

AN ADDITIONAL SOURCE ON THE HARMONY SOCIETY OF ECONOMY, PENNSYLVANIA

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ACCESSIBLE in only a few North American libraries is a rare and little-known German book of 324 octavo pages with these preliminaries:

Lebensbilder aus den vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika und Texas, gesammelt von Fr. W. von Wrede, Königl. Hannov. Hauptmann a.D. und Bürger der Republik Texas. In der Fortsetzung nach Tagebüchern und mündlichen Mittheilungen bearbeitet von E.D. Selbstverlag. Cassel. In Commission bei Theodor Fischer. 1844.

(Scenes of Life in the United States of America and Texas, collected by Fr[iedrich] W[ilhelm] von Wrede, Retired Royal Hannoverian Captain and Citizen of the Republic of Texas. Completed on the Basis of Diaries and Oral Information by E[mil] D[rescher]. Published by the Author. Cassel. Distributed by Theodor Fischer. 1844.)

Bibliographers have acknowledged von Wrede as a careful observer¹ and his travel account as "excellent source material for conditions in Texas at the time."² And while at least two studies on the early history of Texas have relied on the pertinent segments in von Wrede's book,³ its greater part has been, as far as I could ascertain, ignored by historians dealing with that period of United States history. Thus von Wrede's information on the Harmony Society at Economy and its seceders at Philipsburg has eluded even Karl J. R.

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1 Thomas D. Clark, *Travels in the Old South: A Bibliography. Volume Three, The Ante Bellum South, 1825-1860* (Norman, Okla., 1959), 192.

2 Thomas W. Streeter, *Bibliography of Texas, 1795-1845*, Part Three. *United States and European Imprints Relating to Texas*, 2 vols. (Cambridge, Mass., 1960), 2: 514.

3 Rudolph Leopold Biesele, *The History of the German Settlements in Texas, 1831-1861* (Austin, 1930), 4; S[amuel] W[ood] Geiser, "Some Frontier Naturalists," *Bios* 5 (1934): 142.

Arndt's meticulously documented volumes on this subject.⁴ Encouraged by Professor Arndt, who is the most authoritative scholar of this facet of Western Pennsylvania history, I offer in the following a translation of the relevant passages from von Wrede's book, preceded by a brief biographical sketch of its author.⁵

Born in 1786 in Obernhausen (Amt Detmold), Friedrich Wilhelm von Wrede was in the service of the house of Hesse for ten years before joining the Hanoverian army in 1813. As lieutenant in the recently established Light Infantry Battalion Osnabrück, he survived the Battle of Waterloo in 1815, as part of the victorious English contingent under Wellington. In 1817, he sought and was granted a discharge as captain. The exact nature of von Wrede's livelihood during the next twenty years is unclear; he seems to have held an office near Paderborn which he considered beneath his abilities and without opportunities for further advancement. Disappointed in his career and encouraged by the successful Texas ventures of several friends, he resolved to emigrate to the United States with his wife and son, Friedrich, Jr. On October 17, 1835, they sailed from Bremerhaven aboard a vessel with the ominous name *Manko* and landed in New Orleans on January 4, 1836. Arriving in Texas just after the Battle of San Jacinto, von Wrede found economic conditions unfavorable for his business projects, and his repeated attempts to reap a fortune from modest investments ended in utter failure. The death of his wife in the 1838 New Orleans yellow fever season added to von Wrede's growing despair. Impoverished and disillusioned after an itinerary including various cities along the Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio, von Wrede and his son left for Germany in 1844. Both returned several months later, however, in the service of the *Adelsverein*, a society organized by some twenty German noblemen in order to establish German settlements in the young Republic of Texas. On October 24, 1845, von Wrede was killed and scalped by Indians near Manchaca Springs, on the road between New Braunfels and Austin.⁶

4 *George Rapp's Harmony Society, 1785-1847* (Philadelphia, 1965) and *George Rapp's Successors and Material Heirs, 1847-1916* (Rutherford, Madison, Teaneck, 1971).

5 No biography of von Wrede exists. Selma M. Raunick, "A Survey of German Literature in Texas," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly* 33 (1929-1930): 136, confuses him with the Bavarian adventurer and explorer Adolph von Wrede. See the anonymous note, "Texas Collection," *ibid.* 59 (July 1955): 119-20. For data not given in von Wrede's *Lebensbilder* I am indebted to Mr. Boekhoff of the Niedersächsisches Hauptstaatsarchiv in Göttingen (letter of Feb. 28, 1977).

6 After serving as traveling companion to Prince Solms during the latter's trip to Texas (1844-1845), Friedrich von Wrede, Jr., was a clerk in

Twelve days before von Wrede's death, the rather undistinguished writer Emil Drescher signed the preface to the book, the bulk of which (all but the first ninety-six pages) von Wrede before departing had asked him to compile from the diaries and oral accounts he had given Drescher. Since Drescher admits there were sweeping formal changes as well as occasional factual alterations — in the interest of a more coherent literary profile of von Wrede's travels — it is impossible to learn the actual origin of certain portions of von Wrede's book, particularly where we are presented with attitudes and observations prevalent in other contemporary works. Thus it is a hopeless task to ascertain precisely, for instance, how much von Wrede's judgment of the North American scene was influenced by the recent book of the notorious Mrs. Frances Trollope (with whom he and a number of upper-class Europeans of the time shared the disillusionment brought on by the inevitable failures of their fantastic financial schemes in America). Nor are we able to determine whether Drescher merely meant to embellish certain of von Wrede's actual observations with another literary reference, or whether Drescher took an altogether free hand by intertwining basically extraneous source material with von Wrede's own records in order to enhance them.

In the following account of the Harmony Society, two factors favor the probability that von Wrede was its true transmitter. Although the Harmonists' exodus to America was generally known in Germany, specifics about their activities at Economy were not. Indicative of this is the fact that an 1845 survey of modern communal settlements makes precisely this claim and then proceeds to translate the description given by John Finch in the London magazine *New Moral World* of 1844.⁷ Furthermore, the bulk of von Wrede's account is attributed to the *Baltimore Herald*, which Drescher would hardly have found readily accessible in Kassel.⁸

Von Wrede's visit to Economy is part of a section identified as a Cincinnati diary entry, dated early August 1842. Having been unsuc-

Gillespie County by 1850 and eventually represented this region in the Texas legislature, 1860-1861. See Alwyn Barr, "Records of the Confederate Military Commission in San Antonio, July 2-October 10, 1862," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly* 71 (Oct. 1967): 266, and *The Texas Album of the Eighth Legislature, 1860* (Austin, 1860), 194-95. Strangely enough, he is listed as having died in 1857, according to Ernest Beerstecher, Jr., "Historical Probate Extracts," *Texana* 8 (1970): 90.

7 "Beschreibung der in neuerer Zeit entstandenen und noch bestehenden communistischen Ansiedlungen," in H[ermann] Püttmann, ed., *Deutsches Bürgerbuch für 1845* (Darmstadt, 1845), 326-33.

8 The value of von Wrede's report is enhanced by the fact that no copies of this newspaper seem to have survived.

cessful in seeking suitable employment in New York, he left on June 17 by train for Philadelphia and Harrisburg. By canal boat he reached Hollidaysburg, from where he took a stagecoach to Pittsburgh. Although his ensuing voyage by steamboat to Economy is not explicitly dated, we may safely infer from subsequent time references that he arrived there in the last days of June, probably on the twenty-eighth. The following is my translation of pages 228-244 of von Wrede's *Lebensbilder*. Included are his Pittsburgh observations which should also be of interest.

In Hollidaysburg, 100 miles from Pittsburgh, I finally delivered myself to the mail coach to rumble across the 2500 feet high Allegheny Mountains towards the preliminary destination of my journey. On the way, I came to a firm resolution which I renewed a hundred times: never again would I surrender myself to the tortures of an American diligence. Finally it [Pittsburgh] lay before me. From either side the Allegheny and Monongahela unite below the city to form the Ohio River. From afar black smoke, towering stacks, hammering, and rattling announce the industrial city, and the sooty appearance of the nearest buildings and their inhabitants was not quite such as to attract me and cheer up my tortured constitution. The gigantic black curling clouds emanating from the forges, glassworks, foundries, and factory chimneys cloak everything with black flakes and turn the city into one of the sombrest I have ever seen. The industrial din is truly enormous. In the vicinity there are numerous most profitable coal mines. To the east, pig iron is produced that can be turned into wrought iron. Industrious and skillful workers create machines, nails, glass and ceramic products, as well as mill-woven textiles — all of which are shipped along the river and via impressive networks of canals and railways to reach customers all over the world. The *Pittsburgh Gazette* reports that for 1842 there were 92 steamboats of local registry, with a total tonnage of 10,017. These boats are all owned in Pittsburgh and environs, where they were also built. 36 of them were constructed in 1842, in addition to four major ones for ports farther downstream. Pittsburgh glassworks manufacture their product in every kind and shape, and their fragile wares are to be found in the most magnificent dwellings of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore as in the blockhouses of the West. The locally cut glass is of excellent quality, white and eminently clear. The cutting is effected by gradually grinding it on small wheels of stone, metal, or

wood that are driven at high revolutions by steam. The first rough process is done by stone wheels, followed by wheels of iron whose rims are covered with coarse sand or rough emery. The final polish is achieved by wheels attached to brushes that have been covered with zinc or lead oxydes. In order to protect the glass from the heat generated through continual friction, the wheel circumferences are constantly cooled by dripping water. — In one of these factories the following interesting incident happened recently. A few Indians, who had been delegated to Washington, spent some time in Pittsburgh on their return trip. One of them, a chief, had taken in all the sights of Philadelphia and Baltimore without having been impressed. In a glass firm in Pittsburgh, he granted close attention to the various routine performances. Finally he observed the preparation of a cream pitcher. First its body was shaped, and when the handle was attached and the vessel stood finished, the Indian could not contain his amazement. He stepped towards the worker, shook his hand and stated that the latter must be entered by the spirit of the Great Father, for otherwise he could not possibly bring about such a miracle. — The population, I was told, numbers between 35 and 40,000.

I remained only briefly. The Rappist settlement Economy, of which I had heard so many contradictory things, lies near-by. Since I wanted to see it, I boarded a steamboat, and while travelling became lost in historical reflections about the early beginnings and development of Pittsburgh.

Only a small number of American cities owe their origin to war, and these include Pittsburgh. It began as the French fort Duquesne. Around 1750 France was in possession of Canada and Louisiana as well as in control of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence. In this exceedingly favorable territory, heroic sailors and soldiers in alliance with priests and technical experts devised a plan that truly honors their memory: to found a new empire, a New France. The enthusiasm of the enterprising local agents was, however, considerably dampened by the inactivity of the ministers serving his most Christian majesty Louis XIV. The just established fort was taken by the British, who soon conquered Canada, and the Treaty of Paris in 1763 awarded them three quarters of New France and the remainder to Spain. Twenty years later the fort, now named after the British prime minister Pitt, protected a small group of houses inhabited by vigorous settlers that eventually divested themselves of the military straitjacket and hoisted the proud banner of industry. It has left its conspicuous imprint on the erstwhile fort, not a single brick of French origin has

remained here and along the entire Ohio, and everything British has also long been assimilated.

Meanwhile my numerous travel companions became louder and louder. Elated by their freedom, Americans of both sexes wanted to celebrate in Beaver, to the north west of Pittsburgh, the Fourth of July as their annual Independence Day. They were enjoying unbridled cheer, and a negro trio was doing its utmost to add music to the merriment. A violin was tortured by the convulsions of the bandleader characterized by a minuscule head sandwiched between a vast quantity of woolly hair and an enormous tie strung around a huge stand-up collar; the second member of the trio was blowing and squeezing his clarinet without being able to keep time, making the somewhat more light-skinned leader yell at him after every few beats, "Boy, can't you keep time? Gosh, I've never heard anything like that!" And his embarrassed partner blew with ever increasing fury, so that I feared splinters must be flying from his reed at any moment. The third musician was a fat, complacently smiling negro with shiny dark skin, whose pounding on a giant drum sufficed to make one lose consciousness. Finally the throng of ladies and gentlemen formed a convoluted line intended to represent a quadrille. This made me withdraw to a very private place as the only available measure of self-protection. "God save me from such a quadrille," I muttered to myself. No one was able to do what he intended — indeed, no one even knew what he was capable of. The affair subsided with some tumbling, hullabaloo, embracing, and getting one's breath back — it was finally over.

The boat landed at Economy, 18 miles below Pittsburgh, where I jumped ashore like an assassin and examined the ground, whose firmness I quite understandably doubted because of the foregoing circumstances. From the Ohio, steps lead up from the most favorable landing spot to a point before the very center of the little town, which forms a regular quadrangle divided into twelve sections of equal size. The bell on the church tower was just beginning to signal the noonday meals, and from several directions came men and women in Swabian costumes whose audible conversation was characterized by all those localisms and accentuations peculiar to their native province, so that I felt as though I had been transported to Germany by some stroke of magic. For several decades the Rappists have preserved the unadulterated speech, attire, habits, and customs of the country of their origin and are not ashamed of them, unlike so many Germans I got to know, who tried to deny their background as soon as they were able to babble a little English.

I entered the inn. Although its rooms can accommodate more than eighty people, there were only a few guests gathered at the well appointed *table d'hote*. Order and cleanliness were evident, the dishes were admirably prepared, and the cup of coffee which the Swabian waitress served me did the cook honor. After the meal I went to see the gardens, fields, and buildings of the colony, and I met, a good omen of Economy, a herd of about one hundred well-fed cattle as well as an even larger number of fat hogs, all of which were leisurely grazing in the clover fields. A considerable part of the 3000 acres that form the settlement is efficiently cultivated and splendidly productive; the grain looked good and promised another good harvest, which has probably been increased by manuring; for the soil, although it is rather rich, being a mixture of loam and sand, still needs manure. As is well known, American farmers do not use manure. The positive example of individuals (who proved that productivity, which evidently declines especially in hill-top fields after a few years, can be re-established, or even increased) is being imitated more and more. Rapp's Economy is a model for this, where animal as well as vegetable fertilizers are used with success. Large apple and peach orchards exemplify the cultivation of fruit. The peach trees had been severely damaged by a frost on June 11; the leaves were yellow and the young fruit had withered almost without exception. It is a pity that an otherwise well planned plantation of fruit trees of this size (between 30 and 40 acres) has such a small yield, as grafting is not well understood and has been practised only in the last few years. There are also some small vineyards adorning the fields; they will, however, come to nought because their soil produces only sour grapes and is situated at an unfavorable altitude. Mulberry trees, on the other hand, grow splendidly and constitute a rich source of income via the considerable sericulture. Satisfied even if rather tired I returned in the late afternoon to the hotel and inquired about a number of people, particularly about Mr. Rapp himself, on whom I intended to call in the morning. Hale and hearty as the eighty-five year-old Patriarch is, he receives only few visitors, and I too had to forgo the pleasure of seeing one of America's phenomena. The following day I examined the buildings. Most of them are single-storey brick buildings, and together they constitute a pretty little town with a population of 500. Each house is designed for one family and has a courtyard and a small garden.

The Patriarch's house is barely distinguishable, unlike those for manufacture, and the largest one, which is in the centre of all and serves a variety of purposes. It contains the library, a large hall for

festive occasions, and a rather respectable museum, whose greatest treasures are conches and minerals as well as a few fairly good paintings (including one by Lucas Cranach, I was told) and a chest of W[illiam] Penn, as a memento.

In the silk factory six looms were active, producing satin of the highest quality besides other fine fabrics. With the aid of a steam engine the cocoons are spun onto six reels. Everything is produced locally. Here most of the girls were employed. Their pale, sometimes rather pretty faces and their uniform attire — a simple pleated skirt and a Swabian bonnet — left me with the impression of a convent, if not a workhouse. I cannot deny that this made me shiver. The cloth factory was less busy; only a few looms were being worked, because times are hard, money is scarce, and credit is uncertain. For the same reasons, cotton fabrics were in a similar situation, being normally most lucrative with average annual sales of \$80,000 for the finished products. The above-mentioned steam engine has 70 h.p. and drives, in addition to the three factories, a flour mill and a pump that brings water 80 feet up from the Ohio to the city.

The principle of communal ownership is also applied to field work. It is jointly undertaken and 50 horses are kept for farming. I visited several groups of workers. Each one works moderately according to his ability, and after completing his task delights in good fare and a mug of beer, so that no one has to be concerned about food but enjoys a great advantage over many other larger or smaller communes, and every one could be considered fortunate compared to the thousands of starving citizens of the Union (even though there is room enough and no barriers to restrict anyone's activities), if other, higher goods were not neglected. Surely this single advantage is not sufficient to make one praise a system by which Father Rapp feeds some 500 human beings like horned beasts! A free, independent development of the spirit is impossible; love and pleasure are sins, and, according to this system, the most beautiful union that mortals enter into, that of marriage, is considered the greatest crime. Of domestic happiness, pure joy, and youthful cheer I found not the slightest trace, but instead I discovered an even higher degree of anxious brooding, vacant looks, suffering miens, and monotonous manner of speaking than I had already noticed at the inn. It is natural that such a set-up should subsequently experience some shocks. Not only did participants begin to contend for basic human liberty — the world too loudly proclaimed its condemnation. Inner struggles, incited by mutual fraud and the crassest self-delusion of their leader, repeatedly tore down

the shaky structure, but again and again his zealous and infinitely persistent will was able to reconstruct from the ruins a new organization. I have taken the following historical sketch from the *Baltimore Herald*, offering at the same time a testimony of public opinion on the subject.

Georg Rapp was born in Ippdingen [*sic*], in the kingdom of Wurtemberg. As a boy he was trained as a weaver, and his entire formal education consisted of some reading and writing. The Bible and Stilling were the only books accessible to the youth, and he states himself that during an illness he read the Bible five times from beginning to end. He was extremely poor. By reputedly marrying a girl for her money he laid the basis for a small fortune. Soon he began to play a role among the faithful; he vociferously refuted the teachings of the pietists and became the head of the separatists. As this sect grew, accusations were made against him and the rumor spread that he was to be exiled. Exposed to enmities and persecutions, he resolved to emigrate to America, and thus he landed in Philadelphia in 1803, accompanied by his son Johann, Dr. Müller, and Haller. His funds were modest, and only in the possession of his Biblical treasure and in the free practice of his faith he, like any religious enthusiast [*Schwärmer*], considered himself rich. Rapp thus would seem to be a fanatic, and no one familiar with human nature would think of calling fraudulent a man whose entire knowledge and concern emanated from the literal meaning of the Bible and the phantastic visions of a Stilling, which he had almost transformed into living reality. Man is normally the product of his first impressions from early youth, environmental influences, certain writings, his relations with other men, and his temperament.

Soon Rapp parted ways with Haller because of religious differences. After one year Rapp's wife, his adopted son Friedrich Reichard [Reichert], his daughter, and about 700 of his followers arrived. He preached twice in Philadelphia and is supposed to have received \$700. Most of his followers were poor. He was the soul of these people who, being in a strange land without higher education, with little property but all the more religious illusions, surrendered themselves like dependent children to the leadership of their father. With combined funds, approximately 3000 acres were acquired in Butler County, Pennsylvania, and painfully cultivated in a struggle against grief and misery. The huts which sprang up were called Harmony: a name which betrays the noble purpose of the founder rather than his vanity and lust for power.

For ten years the Rappists lived in Harmony. During this time several families reneged; but still more came from Germany, so that the population of the colony was about 800 strong. It appears that Rapp feared his people might become too worldly in Pennsylvania and that for this reason alone he decided to move on to the uncivilized West. He bought 25,000 acres in the state of Indiana, on the Wabash River. In 1814 the move began by flat and keel boats. Harmony was sold on credit to two Pennsylvanians, who immediately turned it over to a Pittsburgh company for \$100,000, and the latter disposed of it for cash to the present owner, Abraham Ziegler, at a \$10,000 profit.

After many hardships connected with a cumbersome flatboat journey, the destination was finally reached. A destination whose completely desolate appearance only he can imagine who knows those western woods as yet untouched by axe and plow, with wild animals as the only inhabitants. No hospitable hut received the arriving, no road ran through their territory, and no neighbourly arm reached out to help them. Untamed creation lay before them; they were to turn it into their paradise: this only the iron will of perfected reason can achieve, or the monumental labors of a harmony based on religion and bordering on fanaticism. Indeed, harmony and concord animated these settlers, and the view of the sky vaulting its blue above their forest shelters inspired them with patience, humility, and devotion — those virtues normally sanctioned by despotism to benefit its own schemes. Torrential rains swept away their shelters, fever struck and in the first summer claimed some twenty victims. The Harmonists began to build log cabins and hoped for an improved climate once the forests would be cleared. In the fall Rapp himself and some families came to determine how the project was progressing. He found misery, unspeakable misery; but hope or even intelligence conquered suffering and waivering. — Harmony was to be sold, Rapp decided (or, rather, the Lord commanded) to remain and named the wilderness "New Harmony." Delusion and misery kept the builders of New Harmony firmly bonded together; their sweat fertilized the soil, which in return offered sustenance to its tillers. No longer did the howling of wild beasts resound in a land of inhospitable woods, music and sacred songs proclaimed the presence of people, poor people who had forsaken a prospering homestead to devote themselves in the wilderness to a delusion. But man's desire, as the saying goes, is his paradise, and what these people were lacking in individual will, they possessed in the powerful delusion, which can perform

wonders in good as in evil and can terribly destroy as it can amazingly create.

"We were happy," reports one participant. "Rapp was our father, our God; his will was our command, and we followed him gladly; for we were like dependent children. But gradually my eyes began to open, and now I pity human beings that are happy in this fashion."

After a ten-year stay in New Harmony, it occurred to Rapp that they should leave the unhealthy region on the Wabash. He charged his adopted son Friedrich to look for land in a more favorable area and to purchase it. This was done. A beautiful, fertile section was chosen on the Ohio River, in Pennsylvania. New Harmony was sold to a Scotsman by the name of Owen, who had in mind grandiose Saint-Simonist schemes (communal sharing of goods and women) that remained, however, unfulfilled. The disappointed reformer returned to his native land, and his sons are presently still the owners of New Harmony. Rapp's system was rewarded by greater success in his new colony, which was named "Economy." He always knew how to make vassals of his people: the spiritual substance was his, and under his will and orders his followers bowed in childish respect and slavish obedience. Thus he was able for a third time to turn a landscape, which in 1824 had still been lying waste, into a small paradise that constitutes in the heart of a Republic a politically and spiritually despotic state. But clouds gathered over this paradise, and the machinations of a fraudulent clique threatened to cause the foundering of the ship whose helm the Patriarch had skillfully steered for such a long time. For the Wurtemberg Patriarch in America received from Europe pastoral letters filled with the most phantastic nonsense, announcing in the most pompous words the advent of a messiah. One proclamation Rapp himself read from the pulpit, and the congregation's belief in the holiness of their father was thereby raised to such a degree that they began to believe him immortal like God. The messiah did not announce himself as one who shall come riding upon an ass, but as one who in allegiance with the princes shall have dominion over gold and silver — sufficient to make all of America compliant to Rapp and to save mankind from eternal perdition. Gold had always been a favorite metal of Rapp's; those millions, then, that were to appear and flow into his coffers certainly contributed to delude the deluder of hundreds no less than the prophecies which he found pleasing and useful because they thickened the veil of delusions

and seemed to assure finally a prophetic aura for the feared and adored patriarch.

The arrival of the Messiah from Europe was awaited impatiently. Finally he appeared, accompanied by a numerous and elegant retinue of ladies and gentlemen. His name was Count L[eon], and his guiding spirit, a suave and clever little man, called himself Dr. G[oentgen]. L[eon], however, according to common opinion, was no count but a Catholic priest by the name of B[ernhard Müller]. The distinguished guests travelling in eight carriages via Pittsburgh arrived in Economy. They were given the best houses for lodgings; all eyes were fixed on them, and all were longingly looking forward to great happenings. But the abundance of gold and silver did not materialize; nevertheless the assurances were believed that a ship loaded with these precious metals was on its way. The Count lacked the gift of rhetoric; thus the Doctor was charged to harangue the souls with mystical bombast and — to divert them gradually from Rapp to the messiah-count. Rapp imposed chastity on his people and prohibited matrimony; in my opinion, designedly in order to keep the colonists from reaching such numbers as would be difficult to control. Sex is a powerful drive, and even if one can make man believe through specious reasoning that it is sinful to eat the apple from the forbidden tree, the temptation is too seductive. Thus it happened with Rapp and his celibacy: it was complied with, but people still longed for marriage, and it only takes a snake to make weak mortals go astray. This snake was L[eon]. Instead of proselytizing all those wallowing in the pool of corruption outside of Rapp's paradise, conversion of the Swabian Adamites began, instilling doubts about the infallibility of their patriarch and portraying marriage as nothing sinful but rather something eminently good. The die was cast, and it soon became apparent that the new gospel of the messiah found many a receptive heart. Rapp inveighed against it, but in vain. The fire was smoldering in his edifice, and soon it burst into brilliant flames. Harmony was shattered and Economy divided into anarchical parties facing each other with hostility. The number of recreants first was ten, and mounted to 250, who with increasing loudness and insistence demanded secession from Rapp, claiming what property they had entrusted to him in cash or earned by years of work. That was no small demand of the unaccountable treasurer of Economy, who had to consider himself trapped in his house, guarded only by a few faithful. But they were not satisfied merely with a blockade of his house. The *Gräfischen* (as L's followers called themselves) seized one warehouse and laid claim to its

entire contents, so that Rapp deemed it advisable to surrender, so as to avoid being compelled by force or legal means to share equitably with his renegade children, or even to lose everything. The consequence of this rift was a court settlement that cost Father Rapp the tidy sum of \$105,000. \$35,000 was immediately paid out in cash, and the remainder remitted in two installments, covering each individual's share in proportion to his initial contribution or his earnings for work performed. That lawyers also gained by their fees from this dispute may safely be assumed.

For \$22,000 Philipsburg was purchased, magnificently situated a few miles from Economy. Here the Count with the spoils of this victory established his residence; but his splendor, which began in 1832, was of brief duration. As long as the money lasted, all went fairly well. One building rose after another; since, however, that ship with its cargo of gold and silver refused to show up, and the blind (whose eyes he himself had opened) began to see all too clearly that the messiah was a fraud, distrust arose and increased, so that several departed and settled in Freedom, across the river, and his grace the Count and his retinue, now totally disgraced, were eventually driven from Philipsburg. Only a few could not be torn from their delusion; they felt the adventurer to be a real messenger of God and followed him South, where he is supposed to have died of cholera. The Doctor is said to be the preacher of a tiny remnant of the Rappists on the Red River in Louisiana. All of these are presently presumed to be planning their return to Germany.

The following is from von Wrede's next entry, dated Cincinnati, end of August 1842:

After a week's stay I left Economy in order to satisfy my wish to see the seceded Rappists in Philipsburg. It is reached after a ten-mile trip through a beautiful romantic landscape, where the little town of some twenty houses lies close to the Ohio River and makes a much friendlier impression than its mother colony. Here common ownership is forbidden, but in many other respects the good citizens seem to have gone too far in their separation; for until now they have not re-united as a congregation of beneficial brethren sharing important interests for their common weal; it is not extraordinary for individuals to assume minor risks in the same way major ones are assumed elsewhere. Of a few educated Germans, that nevertheless impressed me favorably, I mention Mr. Rupp, the local innkeeper.

He was a former travelling wine salesman in Germany who had, together with his affable young wife (a native of Detmold) extended his travels across the Atlantic and experienced much, suffered a good deal, and finally found a barely tolerable home here. They had rented the inn but could not afford to keep a waiter, a servant, or a maid; Mr. Rupp had to be all and everything, and I could well understand their longing for their homeland. His brother in Bordeaux had recently promised to assist in their return. May these good people enjoy better success! Apart from that, there is quite a bit of local activity. Positive plans are being entertained — if only their realization were more concrete. A German doctor had founded a hydropathic establishment and had the best of intentions, but this struck me as a premature creation and had hitherto received no acclaim. Neither has a projected seminary been able to materialize.

After a three-day stay, I finally departed for Cincinnati on July 8.