

Der Maibaum

Hermann's Licht-Freund and Wochenblatt

by Dorris Keeven-Franke

On July 21st, 1843, newspaper editor Eduard Muehl, his wife Pauline, and 18 month old son Thuisko arrived in Hermann, Missouri from Cincinnati Ohio. With them came Hermann's first German publication the *Licht-Freund*, the *Lichtfreund* of Cincinnati. For the consideration of \$8.00 the house and lot #12 were conveyed to Charles P. Strehly, brother of Pauline Muehl. The young Strehly family lived in what is now the rear of the one and a half story portion, of the Strehly house at the Deutschheim State Historic Site.



On August 23, 1843 Muehl published the

The German journal the Lichtfreund (right) of Cincinnati was moved to Hermann, Missouri in August of 1843, and published as the Licht-Freund.

Lichtfreund.

Deutschheim und der Deutsche Staat

Druckerscheit von E. Muehl.

Jahrgang 1. Cincinnati, Dienstag den 23ten April 1840. Nummer 6.

Wichtiges: Das Blatt erscheint monatlich zweimal und kostet 1/2 Dollar. Abonnements sind monatlich. Die werbende Anzeigen sind zu dem Ende zu machen, dass sie auf ein Jahr, oder 20 Jahre, vorausbezahlt werden. Die Druck- und Bindungskosten werden nicht berechnet. Auch ohne Kisten für die Druckereien können von Weitem geschickt werden, wenn man sie dem Verleger übergibt. Die Druckerei befindet sich in Hermann, Missouri.

The Licht-Freund was published by Eduard Muehl, in the lower level of the Strehly house (above) at today's Deutschheim State Historic Site in Hermann.

first Hermann issue of the *Licht-Freund*, from the rear lower level of this "very small but convenient house" as Muehl himself spoke of in a letter back to friends in Cincinnati. This would begin the fourth year of the *friends of light* German rationalistic journal he had begun in Cincinnati, for advancing the free-thinking spirit. The masthead read "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." The four page twice a month publication lived up to this goal. Prolific German writer Frederick Muench lived in Dutzow, and wrote guest editorials often. And although the \$1 subscription rate had reached 500,

when the paper was first published in Cincinnati it had dropped to less than half of that by the end of its second year in Hermann. The *Licht-Freund* carried no advertising, and was a religious orientated journal, and the young city of Hermann needed a newspaper to carry local news and notices. The German newspaper *Anzeiger des Westens* in St. Louis had printed a few issues of *Der Waage*, a German newspaper by editor Paul Follenius of Dutzow, but that had ceased with his death in 1844. On May 21, 1845 Muehl published the final issue of the *Licht-Freund*.



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Submissions to Der Maibaum are invited

Please send two copies of articles to: Publications Committee, P.O. Box 16, Hermann, MO 65041. State availability of illustrations. If article was previously published, give date and name of publication. Copies submitted cannot be returned. Please include a stamped self-addressed envelope and allow two months for response. If accepted, copy will be requested on disk or via electronic submission. You may contact us by E-mail at dorris@keeven-franke.com

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Please help us by renewing in time to keep your membership current. *Thank you.*

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In September of 1845 Strehly and Muehl introduced a new weekly newspaper, the first German newspaper west of St. Louis, the **Hermanner Wochenblatt**. Muehl travelled back to St. Louis, Cincinnati, and other major cities selling \$2 subscriptions to the **Hermanner Wochenblatt**. This newspaper which not only informed its readers, but campaigned for issues important to German emigrants.

In 1850, the newspaper had many subscribers that were served by Muehl's two young sons, Thuisko and Siegmar. By 1852, Muehl had a young apprentice named Louis Houck serving in the newspaper office in the morning and took his lessons from Muehl in the afternoon. Later, Houck, a writer and historian wrote of how he had not understood the importance, at that time, of the **Hermanner Wochenblatt** carrying the serial translation (in German) of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

In 1854, a huge deadly cholera epidemic swept through Hermann and many nearby communities. Many residents that were responsible for the founding of the Settlement Society of Philadelphia and its town of Hermann succumbed to the dreaded disease. On July 7th, 1854 editor Eduard Muehl and his small daughter Rosa both died. Muehl's son Hermann died within a few weeks, leaving Muehl's wife Pauline a pregnant widow with four small children.

On March 13, 1855 the estate of Eduard Muehl listed his half share in the printing press and type. After the sale of the estate, Pauline and her five children moved across the street from their former residence, where her brother Charles and his family still lived. The printing press and types listed in the estate were sold to Hermann resident Joseph Graf for \$225. Muehl's editions of the **Hermanner Wochenblatt**, one of the earliest such newspapers established for those early German emigrants would end, but his legacy of bringing the German press to the west would live on.



The Green and the Grey
For a long time now, the names "Green" and "Grey" have been used in the German press. These words marked two sharply opposing parties among the Germans that from their respective camps vigorously assault each other with bombs and grenades. These skirmishes continue into the present and have become even more vehement. These attacks will not end soon, but probably will become even more determined until the breach has become so great that one charges with bayonettes with hurrahs.

The issue of differing views between generations – young and old – was hardly different in 1852 than it is today. "Grey" was a term used to describe a German who had emigrated in the early 1830s. An 1837 financial crises in U.S. banks caused emigration to drop off somewhat in the early 1840s. But by 1848 the Revolution in Germany caused a second huge wave of emigrants. Those '48ers or the "Green" were a younger and much more radical generation of emigrants, and often sharply opposed the views of the older generation, as seen in this article from the **Hermanner Wochenblatt**.

The Easter Rabbit *Der Osterhase*

The custom of the Easter Rabbit was one of many brought by our ancestors from Germany. Known as either the Oschter Haws, Oschderhaas or Osterhase, each was known to fill grass nests crafted by children the day before Easter, with colorful eggs. By the late 19th Century the custom was commercialized, led by the chocolate industry. Soon artificial grass and egg-dying kits followed. Paas, a long time producer of such kits was originally a German firm. In the 1930s, wax crayons were added to the kits, in order to still imitate the old world designs. Now baskets filled with grass are hid indoors and filled with jelly beans and marshmallow chicks. But the basket that contains a chocolate version of the Easter Rabbit is still considered the best.

Message from the President

Thank you to all our members in contributing to the Deutschheim Verein's successful completion of another year. During 2004, four issues of the Maibaum were published and the Verein again participated in the annual Kristkindlmarkt. The new year promises more activity and new directions.

At our January meeting we welcomed Richard Baumann of Columbia as a new Board member. The Board of Directors also made appointments to the various committees for the upcoming year. This summer the Verein plans to participate in the Living History Day scheduled for Saturday, June 25, 2005.

Your membership in the Verein enables us to maintain support for the site and promote the preservation of the German heritage. We encourage all of our members to share and pass on information about the Verein and welcome others to join in supporting the Association. The Verein, as with any supporting organization, must maintain a healthy membership in order to continue our role in attracting support for the site. Although annual membership is only \$25, it is important to help preserve and maintain an important part of the German heritage.

Thank you for your continued support and encouragement.

Roger L. Jungmeyer
President

Events

The St. Louis German/American Committee, Inc. has sent us a copy of their 2005 calendar and it is filled with some interesting events:

March 5 Kulturverein Rosenball 314-771-8368

March 26 Easter concert & hunt 314-771-8368

April 2 Maennerchor Spring Dance 314-638-4499

There is also the German American Heritage Society of Saint Louis which can be reached at their website of www.gahs-stlouis.org or call 314-862-1733 or by e-mail gahs@mindspring.com

For our readers at Davenport Iowa, you should know about the German American Heritage Center and their publication the Infloblatt - a lot of interesting info. Their website is www.gahc.org



A Recipe from the Verein

Gurkensalat Cucumber Salad

Zutaten

1 große Salatgurke
1 Zwiebel
Halbe Tasses süße Sahne
Essig
Zucker
Salz und Pfeffer
Petersilie, Dill, Estragon,
Boretsch

Ingredients

1 large salad Cucumber
1 Onion
Half cup of sweet cream
Vinegar
Sugar
Salt and Pepper
Parsley, Dill, Tarragon,
Borage

Zubereitung

Geschälte Gurke in dünne Scheiben schneiden, leicht salzen und eine Stunde stehen lassen. Kleingewürfelte Zwiebel, Gewürze und lkeingehackte Kräuter hinzugeben. Den Salat gut vermengen und durchziehen lassen. Vor dem Auftragen mit Sahne übergießen.

Directions

Cut a peeled cucumber into thin slices, salt lightly and let stand for an hour. Add finely diced onion, seasonings and finely chopped herbs. Mix the salad well and let soak thoroughly. Cover with cream before serving.

How the Devil is in New Orleans and How He Lifts the Roofs from Houses

A novel by Baron Ludwig von Reizenstein first published in 1861 and translated by Steven Rowan

*This is the sixth installment of Reizenstein's fragmentary novel about New Orleans under federal siege at the start of the Civil War. The devil has appeared in New Orleans with the face and costume of the Northern zouave hero Colonel Elmer Ellsworth. The narrator has decided to join the devil on his night-wanderings. Finally he gets down to business lifting the roofs of houses to see what secrets are found inside. He derives this story-line from Alain René Lesage, whose *The Devil on Two Sticks* (based on a Spanish original) was a big hit in the early eighteenth century. The narrator has decided to join the devil on his night-wanderings, and the devil passes from his first to his second roof-raising.*

Now I was alone. As much as the conversation of the oyster fishermen had drawn my full attention, I was still glad finally to be freed of the torment of having to breathe the powerful perfume of catsup and bad liquor that streamed from their clothing. The oyster fishermen were truly two repellent creatures, with faces for which there is no phrase in the German language. I thus had the poetic right to bemoan the fact that an evil demon of her spirit had placed Madame de ***y in the position of receiving such revolting beings in her rooms and make them bearers of her secrets, despite the fact that she was guilty of perverse politics and wayward inclinations of the heart. I considered what resources of self-control and heroism was needed for this woman, the wife of a man who held such a high position in the community and had just been named to a high post in our young republic, to bring herself to prostitute her innermost secrets to two such degraded subjects. This says nothing of the treasonous mission, whose upshot would expose her husband to the revenge of his political enemies and destroy him.

I was torn from these thoughts by the arrival of the Negro of our Queen of Hearts, who now entered the door instead of the white servant and, after arranging a few insignificant items, turned out the gas lamp. It was one hour after midnight. There I stood waited impatiently for Signor Diavolo, who appears to have forgotten entirely in his zeal for the lamentable Madame de ***y that I was waiting for him impatiently to get out from under this roof.



Photo of Baron Ludwig von Reizenstein courtesy of Baron Conrad von Reizenstein.

Second Roof The Cadi's Hat

How love can elevate the visage even of a devil! After that night Signor Diavolo had become an entirely different devil. When I spoke of Cornelia de ***y, he warmly pressed my hands and assured me that he would soon move events in such a way that the oyster fishers and their cohorts would fall under the full weight of the law without the least damage to Madame's reputation. "In order to cut the threads of this perilous alliance in two," Signor Diavolo told me one evening, "I have instructed J*, the secret policeman, to arrest the two captains at the officers' supper taking place in the Saint Charles tomorrow evening, and to seize the two Italians on their oyster boat at one of the bridges of the Old Canal. An officer who was a friend of mine will use his overpowering voice in the War Council to disavow and suppress in advance all attempts by the captains or the oyster-fishermen to bring the name of Madame into consideration."

I shook my head thoughtfully.

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Signor Diavolo, who saw this, continued,
“Don't play the infidel, my friend, and do not doubt my fulfilling my promise to act on behalf of the wellbeing of the lovely Cornelia. At the very instant when the Negro of the Queen of Hearts cut off the gas and you were given quite an upset, so that you tapped around in the dark until the start of dawn, I got a good look at my dear from the adjoining “blue closet.”

“There I discovered that her political sin arises only from a matter of the heart, and if one simply took away her opportunity to correspond with her Yankee Adonis on the blockade-ship and compensated her with a Southern Orangeman, which is not out of the question in her broad heart, she would cease at once to speculate in Northern principles!”

“I understand,” I responded dryly in my utter stupefaction. “But that depends on whether Madame de ***y is satisfied with this exchange.” This was because it was obvious that the “Orangeman” was himself.

“That is rather coarse, my friend,” Signor Diavolo said, who thought my remark rather premature. But he also smiled in his dominating manner.

I responded, “Your Majesty must excuse me if I was a little too strong there, but I cannot imagine how you could so rapidly win the lady's heart in your present invisible form.”

Signor Diavolo did not say a word, and I saw at once that he was not willing to go further into the subject with me. Yet I know for sure that his entire rescue project was based on jealousy, and I quietly was ashamed of having condemned Madame de ***y so utterly without forgiving her for having too broad a heart. In this matter did not take into consideration the words of Signor Diavolo's predecessor,



*I am part of that power
That ever wills evil and
only accomplishes good*
And I extended him no pardon.

“Frightful weather this evening! If Your Majesty did not pull the cloak closer around me, the raindrops would so spray on my face that I could not see. I am concerned that we will not be able to get safely to Esplanade Street to raise the second roof. Heaven seems to storm whenever yo dare time and again to seize the role of fate on this earth.”

“Have no concern, my friend. Heaven has plenty to do on its own, and the devil is more concerned with his fallen angels. The reason is because a rebellion broke out up there many, many years ago that has not yet been put down. The once-loyal citizens of heaven no longer wished to obey, but they now intend to found their own realm in which they recognize only the elements as their sovereign, not Providence. Yes, they have become so powerful that they can no longer be thrown into hell, as happened with me and with my lordly cousins when we rose against the scepter-bearer in heaven. But even in my own realm there is now and then a rebel raising his head, and I can only keep order down there by handling them as nicely as possible by giving them a throatcleaner instead of nettle soup, which is unpopular. For that reason, in order to strengthen my own party, I will henceforth no longer accept nasty people into my kingdom of shadows, but rather those who can be satisfied with a good bitter, such as Silenus and his company. ——— yes, I assure you, my friend — I am horrified at this epoch-making new age where everything — earth, heaven and hell — is in wild ferment, whose end (who knows?) will perhaps have no result except that the material conquests made by you humanity over centuries will collapse with a dreadful bang. The result will be that it will need a Copernicus thousands of years from now to prove once more that you will not fall on your heads. And then?”

“The dance will probably start all over again,” I answered quietly and marveled at Signor Diavolo, who despite his slender interest had managed to muster enough clarity to evaluate modern philosophy in its full range.

In this way we had covered the considerable

distance from Jefferson Lake, where we had completed a splendid supper at five minutes before midnight, climbing into the air, reaching Esplanade in an amazingly brief time. Fortunately this roof had no wires that could endanger us with lightning striking in all directions.

So with little trouble we entered the house, a cute but roomy cottage surrounded by a thick forest of evergreens and decorative plants.

We passed first through a room in which a costly night-lamp shed only sparse light. We heard the light snoring of children, who seem to sleep away, dreaming of sunlight and blossoms when it is stormy outside, exactly when adults toss and turn and worry about the cause and effect of all that electricity.

"How quietly the little ones are resting," Signor Diavolo remarked, "while their mother is still awake in the adjoining room, awaiting the end of the storm."

I glanced through the half-opened door and saw a woman in deep negligee standing before the fireplace, taking one daguerreotype after another in hand and tenderly kissing them.

"That is the image of her husband," Signor Diavolo whispered to me, since he saw me looking on with a questioning gaze. *"A marvelous story!"* he continued, *"but come with me into this room on the left."* Here he softly closed the door as soon as I had entered, drew out his hand-lantern and placed it on the round table in the middle of the room.

I had to take hold of myself so as not to let out a cry of terror. The lantern consisted of a single diamond cut in the shape of an octagon, the size of a cassawary's egg. It was attached on two sides to a silver ring that in turn rested on very thin stand of magnetic iron, five lines high. The lamp projected such a bright light that I had to close and open my eyes several times before I was able to endure its brightness and see the objects it illuminated. The remarkable thing was that this diamond did not project its light beyond a ring three times its size, where its power ceased, leaving the darkness sharply cut off from the light.

This diamond was certainly a great temptation, and I have no idea what I might have done if Signor Diavolo had drawn pen and paper from his pocket, nudged my arm and whispered to me, *"Here, my friend, take it if you decide to join my*

company in the Realm of Shadows in so and so many years."

There was in fact no such offer, and it would never have happened, since, as Signor Diavolo later told me, this diamond lantern was Lucifer's wedding gift when he married the daughter of Dr. Faust a few centuries ago, producing Atoti, the literature demon. Three other spirits also sprang from this marriage: Mochiel, as swift as the wind, Aniguel, as swift as a bird, and Aziel, as swift as men's thoughts. A dozen little devils that never found fame also came from this union, besides the two great devils Mogol, the gold-devil, and Cacal, the devil of lust. This dynasty lasts to the present day, with precedence at all the important councils of hell.

"It goes no further than this hat," I declared, but with a subdued voice so as not to be heard by the woman two rooms away. Signor Diavolo had pointed in a mysterious manner to an object that lay in the area illuminated by the lamp.

"A hat like many others I've seen, and yet quite old and worn — I see nothing remarkable about it," I remarked.

"That is the Cadi's hat!" Signor Diavolo intoned.

"The Cadi's hat?" I asked, *"I don't understand that. And even if it is the hat of some particular Cadi, I can still discover nothing remarkable from that."*

"That is the Cadi's hat, the hat of the husband of the lady who stands in front of the fireplace, who is the wife of the man whose picture she kissed," Signor Diavolo declared.

"Your Majesty is bringing me to distraction with this Cadi's hat," I responded with irritation.

"Whose house are we actually in? Perhaps I could then find some interpretation for the significance of this hat."

Signor Diavolo drew very close to me and whispered a name in my ear. *"Is that all?"* I asked him. *"So that is the hat found on the bank of the Mississippi near the ferry, and it was used as proof that the unfortunate man found his death in the Mississippi? Sad enough! But what why should Your Majesty place so much significance on observing this hat?"*

Conclusion in our next issue.

Events at the Deutschheim State Historic Site in Hermann, Missouri

from Bruce Ketchum, Historic Site Specialist III

As I write this it is January 23, 2005 and the site is in the midst of its winter slowdown. This is a time for staff to complete tasks that cannot be done during the rest of the year due to time constraints. Maintenance staff has been working on the storage of artifacts and repair of shutters for the Stark house, while I have been catching up on research and contemplating the budget for next year.

The house on the corner of Market and Second streets has been added to the site. Eventually, after remodeling, the site office and souvenir shop will be moved to that building. The goal of making the site handicapped accessible has been greatly enhanced with the acquisition of the corner house. It has a ground level entrance on the south side of the building. All visitors to the site will enter through that entrance, but handicapped visitors will be able to enter there, then pass through the building to a lift at the rear, which will raise them to the level of the Pommer-Gentner house yard. From there it will be an easy transition to the P-G house. That can be accomplished without affecting the appearance of the neighborhood. The corner house will also give the site more room. The souvenir shop will occupy its own space and there will be room available for audio-video programs or a classroom. Additional benefits of acquiring the corner property is it will give the site greater visibility, extinguish visitor confusion as to the location of the site office and give the site all nineteenth-century buildings.

Recently, the site acquired a late nineteenth-century printing press, along with all the type and associated equipment. It has been installed in the Strehly house basement, which was used by Eduard Muehl and Carl Strehly as a print shop for the Licht-Freund and Hermanner Wochenblatt newspapers. The printing press we have is not the same kind of printing press that was used by Muehl and Strehly, (the kind they had is hard to find and extremely expensive), but we can develop an exhibit that relates the operation of the two presses. In addition, an exhibit on the history of the printing process can be created.

The Licht-Freund was the first German language newspaper printed west of St. Louis. Both

Muehl and Strehly were German Freethinkers, or Rationalists, and the Licht-Freund was primarily a Rationalist philosophical publication. Muehl was the owner of the press and the newspaper editor, while Strehly was the typesetter. The Licht-Freund began publication in Cincinnati, Ohio in 1840, then came to Hermann with Muehl and Strehly in 1843. The Licht-Freund ceased publication in the mid 1840's and was replaced by the Hermanner Wochenblatt. Although Muehl continued to express Freethinker perspectives in the Hermanner Wochenblatt, it was a weekly newspaper instead of a philosophical journal as the Licht-Freund had been. Shortly after the death of Eduard Muehl in 1854, the print shop equipment was sold.

Recreating the newspaper print shop will allow us to interpret both historical printing techniques and the history of German Rationalism. Also, the printing press will allow the consideration of producing printing projects for use in historical interpretation.

At long last, restoration work will likely begin on the Pommer-Gentner house sometime in late spring 2005! In 2006 visitors will tour an 1840's German neoclassical home.

Last year the site sponsored its first Hermann Living History Day. It was well attended and enjoyed by all. On June 25, 2005 Deutschheim State Historic Site will be having its second Hermann Living History Day. Due to the expected work on the Pommer-Gentner house, the event will be held at the Strehly house this year. We expect to expand the variety of skills demonstrated and also have vendors present who will offer food and drink and other attractive items. Like last year, there will be period music in the form of zither, scheitholt and dulcimer. Please pass the word around, it is a great event.

The site is moving forward. In addition to what I have mentioned above, there are other plans in the works that will expand the usefulness, educational value, visitor satisfaction, and community involvement of the site. I will report those things in future issues as they occur.

