

Her Mother Saw Monument Built

**Baltimore Woman Tells
 How Grandfather, Who Was
 Mason In Charge, Perched
 Daughter On Head Of
 Statue Before It Was
 Lifted To Lofty Height**

BY EMILY EMERSON LANTZ.

AN old lady, with the kindest smile and cheeriest of voices, lives at 1137 Gorsuch avenue, where she has a garden and trees and chickens.

Her name is Mrs. Virginia Jones, widow of James H. Jones, and her earliest and most vivid memories are of Mount Vernon Place and the Washington Monument, for her grandfather, Nicholas Hitzelberger, builded that shaft of which Baltimore is proud, and her mother, Mary Ann Hitzelberger, as a little girl, sat upon the marble head of the father of his country before the statue was raised by ropes and tackle to its present lofty height.

Sitting in a low rocking chair, Mrs. Jones recalled much that was interesting pertaining to Nicholas Hitzelberger.

"My grandfather," she said, "was from Pennsylvania, but came to Baltimore and married Amelia Locke, returning to his native State with his bride and continuing to live there until after his first child was born and he had returned to Maryland to serve in the War of 1812.

"He marched, with the Harrisburg Brigade, from Harrisburg to Baltimore, and after the war continued here as a contractor and stone mason.

"His marble yard was where the Peabody Institute now stands and extended to Center street. His residence was a frame house to the west of the stone yard. He had four children—two sons and two daughters—of whom my mother was one. His wife died young and then he had only a housekeeper to attend to the house and children.

"When the monument was in process of building grandfather had a small house erected in one corner of the stone yard for the use of Enrico Cancici, the Italian sculptor, who executed the fine white marble statue of Washington that surmounts the monument.

The figure is 16 feet high and the extended arm braced with metal, and when it was completed the sculptor lifted my mother, who was then a little girl, and set her upon the colossal head, telling her that in after years she could say she had once sat upon the head of Washington and have people wonder how she got there.

"Also, while the monument was building, grandfather had a sundial made, by which the coming and going of the workmen were regulated. The dial continues in the possession of his descendants and will eventually be put in some civic place, probably within the monument itself, along with other objects of historic interest.

"The old ladle in which copper was melted to make rivets used to secure the blocks of marble together is also possessed by the family.

"On the occasion of the unveiling of the Washington Statue a great concourse assembled below, and grandfather, who was on top of the shaft, looked down and saw that the people had broken down protecting rail-



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ings and that his own children were in danger of being trampled by horses.

"Seizing a hand trumpet, he called to the cavalry to be careful of his children, since he could not protect them himself, and immediately a guard was formed that, with crossed swords, drove back the mob and insured the children's safety.

"For many years grandfather had supervision of the monument. There was at that time no admission fee to visitors, but when his children saw persons desiring to ascend the shaft they ran and brought tallow candles to light the ascent, and were frequently given small tips for this service. There was keen competition among the children. Sometimes the boys sighted the visitors first, sometimes the girls, but all greatly prized the coins thus received.

"It was in Howard's woods that my mother, Mary Ann Hitzelberger, was wooed by my father, David Henning, son of Thomas Henning, builder, who did all the brick work at Fort McHenry and also built the old Postoffice of Baltimore.

"The Hennings were as staunch Protestants as the Hitzelbergers were good Catholics and differing creeds meant more in those days than now. Grandfather for a long while would not permit David Henning to visit his house, so the young man had only Howard's woods in which to do his courting. In winter this was difficult.

"But in summer they met often, and as the lover came through the oak trees to meet his sweetheart he used to sing or whistle a little Scotch song to tell her he was coming. The song ran:

"Sweet summer is coming, cold winter's aw'
 And I'll come and see thee in spite of them all."

"When Nicholas Hitzelberger found his opposition to the match could not overcome the affection of the young people he finally gave his consent to the marriage.

"The wedding night was set and a splen-

did supper prepared, but here the builder of the monument encountered an opposition even stronger than his own. David Henning refused to be married by anyone other than a Protestant clergyman.

"Distracted between two loves, Mary Ann Hitzelberger slipped off before the hour set for the wedding and was married by a Protestant clergyman. Her father came home in the meantime and was told where she had gone and with what intention.

"Deeply moved, the father left the house and remained away all night. And when the bride and groom returned they found the elaborate supper prepared and the guests assembled, but the father's chair at the table was empty.

"My mother told me," said Mrs. Jones, "that this was the first sorrow she had known; that while she tried to eat viands prepared for the wedding feast, she thought the food would choke her.

"David Henning took her at once to his father's home, which was on Saratoga street, between Park avenue and Howard street. It was a spacious residence and here she lived until after her husband's death, but her father, Nicholas Hitzelberger, never came to see her until after her first child was born. She bore her husband five daughters and three sons, and after the birth of her fourth child joined the Lutheran Church, but before she died she requested that the little silver medals she had worn as a girl at her convent school and a prayer manual given her by the archbishop be buried with her, which was done.

"She was a very lovely mother and must have been a most winsome girl, since she had black eyes and dark curls and a fair skin.

"After her death we found in a trunk papers relating to my grandfather. It was from these we learned of many benevolencies which none had suspected. Many of his stonecutters were from distant places, and if any of them died here, grandfather

**When Statue Was Unveiled
 Crowds Broke Down Pro-
 tecting Railing, Endanger-
 ing Children, Who Were
 Saved By Cavalrymen From
 Being Trampled.**

paid all burial expenses. He was also truly patriotic and had implanted deep feelings of patriotism in the heart of my mother, who honored the flag and always had it unfurled on patriotic holidays.

"It was he who cut the cornerstone laid by Charles Carroll of Carrollton when the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was opened. And it was through information contained in these old papers that, many years after, the stone was located under several feet of debris and properly railed off and inscribed.

"Nicholas Hitzelberger cut the letters on Battle Monument, on Calvert street. He supplied some of the stone for the first Capitol at Washington; also stone for the State House at Harrisburg and the Cathedral in Baltimore.

"Grandfather never cared about amassing a fortune, but his pride and interest in anything pertaining to civic improvement of Baltimore were enduring. In latter years he married a second time—the housekeeper who had managed his home. His house, which was frame, was also removed bodily to what is now Madison street. His body is interred in Bonnie Brac Cemetery.

"My mother, his daughter Mary, was married at 20 years of age and widowed when 33 years old. Her husband died when only 34 years of age. She is buried at Baltimore Cemetery."

Of Nicholas Hitzelberger's granddaughters descended through Mary Ann (Hitzelberger) Henning, two live in Baltimore. Mrs. James H. Jones has one son, the Rev. Charles Stork Jones, pastor of the Lutheran Church at Westminster, Md., and Mary Edith Jones, who lives with her mother.

The only other living daughter of Mary Ann (Hitzelberger) Henning is Mrs. Jones' sister, Mrs. Jane Martin, who lives in winter with Mrs. William T. Henning, 332 Presman street. Mrs. Martin's children are Norris H. Martin, Harry Z. Martin, Mrs. G. W. Haddaway and Miss Ella Martin.

Several interesting relics of the Henning family are preserved by descendants, among them the ancient Henning Bible and a brilliantly decorated birth certificate stating that Sophia Henning, daughter of Jacob and Anna Maria Henning, was born June 14, 1761, under the zodiac sign of the fishes and at 3 A. M. at Lancaster, Pa.

Sophia was the thirteenth child, but her parents were not superstitious. Already blessed with 12 sons, they expressed their joy at the advent of the long-wished-for daughter, with this birth certificate brightly adorned with birds and flowers.

Sophia never married, but her brothers gave to her the home farm at Lancaster. That she grew up to be a fine needlewoman is proved by a silk quilt begun by her about 1780, which now belongs to Mrs. Elizabeth Pietsch Irving, widow of A. M. Irving (long associated with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad), who is also descended from the Henning family.