
NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

The Diary of Dr. David Luther Roth.

Edited by Robert W. Nickeson

DAVID LUTHER ROTH was born in Prospect, Pennsylvania, in 1847, the son of Lewis and Lydia Buechle Roth. He was educated at the Leechburg Academy and Thiel College. He graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1873. From 1873 to 1875 he attended the Lutheran Seminary in Philadelphia, and he was ordained on April 19, 1875. His first pastorate was at Zion Lutheran Church in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, where he served from July 5, 1875, until November 14, 1884. He then occupied the pulpit of the Lutheran Church in Butler, Pennsylvania, from 1884 to 1888. From there, he became the minister of the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer in Albany, New York, serving until 1899. At that time, he became the pastor of the Grace Evangelical Lutheran Church in Pittsburgh. The church was located at the corner of Sydney and South Twenty-third Streets on the South Side, and it is during this pastorate that the diary, which is excerpted here, was written. In 1913, Pastor Roth temporarily retired and moved to Girard, Pennsylvania, where he made his home with his daughter Katherine and her husband Harry Stevens. In 1922, he returned to Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, holding a pastorate until 1925. His retirement years following 1925 were spent in Wisconsin and in Greenville, Pennsylvania, where at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Winifred Rissell, he died in 1935.

Pastor Roth had two brothers who were prominent Lutheran clergymen, Theophilus B. Roth and Henry Warren Roth. Each of these clergymen served as president of Thiel College in Greenville. Roth's eldest son, Paul Wagner Roth, also a Lutheran clergyman, described the three brothers as follows: "Uncle Off was the orator, Father was the author, and H.W. was the saint." We can believe this characterization if we can judge by the voluminous diary and memoirs written by David Luther Roth. There are in existence at least twelve volumes of

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his diaries, and the present, from which these excerpts were derived, comprises only three years, from 1908 through 1910. There are many other volumes that have not been transcribed. The transcription of this work is the labor of one of Roth's grandsons, Dr. Charles D. Stevens, a retired biostatistician at Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia. Stevens' punctilious accuracy in transcribing the handwritten diaries is a major contribution to this reproduction. The handwritten diary for three years exceeds five hundred pages, and, obviously, there have been great masses of entries excised in order to make it publishable.

At one point in the diary, Pastor Roth made a journey to Europe, embarking from New York on June 25. He was accompanied by a well-to-do young man from the South Side of Pittsburgh named Ernest Rohrkaste. Throughout their travels in Europe, Roth utilized inexpensive lodging and restaurants, whereas his companion stayed at the finest hotels and took his meals in far more expensive establishments than the minister from Pittsburgh could afford. The narrative of this journey to Europe is painstakingly thorough, and there is an entry for each day. At one point in the narrative, Roth dropped his trusty fountain pen beside a monument. He clambered down to find a woman poking at his fountain pen with an umbrella, and he snatched it away from her. It was surely one of life's necessities for someone writing a daily journal, and one supposes that fountain pens were rare items in that day and age.

Pastor Roth's itinerary included visits to the region of Germany in which Martin Luther had been born, and in which he lived. With Roth's staunch Lutheran upbringing, there could be no greater hero than Martin Luther, and he was enthralled by his experiences in Eisenach and Wittenberg. He visited also the village near Potsdam, on the outskirts of Berlin, from which his great-great-grandfather had emigrated from Germany to the United States. He found this village, Saarmund, and through an official in the town hall, was able to locate old records pertaining to this venerable ancestor. It was this great-great-grandfather who came to the United States as a Moravian missionary to the Lenape Indians in eastern Pennsylvania. Roth was much impressed with the industriousness of the German people and the cleanliness of the cities. He enjoyed particularly the region along the Rhine, especially the cities of Frankfurt, Coblenz, Trier, and Strasbourg, but he spent as much time as he could in small villages conversing with plain peasant people and minor functionaries.

Toward the end of July, he and Rohrkaste took the train to Switzer-

land, and the diary depicts the enjoyment of visits to Basle, Lucerne, and Geneva. The details of these experiences cannot be included here, but one finds an interesting note in which, in the city of Interlaken, he presented the bill for two nights' lodging, a charge for electric light, breakfast, one supper, and one dinner, totalling one dollar and eighty-four cents. En route home from Switzerland, they travelled through France by train to Paris, and thence to LeHavre. Across the harbor from LeHavre, he visited a cousin of his wife, Monsieur Aumont and his family in Honfleur. Roth crossed the channel to spend several days in England, and reached New York on September 5, having been gone from his pulpit a little more than two full months.

My intention is to use this as a repository for whatsoever I may see fit to write in it from day to day beginning with today:

Wednesday, January 1st, New Years Day, 1908.

The young people, to the number of 25 or 30, kept up the music nearly all night. Wife and I went to bed at half past one this morning but I did not sleep until six and then got up at ten. After that not much transpired through the day, for every one was sleepy, but this evening we went out to Helen's and there had a nice supper of fried oysters & the accompaniments. . . . After we came home I wrote some entries in my journal and finished some accounts for 1907. I find therein that my earnings, perquisites for the last year, exclusive of my salary here, were the largest ever I received — amounting to \$307. The best ever in my life was \$235.45. So I have much reason to be thankful and, God knows, I am.

Friday 3. January. Went down to the bank, deposited some money, got a calendar. . . . This afternoon went down to the railroad offices to get clerical order-cards¹ but they have not yet been issued and may not be. This evening I held preparatory service, preaching from John 1:29. . . .

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Tuesday 14. . . . The horrible news comes from Boyertown, Pa., of the burning 165 people, mostly women and children, while attending

¹ Clerical order cards were free railroad passes issued to members of the clergy.

Harriet Earhart Monroe's Scottish Reformation entertainment, given by St. John's Lutheran Sunday-School, last evening.²

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Thursday 30. This being a very cold day I spent it by the fire reading "Jane Eyre" — a fine old tale. Our 30 gallons of vinegar was put into the cellar and a check for \$ 5 sent to John Nagel in payment: he allowed me. \$ 1 — for the two kegs sent to him. Mrs. Roth is still in bed with a bad cough, but improving.

Friday 31. Another cold day — —8°. Went up on the hill and administered the holy communion to Will Burkhart and his mother.

February 1. A blizzard is abroad today. President Roosevelt sent a message to Congress which excites the editors and politicians. He recommends an employer's liability law and then excoriates the misdeeds of predatory wealth, mentioning by name the Standard Oil Company, the Atcheson & Santa Fe Railroad & others. His aim is to introduce common honesty into the business dealings of the country. God speed him! Mamma is slowly improving. . . .

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Wednes. [March] 25. Worked at sermonizing, wrote two sermons of a Lenten series. Held services this evening with a good attendance and met my class.

Thurs. 26. Beautiful morning. Wish I was at the old fishing-hole on the Slipperyrock. . . .

Friday 27. Summer heat. Walked to Soho and visited Schweigerts, then to Passavant hospital. . . .

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Tuesday [April] 7. Aunt Mary³ and Clara Erbeck Eckert⁴ came this

2 Boyertown in Berks County was the scene of a tragic theater fire on January 13, 1908, in which 150 people perished. The Rhoades Opera House, which was destroyed, had been engaged for an amateur production given under the auspices of the St. John Lutheran Church.

3 Mary Wagner, Mrs. Roth's sister.

4 Clara Eckert, a cousin of Melinda Roth, was the wife of Congressman Charles Eckert of Beaver County.

morning. Clara brought a release of a mortgage from her husband, who placed the mortgage for me, which I took down and witnessed. . . . Tonight I attended the celebration of Appomattox day at the Grand Army post and made a speech. Heard descriptions of the surrender from eye-witnesses, one of them a confederate, of the Tenth Georgia. Bought varnish and a new brush and varnished the ceiling of the bath-room this afternoon.

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Wednesday, April 8. . . . This afternoon Mrs. Roth, who has gone to attend the Women's meeting at White's had Sexaner come and wash-off with benzine the varnish I put-on yesterday. I had been given varnish for wood instead of varnish (white) for tile. . . .

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Saturday, [June] 6 Beautiful day. Worked around the house and church, repairing doors, 3 of them. One glass, broken by a storm last week, cost me \$ 1.70 & a lot of work. Paid Sexaner's bill for varnishing the bath-room: \$ 4.50: outrageous! . . .

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Monday 22. Went down-town and bought some things for my projected tour. This afternoon I bought my ticket for Hamburg — \$ 65, second cabin — and bought \$ 400 worth of traveler's checks on Knauth, Nachode & Kuhn. This evening, which was very warm, Ernest Rohrkaste & I packed our luggage, to wit — a satchel and a steamer trunk.

Tuesday 23. Ernest and I bade the friends farewell and left on the Pullman at 9.18 for New York where we arrived without incident. Lodged at the St. Denis and saw Broadway by night. . . .

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Wednesday, June 24. We rambled about the city seeing many things new and wonderful to Ernest and this afternoon went to Coney Island. We enjoyed the trip on the water as the day was warm. The flags are at half mast for ex-President Cleveland, who died this morning at 8.40.

Thursday 25. At 9 this morning we left New York on the *Deutschland*. Waited an hour at Sandy Hook for a belated passenger. The *Deutschland* of the Hamburg American Line is a twin-screw steamer 686½ ft. long, 44 ft deep & 67½ ft beam; tonnage 16,000; horsepower 37,000; average speed 23½ knots. We had a delightful day's sail, wind & weather propitious.

* * *

[European trip]

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Tuesday [September] 8 Went to the bank and had the remaining \$ 120 — of my traveler's checks cashed. . . .

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Thursday 17 Warm and dry. The river has not been so low since 1843,⁵ the land is passing through a season of unusual drouth. . . .

Friday 18 Dry and warm, reports of forest-fires and dying vegetation coming from all directions. . . .

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Saturday 19. Very warm and dusty. The sun appears, about 9 a.m. through the dense clouds of smoke and fog, like a red and angry ball of fire. Had a poor night's sleep and for some unknown reason, a dull head-ache. . . .

Sunday 20. Hot and dry, 85° in the shade. . . . Went to Logstown⁶ — Oh! how warm it was — and preached on the gospel for the day. Then went to Monaca and found Mrs. Roth up and able to walk about.⁷

⁵ A major drought existed during September 1908, as a result of which there were widespread forest fires and extensive crop damage. There was only a trace of precipitation between August 27 and September 20.

⁶ Later Ambridge.

⁷ When seriously ill, Mrs. Roth would be taken to stay with her unmarried sister, Mary Wagner, in Monaca.

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Saturday 26 No sign of rain yet — the leaves drying and falling, dust everywhere, the sun a red, angry ball of fire, glaring through the smoke, thermometer 85°. . . .

Monday 28 . . . The blessed rain began to fall last night, softly lightly and this morning increased in frequency of showers.

Wednesday 30 . . . Watched the river sesquicentennial parade from Mt. Washington. . . .⁸

October 1 Thursday This the closing day of the celebration of the founding of Pittsburgh and as the girls wished to see the parade I staid at home, cooked a good stew, and took care of the house. Did not do much else but read and smoke and eat. The hunting season opens today and I had my preparations made to go but re-considered.

Friday 2. Was up at 3 o'clock this morning because I went to bed at 9 last night. Worked all day on the General Council Sunday-school lessons and finished 6 of them. Mamma came home this evening — thank God!

Saturday 3 We had company . . . and a good big leg-of-mutton well roasted, with the adjuncts, in honor of Mamma's recovery and return. This afternoon we looked, from our windows, at a parade on Carson street — the closing event of the sesqui-centennial celebration. . . .

1908 Wednesday Oct. 21. We celebrated my birthday anniversary today, four days ahead of time. A great time we had in preparing the feast. The menu was: Hors d'ouvre — Cervelat & celery — 2, Oysters on the shell, — 3, Mackerel & potatoes — 4, Leg of Lamb, mashed potatoes & turnips, — 5, Nova Scotia Pudding — 6, Fruit — Olives — Pickles, The cheese & tea & coffee were forgotten. Sherry and port wines — cigars. . . .

⁸ The Sesquicentennial Jubilee celebrating the 150th anniversary of the founding of Pittsburgh began on September 27, 1908. There were church services, union meetings at the Nixon Theater, unveiling of a DAR Tablet at the Blockhouse, an official reception at the Duquesne Gardens, a special Sesquicentennial Day at the Pittsburgh Exposition, on Wednesday morning a grand marine parade on the rivers, a magnificent historical pageant on Greater Pittsburgh Day, laying of a cornerstone of the Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Hall in Oakland, a parade in Oakland, a balloon race, races at Schenley Park, and, as a culmination, a grand fireworks display at night.

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Tuesday [November] 3 Voted for Bryan and Kern⁹ this morning. Sent away a big load of household goods to 95 Allen Ave. — our new home.¹⁰ . . .

Wednesday 4. . . . Taft was elected president. I do not like him. He is a Unitarian. He is in with the trusts, I think, and they are robbing the people. . . .

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December 1 — Tuesday. . . . Mrs. Knap came while I was there. Her grand-daughter's husband was one of the 138 miners killed by the explosion in Washington Co., on Saturday.¹¹ She went to attend the funeral but his body has not been recovered. . . .

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Wednesday 16 Went to the Passavant Hospital and got the manuscript of my great-grandfather relating to his leading the congregation of Christian Indians from the Susquehanna to Friedenstadt — now Newcastle, in 1771.¹²

1909

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Friday January 1. Nothing much to mark the opening of the new year. The day was clear and cold. Went down to my study¹³ and prepared for the funeral tomorrow.

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Saturday — May 1. Rain — Read a fine book by Herman Melville

⁹ William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic Presidential candidate, and Kern, his Vice-Presidential running mate.

¹⁰ In the Allentown section of Pittsburgh.

¹¹ Two hundred twenty-eight miners perished in a mine explosion at Marianna, Pa., in Washington County.

¹² In 1771, Moravian missionaries led a band of Christianized Lenape Indians on a trek from Bethlehem, Pa., to a mission known as Friedenstadt, now New Castle, Pa. One of the Moravian leaders was Johann Roth, great-great-grandfather of David Luther Roth. This journey is described in *Johann Roth, Missionary*, a book written by David Luther Roth.

¹³ After Pastor Roth and his family vacated the church parsonage, located at 79 South 23rd Street, one room in the parsonage was reserved for his use as a study.

entitled "Typee — A Romance of the South Seas." Wonder why I never heard of Melville before.

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Tuesday [May] 18 Took a train at 6.15 this morning for Elwood City, dug bait and went . . . fishing. We had a cool, cloudy day. Caught nine nice white suckers. . . . I developed a neuralgia & came home this evening by the new trolley line.¹⁴ The scenery about Ellwood from the car window is beautiful.

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1909 — May — Sat. 22. Went to my study and made my preparation for to-morrow. . . . Went to Helen's this evening. She is in bed sick with acute indigestion. Mamma has been in bed. . . .

Sunday 23 This was a most beautiful day. Had a very nice attendance in church. Preached on Acts 1:1-11 and went to Logstown. After preaching there I walked to Woodlawn, took the train to West Economy, crossed the river in a skiff rowed by two boys and went to Ambridge. Had supper at a restaurant and then loafed in the old Economy orchards until 7.30. Went to the church to preach. . . . On account of the dedication of a new Methodist church, there was to be no service. So I came home — disgusted. Mamma was in church this morning — tonight she is out at Helen's.

Monday 24 Fine day. Nothing doing but resting. Mamma is at Helen's whom Ada reported as no better than yesterday.

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Sunday 30 Held Whitsunday services this forenoon, administering communion to a small congregation. President Taft is in the city,¹⁵ the

14 The Ellwood Trolley Line was part of the Harmony Line. The first part of the trackage was completed from New Castle to Ellwood City, and the first car made the run June 28, 1908. The first car to travel from Ellwood City to Pittsburgh was on November 12, 1908. The Harmony Line continued in existence until 1931.

15 President Taft was in Pittsburgh on May 30, 1909, to dedicate a memorial fountain in the Arsenal Park, Lawrenceville. He had a busy day, during which he attended a Pirate ballgame. He greeted Yale alumni in a reception at the Fort Pitt Hotel. He spoke at Rodef Shalom Temple in the morning, and then attended services at the Unitarian Church in Pittsburgh.

day is fine, it is Memorial Day, and with these attractions the church is neglected. God have mercy on the silly people!

Monday 31 Memorial Day is being celebrated. The city is alive with brass-bands, squads of veterans, Spanish War men boys, brigades and people carrying flowers. I went out beyond Sharpsburg and spent most of the day with Mr. Stone, who is sick with dropsy. I am to go next week and baptize him.

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Sunday [June] 27 The street cars are tied-up because of a strike¹⁶ so I walked to church where I preached on the gospel for the day to a handful of people. Walked to the P. & L.E. station in time to get the 12.55 train. Went to Aliquippa and there encountered a terrific thunder-storm as I walked to the church. Took shelter in a negro's restaurant and later in a box-car then picked my way through the waters of the overflowed low ground and finally reached the church where I held a short service with the few people who had arrived before the storm. Went to Ellwood City and preached this evening. A tree-frog in the chancel croaked vigorously during the latter third of my sermon. That was a new experience for me. I am glad to be able to say that I was not disconcerted but held the attention of the congregation despite the noise. No one can blame the frog.

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1909 — Tuesday, June 29. Went to Butler this morning and attended the funeral of Mrs. Wm. Hazlett. . . . Went to Prospect this evening. The Pittsburgh street-car strike ended last night. I think it was all a sham engineered by Callery J. Magee.

Friday [July] 2 Went to the ball game at the new Forbes Field¹⁷ and saw two games between the Chicago and Pittsburgh nines — the score was: 1st game 8 to 0 in favor of Chicago, 2nd 4 to 2 for Pittsburgh. It was worth the money to see the 20.000 people. The price of admission to the grand-stand was 75¢. Warren Hunter took me there.

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Monday [August] 23 Was at home today. The strikers and State constabulary, deputy sheriffs and others have been fighting at McKees

¹⁶ There was a brief streetcar strike beginning June 27, 1909, lasting only two days.

¹⁷ Forbes Field opened on Wednesday, June 30, 1909.

Rocks. Six men were killed and many wounded.¹⁸ Ernest and young Kirk came this evening and took Helen and Warren home in the automobile. David A. Hunter¹⁹ cut his first tooth today.

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Friday [October] 8 Visited several families and worked awhile in my study. Pittsburgh won the first game of the world-championship series from Detroit 4 to 1.

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Saturday 16 Was down town. Worked in my study awhile. Visited Burkhardt's. Pittsburgh won in the final game of the series 8 to 0, and gained the world's championship.

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Tuesday [November] 2 Election day; but, as I did not register, of no consequence to me. A Democrat has no voice in Allegheny county. Well — It was a drizzly day and nothing doing. I was out all day but saw nothing to shoot but one piney and I did not shoot at it. . . .

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Friday 12 Another perfect day. Walked over to Helen's — she is very sick. The doctors do not know what ails her. . . .

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Saturday 27 . . . Helen is to go to the hospital tomorrow for an operation. I went out and administered communion to her.

1909 — Monday — Nov. 29 Fine weather. . . . Helen was taken to Passavant hospital. We are now waiting to learn the result of the operation. Paul and her husband are with her.

Our dear Helen is dead. I have no heart to write details but will compel

¹⁸ A strike began August 23, 1909, at the Pressed Steel Car Company at Schoenville, a section of McKees Rocks, in which six people were killed and dozens seriously injured. Bombs and bullets were used to restore order, and martial law was declared.

¹⁹ David Alexander Hunter, 1909-1964, son of J. Warren Hunter and Pastor Roth's daughter, Helen Roth Hunter. David Hunter, known as Dan, was a Pittsburgh attorney. His aunt, Ada, later married the widowed J. Warren Hunter, and thus became Dan Hunter's stepmother, as well as his aunt.

myself to try. She was given a hypodermic injection of morphine and at 3 p.m. the ether was administered. The operation revealed nothing serious — two small ovarian cysts — and she began to recover nicely & then collapsed. Artificial respiration was induced — the heart acted well — but she did not awaken. At 9.50 p.m. she died. We at home were receiving frequent telephone messages while we waited under the shadow of death. At 11 Paul and Warren came and told us she was dead. The first death in our family. It is hard to bear. But we wait with patience in the hope of the resurrection for the broken family circle to be re-united. Helen's was as near a perfect character as appears on earth. And she had a complete life while she lived. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Tuesday 30 It is providential that Paul is here; all day he was making arrangements for the funeral. A post-mortem examination revealed a lesion of the brain — the cause of her death. The dear body was brought here this forenoon — The body of our dear little Helensie. But she does not look like our sweet maid. I shall try to remember

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her as she appeared sitting in her bed after receiving the sacrament, with a smile of peace and heavenly serenity. Then I kissed her and said "Good-bye Helen" and she answered "Good-bye." That was her last look and word to me in this life. Oh, my daughter! my darling — how I loved her!

Well — we shall meet again! God had higher work for her elsewhere. His will be done.

I will not try to write of the kind friends who came to sympathize, or of the messages that came and of the flowers that were brought. All who knew our darling loved her.

Wednesday — December, 1. At 1.30 we held a service in the house and at 2.30 in the church. My dear brother Warren, assisted by the Revd. R. R. Durst, conducted the services. Warren preached a sermon full of consolation on the words of Jesus — John 16:22. The choir of the First church sang and the responses in the burial service — and the hymns — "Come, ye disconsolate" — "My faith looks up to Thee" and "Asleep in Jesus" — and the church was crowded with sympathizing friends. Then we laid her to rest — covered with flowers — in the Hunter burial plot in the South-Side cemetery. . . . A great many friends, in addition to those named went out by street car and attended the services at the cemetery. The day was clear and fine.

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1909 — Friday — December 31. . . . The end of 1909 came and was tolled and rung out and shot out with all damnable diabolical noise and uproar possible among a horde of barbarians. I am glad the year is gone. It has been a sad one for me.

1910

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January 1 — Saturday. The January thaw begins with 6 inches of snow on the ground. . . .

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Sunday 16 Icy pavements. Held the customary services. At Logstown had only 6 hearers. One was a little Hungarian girl who sat in the back seat and, as the collection basket was not passed, came to the altar after service and put a penny in it. Preached on the gospel for the day.

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Wednesday [May] 11 Our Katherine and Harold Stevens were married this afternoon — my brother Warren and I officiated. . . .

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Friday, May 13. Very chilly. Went to the Dispatch office and got papers containing a statement regarding the projected suit of the State vs. the Economy Society.²⁰

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Wednesday 25 Went to Woodlawn and interviewed Mr. Moore, Supt. of the Woodlawn Land Co., regarding a site for a church. Am to prepare another petition have it signed and present it to the Jones and Laughlin Company.²¹ Got a seal for the church, congregation gave me \$ 50 — on salary. . . . Saw Halley's comet at Alex. Jones's.

²⁰ Melinda Wagner Roth was a daughter of Jacob Wagner, one of the members of the Harmony Society who left this Society in 1832. Thus, David Luther Roth was very much interested in legal proceedings dealing with the dissolution of the Harmony Society. By 1910, these proceedings were winding down to a final completion, and a suit to have the Harmony Society property revert to the state was initiated.

²¹ Pastor Roth was assigned by the Synod to form a congregation at Wood-

Wednesday [August] 17. . . . Mamma and I celebrated the 34th anniversary of our marriage. . . .

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Tuesday [September] 6 Mamma is very weak and sick. Staid with her all day. This evening I attended a meeting of the Church Extension Society.

Friday 9 Am reading another of DeMorgan's works: "It Never Can Happen Again," which is too much spun-out. Nothing doing. Mamma is very sick. The trouble is congestion of the liver complicated by weakness of the heart.

Saturday 10 Very warm. Went down to hear Theodore Roosevelt this evening. He spoke from the balcony of the Monongahela House. An immense crowd was present. I had a good position near him and heard him distinctly.

Wednesday 14 With the foregoing entry I shut my book yesterday morning. This morning, when I awoke at 7 my dear wife was asleep in Jesus. God granted to her the death she wished to die. Yesterday afternoon she and I were alone in the house. I worked on a sermon for the dedication of the Pitcairn chapel. She rested easily, ate a peach — the first fruit since she was sick — and was cheerful and bright. . . . The girls came back from the Exposition²² at 9 o'clock. After that we went to sleep. Carl came home at midnight. Then we were awakened. Presently we went to sleep again. At 4 a.m. I brought a drink of ice-water to her — then we slept again and she wakened with Helen in heaven. . . . Oh! my wife. Oh! my darling. Her handkerchief was folded under her hand, her eyes were closed — so peacefully she passed. Katherine opened the door of our room at half-

lawn (later Aliquippa) and succeeded in obtaining a lot from the Jones and Laughlin Steel Company, on which to build a church there. Whether or not there was a *quid pro quo* involved, the company wanting the site of the Logstown Church on which to build a mill, is not clear. The Logstown Church was sold for \$6,400 in 1910, but to Mr. Selkowitz and Mr. Niskewitz, not to Jones and Laughlin. The Woodlawn Church was eventually built in 1912.

- 22** The Pittsburgh Exposition was an annual industrial fair held at the Point at which exhibitions of industry were displayed along with musical and other forms of amusement; the exposition site was cleared prior to construction of Gateway Center. In 1908, the exposition was enjoying its twentieth season.

past six, looked in and seeing her mother as she supposed asleep, did not come in. Then she was dead. When I looked at her first, I too, supposed she slept, but when I laid my hand on her dear face it was cold. What a shock! And yet it was an event for which I had been preparing for years. God give me the strength to endure!

Thursday 15 I have no heart to write but I wish to keep my course unflinchingly and will try to make a record today — one week after the last entry was made — of what has transpired with me since then. There was telephoning, writing and telegraphing to our friends and meeting the many who came to visit us in our affliction: the arrangements for the funeral and the services connected therewith, and the many distractions which occurred to lure the mind away. Aunt Mary came from Wilksburg and passed a few hours with us. Dear, faithful Aunt Mary! How I pity her! . . . And so the heavy day of sorrow passed.

Friday 16 At 10 this morning Uncle Warren preached a funeral sermon from the 7th of Revelation — 9-17, to the house-full of mourning friends. . . . A great many beautiful flowers were brought — among them a costly wreath from our staunch friend Autemann, expressed from Albany — to the loving memory of her who loved all flowers so well. If she saw these all, and I think she did her pure heart must have been lifted up, as mine, with grateful joy.

At 3.25 we took the train for Prospect: myself, Paul; Winifred, Charles & Paul Rissell; Warren Hunter; Marie, Ada; Katherine and Harold Stevens; Carl; and Clara Eckert and my brother Warren and Louise Thompson: 14 in all. We were met at Isle²³ by the hearse and carriages and taken to my brother Melancthon's where we had supper together, after which some went and spent the night with friends in the village. Warren and I slept together. The dear body of my loved one lay in the house where father, mother and my dear sisters reposed before they were laid in the narrow house of clay. I slept little. My mind and heart were too full of the recollections which the place and occasion brought home to me.

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1910 — *Saturday, September 17.* One month ago today Mamma and

²³ Isle, Pa., a small village on Muddy Creek six miles north of Prospect on Route 528 in Franklin Township, Butler County. This village was apparently a convenient meeting point for public conveyances in that area, and was also the center of Pastor Roth's favorite fishing grounds.

I quietly and cheerfully celebrated together the thirty-fourth anniversary of our marriage, and now —————

At 10 o'clock we walked behind the hearse with its precious burden to the church in which I was baptized and where so many of my holiest recollections gather. My brother in his robe, venerable to look upon, and the Revd. Marteus moved in front and conducted the services. Warren preached a most touching and comforting sermon on the text "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." The message was balm to my wound. The church was filled with our sympathizing friends of whom many had come from Butler, Zelenople and the country round. Then, in the quiet burying-ground, beside my great-grandfathers grave, we laid our dear one gently down to rest. The tears blind me. How can I write! How can I live! Well, the Father will open the way.

After dinner Warren, Winifred and her family went to Greenville, Clara Eckert to Butler and we others, in two carriages to Harmony. There, while waiting for the car, we walked to the old Harmony Society's cemetery and then came home. . . . and so the day of the burial ended.

Sunday 18 One of the hardest tasks of my life was the one which I accomplished with the help of God this day; which was, on the day after I buried my companion, to go into my pulpit and preach to my own people the regular sermon on the Gospel for the day. I took a luncheon and went, immediately after service, to Pitcairn where I preached the unfinished dedication sermon which I read to Mamma the evening before she died, and officiated in the dedication of the Chapel which our Ch. Ex. Soc. has placed there. I expect to find comfort along the path of duty. May the dear God help me to keep the path unflinchingly.

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Monday 19 Wrote replies to many condoling letters and was kept busy until this afternoon when I went to New Brighton and attended the 100th Convention of the Pittsburgh conference. I participated with the brethren in the Holy Communion which was as it is to me ever sweet to my soul. . . .

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1910 — *Tuesday* — Nov. 8 Election Day. Voted the Keystone ticket

and in favor of free bridges and a tuberculosis hospital. Then I unpacked furniture which Aunt Mary gave to the girls: a sideboard, a parlor suite, some pictures and some chairs. Had a chase after a chicken — crawled under somebody's porch after it while the lady of the house held a light. The day was drizzly this morning, clear now.

Wednesday 9 Read election returns with David Hunter for company. The Republicans have elected Tener in Pennsylvania and the Democrats have carried New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, New Jersey, Illinois and the whole South. This afternoon I worked in my study. Am reading tonight an entertaining yarn by Fred Lewis Pattee about a Center County settlement of Germans. The book is entitled "The House of the Black Ring."

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Friday [December] 9 Sixteen degrees and fair. Went to Woodlawn and had an interview with Mr. Moore who informed me that our petition to the J. & L. Steel Co, for a lot for church purpose had been granted. The lot is No. 63 of Plan No. 8 — Orchard — Cor. of Sheffield Road and Locust St., size 68 x 120. It is granted subject to conditions to wit — 1) to be used for Church purposes alone — 2) Can be sold off after 10 years but proceeds of sale must be invested in Woodlawn under similar conditions, 3) Building to cost \$ 2,500.00, 4) to be brick, 5) To be begun within 1½ months after delivery of deed and completed in two years. . . .

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Saturday 31 Was awake at half-past four this morning. After breakfast went to my study and got the constitution of the Logstown-Woodlawn church and took it to Beaver where I met J. F. Reed, the attorney for the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, whom I met in his office by appointment to have the deed drawn-up for the Woodlawn Church lot. Found him a very pleasant gentleman. We went to the court-house together where he consulted the articles of incorporation and then returned to his office. He showed me a photograph of the old Logstown school-house in which Dr. Passavant held services before the church was built. . . . And so the old year ends — the old year, to me so sad. ■