

This remarkable poem was an extra stanza to fill out a very popular song game, "Marching to Quebec", which runs as follows;

"As we were a-marching to Quebec,
The drums they were a-beating,
The Americans had gained the day,
And the British were retreating.

"The war is o'er and we'll turn back,
So never to be parted,
So open the ring, and take one in,
If you know she's true, kind-hearted."

Besides these games, Grandma jumped rope and ran hoop, and the girls played "Mumble-de-peg" with a knife, "Hot butter beans", "Dutch Doll", "Auntie go to see", "Who's got the button" and "Si ster Phoebe" another singing game,

"Ho Sister Phoebe, how merry were we,
The night we sat under yon juniper tree,
Yon juniper tree, Heigh-o!
Put this hat on your head,
Keep your head warm
And take a sweet kiss,
It will do you no harm, Heigh-o!

When grandma was a little girl she had a great propensity for running off from home. She used to go down to a friend's home, Rachael Anne Stout, to play with the many dolls the latter had. One night when she came home, her father handed her a bundle of clothes and told her to go back to Rachael's to stay. They were done with her at home, and if she wanted to run off, she might stay away for good. This cured her for good, as she was scared half to death. Later, when she was about twelve years old, Grandma started to go to a camp-meeting with Rachael. It was to be four miles down in the country, but proved to be seven. On the way down, the two girls walked. At a Rev. Mechling's house they stopped. Mrs. Mechling wondered that Grandma should be so far from home. This made her homesick at once, and she started home again, while Rachael went on alone. When she arrived at home, her feet were so badly blistered she could hardly walk for several days. This was the last time she saw Rachael.

Grand father and Hendrik Kiel were members of the Reformed church in Holland, and later Hendrik was a Lutheran, but in Greensburg, they were all Methodists, and Grandma used to attend the campmeetings around there.

When quite a little girl, she used to have a great fondness for certain names and insisted on calling herself after them. When she was at the post office one day a man asked her what her name was; she replied "Mary Anne Maria Floriss Kiel." which must have taken the good gentleman quite by surprise.