

hard-earned cash from them. This glib-tongued Hessian—a remnant of those contemptible English Revolutionary hirelings—however, was not sharp enough to hide, for a long period, his black and greedy heart under his ministerio-medical coat from the Argus-eyed officer of the law, who in due time discovered his deception, tore the mask from his face, and sent him to the penitentiary, where he deservedly pined out his life. For further data concerning this impostor we refer the reader to Rupp's History of Berks and Dauphin counties.

Another dark page to blot the otherwise fair history of this fair village is the monstrous deed of infanticide of "old Showers." This is of such recent date that it need not be recounted here. The buildings where this foul deed was committed, and where the murderer lived, and other scenes connected with the horrible acts here transacted, are still found in the southern portion of the town, while murderer and murdered sleep close together in one of the burial grounds of the town, awaiting their resurrection and final judgment at the "last day."

About the oldest landmark of historic account is the old Ulrich homestead to the northeast of town, almost opposite the Reading railroad depot. The place is now the home of Mrs. Commodore P. Steinmetz's family, suddenly bereft of father and husband not long ago. Here early in the last century the first **Ulrich** immigrant settled, the great-grandfather of Mrs. Stein-

metz, and in 1751 he built a stone house, part of which is still standing. It was provided with an arched cellar, built over a never failing spring, and with air-holes, being thus furnished with the essentials for life, and proved a safe place for retreat in case of an attack by the



THE OLD ULRICH HOMESTEAD.

Indians, as happened on several occasions. That these early inhabitants must have realized their constant and imminent danger to life from this source is evinced by the engraving found upon the stone that was used as the door-sill of the old fort, viz.:

"SO OFT DIE THÜR DEN ANGEL WENDT,
O MENSCH, DEIN END BEDENK! 1751."

This stone is still found here, but when the house was remodeled it became part of a porch-pillar, while a newly-engraved head-stone preserves the old legend in more modern and legible form, together with the names of the builders, Mr. and Mrs. Steinmetz. This old house was used as a store and trading post with the Indians by the first Ulrich; and the apple orchard, just in front of the homestead, is pointed out as an Indian burial ground, for it is reported that many Indians made their home for weeks with this first white settler. One evening this pioneer and his son (the father of the late Adam Ulrich) were surprised by an attack of a murderous gang of red-men, but were fortunate enough to escape their deadly tomahawks and scalping-knives, by a hasty retreat to this sheltering refuge-cellar, whereupon the maddened savages killed all their cattle by cutting out their tongues. This happened about the year 1756 or 1757. If we mistake not, this is the place also where the Rev. Daniel Ulrich, of Tulpehocken fame, was born and reared to manhood.

Walking through the town, one is struck with the classic-looking grounds and buildings of the Lebanon Valley College of the U. B. Church, located here, under the successful management of Dr. Biernau, president; the tasty-looking homes, the fine churches, the well-built and well-painted public houses or hotels, enterprising carriage manufactories of John L. Saylor and Sons, Barnhart and Beam, T. Loser and Mr. Shenk, the long-established and reliable marble works of J. H.