



Samuel Sheller (Schiller), a leading and popular merchant of Duncannon, and one of its oldest living residents, was born near Churchtown, Cumberland County, Pa., June 24, 1827. He is a son of **George and Rebecca (Stover) Sheller (Schiller)**. Both paternal and maternal ancestors were of the hardy, frugal and industrious German stock which have been so prominent in the development of the great Keystone Commonwealth. His grandfather, **Daniel Sheller (Schiller)** born in Germany, in 1762, and married **Elizabeth Long**, born in the same year. As immigrants to Pennsylvania they first settled in Lancaster County, and subsequently removed to a farm two miles from Greencastle, Franklin County. There the two sons, **John and Daniel, Jr.**, grew to manhood; and there, life's fitful fever over, the patriarch and the lifelong companion of his joys and sorrows died within less than a month of each other, the one in March, the other in April, 1829.

Samuel Sheller (Schiller), spent his boyhood under the family roof in Cumberland County. Not enjoying the educational facilities now at

hand for young people, **Mr. Sheller's** education was limited to a few months, during the winter season, in the common schools of his neighborhood. After leaving school, he worked as a farm hand, and at the age of eighteen engaged in the manufacture of flour barrels. Removing to Duncannon, in 1846, he was for seven years engaged in the manufacture of nail kegs for the extensive works of Morgan, Fisher & Co., now known as the Duncannon Iron Company. Active and keen as a man of business, and giving evidence of a probity that secured to him the respect of the community, **Mr. Sheller (Schiller)** was successful in enlarging his business relations and rendering himself useful in the community. He engaged in the butchering business, and continued it with success for nine years. In 1860, he entered into a partnership in mercantile business with **Daniel Rife**, under the firm name of **Sheller and Rife**. In 1862, having sold out his interest to the junior partner, he again engaged in butchering, besides carrying on an extensive flour and feed establishment. This was continued for two years, until, in 1864, he disposed of both interests, and has been since that time, for more than thirty years, in mercantile business. In 1862, during the dark days of the Civil war, **Mr. Sheller** enlisted in Company B, Sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers. His standing among his fellow-citizens was shown by his immediate election as captain of the company, in which position he served with honor and credit

to himself and to the satisfaction of those under his command, until the discharge of the company.

Samuel Sheller (Schiller) was married in Duncannon, January 3, 1850, to **Margaret Haines Lewis**, born March 29, 1831, daughter of **Guyan** and **Elizabeth (Barnett) Lewis**. Their children are: **Rebecca Jane**, born October 24, 1850, died December 24, 1882; **Elizabeth Gainer**, widow of **Joshua North Gladden**; **Sylvester Snow**, married **Agatha T. Sweger**, of New Bloomfield, deceased; **Catharine Virginia**, who died in infancy; **Mary Emma (Mrs. J. J. Miller)**, of Philadelphia; **Clara Cordelia**; **Francis Stover**, born August 1, 1862, is a grocer of Philadelphia, and married **Mary E. Epright**, of Norristown, Pa.; **Letitia Stella**, who died in infancy; **Lula Josephine**, a graduate of the musical department of the University of Pennsylvania, is now a successful music teacher in Philadelphia; **Ada Viola**; **Samuel Barnett**, chief burgess of Duncannon; and **Charles Sturdevant**, born September 24, 1872. The first daughter, **Rebecca Jane**, was a young lady of more than ordinary ability, gifted alike in mathematics, music and poetry. She was educated in the public schools, Susquehanna Institute, of Duncannon, and Irving College, of Mechanicsburg, and during this period developed marked literary ability. She was the author of a number of poems, and for over two years was editress of the Duncannon Record.

For several terms **Mr. Sheller** acceptably filled the office of chief burgess of Duncannon, and also served as secretary of the town council and secretary and treasurer of the Duncannon school board. **Mr. Sheller (Schiller)** has been for many years an influential and valued member, and for over twenty years treasurer, of Evergreen Lodge, No. 205, I. O. O. F., being one of its past noble grands. He is also a stockholder in the Duncannon National Bank, and has been a director in this institution since its organization.

He has been a staunch, unswerving Republican. The family attends the Methodist Episcopal Church. After a busy and useful life, whose every record has been one of honor, probity and devotion to duty, **Mr. Sheller (Schiller)** in a ripe and cheerful old age enjoys the unlimited respect of all who know him.

Mrs. Miller, who is the fourth daughter of **Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sheller (Schiller)**, and who now resides at No. 17 South Fortieth Street, Philadelphia, was educated at Millersville, Pa., studied sight singing under Dr. Lyte, teacher of music in the school at that place, and also received instructions in voice culture and in artistic singing from the teacher of that department. She was afterwards a pupil of the celebrated teacher, Mme. Seiler, of Philadelphia, a lady eminently successful in developing the vocal powers and studied the theory of music and harmony under Hugh A. Clarke, Mus. Doc, and Professor of Music in the University of Pennsylvania, and under the celebrated Michael Cross, also of Philadelphia. In 1897, **Mrs. Miller** had the honor of being elected one of the six assistants to the Supervisor of Music in the Public Schools of Philadelphia.

Lines written for the Soldiers' Reunion, held in New Bloomfield, Pa., October 18, 1877, by **Rebecca Jane Sheller**, deceased:

The first faint notes from my untutored lyre
In early youth were breathed to Freedom's name.

And years have taught that bard cannot aspire
To loftier theme or more ennobling strain.
Ah, then, thou ^Muse! who dost inspire my song
To Freedom, let thy thoughts be consecrate.
Welcome this phalanx of the soldier throng.
Who fought to keep her shrine inviolate.
Be thine, O willing muse, the grateful task
Their many deeds of valor to recall;
Pour out the wine of mem'ry's fragrant flask
And let it shimmer o'er the deeds of all.

2. No more the din of war is in the air.
Its cruel echoes long have died away;
Knapsacks are dusty, sabres rusting where
They long have rested from the bloody fray.
The brilliant battle-flags, grimy and torn,
Are folded, and each glittering sword is sheathed
Muskets are stacked, and through the fields are borne
The melodies by peaceful workers breathed.
And homes are happy; then upon this day,
Forget not, these are of the soldier boys
Who, in the weary march and deadly fray.
Wrought for our land the peace she now enjoys.

3. They tramped through tangled wood and mountain glen.
Through fevered swamp and baleful black bayou;
Languished perhaps in dreary prison pen.
For Freedom's flag—the red, the white and blue.
Theirs are the tears of many a battle plain.
The memories of great privations borne,
Of patient sacrifice and hours of pain.
Afar from home and loving kindred torn.
What now our fortune, had their sturdy arms,
And those of their brave comrades failed us, when
Black treason filled the land with dire alarms,
And reared her hydra-head in every glen.

4. What would it brook us this autumnal day
That plenteous crops are garnered east and west,
That sunrise clouds of gold and coral ray
Portend a dawning with rich promise blest?
For all the lands we till, the homes we claim
Were then the haughty foeman's whom we dread.
Ours were a heritage of grief and shame,
And we were slaves and Liberty were dead.
Our glorious flag now floating high and higher,

Were trailed in dust, trampled 'neath dastard feet,
While in its place on sunlit tower and spire
Were hung the banner we disdain to greet.

5. O, hopeless picture! shrinkingly we turn
With deeper gratitude to those who wore
The true blue colors, and with sorrow burn
For all the dead ones who can come no more.
In southern everglade, by southern stream
'Neath blue waves where the Cumberland went down,
These heroes, slain for Liberty, now dream
The endless sleep, having attained the crown.
On Fame's escutcheon written are their deeds
Embalmed in faithful hearts their memories dwell,
Who answered with their lives their country's needs.
And won the meed "Servant, thou hast done well."

6. To-day we cannot greet them—mute they lie,
Heedless of hopes that in our bosoms stir,
Nor peal of drum, nor horn, nor bugle cry,
Can be to them a thought's interpreter.
But when these soldiers, having mission still
To fight for truth in years of civic rule,
Have further striven 'with brave and virtuous will
To break the teachings of dark error's school
When they in life's great battle faint, and fold
Their pallid hands and close their weary eyes,
The comrades whom they now no more behold,
Will welcome to reunion in the skies.

—Rebecca J. Schiller.