

1796 \* 1883

HISTORY  
OF  
BUTLER COUNTY,  
PENNSYLVANIA.

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF SOME OF ITS

PROMINENT MEN AND PIONEERS.

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CHICAGO:  
WATERMAN, WATKINS & Co.

1883.

The first part of the following sketch of "Uncle" Jacob Ziegler, is, as the reader will see, autobiographical:

"I was born in the town of Gettysburg, Adams County, Penn., on the 19th day of September, A. D. 1813. To my parents, George and Elizabeth Ziegler, were born nine children, seven sons and two daughters. I was the second in birth. After receiving such an education as the schools of that day afforded, in the place of my birth, my father removed to a farm about three miles from Gettysburg, and I assisted all I was able in the necessary work. However, I did not believe I was adapted to a farm life, and so I bundled up what few clothes I had in a bandana handkerchief, or, as I often termed it, a "calico knapsack that locked with a knot," and took to the road, determined to find something to do in the "far West," which at that day was considered Pittsburgh and its vicinity. My parents knew nothing of my determination and I did not let them know it. I threw my little bundle of clothes out of the garret window, in order to avoid detection, went down stairs, out into the yard outside of the house, and after hunting about for awhile, for it was after night, obtained it. With it in my arms I stood at the gate in front of the house, and for some time watched my

mother cooking in the kitchen. It was a warm night in August. No one can fully appreciate my feelings. If ever there was a son who loved his mother it was I. With tears in my eyes, I simply said to myself, "Good-by, dear mother," and turned into the darkness to find my way the best I could to Gettysburg. My father was not at home at the time, and so I did not fear pursuit. At Gettysburg I slept with a young boy who was learning the hatting trade with an uncle. In the morning, I started off, taking a circuitous route, coming out on the Baltimore & Pittsburgh Turnpike, twenty-four miles west of Gettysburg. I then traveled on, eating but one meal each day, for I had but \$1.12 in my pocket when I started from home, and it required me to use economy. When I came to Pittsburgh, I had 37½ cents left. Of this I gave the landlord 12 cents for a "cold check" and 6 cents for a bed. They did not charge as much then for a meal of victuals and the use of a bed as they do now, and it was fortunate for me that they did not, for my exchequer would have been exhausted long before I arrived at Pittsburgh. From the hotel, I came down Liberty street to its junction with St. Clair street. I stood there for some minutes, undecided which way to go. At last I went to the Allegheny bridge, crossed over without being seen by the toll gatherer, and so saved 2 cents. When I came to the Allegheny

City side, I went up Federal street to what is now the Diamond. Here I came again to a stand, not knowing which way to go. At last, I said to myself, "Keep to the right as the law directs," and so I went along Ohio street, but it was not much better than a common road. Following this road, I came to Stuartstown, now called Etna. Here I bought a loaf of bread for 6 cents, and at the foot of a little hill north of the town and on the old Pittsburgh, Butler & Erie Turnpike, sat down and ate the loaf of bread, washing it down with water that flowed from a little spring. Although I did not know where I was going, and cared less, I was as happy as a boy could be. I always believed "where there is a will there is a way," and, as the world was wide, the good Lord would find something for me to do. I came to Butler in the evening of the 21st day of August, 1831, having first washed myself with water from the small rivulet that is to the right of the old road, south of town. Coming down Main street, I observed some seven or eight young girls having a good time on the pavement in front of the Etzel property, then owned by Dr. H. C. Dewolf. One of these girls afterward became my wife. I stopped at Mr. Beatty's hotel, told him my condition, and that while I would like to have some place to lodge, yet I had no money to pay for it. William Beatty was a man rough in speech, but of as kind a heart as any person I ever met in all my life. He gave me supper and told me I could stay. After I had eaten, he demanded of me who I was, where I came from and what I intended to do. I was frank with him and answered his questions truthfully. He gave me good advice, and told me that as I was a young man starting out in the world I should be truthful and sincere in all I did. While we were talking, Mr. David Agnew, his son-in-law, came into the hotel. I was as surprised to see him as he was me. We had gone to school together, although he was several years my senior. I remained in the hotel that night, and in the morning, at Mr. Agnew's request, went and stayed at his house.

About four weeks afterward, a young man named Neil McBride, who was learning his trade in the *Repository* office, died, and one of the editors, James McGlaughlin, asked me if I would take McBride's place. I agreed to do so, on condition that I was to eat at the same table with the family. He said, certainly, but I would find the victuals d—n poor. I had but one pair of stockings, for all the money I had, which was 12 cents, I gave to James Graham, store-keeper, for tobacco, because I concluded I could chew longer on it than anything else. Every two or three days I went to what is known as Sullivan's Run, and there washed my stockings, and while they were drying, sat on the bank allowing my thoughts to wander to my

native home and exercising wonder what my parents were doing and how they felt in regard to their runaway boy. I engaged with McGlaughlin & McClelland to learn the printing business, they being then the proprietors of the *Repository*. The agreement was written with chalk on the inside of the front door of the office, and was about in these words:

SEPTEMBER —, 1831.

Jacob Ziegler came to learn the printing business with McGlaughlin & McClelland. He agrees to stay two years and six months, when he will be free. During that time, we agree to furnish him with victuals, clothing and lodging.

JACOB ZIEGLER.

McGLAUGHLIN & McCLELLAND.

"I remained the full time, and my father, finding out where I was, he, with my mother, visited me. As he found me diligent and faithful, he purchased for me an interest in the office.

"Being satisfied with my new home, and becoming acquainted with the people, I concluded to marry, and so on the 30th day of June, 1835, was married to Miss Sarah Brinker, daughter of Abram Brinker, Esq., an old resident of the county, by the Rev. Killikelly, of the Episcopal Church. Our marriage was blessed with seven children; three are now dead, and four, two sons and two daughters, are still living. The names of my children are Amelia, George W., Julia E., Annie L., Mary A., Alfred G. and Henry.

"In May, 1842, the *Herald*, which I am publishing now, in connection with my son, A. G. Ziegler, was first issued by James McGlaughlin and myself. We published it for a number of years, when it fell into other hands. It is not necessary to mention the various changes or the persons who had charge of the office from time to time. In 1867, it fell into my hands, and since then has been issued by J. Ziegler & Son."

Concerning Mr. Ziegler's official career, there remains considerable to be said. He was elected Clerk to the County Commissioners in 1835, and served in that capacity until appointed Prothonotary by Gov. Porter in 1838. Then the State constitution was changed and county offices made elective. In October, 1838, Mr. Ziegler was elected Prothonotary, and served three years. In 1843, he was elected Transcribing Clerk in the Pennsylvania Senate, and as such served during two sessions, and then being elected Assistant Clerk, served in that capacity one year, when, the Senate changing politically, he returned home. In 1847, he was elected a member of the Legislature, and took his seat in January, 1848. He would not consent to again being a candidate. Mr. Ziegler was appointed Clerk of the Pension Department, at Washington, and served in that capacity for one year, when, the election of Gen. Taylor to the Presidency resulted in a general turning out of

Democrats. In 1849, he went to California and remained in the mines about fourteen months. Returning, he was appointed Chief Clerk in the Secretary's office, at Harrisburg and served in that position during the administration of Gov. William Bigler. In 1857, he was elected Assistant Clerk of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, and he was Chief Clerk from 1858 to 1860. In 1871, he was elected Chief Clerk of the Senate and served during one session. During the term he was Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives, he wrote a work on parliamentary law, which embraced the rules of Senate and House of Representatives, the decisions had on points of order and various other matters of interest. Small's Hand-Book is simply a copy of this work, with such statistics as were compiled from year to year. This manual of Mr. Ziegler's is still used as a standard authority in the Legislature.

The subject of our sketch took an active interest in the war for the preservation of the Union; and did all in his power to assist in the work of crushing the rebellion, believing that this Government was made to exist for all time. Hence, he was called a "War Democrat." After the war closed and peace was restored, he, as heretofore stated, took charge of the *Democratic Herald*, in 1867, and has continued to edit it ever since.

Mr. Ziegler is possessed of fine conversational and social qualities, and these, with his solid attainments, intellectual and moral worth, have ever made him the object of the respect, esteem and friendship of all with whom he has come in contact, either as editor, official, or simply private citizen. He is probably known personally by more people in Butler County than is any other of its 52,000 citizens and almost universally by the semi-affectionate and familiar titles of "Uncle" Jacob Ziegler or simply "Uncle Jake." The term is appropriate, for he stands very much in the attitude of uncle to the whole of Butler County. The origin of this not undignified nick-name here for the first time finds its way into print. Many years ago, when Mr. Ziegler was a comparatively young man, it was given him by a lady in Harrisburg, who is still living there at this writing. It happened that the lady who was herself very vivacious and fond of society, gay parties, balls, the theater and similar entertainments, was courted and eventually won by a very shy, society-shunning and somewhat austere gentleman who could seldom be induced to attend the gatherings of the merry class to which his affianced belonged. Not desiring to accompany her himself to the dance or theater, he was still unwilling that she should be wholly deprived of the pleasures so dear to her. In this dilemma, Mr. Ziegler became the Platonic friend of the young lady, and frequently, with

the cordial permission of her lover, acted as her escort to parties and places of public amusement. Knowing that she was the promised bride of another, her friends began to question the propriety of her association with Mr. Ziegler. It was suggested by somebody that he might be a relative, and when the young lady was questioned on that subject, she allowed the impression already formed to go forth strengthened by tacit assent that he was her uncle. She called him "Uncle Jacob," and the term so applied in fun by the Harrisburg lady has ever clung to him and become familiar to all.