

The Fourth Generation

After the holy war, which had finally freed the country from French servitude, began the pleasant culture of the Biedermeier, that time, with which we today associate the terms old-fashioned and philosophical idealism. Internal policy took actions hostile to the people and that direction increased the revolutionary movement, and tears and blood resulted, and led to the “great year” 1848. My grandfather Carl August Ferdinand Bogenschneider lived in this time of fermentation and the fight for people's rights.

As the oldest son of the early deceased Carl Gottlob, he remained at the side of his widowed mother at Hammelstall, and he came, as we saw, under the strict training of his stepfather Filter. After whose death, he at sixteen-years old, took over the carpentry business and he operated it successfully with an assistant. He became a master in the trade, and soon he acquired enough income so that he could maintain his mother and his brothers and sisters by himself.

With nearly paternal earnestness, he provided primarily for his brothers Wilhelm and August. He took the latter for training into his own workshop.

Also, the sisters progressed in their lives. The next in age, Caroline, married Johann Filter, a brother of her deceased stepfather, in Brunn. They celebrated their golden wedding anniversary after fifty happy years.

Henriette was next in line. Through the family's connection with the master carpenter Johann Lange in Güstow, who was married to Johanna Filter, her stepsister, Henriette married Wilhelm Lange.

Then there was another sister, Friederike, whose life partner was the carpenter Schulz in Wamlitz.

Coincidentally, Friederike and Henriette died on the same day, 3 September 1853, nearly at the same time, as victims of cholera, which caused devastation across the land. My grandfather, who as part of his trade manufactured coffins, had made two coffins in advance because of the many deaths. He now used these coffins to bury the two sisters. Often fate and superstition live together: for from that day the master manufactured no more coffins in advance.

Already at the age of eighteen years my grandfather got larger orders; thus he implemented in 1830 his first construction work, a gathering house on the Pasenwalker Chaussee, which he later showed to Carl, his son and my father. August, his fraternal apprentice, worked side-by-side with his brother for many years in a thriving business, but then August began building mills, so he was busy with his own work across the country.

At the age of 27, Carl married Friederike Boy, the oldest daughter of businessman Johann Carl Boy, residents of Prilipp bei Stöwen (Stöven). Her and our families will be examined in more detail.

The Boy Family

The businessman Johann Carl Boy and his brother Johann Jacob came from a family of landowners from Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Their father Johann Jacob the elder had created through purchase and delivery of army horses a considerable fortune, and they established themselves in Prilipp in Kreis Randow, Pomerania. In the year 1806, the hereditary tenant interest was transferred to him by Carl Friedrich Helm, who was a husband of Johanna Carolina Friederica Boy.

In 1812, Johann Jacob the younger bought the manor Pribbernow in Pomerania as the successor to Lord Essen. In 1848, during the Polish rebellion, he exchanged it for the property in Topolla in the Grand Duchy of Posen. But soon struggles against his management forced him to give up this possession and to be content instead with the smaller property Grünhof near Prussian Friedland in West Prussia. Johann Jacob was a man of considerable thriftiness, a characteristic, which is common until today with the carriers of the Boy family blood.

Johann Carl Boy was his father's top inspector for the tenants of Prilipp. He purchased a good and beautiful country estate as his property. However, he was not only a farmer, but he was a gifted doctor for human and animal health through his sympathetic rehabilitation. The breaking of sticks and moon changes played a successful role. Unfortunately, he had a nervous and passionate nature that affected his mind.

Already as an inspector, Johann Carl had married Maria Sophia Eisenhaber of the village Luisenhof near Böck. It is mentioned that the father of the latter, was Joachim Eisenhaber, a man of extraordinary strength. He possessed the force of three normal men and was capable of turning a sharp-edged roofing rafter nail with the bare hands into a kind of corkscrew. My father saw him as a silver-haired man at the wedding of his granddaughter Mina Boeder, as he stood in a wagon and moved in small circles to the sounds of music and then drove out to the gate at a gallop. A sister of Maria Sophia Eisenhaber, Maria Auguste, was in her first marriage to the owner Boeder, the father of the bride, and later with the manor inspector of Stangenhorst, Carl Gottlob Lenz, a brother of our ancestress Charlotta, who is named under "the third generation" as a wife of the Carl Gottlob Bogenschneider.

The estate Stangenhorst was in the shadow of ancient trees, populated by many birds. As a guest, and darling of the great aunt Boeder-Lenz, Carl Bogenschneider, the father of the chronicler, played here as a happy young boy.

Friederike Boy, the wife Carl Bogenschneider, had six brothers and sisters. Johanna was the oldest and then Emilie followed; the latter gave her hand to a son of the manor lord Maegow. The Maegow father at that time sold his property in Boeck and settled with his family in Pasewalk. It was very difficult to transport the money from the sale proceeds because of the excessive weight of the dollar pieces, and four strong horses could barely pull the wagon on which the heavy money chest rested.

The sister Auguste followed her uncle Ferdinand Boy to the altar. As heir, Johann Jacob (II) came into the possession of both the land and possessions of the manor Grünhof near the Prussian Friedland in West Prussia. They rest in an underground family grave, in a vault which Ferdinand Boy had placed on the land in the proximity of the Sukauses. Mysteriously the old

poplars on the property whisper and murmur near the graves the slumber song for the extinct family.

Mathilde, the next sister, married the master blacksmith Bailleul in Gramzow, Uckermark and the youngest, Albertine, became the wife of the merchant Lewerenz in Stettin.

Alexander was the last remaining brother of the siblings. His fate led him to Flatow in West Prussia where he married the second oldest daughter of the farmer Dumke. He produced a generation of five sons and he became the primary ancestor of the family Boy to this very day in Posen and in West Prussia.

Friederike Boy or -- or as she was usually called -- Fritze, was a pretty and talented person, but her very soft heart and the excessive nature of her father overcame her, and she did not walk under a lucky star. She spent her childhood with relatives named Jobst, the owners of the manor Güstow. Here she received a careful education, and she also developed a book of drawings, which today are still in the possession of the family. It was also related how she had so powerful and clear a voice that it would make the glasses on the table rattle.

Friederike's life and marriage would be short. She died on 6 February 1840, twenty-six years old, in the middle of young motherhood, with a week-long bed fever. The child, whose life had been paid for with her death, was baptized at her coffin by the minister Brunnemann of Stöwen. His godfathers were the grandfather Johann Carl Boy, August Bogenschneider (the brother of the child's father), a friend Rehmenklau who was a game keeper, minister Brunnemann, and the manufacturer Hirsch, owner of a chemical factory in Stettin and a relative of the family Boy. The newborn child, Carl Friedrich Ferdinand Bogenschneider, became my father.

On the fourth day they buried the young woman on the cemetery at Brunn, but even the road to rest was difficult, because such a heavy snow blew on the road to the village that it was difficult for the hearse with four horses to overcome.

Concern about the motherless Carl urged my grandfather to marry again. His chose the next younger sister of his first wife, Johanna Boy, who now with her husband and the mother-in-law Charlotte in Hammelstall took over on the household. This was followed by a series of happy years. Friendly conviviality has been well maintained, and in particular a friendly relationship with the forest rangers maintaining the surrounding hunting grounds.

My grandfather was a very good shooter, and usually took first prize at shooting contests and at shooting club festivals. People were very interested in him at shooting festivals. He went outside in the early hours of dawn to stalk as the winter snow fell on the meadow. Then later there were the rattling hunts, in which even small Carl was allowed to participate.

The game keepers arrived in the evening as guests. They sang and played, and also danced at the festive occasion. The owner of the house played the flute and his brother August the guitar; a forester mastered the violin, and the exuberant trio did not fail to entertain. Often they performed in a round old songs like these:

"We're going to Jerusalem"

"I'll take my glass in the hand, to the comrades" and,

"We all love song and wine, yes all."

Even Charlotta, the mother of the house, occasionally let herself do a minuet as a bird doing a delicate dance in her beloved meadow.

It was quite the same at the holidays.

Thus the new year was brought in with a New Year celebration, with loud gunshots at the midnight hour. Spicy grog and "Pelze," the plate-sized pancakes that were popular in Pomerania, sustained the merry ones to the morning.

On Easter before sunrise the beautiful and healthy Easter water was retrieved from the river. But it only was effective, if it was drawn in complete silence, a condition which was impossible because of the interference of noisy troublemakers.

Pentecost, the lovely celebration, found the house decorated with calamus and fragrant mayflowers.

And on Christmas Eve the Christmas tree was adorned in the room with much fuss. Secretly, the Christmas giver (Christmas man) placed small practical gifts on the table in a pile. Also, there was no lack of rolls (festival cake), as well as apples and nuts.

The neighboring Glambeck Lake was very inviting in that season for ice skating, and often my grandfather skated on the ice. On the whole, he possessed a taunt body and was very agile. Thus he earned loud applause at the wedding of Mina Boecker in Stagenhorst when he jumped over the fixed arm of a comrade stretched at shoulder height.

When the snow disappeared in the spring and waves from the lake came over the meadows, there was a rare hunting pleasure, pike spearing, which was at the same time also useful, because it enriched the kitchen and table. At spawning time, the pike came from the lake into the shallow water and remained there motionless in the sunshine. Targeted strength was required to push the spear in the back of the animals and pull them away the water.

The greatest joy for Carl Bogenschneider was hunting with his gun. Near Hammelstall, toward Polchow, there were three moor bridges, and in the middle was the Bible Moor, and for a time it was occupied by a majestic deer. The game keeper was unable to shoot the splendid animal, but allowed my grandfather to fire a shot. What delightful luck! To the chagrin of the game keeper, what happened was what he had hoped for himself, the shot of the deer was successful. For a long time the quiet in the moorland was disrupted with a loud roar, and the blood of the forest king flowed.

The old sailor and now ship builder Nueske in Aalgraben was a friend of the house. My grandfather exchanged with him the familiar address godfather, while the children called him in the Low German "pät," which means godfather in High German. "Godfather Nueske" spent many decades at sea and had brought back from his travels to Aalgraben many beautiful things, and his summer cottage had the appearance of a small museum. There were African buffalo horns, exotic weapons and ebony, ivory carvings and turtles, stuffed birds, also pictures from distant continents. Those pictures were sent framed by the master Bogenschneider.

At grandfather's property at Glambeck Lake, occasionally the old fisher Hameister came over. He was well-known as a fanciful boaster, and his "experiences" brought much amusement to grandfather's house. As a young warrior he had been with his father Blücher in France, and he had taken part in "seven battles and fourteen skirmishes." New Year's Eve 1814, the Prussian troops crossed the Rhine at Gaub, and in the river past Hameister, which days before had been ice free, he had swum "vigorously and bravely on a bundle of straw over the raging torrent." A fairy tale, was the middle daughter's usual admonition: "Badder, lög doch nich medder so!"

Hammelstall was five quarters of a mile away from Stettin. Here shopping for the needs of life was done if they were not produced at home and the road was close enough for emergencies. In this the children had to be helpful; and as a seven-year-old also small Carl went alone to the city. The way was beautiful and varied; it led past fields, on winding paths along Glambecksee and past the invalid houses in which old soldiers led a peaceful life and thought about the past when they were led in the smoke of gun powder against the legions of the large army.

The property was located in the Brunn forest, near a picturesque opening. In the summer the cuckoo called from the pear tree to the house, lapwings darted in the meadows, and the woodpecker made its hammering sound. Four cows were peacefully walking in the pasture, and there was even the happy clattering of the storks on the roof of the barn.

The relationship of Carl Bogenschneider to the manorial family of Ramin had always been good. Thus the master craftsman one day received two rider pistols that had been used in military campaigns by Mr. von Kleist, the father-in-law of the manor's lord, as an indication of his appreciation. Unfortunately, however, things changed when the old lord died. The son and heir of the deceased, second lieutenant Wilhelm von Ramin, mortgaged the property with all the inventory to a Jewish capitalist named Dorn for fifteen years. He sought to make as much money as possible and wanted to sell the Brunn woodlands for firewood and lumber. He even wanted to include the age-old linden tree avenue from Völschendorf to the village Brunn. The game keeper Rehmenklau energetically petitioned the government to stop this. Thanks to him the magnificent old trees, the pride of the place, remained. Dorn was "a sourpuss," an unpleasant man, and he feuded with all the world and also master Bogenschneider was forced to defend himself against him. As a result, in 1852, when his brother August married, Carl left Hammelstall and exchanged it for a home in Völschendorf. But the mother Charlotte liked her familiar home, in which she had lived nearly forty years, and didn't want to give it up. She remained in Hammelstall with August, who had his own carpentry business, and a workshop for mill production.

Carl Bogenschneider, as a young man, had no time to travel like his father, Carl Gottlob. He had to serve as the breadwinner for his mother and his young siblings, and he remained in one place. As a result, he did not have to be a soldier. But his brothers August and Wilhelm were fortunate to see the world in that way.

August was an enthusiastic and brisk walker. He traveled to Dresden and the Saxon Switzerland and saw the bastion, which even then was the already widely acclaimed "Ruhstall." On his first hike he made a blue velvet cap with a broad brim then went around to over his ears. With a knapsack on his back and a long lit pipe, he proceeded to Leipzig, where he was a curiosity to the students, who tried to keep his cap as a remembrance of a brother traveling student.

August's marriage in Hammelstall was very regimented by his wife Friederike, a Berliner, whose father (master tanner Hartmann) was from the Pomeranian coast.

On October 1853, the old mother Charlotta died. Now August left the family home and moved to the neighboring Polchow, a favorable location for his professional work. Later he acquired land near Hammelstall that was named Stritkamp because of its disputed community affiliation. Here he built himself a comfortable property and managed it, hard-working and thrifty to the death. For a short time he was followed by his son Georg, who then sold the property to work for an insurance company in Stettin as a general agent. George died early in the prime of life from a lung disease. As he had no children, it ended this branch of the family. His aged mother Friederike is still quite vigorous and remains the last witness to the past among us younger ones.

Wilhelm Bogenschneider traveled during his apprenticeship migrations to Güstrin and was decommissioned there from military service. During the riots in 1849, he marched with the Prussian troops to suppress the republican uprising in Baden and then he came on holiday as a soldier to Hammelstall, where he was stared at by the children, particularly admiring his long helmet top and his red military uniform.

Wilhelm resided in Völschendorf and lived there until his death in 1909. He was married twice. Despite various mishaps, he maintained a positive outlook and a sincere piety that drew him into the service of the church. Pastor Benz of Völschendorf, to whom I owe gratitude for his documented contributions to this work, called him a dignified character and, in view of his excellent memory, a walking chronicle. His oldest son, Paul sought a new home in America, while the younger Helmut lives as an active and respected man in Mandelkow near Stettin. Two adolescent sons of Helmut continue this branch of the family.

It was 1848. Fury and indignation sounded from Berlin across the province and also affected the home of the master carpenter Carl Bogenschneider. With all sorts of excesses, the "potato war" was first announced. The potatoes that were stored in underground storage, probably spoiled by persistent cold and moisture, and in uncovering the potatoes there escaped a whitish vapor because of the fermentation of these fruits of the earth. The common people who knew nothing of the insidious work of bacilli were of the opinion that the smoke of the newly built railway was beaten into the ground and the potatoes were destroyed. With the lack of food passions grew, so that they robbed the potato barges in Stettin and finally proceeded to plunder the shops.

Superstition and naive exaggerations flowered at this time. It was especially targeted at the person of the king, and it was said that the sex of the Hohenzollern would be punished by God's judgment because of his misdeeds, especially because of his lust. So little remained from the proud house, like the branches of a small shade tree.

Also the railroad, which only had a few lines, was not popular, but rather it was viewed as injurious to health and as a crime against and hostile to providence. In 1847, master Bogenschneider showed his seven-year-old son Carl a train at the railway bridge at Güstow, an event which was appreciated with timid admiration, all the more so because the flagman reminded us to firmly hold our caps and move far away so that the whirlwind of the approaching monster caused no harm.

Even a fancy balloon came in the summer of 1848 and astonished the residents of Hammelstall, and with its massive appearance strengthened the opinion that the end of the world was approaching. But this view was commonly held, as it was predicted that the world would end in 1856. On a summer day the sun actually disappeared, and dark clouds covered the sky; the cattle went to the stables, and the birds searched for their nests. People saw this as the beginning of the great destruction. But it was a solar eclipse, and the fear was unnecessary. It was soon bright again, and the world continued in joy and in sorrow.

Moreover, the fireplace and the warming oven offered ample opportunity to discuss such things, while also telling stories. The stolid bank of furnaces was almost in the middle of the room, heated with peat, as they carried on their praiseworthy reciting. The open fire united the women in the winter in common knitting and spinning. The thread purred as it ran around the spindle, and the wind blew the smoke, so spook and scary stories were exchanged about a mythical wolf who dealt in grain, and witches whose eerie goings on "Wolpur" (May 1) had to be warded off by crosses at home and on the stable door. How comforting it was for the little ones when the grandmother sat by the fireplace and sang ditties and told tales. As they sat listening, reverently with bated breath and entranced as the wind rustled the leaves outside and the rain trickled and dripped. It was a time to spin tales and to have tranquility, which in these fast moving times is missing.

*As once the ancients liked the twilight;
It remained a secure room with the light far away.
The quiet self-examination was dedicated to this time.
To retreat within oneself who has such time today?*

The fireplace was used simultaneously for multiple cooking purposes, as it had three iron grates where the meal was prepared for two grunting animals. When visitors or society came to the home, resplendent tallow candles were on the tables. They were prepared by the hand of the housewife Johanna and had a wick that was trimmed with a light squeeze. But the candles were unpopular because they spread smoke and a foul smell and constantly required cleaning. How annoying this cleaning must have been, as even the great Goethe expressed this humble desire in a verse:

*Do not know what they could invent better,
Than lights that burn without cleaning.*

Generally a sheet metal rapeseed oil lamp and the fire in the fireplace met the needs of the family. The kerosene lamp was nationally used only later, and it allowed one to read a book or newspaper. There was a large attendance when Gustav Freytag's newly published novel, "Goll and Haben," which was read in the leisure hours by the owner and discussed at length with the family.

In place of the matches one had to rely on lighters, which consisted of a container of sulfuric acid and wooden stick whose end was coated with phosphorus. The latter was immersed in the acid, and thereby the phosphorus ignited and caused the sticks to burn. For lighting the tobacco pipes, the traditional fire sponge was used for years, and the flint began to glow (so-called Pinken) with the impact of steel.

For everyday use the coarse earthen dishes were used, and they were painted with colorful flowers and figures brightening up the kitchen. Sometimes old tin dishes were used, and the delicate elegant porcelain was only brought out on Sundays.

Just like these were the food and the other material needs, almost all of which were made through the efforts and talents of the household.

Special attention was given to the fruit and vegetable garden, because of their importance for the meals of the caring housewife. The churning was done in the usual way by churning the cream in a butter churn, an arduous task in which the older children had to participate. These were the ones who also produced the linseed oil. The seeds were crushed and the linseed oil pressed out of them with much difficulty. The linseed oil was used in carpentry and some also in households.

In the Bogenschneider house there was a weaving loom where the women wove fabrics that were used in everyday use and for laundry, and also sometimes for clothes. The whole process of producing and harvesting flax, the spinning and weaving was to deliver everyday items. One was also modest in clothing. The children went mostly with bare feet in the summer, and in the winter they had to wear shoes, which seemed to them a bad time. They eagerly awaited the first cuckoo, who announced the time they could leave the cramped buildings and could go and play in the sun.

Every autumn two fat pigs lost their lives. The butchering was especially anticipated with excitement by the children, because it delivered fresh blood and liver sausage for immediate consumption and those sides of bacon, ham and sausages were smoked in the wide-mouthed opening of the chimney in the kitchen. They provided food for future need in storage. We looked at the chimney sweep with suspicion because their sooty chimney work occasionally provided them with a portion of the smoked items.

My grandfather smoked a pipe as was the custom of the day. This habit was cheap because tobacco was grown in the neighboring Krackow, and even in Völschendorf. Usually he bought several pounds of raw tobacco leaves on strings for his needs, and his son Carl was given the unpleasant task of crushing the tobacco and drying it in an iron pan over the fire.

Charlotta, the good mother and grandmother of little Carl, ran the household with firm resolve. She spent a lot of time with the children, even when she crossed the yard dragging the cattle feed, she had one of the children in her arms. This energetic woman was always cleanly dressed in the costume of the Biedermeier period, and usually she wore a large, hooded shawl that she washed and ironed.

On a daily basis life proceeded as a normal progression of events, and rarely was there an event which altered this normality. Following is an event which was not ordinary.

It was a hot summer and the twelve-year-old Carl (who became my father) slept alone in a room in the house near the village square in Völschendorf. Over his bed there was a supply of glass and window panes, which his father needed as a master carpenter for his work. At the beginning of the night the small one got out of his bed in order to go outside. There he saw a woman's shape, and she motioned to him with her hand from the other end of the village near the church grounds. She was lifted from the ground and her form flowed in the moonlight. Frightened the boy rushed back into the house. But then suddenly the door to the room swung

back and forth and scraping steps moved toward his bed. Then there was a rumbling and rattling of the window panes and a sound of them being smashed into pieces. However, the next morning there was no broken glass and the glass panes were intact on their rack. But soon Weber Martin appeared to place an order for a coffin for his wife who died that night.

Young Carl, from ages seven to twelve, attended the school in Polchow where the very effective teacher Wittenhagen taught as much as possible to his students. Here he also had a very talented schoolmate, Fritz Holdorf, a farmer's son, who distinguished himself and had both the talent and will to succeed. He later achieved a leading position at the world renown Vulcan shipyard near Stettin.

Carl was educated at home with his siblings with discipline and modesty was stressed. Thus, the older children until the age of 12, had to stand during the meal at the table, and they were not allowed to sit in the presence of adults.

Two years before his confirmation, Carl was instructed by the local clergyman, Pastor Schallehn. By the way, Carl's singing voice surpassed those of the girls in his class at Völschendorf.

In some other places the teaching still involved hands-on experience. So even a shoemaker (Lünse) in the neighboring village of Brunn, taught shoemaking to some boys during school hours. He often worked during school time doing farm field work. Meanwhile, his wife often represented him, especially if spanking was needed, and that she handed out liberally with a washcloth.

Pastor Schallehn was popular with his congregation and got along well with the Bogenschneider family. His cross, however, was four sons who were difficult to educate. Occasionally, he also had a mean parishioner. Such was the worker Wengaz from Brunn, with whom he had a conflict because of church fees.

A heavy rain blown by the autumn winds went on for days, and the road from Völschendorf to the Brunn churchyard was like a swamp and was almost unusable. Sadly, the pastor announced the death of a Wengaz child and Wengaz announced he intended "in silence" to bury the body because of the bad weather without the participation of the pastor. Schallehn agreed but reminded Wengaz that he still had to pay church dues. "Don't expect me to pay the dues, Mr. Pastor, because you did not come!" announced Wengaz. He put the coffin on his wheelbarrow and drove in his ragged Sunday pants to the cemetery. Pastor Schallehn and his sexton with Christian devotion in their hearts, put on their biggest boots and traveled in the bad weather.

One peculiar congregation member enjoyed the pastor. It was the farmer Fritz Gollnow, who otherwise was in good health, but had an almost continuous need for sleep. At the beginning of worship, as long as he was still awake, he sang along with a very strong voice, but then he fell into his usual slumber, which lasted until the final song came. Aroused by the members, he again participated with his mighty voice and great fervor, and then he left the church with the awareness that he had completely fulfilled his duty to God.

Gollnow and most farmers lived in the village with self-awareness, coupled with a quiet self-confidence. Each part of the verse, my father often heard as a child from the lips of his grandmother Charlotta, and he occasionally recited it with the memory of his rural home in jest as follows:

*My master painter! what do you want?
To portray all of us?
Me, the rich peasant Grohl
And my faithful wife?
Joe, our oldest son,
He already knows our daughters:
Greten, Urseln, Stine
Have pretty faces.*

*Times' He only the whole village
And the church inside.
Michel leads a load of peat,
Many women weave.
Near the cemetery is the house
Where we go one and out,
It says Rest in Peace
In addition to the year and date.*

(Balthasar Anton Dunker, 1782.

** 15.01.1746 - † 02.04.1807 was a German artist, sketcher and writer.)*

From August Bogenschneider, the brother of my grandfather, an event should be mentioned from which with some luck he could have emerged as a rich man.

In his carpentry shop he had a journeyman who had to spend some time in prison for some crimes. There he got to know a sickly, old inmate who had abandoned all hope of a better life in freedom and knew that he would die in the prison hospital. That old inmate told him about a carpenter's box with forty thousand crowns and a gold chain that was buried in the vicinity of the Prussian fort near Stettin under a certain tree. When the journeyman told his master (August) the secret information, the two decided to dig up the treasure. In the next few nights they went well armed like Goethe's treasure seekers to look for the money. But they found nothing, which ultimately was not surprising to them, and soon they had forgotten about their adventure. But they were amazed when one day the newspaper announced that in the razing of the fortifications of the fortress, prisoners had actually found the forty thousand crowns, and the golden chain! In the immediate vicinity of their excavations the chest had laid buried, and with a little more perseverance and belief in success they would have gained the coveted wealth.

The manor Prilipp that Johann Carl Boy, the father-in-law of Carl Bogenschneider managed, was leased out because the widowed landowner could not afford to run it in the existing economy, and therefore a nephew of the Boys, named Behnke, took over the lease. Boy entered a second marriage, in the town Gramzow, and remained in the Uckermark until his death in 1845. While still living, he gave his grandson Carl Bogenschneider, the son of his deceased daughter Friederike, an inheritance of two thousand crowns. Boy also bequeathed to his second wife (nee Gluth), with whom he had a daughter, half of his total assets. The children of his first marriage were upset by the new marriage of the father and challenged the validity of the inheritance in a lengthy but unsuccessful process. Finally the estate was sold privately at the unreasonably cheap price of sixty-two thousand thalers. The buyer was the executive Kopp from Stettin.

Master Carl Bogenschneider lived for four years in Völschendorf. In 1856 he moved to the village of Kolow beyond the Oder, where his friendly relationship with foresters also gave him the opportunity to partake in his hunting hobby. Five years later, in 1861, he went back to his hometown of Scheune near Stettin, west of the Oder, and bought a mill from the miller Hahn. Unfortunately the acquisition of this mill proved to be a financial disaster to Carl and the next generation of his family. This will be explained later. Carl Bogenschneider ran into financial difficulties and was glad when he could rid himself of the mill. He then lived for several years in the neighboring small village of Reinke and then finally moved to Pommerensdorf on the road to Stettin to his last apartment. His youngest son August gave him support, and August learned the carpentry trade and gradually took the place of the aging father. The home and workshop were located on the land near the railway bridge of the owner Jannot, and this is where the writer of this chronicle visited the grandfather several times.

He was a gaunt, bearded man of medium size, with gray-brown eyes, and at work and while reading he wore glasses, but not when he conversed. Until he aged he had a fast but effortless walk. He was not only skilled in his particular profession, but he used the same skill in plumbing, glazing and turning wood, and he devoted himself to making inlaid woods. His workshop, which produced items that delighted the heart of the chronicler, was marked by remarkable order and cleanliness. But despite his diligence and ability, he was unable to improve his wealth because he was too trusting and forgiving in business relationships.

A change occurred in 1882 as his son August and the young woman Emilie married and she came into the house. Now the mother Johanna was relieved of her duties, and the daughter took over and managed the house prudently and actively, in order to enlarge the customer base and to increase the income.

Marie, the daughter of the old Bogenschneider couple, was at that time with her aunt Auguste Boy at the manor Grünhof near Prussian Friedland in West Prussia. With sisterly love, Auguste now invited Johanna to stay with them. After the landlord Ferdinand died, Grünhof was sold. When Marie married in Dobrin near the Prussian-Friedland, she took her mother into her own home and nursed her until her death in winter of 1903. The grave of the deceased is located in the cemetery at Dobrin.

The old Carl Bogenschneider remained with his son August, who took over his business and workshop. In later years, a bad hip plagued him, yet he kept diligent and lively as in his younger years. He closed his eyes a final time on 27 September 1886, a few days after having an inflammatory bowel disease. He was buried on the property on the Apfelalle near Stettin at the hospital cemetery.