bought from the government. As the country became more settled and the forests cleared, the family moved from their original log cabin home where the children were all born to the old homestead, about three-quarters of a mile from Coesse, Indiana. The site of it is known yet as "Mossman Corners". This rambling old farmhouse was set back from the road some distance on a small rise. On three sides were main traveled roads.

My father had five hundred acres in this tract and it was here that I was born and lived with my parents and grandparents until I was married in 1901.

My grandmother must have had an overwhelming desire for beauty. She once told me, "I always prayed before my children were born that they would be beautiful" - and most certainly her prayers were answered, for her daughters all had beautiful, refined faces and manners, and her sons were all fine looking, stalwart, intelligent men.

Her desire for beauty took its expression in raising flowers and it has always been a mystery to me how she could have acquired the enormous variety she had without our modern methods of obtaining seeds and plants. The majority of her flowers, as need be, were perennials, and how grateful I am to her for being able to grow up knowing so intimately all these lovely varieties - masses of fragrant syringa and lilac bushes, snowball, honeysuckle, and every shade of roses. I especially loved our white moss roses and the yellow ones, perhaps because they were a little more unusual. One monthly rose bush that had such perfect rich red roses on, my father transplanted to his home in Columbia City. At the time, he said it was over fifty years old. We had great beds of tulips, iris, and peonies - white, pink and red. My father would have the farm hands mulch these beds once a year and grandmother would otherwise take care of them herself.

We had an abundance of every kind of fruit on our farm due, I think, to her interest in these things - cherries, apples, peaches, plums, pears, currants, raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, etc. Growing up with all these around they almost assumed personalities to me. We usually stored 50 or 60 bushels of apples

in our outside fruit cellar along with potatoes for winter use. Grandmother often grafted fruit. In early days she spun and wove, made all their own clothes, soap, candles, and, no doubt, many other things I do not know about.

I can remember what great brown loaves of salt-rising bread she made. My father said that on Sunday nights she made such wonderful biscuits and served them with honey as a special treat for her children.

My grandparents did all they could to promote the education of their children. As a girl Grandmother had attended a "female seminary", but there was nothing like that in this new country. Grandfather gave a teacher they admired very much five hundred dollars if she would teach his children the following year. They had debating groups on Sunday afternoons, spelling bees, and the like. They gave the children singing lessons, although I do not believe as a family they were musical. Aunt Mack, the youngest child, was sent to Ft. Wayne in later years and became a stenographer - working in Jacksonville, Florida, about 1880. This was considered quite an accomplishment in that day. At one time, when there was some talk of establishing Wittenberg College in that part of the country, Grandfather offered to donate the land and grandmother boarded the minister one winter free of charge trying to promote it. The Lutheran Church later decided to establish it at Springfield, Ohio.

How many rich and happy memories must have flitted across her mind of days gone by, of her children growing up around her, of birth, of death, sorrow and joy, when she was the center of it all to the days when this was all past and she sat tranquilly smoking her pipe, hours on end, with almost a tragic expression in her beautiful dark eyes. She always wore a little cap of black lace and ribbon. Aunt Orpha kept her supplied with these, sometimes with a little lavender ribbon woven in. I can remember one lovely dress of royal purple that Aunt Orpha sent her. Grandmother had the Mossman pride and always looked very neat.

Cousin Mazie has told me she always felt ashamed as a girl because Grandmother smoked a pipe, but I can truly say I never did. It was no more a part of her as the food she ate. Her character, intelligence, and personality were so much greater than such a trivialism.

I must have questioned her about it though, for I remember her telling me she started smoking to quiet the pain of an impacted wisdom tooth with which she walked the floor for several days. As they lived in the forest far from doctors and dentists we can understand this.

While one of her sons became a multi-millionaire, a daughter the wife of another, a grandson an inventor of note, and many of her children occupied positions of importance all over the United States. I do not believe any of these as important to her as her desire that they maintain the strict moral code she had laid so heavily on their consciousness and which in turn they

transmitted to their own children.

I never saw any unduly outward observance of religion on Grandmother's part, yet I know she was the most deeply religious woman I have ever known. I think she walked with God at all times with ever a prayer on her lips for her children.

I never heard her complain, scold or nag. She was too great for that. Yet I do not doubt when she commanded, her children obeyed at once.

I would like to close these recollections with the words Thomas R. Marshall wrote about his mother for they so truly voice my thoughts about my Grandmother.

"A woman who with hand grasping the Unseen Hand walks the briar bordered paths of life, unashamed, unafraid, unharmed. She is clad in garments of beauty for me, and age does not soil them nor years make them cheap and tawdry. Her tongue is without guile, having never been the messenger of a lie".

February 27, 1945

Mrs. Bertha M. Kaler  
5035 Lakeview Ave.  
Detroit, 13, Mich.

Dear Bertha:

I was delighted to get your letter of February 5 in which you enclosed the description and activities and life history of my Grandmother on my Mother's side and I cannot tell you how much Mrs. Nickey and I appreciate you sending to me this well written article.

I do not know that I could contribute very much to this but in a small way, I have quite a few faint recollections of Grandmother Mossman. I think it occurred about the first time of anything I could remember in my young life. My father and Mother lived about five and one-half miles from the Mossman place and the first recollection that I had of seeing Grandmother was when my Mother took me along to visit her and I rode tandem fashion behind her on an old horse we called Jack. Mother was dressed in one of these long black riding skirts and used a side saddle that was given her by my father as a wedding present and I held on behind. At least two or three miles of this journey was through virgin forest and at that time we had a Durham cow that we called Old Lady. I must have been about four years old, probably just *— app* able to talk a little and I believe I was reared mostly on that cow's milk because I remember when we reached Grandmother's place they asked me how I felt and I said that I wanted them to go milk Old Lady and I can remember Grandmother Mossman saying to my mother that that was fine that cow's milk was good for growing children.

At that visit I remember of an Orchard of several Apple trees on the west side of the house and at the edge of the orchard back of the kitchen they had a small brick oven they called their bakery and that was where they did all their baking in place of being in the kitchen in those days.

I have a faint recollection of Grandmother Mossman talking about the Orchard and that these trees as well as some of the trees we had at our home came from seeds that were distributed

in that territory by that eccentric individual who travelled from Pennsylvania and Ohio and the northern part of what was then the frontier and distributed these seeds, and this was none other than the famous Johnny Appleseed, and by the way, I noticed in Life Magazine, I believe it was in some of the December issues in which they spoke of a few of the peculiar characters in the United States and Johnny Appleseed's name was mentioned and one of the outstanding references made was that he had died in Allen County and no one knew his burial place.

I know that for some reason we had a peculiar but fine different kinds of apples in our orchard, some of the names we never hear of now, others we do but all were good. Our particular orchard had North Spys, Bellflowers, Early Harvest which was a white apple, Vandevors, Chaeknose, Rhode Island Green, Russetts and a few apples of no name which we called Cider Apples. I believe that all of these apples came from the pioneering done by that old faithful soul, Johnny Appleseed.

You spoke in your review concerning Grandmother Mossman smoking a pipe, I remember that very distinctly in later years I can remember my Mother when I commenced to smoke more or less, reprimanding me for it and I retorted that Grandmother Mossman did and it irritated my Mother very much. She said to me, I never want you to refer to that again because Grandmother smokes because she had a toothache.

Last summer I came home from my summer home in Walloon Lake, Michigan and drove through Allen and Whitley Counties spending just a few hours and it was very hard for me to recognize some of the old roads and houses but was able to find our old home but had quite a time finding Everett Lake which we used to call Bull's Lake in fact, I had a hard time finding Uncle Silas Briggs place, your Grandfather. We spent a good hour looking around this place as I remember it as a boy I had many enjoyable times visiting Uncle Silas because that was one place in the country that one could get all they wanted to eat and that little curve in old Bel River down by the west barn was where I first learned to swim "dog fashion" and it was quite an accomplishment.

If you happen to be going this way don't forget us, Lois and I would like to see you. We have lived in Memphis thirty five years and have a wonderful lot of friends but we are both reaching the age that we are not as active as we once were but we do enjoy living. Our two children are fine, our daughter, Lois, is the wife of a young Architect, have a nice little home and are doing well. My son, Sam Jr., is the head of this business which has kept him very very busy during these war times as about 90% of our business is manufacturing material that goes only into Navy requirements.

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In addition, Sam Jr. is a member of the Conservation Commission of the State of Tennessee which takes about two days of his time once a month. We are all quite well and happy and would enjoy a visit from you any time that you can do so.

Again I want to thank you for this splendid article on Grandmother Mossman's life. I have made a copy of it and will put it in the Nickey Book that Mrs. Milligen of Denver, Colorado has published. Thanking you again and trust that this finds you having continuous good health and success in your business.

I am returning the copy that you asked me to return,  
I am

Most Sincerely yours,

S. M. Nickey Sr.  
President

SMNSr:hb

**Orpha Lavinia Mossman**

Autobiographical Notes of her life  
as a pioneer child in the wilderness of Indiana

Autobiographical Notes of Orpha Lavinia Nickey  
Tales of Early Indiana  
Edited by Eleanor Maximilia Nickey  
November 13, 1922  
(Typed as written in the original form with notes in brackets)

My father loaded five of his own children and five of neighbors children in lumber wagon to hear the Lincoln-Douglas debate. [1858 Senate Campaign] Douglas spoke first, then when Lincoln got up as a child I wondered when he was going to quit getting up he was so tall. The family we took with us were for Douglas, we were for Lincoln, the little boys got into a fist fight over which one was the best, five Democrat children, we were five Republican children. Father reached back with a long raw hide whip and said Children, children, hush that up. Father, a pioneer ready to further the education of the children, went fifteen miles. Meeting held in Old Wayne Park, where General Wayne in Indian War had his headquarters. This same set of children at the close of the campaign, full of chagrin that Dems defeated, we full of elation.

Buchanan-Freemont. B elected in 55, inaugurated in spring of 56. Among my earliest recollections. Very earliest. Remember Sister Mary doing a certain amount of spinning because she wanted to spend the next day at a rally, at a school. Pittsburg Road being built next summer, summer I was six at a picnic at Coesse, named for chief of Pottawamies. First train went thru, we were drawn up along the railroad with little flags made by our mothers, spirit of the pioneer women. When train got just opposite us the train whistled and we turned and ran, stumbled all over ourselves in an effort to get back to the woods. Loudest noise that any of us had ever heard, engineer tickled. Fifty or sixty children, people had big families in those days.

Old Coese in the habit of stopping by Fathers with his pack of braves on horseback following the trail from Columbia City to Ft. Wayne. One time old C came. Mother had bread in Dutch oven, baked 16 loaves at a time, she told Coesse had no bread, wasn't bread till baked, he sniffed and in sign language told her he would wait, then took all loaves. I was a baby in the cradle, older children afraid that the Indians would steal me. No matter if big families, none to spare.

Miss Conner, Grandmother's mother, born in Virginia, moved to Ohio when she was a young woman. She sent G [Grandmother] to New York boarding school for a year. Mossman brought in an immigrant family from Belfast, Ireland when [I was] four years old. Mossman family [was] Scotch, came in a sailing vessel. Three Mossman children born in Ohio, rest in Indiana. O.L.N. [Orpha Lavinia Nickey] born in a log cabin, my pioneer parents had reached the aristocratic stage of pioneer life, had two cabins [called double cabins] with a run way between, one was a sleeping room, the other was living room, children occupied the loft except two youngest who had a trundle bed which went under the big bed in the daytime and was pulled out at night. Moved away from this cabin when I was four, into a frame house about two blocks from log cabin, man by name of Allen, Mildred Nickey's Grandfather he was prize carpenter, two bedrooms down stairs, a parlor mind you, and a living room and a kitchen, a standing joke that those old parlors were for weddings and funerals. Weddings soon became numerous but no death for forty years. Aunt Allie, Aunt Mary married there.

Sister Mary married Howard Pierce, the gallant of the country around, can't find words enough to tell how fine he was. Methodist minister, good old Brother Bradshaw, no Presbyterian minister at hand, rode twenty miles over Indian trail to hold meeting, family made it opportune time for Mary's wedding. All the neighborhood gathered in, white Swiss dress, short sleeves and low neck, an innovation came about through his family, his sister gave her the goods which Miss Pierce, the grooms sister, had brought from New York, Mary made own dress. Mary Jane was bridesmaid, the first bridesmaid ever heard of in that country. John Mossman stood up with Mary Pierce. Later the insane one in the Pierce family, was help to Mother Mossman, family trouble the climax. O.L.N. six. If the Lord would send an angel down, couldn't be more beautiful than my oldest sister. Married on Christmas Day. Young men made the table reached entirely across the kitchen, would seat twenty, I remember one particular thing was the two great turkeys at the ends of the table and embellishment four butter trees, Grooms father and mother at one end the brides father and mother at the other and did the carving. Butter trees made of rolls of butter foot high with branches made by squeezing butter thru piece of coarse, homespun linen, kept cold and added to until tree perfect, could see thru the branches. Father had buried radishes, long red ones, peeled down like Japanese do today. Four table at least, festivities lasted till daylight. Grooms family gave an "infare". The dinner repeated the next



evening at their home five miles away. We all sleighed to that, one terrible hill I was afraid of, I went to sleep long before we got there. Old white horse called Pal that was inclined to kick up her heels. Bride and Groom stayed at Father's home that night and the next day went to Ft. Wayne to visit, twelve miles, for a few days.

I grew up between two boys older and two younger, I could skin a muskrat as well as any of them, but they wouldn't let me skin a mink, too valuable, muskrat worth ten cents, mink twenty five cents. At last one morning in my own trap I found a mink and I skinned it too, and showed them that I could do it as well as they could.

My first clothes were made out of the older girls clothes. I remember the first dress that I had that wasn't made out of my sisters clothes and that was a pretty plaid brown flannel.

My father was so progressive that he was the first man in the country to have his wife give up the weaving of the family cloth. A woolen mill was established in Fort Wayne and you could take wool there and exchange it for cloth. So father got a nice flock of fine merino sheep and gave over forty acres of his farm to the sheep pasture, left only about a dozen of the finest hickory trees which had delicious nuts. Laid in from fifteen to twenty bushels for the off year.

Brown plaid flannel woven at this mill, whole roll brought home and some families got their cloth by the bolt. I knew of a neighbor family a little later where the mother and four daughters had dresses off the roll, and seven boys had shirts. Father like Jacob, always looking out for Jacob and like Job, proud of his family, wanted his daughters to be the fairest in the land.

Dress was made very long, no doubt to save cloth, and the skirt full with sleeves buttoned at the wrists. Dress came to ankles with a wide hem and a bug tuck to let out for the next three years. Tuck in the sleeves, too. Don't forget it, the pioneers knew how to make things last!

When we moved into the frame house father got in touch with a man in Penn. and had him come out to teach in the log house school. He came on horseback and then boarded round, father paid most of the salary. Name Louis Senyer. Cost twenty five cents for each letter so, three letters each way brought this teacher, an old friend of the family back in Penn. All the way thru Mary Pringle and he took to each other. Neighbors didn't take to him and he had only a few pupils, the second year crowds; they had to make new seats and the third year every nook and cranny full, toward the close of the third year the log cabins took fire one night and burned down. The children discovered it when they came to school and the families gathered and they had a general day of mourning, stood around and visited and cried. Teacher remained in Indiana and married Mary Pringle, settled on a little farm. When she had a child in school, teacher said he had whipped his wife.

Father established another private school in my time. She was a graduate of Mt. Holyoke, one of the first grads, Miss Anna Ferris. Pledged a thousand dollars and her board the first year this was very hard to raise, three Mossmans and six other children, in the upper room of the public school, had been used for a Templars Lodge, public school too crowded. A little envy with the other children, the little ones going to school downstairs, teacher usually good. Great craze for playing chess, Brother John introduced it, learned it from the Pierce family children, neglected their studies, I played one whole night, George and I. Father found it out. Schools governed by a board of trustees, Miss Ferris called a meeting of the trustees, they were afraid she was going to resign, Gentlemen, I find that I'm not doing my pupils justice. The neighborhood was gone wild on chess playing. I'll have to stop or the chess playing. It lies with you. Chess playing stopped, her four years as good as high school, a little Greek, mathematics, English, Latin, Brother George led the school in everything but spelling he always stood at the foot in spelling, but a fine Shakespearian scholar. Miss Ferris married a Washington lawyer. Never saw her but once afterwards.

Old Selim, the minister's horse, ministers name "Old Mr. Swan", if you had ever heard of the person or if your yellow dog had ever run across the person's yard you were expected to go the person's funeral. Came in big wagons and horseback. Baker Bonsteal, lived in Coese. Both ministers were accustomed to stopping at the open house of Father Mossman, Old Selim learned to know where he got his dinner every Sunday. Minister owned anything that you could possibly call a buggy which was in the phraseology of the country was called a "Buckboard" consisted of a wide plank mounted on four wheels, all the spring there was to it came from the plank. Father's house stood on a knoll four hundred feet from the main road with a lane leading up to it. Mr. Bonsteal's funeral was eleven o'clock, people late gathering, one o'clock when they passed Judge Mossman's house, Old Selim knew where he had been getting his Sunday dinners, not able to keep count, thought this Thursday was Sunday, so there was no passing the house, in the lead, in spite of all that Brother Swan could do, he turned suddenly in the Mossman lane upsetting the minister in a mudhole and this stopped the procession. Inwardly Judge

Mossman was wondering if the preacher didn't swear but nobody heard him. He had once confessed to Father that in making an old time barrel, the chain hoop slipped, his temper had gotten the best of him and he actually swore "profaned God's name". Horse fell down, minister crawling out of the mud hole, the caravan stopped, the long line of lumber wagons and after them the horseback riders, both men and women. Good neighbor driving the wagon carrying the corpse hastily drove to a place of safety because he didn't want the corpse to take the chance of the mudhole along with Brother Swan. Fool, boy who wasn't worth much but once in a while hit the nail on the head, came riding up to see what the excitement was. Brother Swan was trying to make the horse get up which he couldn't do as long as he was hitched. Al took hold, unhitched the horse and in a few minutes had him standing up and hitched up again but no power on earth could make him go or eloquent persuasion of Brother Swan or Al could make him turn from that lane so minister said to Al Take him up to Mossmans and give him his dinner, I'll get in with the corpse and ride on the seat with Brother Smith. He still led the procession. (An actual fact, had to take that horse up and feed him).

Old Mr. Douglas, of good Scotch ancestry, but Calvinistic to the extreme, good old elder, but so narrow that he nearly thought that everybody but him and his wife and Brother Bill and his wife were going to be damned. He met Brother Kohn one day and said John, do you know you're a great sinner, and that you're on the road to perdition, if you don't stop playing the fiddle for these dances, you'll be eternally lost. Every day you're journeying towards your grave and its foreordained that unless you give up all these sinful practices you'll be eternally lost. A great fad to have a pet lamb in all the country round. Some little lamb that was born in especially cold weather or that the mother sheep didn't claim, the farmer brought it in and the child who fed it and cared for it owned it when it grew up. In every flock of sheep there were these pets, one, two or three. Became quite a contest as to who had the finest pet lamb. These lambs created a lot of fun by becoming very obstreperous when they grew up so that they even had contests to see which lamb could butt the hardest, called "butting" and the lambs would fight till they had to take them apart. Never got over their butting propensities till they went to the butcher. Pets learned to nose open the latches on doors. Alice had a pet that used to be a nuisance in Auburn, came into the kitchen and we never knew how he did it, finally had to send him away unbeknownst to Alice. In one field there was a stack of rails that were waiting to be burned. One morning the lamb spied good old Elder Douglas coming cross lots. Down went the lambs head and up went his hind feet as he took after the elder. Fortunately a pile of old rails stacked up to dry was in the elder's path and he immediately took refuge on top of these. Long about noon when the elder was getting quite hungry along came the boy whom the elder had sent to perdition the Sunday before. In his distress of mind and hunger he called to John to rescue him. John, that pesky lamb has kept me here for three hours and I want to go to my dinner. Well, Elder Douglas, I'm the boy that was foreordained to be lost. I'm pretty bad. That lamb is so used to my swearing at him that he won't come away till you swear at him. You swear then. No indeed, you wouldn't have me swear, Elder. The captive has to do the swearing. John went on down the field and then circled to within hearing, came back about five o'clock. Elder was looking awfully sick and muttering to himself. Finally heard to say Damn. About that time the supper bell at the farm rang. Pet Lamb knows supper bell and walked away.

#### Devil's Lane story

Father was regarded as a very wise man, Mother often said I know he has royal blood. Was called Judge Mossman the country round though he wasn't a judge of course. Had no judges in that day, had no court scarcely, was a record kept of deeds and marriages in the county seat, probably Columbia City, an office in the back of the store, no records of births. Cases tried there before a squire, some old fellow that didn't know half as much as father, so the country people came to father for miles around to settle any dispute that came up, each agreeing before seeing Judge Mossman, wouldn't settle difficulties till they promised to abide by his decision. He always brought them to seeing as he did, never in all that time made an enemy. I only knew of one case that couldn't be settled, that was fall of 55. Two strong headed Dutch men joined farms but couldn't agree where the line was so these hot headed Dutch men each built his own fence which left in pioneer lore, a devil's lane between them. Both members of the Presbyterian church, meeting called to see if the neighbors couldn't settle it for them. Meeting closed by Elder Douglas proclaiming that it was foreordained that these men couldn't agree to the devil's lane built. Each Dutchman hurried up his fence and that left a space between, about two feet. Into this devil's lane wandered a calf, immediately after the fences were built. This night a heavy snowstorm set in and filled the spaces in the fences and the calf died. Beautiful snowstorm, in roads running north and south, fences hidden, every tree and every bush hidden. Storm lasted three days. Not a living thing in sight. After storm one Dutchman seen inquiring of his neighbors if they had seen a little wandering calf, valued at so many bushels of wheat or so many cords of cut wood, in view that in two years this little calf would be the milk provider for the family it was very valuable for the family, and a loss that sorely vexed the old Dutchman's heart, worth two bushels of wheat and two cords of wood. He couldn't find it, searched the country for miles around. Secretly he blamed his neighbor, the other Dutchman. Saw Van Sicle looking down the lane and thinks him guilty.

but his good Dutch neighbor lost no sleep, having a clear conscience. In the early days these snows laid on the ground all winter beginning to disappear in March. In the early part of April old man going to church and looks down devil's lane and saw one white spot of snow left, stopped his wagon and went down to see why one spot left. What was his consternation to find that the same spot proved to be his little lost white calf. Proceeded with his family to church, after church neighbors had their weekly visit, when Mr Van Sicle told them in a sheepish way of his find. Judge Mossman appeared very sober. As the party was breaking up he announced I hoped that everyone will be at the Wed Meeting, important business to be discussed. Looked very grave. Wed night another storm set in, didn't hinder the farmers from coming because J. Mossman intimated there was something in the air. Congregation came in ox teams because it was too stormy to take horses out. Mossman very serious, asked Brother Van Houter and Brother Van Sickle to come to the front seat, takes care to seat the belligerent brethren as far apart on the front seat as possible, said that all congregation know of little white calf's being found dead because these two couldn't agree, turning to the brethren, the fighting Dutchmen, he proceeded to lecture on brotherly love. Mr. Van H. do you realize that it might have been one of your eleven children and Mr. V.S. what might have been your feelings then, to have brought this on a neighbor? At the close of this fatherly talk both men were in tears. Now in the presence of your good neighbors who have gathered this stormy night, can you not agree to do away with your devil's lane, emphasized the Devil's. Almost before the words out of his mouth both Dutchmen on their feet each insisting that he was the one in the wrong. That week took the fence away. So sorry embraced each other and the little company nearly all in tears. Fool sitting in the back of the church said something funny. Elder Douglas says "It was foreordained that that calf should die in order that humanity should be blessed."

the only time we would eat it, had a beautiful tree. The second year we had a mess of dumplings, the third year we had apples for twice a week each child had one to eat out of hand; pies till Christmas, the four year twenty bushels of apples and after that the abundance was so great that there was enough for every family in the neighborhood. When the fourth year there was an abundant crop but in the mercy of their hearts Father and Mother never allowed the children to take apples to school to eat before those who hadn't any but once a week Will and George were allowed to take a large basket so that each child should have an apple, meant seventy or eighty apples. On rainy days, especially in a snowstorm, Judge Mossman hitched his team of oxen to the stone boat made of heavy plank the width of a wagon six feet wide, on which he threw a couple of bags of apples so that each child could fill his pockets, timed to arrive at the closing of school hours, the hill school house, the one built after the burning of the log school. Had to watch that the little ones weren't crowded out. Saved some of the nicest for the teacher, this school that Uncle Howard taught, Mary saved the nicest for the teacher.

#### The Stirrin' Off Party

In pioneer days every farmer made his own sugar from maple trees in which the woods abounded. Winters, his real name, hard working thrifty Penns Dutchman who had the largest grove of maples in that part of the country. Every spring he gave the young people a stirrin' off party, looked to by all the lads and lassies with eager anticipation. When the sap began to flow from the maples. Hundreds of spigots made from elder bushes. Auger bored a hole, spigots inserted about two feet from the ground, allowing the sap to flow thru the spigot into buckets. Buckets carried to a large shed where the sap boiled in an immense iron cauldron.

Every child expected to carry his share of the buckets in when coming from school, woe unto the child who fell down and spilled a bucket. Mr. Winters carried a small clapboard and woe to the child that fell down. In a pioneer community nothing so near criminal as to waste something. Mr. Winters sent word around by ox team that would be a sugarin-off. About forty young people gathered. Spring plowing had begun and not one horse available, all had to walk. Sap had been boiled down to the consistency of cream and stirrin off meant emptying this into a big iron cauldron and boiling down till consistency of thick molasses then the fun began. Each one was provided with a plate or a saucer or a wooden bowl. Fool grabbed the sieve off the kitchen wall and started to put his molasses in that. Boys and girls very hilarious over this, made much fun of him. As the molasses cooled, they pulled it and that was taffy. The remainder was boiled down to sugar. Mr. Winters provided paddles for the stirring off so that each youngster could stir. Burned each other. When the molasses became sugar or almost so it was poured into deep pans to mold. All go to the well to wash out of a couple of big tin wash basins. Best of fun to come yet. Mary and Howard, Senyer and Katy Wiggins hands in the basin at the same time. Jealous boys, old fool said school teacher had to put his hands in with Katy, supposed he'd join hands with her for good some time. Then they went to the barn. Had been cleaned up and swept, had a forty feet square space lighted with tallow candles in tin lanterns. They were made of pieces of tin round with a round bottom, with a cupola on top for the smoke to go out. Tin sides punched with holes to let out the light. Made a beautiful picture, girls in hoops three and four years around, each girl had on two or three

stiffly starched white muslin home made skirts and chemise under this. Little half grown girls wore pantalettes and showed them, grown girls didn't show their pantalettes, tied below knee, chemise meeting pantalettes below the knee. (Argument between O.L.N. and E. as to whether a lady was immodest in descending from a wagon.) Great disagree to see a chemise. Dresses of wool material, danced Virginia Reel, mostly. Must have had other fiddle dances. Danced almost all night. Fool in revenge put maple taffy in girls chignons, large pads of false hair with curls, pinned on. Old Dutchman and his wife busy cleaning up all the time. Finally start home and get lost a long time on the way. Finally reach railroad, train coming. Fool stops it to ask way home, grabs lantern and flagged the train. Six girls and two boys sitting on the track and he afraid the train would run over them. Mr. Winers gave each party a lantern to get home with. Customary for the girls to help put the house in order after the party, but Mrs. Winters had been cleaning up all night so there was no necessity for this.

Boys wore homespun and homemade suits, coat and trousers, no Beau Brummel was every more gallant in looking after the girls. Collars made on the shirt and ties. Shoes got from Ft. Wayne. Every day shoes blackened them by turning up a stove lid and sopping the black off the lid on to the shoes. Girls wore gaiters, a kid shoe with an elastic running up the ankle. Sunday shoes. Everyday shoes, boys made of bull hide, girls everyday shoes made of calf skin. Grandmother wore a fascinator on her head, boys wore caps made of the scraps of the suits, cap pattern which was passed around from family to another. Hand knit mittens for both boys and girls. Shoes made to last two to three years, hence very big.

### Stealing the Bee Tree

Jim and Louis steal the tree from Howard. Jim knew about the tree because he joined farms with Howard, he sent word to Lu that he knew of a bee tree in the Pierce woods. The bee tree by swarms of bees running away, light in a tree, traced by the eye to some woods, where they the swarm belonged to them, usually a hollow tree. The month of October, after the harvest, following the first full moon, wanted the darn of the moon for mischief. If you knew that you had a bee tree you asked a few friends to cut the tree on such and such a night. I left too late the honey all gone. Old Doctor Pierce was a very sedate portly old man who had three very mischievous sons who would like no better sport than to cut his neighbors bee tree. He sent word to his neighbors that he had a fine bee tree and would have a party cutting on the tenth of October. Just invited the older men, good old elder, wives would stay at the house with their knitting while the men went to cut the bee tree. Boys arrange to cut it the same night. Three old men meander out to the woods with saws and axes this dark night, when they got to the edge of the woods, heard mysterious sounds, agree to walk along silently till they got near the tree, the nearer they got the more ominous the noise was. Three old men discover that the boys are cutting the tree, they sit down in the shadows and watch the process, lantern light. Tree falls down and the bees begin to hum and the boys get badly stung, but get the honey into two buckets. Just starting off with their buckets of honey and the three old men come into the light. Describe the faces both boys and the men. Thank you for cutting the tree for us, we'll take the honey, you know what the penalty is, on the third day of the fair, you are to enter the ground on a load with your feet in one of the pumpkins and to ride around the race track three times. They gave over the honey and agree to the penalty. Had to that as a matter of honor.

These boys were all to be married that fall. After consultation with their sweethearts the girls agreed to help them carry it out. Perfectly willing to take a dose of it before the nuptials. Young folks worked out the problem in this way. Instead of wagon, took hayrack and loaded it with pumpkins. Girls made pumpkin hats with scalloped edges ornamented with carving. Much to do at the girls houses. Brains in the pioneer heads. Took picnic dinners and turned it into a great big lark. Day opened beautiful, word had gone abroad that there was to be a load of honey eaters, that someone had been caught cutting a bee tree. Kept the fact that the girls were to be in it a secret. Noise that the honey eaters wagon was to be there. No one was prepared to see the hayrack hitched up with four horses and decorated with pumpkin rind. Drove in and everybody knew that these four couples were to join hands this fall and there would be big weddings. Astonished to see the four brides arrayed in pumpkin hats. Pretty girls. Nothing from a Godey's Lady Book prettier than the four girls in their yellow hats and their white dresses. Crowd followed them around the race track. Father Pierce stops the wagon and congratulates them upon their cleverness, was expected to deliver a lecture on stealing. Make a real nice speech. Elder gets up and made a holy oration, short because they won't listen to it, punch each other and giggle up their sleeves, know they will hear "foreordination, hell and be-damned."

Told from Father Pierce's point of view. Kept the joyride a secret until the wagon appeared.

## Orphans Story

No orphan asylums so children scattered around. Grew up and if father left, he always got married again, but mother would struggle along and soon able to take care of their little farm and make a living off of it. One year my mother put up lunches for eleven children. Four orphan children with us. Folks knew that when fall of the year came there would be sickness. Had no time to give thought to politics, had to do knitting and spinning. Epidemics every fall of malaria, called "ager" or chills and fever, mosquitoes, no screens. Treated it with quinine, those who couldn't afford to buy quinine, eight dollars an ounce, either wore out or wore the disease out. So sick they had to be in bed, took it with a chill, high fever, many delirious. Whole families down with it and others had to go and nurse them. Grandmother tended a birth, good old Doctor Pierce told mother she had to learn to take care of women, no clothes for the baby, sent and got her own baby clothes, after that mother kept on hand a little wardrobe for a new baby. Suggests that chapter be called "The poor we have always with us". Made the wardrobe out of the scraps left from the families clothes, a dress out of a shirt tail, etc., petticoats out of what left from old linsey dress. Anything better than no clothes at all if sewed up into the shape of clothes. No dish rags because Mother had made them up into baby clothes.

## Facts about the Pierces

Dr. Pierce was a medical student at Yale and in England. Met Mrs. Pierce. Was named Burgess. Married in England came to New York to live, attained a fine practice in New York City, had seven children in New York City, Burgess, Hannah, Burch, Mary Jane, Howard, Ogden and Samuel. Thought her children could not grow up good men in NYC, so they moved to the back woods. They shipped a small sawmill to Toledo Ohio by rail, bringing all their furniture which had mostly come from England. Toledo to Ft. Wayne, an Indian post, by canal. Had a friend who came out there, reason for coming there. Before Grandmother was born. Friend didn't know about pioneering, came out and bought a section of land for the Pierces. Came on with their family before the house was built. Built a small house in which to live while they were building the big house, lived in Ft. Wayne while the small house was building, small house was bigger than anything in the neighborhood. Just remember about Howard's being the school teacher, brought a tutor and a governess for the daughters. A gifted family, brought up in idleness and hence not successful. They got the Dickens stories in the magazine form, loaned the magazines to our family and mother loved them, became a student of Dickens. Bought out the lumber for the big house and seasoned it for a year, whole house made of black walnut and then painted. Built house in suites, strange word to Grandmother, first time ever heard it. A great castle, each child had a suite of rooms, four or five at least, governess, tutor, G. remembers a white maid and a black one, first Negro I had ever seen. Negro had a child. (Dr. Pierce said it was Starkweather's servant's child).

Mother large and portly, blind after I saw her, not possibly pretty because the daughter not pretty, very intellectual. Blindness an inherited quality, suddenly came upon her. When son told her that he was engaged to Mary she gave him no peace till she could talk to Mary so Howard took Mary over there for a week days. She felt Mary's face and hands again and again and then said I know you are a lovely girl and that you'll make my son a good wife and make my caps for me. A very lovable character, family idolized her.

Dr. Eli Pierce large, portly handsome man, all the men handsome. Excellent temper, liked in the country as far as country people will like aristocracy, just can't make common people like aristocracy. Would help poor but didn't assume the role of patrons.

Mrs. went blind right after they finished the house, he gave up his practice but sent for his brother, Dr. Joseph and he took over Dr. Eli's practice, who wanted to devote his time to his wife. Joseph was the country doctor who attended the Mossman family and G. for father and Mac.

Never knew of anyone that visited there except the Mossmans and the Nickeys. Samuel Pierce married Mary Ann Nickey, father's sister.

Dr. Eli was Episcopal and always went into Ft. Wayne to attend the Easter service.

Neighbor girls always liked to hear about the Pierce house. I suppose I enlarged on it, but I couldn't because I couldn't have had anything more wonderful in my mind than fairy tales than that house and its furnishings. Beautiful carpets and books, immense fireplaces, rows and rows of books, so many magazines. Two pianos, one upstairs and one down.

Not good farmers, full of theories, fanciful. Later had all kinds of innovations like the track from food yard to barn then around to the house

Burgess married New York girl, Burchalso before the family came west. Burgess' wife came out with them but Buch's never knew much about. Mary Jane lost her mind, lived with the family till she died or almost so, really died in an asylum. Howard married Mary Mossman. Then Hannah, married Schoomaker, owner of quarried in Wisconsin. Hannah left and went to Milwaukee. Ogden a fine fellow but couldn't make any money, married Mary Jones, minister's daughter, somewhere near Ft. Wayne, lived in Ft. Wayne all their married life. Samuel married Mary Ann Nickey, a drifter, lived in Milwaukee in partnership with Schumaker. Mary and Hannah direct opposites in character. Hannah disagreeable. Mary and Mother visited, read aloud; talked over the stories, think it was the Blackstones magazine. Outside the family, mother was their most intimate friend. Pierces came to Coese to vote, made a gala day, linen brought out and wine served, stranger for the men. Father got whiskey for threshings and barn raisings. Mrs. Pierce died before the war. Forrest family came into the neighborhood and soon intimate with the Pierces.

On election day Mother made a great turkey dinner. Old home made family table, two horses and planks, extended the full length of the kitchen, no one had dining rooms but the Pierces, people would say Why they just have a room that they eat in, don't use it for anything else.

Would have new things sent up from Milwaukee, had celery for infare dinner, never saw it before or afterwards for a long time.

#### Meals

Fried mush, fried or boiled eggs and coffee. Maple syrup with the mush for breakfast. Most farmers had pie and cake on table all the time. No canning, no keeping cooked fruits only dried.

Dinner at noon, pork meat according to the season, summer in order to keep meat smoked ham, was awfully good, never get such ham nowadays, butchered own meat, killed pigs nine and ten months old, thrifty farmers. Butchering day, neighbors helped. Great thing to get thru the butchering, twenty to twenty-five pigs in one day, everybody helped, liked it, was a party. No sausage grinder, father got a machine the first. Meat chopped with bread ax. Ax very wide blade fifteen inches long, used short handle, used in cutting clapboards for the roof, a great art to cut the meat for sausage, boys did it in rhythm, one on each side of big block five feet in diameter, meat spread on the block.

Woe to anyone who put a hand in, might get it chopped up with the sausage. Packed it into muslin bags and smoked it. Rendered all the fat into lard, done out of doors. Vegetables, potatoes, no sweet potatoes, turnips and cabbage, frost proof cellar, built with a wall four feet thick filled in with sawdust. Cheeses in summer. No oranges or lemons out there in the country. (Tale of orange and pink gingham dress.) Churning every other day, grown person's job because a dash churn, an art in having the cream just turning and at the right temperature or the butter wouldn't turn. Home made brooms. Every farmer raised his own broom corn. Stoves, cooked in open fireplace till long after moved into the frame house, no such cooking. Father brought home stove from Ft. Wayne, I remember it well. I never wove any, I spun a little.

Rope springs, a rainy day and father would put the beds all in order.

Still earlier day lived on wild meat, would brag when they had greasy dishwater.

Quilts made of everything as big as your thumb, but much like what we get today. Slept between blankets. When married I had an outfit of comforts and blankets. Split bottom chairs, both rockers and straight chairs, no pictures, white plaster walls, washed them, plaster hard finish. Spring housecleaning to wash walls. Rag carpets woven, made out of rags, didn't understand where they got any rags but they did. A weaver of carpets in every neighborhood, she wove at a shilling a yard, striped fifteen cents a yard. Covered every inch of the floor, came with the new frame house, living room wasn't striped, but striped for the parlor.

A stingy old fellow near Concord would say, "Well, its getting a little snappy, wish someone would exchange pork with me." Uncle Dave agreed. He took Uncle Dave's nice young pork and then sent back the vilest old male pig that ever was.

Things he would do passed around as a joke and that was one of them. You couldn't have stayed in the house when it was cooking, the smell terrific.

This girl from London, came in a sailing vessel, oldest daughter and her aunt had been first class modistes in London, were working people but intelligent. England had had compulsory education for years, the Forrests. Lived half a mile from us. They brought accent with them. Old man was a great "dammer" "God bless these few good things Dammit, John, is that short enough for you?" She went with my mother to Ft Wayne one day to buy my trousseau. I had six of everything. All trimmed in tatting, many patterns being quite elaborate, inserting in clover leaf and roseleaf. Had been engaged almost two years, was engaged when I was sixteen, married when I was eighteen in the fall, the thirteenth of November. Mother and Miss Forrest got a plaid silk dress and a black silk and a white nunsveiling trimmed in white taffeta silk. White nail heads, steel for black, a new thing, a veil and a wreath of artificial orange blossoms. Mary's puff sleeves and low neck. Allie's low neck and long flowing sleeves, hoops and mine round neck, lego mutton sleeves, darts in waist, plain and tight, hoops smaller, made with seven widths of silk box pleats onto the waist. Plaid silk cream colored ground with rainbow colored stripes running both ways, in stripes. Black skirt and velvet Zouave jacket with white waist under for riding habit. Had first white slippers and white cotton stockings, black kid shoes. Married at new house, half mile north of Coese. Two bridesmaids, Annie Forrest and Lois Douglas. Brother Will and George were the groomsmen. Will later married Lois. They wore white swiss with rose silk sashes tied in the back. Old Mr. Swan married us. Went to Silas Brigg's had relatives in and that was our infare dinner, then the next day went to Brother John's and had a young peoples party for us and dance. We stayed down there and made our appearance at church at the Lutheran church at Coese. I wore the black silk with the prettiest sack cost, black and white woolly stuff. The buttons on her coat cost two dollars apiece. Black kid shoes, my bonnet the cap sheaf of the whole thing. Would be pretty today, white cut velvet with a plume across the top and pink rosebuds tucked in the front, long white ribbons to tie under the chin. A touch of color the newest thing, people generally thought a bride's bonnet should be white, all from Godey's Lady Book. Coat reached to knees. Hair and eyes were brown. I was counted pretty. White kid gloves, brides only folks who wore white kid gloves.

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Seventy five years ago northern Indiana was a new country. The wide beautiful fields of wheat and corn which now cover the countryside were then treacherous swamps and unexplored forests. The towns which the territory boasted had been few years before forts and military posts built against the Indians. The corduroy roads which ran from one settlement to another followed the old Indian trails. Along these old trails the pioneers who had come from Virginia, Pennsylvania and Ohio were beginning to clear farms and build their log homes. Everything which was used to further the cause of civilization came to northern Indiana by railroad to Toledo, Ohio and then by canal boat to Ft. Wayne. The shipping costs were necessarily very high and the pioneers were forced to use every atom of ingenuity which they possessed in making the best of the natural resources of the country. This was a force which moulded the character of the pioneers. It was considered criminal to waste anything. I remember being severely spanked for falling down with a pail of maple sap and spilling it all over myself and yet maple sap was something of which we had an abundance every spring.

My mother was born in Virginia and when she grew old enough was sent to a New York boarding school for a year of finishing. Not long after that the family resources dwindled and her family decided to try their fortune in Ohio which was then "New Country". They moved to Ohio in a covered wagon and there built a home. Not long after this move my mother met the man who was to be my father. He belonged to an Irish immigrant family which had come from Belfast in a sailing vessel when my father was four years old. My father's parents had settled in Ohio and were rapidly rising to prominence because of their ability as leaders of the pioneer community. However my mother's family looked a little askance at the proposed marriage between this young Scotch Irishman and their aristocratic "New York finished" daughter. Nevertheless the daughter won out and she and the man who was to be my father were married. Three children were born to them in Ohio and then with the characteristic pioneer spirit, they decided to make their home still farther west. They settled on a farm in northern Indiana about twelve miles from the Indian trading post known as Ft. Wayne. There were four hundred acres in this farm, all of it heavy timber, brush and swamp. A large part of the pioneer farmer's day was spent in cutting and burning timber which would now be of great value. There were forests of black walnut, chestnut, maple and oak. The undergrowth and the swamp, though hard work for the pioneer fathers, were full of delicious and fascinating things for the children. We found all kinds of luscious berries, huckleberries, blackberries, raspberries and the most magnificent wild strawberries. They were as large as the strawberries that you get in the markets now and twice as full of flavor. Besides the fruits there were many beautiful exotic plants which have since almost disappeared. As a child in school I remember that my brothers and I were the only children in the neighborhood who knew where the great pink and lavender ladyslippers grew. It was always a point of pride with us to slip away from the rest of the children and come in with several of the graceful orchid like

blossoms "for the teacher".

My father and mother settled on this farm, built themselves a log cabin and proceeded to the work of clearing enough land for a next year's crop. By the time that I came along my parents had reached the aristocratic stage of pioneer life. We possessed what was called "double cabins", two log cabins with a runway between them. One cabin was used as a sleeping room, the other was the living room. All the children occupied the loft except the two youngest who had a trundle bed which went under the big bed in the daytime and was pulled out at night. Much has been written about pioneer daily life and ours was no exception to the rule. There was spinning and weaving to be done and the winter stock of socks, stockings and mittens to be knitted. There was daily cooking over the fireplace and the weekly baking in the outdoor oven. Rainy days were as full of tasks as the sunny ones for then father, forced to be at home, did all the heavy repair work for the farm. One of the most important jobs was the tightening of the bedropes. There were no springs, of course, and ropes woven crisscross the bed frame supported the straw mattress. Rainy days father always set apart for this task. All the ropes had to be taken off and the worn places spliced and the ropes put on again tightly. It took a long time, most of the day, and the little frayed ends and scraps of rope made wonderful playthings for a three year old child.

The first thing I remember was the startling visit of Old Coesse and his pack of braves. Old Coesse was the chief of the Potawatamies, a tribe of Indians who had been driven into the more inaccessible parts of northern Indiana. We never knew whether they were to be trusted or not. The sight of them filing through the forests around the farm, silent and unfriendly, was enough to frighten the bravest farmer. We left them alone absolutely and hoped for the same treatment from them. But one day they paid us a visit, and that visit made an impression on me although I was scarcely more than a baby at the time. Mother was baking bread and the sixteen large loaves, carefully kneaded, shaped and raised had been placed in the outdoor oven. The delicious fragrance of the fresh, hot bread was beginning to permeate the air. We children were playing about the dooryard, hoping for a "piece" when the bread had finished cooking and had cooled. I heard a strange guttural noise and looked up to see Old Coesse followed by his pack of braves standing at the edge of the clearing. We children were frozen to the spot. Mother stood in the doorway and looked at him, as composed as if she had been receiving a neighborhood caller. Coesse came across the yard. He looked at mother, pointed to the oven, and said "bread". Mother shook her head in denial. It wasn't bread until it was baked and sixteen loaves would be a big loss. Coesse sniffed, shook his head and in sign language told her he would wait until it was cooked. Then they all sat down in a half circle around the oven and waited until mother took the bread out of the oven. We children had sneaked into the house and because I was a baby, they were afraid the Indians would take me. The other children pushed me back from the peephole at the door and I didn't see the departure of the old chief with out sixteen loaves.

When I was four we moved from the double cabins to a new frame house which had been built about an eighth of a mile away. That house was the wonder of the country around. It had been built by a neighbor farmer who had added carpentry to his other attainments. It seemed like a palace in my child's mind. It had two bedrooms downstairs, a parlor, mind you, a living room and a kitchen. It was a standing joke that those old parlors were for weddings and funerals. The weddings in our family soon became numerous, but there was no funeral held there for forty years.

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Mary Jane went around and helped the mothers get ready, make the little clothes. Children baptized of all ages. Regular Sunday service. Joint service. Presbyterian and Methodist. In apple blossom time and the church decorated in apple blossoms, children looked beautiful. Old Elder had to give a little advice to the children about foreordination.



**The Metsker Family**  
**Division III**

**A Brief Chronology of the Trail from Herrenberg, Kingdom of Wurttemberg  
to Memphis, Tennessee through the Metsker Family**

**Balthasar Metzger**

Name first recorded in tax records of 1545 in Herrenberg,  
Kingdom of Wurttemberg (present day Germany)

**Balthasar Metzger**

Born before 1553 in Herrenberg  
Married Katharina  
Died before 1605 in Herrenberg

**Balthasar Metzger**  
1578—1626

Born in Herrenberg  
Cloth weaver  
Married Walpurga Gfrorer  
Died in Goppingen

**Petrus (Peter) Metzger**  
1611—1684

Born in Goppingen  
Cloth-maker and Landlord of "The Sun" in Goppingen

**Johann George Metzger**  
1650—1724

Born in Goppingen  
Second wife was Anna Maria Vetter, daughter of the innkeeper of The Hart in Goppingen  
Moved to Lorch and built The Hart Inn where he was innkeeper, judge and mayor of Lorch

**Johann Justin Metzger**  
1684—1741

Born in Goppingen  
Moved to Lorch  
Married Anna Barbara Molt  
Baker and Collector of Taxes

**Christianus (Christian) Metzger**  
1727—1803

Born in Lorch  
Emigrated to America in 1752  
Married Anna Catherine Hauser  
Settled in Pennsylvania

**Johann Friedrich (Frederick) Metzger**  
1759—1842

Served in War of Independence  
Lived entire life in Pennsylvania  
Married Anna Schleiffer

**Christian Metzger**  
1795—1862

Born in Pennsylvania  
Married Catherine Gnaegi  
Moved to Ohio and later to Indiana

**Louis Festus Metsker**  
1840—1907

Born in Ohio  
Moved with family to Indiana  
Married Clarissa Nickey

**Lois Frances Metsker**  
1879—1949

Born in Indiana  
Married Samuel Mossman Nickey, her second cousin and widowed husband of her older sister Grace  
Moved to Memphis

**Samuel Mossman Nickey, Jr.**  
1912—1992

Married Elizabeth Concord McKellar  
Lived entire life in Memphis

## **The Metsker Family - Division III**

### **Samuel Mossman Nickey Ancestry**

#### **The Trail from Herrenberg, Göppingen and Lorch, Kingdom of Württemberg, through Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana to Tennessee**

The ancestry of the American branch of the Metsker (Metzger) Family can be traced back to 1545 through tax records of the town of Herrenberg and through Lutheran church records of the ancient towns of Herrenberg, Göppingen and Lorch in the Kingdom of Württemberg, which since the days of Martin Luther had been an independent constitutional monarchy until it was absorbed into the German Empire in 1871. It is now a part of present day Germany situated on the western slope of the Alps.

Herrenberg tax records show a date of 1545 for **Balthasar Metzger**, the earliest known date in the family line. His son, **Balthasar Metzger**, was born in Herrenberg before 1553 and served as burgher (mayor) before his death before 1605. His son, **Balthasar Metzger**, was born in Herrenberg in 1578 and moved to Göppingen where he was a clothweaver. His son, **Petrus (Peter) Metzger**, was born in 1611 and was also a clothmaker and landlord of "The Sun" in Göppingen. Petrus' son, **Johann George Metzger**, was born in 1650 in Göppingen and later moved to Lorch where he is described as being an innkeeper, judge and mayor of the town. He supposedly built The Hart Inn in Lorch, a building which is still in existence. The church records for Johann George state that he "could read and write, had learned the baker's hand-craft, became a Judge, was chosen Burgomaster [Mayor] of Lorch, became land-lord of the Hart Inn, was Head Master of the Bakers' Guild, Judge of the Orphans' Court, Inspector of the Shambles, had incurred a severe rupture, because of which he fell ill of the dysentery which was prevalent everywhere, in 1724, and he had to die of it in less than eight days, and in the last year and day of his life he devoutly prayed forgiveness of his heavy load of sin (specie contra sextum) and was fully prepared for his death." Johann George's son, **Johann Justin Metzger**, born in 1684, is described as a baker, collector of taxes and on the Board of Selectmen of Württemberg. He died in 1741 of consumption. The few details known of these ancestors are outlined in the Metsker Chronology.

Johann Justin's son, **Christianus (Christian) Metzger**, was born in Lorch in 1727. He emigrated to America in 1752 and founded the American branch of the family. According to the *Christian Metzger* family history by Ella Milligan, Christian came to

America not for religious freedom or with a desire to colonize, but from a desire to see the new world. For the first five years after arriving in America, he lived in Germantown, now a part of Philadelphia, where he was very active in the Lutheran Church. He married Anna Catherine Häusser and they moved to Zionsville, Pennsylvania, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where he built a mill on Indian Creek. This mill, which his children later lost title to, is now called Yeakel's Mill and is still an historic landmark in Pennsylvania.

While Christian spent the first twenty-five years of his life in the heart of what was then the best of European culture amidst art, architecture, schools, churches, roads and organized industry, his son, **Johann Friedrich (Frederick) Metzger**, born in 1759 in Pennsylvania, spent his first twenty-five years virtually devoid of these phases of culture. He was caught up in the War of Independence in which he enlisted before he was eighteen and spent five years in the hard life of Pennsylvania campaigns around Philadelphia, the Jerseys, including Valley Forge. After his military career ended, he married Anna Schleiffer in 1782, the daughter of his father's prosperous Mennonite neighbor. He at first tried the cooper's trade (making wooden casks or barrels) and later was persuaded to try farming, which was not successful. It is not certain where Frederick and Anna then settled, but tradition and church records indicate it was somewhere between Philadelphia and Reading, Pennsylvania. Later in 1799 at age forty, Frederick packed up his wife and six children and made the long trek by covered wagon across the Blue Ridge and the many ranges of the Allegheny Mountains into what was then the new world of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. He died in Allegheny County in 1842.

Little is known about the physical characteristics of Frederick Metzger, but his sons were tall men with blue eyes, and a family story illustrates his hardiness. He was reputed to be a great walker. When he was between seventy-five and eighty years old, he decided to walk from Pennsylvania to Ohio to see one of his daughters, a journey of 150 miles. He took two of his grandsons along. Frederick started out slowly. The two boys, practically young men, went on ahead; they were disgusted at his slowness, having to wait for him to catch up. Before the second day was over, the boys were willing to walk with him. The third day Frederick was on ahead, and the boys trudging on behind with their tongues hanging out. He nearly killed the boys before they reached their destination.

Frederick's son **Christian Metzger**, was born in 1795, into a group of three self-assertive older brothers and two enterprising older sisters and was never taken too

seriously. He just grew up among them and soon lost track of them when they established families of their own. He was four when his parents made the trek over the mountains and remembered nothing of the experience. He was artistic in temperament, full of dreams and imagination and was often carried away by fancy. In 1816, shortly before he was twenty-one, he married Catherine Gnaegi, daughter of the Rev. Christian Gnaegi, of Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania who, shortly after his daughter's marriage, emigrated with the rest of his family to Ohio.

Christian was a weaver by trade and he and his wife remained in Pennsylvania as late as 1830. Eli Whitney had invented the cotton gin in 1794 and the mechanized cotton weaving system was rapidly supplanting the hand-weaving industry. As a result, Christian and his family decided to follow Catherine's father and move to the frontier of Ohio where the hand loom and hand weaving still lingered in the pioneer regions. In the new town of Strasburg (which Christian named), he built the first home and lived and worked there until 1850. By that time the weaving trade was becoming scarcer and scarcer and, once again, the couple decided to move, this time following two daughters and their husbands to northern Indiana where the land was still plentiful.

Upon arrival in Indiana, Christian gave up weaving as a livelihood and he and his wife rented a loghouse and stables and added to their resources by boarding travelers. Their home was also used on Sundays as a place for the "preaching service" for the settlers and young pioneer preachers who made the circuit. One of the traveling preachers married Christian's youngest son, Louis, to Clarissa Nickey, daughter of Jacob Nickey, a neighbor.

Shortly after the Metzgers settled in Indiana, the government forced the tiny pioneer post office finally to settle on a name. It is said that Christian Metzger, having experience in naming towns, chose the name Churubusco, Whitley County, Indiana. This became the hometown of three generations of Metzgers, who, in their zeal to be American, Americanized the spelling of the family name to Metsker. Both Christian and Catherine died in 1862 in Churubusco and were buried in the Old Concord Cemetery.

In 1840, prior to Christian and Catherine's move to Indiana, **Ludwig Festus (later called Louis) Metzger**, was born. He and one of his older brothers never attended school, for his mother believed that the school would wean them from their "tongue," Pennsylvania Dutch, and she had borne the last two of her sons to be the joy of her

mature life. For ten years they played along the creek and in the maple groves around their home. When Louis arrived with his family in Indiana at age ten, after a rough three week trip overland in awkward wagons, there was little in the area - no decent roads or houses, no conveniences of any kind, simply a forbidding landscape covered with marshes and virgin timber. He was anxious for an education and eventually attended the Seminary of Alexander Douglas in Columbia City, Indiana, conducted in a Baptist church. When he married Clarissa Nickey in 1863, he was teaching in a one room Churubusco school. He later gave up teaching, began farming and became very influential in the community. He never sought public office, but was a strong adherent of the Republican Party. He eventually purchased a farm which became known as Locust Lawn for the beautiful locust trees on the property. His orchard had been started from seeds left by Johnny Appleseed, an American legend who traveled the wilderness in the early 19<sup>th</sup> century planting apple seeds with the hope that no one would go hungry anywhere. Eventually Louis was able to buy additional land, develop it, build barns and purchase modern machinery and adequately support a family of eight children, seven girls and one boy. All eight of Louis's children were educators at one time or another during their lives. A detailed description of his life and that of his children is found in the attached *The Hoosier Schoolmaster and His Children*, written by Ella Ruhamah, one of his daughters.

The youngest of Louis's daughters was **Lois Frances Metsker**, born in 1879 in Churubusco. She graduated from Indiana State University in 1907 and became a high school teacher prior to her marriage. In 1910 she married Samuel Mossman Nickey, her second cousin and the widowed husband of her older sister Grace Darling Metsker. Lois and Sam Nickey later moved to Memphis when the Nickey lumber company relocated. Lois and Sam Nickey had two children, **Samuel Mossman Nickey, Jr.** and Lois Elizabeth Nickey. (See the Nickey History, Division I).



Johann George Metzger built The Hart Inn in Lorch (in what is now Germany) in the mid 1600's. Above is the building as it looked in 1938.

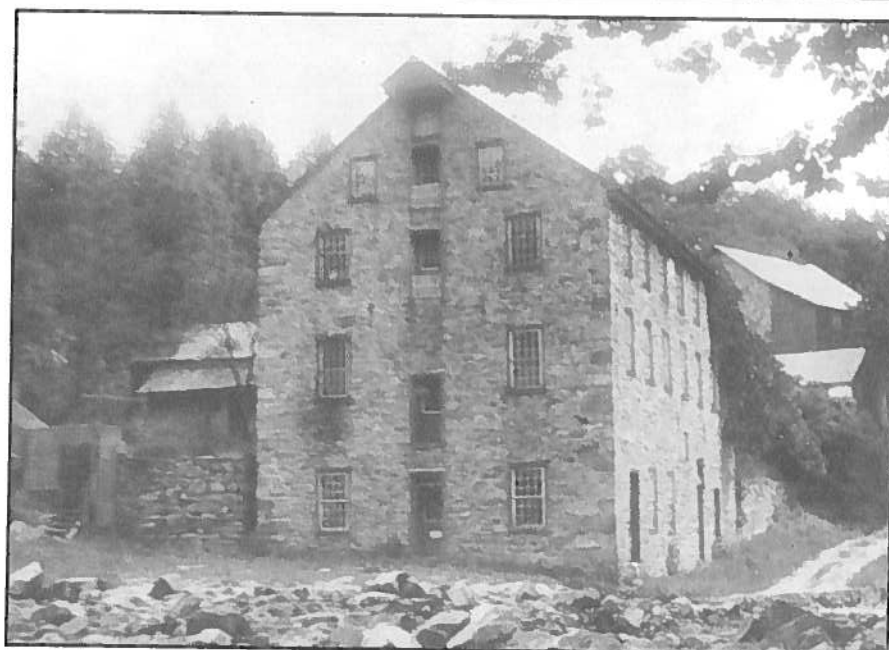
Below is the building as it looked in 2003. It is now a local savings bank. It "is surely still one of the most stately houses in Lorch and doesn't seem to have changed much in its outward appearance during the centuries. A sign on the wall says that the Inn was first mentioned in 1652 as a resting place along the old trade route between Stuttgart and Nuremberg. It was partially destroyed by fire in 1728 and soon rebuilt and later served among other purposes as a school building or stage coach post." -

Reinhard Bender, resident of Heilbronn, Germany, forty miles from Lorch





Stone mill built by Christian Metzger before 1790 on Indian Creek, LeHigh County, Pennsylvania. It was operated by him until his death in 1803. It was a mill for manufacturing linseed oil and was run by water power. Later it was made into a grist mill. The family lost title to the mill in a dispute and it is now known as Yeakel's Mill and is one of the landmarks of LeHigh County, Pennsylvania.



**Louis Festus Metsker**  
1840—1907



**Clarissa Nickey**

1842—1913

Mother of Lois Metsker Nickey

(Clarissa Nickey and Addison Boyd Nickey,  
Father of Samuel Mossman Nickey Sr., were  
first cousins)



**Clarissa and Louis Metsker**



The Children of Louis and Clarissa Metsker—July 15, 1889  
 Top Row, Left to Right: Callie, Rose, Ella, Grace, Gertrude  
 Bottom Row, Left to Right: Catherine, Lois, Fred



Lois - Grandmother Nickey



Rose—1885



Grace at 16



An older Grace



Catherine



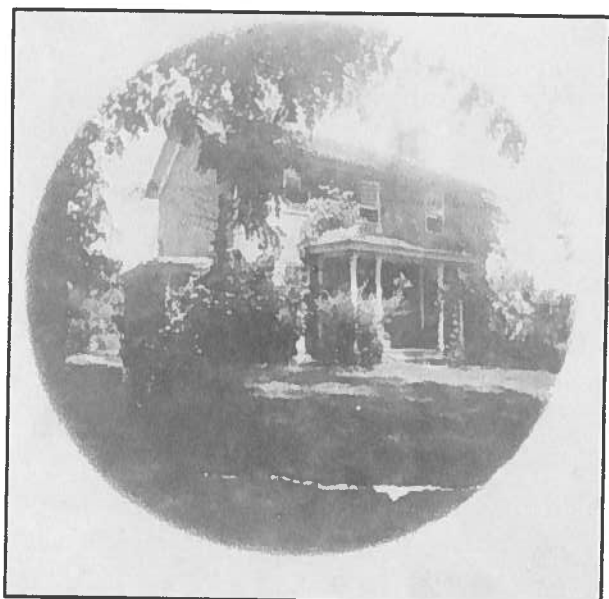
Callie



The Metsker Family at Locust Lawn, Churubusco, Indiana  
June, 1895

Standing: left, John H. Grisamer, Grace (Mrs. Samuel Nickey), Ella, Mr. A.R. Thomas (fiancé of Callie—Callie never married! ), Callie with parasol  
Seated: Louis F. Metsker with his then only grandchild, Eleanor Nickey, Samuel M. Nickey, Rose (Mrs. John H. Grisamer), Frederick C. (the only son), Gertrude, Katherine, Lois, and Mrs. Louis F. Metsker (Clarissa Nickey)





The house at Locust Lawn, Churubusco, Indiana, built by Louis Metzger. The apple orchard on the farm was started from seeds left by Johnny Appleseed, the American legend who traveled the wilderness in the early 19th century planting apple seeds with the hope that no one would go hungry anywhere.



Louis and Clarissa Metzger



The baby book of Sam Nickey Jr. contains this picture of Grandmother Metsker (Clarissa Nickey Metsker) and one of her grandchildren. Grandmother Nickey (her youngest daughter) has written beneath it this memory of her.

"His dear Grandmother Metsker left us March 25, 1913, in Denver, Colorado, when Samuel was 8 months old. One of her truest regrets was that she would die without ever having seen little Sammy. They say she was extremely fond of and interested in him and talked of him more than any of her other grandchildren. She gave him 5 dollars at his birth and in December before her last illness sent him a charming Christmas box. Grandmother Metsker was a handsome woman, a loyal untiring mother, with the highest principles and ideals and extremely attached to her family—her hands always busy for her grandchildren. She was blessed with good sons-in-law, of whom she loved as her own sons, especially is this true of Sam Nickey. This may account for her unusual love for little Sam, this, and the fact that mama was Grandmother's youngest daughter. "

**Passenger List from the Ship Rawley which docked at Philadelphia  
on October 23, 1752 which brought Christian Metzger to America**



