

The family landed in Baltimore, and from thence went to Shellsburg, near Bedford, Penna. Here "Grandpapy", as they always called grandfather's father, worked at shoe-making for a living. A few years afterward, they removed to Morrison's Cove, Blair Co., where they still worked at shoe-making. Then grandfather came to Greensburg, and set up a shop for himself, while his parents removed to Fulton Co., to a farm two miles above McConnelsburg, where they spent the remainder of their lives. When the old folks died, Jacob Rotz, the husband of one of the daughters, bought the farm, and owns it at the present writing.

COUSIN PHILIP.

And now I will tell what Old Cousin Philip told me one pleasant October afternoon, when I was visiting in Fulton Co. It was the last day of my vacation there, and I stopped to bid him goodbye, and asked him about his youth. The old man was half blind then, able only to distinguish between light and dark things. He could tell my face from my clothes, but that was about all. He had a fine intelligent shepherd dog that accompanied him wherever he went about the yard on warm days. This dog was the subject for conversation for a long time, while Philip related about how he had carried things for him, and kept him from stumbling over objects he could not see, and kept him from going too far. Finally I led the talk around to the old days in Germany, and the early war times. He told me all our ancestors lived in the Rhenish province of Bavaria, and were prosperous land owners. The farmers were not oppressed in this province as they were in Wurtemberg, and among the Hessians. One of them owned a mill, and that was a great thing in those days. He told me my grandfather's father's name was John Philip, and his father's name, Carl Von Schneider. This is as far back as he could tell me anything of our ancestors in the Schneider branch.

When Philip was a mere boy, a party of German army officers came thru the town. They were surveying for war maps. Philip was playing in the village street, and when the surveyor left his instrument standing for a moment while he went in to the inn Philip slipped over to see it. As he described it, the instrument was a polished convex disk suspended so that the operator could look up into it. Across the surface, there were fine hair lines in sections. This mirror reflected all the land, when the instrument was put up on an elevation, and the maps were made by looking at the section lines in the disk. While Philip was looking at the picture in the mirror, the officer returned and stood looking at him quizzically. Philip, looking up and seeing the officer there, was scared out of his wits. But the man was kindly, and asked the boy what he saw in the instrument. Philip soon lost his fright and grew more and more interested in explaining what he saw.