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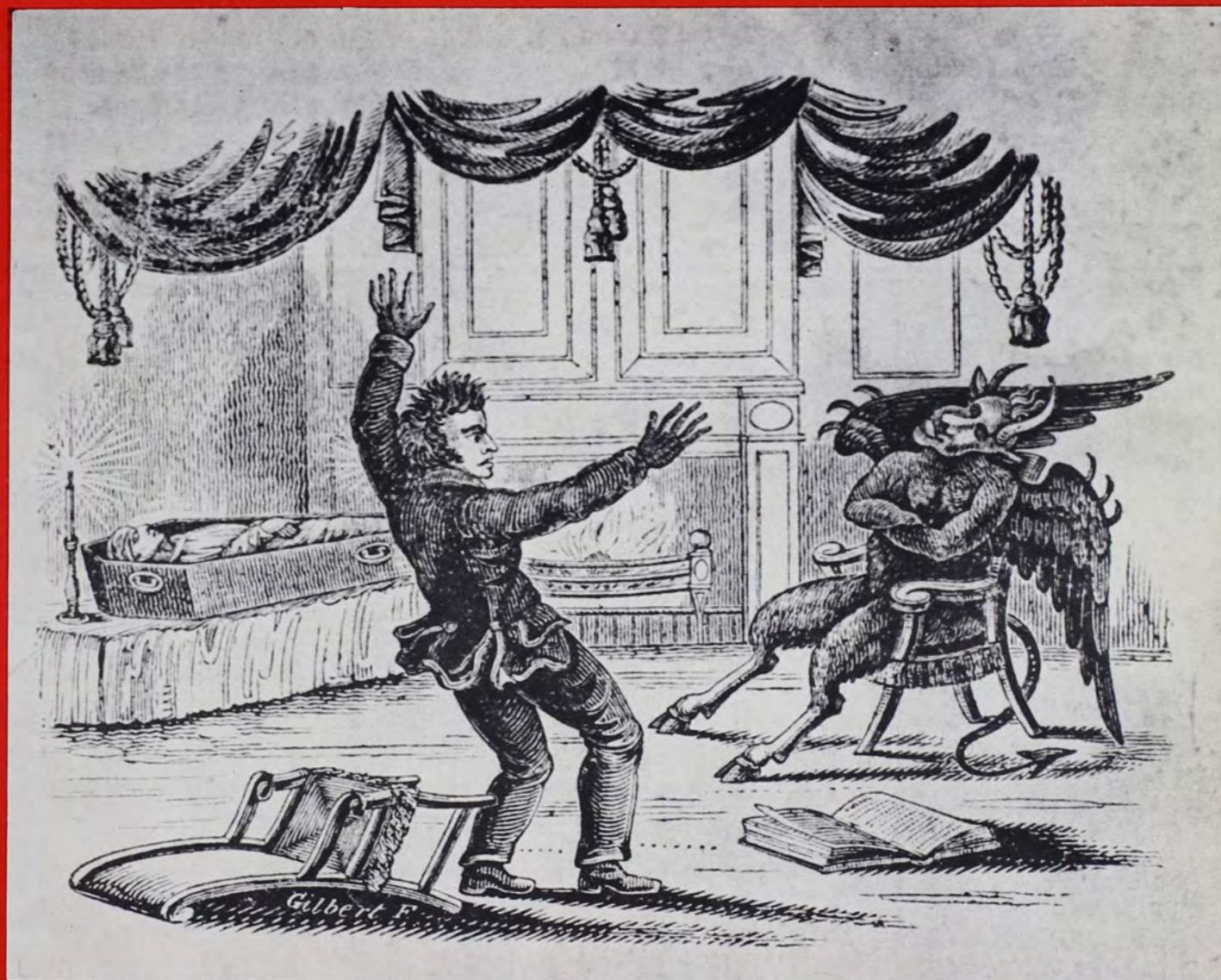
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Pennsylvania FOLKLIFE

WINTER 1965



The Devil in Pennsylvania

Cover picture: A DEVIL APPEARANCE. The cover picture is an illustration by the early Pennsylvania engraver Gilbert for an almanac "thriller" of 1821. It appeared in the Philadelphia publisher Conrad Zentler's "Americanischer Stadt und Land Calender." For the Devil in Pennsylvania, see the article "Official Religion versus Folk Religion."

Pennsylvania **FOLKLIFE**

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DON YODER



Turned soap-dish believed to have come from the Ephrata Cloisters, and an 8-inch treen plate. These pieces are of tulip poplar.

chop it. And an elm *burl*! Probably the best reason that can be given for taking on the forbidding job of hacking away at an elm burl is the one adduced by the inveterate climber of mountains: One does it because the mountain is *there*.

It is generally assumed that early colonists learned the art of making burl bowls from the Indians. Such Indian bowls as have survived, differ from those made by the white settlers principally in the matter of handles; the Indians finished the bowl so that the fingers could be slipped through the bowl on either side. The colonists did not. No one knows exactly why, but a reasonable surmise is that the extra expenditure of time called for in creating handles did not seem warranted, in view of the fact that the bowls were often thought of merely as interim pieces, anyway.

Determining the age of a wooden bowl is, in large measure, guesswork. Bowls took shape in a variety of ways, but the finished product does not necessarily reveal beginning or intermediate or final stages in the task. Indian bowls were reduced from solid chunks of wood to finished bowls by burning—red hot stones patiently applied until all unwanted surfaces and thicknesses had been purged away. As might be expected, the walls and bottoms of Indian bowls vary somewhat in thickness. They are, of course, completely free of any sign of shaving, chipping, gouging, chiseling, or turning. Indian bowls now in existence were probably made during the 17th Century.

There are crude bowls which actually might appropriately be termed troughs. Formed of straight-grained wood, they are mere wooden blocks which have been gouged out with mallet and chisel. They undoubtedly served their purpose in the domestic economy of the 1600's and possibly the 1700's, but they were so heavy, cumbersome, and—in most cases—so ugly that any innovation was likely to be an improvement.

The early colonists had no need to use red-hot stones in the creation of a wooden bowl, but reducing a block of wood to a useable shell before a turning lathe was available called for enormous patience. The chunk of wood would first be hacked or chopped into a rough approximation of the desired round or oval shape, the natural form of the

burl serving as a guide. From there on, the burl was gouged, carved, whittled, and eventually smoothed until it became not only useful but also ornamental. Fancy woods have always been popular in fine cabinet-making, and walnut and other burls, largely destroyed in the process of creating the bowl, might have lent beauty to many a commode or lowboy, after being converted to veneer. Whether or not the colonists found their bowls attractive we shall probably not know—but today, refinished and retired from heavy service, many of these vessels are things of beauty.

Machine-turned bowls—and most were machine-turned by the beginning of the 19th Century—are attractive or not, according to what additional processing took place after they were released from the lathe. Some of the earlier bowls were sanded and smoothed until all, or almost all, the tell-tale circular markings were destroyed. Except for the fact that they are perfectly round, one might suppose that the best of them had actually been made by hand. Real hand-mades, of course, tend to be a little lopsided or off-center, and the walls vary in thickness. There is little if any variation in thickness in a machined product.

Wooden chopping bowls were still being turned out a mere generation or two ago, but these made no pretension to any quality other than utility. They were turned from any hard wood free of knots, and no attempt was made to eliminate the rhythmic, incised lines created by the lathe. According to how they were used or abused, some of these bowls may still be found in actual service, while others split long ago and were discarded. Those which were used for butter making were particularly vulnerable because of the deleterious effects of the salt. Today, of course, the market places are full of brand-new wooden bowls, lovely to look at, treated so that they will resist salt or acid or even alcohol, and ranging in price from pence to pounds, according to whether they are to be regarded as objects of utility or objects of art.

Rims and ears sometimes, but not always, give clues as to the age of old bowls. Seemingly, most lathe-turned bowls had rims prominent enough that they could be grasped and carried easily. Some of the hand-made bowls of earlier times also had rims, but more did not. On some of those which



Oval bowls were preferred by housewives who sold their butter by rolls rather than in stone crocks. No flapjack-baker could outdo the housewife who adroitly tossed rolls, including the ends, into shape in these maple containers! They were usually pierced at one end to take a leather thong—or a heavy string—for hanging them up.



Mortar of maple, with pestle tipped with fine white stoneware. The mug is of quassia wood, imported from Surinam and used widely along the eastern seaboard. Water which stood in quassia containers became bitter and was believed to have medicinal qualities.



Turned and decorated bowls. The seven-inch sugar-bowl at the left has a spatter decoration in red and green. The two tobacco-jars, found near York, Pennsylvania, at different times and places, are chip-carved in an old technique known in Germany as "kerb-schnitzen." Incised lines and gouges are filled in with rich, dark coloring in which red predominates.

did not, tiny ears of wood were allowed to remain, to serve as handles, but one is compelled to recognize the fact that the red man was way ahead of the white man when it came to making bowls which could be carried conveniently and safely.

Rarely is the collector lucky enough to discover a really old bowl "in the rough"—untouched by the refinisher. Perhaps "lucky" is not the right term to use, because restoring and refinishing call for patience, know-how, and sometimes a touch of the psychic. A wooden bowl surviving from days gone by would have been scrubbed so often that either water alone or water and a cleansing agent would have bleached it a good many tones lighter than its natural color—in some cases almost white. The chances are that this same scrubbing would have produced a number of cracks in the vessel, particularly if it were placed in the sun to dry. After years of disuse, a bowl left in a damp place, such as a cellar, would develop successive layers of mold or mildew, especially if it had ever been used to hold anything salty.

Still another hazard might be mentioned. In an endeavor to patch up a defective bowl at some time in the past, an owner would occasionally put a piece of leather or a sheet of thin metal over a crack, fastening it with nails set so tightly together that moisture could hardly work its way through. As years passed, the leather would wear out and the metal would rust or loosen—but the nails would remain in the hard

burl and slowly disintegrate. The refinisher can render cracks invisible, smooth rough edges, minimize knife marks—but the discoloration of wood brought about by the disintegration of the nails and the subsequent absorption of the iron is probably there to stay.

While any householder, anywhere, may once have possessed a lathe-turned bowl, it is in the thinly populated, "remote" parts of the country that the really good, hand-made article is likely to be found. The most attractive elm bowl the writer has seen was found in the cellar of a farmhouse in the Poconos, only a year ago. More than most moldy, abandoned odds and ends in country cellars and outhouses, burl bowls are likely to repay the person who will spend time in cleaning them up—and now and then a really astonishing metamorphosis occurs.

Not all bowls ran the full gamut of household use, of course. Indeed, the service expected of some of them was dependent on the shape of the article that could be produced from the burl itself. Thus, we find an occasional dipper with a short handle, and now and then a small scoop of a size suitable for sugar. Some sugar bowls were of wood, either with or without covers. Individual eating bowls are now seldom come upon, but now and then an in-between vessel appears—a receptacle too shallow to be considered a real bowl, but too deep and large to qualify as a trencher. Articles of this kind were often used for drying fruit.

Burls of a shape which did not lend themselves to bowl-making. The butter-paddle is light in weight and velvety in texture. The rolling-pin, also of birdseye maple, is extremely heavy and nearly as smooth as glass—and is 21 inches in length!





One-piece handled mortar, seven inches tall, with pestle. Both pieces are of maple but the mortar, in the desiccating process which sometimes occurs in old wood, has become nearly as light as cork.

Mortars for crushing or grinding anything from herbs for a large stew to corn for the domestic animals are a kind of bowl. Large ones tended to be no more than hollowed-out sections of tree trunks, but small ones frequently were of superior workmanship. A favorite wood for mortar-and-pestle operations was the non-native *lignum vitae*, a very heavy wood brought back, ordinarily to New England, on sailing vessels returning from the tropics.

There seems to be nothing peculiarly Pennsylvania Dutch about such treen wares as hollowed-out spoons, plates, and trenchers—quite the contrary, in fact. Pieces we know to be of Pennsylvania origin seem usually to have been mere off-hand specimens, perhaps created to meet a specific need, but just as probably turned out by casual whittlers experimenting to see what could be done with a knife and a block of wood. By contrast, in New England and in areas of the Midwest settled by the Norwegians, there was a real tradition of treenware. The Scandinavian carved wooden spoon as a love token had no parallel in Pennsylvania, though it might be argued that the bentwood bride's box served the same purpose.

A common contemporary practice is to achieve distinction or uniqueness in household decor or accessories by assigning to old-time objects functions once considered foreign to them. Thus an iron coffee grinder and the wooden hub of a wheel become bases for lamps; a cranberry picker may become a planter or hold magazines. In such company the hollowed-out wooden meal scoop—or even the full-size grain scoop used at threshing time—may find itself doing duty as a fruit bowl . . . not inconceivably while the shades of our ancestors smother a laugh!

Comparatively little has been written on wooden ware of the kind noted here, but the reader might be interested in the volumes below, all of which at least touch on the subject:



Whittled flour-scoop of tulip poplar, fourteen inches long, with its rawhide thong still intact. Wooden implements used in milling often became almost as light in color as the flour or meal they were designed to move. This is not a burlled piece.

1. Daniel Baud-Bovy, *Peasant Art in Switzerland* (London, 1924).
2. Erwin O. Christenson, *Early American Wood Carving* (New York: World Publishing Co., 1952).
3. Ann Kilborn Cole, *Antiques* (New York: David McKay, 1957).
4. Mary Earle Gould, *Early American Wooden Ware* (Springfield, Massachusetts: Pond-Ekberg, 1948).
5. Life Magazine editors, *America's Arts and Skills* (New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., 1957).
6. Edward H. Pinto, *Treen, or Small Woodware* (London: B. T. Batsford, 1949).

The Pennsylvania Barn in the SOUTH

By HENRY GLASSIE

Southeastern Pennsylvania was one of the major source areas of American folk culture: beginning early in the 18th Century material initially introduced by Germans, English, and Scotch-Irish was carried in every direction from this dynamic area both by direct migration and diffusion. Of this material the most obvious to the field worker and most useful in indicating patterns of Pennsylvania influence is the barn. In many sections of the United States are to be found barn types introduced into and evolved within southeastern Pennsylvania, which, because they were German introductions, appear in no other coastal areas. In contrast, the Pennsylvania house types which achieved wide distribution were of English origin and were also introduced in the 17th and 18th Centuries into the two other major source areas of American material folk culture: the tide-water South and New England. When these houses appear in areas, such as central Ohio or the Valley of Virginia, where Pennsylvanians met and mixed with people from one of these other areas, they cannot necessarily be established as indicative of Pennsylvania influence. Other elements which spread from Pennsylvania—most of the rail fences, for example—are, while important, less useful than barns in establishing patterns of influence because they have been wiped off the landscape in so many areas that their distribution represents patterns of diffusion less than patterns of survival.

There were three major routes which cultural elements, the barn among them, followed out of Pennsylvania; each has its own distinctive characteristics. Barns precisely of the types found in southeastern Pennsylvania were carried northward, but in northeastern Pennsylvania the Pennsylvania German architectural complex—including, of course, many elements not of German origin—met and was absorbed by that of New England. A few Pennsylvania barns are found in southeastern New York but Pennsylvania influence in the northeastern United States is reflected not in the appearance of Pennsylvania barns but in certain Pennsylvania characteristics which were added to the New England barn tradition. The barns most commonly found through parts of western New England and in New York have two levels which function like those of the large Pennsylvania barns, but have no forebay and employ the same framing techniques, systems of enlargement, and interior arrangement of bays found in the early New England barns built flat on the ground.¹

As the Pennsylvania barn moved westward it was evolved into a new type which had become predominant by West-

¹ Compare Eric Sloane, *American Barns and Covered Bridges* (N. Y., 1954), pp. 68-70.

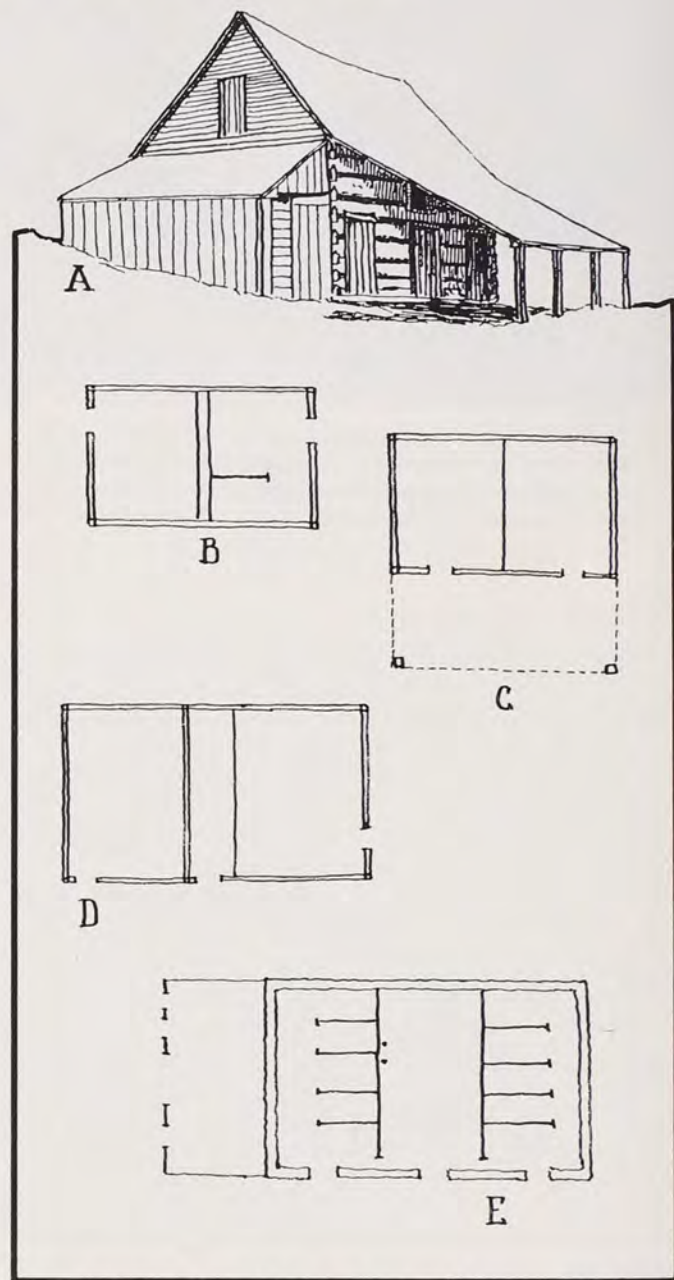


FIG. 1—Barn type A, C. A) Located between Mt. Fair and Brown's Cove, Albemarle County, Virginia; this has a narrow central walkway like Fig. 1D and three doors on the front like Fig. 1E (December, 1962). B) Located northeast of Goshen, Rockbridge County, Virginia; it is built of half-dovetailed log and is divided in half by a trough (July, 1964). C) Located south of Pinnacle, Stokes County, North Carolina; it is built of V-notched log and has a shed over the front like Fig. 1A (August, 1965). D) Located near Rock Oak, Hampshire County, West Virginia; Fig. 2 pictures this barn (June, 1964). E) Located near Burtonsville, Montgomery County, Maryland; this barn is pictured in Fig. 3 (July, 1964).



FIG. 2—Type A, C Barn of Half-Dove-tailed Log. This is located near Rock Oak, Hampshire County, West Virginia. For the floorplan see Fig. 1D (June, 1964).

Maps, Drawings and Photography by Henry Glassie

moreland County, Pennsylvania; it has two levels, but lacks the forebay and has the main doors of the basement on the end rather than on the rear. This type, reinforced by the forebay-less two-level barn from New York, is common through Ohio and Indiana; however, as there was considerable direct migration from eastern Pennsylvania into the northern Midwest there are numerous pockets of barns like those found in the German areas of Pennsylvania, not only in Ohio² and Indiana, but in Michigan, Wisconsin,³ Iowa, Nebraska,⁴ and Ontario⁵ as well.

Excepting only the English coastal areas, the barns of the southeastern United States predominantly are Pennsylvania types or are derived from Pennsylvania types. Individual types represent a wave diffusion pattern with the simpler, older types found farther from the Pennsylvania source area than the more complex, later types. This stands in strong contrast to both the Northeast, where the Pennsylvania types were absorbed by an English tradition, and the Midwest,

where, generally, the farther the barn is from the Pennsylvania source area, the less likely it is to be an early Pennsylvania type.

² For the Pennsylvania barn in Ohio see: William I. Schreiber, *Our Amish Neighbors* (Chicago, 1962), pp. 47-51. Notable pockets of Pennsylvania barns in Ohio may be found in Franklin and Greene Counties (August, 1963). Dates in parenthesis indicate the time of the field collection of the data which precedes the parenthesis.

³ M. Walter Dundore, "The Saga of the Pennsylvania Germans in Wisconsin," *The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society*, XIX (1954), Allentown, 1955, pp. 83-86; Richard W. E. Perrin, *Historic Wisconsin Buildings*, Milwaukee Public Museum Publications in History, No. 4, pp. 22, 25, 39, 43-44.

⁴ G. M. Ludwig, "The Influence of the Pennsylvania Dutch in the Middle West," *The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society*, X (1945), Allentown, 1947, pp. 71-74.

⁵ Arthur D. Graeff, "The Pennsylvania Germans in Ontario, Canada," *The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society*, XI (1946), Allentown, 1948, pp. 43-44. The movement of the Pennsylvania Germans into Ontario fits into the midwestern pattern outlined, rather than into the northern.



FIG. 3—Stone Type A, C Barn. This is located near Burtonsville, Montgomery County, Maryland. The door to the hay loft is located on the opposite side. The frame end addition was built in mid-19th Century, probably about one hundred years after the stone barn. The stone barn measures 28' x 40'. For the floorplan see Fig. 1E.

An examination of the Pennsylvania barns in the South leads not only to a knowledge of southern barns, and Pennsylvania influence in the South, but also to a deeper knowledge of the barns of Pennsylvania, particularly because some of the types which are now rare in Pennsylvania are common in some sections of the South. All of the area south of the Mason-Dixon-Ohio River border is not included in this paper, as parts of extreme northern West Virginia and Kentucky seem, as regards the distribution patterns of the Pennsylvania barn types, to fit in with the Midwest, rather than with that part of the South which was settled, at least partially, as a result of movement through the Valley of Virginia into the North Carolina piedmont. The barn types which will be considered are those types which have been recognized as extant in Pennsylvania; types which evolved in the South from Pennsylvania originals will not be discussed because, although they illustrate Pennsylvania influence, they are not a part of the same distributional patterns as the Pennsylvania types: they move great distances against the normal northeast to southwest stream of migration which the Pennsylvania types do not.⁶ These types are based upon Charles H. Dornbusch's *Pennsylvania German Barns*,⁷ and the letters which Dornbusch assigned to his types will be employed. However, several changes will be made in his system. Most importantly, where he used construction technique as a definitive characteristic for a type this will be disregarded because there is no necessary correlation between construction technique and building form. If the field worker accepted his restrictions as to construction, Dornbusch's classification would become useless not only in the South but also in Pennsylvania with buildings which Dornbusch apparently did not observe. This does not, of course, mean that construction is unimportant, or will not be discussed here, but only that it is not of use in establishing types. Further, sub-divisions of one of Dornbusch's types will be established as a result of southern field work; two of his types will be omitted because they do not appear in the South; three will be given minimal treatment because they were known to the English, appear in the tidewater South and so do not necessarily reflect Pennsylvania influence; and one type, which does exist in Pennsylvania, although not reported by Dornbusch or in Alfred L. Shoemaker, ed., *The Pennsylvania Barn*,⁸ will be added. Each type will be discussed as regards (1) form, (2) construction, and (3) distribution. The information in this paper is based almost entirely⁹ on field work carried on in the past four years and so, although not complete, it does give an idea of the extant patterns of Pennsylvania influence in the South.

Type A, C
(Figs. 1-3)

Dornbusch recognized that his types A and C had comparable forms, although he separated them by construction—A being of log, C of stone. The southern variants are more closely related to his lone example of type A, than they are to his type C, because they do not have large doors which would permit a wagon to enter. Generally southern barns

⁶ For a brief description of the southern barn types which developed from Pennsylvania originals see: Henry Glassie, "The Old Barns of Appalachia," *Mountain Life and Work*, XL:2 (Summer, 1965), pp. 21-30. The most important of these, the transverse-crib barn, originated in southeastern Tennessee and spread northward into northern Virginia and southern Indiana.

⁷ *The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society*, XXI (1956), Allentown, 1958.

⁸ *Pennsylvania Folklife Society* (Kutztown, 1959).

⁹ Many of the ideas in this paper are the result of conversations with Professor Fred Kniffen, who has been a constant guide in my folk architectural studies.

of this type are not built into a bank as both of Dornbusch's examples are. The type A, C in the South is composed of a rectangle, which, in the simplest examples, is divided in half. Each of these halves is used for stabling and has a small door opening to the exterior; these doors may be on each end, both on the front, or one on the end and one on the front (Figs. 1B, 1C). The more usual variant of this barn type is divided into three: two stabling areas separated by a narrow walkway. Each of these three sections has a door of equal size opening out from it; there may be two doors on the front and one on the end, but, much more usually, all three doors are symmetrically placed on the front wall (Figs. 1A, 1E 3). Above the whole barn is a low hayloft which may be entered from the walkway by a ladder or steep stair so that hay might be brought down and placed in the mangers which are usually located on each side of the walkway, or it may be entered through a small exterior door which is usually placed above the central door in the front wall, or, less commonly, in one end or on the opposite side of the barn. Very often there is a ladder up to this exterior hayloft door. A shed is occasionally built onto the front of the barn which functions in the same manner that the forebay on the great Pennsylvania barns does (Figs. 1A, 1C). This barn may be utilized as a stable for cows and horses or only horses and built near the other outbuildings of the farm, but often, as is frequently the case in the eastern Alleghenies, it

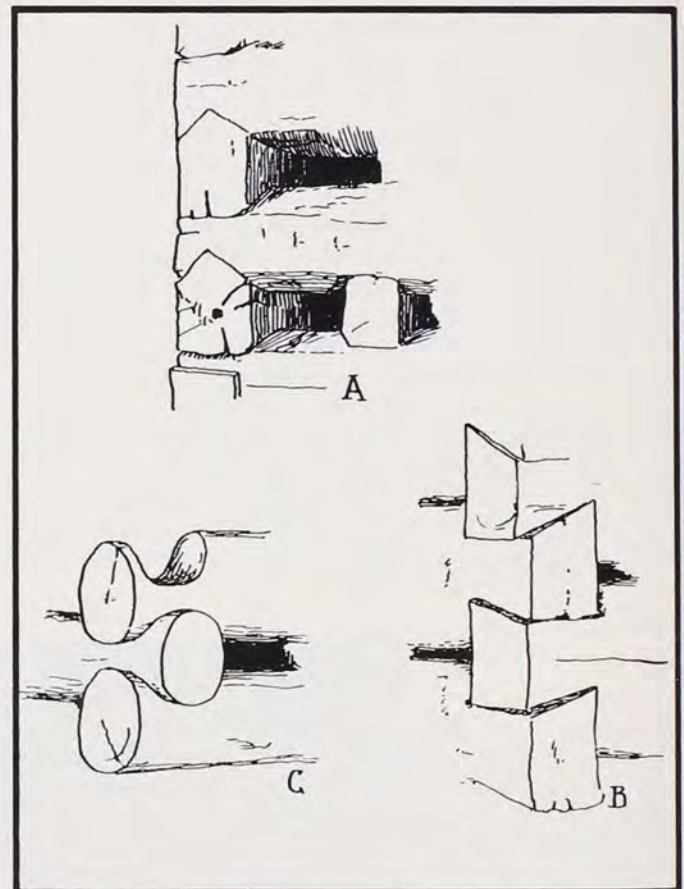


FIG. 4—Corner-Timbering. A) V-notching from a double-crib barn subtype II, located between Cavetown and Hagerstown, Washington County, Maryland (August, 1965). B) Half-dovetail corner-timbering from a double-crib barn subtype II, located southwest of Gregory, Murray County, Georgia (May, 1964). C) Saddle-notching from a double-crib barn subtype III, north of Coker Creek, Monroe County, Tennessee (May, 1964).



FIG. 5—Type D. The English or Connecticut Barn. Located between Grottoes and Dooms, Augusta County, Virginia. This barn has the same louvers, red painted clapboards, and white trim as the two-level (type F-J) Pennsylvania barns in the same area (July, 1964).

functions as a "meadow barn," that is, it is built a considerable distance from the dwelling and other outbuildings and is used only for the storage of hay and the temporary stabling of draft animals.

The only stone examples of this type have been observed in central Maryland. In the Southern Appalachian region, particularly the smaller variants of this type which lack the central walkway are often found built of log in the Pennsylvania German manner: the logs are hewn inside and out and are joined at the corner with V-notch or half-dovetail corner-timbering, or, less usually, the logs are left in the round and saddle-notched (Fig. 4).¹⁰ Examples of frame covered with vertical board or occasionally clapboard are considerably more common than log.

This small stable is characteristically a mountain type; it is not found with any regularity in central Maryland but is common in the Alleghenies from western Maryland along the Virginia-West Virginia line, becoming less common in southern West Virginia and southeastern Kentucky. It is also found with frequency in the Valley and Blue Ridge of Virginia; again, it becomes less usual the farther south it appears, so that it is only occasionally encountered along the North Carolina-Tennessee Blue Ridge. A very similar barn is known in England¹¹ and the Virginia tidewater from where it was carried west into the Piedmont. It is possible that this Tidewater type reinforced the strength of the stable in the upland sections of Virginia; its great strength in the Alleghenies, however, is more likely attributable to Pennsylvania than to the Tidewater, so that, while this type is not a clear guide to Pennsylvania influence, it, with all of its variants, should be recognized as a Pennsylvania type.

¹⁰ For American log construction see the forthcoming article by Professor Fred Kniffen and Henry Glassie in *The Geographical Review*.

¹¹ Olive Cook and Edwin Smith, *English Cottages and Farmhouses* (New York, 1955), plate 137.

Type D
The English or Connecticut Barn
(Fig. 5)

This barn is composed of two areas separated by a threshing floor; both of these areas may be employed for stabling or one for stabling and the other as a hay mow or for the storage of corn, grain, or machinery. There are large double doors on each end of the threshing floor and smaller doors opening into the stabling areas. Usually there is a hayloft above the stabling area(s). In eastern Virginia and Maryland this type functions as a tobacco barn.¹²

Although it appears more commonly in Pennsylvania of frame covered with vertical board than it does of stone, Dornbusch established stone construction as a characteristic of this type. Southern examples are almost all of frame,¹³ more often covered with vertical board than with clapboards.

This type is widely known in Europe and was introduced into the New World by farmers of several different national-

¹² John Fraser Hart and Eugene Cotton Mather, "The Character of Tobacco Barns and Their Role in the Tobacco Economy of the United States," *Annals of the Association of American Geographers*, 51:3 (September, 1961), pp. 283-284. This same barn type, constructed of half-timber rather than vertical boarded frame, has been differentiated for use as a tobacco barn in Germany; see: Barbara Seidel, "Wort und Brauch im Arbeitsjahr des Tabakbauern im Oder-Randow-Gebiet," *Deutsches Jahrbuch für Volkskunde* (Berlin, 1964), plates 14, 15.

¹³ There is a log V-notched English barn southwest of Pulaski, Pulaski County, Virginia (July, 1964). In Frederick County, Maryland, two miles south of Frederick, there is a stone barn of this type (March, 1963), which bears a remarkably close resemblance to one pictured in Samuel Chamberlain, *Six New England Villages* (New York, 1948), p. 48. Although Frederick County was largely settled by Pennsylvania Germans, the farm on which this barn is located was established by French and this barn is probably of French origin. This type was known in France (see: William D. Foster, *Cottages, Manoirs and other Minor Buildings of Normandy and Brittany* [New York, 1926], plate 1 [lower]) and was brought to the New World by the French (see: John Fraser Hart, "Barns of Quebec," *The Geographical Review*, LV:3 [1965], pp. 424-426).

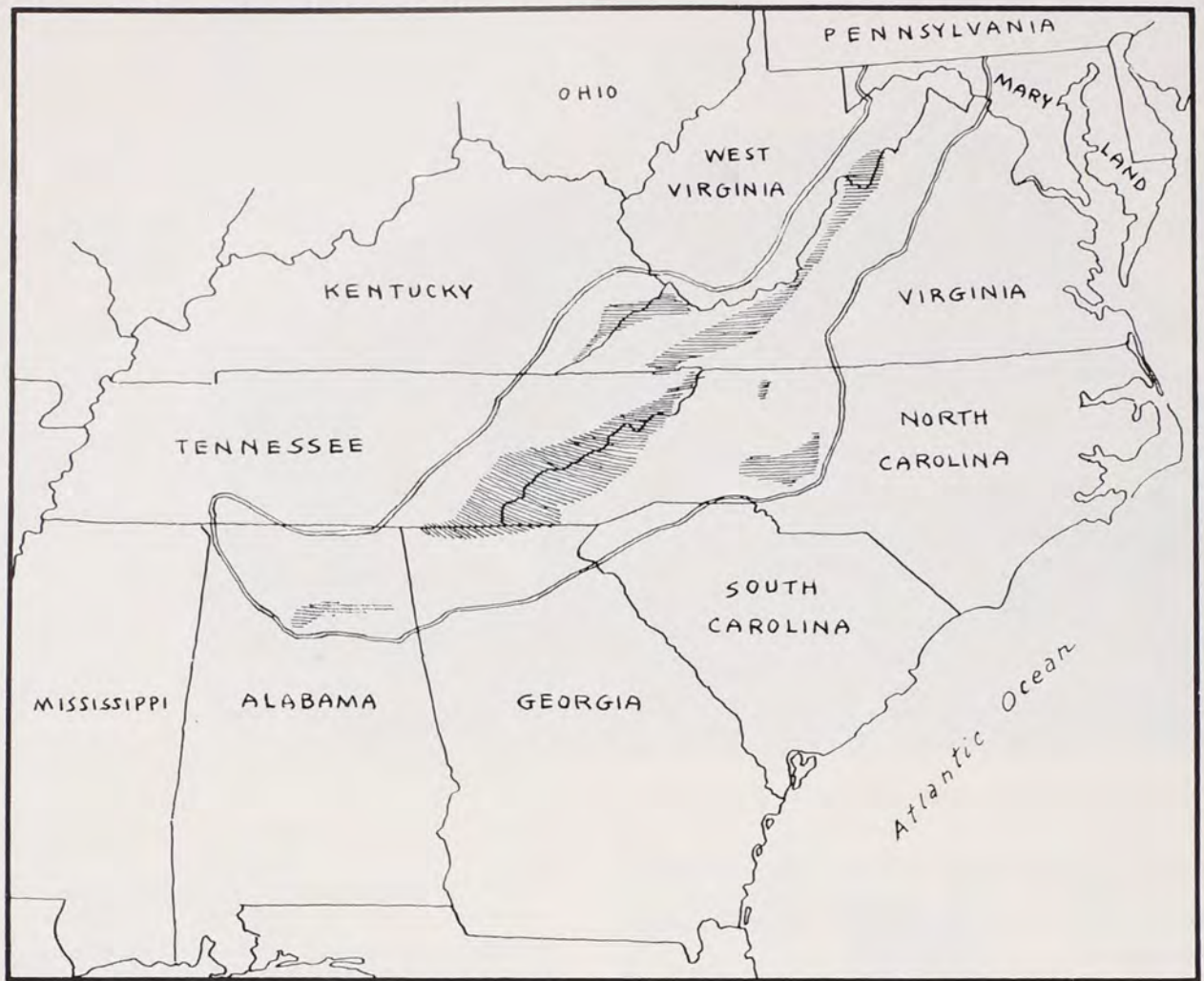


FIG. 16—Distribution of the Double-Crib Barn in the South. The double-crib barn may appear almost anywhere in the South, but it is found with regularity in the area within the double lines and is very common in the shaded areas.

ities. It was brought by the English to New England¹⁴ where it is very common and from where it spread into the Midwest. It was known in Germany¹⁵ and Scotland as well as England, so it is likely that it was built in southeastern Pennsylvania by many of the early settlers.¹⁶ It was introduced into the tidewater areas of North Carolina and Virginia¹⁷ and was carried with the English settlers into the Virginia piedmont. It is found only rarely along the Virginia Blue Ridge but is frequently encountered in central Maryland, the northern Alleghenies and the Valley of Vir-

¹⁴ For the English barn: George Ewart Evans, *Ask the Fellows Who Cut the Hay* (London, 1956), pp. 92-94; Anthony N. B. Garvan, *Architecture and Town Planning in Colonial Connecticut* (New Haven, 1951), pp. 94, 111-112, facing p. 117.

¹⁵ For German examples: Heinrich Götzger and Helmut Prechter, *Das Bauernhaus in Bayern, Band I: Regierungsbezirk Schwaben* (Munich, 1960), pp. 47, 114. In Germany and Switzerland this type is frequently incorporated into a larger building.

¹⁶ For a Pennsylvania example in addition to those given by Dornbusch see: Alfred L. Shoemaker, *Hex Nol!* (Lancaster, 1953), p. 24. (The same picture and text appear also in Shoemaker's *Three Myths About the Pennsylvania Dutch Country and Pennsylvania Dutch Hex Marks*.) He calls this an "English-type barn."

¹⁷ W. Edwin Hemphill, "Why Barns?—Then and Now," *Virginia Cavalcade*, VII:3 (Winter, 1957), p. 18. A thatched, mid-19th Century example from eastern Virginia. Compare this with Alfred L. Shoemaker, ed. *The Pennsylvania Barn*, p. 47, for an example of the amazing similarity of northern and southern examples of the same barn type.

ginia. This barn is of little use as a guide to Pennsylvania influence in the South, as it was also introduced from the Tidewater. The facts that in various areas its external sheathing conforms to that found on types definitely introduced from Pennsylvania—vertical board except in the central Valley of Virginia where clapboarding was employed—and that it is found with frequency in central Maryland and the Valley, where German influence is comparatively great, could indicate that many of the southern examples are of Pennsylvania provenance; however, the Tidewater-English influence on the architecture of the Valley of Virginia was great and most of the barns of this type appear in the northern Valley where the English influence was strongest.

Type B The Double-Crib Barn (Figs. 6-16)

Although no longer commonly found in Pennsylvania, the double-crib barn is generally recognized as an early Pennsylvania type.¹⁸ It is composed of two separate construction units—traditionally referred to as "pens" or "cribs" or "mows"—separated by an open runway and connected by a common gable roof, the ridge line—"comb"—of which runs

¹⁸ Charles Morse Stotz, *The Early Architecture of Western Pennsylvania* (New York, 1936), p. 144; Henry J. Kauffman, "The Log Barn," in Alfred L. Shoemaker, ed., *The Pennsylvania Barn*, pp. 33-34.



FIG. 7—Double-Crib Barn Subtype I. This V-notched log barn is located northeast of Bristol, Washington County, Virginia. For the floorplan see Fig. 6D (July, 1964).

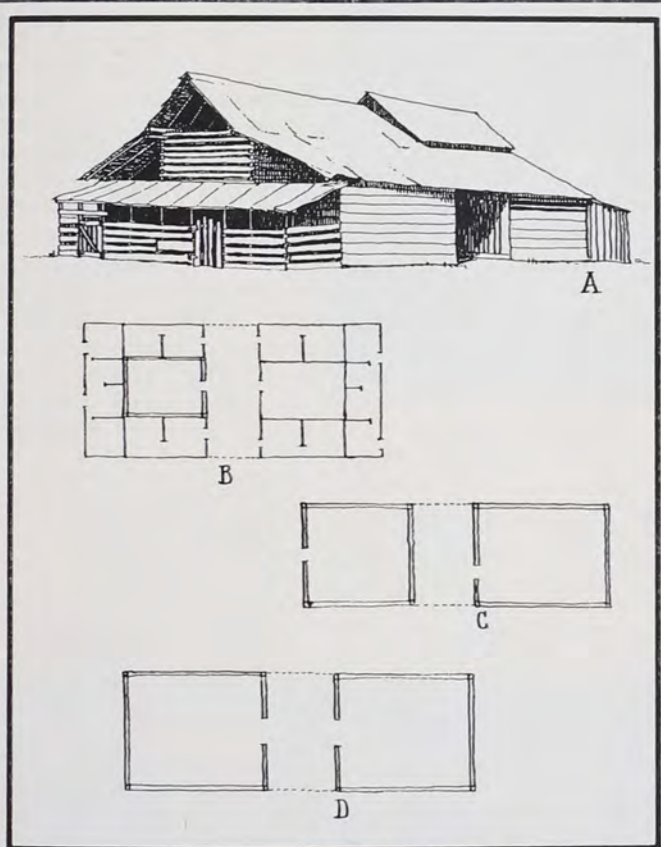


FIG. 6—Double-Crib Barn Subtype I. A) Located near Enterprise, Clarke County, Mississippi; one crib is of saddle-notched log, the other, which is older, is of frame (November, 1962). B) Floorplan of Fig. 6A. C) Located between Nashville and Ozan, Hempstead County, Arkansas; it is of saddle-notched log (March, 1964). D) Located northeast of Bristol, Washington County, Virginia; see Fig. 7 for a photograph of this barn (July, 1964).

transversely to the runway. As a result of southern field work three subtypes of the double-crib barn have been recognized.

The Double-Crib Barn Subtype I (Figs. 6-7): This type is distinguished by having its two rectangular cribs aligned with the comb of the roof. Most usually there is one door opening into the runway from the lower level of each crib. In rare instances one of the doors may not open into the runway (Fig. 6C), or there may be two doors into one or both of the cribs. The lower level is usually used for stabling in the upland South and corn storage in the Deep South; generally the farther south this barn is found the smaller are the cribs and the more likely they are to be used for corn storage. Above each crib is a loft almost always reached from a door into the runway, although a very few with doors opening into the loft from the front of the barn have been observed. This loft is usually a hay mow, but in the Deep South it may be used for the storage of root crops, broken furniture and outmoded machinery. The great majority of observed examples, particularly in the Deep South, have sheds for sheltering stock added onto two or all four sides (Fig. 6A, 6B). Only very rarely are large doors placed on the ends of the runway which usually has a hard-packed dirt or clay floor.

The Double-Crib Barn Subtype II (Figs. 8–12): The rectangular cribs of the double-crib barn subtype II are arranged transversely to the ridge line. There is most usually one door opening out from the front of each crib, but occasionally there are two doors opening to the front, in which case the crib may or may not be divided in half by a manger or trough (Fig. 8C). Only very rarely are there doors opening from the lower level into the runway (Fig. 8G). Occasionally the cribs are square instead of rectangular (Fig. 8F, 10). There is frequently a pent roof over the front doors supported by the cantilevered extension of logs in the end walls of each crib. Particularly in southwestern Virginia a forebay-like shed, used as a hay mow or straw room, may be built over these front doors; this may easily be distinguished from the true forebay by the fact that it is not formed by the cantilevered extension of floor joists but rather by light beams framed in between the logs of each crib. The lower level of each crib is almost always used for stabling and there are often rear shed appendages (Figs. 8A, 8B, 8F) or gable end additions (Fig. 8E) for stabling. A corn crib may be constructed as a part of a shed built onto one gable end of this barn. Occasionally one of the cribs is differentiated for use as a corn crib, in which case it is usually more narrow than the crib used for stabling (Figs. 8D, 11). In one, possibly unique, Maryland example (Figs. 8C, 12) one crib is built of log for stabling and the other of frame for use as a hay mow; as these two cribs were framed together the barn is not the result of a series of additions. The upper level of each crib, as in the other subtypes of the double-crib barn, is used as a hay mow and is entered through a door opening into the runway, but unlike the other subtypes the loft of the subtype II is often very large. Frequently there are large double doors at each end of the runway which is covered with heavy planks to serve as a threshing floor (compare Figs. 11, 12). The double-crib barn subtype II seems closely related in form to the English barn (Dornbusch type D) and it is possible that they share a common origin.

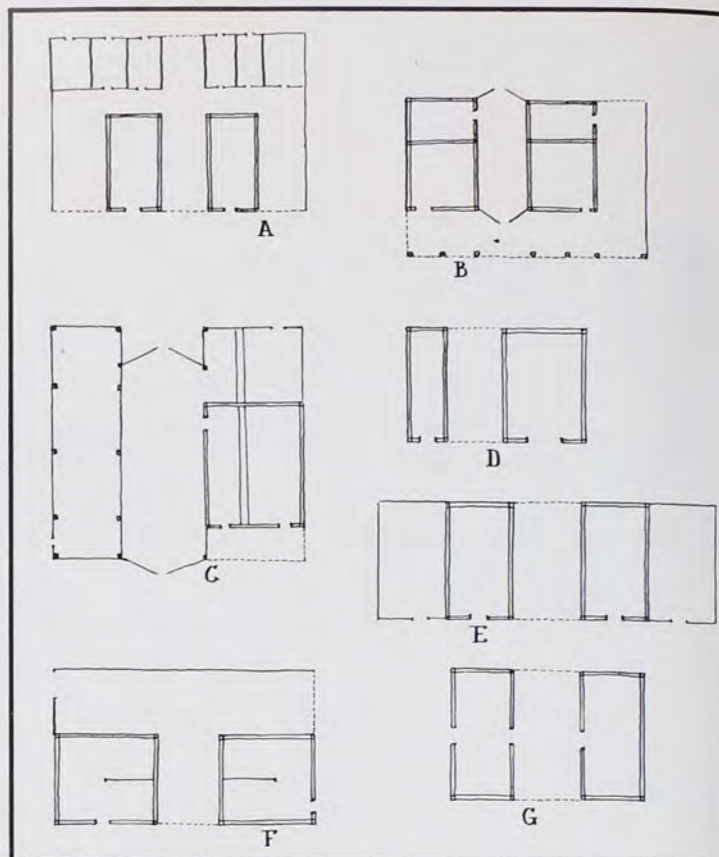


FIG. 8—Floorplans of the Double-Crib Barn Subtype II. A) Located south of Faith, Rowan County, North Carolina; see Fig. 9 for a photograph of this barn (August, 1965). B) Located southwest of Wytheville, Smyth County, Virginia; the cribs are V-notched and a forebay-like shed is framed in over the front (July, 1964). C) Located north of Williamsport, Washington County, Maryland; see Fig. 12 for a photograph of this barn (August, 1965). D) Located near Philomont, Loudoun County, Virginia; see Fig. 11 for this barn (August, 1964). E) Located south of Sevierville, Sevier County, Tennessee; this barn has half-dovetailed cribs—measuring 12' x 20'—with frame end additions (July, 1964). F) Located southwest of Crandon, Bland County, Virginia; see Fig. 10 for a photograph of this barn (July, 1964). G) Located between Boonesville and Brown's Cove; the left crib is used for stabling, the right for corn storage, both are V-notched and measure 11' x 20' (August, 1964).

FIG. 9—Double-Crib Barn Subtype II. This half-dovetail log barn is located south of Faith, Rowan County, North Carolina. The cribs are employed for stabling, have a large hay mow, and measure 12' x 20'. The sheds on the side are for the storage of farm machinery, that in the rear is divided into stalls with one section set aside for chickens. For the floorplan see Fig. 8A (August, 1965).





FIG. 10—Double-Crib Barn Subtype II. This barn is located southwest of Cran-
don, Bland County, Virginia. The roughly V-notched cribs are used for stabling
and are 11 feet square. See Fig. 8F for the floorplan (July, 1964).

FIG. 11—Double-Crib
Barn Subtype II. This
V-notched barn is lo-
cated near Philomont,
Loudoun County, Vir-
ginia. The crib on the
right—measuring 17' x 14'—was used for
stabling, that on the
left—measuring 7' x
17'—was used as a corn
crib. For the floor-
plan see Fig. 8D (Au-
gust, 1964).



FIG. 12—Double-Crib Barn Subtype II. This barn is located north of Williams-
port, Washington County, Maryland. One of the cribs is of V-notched log and
serves as stabling, the other is frame and serves as a hay mow. The sheds
flanking the large doors are unusual on one-level barns, although frequently found on the
large two-level Pennsylvania barns. For the floorplan see Fig. 8C (August, 1965).



The Double-Crib Barn Subtype III (Figs. 13–15): The rectangular cribs of the double-crib barn subtype III are, like those of subtype II, arranged transversely to the ridge line. Each crib is divided into two or, very rarely, three stabling sections, each of which has a door opening into the runway. Occasionally one of the cribs is differentiated for corn storage; it is built considerably more narrow than the other crib and has a small door opening to the front. Like the other double-crib barns this type has a small door opening into the runway from the hayloft of each crib, and frequently has sheds added to the sides for additional stabling or the storage of farm vehicles and implements. This type only rarely has the threshing floor or doors on the ends of the runway which are frequently found on the double-crib barn subtype II.

The double-crib barn is characteristically built of log. In central Maryland and the Southern Appalachian region the logs are usually hewn inside and out and are joined with V-notch or half-dovetail corner-timbering (Fig. 4). The interstices left between the logs are rarely chinked; the logs, however, are frequently covered with vertical boards. In the Deep South the logs may be hewn but more commonly are left in the round and saddle-notched or are split and used in a half round shape. Very often, particularly in the North Carolina Blue Ridge and piedmont, the double-crib barn is translated into frame. The frame is covered with clapboards, vertical board or occasionally wide horizontal boards between which there are interstices in precisely the proportions of log construction.

The double-crib barn was widely known in Northern¹⁹ and Central²⁰ Europe and was undoubtedly known to many of the groups which were to form the Pennsylvania German folk culture. From southeastern Pennsylvania it was carried into western Pennsylvania²¹ and Ohio where it may still be rarely found. The double-crib barn, particularly subtype II, is found with increasing regularity from Washington County, Maryland, through the northeastern neck of West Virginia into the Valley and Blue Ridge of Virginia. The double-crib barn subtype II is extremely common in the Alleghenies along the West Virginia-Virginia border and into southwestern Virginia and southeastern Kentucky, where a few examples of subtype I may also be found. The double-crib barn subtype II is also common along the North Carolina-Tennessee Blue Ridge and in the southern North Carolina piedmont, an area settled in the middle of the 18th Century by Pennsylvania Germans.²² The double-crib barn subtype III is found at the southern end of the Blue Ridge in North Carolina, Tennessee, South Carolina and Georgia, and particularly in north-central Alabama, where there is a considerable German population. The double-crib barn is occasionally found in the Tennessee Valley²³ from where

¹⁹ For examples: Valter W. Forsblom, "Sydösterbottniska allmogebyggnader." *Folkloristiska och etnografiska studier* 1 (Helsinki, 1916), p. 119; Martin Wright, "The Antecedents of the Double-Pen House Type." *Annals of the Association of American Geographers*, 48:2 (June, 1958), fig. 5D.

²⁰ For examples: Josef Vařeka, "Hospodářské stavby v Brvništi, Dolní a Horní Marškové, Papradnu a ve Štiavniku" (Farmsteads in the Villages of Brunisti, Lower and Upper Marikova, Popradno and Štiavnik). *Slovenský Národopis*, X:3 (Bratislava, 1962), pp. 457, 459; Götzger and Prechter, *op cit.*, p. 210.

²¹ There is an excellent example of double-crib barn subtype I located west of Bedford, Bedford County, Pennsylvania (August, 1963).

²² Joseph R. Nixon, "The German Settlers in Lincoln County and Western North Carolina," *James Sprunt Historical Publications* (Chapel Hill, 1916).

²³ For an example see the cover of the *Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin*, XXX:4 (December, 1964).

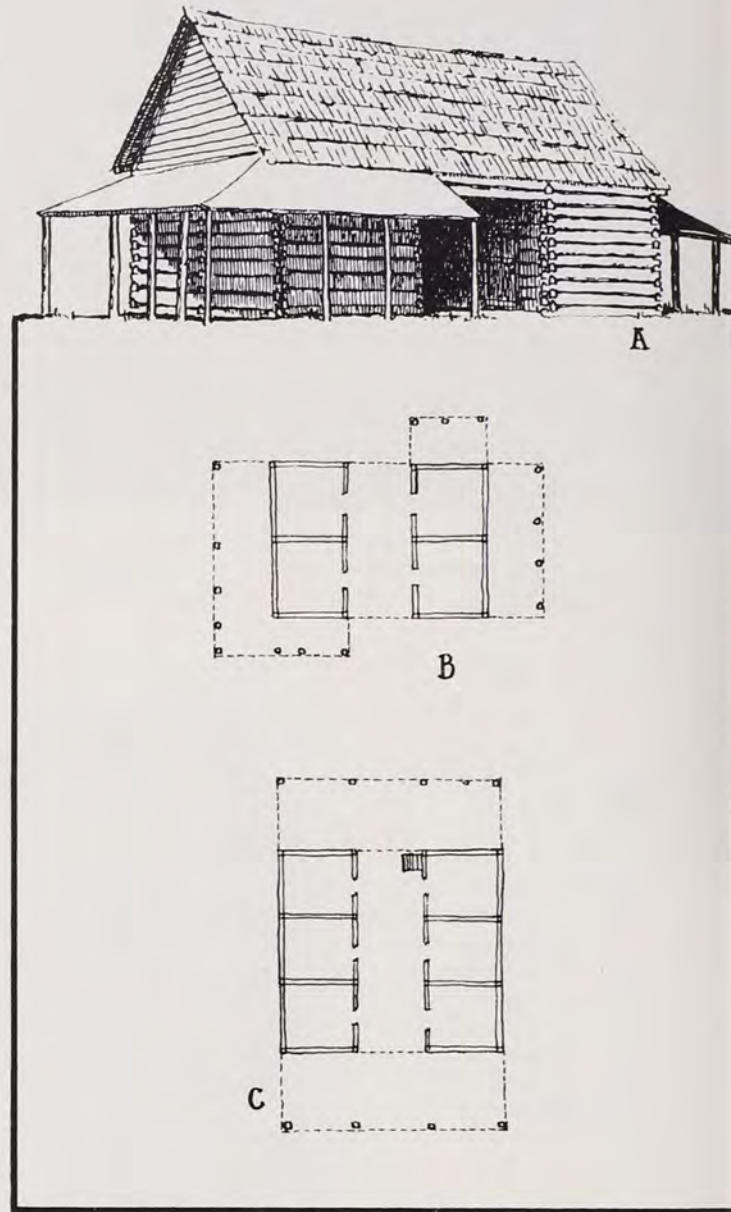


FIG. 13—Double-Crib Barn Subtype III. A) Located southwest of Cullman, Cullman County, Alabama; the cribs are of V-notched log and measure 9' x 20' (May, 1964). B) Floorplan of Fig. 13A. C) Located southwest of Walnut Grove, Blount County, Alabama; for a photograph of this barn see Fig. 14 (May, 1964).

it was carried northward so that the examples found in southern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois were probably brought from Pennsylvania by way of the South rather than due west. The double-crib barn is one of the major characteristics of the Southern Appalachian region, but—usually in the form of the subtype I, occasionally as subtype III, and rarely as subtype II—it did spread into the Deep South so that a few examples may be found in central Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi; in eastern Missouri; the Red River Valley of Louisiana and Arkansas; and in eastern Texas. In rare instances it has reached to coastal South Carolina, northern Florida, and the northern limits of the French sections of Louisiana. The double-crib barn was certainly a Pennsylvania German introduction and its deep southern penetration is indicative of the great, yet often unrecognized, influence of German Pennsylvania upon the folk culture of the South (see Fig. 16).



FIG. 14—Double-Crib Barn Subtype III. This barn is located southwest of Walnut Grove, Blount County, Alabama. Its V-notched cribs measure 10' x 25'. See Fig. 13C for the floorplan of this barn (May, 1964).

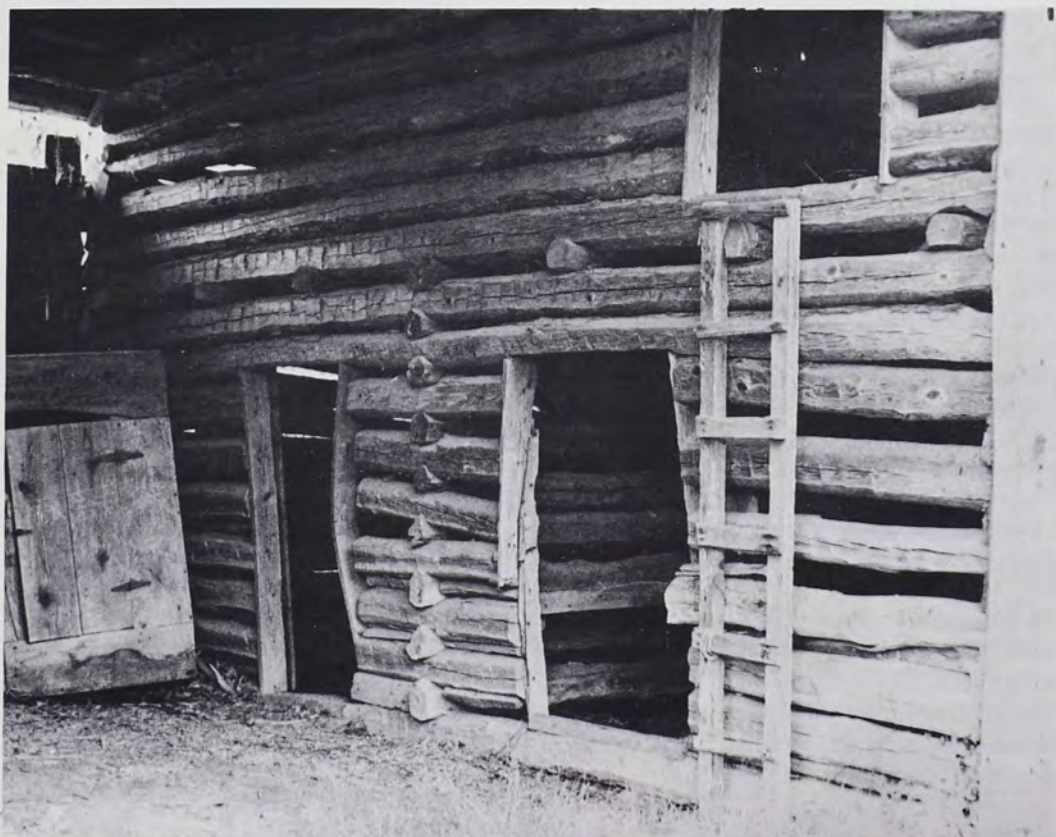


FIG. 15—Runway of a Double-Crib Subtype III. This photograph illustrates the stretcher wall dividing each crib in half, the doors opening into each half of the crib, and the door into the hay loft. This barn, which is very similar to that pictured in Figs. 13A and 13B, is located northeast of Dobson, Surry County, North Carolina (August, 1964).



FIG. 20—Distribution of the Double-Crib Barn with Cantilevered, Overhanging Loft in the South. This barn type appears in the areas bordered by double lines and is common only in the shaded areas.

The Double-Crib Barn with Cantilevered, Overhanging Loft
(Figs. 17-20)

This is a double-crib barn subtype II with a large loft which overhangs the first level by means of the cantilever principle. The first level usually has one or two doors opening to the front of each rectangular crib, although rarely the doors may open into the runway. Each of these cribs functions as stabling. The runway may be left open but is frequently closed off by large doors or is framed in to provide an additional stabling area. The loft may overhang on the front and the rear, in which case it is supported by the cantilevered extension of the top logs in the end walls of each crib (Figs. 17A, 17B, 19), or, less commonly, on all four sides, in which case it is supported by the cantilevered extension of the top logs in the front and rear walls of each crib and the cantilevered extension of floor joists which run from the front to the rear and are placed over these extended logs (Figs. 17C, 18). The loft functions as a hay mow. Frequently the area under the loft in the rear is framed in and covered with vertical boards to be used for corn storage, shelter for cattle, or pens for hogs. In this case the area under the front of the loft is left open, but occasionally this area, too, is framed in giving the barn the appearance only of a large, gabled, board rectangle. In rare instances there may be a ramp built up to the overhanging loft on the end or the rear so that a wagon may be driven onto the floor of the loft.

The cribs of the first level of this barn type are usually of hewn log joined by V-notch or half-dovetail corner-timbering (Fig. 4). One eastern Tennessee example (Figs. 17C, 18) in which the logs are mortised into corner posts, as was occasionally done in southeastern Pennsylvania,²⁴ has been observed. The loft is usually of clapboarded frame; how-

²⁴ For horizontal log construction with corner posts in Pennsylvania see: Alfred L. Shoemaker, ed., *The Pennsylvania Barn*, p. 33; Thomas Tileston Waterman, *The Dwellings of Colonial America* (Chapel Hill, 1950), p. 159; G. Edwin Brumbaugh, "Colonial Architecture of the Pennsylvania Germans," *Pennsylvania German Society Proceedings*, XLI, part II, pp. 25-26, plates 10-11; Robert C. Bucher, "The Continental Log House," *Pennsylvania Folklife*, XII:4 (Summer, 1962), pp. 17-18.

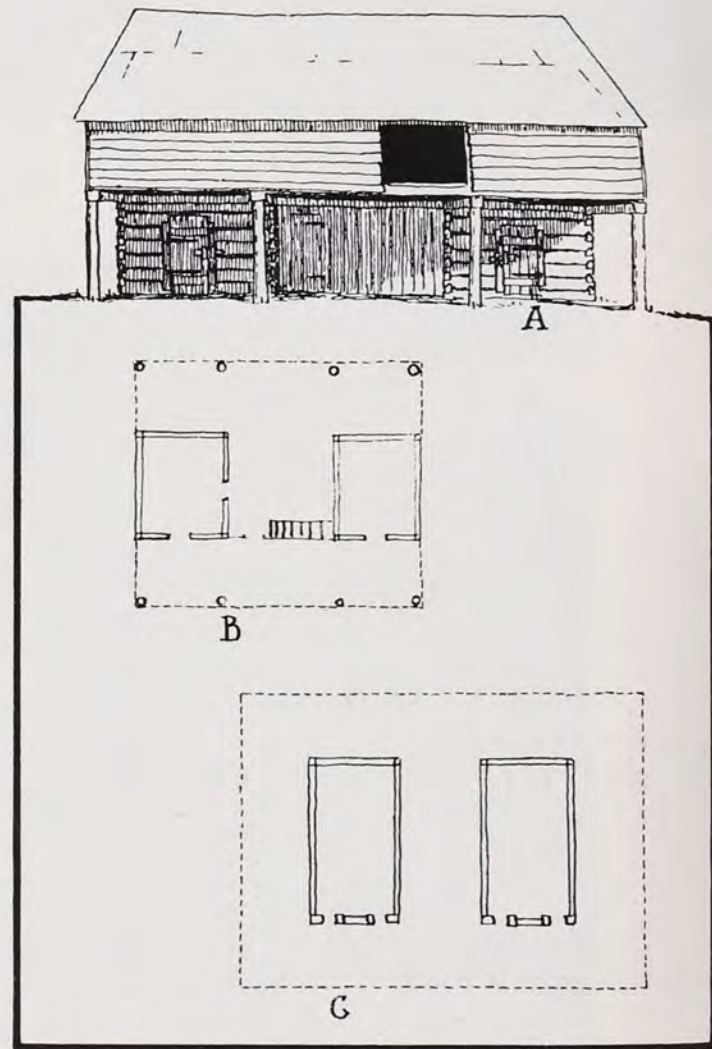


FIG. 17—The Double-Crib Barn with Cantilevered, Overhanging Loft. A) Located near Villas, Watauga County, North Carolina; the cribs are V-notched (August, 1964). B) Floorplan of Fig. 17A. C) Located north of Maryville, Blount County, Tennessee; see Fig. 18 for a photograph of this barn (May, 1964).



FIG. 18—Double-Crib Barn with Cantilevered, Overhanging Loft. This barn is located north of Marysville, Blount County, Tennessee. The frame loft of this barn overhangs on all four sides. The log cribs, which have the logs tenoned into corner posts in the front and V-notched in the rear, measure 23' x 16'. For the floor-plan see Fig. 17C (May, 1964).



FIG. 19—Double-Crib Barn with Cantilevered, Overhanging Loft. This V-notched barn is located east of Selbiana, Pike County, Kentucky. The floorplan is like Fig. 17B, except that the doors of each crib open into the runway (June, 1964).

ever, there are examples entirely of log in Kentucky (Fig. 19) and entirely of frame in West Virginia and Tennessee.

There exists a peasant house type, the *umgebindehaus*, in some of the European areas from which the Pennsylvania Germans came, particularly in Bohemia, which has a frame upper level which overhangs the log lower level by means of the cantilever principle,²⁵ and it is likely that the American double-crib barn with overhanging loft descended from this type. It has not been reported in any of the published writings dealing with the Pennsylvania barn;²⁶ however, examples of this type have been observed in York and Adams Counties, and its appearance in the South is certainly the result of Pennsylvania influence. It is found occasionally in the Alleghenies of Virginia and West Virginia and in the northern Valley of Virginia. From the extant survivals it seems likely that, before General Sheridan in the Valley and coal mining in the Alleghenies, many more barns of this type existed in western Virginia and southern West Virginia. It appears with some frequency in southeastern Kentucky but is common only along the Blue Ridge of Tennessee and in the general area of the Great Smokies in North Carolina and Tennessee (see Fig. 20).

The second half of this paper will deal with the fully developed Pennsylvania barns (Dornbusch types F-J), their forms, construction, and distribution in the South.

²⁵ For the *umgebindehaus*: Herbert Kürth, *Auf Wanderfahrt nach alter Handwerkskunst* (Leipzig, 1957), pp. 132-143; Klaus Thiede, *Alte deutsche Bauernhäuser* (Stuttgart, 1963), p. 96.

²⁶ It is probably that type referred to as the log and frame barn in the Pennsylvania tax reports for 1798; see: Alfred L. Shoemaker, ed., *The Pennsylvania Barn*, pp. 29, 91-96.

Tales of the

BLOCK HOUSE

By BERTON E. BECK

*I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.*
—Sir Walter Scott

Block House as a place name never appeared on any map of Pennsylvania, but in the early part of the 19th Century the present borough of Liberty, Tioga County, and the surrounding countryside of Liberty Valley within a radius of five miles—part of which is in Lycoming County—was known as the Block House.

The first building in the area was erected in the center of Liberty by Charles Williamson and his workmen while building a road from Williamsport, Pennsylvania, to Painted Post, New York, in 1792. The building, twenty feet by forty feet square, was made of round logs and to the German workmen in Williamson's crew any house made of logs was a "Blockhaus." In English it became two words, "Block House," and the name was popular in the community for the hotel, the village, and surrounding countryside.

Over the years, in the community of the Block House and nearby areas, there were often amusing incidents that befell various persons and always someone with a sense of humor saw the funny side of those events. These and other "twice told tales" were handed down as tradition mainly by word of mouth and they may have grown some according to the imagination of the narrators so that this version of them may not be the exact truth.

Philip Anthonyson and his Hotel

While parts of this story are traditional hearsay, certain other parts are recorded history. Henry W. Shoemaker in his *Tales of the Bald Eagle Mountains* devotes a chapter to Philip Anthonyson and his two hotels, one of which was located on Big Run in Clinton County, where that stream empties into the West Branch of the Susquehanna, and the other was the "Block House," a hotel located within the present borough of Liberty and operated from 1793 to 1813.

Novelists are apt to "gild the lily" by painting in somber black the character of their villain. In this story there was no heroine so apparently Shoemaker gave his villain an extra coat of black "paint."

John J. Meginnis in his *History of Lycoming County*, and Sherman Day in his *History of Pennsylvania*, both paint a very dark word picture of Anthonyson.

From these three sources and an account by Judge Charles G. Webb, plus a bit of tradition, I have constructed the following story of Philip Anthonyson and his hotel, the Block House.

Anthonyson, a native of Alsace-Lorraine, was a soldier of fortune who drifted to Paris prior to the great revolution of 1793. Here he joined various groups who were fighting the Monarchy and sought to enhance his fortunes by murder and pillage of the aristocracy. He soon became a leader to be feared and with a price on his head he escaped to Eng-



The map locates the Block House Country in Pennsylvania's Tioga and Lycoming Counties.

land, but this was too close to France as there were French sympathizers searching for him in order to collect the offered reward.

Anthonyson boarded a ship sailing to Philadelphia where soon after his arrival he was engaged by ship captains to go to Germany as a "newlander" to induce people to immigrate to Pennsylvania, receiving a commission for each passenger he secured. He painted a very rosy word picture to his prospects, telling them of the many natural resources of Pennsylvania, the high wages, and large acreages of land that could be bought for a song.

If the immigrant lacked money for his passage, he could sign a contract whereby the captain would transport him to



To represent the original Blockhaus built in 1792, a log barn was torn down and erected here for the centennial celebration of 1896. Samuel Sechrist poses here as Philip Anthonyson. Photograph courtesy of Mrs. Charles A. Miller.

Philadelphia for the right to sell his services for a period of only a few years to the highest bidder, thus making the immigrant an indentured servant.

Whether the immigrant came as a free person or an indentured servant, he was apt to find the beautiful picture painted by Anthonyson to be a myth. There were no high wages and ethnic discrimination was generally apparent between the English townspeople and the German immigrants.

Arriving at Philadelphia after his third trip as a "new-lander" Anthonyson found so many disappointed people looking for his "scalp" that he fled to the interior part of the state and bought a hotel in Clinton County where Big Run empties into the West Branch of the Susquehanna River. Here he often entertained his guests with the stories of his hair-raising experiences so that many a patron did not sleep too well after hearing such tales.

Rumors spread about him, one being that a lone traveler stopped at the hotel one evening and that was the last seen of him. Business fell off and Anthonyson was looking for a new location when he received word of a hotel being built on the Williamson Road at a place called Block House. This was the round-log building at the present site of Liberty which was converted into a hotel and Anthonyson bought it in 1793. He operated the hotel for twenty years then sold it to Jonathan Sebring from Berks County in 1813.

The Block House hotel was in a most desolate spot in 1793, situated in the dense forest that stretched for miles in

all directions. There had not been a tree cut except the few cut in building the road and the log house. Also, there were very few travelers over the road for several years. However, soon people began moving to northern Pennsylvania and west central New York. They came as single families or two or three families traveling as a group for company. At times there might be a regular caravan consisting of a large group of people with two teams of oxen pulling large wagons loaded with goods. Often persons would be seen walking behind the wagons while the others scoured the countryside looking for game to feed the people.

Anthonyson reaped a rich harvest from all this travel for his was the only hotel for many miles in either direction. His little hotel did not have sleeping accommodations for a large crowd but then people generally carried camping equipment and for a price a camp site was available. Also, they could use his stone bake-oven for a price. He seldom had any feed in his barn for the livestock but if the travelers had their own feed, he rented the use of the feed troughs. Undoubtedly there were travelers who were not averse to taking advantage of a hotel man if they could, but in Anthonyson they met their match.

One of the special treats at his table reserved for his best paying guests was "smoked elk steaks." There were some elk in Pennsylvania but his elk steaks were more likely ordinary beef. He was accused, but the accusation never proven, of being a first rate cattle rustler. Travelers often

drove cows and young cattle along to their new homes and when stopping to camp at the hotel the cattle were placed in a fenced field. Very often in the morning some of those cattle were missing. He was careful to take only one or two from a small herd, but a drover with a lot of cattle might lose quite a few. Anthonyson, however, was always most sympathetic with any of his guests who lost cattle and always insisted on leading the search making sure the owners did not get near the place where the "lost" cattle were hidden.

Tradition is often most cruel to one who is not popular with the common man, and Anthonyson's reputation may have suffered more than it should have. Human nature is most fickle and Anthonyson could have aided any number of people in distress without the populace knowing anything about it. He was quite popular with people who could pay for their accommodations and his hotel became famous with such travelers over the Williamson Road.

Travel over the road was not all one way traffic for there were people in New York who wanted to go to Ohio and points west and their way led south to Harrisburg where the road turned west. It is reported that Aaron Burr once stopped over night at the Block House possibly when he was traveling west to Ohio as he followed his dream of establishing an empire in the Southwest; but there is no tradition that "George Washington once slept here."

The Hon. Charles G. Webb, President Judge, Tioga County, writing in the magazine of the Muncy Historical Society, *Now and Then*, Vol. X, No. 7, 1953, cites an account of a trip over the Williamson Road in October, 1797, by Jacob Lindley. The following paragraph is taken from this account.

"We rejoiced to take our leave of the waters of the Tioga having ascended them upwards of thirty miles, and crossed it twelve times in twenty miles. Then encountered the rugged Allegheny Mountains, to the famed Block House. Fed our horses, and called for supper, which was served up; coffee, without cream; buckwheat cakes, without butter; and venison broiled, without gravy."

When Lindley speaks of crossing the Tioga, they had to ford the river, for we can be sure that no bridges existed. When they encountered the Allegheny Mountains, they were crossing Blossburg Mountain.

After selling the hotel, Anthonyson lived near Trout Run where a few years later he was killed by a falling tree.

Jew Hill

Tradition has it that Moses Ulman came from Germany and became a "pack peddler," carrying on his back a pack of small items that he sold at the various homes he came to. He is said to have arrived at the Block House about 1820 and liked those German-speaking people so well he decided to establish a home and store. He located on level ground on top of the hill just east of the present Liberty borough in what later was known as Shentown. Another Jewish merchant had a store there but when Shentown was abandoned as a townsite the place became known locally as Jew Hill and the name remains to this day.

Several older persons have told me they remember a hewed log building beside the road that was the home and store of one of those early merchants, but at the time they indicated the building was used as a warehouse by one of the merchants of Liberty.

Moses Ulman later established a men's clothing store in Williamsport which is still doing business under the name of Ulman Brothers.

We generally think of corn as food for the farm animals but in colonial days whole corn or cornmeal or flour, in variously prepared dishes, was the main staple of the people's diet. The cornmeal baked into bread or a cake was often carried in the saddle-bag when on a journey and became known as "journey cake," which was contracted to "jonny cake," and in this form is often used today. Served hot with maple syrup or strawberry preserves, instead of from the saddle-bag, it is delicious.

Cornmeal mush is made today in a doubleboiler but in the olden days it was made in an iron pot or kettle. The pot was filled half full with water, salted to taste, and when the water was boiling the meal was sifted slowly into the water. It took an hour of steady boiling to cook the mixture to a stiff consistency. Served with a little sweetening and milk it was the famous "mush 'n milk." Any mush left over would be placed in a pan to cool; when hard it was sliced thin, fried, and served with syrup or jam.

In the very early pioneer days cornmeal mush was called "Indian pudding" or "hasty pudding." As the Indians introduced corn to the whites, no doubt the Indians originated the making of cornmeal mush.

One of the country folklore sayings was, "If your company has worn out their welcome, feed them 'mush 'n milk.'"

A story was told of a young man who was hired by a neighbor to help mow hay. The young fellow had had a good breakfast at home, which consisted of more than cornmeal mush, and presented himself for the day's work. With sharpened scythes the two men mowed hay until noontime when they sat down to the table to a hearty meal of mush and milk. After working an hour that afternoon the young man was hungry and going to the house asked if he could have a bowl of that good mush. The lady gave him the snack but in an hour he was hungry again and came asking for some more mush. At his third appearance the lady suggested he might like something other than mush and milk.

"No," he replied, "I like mush 'n milk, but when I work hard I need it every hour."

The Man With Too Many Children

In the Block House in the 1860's there lived a man with a big family of children. The farmer was building a new barn and the boss carpenter with a couple of helpers arrived to put up the building. These men were given their dinners and suppers at the farm, and as there was not room at the table for all the men and children, the hired men with the farmer and the older boys had their meals and the wife and smaller children ate at a second table.

While the carpenters were framing the timbers for the barn, one of the men remarked to his companion that he had never seen a family where there was so much quarreling as in this family. If it wasn't the younger children quarreling with themselves or their mother, it was the big boys and their father.

One of the pastimes of Willie and Joe, two of the smaller boys, was for each to take a corner of the new barn wall and throw stones at each other. The carpenters all agreed it was a dangerous sport but as it was none of their business the activity continued. One day while the men were having the noonday meal, Joe came to his mother and told her that Willie's head was bleeding.

"What makes Willie's head bleed?"

"I hit him with a stone."

"Where is Willie now?"

"Out by the horse trough."



The borough of Liberty as it was about 1896. We are indebted to Mrs. Charles A. Miller of Liberty, Tioga County, for this picture.

Everyone jumped up from the table and looked out to the trough where Willie was standing, dipping his hand into the water and putting it on his head. The bloody water from the open wound was a gory sight.

The father and mother went to look after Willie, who was not badly hurt, but he did get his head bandaged. The rest of the men finished their meal.

The oldest boy, Dan, warned Joe, "You are in for a caning so why don't you hike over the hill to the neighbors?"

Joe would not take his big brother's advice but instead went into the pantry and went to work churning butter, a task he had been told to do an hour before.

About this time the father arrived on the porch with his cane and wanted to know where the rascal Joe was hiding.

Dan said, "You are too late, Dad, Joe has gone over the hill to the neighbors."

"Yes, and I bet you told him to go."

"No, I told him not to, but he went anyway."

The father took Dan's word for it and went off about his work.

A few days later Dan got in trouble with his Dad. They had a suckling colt which was kept in a stable of the old barn when they were working the mare. They were using the team this day to drag some heavy timbers around that the carpenters needed.

In the middle of the afternoon it was time for the colt to have his lunch so one of the boys opened the stable door and the colt came trotting to his mother. After the colt had milked the mare dry, Dan got his arm around the colt's neck to lead it back to the stable but the colt was not yet ready to be shut up in his stall. Dan was wrestling with it and his father said he should unhitch the mare and lead her down to the barn but Dan did not want to go to all that bother.

The father grabbed his cane and started for Dan who kept the colt going in a circle between himself and his father. The father was lame and he was having trouble to keep from

being stepped on so he walked away. Dan soon had the colt under control and was leading it back to the stable.

The boss carpenter remarked to the father, "You seem to have an awful lot of trouble with your boys."

"Yes, if they only were little, or if some of them weren't at all, I would be better off," was the father's reply.

Burning of a Covered Bridge

In the early 1820's George Wheeland was living in Virginia and there he helped to build a covered bridge over one of the rivers. Some years later he migrated to the Block House and during the Civil War one of his sons was in the cavalry of the Union Army. He was with a small group that crossed this bridge but they were attacked by a much larger group of Rebel cavalry and had to make a hasty retreat across the river. Here they stopped long enough for young Wheeland and a couple of his companions to set fire to the bridge his father had helped to build forty years before.

The Wounded Soldier

During the war between the states there were a great many young men from the Block House and vicinity who answered the call to service and wore the blue uniform. To preserve the Union some paid with their lives and many more suffered wounds. We will call one of the latter soldiers John, who had the misfortune to be castrated by a musket ball. After spending some time in the hospital he returned to his unit and finished out the war.

Some years later a friend of his, we will call her Jane, was curious and wanted to hear his version of his war experience. She asked him if he had been wounded while in the army and he admitted he had been. Then she wanted to know where he had been wounded and he replied in the battle of the Wilderness. But that was not what she wanted to know so she asked in what part of his body he was wounded.

He is reported to have said, "I was right in the line of battle, Jane, but if you had been standing in my place, that bullet would not have touched you."

The Block House Centennial

The Block House Community celebrated its first centennial at Liberty, Tioga County, Pennsylvania, on July 4, 1896. I doubt if there is in existence any written record of this event but it still lives in the minds of all who were present on that memorable day. Block House as a place-name originated after Charles Williamson in 1793 had completed the road from Williamsport, Pennsylvania, to Painted Post, New York.

Many changes had taken place during that first hundred years: the wilderness had given way to a thriving country town, which had just been organized in 1893 as the Borough of Liberty, and the countryside was dotted with farmsteads. The heavy industry of lumbering was past its peak, and the population of the area was at its highest. It was the end of one era and the beginning of another and that called for a celebration.

In 1896 there were living in the borough and the community a great many veterans of the Civil War and they with the business men of the borough organized and put on the centennial celebration.

What was this big event like? To an eleven-year-old boy it was people, people, and more people. I had never before seen so many people at one time and in one place. From far and near they came, but not in automobiles or air planes, for at that time those conveyances had only existed in the minds of a few dreamers. Horse-drawn vehicles were the usual mode of travel but a walk of ten or more miles was no great feat for many people of that day. Occasionally a young man with his girl friend might come along with a buggy drawn by a horse, and then the boys delighted in lighting some fire-crackers to see what effect it would have on the horse.

Stable room for the horses at the barns of the hotels was at a premium, and often a farm family driving to the town might stop at a friend's place a mile or so away and there stable the horses, the family walking the rest of the way to town. One such team of horses met a tragic death that day, but more about this a little later.

We lived about ten miles from Liberty, and my father, who had been reared in the Block House Country, could not miss this opportunity to meet and visit with his many friends he knew would be there. It was to be a great "homecoming" for many who lived a considerable distance away from the community. Early that morning my father, my brother, and I drove with a horse and buggy to my grandfather's place on Jew Hill where we placed our horse in his barn. At grandfather's we met my two uncles who had come from Elmira by train and stage the day before. My father wanted to visit with his parents and brothers a while, but finally we got started for the town a half mile away. The men were always meeting old friends they had not seen for a long time and stopped to visit. My brother and I were most impatient to get on to where the events of the day were taking place and with our father's consent we left the men and were off to see the sights. My brother met some boys his own age and I was left on my own. I had a few dimes and nickels to spend but knew I would need to budget them very carefully. I soon met my cousin, Charles Myers, and with some of his friends we were on the town.

Every building on the main streets was gayly decorated with flags and bunting and at the end of the bridge over Block House Creek a round-log building had been erected to represent the original Block House that was built in 1792. Only instead of being a hotel, it was a place where all kinds

of things were sold. There was home made ice cream, and a nickel would buy a generous portion; there were all sizes of fire-crackers, Roman candles, torpedoes, sky rockets, cap guns with the ammunition, and all sorts of things.

Another new structure attracted our attention. It stood in the center of the wide main street and was made of poles and old boards to represent a shack or temporary shelter an early pioneer might have built as a home for his family.

We wanted to know the why and wherefore, but were told to wait and see. As part of the entertainment, the planners had arranged to have an Indian raid on the little hut in the center of the town. This was reminiscent of the very early pioneer days in other parts of our country, but here in the Block House there had been no Indians when the first settlers came. They had been gone from this part of the state long before 1793.

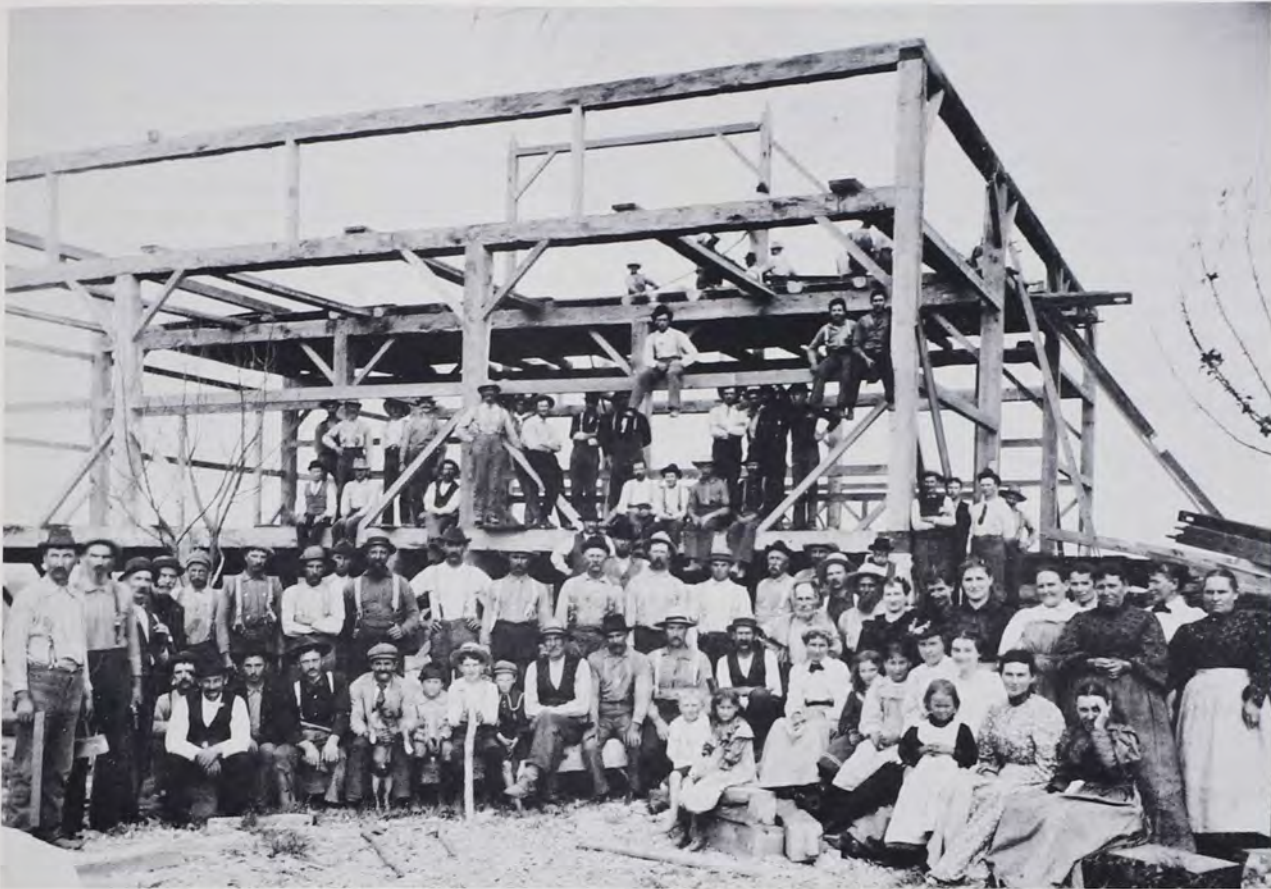
At a prearranged signal in the afternoon, a band of simulated Indians in war paint and feathers came skulking from between houses and other places of concealment and did a war dance outside and around the little hut. A group of villagers with muzzle-loading rifles appeared, fired several shots, and the Indians made a hasty retreat but not before they had set fire to the little building.

From the balcony of the Sempsey hotel came the peals of the big bell that hung there and which was rung only in case of fire or some other calamity. The fire company, dressed in most fantastic garb, arrived with their hand pumper and hose cart. A line of hose was stretched from the creek to the fire and the pump was started but only a trickle of water came from the hose. The pumper was abandoned and a bucket brigade organized. I well remember one fat fellow whose clothing may have been padded, carrying a pail of water in his two hands, when he fell on his face and bent his pail flat. He got up, looked at his pail, then threw it into the fire.

The fire soon burned out, the rubble was cleared away, and that part of the entertainment was over.

Another incident I well remember, for I was impressed as one of the actors in a pie-eating contest. A big wooden box was brought out into the street. The box must have been five or six feet each way and men were nailing to each corner a smaller box that apparently had come from Miller's drug store for printed on each small box were the words Eskay's Baby Food. William Merrithew, the druggist, seemed to be in charge here and this activity attracted us boys like a magnet. Two of our number, Clarence Beck and Irvin Antes, had their hands tied behind their backs, an apron tied about their necks, and were stood up on the big box. Someone said, "Here are two more," and soon Charles Myers and I with our hands tied and wearing big aprons were on the box with our chums.

A blueberry pie was cut in four pieces and each of us had a plate with a quarter of the pie placed before us on the small boxes. At a given signal we were to start eating. What a way for a boy to eat a piece of pie! I was working away as fast as I could but not making much headway when I heard someone say, "That is all." I looked around and saw that Charles had his plate clean. The rest of us were stopped as the contest arranger probably did not want us to drown in berry juice. We were lifted down, our hands untied, and the aprons removed. Someone came with a basin of water, a wash cloth and towel to wash our faces. Charles received a silver dollar, another fellow received seventy-five cents, another fifty cents, and as I had left a large portion of my pie I was given a quarter. To the best of my knowledge



After the barn on the farm of Levi Hartsock, Liberty, Tioga County, burned on July fourth, preparations were made at once to build a new one. It was erected during the late summer and the date 1896 plainly shows on the picture that was taken the day of the raising. To the neighbors it was a "labor of love," and to many of the men a holiday, for it was only at special times they were required to exert themselves and do some heavy lifting. The common laborers had a lot of time for their social activities and "horse play." But to the half dozen or so of men skilled in helping the carpenters, it was a day's work. Mrs. Hartsock and her helpers saw to it that the men were well fed at the noonday meal, and to the children it was a festive occasion.

At the left and holding a square is Mr. Hartsock and beside him is the "boss" carpenter, William Landon.

Verne Brion, the owner of the picture—at the time a mature man aged fifteen—is seen standing at the extreme right on the floor of the barn, his left arm "akimbo" and wearing dark clothes and hat.

that was the only time I ever left any pie on my plate.

Some time in the afternoon Nature put on a spectacle that was not on the program. Dark clouds were gathering and soon the air was rent by sharp flashes of lightning, while great peals of thunder reverberated through the valley. Rain came in torrents and everyone hastened to cover. In the midst of the storm someone shouted, "A big fire on Jew Hill." Regardless of the rain, many men made their way up the steep hill road to see what might be on fire and give any aid that might be needed to save any other buildings in danger. Every one was sure it must be a big barn that was burning so fiercely.

Lightning had started a fire in the barn on Levi Hartsock's farm and had gained such headway there was no hope of saving either the barn or any of its contents. There were no other buildings in danger, so all the men could do was to watch the fire burn itself out.

As this barn had stood near my grandfather's house, the next morning I joined a group of men and boys who were

standing near the site and watching the smoke still rising from some of the embers of the fire. The wreckage of the farm machinery and wagons lay twisted and bent partly covering the remains of five horses and a number of cattle. Fortunately, the herd of milk cows were not in the barn at the time of the fire, or they too would have been destroyed.

One can only imagine the terror of those five horses in that inferno. The body of one horse, instead of being in the same position as the others, was lying in what had been the passage way in front of the mangers indicating it had jumped over the manger in its fright, only to die as did the others.

Of the five horses that died in the fire, three of them belonged to Mr. Hartsock and the other two to his brother-in-law, George Yaudes. The Yaudes family lived a few miles away, and that morning the family drove to the Hartsock farm to stable the horses, then walk with the family to town for the celebration. Mr. Yaudes had only recently bought one of the new light wagons, sometimes called a spring-

wagon or "carry-all." This wagon was for the pleasure driving of the family, having three comfortable seats, with a top decorated with fringe around the edge. There were side curtains to put on in event of rain, and it truly was a pride and joy to the whole family. But alas, it too was a victim of the fire.

That thunder storm put an end to the festivities of the day. I know that often at such a celebration a speaker was usually there to make a speech eulogizing the hardy pioneers who first settled here in the woods almost a century before. Whether or not such a speaker had been secured, or whether there had been such a speech at some time during the day, I cannot say. I only know that for years afterward the celebration was the main topic of conversation among all who had attended it. As for myself, because of the pie-eating contest, I had a whole quarter more to spend.

The Practical Jokers

Isaac, Ellis and Charles were three brothers who lived quite close to each other on their separate farms, often helping one another with difficult tasks. They were fun loving and delighted in playing practical jokes, each giving as he received. Charles had a large maple tree near the public road which he felled and cut into firewood, piling it beside the road to season for winter use. Isaac came along as the work was about completed and stopped for a moment to chat. As he was about to drive away he said, "You should haul that wood up to the house, for anyone could come along and steal some of it."

"Oh, no one around here would think of stealing wood."

A few months later Charles saw where some wood had been taken from the woodpile. He knew it had been taken that afternoon, for he had gone by there at noontime and no wood was missing then. He went to his neighbor who lived up the road a short distance and asked him, "Did you see anyone go by this afternoon with a load of wood?"

"No one but your brother Isaac."

"Do you know where he went with it?"

"No, but later I saw his team and wagon at Walt Guernsey's blacksmith shop, but there was no wood on the wagon then."

Charles went on to Liberty and stopped at the blacksmith shop, asking Walter, "Did you by any chance buy a load of wood from Isaac today?"

"Yes, it was nice clean wood and I shod his horses for it."

"That was my wood," said Charles.

"Now what do I do, pay you?"

"No, Isaac will pay me."

Ellis was a school director and as treasurer of the school board he frequently had considerable money in the house with which to pay the teachers. One Sunday the family went away for the day and instead of Ellis taking the money with him, he placed it under the kitchen clock. That afternoon his two brothers came to call and as no one was at home they thought it might be fun to get in the house and turn the kitchen clock with its face to the wall. That might give Ellis a slight shock to know someone had been in.

They found a window they could open and soon were in the kitchen. Charles picked up the clock and discovered the money. They counted it and Charles thought he should take the money along home for safe keeping. The clock was left in its right position and the window closed when the two brothers left.

When Ellis returned home and picked up the clock, he got quite a shock when he saw the money was gone. He went to see Charles to tell him of his loss and map some strategy

to try and find the person who had entered the house. Whenever he mentioned anyone he might suspect, Charles was sure that person was not the guilty one. After letting Ellis worry for about an hour, Charles said, "Here is your money. Ike and I were in your house and we were going to turn your clock with its face to the wall, but took the money instead. Next time either take your money with you or find a better hiding place."

Charles was turning over in his mind some way to get even with Isaac for the load of wood he had sold. He did not want to do anything to cause any injury but hoped at least to cause some inconvenience. Whether it was this year or next, he would bide his time. The opportunity came one evening in late fall when he called at his brother's home. He tied his team at one of the two posts that supported a pole on which the two big iron kettles were hanging and always used at butchering time. While visiting in the house he learned they were doing the butchering the next day and generously offered his help. Isaac told him he would not need him this year as Ellis and his son were coming as well as another neighbor who owed him a day's work.

When Charles said good night, he added, if anything happens that you need help, let me know. He went out to his team and quickly placed the two kettles in his wagon, then proceeded home.

The next morning before daylight, Isaac went out to light a fire and fill the kettles to have the water hot for scalding the hogs. At once he saw the kettles were gone and knew where to go looking for them. Calling his son they hurriedly hitched the team to a wagon and started down the road. Isaac was telling his son the things he would say to his brother, but as they neared their destination, his mood changed. Finally, he said to his son, "Now my conscience is clear. This will pay me for stealing Uncle Charlie's load of wood."

The Lost Lead Mine

Peter Sechrist is said to have been the first permanent settler on a farm or homestead in the Block House, some saying he came in 1811 from Germany. Whether this date is correct we do not know, but we do know he bought from the Academy a tract of land situated a mile or so from Anthonyson's hotel along Block House Creek at a spot where there is a natural waterfall. Here by the stream he cleared a patch of ground and built his log house and other buildings, eventually erecting both a sawmill and a grist mill. The latent power of the falling water turned his mills.

In later years he often recounted stories of his first years here in the woods, and the following was one of his favorites. I will let him tell it in his own words.

"When I first came here we had a pretty hard time to get enough food to keep us going, and had it not been for the plentiful supply of game in the woods and the help of a friendly Indian who lived near by, we might have been starved out. The Indian, Old Tom, as I called him, often went hunting with me and he seemed to know just where to look for a bear or deer. I had a good rifle and was a pretty good marksman so we were most always able in a short time to get a supply of meat. Of course, I always gave him a generous portion of the kill, and he was always ready to go hunting.

"One day he wanted me to go hunting with him, but my supply of bullets was very low, and I told him I would have to get some lead to make more bullets before we could do any hunting. He asked me for my axe and started off through the woods. In a couple of hours he was back with a

big chunk of pure lead. I asked him where he had gotten the lead, but he would not tell me, saying the Great Spirit would be very angry if he told me.

"Some years later we were hunting one day and I killed a deer near the junction of Pack Horse Run and Block House Creek. We dressed out the deer and were carrying it home when we stopped to rest in the shade of a big pine tree on the bank of the stream where Buttonwood is now situated. Old Tom seemed very tired but was in a talking mood. He told me he had hunted many summers, but was afraid this might be his last hunting trip. I tried to cheer him up, but to no avail. He looked around a bit, and said we were near where the lead was located. Making me swear by my own God and the Great Spirit, he led me into a laurel thicket, where there was a flat rock sloping down into the water of the creek. This he said was the lead and he showed me the place he had cut out the piece he had given me.

"I never saw him after that, and was told he had gone to the happy hunting grounds. By then I had built my mill and was too busy to go looking for the lead. I thought I could afford to buy my lead thereafter."

Many years later Peter's son, Daniel, and his friend, Daniel Krotzer, recalled the story of the Indian's lead and decided to go looking for it. They knew about the sacred oath that had been sworn, but they reasoned that as both Old Tom and Peter Sechrist had been dead a long time, the oath was no longer in effect. But alas, they had not reckoned with the denizens of the spirit world.

Daniel Krotzer was a "dowser" of no mean ability, and with a forked witch hazel branch he soon located what he was sure was the hidden lead. Conditions had changed in fifty years; there was no big pine tree, and no rock sloping down into the water. So they decided to do some digging. Krotzer selected a likely spot and soon they had a small hole in the ground, when they were stopped by a voice that startled them. They looked around but could see no one, so they resumed their work. Again came the voice, and seemingly from the hole they were digging, and this time they were rather scared. The voice continued, saying, "This is sacred ground, the place where Old Tom is buried, and I am his Spirit, and I will guard forever the secret I told my friend Peter Sechrist, long ago. The lead is up the mountain, so go up there to do your digging."

Picking up his forked stick Krotzer followed what he was sure was the vein of lead almost to the top of the mountain, where he said the vibrations in the stick were just as strong as they were down in the valley. Again they began to dig and were not molested by any Indian Spirits, but were stopped by a big rock. The rock would have to be blasted out, and for this they thought they had better get permission from the owner, whom they knew was David Kaiser. But they did not want Kaiser to know what they were after, and decided they would need to buy the land. This would require money, something that neither of them had. So they refilled the hole they had dug and sat down to do some thinking. "Yah, let us set and think out loud," said Sechrist.

They agreed they should get two men to buy the land and help them with the digging. They talked of the various people they knew, and thought that George Beck (my grandfather) and his cousin John Beck were the two most likely to come to their aid. First, they called on John Beck and after telling their story, suggested the three of them walk across the fields to see George Beck. The two Becks said they well remembered hearing the story of Peter Sechrist's, but they were not too anxious to get mixed up with any

ghost. They thought, however, it might be possible to outwit the ghost in the valley and locate the lead up on the mountain.

Arrangements were made to buy thirty acres of land from Kaiser but his wife had an inkling of why they wanted it and refused to sign the deed unless her husband was taken in as an equal partner. So the five men went up on the mountain and dug and dug. Down in the valley Old Tom's ghost likely sat on his grave and laughed and laughed, for by some means known only to the spirit world, the lead was changed to a very low grade of iron ore.

The Rat in the Meal Chest

In April of 1873 the Reverend A. B. Miller came to the Block House as pastor of the Friedens Evangelical Lutheran Church. Mr. Miller could speak, read, and write German, and therefore was right at home in this community where many of the older people were more accustomed to using German than English. Very few of them spoke pure German but often used English words or misused the German tenses, singulars, and plurals.

Mr. Miller had no trouble conversing with these people but Mrs. Miller could not speak any German and frequently misunderstood what the conversations were about.

Once the ladies of the church were having a social gathering and an elderly woman was telling of the big rat in the meal chest or flour bin. She said her husband had come home and had shot three times in the meal chest, but the rat had escaped.

Speaking in German this lady said, "*Eine grosse Ratte war in den Mehlkasten, und mein Mann Jacob kam von Liberty nach Hause und hat dreimal in den Mehlkasten gescheissen, aber die Ratte ist weg kometen.*"

Mrs. Miller was horrified at what she understood had happened, for when she arrived home she told her husband that Jacob . . . was the meanest man she had ever heard of, for he came home and must have been drunk for he had done something terrible three times in the meal chest.

Mr. Miller and Maggie

Mr. Miller served as pastor for seventeen years, until 1890, and was well liked by all the people of the community, except for one of his parishioners, whom we will call Maggie.

One time Maggie's husband and Mr. Miller met at Liberty and were having a friendly conversation, when the husband remarked, "Mr. Miller I would be very glad if you called to see us sometime, but maybe you had better not. You see, my wife Maggie does not like you very well."

"Oh, it makes no difference whether or not she likes me, only so you like her."

"Oh, she is an awful good woman to work."

"And so are a lot of old oxen," replied Mr. Miller.

The Cow He Didn't Buy

Soon after he took up his residence in the community, Mr. Miller let it be known he wanted to buy a cow. One of his parishioners offered to sell him one so Mr. Miller came to the farm one day to see about the cow. The two men soon came to an agreement when the farmer said perhaps he had better speak to his wife before they closed the deal.

The men went to the house and the farmer speaking in German told his wife that the preacher wanted to buy the old black cow; should he sell her to him?

"Sure, sell her to him. She isn't much good anyway," replied the wife in German.

The couple were not able to put anything over on Mr. Miller for he understood their conversation. He simply told

them he had changed his mind about the cow, and as he departed he bid them goodbye by saying "*Auf Wiedersehn.*"

The Rancid Butter

In the horse and buggy days of long ago, the making of butter was strictly a home process. During the early summer when pasture was good, there was an over supply, and the price being subject to supply and demand, was accordingly very low. During this period the butter was often salted a bit heavier and packed in wooden tubs or earthen crocks and kept until fall to be sold when the price was higher. The tubs or crocks were kept in the cellar, the coolest place, unless there was a strong flowing spring with a spring house.

One resourceful "Hausfrau," who had no spring house and sans any refrigeration had to keep her packed butter in the cellar. Unfortunately one of her crocks of butter became rancid. She took it to several merchants hoping for a sale, but on tasting the butter no one would buy it. She finally decided to make one more attempt to get rid of the spoiled butter. She hitched a horse to the buggy and with a bushel of potatoes, several dozen of eggs, a basket of onions, and the crock of butter, drove to the village of Liberty.

Selecting a merchant to whom she had not as yet shown her butter, she inquired if he could use some potatoes and some eggs. The merchant agreed to take the potatoes and eggs so she brought them in to the store. She then went back to the buggy and brought in the onions. The merchant didn't think he needed the onions and was not interested in them. She being a pretty good trader began telling what wonderful onions these were, and with a knife deftly sliced off a piece of an onion and insisted on his at least having a taste. He admitted it was a good onion but he did not need any more at the time. So she carried the onions back to her buggy and brought in the butter. He could use the butter, and gave it the taste test. With the onion taste still in his mouth the butter seemed to be all right, so he bought it. The next day he discovered the crock of butter was good only for soap grease.

The Long Road Home

For many years the Williamson Road was the one most generally used in traveling between the Block House and Williamsport. It was not until about 1850 the road from Liberty to Trout Run was built, corresponding closely to the present route 15. Between Trout Run and Liberty the Williamson Road kept to the right of that section of 15, passing over Laurel Hill Mountain. The story is told of the man who had gone to Williamsport on business, traveling over the Williamson Road. It was in the winter and with horses and big sled he was on his way home with a rather heavy load. After stopping at the inn at Trout Run for some warming refreshments, plus a bottle for the road, he started for home and had to make the long climb to the top of Laurel Hill. He had stayed longer at the inn than he knew he should have, for it was then almost dark.

While going up a steep part of the road he began to feel sorry for his horses, having to pull the heavy sled while he sat there making the load just that much heavier. He got off and walked behind the sled to make the load lighter. He found the walking harder than he had thought it would be, so he climbed on the back of the load and sat facing down the road. A warming sip from his bottle and soon he was fast asleep. The horses plodded along until they got tired and stopped to rest. He wakened and realized the sled was not moving, but he could not see his horses. He was sure they had gotten loose from the sled and gone home without

him. He was worried as to how he could get his load home and had another drink from his bottle hoping that might help him solve his problem. Soon he was again fast asleep.

Another traveler came up the road and had to stop. He got out of his sled and woke up the sleeping man, and wanted to know why he was sitting there asleep and blocking the road. With tears in his voice the sleeper replied, "*Meine Pferde sind fort gelaufen, und haben mich hier gelassen; und wie werde ich nun mit mein Ladung nach meine Hause kommen?*" (My horses have gone away and left me here and how will I get home with my load?)

The Man Who Stammered

John was an unfortunate person in that he stammered very badly; it was hard for him to carry on a conversation so many of his remarks were short but to the point. He never married but lived alone on his farm, and as he grew older he farmed less each year, leaving his fields to lie idle. His neighbor, Joe, was a progressive farmer and needed more land. The two men were talking one day and Joe asked, "Have you ever thought of selling your farm?"

"N-n-n-not to you."

Joe was startled by the reply, but managed to say that if the farm was ever for sale he would make a good offer for it.

* * * * *

Once Joe lost his pocketbook and could not remember where he last had it.

A few days later the two met and John said, "I f-f-found your p-p-pocketbook," and handed it to Joe.

"Thanks, John. Where did you find it?"

"R-r-r-right where you l-l-l-left it."

* * * * *

One time John was sick and the doctor wanted him to go to the hospital, but that did not suit John. He was not seriously ill but needed someone to look after him, so a neighbor agreed to have him stay with them for a while. One day John had a sulky spell and refused to take his medicine. The neighbor coaxed him a little, then said, "John, if you don't take your medicine you might die and then Joe would get your farm."

John replied, "W-w-w-where is that medicine?"

A Mormon Maid

Early in the 19th Century Joseph Smith founded the Mormon Church in upper New York State. His teachings were so different from what his neighbors were accustomed to, and there was so much opposition to him and his followers that Smith decided to lead his people to Ohio where they would found a Mormon community. They would travel by wagon trains and the only road led south to Harrisburg, and then west to Ohio. From Painted Post to Williamsport they had the choice of either the State Road or the Williamson Road. Both routes were used in making the pilgrimage.

One of the stories handed down by tradition, and it may only be fiction, was that a wagon train traveling over the State Road stopped at the present site of Nauvoo, Tioga County. Here a rest camp for the weary travelers had been prepared by putting up several log houses, and a large stone bake-oven. Several persons have told me they remember having seen the remains of the bake-oven.

Once while a party was at the rest camp, a young woman who was a recent convert, began to question in her mind if she was doing the right thing in going to Ohio, and decided to return home. To the Mormons this was heresy, and she was put under guard.

As the wagon train was going down Texas Creek she was

hoping for a chance to get away but it was not until they were fording Block House Creek, when one of the wagons had a mishap, that she was able in the confusion to make her escape. A trail along Block House Creek led eastward to the Williamson Road. She followed this trail about five miles, coming to the road at the foot of Laurel Hill. Here she met a man with his team and a wagonload of goods he was taking to a relative who had recently moved to Painted Post. She went with him to his destination where they were married, then for a honeymoon, they traveled south to his home in southern Pennsylvania.

A Sharp Business Deal

A son of one of the very early settlers in the Block House was engaged in lumbering and dealing in real estate; at both he was quite successful. One of his sons wanted to buy a farm, so the father sold him one for a small down-payment and accepted a note for the balance. The young man wrote the note, making it payable when convenient. His father accepted the note but the young man never found it convenient to make any payments.

Another young man borrowed some money from his father, signing a note for the loan. Then the question arose as to who should keep the note. The young man said he should, so he would know when it was to be paid. It is sad to relate the note was destroyed, and the father becoming destitute had to apply to the Overseer of the Poor for relief.

Fooling the Revenue Agents

At one time in the Block House there were some people who were such rugged individualists that they resented having the Federal Government interfering with their private business. The business was the distilling of whiskey without having a license or paying a tax on the finished product.

It was common knowledge to many in the community and also to the revenue agents that frequently there was a small still operating in one of the wooded hollows adjacent to Sugar Hill.

The Jackson House or hotel, was located on Pack Horse Run a half mile from where that stream empties into Block House Creek. To the north across Block House Creek rises the steep southern slope of Sugar Hill. There is a depression or hollow on this slope separating two peaks of the range of mountains; here a foot path or trail led up the mountain side, which was used by hunters and lumber jacks going to and from the hunting grounds and lumber camps on the northern side of Sugar Hill.

Once two strangers who were recognized as revenue agents came to the hotel and asked how they could get to Sugar Hill and the home of Martin Fable. They were shown the hollow where the trail was located, but as they had a team and buckboard, they wanted to drive to their destination. They were told to follow the road to the waterfalls, there turn left and the road would lead to the settled area on Sugar Hill. But they were not told of a shorter route, and as soon as the agents were out of sight a man took the trail up the mountain to inform the men at the still that the revenue agents were coming. The agents finally found the place where the still was located, but all incriminating evidence had been removed.

We would not expect a justice of the peace to lie to a couple of revenue agents, and he didn't. When the agents appeared at the home of Squire Sawyer and asked the directions to Martin Fable's place, he told them the road to take, but did not mention that there was a shorter route. As soon as the agents were out of sight the Squire put one

of his boys on a horse to go by the shorter route to give the warning.

Eventually the agents came so often that the operators of the still decided it might be better to quit the business than to run the risk of a jail sentence.

The Making of Apple Cider

At one time every farm had an apple orchard and many bushels of fruit were harvested each fall. In the different localities cider presses were built and uncouneted barrels of cider were made and allowed to ferment into a pleasantly potent beverage. Sometimes the fermenting process was increased by the addition of sugar and raisins, or the barrels were left out of doors until cold weather had frozen the water in the cider to ice, giving the cider a much higher content of alcohol. A hole was made in the ice within the barrel and the concentrated cider drawn off.

Having this potent cider or "apple jack" for home consumption was perfectly legal, but it was not supposed to be sold at retail or by the gallon jug. However, no one knows how many farm mortgages were paid off years ago by selling the product at retail. It was only a few years ago, however, that a farmer learned the hard way that "crime does not pay."

Another cider story concerns the making of cider at Liberty about the turn of the century. Mr. Mott had bought the Green foundry and added some other lines of business, having a printing press for job printing and also a cider press.

Mott's cider press was working full time during the cider-making season, and someone built another press in the borough. I do not know what the usual price was for making a gallon of cider, but soon a price war developed. Each press owner was determined to have the lowest price. Finally Mott came out with the advertising "broadsides" of "cider made for 1/2 cents a gallon."

As the cider-making season was short, so was the price war. I do not know what happened after that. Did the two owners agree on a fixed price, thus setting the precedent of fixed prices for a monopoly in many other lines of manufacturing throughout the country?

How to Torture Your Wife

Once upon a time a narrow dirt road led up a mountain valley finally ending in two wagon tracks that led off into the dark woods. The road was first used by lumbermen, but later a few hardy settlers cleared some land and built homes in the valley and the road became a public highway. At the end, where the road was just the two tracks, was a clearing and the farm home of John —, where he lived with his wife and several small children.

It was a pleasant place in summer, but when the deep snows of winter came the wife and children were often "snowbound" until spring. During the winter months John was busy with his team hauling logs to the sawmill or bark to the tannery, so he was able to see and enjoy the company of other men. But for the wife, it was a lonely time and often she wished "that just once" she could get away from the house for a couple of hours.

One day John did not go on the road with his team but spent several hours doing odd jobs around the barn. It was a beautiful winter day, not cold and blustery but the air was quiet and clear and the sun seemed never to have shone so brightly before. It should have been a day for rejoicing, for doing something special for the family as he was not hauling on the road that day. But, somewhere within his make-up the devil had hidden a mean streak and on this marvelous day it came to the surface.

Going to the house he told his wife, "All those who are ready when I have the horses hitched to the sled can go along."

"Where are you going?" asked the wife.

"It doesn't matter where I am going, just be ready if you want to go along."

John went to the barn and when he brought the horses from the stable the wife and children wrapped in blankets were settled in the box of the sled.

The horses were hitched and away they sped midst the gleeful shouts of the children. Out across the farm fields and down the road to the first neighbor's house where the horses were turned as though this was where they were stopping. But John had other ideas. He had only driven in here so he could turn around. They were headed back home, and the ride was over.

Block House, Woodhouse and Cogan House

A man from the township of Cogan House married a woman named Woodhouse who lived at the Block House. A practical joker said to his friend, "There is going to be a moving on Saturday. Can you help us with it?"

"Who is moving?"

"A fellow wants to move a Woodhouse from the Block House to Cogan House."

"I can't be bothered with such a trivial thing. Why doesn't the fellow build a wood shed?"

The Dreamer

William and the fictitious Darius Green had a number of things in common. Both were born a number of generations too soon, both hoped to fly like the birds, and neither was able to overcome the force of gravity. Perhaps William's reading the poem, Darius Green and his Flying Machine, was where he got his inspiration, for both slid off a barn roof wrecking their machines.

William tried to overcome the force of gravity by lifting himself by his bootstraps but the loops were only large enough for one finger in a loop so next he tried the big copper kettle that was used for making applebutter. He stood in the kettle, and seizing the handle he gave a mighty tug, pulling the ears from the kettle.

Will had the plans for his flying machine stored in his fertile mind and often talked of them with his friends. Though they were sure his idea was not practical, they encouraged him with their ludicrous suggestions. One day the boys were having a talk-fest around the pot-bellied stove in one of the local stores and the proprietor joined in the fun. He had a peculiarity in his speech in that when asking a question he often repeated himself with the first few words as though he had not quite made up his mind how to phrase the question.

He started by saying, "I say Will—I sav Will—I say Will, if we wanted to go to Chicago, how long would it take us?"

Will replied, "Charley, if we had started right away, we would be there by now."

Will had the idea there was gold in the hills of the Block House and often went prospecting, digging deep holes in the farmers' fields and woods. He once dug a big hole in one of the pasture fields on Squire Sawyer's farm. One of the cows on the farm died and the carcass was placed in the hole. Will was asked to come with his pick and shovel and when he arrived he was shown the cow at the bottom of the hole.

The Squire said, "See here, Will, you dug this big hole in my field and this cow fell into it and died. Now you bury the cow by filling up the hole."

The Big Boy

Like all other farm communities of that day it required a great amount of man power to provide a living for a growing family and often the boys were required to stay at home to help with the farm work until they were twenty-one. In one of the families were three big boys, husky and strong, age 17, 19, and 20. They were doing most of the heavy work while the father busied himself at some of the lighter tasks. One morning the father was looking over the farm and found some work that was not being done to his satisfaction. At the noonday meal the father took the older boy to task about the farm work, and as one word led to another, the father to emphasize his point banged his fist on the table and said, "*Ich bin der Mann da.*" When he hit the table he upset his cup of coffee and this aroused the ire of his wife who put a stop to the argument.

When the meal was over the men folks went outside the house and soon the argument was resumed. The father wanting to show his son that he really was the man there, took hold of the young fellow but soon found himself flat on his back in the wife's flower bed. Again the wife had to settle the fuss and show them that even though she was not the "*Mann da,*" she was the boss of things about the house and yard.

The School House that Burned

In the late 1870's some of the residents near the Brick Church in Jackson Township were dissatisfied with the long distance their children had to walk to either the Mountain School at the foot of Laurel Hill or to the Rettie School on the Rettie farm in the eastern end of the township.

These people petitioned the school directors to establish a new school district and erect a school near the site of the original Squire Beck school which had been established in 1820. The school board pleaded poverty, as the Rettie school was housed in a log building and there was agitation to replace it with a new one centrally located. Several years passed and there was no united opinion as to the location of the new building. Finally a fire of "unknown origin" destroyed the old log building. It was imperative that a new building be erected at once, and it was placed at the site of the burned one. Apparently no one in the area was satisfied and another "mysterious" fire destroyed the new building.

Perhaps the school directors were superstitious and did not want to risk a third fire at the same spot so they placed the new building on the Kehler farm on Roaring Branch Run and gave it the name, Kehler School. This new school site gave no relief to those living near the Brick Church and again the people of that area petitioned the school directors for a new school district and building, but their request was not granted.

The parents, remembering how their forefathers had built the first school house in the Liberty Valley in 1820, proceeded to erect their own building not very far from the site of the original Squire Beck School. The work progressed to a stage where the roof and floor were finished when the school board relented and said they would grant the locality a school district and building. For some reason the partly constructed building was not finished by the school board but an entirely new school house was erected very near the one that was half finished. Mrs. May Miller, now deceased, once told me that she went to school in the new building and of how the children often played in the half-finished building at the noonday recess.

Perhaps the school directors were irked by the persistence

of the parents for they gave the name "Independent School" to the new district and building. By the same token, the patrons accepted the name for it symbolized "their inalienable right to petition the government (the school board) for a redress of their grievance."

Two Proposals

Love was no more a stranger in those early days than it is now if we are to believe the two following stories.

A young man asked the lady of his choice to marry him, but she was not quite sure she wanted to accept his offer so he gave her a sales talk. He told her of the many good things in life they would share if they were to marry, and one of the things he told her was that she would never need to put her hands in cold water, unless she wanted to. Now that was quite a promise to make when the only running water to be found was the water running from the spring.

She finally accepted, and they were married. Some years later they were having a friendly argument, when she asked him what had become of all the hot water he had promised.

"Did I ever make you such a promise?"

"You certainly did, for you said I would never need to put my hands in cold water."

"Well, there is the teakettle, you can warm the water."

The other swain was a man of few words but he wanted a quick answer.

*"Ich liebe dich,
Liebest du auch mich?
Ueberlege es geschwinde
Während ich meine Peife anzünde."*

Translated it is,

*"I love you,
Do you love me?
Think it over (or make up your mind)
While I light my pipe."*

Stories of Wild Animals

During the early 1800's in the pioneering days of northern Pennsylvania there were five species of large wild animals that roamed through the virgin forest; they were the elk, deer, bear, wolf and panther. Elk were rather scarce and soon became extinct. The deer survived the attacks of their natural enemies and man but now due to protecting laws, are more numerous than in those early days; the black bear too has survived due to protective laws. The wolves and panthers seem to have disappeared soon after the middle of the nineteenth century, when lumbering in the mountain regions destroyed their natural habitat.

To the early settlers the elk and deer were no threat, but bears, wolves and panthers were a menace to the farm animals. Many sheep, pigs, and young cattle fell prey to these marauders. A number of stories of these depredations have been recounted as tradition, and others have been recorded in the writings of Sherman Day in his *History of Pennsylvania*, and by Tomb in his book *Thirty Years a Hunter*.

The State early recognized the dangers from wolves and panthers and paid a bounty of eight dollars for the death of each one of these two species. No bounty was paid for the death of bears for they were considered as game animals and were useful as food; also under normal conditions they were of very little danger to persons.

Many years ago a great number of stories were told of people being frightened by the blood chilling and terrifying howls of wolves and the screams of panthers. The latter were said to resemble the high pitched hysterical screams of a badly frightened woman. There were persons who were willing to swear a sacred oath that they had been followed

along wooded roads by a stalking panther that would frequently emit one of those loud screams. Some discredit the idea that a panther following its prey would betray its presence with a loud cry, but said rather it was a lone panther seeking a mate.

It would be interesting to learn when the state paid the last bounty for either a wolf or panther, but it must have been in the late eighteen hundreds, for around the middle of the century the animals were frequently seen and their cries more often heard.

The Missing Deer

This episode happened in Cogan House Township not too many years ago, but it produced a number of chuckles in the community. It was during the depression years when money was just as hard to come by for the farmers as it was for a great many other people. Foods were cheap including all cuts of meat, but the money with which to buy it was scarce so "mountain lamb" was often found on the tables of various countrymen who under normal circumstances would never think of killing a deer out of season.

Once Max and Jim killed a deer and took it to Max's cellar to dress it. They didn't think the game warden was around, but still one never knew, so Max's son was posted as a lookout. The warden was in the vicinity that summer day, and had heard one rifle shot which was the only clue he had. But, he decided to investigate the premises of Max whom he suspected of being a poacher. When his car turned into the lane the son informed his father he could expect a caller. Plans had been made for such an emergency so while Max went to visit with the warden, Jim took the deer upstairs to a previously selected hiding place, then removed what evidence from the cellar that he could and went home.

From the affable way Max greeted him, the warden became quite suspicious. He noticed a blood spot on Max's pants and inquired about it. Max explained he had dressed a chicken for dinner and must have gotten the blood on his clothes at that time. The warden asked permission to search the premises, which was freely given. They first went into the cellar where the warden looked around but could find no conclusive evidence though he thought a deer might have been there not too long ago. Going through the rest of the house the various rooms and closet doors were opened but one door Max did not offer to open. The warden inquired about this room and Max said it was his wife's room and as she was pregnant and not feeling well she had gone to bed. Max rapped on the door and was told to enter. He opened the door showing the warden his wife resting in bed and the warden being a gentleman did not enter the room. But had he not been a "perfect gentleman" he would have searched the room and found the big hump beside the wife under the covers to be the deer for which he was searching.

To Kill a Bear

The following story was told of how Matthias Litzleman who had settled in the woods in Cogan House Township about 1850 got rid of a bear that was taking his sheep. He saw the bear going from the field where the sheep were pasturing carrying a half-grown lamb into the adjoining woods. Getting his gun he followed hoping to surprise the bear at its meal, but after a long search he found only the half-eaten carcass. He reasoned the bear would return again when hungry so he securely fastened his gun so it was aimed directly over the sheep. With one end of a string tied to the trigger of the gun and the other end tied to the sheep, the trap was set. When the bear came to finish his meal, pulling at the sheep fired the gun, killing the bear.

The Captive Bears

About the turn of the century Henry Drill lived alone in a small house at the foot of Green Mountain, working in the lumber woods to earn his living, but enjoying his hobby of hunting as often as he could. One of his ambitions was to capture a bear. He wanted his animal without a blemish so he discarded the use of a steel-spring bear-trap and used instead a box trap. His trap was made of poles about five inches in diameter making a rectangular box about five or six feet long, three feet wide and three feet high, with the sides fastened securely to the poles making the floor. The lid was also made of poles, hinged at one end and held open by a spring to which the bait was fastened. When an animal worked at the bait the spring released the lid allowing it to fall into place where it automatically locked. I doubt if Henry originated the use of a box trap to catch a bear, for most likely this method had been used by men in other localities.

The trap was built on the mountain beside an old lumbering road about a mile from Henry's home. The trapping was done in the late summer when the cubs were quite well grown so it made no great difference if a cub or a full grown bear was caught. Taking a live bear from the trap, whether a cub or a full grown bear, was quite a task but Drill always had the help of half a dozen kindred spirits.

Over the years Drill had quite a number of bears wearing a collar and fastened by a long chain to a post. I never knew him to have on the premises more than one adult bear in any one year, but once or twice he had a mother and her two cubs. Several persons recently told me they had as boys played with two small cubs as they would with a couple of small puppies. Two cubs that I saw one year were quite large and I am sure they might have played rough.

The old bear was in a fenced enclosure with a heavy strap as a collar about her neck and a chain about sixteen feet long fastened to a post. The fence was not to confine the bear but to keep dogs, children, and thoughtless adults from getting too close to the bear and possibly getting hurt. Mr. Foster Garrison of Brewster, New York, recently told me he had been reared on a farm at Green Mountain and as a youth passed Mr. Drill's home going to and from school. One morning with some of his schoolmates they stopped to watch the bear. They were leaning over the fence and Foster had his lunch pail in his hand in front of him when the bear smelled the food and came begging. It sat up on its haunches but as no food was offered it took a mighty swing with its paw and sent the lunch pail rolling, spilling the sandwiches out on the ground where they were quickly eaten. All that remained of the day's lunch was the handle of the pail tightly clasped in Foster's hand.

One year an old bear and a half grown cub were chained to their posts, and usually on Sundays there was a crowd of men, boys and a few of the fair sex gathered to watch the bears. Instead of going to Sunday School as I was supposed to do, one Sunday I rode my bicycle over to Green Mountain to see the bears. At the end of her chain the old bear was walking clockwise, a half circle about her post, looking longingly to the left at the nearby mountain. When she reached the point where she could no longer see the mountain, she turned and went counter clockwise with her head turned towards the mountain. She apparently walked this way for endless hours at a time.

The half grown cub, also fastened by a collar and chain to a post, didn't seem to mind its captivity as much as did the mother. The cub was quite playful and a couple of boys

were having some fun with it, being careful not to get too rough, and getting away from the bear if it became angry.

While I was there Henry came from the mountain and said there was another cub in the trap. He asked who would like to help to bring it down from the mountain and soon had plenty of volunteers. After obtaining a few pieces of half-inch rope the men were ready to go but they went by a roundabout way so they could stop at a farmhouse and get a jug of hard cider to take along.

Among the crowd that Sunday were five or six boys of my age. We decided to go up to the trap and see how the men would take the cub out. A couple of the boys knew the location of the trap, so we started off taking a shorter route than the men took. We arrived at the trap and surrounding it we peered between the cracks at the little bear. He apparently did not like so many eyes staring at him for he rushed madly about seeking some avenue of escape. One of the boys pushed a stick through a crack and the bear began snarling and biting at it. Someone with a little more sense said, "Cut it out. The little bear does not know what it is all about, so stop teasing him."

The cub settled down and as "time was hanging heavy on our hands," we all sat on top of the trap with our feet dangling down, talking and waiting for the men to come.

My heel was just below a crack between two poles, and all at once I felt a tug at my shoe. The cub had put his mouth through a crack and caught my shoe just above the counter, tearing out a small piece of leather. Needless to say, no one sat on the trap after that. It was not until many years later I realized that had that crack been an inch wider I might have suffered the same fate as did Achilles of old.

With the arrival of the men, a noose was passed between the poles of the lid and placed over the bear's head so that the bear could be pulled up against the lid and choked into submission. The lid was then opened, a collar was placed around the neck and a muzzle tied over the mouth. The feet were tied, the noose loosened and the bear lifted out of the trap. But something went wrong. A foot became loose and a claw was raked over the top of a hand. The fellow had a nasty gash on the top of his wrist, but when the bear was finally subdued and tied, the men took turns in carrying it down the mountain.

You may ask, "What did Drill do with the bears that he caught?"

They were well fed with grain, vegetables and fruit, becoming fat and docile. In the late fall during the hunting season there was a ready market for them, as often city hunters were not successful in shooting a deer or bear but were willing to pay a good price for a fat bear, taking it to the city with a good story of the big bear they had bagged on their hunting trip. At that time there may have been no legal restrictions on keeping live game animals, or, if there were such laws, they were not enforced.

One can imagine taking an adult bear from a trap might be a difficult task. All that I know about it is hearsay for the story of one such incident was told and retold and the narrative may have grown some during the many times it was repeated.

One of Drill's neighbors was Benjamin Bitterman, who was easy-going, of a jovial disposition, and often the butt of his companions' practical jokes. To one and all he was known as Benny. Once in bringing a bear from the mountain Benny was one of the helpers and, as it turned out, he was a hero.

The procedure for taking a large bear from a trap started



By holding the chain taut the bear was held away from the men.

the same as for a cub. A noose was placed about the bear's neck and it was choked until unconscious. Getting the noose over the head may have been easier said than done, but when it was accomplished and the bear was unconscious, the lid was opened and a collar with two long chains attached to it was placed around the neck. With two men holding the end of each chain, the noose was loosened and the bear allowed to recover.

It was a very enraged bear that awoke to find itself in a most serious predicament, for there it was midway between its captors. Snarling at the men, biting the chain, or slapping the chain with its paws, was of no avail. Threshing about in the trap, but given a little slack on one of the chains, the bear climbed out of the trap and started for the men holding their chain taut but was held away from them by the other chain. The bear fought the collar and chains with all its strength. Snarling its defiance at the men, it rolled on the ground and turned somersaults, trying to work the collar over its head, but it still remained a prisoner. During all this time Henry had his rifle ready in case it became necessary to shoot the bear.

To get the bear to go forward, the men in the rear gave their chain some slack, and with a couple of tugs on the forward chain the bear would start for those men only to be kept from getting close by the second chain. In this manner they got the bear started down the mountain road. After a number of fits of rolling and threshing around the bear finally quieted down and gave some cooperation in being led. After a while things were going so well that only two men were holding on to the chains and Benny was walking ahead. They were on a smooth piece of road and the bear wanted to trot, so the men jogged along quite fast. They came to where the road was steeper and a bit rough. They should have slowed down but they had waited too long. The man in the back could not hold the bear and Benny had to run faster. He stubbed his toe and fell to the ground.

The bear got close to Benny and got hold of his foot and was tearing at the shoe. Benny was frightened and began yelling that the bear would kill him and he would never again see his Sally. The men told Benny to keep quiet as the bear was not hurting him but Benny said, "Yes, but he is tearing my shoe."

Another man helped to pull the bear away from Benny and it turned on the men who were annoying it from the rear. In the excitement Benny had let loose of his chain but

he responded to the urgent cries of the men, "Ben, grab your chain," and thus became the hero of the day. Had Benny not gotten hold of his chain Henry would have been forced to shoot the bear.

When Sally heard the news of how Benny's shoe was torn, she was angry at the men. She said, "All the time it is Benny this and Benny that, just to make a fool of him. But when it came to leading the bear, my Benny had to go ahead."

There were no further mishaps in getting this particular bear off the mountain and chained to a post. Getting the extra chain loose from the collar was another "ticklish" job. The bear again had to be choked before the chain could be removed.

Mr. Garrison recently told me that though he was quite young at the time, he remembered that his father had helped to bring a big bear off the mountain. His father told of their choking the bear, securely tying it, and hauling the bear down the mountain on a stone boat.

A Young Girl's Flight From a Wolf

This story is told by Milton Landis in the unpublished biography of Daniel Krise who was born in Jackson Township, 1868, died 1962. Mr. Krise related that when a youth attending high school he had lived for two years with his Aunt Christina Krise Messner who told him of this episode. From a partial genealogy of the Krise family, Mr. Landis thought the incident had occurred in the early 1860's.

As Aunt Christina told it, when she was twelve years old it was her duty each afternoon to go into the woods to search for the family herd of cattle, including the milk cows, and bring them to the home corral. Like all other pioneer families, there were not enough cleared fields in which to pasture the cattle, so during the daytime in the summer they were turned loose in the woods to seek their food.

One afternoon Christina started as usual to look for her charges. Searching all the likely places near the farm and not finding them she went deeper into the woods following a path the cattle had made that led over the brow of a hill to a spring where they often went for water. Going down the steep hillside she heard the cowbell that was worn fastened by a strap about the neck of the leader of the herd. As the sound of the bell grew louder she knew the cows were coming toward her. In a few moments the cattle came into view and traveling quite fast as though being chased. As

the cattle passed her, Christina counted them and found one was missing. Going a short distance down the hillside to where she could see into a ravine the cattle had crossed she saw a young heifer lying on the ground and unable to arise because of a broken leg. Just then a she wolf with two half-grown whelps appeared and Christina made a hasty retreat. The wolves attacked the injured heifer and though Christina could no longer see into the ravine she plainly heard the bellows of pain as the wolves began tearing at the helpless animal.

Running after the rest of the cows, Christina caught one by the tail and was literally dragged up the steep hillside. It was dark when she arrived home and after that her older brother armed with a gun went in search of the cattle.

The Doctor and a Panther

I have never heard of a person in this part of the State who had been attacked by a wolf, but there is a true story of a man having been killed by a panther. The panther was the most ruthless and savage of the wild animals here in the East and in these respects he resembled the mountain lion of the West.

Our story begins when Dr. Frederick Reinwald was killed by a panther December 22, 1846, in a densely wooded spot in the "endless mountains" about three-fourths of the way between Liberty, Tioga County, and English Center, Lycoming County. The Doctor lived at Liberty and had received a call to visit a patient at English Center. It is reported the Doctor did not have a horse and made his calls on foot. The road from Liberty to English Center wound around over the hills and vales of the western part of the Liberty Valley, finally following Texas Creek through a mountain pass to where it joins Block House Creek to form Little Pine Creek, thence for about three miles to English Center.

There was another route with a road from Liberty following along Block House Creek to just below the present site of Buttonwood where the road may have ended in a path or trail along the creek to join the road from Texas Creek to English Center. The trail led down the narrow V-shaped valley between high mountains that were covered with a rank growth of virgin timber. The giant trees grew tall and close together and often it was dark and eerie along the trail. Where Black's Creek empties into Block House Creek a panther lay hiding ready to spring on any living thing that that might come along. Today, the virgin forest is gone but the rugged mountains are covered with a lesser forest. It is unlikely that ever again will there be such a forest here as there was one hundred years ago. Instead of a trail, a paved road now follows along Block House Creek, known as Route 284, connecting Routes 15 and 287. Route 284 crosses Black's Creek on a bridge and it was near this spot the body of Dr. Reinwald was found.

Many stories have been told, and some written, with varying accounts of the tragedy. In some of the stories the Doctor was riding a horse and in others he was walking. In some stories the attack was in daylight and in others it was at night. In one of the tales the Doctor passed the cabin of "Uncle" Henry Brion's father a half mile north of the present covered bridge that spans Block House Creek near Buttonwood. "Uncle" Henry was then a lad of ten or twelve years old, and in later years he is reported to have said that it was near dusk when the Doctor came by and his father had asked him to stay for the night. The offer was refused as Dr. Reinwald said he wanted to reach his patient as quickly as he could. Thus, the mystery grew!



The monument near the burial place of Dr. Frederick Reinwald at English Center, Lycoming County, erected by the Lycoming Medical Society in 1946. During the summer of 1964, an elderly member of the Reinwald family now living on Oregon Hill in the western part of Liberty Valley, told the author that to the best of her knowledge Dr. Reinwald had studied medicine in Germany and emigrated to Pennsylvania, living at Liberty and practicing in the surrounding countryside. Apparently the Doctor was not married and left no descendants.

Interest in the tragedy was heightened about 1950 when the Lycoming County Medical Society erected a monument to the memory of Dr. Reinwald. Of native stone, the monument is placed along Route 287 about a half-mile north of the bridge over Little Pine Creek at English Center. On the monument is a bronze plaque with the following inscription: "Dr. Frederick Reinwald was killed by a panther at Black's Creek, four miles northeast of this point, December 22, 1846, while on the way to visit a patient. An unusual example of the fortitude of pioneer physicians and the hazards faced in the performance of their duties."

About 1950 the Trout Run Volunteer Fire Company held a "turkey shoot" and in the printed program were several stories of local interest written by Milton Landis. One of the stories was about the death of Dr. Reinwald and for information in writing the tale Landis visited Mr. William Schneider, now deceased, of Oregon Hill. Schneider related that he had heard and read a number of different versions of the tragedy but he relied on what he had been told by Henry English of English Center. Schneider said he was a young man when English died at an advanced age but he had often heard Mr. English repeat the story.

According to English's account, when the Doctor did not come to English Center as expected, a number of men including English walked up Little Pine Creek, stopping at the different cabins along the way, to inquire if anyone had seen the Doctor. When they reached Black's Creek they found the body of Dr. Reinwald. The trampled snow with the footprints of the Doctor and a panther were mute evidence of a terrific struggle. The body was so badly mutilated and mauled that English did not want to describe it. The Doctor's satchel and double barrel gun were found nearby.

One barrel of the gun had been fired but on the other barrel only the percussion cap had been exploded. The charge in that barrel had "misfired," something that occa-

sionally happened with muzzle-loading guns.

Mr. Schneider's account was that the body was carried to English Center and buried in a small cemetery that was located near where the present monument to the Doctor now stands. The only markers on the graves were ordinary field stones with no inscriptions as to who was buried or when. Over the years the little cemetery was neglected. Some of the stones marking the graves disappeared and others were lying on the ground.

Possibly it was forty years ago when the State built a new road along Little Pine Creek giving this section the route number 287. In grading for the road the little cemetery was covered over and no doubt the engineers felt the paved road would be a fitting memorial to the few pioneers who were buried there.

In 1951, John D. Allison, writing the history of the Texas-Blockhouse Fish and Game Club, cites a story in the Diary of Nessmuk (George W. Sears) that Dr. Reinwald was killed by a panther at Black's Creek in December of 1846, and the following May this same panther was killed in the village of Texas, at the headwaters of Texas Creek, about ten miles away. The little village of Texas is now only a memory but at that time there were two sawmills, a store and post office, about twenty-five houses, and a schoolhouse. Today, the schoolhouse has been converted into a home and a couple of summer cabins are all that remains of the village.

On that sunny afternoon in early May of 1847, some children were playing in the street of the village when they saw a most frightening aspect. An animal, the likes of which they had never seen before, was vainly trying to push its way through a fence. They ran home and excitedly tried to tell of what they had seen. One little fellow said it was as big as a horse with firey red eyes.

The children were so much in earnest and badly frightened that several men went to investigate. They found a walking skeleton covered with skin that hung in great folds and vainly trying to push its way through the fence. It was a panther in the last stage of starvation so weak and emaciated it hardly had strength to move. In trying to walk it fell over the least obstruction and was unable at once to regain its feet. With its bloodshot eyes and debilitated body it was more an object of pity than of fear.

The men killed the panther and then saw that the lower jaw had been hopelessly shattered, presumably by a gun shot. The animal was said to measure eleven feet from tip of nose to tip of its tail. Without the use of its lower jaw, the panther had not been able to eat anything and had reached the stage where it could no longer do harm to any living thing.

Sears was sure this was the same panther that had killed Dr. Reinwald for he states, "It is worthy to note that an old hunter of the (search) party gave it as his belief that the panther's lower jaw had been broken by the shot. That it was the panther, no one who had seen the body or heard the story ever doubted."

From the foregoing, I will attempt to rebuild the story of the death of Dr. Reinwald. As he made his way along the trail in the heavily wooded valley between the mountains, it is possible that when he first saw the panther it was about to make its charge or spring from its place of concealment. The gun was aimed and fired but only the percussion cap exploded and the gun had misfired. With a rush, the panther closed in for the fatal blow. There was no time for a careful aim and the second barrel was fired at close range with the result that only the lower jaw of the

panther was shattered. It would require several minutes to reload the gun but there was no time. The gun was now useless except as a club. It was an unequal struggle and the panther soon won. Crazed by pain and in a great rage the panther wreaked its vengeance on the unfortunate Doctor, mauling and clawing at the body long after the last spark of life had fled.

But the panther was under a sentence of death by slow starvation for it could eat no food. It may at times have been able to get a little water down its gullet but it gradually grew weaker and weaker, dying a thousand deaths during those five long winter months, paying a terrible price for the unwarranted attack on Dr. Reinwald.

Two Neighborly Neighbors.

Farmers Clark and Blair lived on adjoining farms and often helped each other with difficult tasks. No money was involved for it was understood that a debt for labor was to be repaid with labor.

In his dairy herd farmer Clark always kept a "sire" that was frequently used by neighbor Blair, without any thought of recompense. Once, farmer Clark requested the loan of Blair's sire for swine. When the animal was returned home, Blair very casually remarked, "John, if you have luck with your pigs, will you give me a pair?"

It is reported,

Said farmer Clark to farmer Blair:

"We have been neighbors for forty yave;

You've used my bull to breed your cows,

This once I've had your boar to breed my sows.

Now you want pigs, and that ain't fair,

But you can have them for five a pair."

Two Apprentices

Two young friends were talking of what they wanted from life and each wanted to learn a trade. One wanted to be a blacksmith, the other a shoemaker. Each one achieved his goal.

The first one agreed to serve his three years of apprenticeship to a local blacksmith, Alfred Sheffer, but after two years of work the young fellow thought he knew all he needed to know about blacksmithing and asked his employer to relieve him of working another year. The blacksmith was agreeable and wanted to know what the young fellow would do now. The smith was not too surprised to learn the young man was going to open his own shop—which he did.

Someone asked Sheffer if the young fellow knew enough about blacksmithing to operate a shop? The smith thought for a moment then said, "He knows enough about it to be a first class bungler."

The other young man served his three years with a shoemaker and was ready to set up his own place of business. He wanted to have his shop at Liberty where all the business of the community was transacted but his father objected to him going several miles from home. He said, "If you go to Liberty, you will be of no help to me here on the farm. You had better have your shop here then when you are not busy you can help me."

I am afraid the young man did as his father wanted for in later years he lived on his father's farm, did some farming, and some shoemaking. He never got rich but could count his wealth in a large family of sons and daughters.

I can vouch for some truth in some of these stories, and for the rest I can only say:

I cannot say just what is the truth,

I have told the tales I heard as a youth.

Official Religion

VERSUS

Folk Religion

By DON YODER

The Devil seems to have been a subject of popular discussion among American Protestants in the 1850's.

Whatever the causes, the American churches in the decade of the 1850's explored, via the popular press, the subjects of the afterlife and the whole fringe area of the occult—demonology, angelology, astrology, and spiritualism. There were in that decade the "spirit rappings" of the Fox Sisters. There was also the attempt to legitimize astrology, and raise it from the level of the country almanac to the city newspaper. There was intense interest in death, the spirit land, the "heavenly recognition," the "sainted dead," the glories of heaven and the horrors of hell. There were, finally, books on the "Christian" doctrines of the guardian angel, the hosts of heaven, and the devil and his kingdom.

These were, it seemed, national interests—national religious fads, so to speak—and this was one aspect of the American Protestant spirit at the time. There were other aspects as well. The 1850's were times of intense political hatreds, of nativism, and anti-slavery—all of which the Protestant conscience was debating. In the realm of theology there were Bushnell and Nevin, Emerson and Ballou and Parker, Brownson and Hecker, but the interests which we shall look at in this paper were not the high theological interests of the church but the popular currents.

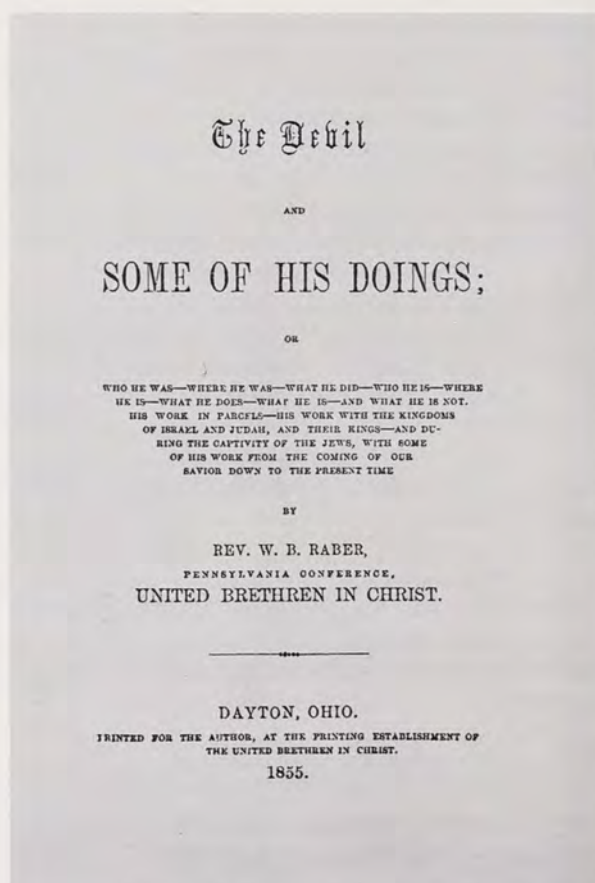
While these were national fads, Pennsylvania's Protestants were producing their share of the popular books. The prolific Henry Harbaugh (1817–1867) was writing *The Heavenly Recognition; or, An Earnest and Scriptural Discussion of the Question—Will We Know our Friends in Heaven?* (Philadelphia, 1851), and *The Heavenly Home; or, The Employments and Enjoyments of the Saints in Heaven* (Philadelphia, 1853), both items in his then popular "Future Life" series. At the same time the vitriolic Philadelphia nativist Joseph F. Berg (1812–1871) produced his curious volume, *Abaddon and Mahanaim; or, Demons and Guardian Angels* (Philadelphia, 1856).

There has recently turned up what may be the rarest of all the devil-books of 19th Century America. Certainly for the student of folk-culture it is one of the most revealing, from the fact that it does not limit its discussion of the devil to his escapades in the Old and New Testaments—although it does give plenty of details of those escapades. It presses on to the devil's part in the "delusions" of the 19th Century. These seem to center in two areas—the "delusions" of the popular culture and the "delusions" of the Pennsylvania Dutch folk-culture.

Before we go further, we shall introduce the book and its author. The date is 1855, the author William B. Raber, and

the book bears the elaborate title: *The Devil and Some of His Doings; Or Who He was—Where He Was—What He Did—Who He Is—Where He Is—What He Does—What He Is—And What He Is Not. His Work in Parcels—His Work With the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah, and Their Kings—and During the Captivity of the Jews, With Some of His Work From the Coming of Our Savior Down to the Present Time.* By Rev. W. B. Raber, Pennsylvania Conference, United Brethren in Christ. Dayton, Ohio, Printed for the Author, At the Printing Establishment of the United Brethren in Christ. 1855. From it I quote Chapter X, "The Devil and Delusions," which forms the basis of this paper.

William B. Raber (1823–1875), United Brethren circuit-



Raber's Devil-Book of 1855 blames the Devil for Pennsylvania's folk-religious practices of 'paw-wawing' and witchcraft. Courtesy Princeton Theological Seminary.



Der sterbende Christ.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN. This engraving by Gilbert, from a Pennsylvania almanac of 1837, illustrates the 19th Century Protestant concern with death, heaven, and angelology.

rider, was a native of East Berlin, Adams County, Pennsylvania. After an authentic soul-searching revivalist conversion experience in 1846—February 19th was what he called his “spiritual birthday” and he celebrated it every year along with his “natural birthday”—he joined the Pennsylvania Conference in 1847 and served the rest of his life in the active ministry in South Central Pennsylvania. He has written two things which are available to the scholar, both of which shed great light on revivalist attitudes to life in general—his manuscript *Journal* (1847–1852), evidently, like so many of the circuit-rider journals, written for publication; and his one book, *The Devil and Some of His Doings* (1855). The *Journal* is the property of the Historical Society of the Pennsylvania Conference, at Quincy, Franklin County, Pennsylvania.

According to the flowery obituary that his ministerial colleagues published in the *Journal of the Pennsylvania Conference for 1875*, Raber “was a man of considerable education, a close student and a rapid thinker. But few men were better posted in literature and science of the day than he. But at no place was he more at home than in the pulpit, commanding in personal appearance, a voice well trained and under perfect command. His sermons, always thoroughly

prepared, practical, logical, and earnestly delivered, could scarcely ever fail to make a deep and lasting impression. It is doubtful whether he had a superior in this church as a pulpit orator. . . .” From his first appointment, Chambersburg Circuit, in 1847, he continued in the itinerant ministry until his death in 1875, serving ten years in the presiding eldership and four times as delegate to General Conference. While he was a good preacher, the account intrigues us with the information that “he was often imposed upon by the worthless, and made the subject of bitter censure by those of his friends who did not carefully study his nature.” This Victorian chronicle ends with February 7, 1875, when “Bro. W. B. Raber entered his pulpit, and there and then proclaimed his last God given message of salvation. Before the next sabbath came, his soul had taken its last flight to the spirit land. . . .” He was survived by a grieving “companion and daughter,” and of course his book, strangely unknown and today practically impossible to come by.

The chapter which we reprint here is a curious blend of literary folklore and authentic Pennsylvania lore recorded evidently from the author’s own memory. Certain sections rely heavily upon Charles Mackay’s *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds* (1841),

one of the most popular of the rationalist exposés of witchcraft and related subjects which appeared in the 19th Century. However, where Raber uses Mackay, he occasionally takes him only as a starting point, drawing one or two examples from Mackay, which prompt him to add American examples of the same idea. Raber's most valuable sections are those which have little or no connection with Mackay—the sections on witchcraft and “pawwawing,” and that on popular follies reflecting the tastes and fashions and amusements of the 1850's.

My thanks to the Reverend John H. Ness, Jr., Secretary and Curator of the Historical Society of the Evangelical United Brethren Church, Dayton, Ohio, for the loan of the microfilm of Raber's *Journal*, for the material on Raber's obituary from the *Journal of the Pennsylvania Conference*, and for many favors along the way; to the Reverend Harry Fehl of Quincy, Pennsylvania, for the loan of the Pennsylvania Conference's copy of Raber's book; and to the Princeton Theological Seminary Library for the loan of the only available copy of Raber's book in the Philadelphia area (the only one listed in the University of Pennsylvania's Union Catalogue), from which the title-page has been photographed.

II.

The importance of Raber's book is that it sheds light on the revivalist-sectarian approach both to folk religion and to popular culture.

I am presupposing here that there are levels of culture: high culture, popular culture, and folk culture; and levels of religion: (1) official or organized religion, on the theological and liturgical levels; (2) popular religion—the layman's version of what religion is about, clothed often in the vocabulary and values of the popular culture; and finally, (3) folk religion—those traditional levels of folk belief, those folk attitudes to life, death and the universe which, at least in certain regional societies, exist partially alongside, partially underneath the official levels of religion.

Since 1957 we have been engaged at the University of Pennsylvania in a study of the relation of American religion to the various levels of American culture—in particular, the relation of official religion to those lower (and by theologians and church historians often neglected) levels of popular culture and folk culture.

Our concern in this paper is with the church's attitude, in mid-19th Century, to both folk culture and popular culture. The cultures involved are the Pennsylvania Dutch folk culture and the early American popular culture of the 1840's and 1850's. The church involved is the “Church of the United Brethren in Christ,” a small but aggressive revivalist sect that arose in the German-speaking areas of Pennsylvania and Maryland at the time of the “awakenings” of the 18th and early 19th Centuries. With the Evangelical Association (later renamed the Evangelical Church), with which it finally joined in 1946 to form the Evangelical United Brethren Church, it formed a kind of unofficial Pennsylvania Dutch arm of the great national Methodist movement, whose spirit and motivation it largely shared.

Official religion and popular culture have had a history of varied relationship in America, from the Puritans to Norman Vincent Peale. If one thinks of the Victorian era with its sentimentality, its moralism, its preoccupation with death, then it would seem that evangelical religion had a great deal to do with molding the popular culture of that era. If one studies the business men's churches of 20th Century suburbia, one sees the opposite relation—the domination of

SPIRIT RAPPING UNVEILED!

AN EXPOSÉ OF THE

ORIGIN, HISTORY, THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY

OF CERTAIN ALLEGED COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE

SPIRIT WORLD,

BY MEANS OF

SPIRIT RAPPING, "MEDIUM WRITING," "PHYSICAL DEMONSTRATIONS,"

ETC.

With Illustrations.

BY REV. H. MATTISON, A. M.,

PASTOR OF THE JOHN-STREET M. E. CHURCH, NEW YORK; AUTHOR OF "MODERN ANIMISM," "THE PRIMARY ASTRONOMY," "HIGH-SCHOOL ASTRONOMY," ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY MASON BROTHERS, 23 PARK ROW,

OPPOSITE THE ASTOR HOUSE.

1853.

Spiritualism was a fad of the 1850's which grew into a full-fledged religious cult after the Civil War. It involved the idea, widespread in folk-culture, that the spirits of the dead are available for communication with the living. This book is one of hundreds of anti-spiritualist tracts that appeared in the 1850's.

the thinking and vocabulary of the church by the attitudes and “values” of popular culture.

Official religion and folk culture have likewise been partners in some cultures and opponents in others. In general the European Catholic cultures have worked out compromises with folk-religious attitudes and incorporated them somehow in their broader, sacramental view of life. Protestantism, in its attempt to intellectualize the Christian religion, tended in the long run to desacramentalize life and has therefore often proved hostile to folk-religious attitudes.

Let us take for an example the question of folk healing. Folk healing of the occult sort was in the Protestant areas driven underground, and has for the most part been divorced from official Protestantism ever since. Because, however, the human desire to relate religion and healing is persistent, religious healing is still practised on several levels in American Protestantism today: (1) It still exists as “powwowing”—occult folk healing—in the Pennsylvania Dutch country, still underground and unofficial, unrecognized by the churches. (2) On a high intellectual level the idea of religious healing crystallized into a cult of its own, Christian Science, on the fringes of official Protestantism. (3) Midway between the two, the Pentecostal sects attempt to restore the Biblical charismatic gifts of religious healing, practicing them in the context of the religious services, as part of the official religion. (4) A fourth development, on the part of Episcopalians in particular, has been to start formal healing services, such as those sponsored by St. Stephen's Church in Philadelphia under the auspices of the Order of St. Luke

The Memory of the Dead.

SEPULCHRES

OF

OUR DEPARTED.

BY

REV. F. R. ANSPACH, A.M.,
HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND.

As flowers which night, when day is o'er, perfume,
Breathes the sweet memory from a good man's tomb.
See K. R. LITTON.

Fourth Edition.

PHILADELPHIA:
LINDSAY & BLAKISTON.
1856.

Americans in the 1850's found a strange fascination in death, funerals, cemeteries, and the doctrines of the afterlife. This book by Frederick Reinhardt Anspach (1815-1867), a Lutheran minister born in Central Pennsylvania, was on the Protestant best-seller list in 1856.

the Physician, with the conscious intention of restoring healing to the realm of the church and the authorized clergy of the church.

In the Protestant Pennsylvania Dutch cultural area the two occult phases of folk religion—occult folk healing (called in Pennsylvania *Braucherei* or “powwowing”) and witchcraft (*Hexerei*)—were once commonly practised and believed among most of the continental emigrant groups of the 18th Century. On the people's level of understanding these things were accepted. They were, in fact, looked upon by Pennsylvania farmers as part of their religion. The clergy of the churches (Lutheran and Reformed) may not have approved these aspects of folk belief, but the people continued their loyalty to them. The clergy, for the most part, seem not to have publicly opposed either the Pennsylvania folk religion or the Pennsylvania Dutch folk-culture, its larger setting, until the middle of the 19th Century.

A basic shift in the relation between church and folk culture came with the revivalist movement which reached its high tide in the pre-Civil War era. Beginning with the Great Awakening of the 18th Century and continuing through the Second Awakening of the early 19th Century, a new orientation in Protestantism, a new idea crystallized into an aggressive movement—the so-called evangelical or pietist or revivalist type of Protestantism—invaded most of America's Protestant churches and conquered them, wholly or in part, one after the other. Revivalism has had profound effects on American life. For one, it individualized religion

and broke up the older religious communities and folk societies of the colonial era. Just as the community aspects of the Puritan society were broken up by the individualist orientation of pietist revivalism, so in the Pennsylvania Dutch country the community-based life of the traditional Lutheran and Reformed “union churches”—where the individual was part of a larger “Old Protestant” culture—was replaced with the pietist or evangelical-revivalist type of Christianity which was centered in the individual and his salvation.

Belief in the devil was, in the 19th Century at least, a kind of no man's land between folk religion and official religion. Where the official religion, as in the middle ages, accepted the belief in the devil, it was easy for the people to press on further into a dualistic world-view where the Kingdom of God and the Kingdom of the Devil were seen as struggling, Zoroastrian fashion, against each other, in the cosmos as well as in the individual heart. In the 18th and 19th Centuries, when Evangelical Protestantism revived and strengthened the devil doctrine, the devil's kingdom was equated with the forbidden “world” whose allurements the evangelical was told to flee in the working out of his salvation. Here—as is made clear by Raber's book—the devil becomes a convenient scapegoat for the preachers in their double-pronged condemnation of culture—the witchcraft-folk healing aspects of the folk culture on the one hand and the popular amusement aspects of popular culture on the other. Raber makes it plain that the devil has fathered both sets of wickedness.

In conclusion, the revivalist or methodistic sects of the evangelical movement tended to reject both the folk culture and the popular culture. For the Pennsylvania Dutch country this meant that in place of the folk culture they set up a kind of evangelical “substitute culture”—(1) the fellowship sect with its “brother” and “sister” terminology taking the place of the community-based church; (2) the camp-meeting or “bush-meeting” in place of the militia-muster and frolic, with spiritual ecstasy (“holyrolling” in 20th Century terms) in place of the dance and alcoholic inebriation; (3) the prayer-meeting with its spontaneous “chorus”-singing in place of the singing-school and the songs of the *Spinnstube*—in other words, the spiritual in place of the popular ballad; (4) the “watchnight” in place of the New Year's party; and (5) a subjective calendar of conversion and revival season in place of the old objective church year of holy festivals and the superimposed folk-year with its magic days of planting and harvesting, blessing and peril.

To the “evangelical” Protestant, all that counted were the Bible world-view and the interior climate of assured salvation. Raised above all and penetrating all revivalist life was the “Evangelical Jesus,” an idea which became a kind of universal prism through which all light, all truth, all knowledge was filtered. To the evangelical, the “world out there” was seen only as refracted through this symbolic lens.

As this new evangelical revivalist spirit spread and penetrated from the revivalist sects into the old Pennsylvania Dutch churches, and many Lutheran and Reformed pastors introduced the “anxious bench” and the Sunday School and the rest of the revivalist “new measures,” the old folk culture was weakened fatally from within.

Of this changed world-view, with the focus of Protestant life narrowed to include less of the old folk-cultural world as well as less of the American popular world of the 1850's, Raber and his now forgotten book, *The Devil and Some of His Doings*, are perfect examples.

THE DEVIL AND DELUSIONS

The work of Satan upon earth was characterized in the commencement, by deception, and the same has ever been one of its leading features. His whole work is a work of delusion. Volumes might be written concerning popular follies, which have spread far and wide, and taken deep root in the hearts of the people, clearly showing their wrong-headedness. We can, however, promise to give only a brief notice of some, out of many, remarkable delusions which the Devil imposed upon the credulity of perverted minds. It is not only possible, but really quite probable that, I may *tramp the toes*, of some very *good meaning* people, before I have done with this chapter; but as that is not a premise in the book, I can only advise you to betake yourself to hearty prayer for an unprejudiced heart first, and then to read on.

WITCHCRAFT

WITCHCRAFT is the first delusion of Satan to which we shall call your attention. This species of deception has been in existence a long time. On account of its antiquity, it gained considerable ground, deeded to its individual purposes, during different periods of time. At times the delusion amounted to a *mania*, and when the best was said, it was not far behind that idea. There were days that it was rather dangerous to be an aged and infirm woman, for they were generally the victims of blind superstition and cruelty, being looked upon as *gilled* in the imaginary net of witchcraft; and indeed, many of them, poor creatures, shared a bad fate, through the perverted imagination of hypochondriacs—the wild fancies of hysterical women—and the prejudices of conceited nincompoops and simpletons. Fanatical religionists, too, cast more than a few mites into the treasury of this folly.

It was believed that the Devil empowered those creatures known as witches, wizards and such like, "to walk invisible, to fly in the air, ride upon broomsticks, and other wooden gear, to interpret dreams, answer (hard) questions, betray (profound) secrets, to talk (gibberish) the universal language, swell winds, bring up spirits, disturb the dead, and torment the living, with a thousand other needful tricks to amuse the world, keep themselves in veneration, and carry on the Devil's empire in the world." Why the Devil always, or nearly so, walked among, talked to, associated with, and bargained and employed the most deformed and the ugliest old creatures he could find, is something to be philosophized upon in witchcraft. And why the people thought that a poor feeble old woman should have no other pleasure, and no greater delight than to punish men, women, children, and animals, is a point hard to define. And to the shame of thousands, who wish to be looked upon as *sensible* and *respectable*, be it said, that, the matter has been turned into a proverb, to express the natural consequences of old age, which should be honored, "as ugly as a witch." Boys and girls in the street, are heard to ridicule the decrepit, by yelling—*as ugly as a witch*.

The reader may think we might have given some definition, or explanation of the term witchcraft, in the commencement of this chapter; but the fact is, there is so much embraced within its long arms that, we scarcely know where to commence. The most common idea connected with it is as follows:—"A juggling pretence of supernatural knowledge and power gained by entering into compact with the inhabitants of the spiritual world, called 'familiar spirits.'" The reality or truth of the matter, is not only to be doubted, but to be rejected as unworthy of a rational being. That

pretence has been made to it by many of the Devil's miscreants, is placed beyond question. That there were, and are even now, persons hollow-hearted enough to pretend to possess this supernatural wisdom and power, is altogether apparent.

But you may refer me to the statements made concerning the Magicians of Egypt, and their divining rods, in another chapter. Please, sir: That was altogether a different matter.¹ God had a wise purpose in view in that case, and it the power I was there writing about, would have been considered the power connected with witchcraft, I should have placed it under that caption. That was a case of the Devil's power, granted or given him for a wise object in the mind of Deity. We have there stated the facts in that case, and you are left to draw your own conclusions. We proceed with the subject in hand, hoping you will have the kindness to refer to the matter spoken of in this paragraph, and especially to the introductory remarks in that case.

Of the rise of witchcraft, such as when, where, and how, we have nothing to say. However, the pretension to this business is of great antiquity, but as time passed on, the Devil added such improvements as would keep it in vogue among the credulous. We read of pretenders to this black art in the different books of Moses; and such persons were looked upon with abhorrence by the Almighty, threatened with awful punishments, and indeed, were forbidden to live, cursing the earth with their vile impositions. A misconception of different texts, such as, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," has led many into the wild notion of the reality in witchcraft. But what was, and is, a witch? A cheat, a deceiver, and so on. Mackay² says: "From the best authority, it appears that the Hebrew word, [which] has been rendered, *venefica*, and *witch*, means a poisoner and divineress—a dabbler in spells, or fortune-teller. The modern witch was a [very] different character, and joined to her pretended power of fore-telling future events, that of working evil upon the life, limbs, and possessions of mankind."

It was generally supposed that persons obtained supernatural power from the Devil, by selling their souls to him, and signing the bargain in blood, without any idea of claiming deliverance at any time in the future. England, France,

¹ Because of their biblicism, Protestants of Raber's stripe were placed in the ambiguous position of having to defend the Biblical "miracles" while denying medieval and modern Catholic "miracles." A New England contemporary of Raber, S. B. Emmons, in his volume *The Spirit Land* (Boston, 1857), includes a chapter on "Modern Miracles" (Ch. XI), which tells us, "There are some who profess to believe in modern miracles. But such belief necessarily partakes of superstition. The Savior gave no intimation that miracles should continue after the establishment of Christianity" (p. 79). Christ's promise of healing powers and related spiritual phenomena "did not extend beyond the immediate converts of the apostles." "In fact," he concludes, "there was no necessity for miracles after the establishment of Christianity. They were first wrought as so many testimonies that Jesus was sent of God . . ." (p. 80). Another mid-century volume, *Magic, Pretended Miracles, and Remarkable Natural Phenomena* (Philadelphia, n.d.), published by the American Sunday-School Union in conjunction with the Religious Tract Society of London, takes the same view: "Numberless were the miracles wrought by Jehovah in ancient times, in behalf of his chosen people. In vain does infidelity object that the contents of the books of Moses may not be true; since, had they been false, it was absolutely impossible that they could have obtained any credit" (pp. 178-179). And these final examples of evangelical apologetics: "In vain do Romanists contend for the continuance of miracles" (p. 190). "Miracles have passed away; but we still possess the glorious gospel of the blessed God" (p. 191).

² Charles Mackay's *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds* appeared in a three-volume edition in London in 1841. It was one of the most popular of the rationalist exposés of witchcraft and related phenomena in 19th Century literature. I have used the two-volume London edition of 1852. The section quoted in this paragraph is found in Mackay, II, 102-103.




WITCHES' DANCE ON THE BLOCKSBERG—The engraver Gilbert's version of the "Walpurgisnacht" revel, from Conrad Zentler's Philadelphia almanac, the "Americanischer Stadt und Land Calender" for 1824.

Germany, and a whole train of other nations, have at different times been thrown into the wildest commotion, by being inundated with the witch mania. Calamities of all kinds were sent, without comment, into the field of witchcraft. If a storm blew down buildings and prostrated timber,—if disease carried off cattle, or affliction entered the household,—if accidents occurred, either to man or beast, with more than a thousand other things, some poor despised hag, or gypsy-like looking creature in the community, was surely blamed as being a witch, and bringing about such distress and confusion. The wild leaps of a disordered imagination, or unhinged digestion—the spectres, visions, and conceits of the *hipped*—and every strange prank of the curious and marvelous, was ascribed to the power of rejected and out-cast wrinkled old creatures. I shall not pass over the old trodden track to notice the wonderful superstitions and delusions connected with witchcraft, in ages gone by; but shall take the privilege to introduce in print a few cases in a later

day, after which I may gather up different points that centre in witchcraft, and were brought about by the old Weird himself.³

An old gentleman residing in A——, Pa., was very much distressed on account of the Devil having witches beleaguer his premises. Every night he was attacked by them without mercy or quarters. His own narration of his witch troubles would run somewhere near the following:—In the evening after retiring to rest, or rather in his case, *for* rest, the witches would, immediately after he had fallen into a slumber, make their appearance. They would enter his chamber through the key-hole, and appear in the form and shape of cats; after some ceremony they would set up an awful screaming, and

³ I have not thought it necessary to identify the motifs in these very common witch tales. Since they are from the same area (South Central Pennsylvania), see my carefully annotated "Witch Tales from Adams County," recorded in 1958, a century after Raber's book, in *Pennsylvania Folklife*, Vol. XII No. 4 (Summer 1962), 29-37.

enter into a fantastic dance, and hold a hellish jubilee. All this time he lay sweating in anxiety, distress, tremor of the whole nervous system, and the deepest agony. Presently one large cat, *i.e.*, witch, after giving a few licks of the lips, frightful grins, and rolling of the great glaring eyeballs, would in one leap plant herself firmly upon the poor old man's breast. His breathing ceased—his limbs became helpless—his eyes darkened—his body shook—death stared him in the face. In his agony of body and mind, with almost superhuman effort he succeeded in groaning, and at last crying out for help. That instant the cats, *i.e.* witches, fled—he wakened up all in fear, feeling doubly grateful that the inhuman creatures were gone, and for the narrow escape he made. The whole of the foregoing circumstance resolves itself into this:  *He was subject to the NIGHTMARE!*

In ———, Pa.[.] a farmer's cattle were, as he said, bewitched. They became lean and were seized with a kind of staggers. His horses were very *poor*, and the milk of his cows unfit for use. The appearance of his entire stock was distressing. The witches were among them, led on by some poor old woman, a neighbor, to do him such mischief. His hay-mow was empty—his feed-boxes ditto—his stock was shamefully neglected—and the whole of the affair amounts to this: His cattle, and so on, were bewitched by their owner. Cause: Want of hay and grain, and mean, unmerciful neglect.⁴

In P——, Pa.[.] the Devil had a number of sinners believe that their afflicted children were bewitched, and set them upon a plan to discover who was doing the mischief. The clothing of the children were pounded, and *pinched* by the doors.⁵ After this operation, with some mysterious ceremony, the witch was to be taken down by sickness. Sure enough, about the time of their witch detecting agency, a poor dropsical old creature, who had had no greater desire than to serve her Maker, was very suddenly seized with difficulty of breathing—and a whole train of other distressing things. She was entered upon the list as a witch. But this problem may be solved sensibly, by knowing that she was subject to palpitation of the heart, of which she had an attack about the time the Devil had his simpletons engaged in beating and wringing the apparel of their little ones.

Thus we might fill pages from personal knowledge, but we forbear. The age in which we live, and in this happy, sensible America, witchcraft is losing ground. The witchcraft laws are cast to one side, and the burning, gibbeting, drowning, and a dozen other painful deaths, inflicted upon human beings for supposed diabolical power exercised to the injury of others, is looked upon as unworthy of a Christian people. The gibble-gabble of witchcraft, is to a great measure, confined to the ignorant and superstitious, and indeed should be disregarded by every sensible man and woman in the country.

We shall notice several other subjects bordering on, and belonging to witchcraft, therefore dismiss this point and move forward to notice things that embody fore-telling the future, fortune-telling, and such like Satanic stuff.

⁴ This is of course a common attitude among the non-believers in witchcraft in an area where witch beliefs are still alive among some of the population—to rationalize the witch tales. Cf. Kenneth S. Goldstein's discussion of this problem, "The Collecting of Superstitious Beliefs," *Keystone Folklore Quarterly*, Vol. IX No. 1 (Spring 1964), 13-22.

⁵ Pinching the children's clothing is a common anti-witchcraft technique recorded in Central Pennsylvania. On May 14, 1964, after a lecture on powwowing to the teachers of West York Area High School, York, Pennsylvania, I was told by one of my audience that the technique she had heard in the area was to turn the sick child's clothing inside out and pinch it in the door.

Das Universal-Traumbuch,
oder
Der vollständige
Traum-Ausleger
aller Arten von
Träumen,
Alphabetmäßig eingerichtet.
Ausgezogen aus den Schriften
von

Aristotel	Culpepper
Artemidorus	Melancthon
Lord Bacon	Julianus
Barter	Lily
Hooker	Loemistius
Carden	Theopompus
Nichmole	Tron, &c

Aus dem englischen Uebersetzt.

Erste Auflage.

Reading:
Gedruckt für den Käufer, 1821.

"The Universal Dream-Book" published at Reading, Pennsylvania, in 1821.

ASTROLOGY

ASTROLOGY. This "was the art which professed to discover the course of human fortunes from the appearances of the stars." "It took its rise from astronomy, whilst astronomy was in its imperfect state." In early ages it struck its roots deep and spread its branches far and wide. The Devil raised up men, who pretended to foretell future events, "cast nativities, aided in the recovery of stolen goods, prognosticated happy or unhappy marriages, predicted whether journeys would be prosperous, and note lucky moments for the commencement of any enterprise, from the setting up of a cobbler's shop to the marching of an army."⁶

⁶ The quotation is from Mackay, I, 243, changed into past tense.

God never designed in the wise and merciful arrangements of his providence, that man should know the future. This would not increase his happiness, but would vastly add to his misery. Therefore, there is as much impiety in astrology, as there is superstition and delusion. Its race is no doubt nearly run. Yet there are fragments of it left, and a few covetous conscienceless wretches, are engaged in fleecing the simple.

We might have named many astrologers, with their delusions and disappointments, and how Kings, princes and many of the worldly great, countenanced and patronized them, and how the "inferior rank" consulted those agents of the Devil, but leave you to refer to other works, should you be desirous of knowing. There are yet a few whose souls are mean enough to publish in the face of heaven and the Holy Bible; reason and common sense; literature and civilization; morality and Christianity, such advertisements as the following:—

"ARRIVAL OF DR. C. W. ROBACK AT BALTIMORE, late of Philadelphia and New York. The celebrated DR. C. W. Roback, from Sweden, Professor of Astrology, Astronomy, Phrenology and Geomancy, having just arrived from Boston, where he has met with the most extraordinary success for the last two years, now offers his services to the citizens of Baltimore and vicinity. C. W. Roback being the seventh son of the seventh son, and having made Astrology his exclusive study since the early age of fifteen years, enjoys the advantages derived from traveling and reflection that is possessed by none in this country or Europe, and being so gifted by nature, and having cultivated this blessed gift, he is prepared to adapt them to the following use, and the immediate consummation of the following topics:

"He can be consulted at his office or by letter, (if pre-paid,) and he is prepared to make use of his powers on any of the following topics: Business of all descriptions, traveling by land and sea, courtship, advice given for its successful accomplishment, speculating in stocks, merchandise or real estate, the recovery of legacies in dispute, the purchasing of tickets, and the safety of ships at sea. He has also had the honor of receiving a certificate from the Hon. C. John Bernadotte, formerly the King of Sweden, which it will give him great pleasure to show to those who may favor him with a call. He also offers his services respecting health, wealth[,] marriage, love affairs, journeys, lawsuits, difficulty in business, fraud, sickness, death, past, present and future events, and all concerns of life, and invites all to call who are afflicted corporeally or mentally. Nativities calculated and read in full, according to the oracles of masculine signs.

"TERMS.—Ladies \$1; Gentlemen \$1.50. Nativities calculated according to Geomancy. For Ladies in full \$3; Gentlemen in full \$5.

"Persons at a distance can have their Nativities drawn by sending the date of the day of their birth.

"All letters containing the above fee will receive immediate attention, and Nativities will be sent to any part of the world, written on durable paper.

"All letters on the above topics, if post-paid, will be answered gratis.

"His Office is at No. 65 East Lombard Street, between Exeter and Lloyd, Baltimore, Md."

In another advertisement the same *celebrated Doctor* says:—"All letters will be religiously attended to, if pre-paid;" "All communications kept religiously secret." *Religiously!* What kind of Religion, this wiseacre does not say; probably such as a Hindoo possesses. Such superlative superstition and Mohometan delusion is unworthy of an Egyptian. But as this *learned ignoramus* is the "Seventh son of the seventh son" he has left *Sweden* to attend *religiously* to revealing the future to such as the Devil may influence to "give him a call." How deep the *Dr.'s* religion runs, "deponent does not say." ⁷

DIVINATION

DIVINATION. Of this there are many sorts. Numbers have exploded, but the Devil always had some others to fill up their place. We can only notice a few, and that briefly, whilst we shall name some of the rest. How the Devil succeeded in gathering up all those *omancies*, I shall have to leave you to conjecture.

Divining by the elements is called *Stareomancy*,—by fire, *Pyromancy*, by candles and lamps, *Lampadomancy*,—by the earth, *Geomancy*,—by the air, *Aeromancy*,—by the help of demons and bad spirits, *Demonomancy*,—by the soul, *Ps[ych]omancy*,—by the Gods, *Idolomancy*,—by names, *Onomancy*,—by fishes, *Icthyomancy*,—by lots, *Kleromancy*,—by smoke, *Kapnomancy*,—by vessels of water, *Lecanomancy*[.] —by knives, *Macharomancy*,—by saws, *Axinomancy*,—by shadows, *Sciomancy*,—by cheese, *Typomancy* [*Tyromancy*],—by any kind of grain, *Krithomancy*,—by Scripture, *Theomancy*; and thus we might name at least *fifty* of the Devil's *omancies*. There are several to which we shall devote a page or two.⁸

ONEIROMANCY, or as another calls it "Oneiro-Criticism." This is divining by dreams, or more commonly known as, The Interpretation of Dreams.⁹ This sort of divining can justly lay claim to great antiquity. Dreams may be caused by the Lord and good angels; by the Devil and his angels, and by a "multitude of business." It cannot be denied but that God spake to many by dreams; but the manner of interpretation is unknown, but surely not as every wiseacre tells you, by contraries. The fat kine were a representation of plenty—the lean of famine; but now you must reverse, therefore the lean would represent plenty, and the full, famine. When God said: "Take the young child and flee into Egypt," he meant just what he said. Whatever may have been in ages gone by, we leave, and turn our minds to what the Devil teaches in modern times, and what superlatively ridiculous dunces receive as facts.

⁷ Roback was a familiar figure in Philadelphia and elsewhere in urban America in the 1840's and '50's. Advertisements for his fortune-telling and astrological services appear in the Philadelphia papers in the 1850's. See his large volume, *The Mysteries of Astrology, and the Wonders of Magic: Including A History of the Rise and Progress of Astrology, and the Various Branches of Necromancy; Together with Valuable Directions and Suggestions Relative to the Casting of Nativities, and Predictions by Geomancy, Chiromancy, Physiognomy, &c. Also Highly interesting Narratives, Anecdotes, &c. Illustrative of the Marvels of Witchcraft, Spiritual Phenomena, and the Results of Supernatural Influence* (Boston, Published by the Author, 1854), 238 pp. He calls himself "Dr. C. W. Roback, President of the Astrological College of Sweden, and Founder of the Society of the Magi in London, Paris, and St. Petersburg." The handsomely printed volume, which has on its front lid a cut of "Dr. Roback's Family Summer Residence—Sweden" and a frontispiece of his "ancestor" Magnus Roback the astrologer, is dedicated "To the People of the United States, A Nation Neither Skeptical nor Credulous, But Ever Ready to Hear, Read, and Investigate—Ever Willing to Recognise and Bow to Truth, In Whatever Guise She May Appear—And Ever Eager to Accord to Learning and Research the Merit They Deserve."

⁸ This section on the "omancies" including the section on "Oneiromancy," is from Mackay, I, 251-252. He is the "another" who calls it "Oneiro-Criticism".

⁹ The relation of dreams to official religion is an area where boundaries were not completely drawn in mid-19th Century. Dreams have parted company from revelation in the 20th Century, but among the Puritans of the 17th and the Evangelicals of the 18th Century, dreams were looked upon as sources of guidance, warning, intimation of peril or death. Dreams were quite respectable in religious circles. Ministers' diaries analyzed them, detailed them, studied them, looked in them for messages and touches of the providential governing of the universe by God. Even Pennsylvania's Quakers, especially in the Quietistic period when psychic aspects of the ministry were emphasized, made much of dreams. See Rufus M. Jones, *The Later Periods of Quakerism* (London, 1921), I, 92-94. The commercial dream books of mid-19th Century American popular culture were, of course, another thing.

The Devil has put the notion of publishing dream books into the minds of some, who, probably, cared more for money, than truth and a good conscience. By examining them, you will find something like the following:—To dream you have money, signifies that your purse is or will be empty,—of snakes, friends will turn enemies,—of losing teeth, losing friends,—of the dead, you will hear of the living,—of fire, quarrel, or news from afar off,—of little pigs, or wallowing in the mire, good fortune,—clear water, sorrow, and so on. The breakfast table was often made the place for the relation and interpretation of dreams.

I have not said, neither do I intend to say, that all dreams are meaningless. God may still at times give some notice of approaching danger, and so on. But I do say that, the interpretation given in dream books is a farce, and the explanation given by "old women" is to be looked upon with much suspicion. Such as given in the fore-going paragraph, the Devil has a finger in, to lead the thoughtless and unwary into superstition.

Let us give the meaning of dreams, upon the principle of *contraries* and see how it works. A man dreamed it was morning, and that he awoke and arose as usual. It was just so, and he neither slept nor was in bed all day. Also, he dreamed that it was day-light, and the sun was shining, and it was so. Reverse, or *contrary* don't answer here. In the following case, I suppose every wiseacre in Christendom would be put to his wit's end, and be strangely puzzled. I was in company, at one time, with a man who told me that he dreamed he found a large sum of money, and whilst he was gathering it up he thought: "Well now, I have often dreamed I found money, but this time I am not dreaming—it is reality." He awoke, but where was the money? Now the idea is that, "he dreamed he was dreaming" and what of the rule of *contraries*? *Contraries* would interpret his dream clear and clean out of existence.

OMENS

OMENS. It does seem that man is not miserable enough, therefore foolishly follows the Devil out of the way to gather up a bundle, the carrying of which, increases the bitterness of his life. He appears determined to render himself as unhappy and wretched as he possibly can. Satan has him conjure up everything to make life a burden. Addison says: "We suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest, and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket has struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail or a crooked pin shoots up into prodigies."¹⁰

Faith in omens is not confined to the ignorant and unlearned; the *big* and wise of the earth have been equally influenced, with the former, by the Devil, and made themselves miserable. Let us hold some of those gems (omens) to the light.

A dumb dog in the street howling, or crying at, or towards the moon, is a sign that some one will die. To hear the ticking of the death-watch, prognosticates death. Sudden chills coming over one, signifies that an enemy is that moment, moving over the place where your grave will some day be.

¹⁰ Addison's essay on old maids' superstitions and related subjects, appeared in the *Spectator*, No. 7, Thursday, March 8, 1710-1711. Raber quotes the passage from Mackay.

To meet an ass, a sow, upset and spill salt, thirteen at one table, and hundreds more, are unfavorable omens. If you meet a piebald horse, spit quickly three times, and any sensible and reasonable wish you may form, will be verified in three times twenty four hours. If a strange cat or dog follows you, don't drive them back, it is a very good omen. A swarm of bees lodging on your premises, especially in your garden, is a blessed sign. The truth is, that the Devil has turned any, and every thing into omens for those who are blind enough to make themselves unhappy, or imaginarily happy by them. Different days, too, are devoted to various purposes to unfold the future by signs which we shall not occupy space to notice. I do not doubt but that God at times may give some presentiment of approaching things, but that has nothing to do with Satan's omens.¹¹

CHARMS AND PAW-WAWING

CHARMS AND PAW-WAWING. Here there is open before us a large field, and something with which the Devil has cut some high capers. I scarcely know where to begin, but suppose I will dispose of charms first, and then give paw-wawing, or *pow-wowing* a shot.¹²

If you are walking on a warm day, and get a pain in your side, lift a stone—spit where it lay—replace it—go on your way—look not back—and the stitch will be gone. If you are afraid of *spooks*,¹³ or any supernatural hob-goblins, press your thumbs in the palms of your hands and the ghosts will not come near you. Write the names of three [of] the crossest women on paper, and throw them into your vinegar cask, and your vinegar will become awful sour. Why they must be the names of women, and cross ones, too, at that, the Devil doth not say. Stir your lixivium with a sassafras stick and you will soon have good soap. Carry the brain-tooth out of a swine's head in your *vest* pocket, and you will never have the tooth-ache. Easy preventive that, for so painful an affair. Use rue, to keep off witches—a coffin nail on the threshold of your door, to drive off phantoms—purslain in your bed, to prevent visions—and sew a four-leafed-clover in any of your wearing apparel, and good luck will follow you wherever you go. Thus we might go on to indefinite lengths, and show how the simple are deluded by charms, and Satan.¹⁴

Paw-wawing, or *pa-wawing* has made considerable headway among a certain class of people, especially among our Pennsylvania Germans. It is astonishing into what degree of credulity the Enemy has led hundreds. In every village and neighborhood are found some conjurers of both sexes. I have known of persons going, from ten to fifty miles, to some *old doctor woman* who had gained more celebrity and noto-

¹¹ At first glance this might seem a good list of Pennsylvania omens. However, Raber borrowed it, rewritten of course, from Mackay. Naturally many of them have been recorded in Pennsylvania too.

¹² It is interesting that Raber spells powwowing "pawwawing" as well as in the more usual way. This reflects earlier pronunciation, and some Pennsylvanians still pronounce it in this way. Some of the earliest references to the term in American writing spell it "powawing" (*New English Dictionary*, VII, 1216). Defoe's *Political History of the Devil* (London, 1726) spells the word "pawawing" in a section (Ch. XI) dealing with North American Indian practices.

¹³ The word "spook" in Pennsylvania has German dialect roots, although for the rest of America the Holland Dutch culture of New Amsterdam was undoubtedly the larger factor in introducing the word into the American vocabulary. See E. C. Llewellyn, *The Influence of Low Dutch on the English Vocabulary* (London, 1936), Publications of the Philological Society, XII; *New English Dictionary*, IX, 660-661.

¹⁴ Several of the items in this paragraph—the techniques for souring vinegar and flavoring home-made soap for example—have a distinct American ring. In other words, Raber did not borrow them from Mackay.



THE SORCERER DRAWS A MAGIC CIRCLE—an engraving by Mason, from Conrad Zentler's Philadelphia almanac, the "Americanischer Stadt und Land Calender" for 1843.

riety, in curing numerous diseases by words, than those in their immediate neighborhoods. How this species of witchcraft has become so popular, I must leave you to conclude. There is no question, however, but that the seeds sown into the hearts of children, by parents and others, has much to do in the matter. The Devil trying to have them cherish such notions as they grew up, and finally succeeded in settling them into the faith of "curing sick people by saying words over them." And who are our most celebrated paw-wawers? Generally, persons who have much to say about the Lord and the Bible; good and bad people; infidels and the faithless in their blind system, and who are as ignorant of the true principles of Christianity as any Hottentot in the world. I do not say, nor mean to say, that all are such, but I must confess that I have very seldom met with any of those characters, who had gained any reputation in the *art*, but the most ignorant and conceited.¹⁵

Pain may sometimes be relieved, by rubbing the place afflicted with the palm of the hand, without saying any words.¹⁶ Wording it over people belongs to Paganism, from whence it came, and is unworthy of an enlightened, leaving

¹⁵ The powwower is generally connected with the churches, but operates in spite of the clerical prohibitions of his work. Some powwowers have claimed great knowledge of the Bible—"I can quote the Bible as well as the preacher," one of them, a Schuylkill Countian, told me. In a sense, as I have pointed out elsewhere, the powwower in the Pennsylvania village or rural settlement is a kind of folk clergyman, a priest or priestess of the unofficial and largely unorganized folk religion, whose "powers" are recognized by the "believers" in the community. See my *Twenty Questions on Powwowing* (Kutztown, Pennsylvania, 1963).

¹⁶ A Dr. J. H. Myers suggested the same thing in the *American Lutheran* for 1870: "Who has not heard of pow-wow-ing for a felon or a burn, or other ailment? Old Mrs. Somebody has learned to pow-wow. She won't tell anybody how, as she can only impart the gift to one person, and that one must be of the opposite sex. There are certain words that must be said or the pow-wow-ing would be ineffectual. All this we call superstition, and so it is; all except the curing. But that cures are effected by it is undeniable. It is nothing more nor less than laying on of hands with the superstition added to it."

out of the question, a Christian community.¹⁷ To cure by words and manipulations would be performing a miracle, and where would that supernatural power come from? The answer from every paw-wawer is, without conscience or comment—from the Lord. Well[,] let us see. The sixth verse in the sixteenth chapter of Ezekiel is used to stop bleeding, by inserting the first name of the bleeding person before the word *live*.¹⁸ Now in that verse is a similitude of Jerusalem under a neglected, wretched infant. Apply that to an individual with a bleeding nose, or otherwise, and Holy Writ is violently wrested out of its original meaning, by which a miracle is to be performed. Will God do such a thing? Is it in accordance with his character as God, or commensurate with the truthful nature of his attributes? My dear reader! Such things are not from God. He cannot agreeably with his veracity as God, bless a wrong application of his Holy Word to perform a miracle.

As this humbug is so prevalent in some parts of the world, I shall endeavor to show the "cloven foot" by inserting some, of the very many I might give, of the words applied or made use of, to cure the afflicted. I have before me a small work published by a prime minister of this *hocus-pocus* foolery,

¹⁷ The religions of Western civilization, with the exception of certain fringe sects and mystical movements, have no "holy words" such as the Eastern mysticisms specialize in. Although in Western religion, beginning with Judaism, magic tends to be outlawed, the relations of magic and prayer are very close, and Protestantism has tended to downgrade magic and upgrade prayer. Ernst Benz provides a great deal of illumination on this difference in spirit between Western and Oriental religions in his essay, "On Understanding Non-Christian Religions," in Mircea Eliade and Joseph M. Kitagawa (eds.), *The History of Religions: Essays in Methodology* (Chicago, ©1959), pp. 115-131. For an analysis of the "holy word" content of the folk healing charms of Europe, see Irmgard Hampp, *Beschwörung Segen Gebet* (Stuttgart, ©1961).

¹⁸ Ezekiel 16:6 is standard procedure for blood-stopping in Dutch Pennsylvania; another is the charm "Jesus Christ's dearest blood, that stoppeth the blood, in this help N.N." The Evangelical movement made the greatest symbolical use of the passion and blood of Christ on the salvational level; the folk religion makes use of the same concept on the folk-cultural level.

with the title page as follows: "DER LANG VERBORGENE FREUND, oder Getreuer u. Christlicher Unterricht fuer Jedermann; enthaltend wunderbare und probemässige MITTEL und KUENSTE," and so forth. "Herausgegeben von Johann Georg Hohman." ¹⁹ Now this John George Hohman published his "Long Concealed Friend" in 1840, and says he is a citizen of "Elsass Taunship, Berks County, Pa.," and not very far from Reading. "Berks County!" Will you carefully look at some of his long hidden treasure with which he intends to bless the world. Pity he ever gave to the public his "Mittel und Kuenste." Mark you, he says, "True and Christian Instruction for Everybody." Here then you have some of his truthful and trustworthy methods for performing wonderful things.

"EIN MITTEL FUER DIE DARMGICHTER.

"Ich warne euch, ihr Darmgichter! Es ist einer im Gericht; er spricht: Gerecht oder ungerecht. Darum huetet euch ihr Darmgichter.

† † † "

"FUER BOESE LEUTE.

"Dullix, ix, ux. Ja, du kanst nicht ueber Pontio; Pontio ist ueber Pilato.

† † † "

I will translate this one, senseless as it is. How the Devil ever got such meaningless things into any one's mind is a mystery.

"FOR CROSS PEOPLE.

"Dullix, ix, ux. Yes, you cannot get over Pontius; Pontius is over Pilate.

† † † "

The three crosses are to signify that it is said and done in the name of the three persons in the Trinity.

"FUER DEN ROTHLAUF.

"Rothlauf und der Drach' flogen ueber einen Bach. Das Rothlaufen vergant; der Drach' verschwant.

† † † "

Translated:

"FOR ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE.

"St. Anthony's fire and the Dragon flew across the brook. St. Anthony's fire disappeared; the Dragon vanished.

† † † "

Who ever knew that St. Anthony's fire could fly?— and that it and the dragon were in company? Now that is downright falsehood and superlative nonsense, to which the names of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are blasphemously applied. And such things are done in our midst by persons wishing to be called *wise*. Shameless Devil!

"WUNDEN UND SCHMERTZEN ZU VERTREIBEN.

"Wund', du sollst nicht hitzen;

Wund', du sollst nicht schwitzen;

Wund', du sollst nicht wassern,

So wenig, als die Jungfrau Maria einen andern Sohn thut gebahren.

† † † "

¹⁹ John George Hohman was a European emigrant, Roman Catholic in religion, who emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1802 as a redemptioner. When he had achieved his freedom he supported himself by selling books and broadsides. His classic *Long Lost Friend* (1820) is the most important and most influential occult book written in the United States. It has gone through a great many editions, German and English. It is significant that Hohman's charms, mostly from the folk religion of Roman Catholic Europe, were used so widely by Pennsylvania's Protestant pow-wowers. Raber scoffs at Hohman's calling his book "true and Christian instruction for everybody." To Hohman these things were religious, to Raber they were not, despite his belief in the Devil and his doings. The most valuable section here is Raber's comments on Hohman's "devilism".

Translated:

"TO DRIVE PAIN OUT OF A WOUND AND CURE IT.

"Wound, thou shalt not heat;

Wound, thou shalt not sweat;

Wound, thou shalt not water,

As little, as the Virgin Mary shall give birth to another son.

† † † "

Reader! are you astonished? So am I. Can it be? Will any one with common sense believe, or place any confidence in such supercilious trash? I suppose the following remedy would be of some benefit for people who pretend to perform cures with the foregoing: "Mild laxatives, magnesia, chalk, carbonate of soda—attention must be given to diet—not brood over any subject—take exercise and be cheerful." The few I have quoted are a "fair specimen" of all in Hohman's book.

To cure cattle that are bewitched, you will administer the following:

S A T O R

A R E P O

T E N E T

O P E R A

R O T A S

And here is something the Devil and many of his paw-waw ninnies say will keep off wizards, witches, and all kinds of witchcraft.

I
N. I. R.
I
Sanctus Spiritus
I
R. I. N.
I

"God bless me here timely; there eternally."

Here is something that will not only stop bleeding when placed upon a wound in the form of a letter, but when marked upon a knife blade will prevent the blood from flowing from any wound made by it, and kept by one's person, will enable him to stand, without injury, before all his enemies.

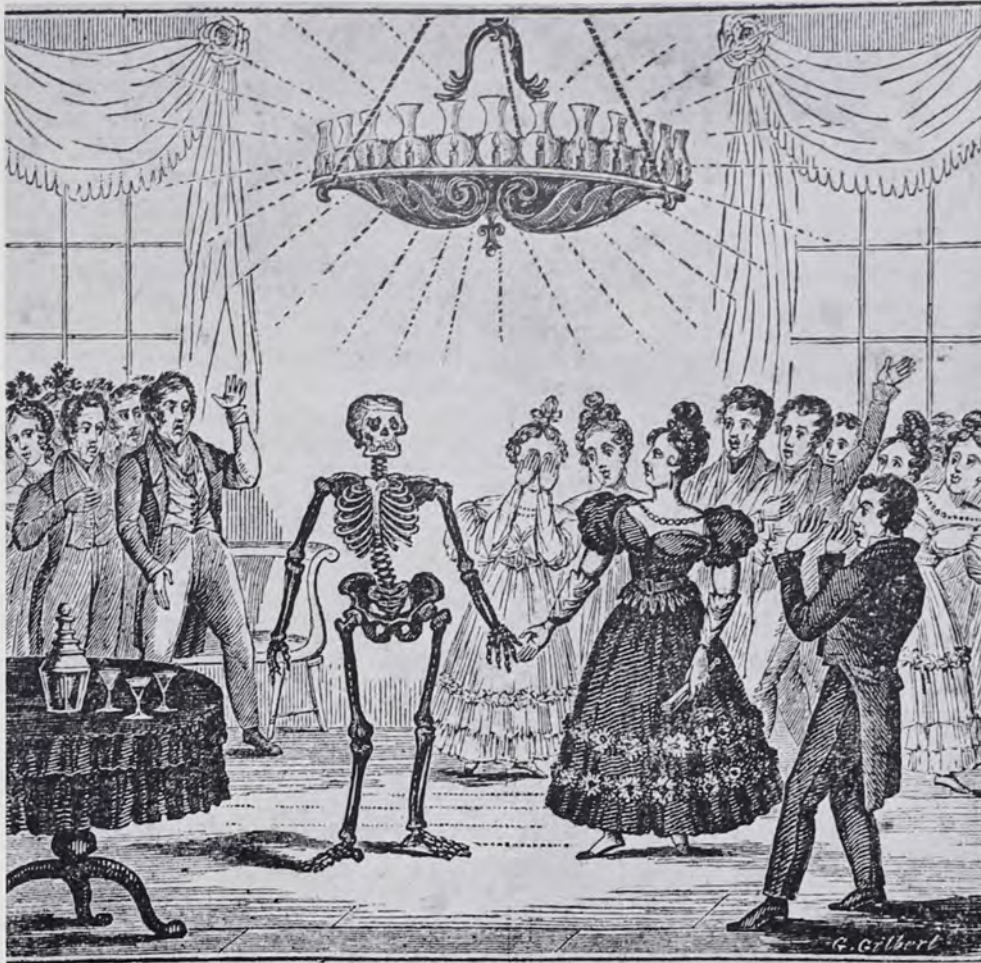
"I. m. I. K. I. B. I. P. a. x. v. ss. Ss. vas. I. P. O. unay Lit. Dom. mper vobism.["]

I am inclined to think if I conclude this part of the Devil's work by a kind of universal remedy, you will cry out *enough!* Carry the following, in the form of a letter with you, and you will succeed in all your undertakings in this life. It will be your *finger-board* at all times, and point you the right way. If you can confide in the word of the Devil and his conjurers, you have their authority gratis. *Here it is!*

"Ut nemo in sese tentat, descendere nemo."



"At praecedenti spectatur mantica tergo."
"Man thut am besten, man probirt es."



THE RATTLING SKELETON—Another engraving by Gilbert, from the Philadelphia almanac, the "Americanischer Stadt und Land Calender" for 1835, published by Conrad Zentler. Thrillers such as this, catering to the folk-religious belief in revenants, provided entertainment at many a Pennsylvania fireside in the 19th Century.

Some care, I suppose, however, is necessary in observing the *unlucky days*, which are in each month as follows:—January 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 11, 12. February 1, 17, 18. March 14, 16. April 10, 17, 18. May 7, 8. June 17. July 17, 21. August 20, 21. September 10, 18. October 6. November 6, 10. December 6, 11, 15. He that happens to have been born on any of these "unlucky days," notwithstanding the *Talisman* given, must take "pot luck," and "play the grab game" all his "natural life time."

This seems, certainly is, too much for any sane man, woman, or even child of common understanding, to believe. Satan is in the whole matter. God never taught such Supreme folly, and, I had almost said, madness. In this case the Devil and his cloven foot go together. If I would have given some of Hohman's remedies, I was ashamed to give, you might see still greater devilism and blasphemy. Oh, that men would be fools for Satan no longer!

Read what the Lord says concerning those things, and you may, if you have fallen into the snare of the old Fowler, break loose: "When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations. There shall not be found among you *any one* that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things *are* an abomination unto the Lord." Deuteronomy xviii. 9-12. That surely is—"Thus saith the Lord."

SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCES

SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCES. Who has not read and heard ghost stories? Who has not seen and known of haunted houses, closed up and tenantless? The stories of doleful groans—mysterious opening of doors—strange and unnatural rappings—dolorous sounds—frightful rattling of heavy chains—the appearance of unearthly beings, with deep, hollow, sepulchral voices—the flying of lights—and a thousand more such supernatural absurdities, have thrown weak-brained and over-credulous men into anxiety and terror of mind, and filled them with the most painful apprehensions,—hysterical women into spasms,—hypochondriacs into fear and misery—and children into deep and wild distress. Senseless, or at least injudic[i]ous parents, have related in the presence and hearing of their children, stories about hob-goblins, "spooks," and haunted places; children have told the same tales to each, and vouched for their truth by saying: "Father said it—mother said it, and *I know* what father and mother says is true." (Poor little creatures! Father and mother have told you so many things they should not have told you.) Old grand-mothers, kind and good neighbors, to be sure, have congregated together with their sweet scented old pipes, in fire corners and chimney places, telling ghost stories until every child's eyes grew large and glistening—the blood chilled in their little arteries and veins—the nerves seized with tremor—the cold chills running races over their systems—and their shadows at the wall caused them to shriek, leap, and turn frantic with fear. The following night was one, to the poor frightened little creatures, of dreams of ugly people, with restlessness. We have often known of such devilish

meetings, and Satanic conversation, and superstitious tales. Close your doors to such simple, childish old beings, or to advise the least, tell them you don't allow such "spookism" to be related before your children. Teach your children, not "the black man will *catch* you—the *boogy-boo* is coming," but the fear of the Lord. As soon as parents, and old women, and simple girls, will cease talking about haunted houses and places, and discountenance the same before the young, there will soon be a manifest improvement in this matter.²⁰

It is a fact beyond contradiction that, during popish darkness and superstition, supernatural visitations were more numerous than at present. The Devil then seemed to have "fair play" in this piece of his mechanism. He had a wicked, hypocritical, covetous, and deluded priesthood, who in their blindness led others into superstitious paths. And turn the leaf as you will, there is this hour more ignorance, and faith in witchcraft and ap[paritions among Papists than among Protestants. The reason of this is apparent, from the many other superstitions within the borders of Papal Rome. The truth is that, it is hard to find a Roman Catholic, that is not a believer in ghosts and witches. Howbeit, to the great shame of thousands of Protestants be it said, that, they have taken the platform, and stand upon a level in Pagan, and Papist rodomontades of the supernatural. No doubt at all, sir, but that shallow-brained, muddied-headed, unphilosophical, and mulish priests in their voluptuous hallucinations gave an impetus to ghost inconsistencies, that helped the matter forward vastly to the gratification of Lucifer.²¹

We might quote and relate hundreds of ghost tales, both old and new—ancient and modern, but we shall not, gladly believing that the humbug is losing ground every generation. What the foundation for believing that God will send, or permit spirits, to visit this earth, rendering themselves visible, by assuming hideous bodies and shapes, to frighten his intelligent creatures, not one of all the ghost-craft has ever yet attempted to define. That the happy spirits of those who have fallen asleep in Jesus, may visit the earth on missions of mercy, we will not dispute. But that they shall come in the shapes of dogs, cats, calves, men without heads, and many more forms, even as swine and devils, is blasphemous in the extreme. If they do visit the earth, they are invisible, and God never designed that they should frighten and terrify by all manner of hideous looks. As for the lost, they are all as closely incarcerated, as was, and is, Dives.

²⁰ One of Pennsylvania's most famous Hicksite Quaker preachers, John Comly (1773-1850), strikes a similar note in his autobiography. Writing of his boyhood days in the 1770's and 1780's, he felt that psychological harm was done by the common Indian massacre stories and occult folktales that were told even at Quaker firesides: "Nor was I exposed only to a prejudice against the Indian character; but being subject to the hearing of strange stories about supposed witches apparitions and marvellous things, my youthful mind was injured by fears, imaginations and terrors arising from these sources of injudicious exposure. How great the need of unremitting care in parents, to preserve the sensitive minds of children from prejudices and imaginary fears, that may imbitter their after lives, or produce a morbid state of their mental and even physical powers! How much toil, anxiety, and care may be requisite to extirpate the evils of such exposure, none can know! A single tale of ghosts, witches, and romance, may make impressions of terror on the memory, that imagination may apply to innumerable objects and incidents in after life, so as to produce unhappiness, anxiety and trouble, where but for such a prejudice no evil or alarm might have resulted" (*Journal of the Life and Religious Labours of John Comly, Late of Byberry, Pennsylvania* [Philadelphia, 1853], pp. 8-9).

²¹ Protestant attitudes toward "superstition" vary from church to church. This passage seems to reflect the anti-Roman Catholic spirit of the Protestants in the 1850's, when the Nativist movement was in its heyday in American politics. To get the other side of the coin, see Archbishop Spalding's witty essay, "Our New 'American' Literature," in his *Miscellanea* (Baltimore, 1875), 6th edition, I, 762-771, on the Know-Nothing books of 1855.

SEVENTH SON. The over-credulous teach, as they have been taught first, by the "father of lies" that, the seventh son, or the seventh son of the seventh, is more gifted in all respects than any other human being.²² I have before me a work called, "The Medical Lighthouse," written by one who seems to glory very much in his own name, qualifications, and the word *Doctor*. This *gifted genius* expatiates quite extensively upon the *number seven*, after surrounding himself with *eight*, (he got one too many!) *distinguished characters*, such as Washington, Franklin, Webster, Jenny Lind, and so on. Above his cranium, which stands as erect as an empty rye-head, is his name; under his feet is "7th SON PHYSICIAN." After doing gross violence to the word of God—twisting and screwing the Jews into his own opinion—and referring to the Sabians, Pithagoras, Apuleius, "the seven-stringed lyre of Mercury"—David, and Henry Clay, he remarks as follows:—

"The seventh son is endowed by nature with peculiar powers and perceptions; and for thousands of years it has been observed that the seventh son is a *natural born physician*, gifted with those particular mental qualifications requisite for the scientific medical man, and possessing them to a much greater extent and power than other persons." Wonderful discovery! He then turns to himself and commences a new paragraph thus: "The author of this book is a seventh son, a natural physician—gifted both with qualifications to become renowned in the great art of healing the sick, and appointing length of days unto the despairing." Wonderful indeed that, nature can confer the natural qualifications upon some, not only to restore the afflicted, but to have power to "appoint length of days" to those in despair. He goes on by saying: "He was born with two veils over his face"—wonder if they were ever removed! "And gifted with a rare and peculiar insight into causes, character, modes of prevention, and cure of diseases of the human frame, and with a natural controlling power over them." If some one else would have written that concerning him, it would have less the appearance of egotism. The inquiry is: Did this distinguished personage, squeeze to death a ground-mole when in his *seventh* year? If he did not, the Devil for once neglected his duty since he turned Devil.

This learned Sampson, and intellectual Anak, who published a book to advertise his medicines, concludes his *seventh son* tomfoolery by saying: "And as the author of this

²² Roback's melodramatic autobiography has an amusing (and I hope fictional) account of his discovery of his own seventh-sonship: "It was about this period that my elder brother Frithiof imparted to me the history of our family. He informed me that our race had been renowned for their prophetic gifts, and their skill and attainments in Magic, Astrology, and other occult lore, for more than four hundred years. He spoke of Magnus Roback our grandfather, and of the fame he had acquired as an Astrologist, and of an uncle, now resident at St. Petersburg, and enjoying the countenance and friendship of the Emperor Nicholas. 'But,' said my brother, 'it is in the seventh son of a seventh son, that the prophetic gifts bestowed upon our family must be looked for in their utmost intensity. You occupy that extraordinary position. Our father, Gustavus Adolphus Roback, was the seventh son of Magnus Roback, and you are his seventh child.' This disclosure was made to me in the 'Hall of Shields,' a vast apartment of the castle, the walls of which were hung with the targets, spears, and battle axes of my warlike and daring progenitors; and as I contemplated those weapons of strife, I said within myself, 'my gifts are not of war but of peace, not of hatred and violence, but of benevolence and philanthropy. If I can foresee and foretell dangers, why cannot I also teach the parties imperilled how to avert them. Such shall be my mission'" (C.W. Roback, *The Mysteries of Astrology* [Boston, 1854], pp. viii-ix). The *Medical Lighthouse* volume which Raber quotes in this section is Harmon Knox Root, *The People's Medical Lighthouse* (New York, 1852); the author followed it with *The Lovers' Marriage Lighthouse* (New York, 1858).

work was unmistakably pointed out from his birth, as seventh son, to become a physician, he but obeyed the voice of Nature and Revelation in entering the field of medicine for the benefit of the suffering of the human race. To attest the truth of this, everything conspires; and with full faith in his calling being of omnipotent design, he embraced and cultivated the Healing Art, with what success the thousands who have been cured at his hands, through the providence of God, will bear witness, as they rejoice in the health they enjoy." What a great pity, according to that, that *doctors* are not all *seventh sons*; they would then be of more use to mankind than they are so. There would be a vast number less, prematurely sent across the Jordan of death than there are as it is. This modern runner-ahead of all the medical world, winds up his egotism by mangling the Word of God. Hear him! "And as I have been lifted up, 'the sick have been drawn to me. Therefore, 'Walk while ye have the light' of medicine before you, lest ye walk in the darkness of ignorance: 'for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth'—he stumbles in sickness, and falls straightway into death." Nice, is it not? Who "lifted him up"? I have seen him lifted up in his own advertisements. Strange, that one who gives some evidence of some mind and knowledge in other parts of his book, should permit himself to be led by Satan into such outlandish egotism. Probably the *Doctor* had better go to Utah among the satellites of Joe Smith, as the seventh son is such a gifted genius, there might be some chance to become their miracle-worker. Where is *Dr. Roba[c]k*, the "seventh son of the seventh son," astrologer, and magician? What does he say, with *Professor Rondout*, the match-framer, and Wyman the Wizard? Such fellows might form a new colony somewhere, for they are ahead of the "notorious Mike Walsh,"²³ and if *General Humbug Barnum* would be appointed *Governor*, there would certainly be a jolly time for the getter-up of their Systems, and his imps.

SPIRIT RAPPINGS

SPIRIT RAPPINGS, and the Devil's pranks in it, I had some notion of commenting upon; but as it is spinning hemp for its own execution, I will not disturb it at its work. The day of its *exaltation* upon the scaffold is drawing nigh; therefore, I shall leave it to commit gradual suicide.²⁴

POPULAR FOLLIES

POPULAR FOLLIES. It is evident that, if the Devil cannot make his dupes happy, he does his utmost to make them foolish, and bring about something ludicrous to gratify their depraved hearts. There has been, and still is, a system of popular foolery, generally originating in cities and large towns, then gradually making its way into villages and country places.²⁵ The Devil ever exerts himself to produce some new thing to engage the attention of the people, and keep them active in his kingdom. Idle brains are his manu-

²³ Mike Walsh (ca. 1815–1859), Irish-born politician and editor in New York City, was the self-styled champion of the "subterranean" Democrats ignored by Tammany. He founded a periodical called the *Subterranean* in 1843 and edited it until 1847. He served in the New York Assembly and Congress, advocating social reform in the Northern cities, until, as his biographer says, his career was "discredited by growing intemperance". See *Dictionary of American Biography*, XIX, 390–391.

²⁴ Spiritualism was one of the popular subjects of discussion and clerical attack, in the 1850's. The movement did not, however, "commit gradual suicide," but organized itself as a cultic form of American Protestantism and still exists. For some contemporary literary descriptions of it, see Fred Lewis Pattee, *The Feminine Fifties* (New York, 1940), Chapter XVI, "A Cable Line Across the Styx," pp. 239–249. The extensive "Henry Seybert Library of Modern Spiritualism" in the Van Pelt Library of the University of Pennsylvania deserves study.

factories. And many pieces of his workmanship have such shops sent out. The follies I am going to write about, have at times amounted to a perfect *mania*. Sentences, words, unmeaning and senseless phrases, places, persons, and things, have been handed from tongue to tongue—passed from periodical to periodical—sounded in the streets and alleys—roads, lanes, and fields—and have been applied to different goods and wares.

Much has been preached, lectured, and written concerning the vices, crimes, miseries, and sufferings of the human family. We shall, however, briefly give a notice of a different subject. The Devil tries to divert the attention from guilt and wretchedness, by such means as will continue people in his service: Silly words and shallow-brained sentences have gained a worldwide renown. And, those who first uttered them, or set them moving, are getting a great harvest. "They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind." We shall occupy space to notice only a few out of the *Legion* of those popular fooleries, that have been sweeping over our country like a mighty avalanche, carrying overboard the simple, silly, idle, trifling, and hair-brained.

"Jim Crow," accompanied with its blackened faces—distorted countenances—unnatural gesticulations—grotesque twists of the body—ludicrous leaps—sung by the vile who were taught to steal their way through the world—and the obscene, filthy urchins who had neither manners nor sense, had its day.²⁶ The hellish song no longer grates upon your ears in the street, nor the frantic jumps pain your eyes. "Long Tail Blue,"—"Zip Coon,"—"Dan Tucker,"—"Settin on a Rail,"—and a hundred more, have followed "Jim Crow," and are no longer falling from the lips of the Devil's hatless, shoeless, and coatless democracy in the bar-room, and on the streets. They have passed from the stage, with many more of their kind, with a reluctant motion. The Devil soon had others in their place and kept the ball in motion, which is still rolling with as much velocity as ever; only changing its colors to meet the demands in the Devil's market.

"He's a hard one,"—"Brown Stout,"—"Does your mammy know you're out?"²⁷—"He's a bad egg,"—"Decidedly a good egg,"—and scores more, are sharing the fate of their predecessors, and are being numbered with those buried in the past. "Whig Songs" and "Coon Processions,"—"Hard Cider" and "Latch Strings,"²⁸—"Harrison Medals," "Hugh Lind-

²⁵ In his negative attitude to "popular culture," Raber here reflects not only his evangelical fear of the "world," but rural fear of the city environment. Much of America's conflict of mores comes from rural Protestantism's fear of city ways and city life. This fear has had wide effect on American politics, religion, and other social movements. Nativism, Anti-Catholicism, Temperance, Social Gospel, Fundamentalism, all are related to this question.

²⁶ For the minstrel tradition, see Dailey Paskman and Sigmund Spaeth, *Gentlemen, Be Seated! A Parade of the Old-Time Minstrels* (Garden City, New York, 1928); for minstrel songs, see Julius Matfield, *Variety Music Cavalcade 1620–1961: A Chronology of Vocal and Instrumental Music Popular in the United States* (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, ©1962). For contemporary materials, see *The Negro Singer's Own Book* (Philadelphia and New York, [1846?]). Mackay attacked the minstrel tradition in Britain by mentioning that an American actor had introduced "a vile song called 'Jim Crow'" (II, 247).

²⁷ Mackay includes a chapter on "Popular Follies of Great Cities," which mentions the catchword "Does your mother know you're out?"—used, he says, to deflate swaggering young people "who smoked cigars in the streets, and wore false whiskers to look irresistible" (II, 244).

²⁸ These are popular relics of the Campaign of 1840, the "Log Cabin" or "Hard Cider" Campaign. The "latch string," symbolizing American frontier hospitality, appeared conspicuously on some of the log cabin medals of the 1840 campaign. See J. Doyle DeWitt, *A Century of Campaign Buttons 1789–1889* (Hartford, Connecticut, 1959), p. 52.

sees,"²⁹ and "Buckeye Blacksmiths"³⁰—are all, with a thousand others, entombed in the sepulchre of what has been. "Palo Alto Cloth"—"Kossuth Hats and Feathers"—"Jenny Lind Slippers"³¹—and so on, are still lingering upon the shelves of our merchants, but are growing old and mouldy. "O. U. I."—"Hou are you *enny-how*"—"How do-y'u sell y'ur shad"—and "there he goes"—are yet heard, but are becoming stale and obsolete, and may soon have Ichabod written upon them.

"Whig and Tory" first got lame, then walkless,—"Mason and Anti-Mason" stepped into their shoes,—"Whig and Democrat," "Wild Cats and Ramrods" ran after, and were driven off the road by "Hards,"—"Sotts,"—"Silver Grays,"—and others, who are, to an extent, taking their places. "Free Soil,"—"Old Line,"—"Barn-burners,"—and "Hunkers," sing out, "ME TOO!"³² All these, with as many more, it seems were insufficient to keep up the attention of the Public; therefore, the Devil, always ready to accommodate and please, conjures up, or out, as you choose, others to keep the community agitated, so that they may forget the duties they owe to God.

He, I mean the Devil, saw a cloud of Mercy, that is to say, Temperance, gathering over the United States, and ready to

²⁹ Hugh Lindsay was one of the most famous of Pennsylvania's rural showmen and puppeteers. See his autobiography, *History of the Life, Travels and Incidents of Col. Hugh Lindsay, The Celebrated Comedian, For a Period of Thirty-Seven Years. Written by Himself* (Philadelphia, 1859), 96 pp. The only recent treatment of Lindsay, and that on account of his bilingual character (Pennsylvania Dutch and English) has appeared in Albert F. Buffington (ed.), *The Reichard Collection of Early Pennsylvania German Dialogues and Plays* (Lancaster, Pennsylvania, 1962), Vol. 61, Pennsylvania German Society Publications, Chapter IV, "Hugh Lindsay and the Pennsylvania German Puppet Play," pp. 1-4.

³⁰ The "Buckeye Blacksmith" was John W. Bear (1800-1883), a Maryland-born resident of Zanesville, Ohio, who achieved instant fame in the 1840 Hard Cider Campaign through his folksy electioneering in blacksmith dress. After his immediate success in Ohio he campaigned over Kentucky, from whence the Whigs "assigned him to Pennsylvania and Maryland, where his tours were emotional triumphs" (Emilius O. Randall and Daniel J. Ryan, *History of Ohio: The Rise and Progress of an American State*, IV [by Ryan], New York, 1912, 34-37). Bear as a Whig and later as a Republican politician was well known in Pennsylvania. See *The Life and Travels of John W. Bear, "The Buckeye Blacksmith."* *Written by Himself* (Baltimore, 1873), 299 pp.

³¹ These of course are echoes of the Mexican War (Palo Alto) and the popular influence, on costume, of America's international guests of the 1850's, the Swedish singer Jenny Lind and the Hungarian patriot Louis Kossuth.

³² Most of the references in this paragraph are to political factions in the 1840's and 1850's, the period immediately preceding Raber's book. The "Barnburners" and "Hunkers" were factions of the Democratic Party in New York in the Van Buren days of the 1840's. The Barnburners supposedly got their name from a folk story of a Dutchman who burned his barn to get rid of its rats. The opposition, the Hunkers, later split into Soft Shell Hunkers or "Softs" and Hard Shell Hunkers or "Hards". The "Silver Grays," also called "Snuff-takers"—mostly older members of the Whig Party in New York State, roughly in the same period, were opposed by the "Woolly Heads" or "Seward Whigs," led by William H. Seward. For light on these confusing relations, see Hans Sperber and Travis Trittschuh, *American Political Terms: An Historical Dictionary* (Detroit, 1962); also the volumes on politics in the 1850's by Roy Franklin Nichols, *Franklin Pierce: Young Hickory of the Granite Hills* (Philadelphia, 1931), and *The Disruption of American Democracy* (New York, 1948).

³³ As a U.B., Raber favors both prohibition and antislavery. For the connection of the Pennsylvania Dutch revivalist sects with the temperance movement, see my *Pennsylvania Spirituals* (Lancaster, Pennsylvania, 1961), pp. 85-86. Mostly a Northern church, the U.B.'s could afford to be more consistently antislavery than the nationally spread Methodist Episcopal Church, which split into northern (antislavery) and southern (proslavery) wings in 1845. Benjamin R. Hanby's hit song of the 1840's, "Darling Nelly Gray," is a popular expression of United Brethren antislavery interest; Hanby's father was an Ohio U.B. circuit-rider, editor, and bishop.

scatter a blessed shower,—and a cloud of Humanity and Philanthropy, that is to say, Anti-Slavery, arising, larger than a *man's hand*, in the North, and the thing did in no way please his Satanic Majesty; he calls an infernal mass meeting of all his devils, and resolutions are passed, and diabolical plans are concluded upon to put a quick stop to those anti-devilish movements.³³ When this convention of demons adjourned, every devil in hellish determination, gave several angry grins, rustled his dark wings in wrath, and was about his business—to stay, at every point, those two, (Prohibition and Anti-Slavery) heaven-planned and heaven-blest measures. An Awful storm, (not such a storm as witches blow up,) was raised, accompanied by five thunders, which spake, in order, as follows:—

The *first* thunder slowly groans in the South, and the sound is consulted upon. Our craft is in danger—our wealth is placed in jeopardy—our money is in our slaves—how can we give them up and stoop to cultivate our own soil—the matter will never do—let us bestir ourselves—let us be up—we must take fresh and more tenacious grip, and hold on to our sable sons of Ham. The *second* thunder rolls in the North, among, I will not say sheep-faces, but will change the term for once into—*Goat-faces*. Our influence must be with the South—our sympathy must be with the slave-holders—if we wish *fat offices* we must form a league—we will walk hand in hand—side by side. A compromise is concluded upon,—Northern dough-faces and Southern aristocrats and nabobs form a conspiracy for the very peculiar benefit of their own pockets, purses, and appetites. The thunder gives the loudest sound as its passing on—"THE UNION MUST BE PRESERVED!" The *third* thunder is heard, sounding North, East, South, and West, and the *hue and cry* is raised,—Foreign influence must be checked—criminals and paupers must be sent back—emigration laws must be more stringent—naturalization laws must be improved—"AMERICANS MUST RULE AMERICA." The *fourth* thunder mutters, and is accompanied by a deep, hollow, portentous and startling sound. The Jesuits are digging away the foundations of our glorious Republic and blessed Liberties—Popery is sapping the life-current of our heaven-blest Institutions—the "man of sin" is stretching himself for universal empire—the "mystery of iniquity" is working in secret conclave to rule our country—"PAPISTS MUST BE KEPT DOWN"—we must erect our finger posts—build our light-houses—raise the alarm—our country is in danger. There is a compound of truth and error in the foregoing. But that is the way the Devil does business, and carries on the work in our age.

The *fifth* thunder is the loudest, and after it is heard the senseless noise,—"Don't Know,"—"Sam's in town,"—"Have you seen Sam?"³⁴—"Young America,"—"Put none but Americans on the outposts,"—associated with grips, passwords—scratching of eye-brows—and fingering of jackets. The political world assumes a new face. Whether it is any clearer than any former face is much to be questioned. The mask is better, to be sure, to many, than the former masks; but underneath there may be a pair of very greasy eyes. The cry then is raised: Let the South and Slavery alone, with its God-defy-

³⁴ While Raber shares some of his church's anti-Catholic bias he is somewhat critical of the Nativist movement. "Sam" was code for the Know Nothing Party or a member of it. "Have you seen Sam?" was asked to test a stranger on the street—a party member would return the password. See Sperber and Trittschuh, *op. cit.*, p. 388. For the Native American movement and its political and religious implications, see Ray A. Billington, *The Protestant Crusade, 1800-1860* (New York, 1938); also Alice Felt Tyler, *Freedom's Ferment: Phases of American Social History to 1860* (Minneapolis, ©1944), Ch. XIV.

Spiegel für Trunkenbolde.



Der Trunkenbold ein Spott der Kinder — und in der Gewalt des Teufels.



Schauerhafter Tod des Trunkenboldes.

THE DRUNKARD'S MIRROR—from the "Americanischer Stadt und Land Calender" for 1832. The almanac was published in Philadelphia by Conrad Zentler, the engraving is by Gilbert.

ing, anti-gospel and inhuman laws. Let the Temperance and Prohibition movement take its own way,—just oppose Foreigners, who have fled among us for refuge, and proscribe Roman Catholics. And soon men who were red-hot Anti-Slavery, and blazing Prohibitionists, were heard braying *neutrality* upon those points, in their *new creed*, as loud as did Balaam's ass. Anti-Slavery and Prohibition were then by this *ig-noble* order thrown into the shade, (save a few men with souls in them who raised a protest at a certain General Council.) What the end of this new-fangled political scheme, which is trying hard to introduce Christianity and the Bible within its borders, will be, must be awaited. The future will in due time give a revelation. Cincinnati, and other cities and places, have, however, sent forth mobocracy groaning in the columns of their journals already. To say the least that can be said is: If the Devil did not commence it, which I would not like to say, he is, or has fallen in, and is carrying it on. Secrecy is becoming unpopular, and to a degree is being done away with.

It may reasonably be expected, that "Young America" was reared on the mushroom order, and that "SAM" is running at such a speed as to endanger his own head and brains. It

is a popular delusion, and like many of its political harbingers, will have its day and its end, which may not be far off: for people will not continue crazy upon one theme, especially when once it loses its birth-right, novelty, and phantasmagorias. The hoof of "old horny" is already seen. That serpent of hell, Slavery, is already looking "with eyes glaring revengefully, barbed tongue thrusting out threateningly, and rattles sounding alarmingly," and showing its hellish fangs to frighten the people of the North, which is not an easy task. Rumsellers are cloaking with the organization, which was seen in a place not fifty miles from here, where oyster-gormands³⁵ and brandy-gulpers, from different quarters, sometimes meet for a certain number of dollars a day, drawn from the purses of the "bone and sinew" of the country. Those, (I mean rumsellers,) penitentiary, jail, poor-house, and lunatic asylum builders and fillers, who spread misery, distress, anguish, and despair among their fellow beings, and cause tears, broken hearts, widows and orphans, wish to go on in their work of death, by selling *bites* at three, six, and twelve cents a piece, to fill their heaven-cursed pockets, and live

³⁵ The "oyster-cellar" was too urban an institution for the rural United Brethren preacher with his puritan tastes.

upon the murders they commit. The goat-foot and the Devil are going together in the ranks of Know-Nothingism. The mantle with which Satan covered the rotten places, is about being removed, and Missouri bullyism, rowdyism, and devilish Slaveryism, and rumsellingism is a characteristic of Southern *Americanism*, by which the Bible is to be continued in our public schools, and the Gospel to be kept up in our land. Such men preserve our liberties? Begone with such egregious nonsense! Men in our age are put on pack-mules by the Devil to ride into office on. Southern demagogues have long since been squeezing Northern dough-faces into as many shapes as they pleased, to keep going, if even on crutches, their "peculiar institution." But the Devil with all his devils, invisible and visible, cannot prevent Slavery and Whiskeyism from falling. May they soon go, and Popery with them, and be given over to curse the earth no more.

SECRET COMBINATIONS

SECRET COMBINATIONS. The time *was*, but that time is no more, when Free Masonry was stalking through our land Golia[h]-like. But it had its day. It became old and wrinkled. However, as parent, it reared a numerous progeny, which the Devil sent out into the world with washed faces, white dresses, and pink aprons, calling them many nice names. They looked rather tidy and neat for a time. Instead of Free Masonry, we have now, "Odd Fellows,"—"Sons of Temperance,"—"Red Men,"—"Good Samaritans,"—and many others.³⁶ And really those creatures become so *religious* that, to refuse to join in their *charitable* business, was rendering *one's self* guilty. Men ran into lodges and halls with gigantic strides. One order after the other sprang up until there were more than a score and their adherents were hopping about like the frogs at one time in the land of Egypt, entering into almost every house. But it so happened that the Devil slipped out the cloven foot, and people see that there is neither charity nor benevolence in *drawing out* by first *paying in*. They are not so easily taken in now as they once were. Some men with hearts in them have raised their voices and employed their pens to show the "hoof" in them, and wage war against those temples of Gerizim. The people are beginning to see the deception, intrigue, and anti-Gospel principles in them. Read Rev. John Lawrence's "Plain Thoughts on Secret Societies."³⁷

PATENT MEDICINES

PATENT MEDICINES. Here is another of the Devil's delusions. "Brandreth's,"—"Moffatt's,"—and "Sugar Coated" pills used to be all the cry. Many of the *imaginary* thought

³⁶ Protestant American males, suffering from lack of European Catholic emotional and esthetic outlets, seem to have nursed their frustrations in a series of "fraternal orders" on various levels of sophistication from Freemasonry to the "Red Men." Because of their popularity, they were eventually copied, in self-protection, by American Judaism and American Catholicism, who may not have needed them after all. The panic over "secret organizations" among the American Protestant clergy in the 1850's and 1860's seems to stem not only from the earlier antimasonic movement but from the genuine fear that these organizations, with their rituals and passwords, trowels and feathers, were competition to the churches, whose sacrosanct preserve they were invading. Some sects (the U.B.'s an example) and some churches (the Missouri Synod Lutherans) refused to allow their members to join "secret organizations." Two United Brethren schisms in Pennsylvania, the United Christians and the United Brethren (Old Constitution)—the latter centered in Raber's own area of York, Franklin and other counties—still oppose membership in secret societies.

³⁷ The only available copy in the Philadelphia area seems to be a German translation, *Einfache Gedanken über Geheime Gesellschaften*; aus der 5ten englischen Aufl. übersetzt von J. Degmeier . . . (Dayton, Ohio, 1855), 171 pp., in Lutheran Theological Seminary Library, Mt. Airy.

they possessed supernatural properties and power. According to advertisements and certificates they were a kind of *cure-all* affair. Their day, however, has closed. "Sherman's Lozenges," and a long train of others are following them. But their name is still *Legion*. Hundreds have proven a curse, instead of a blessing, to the user. At this time the Devil has many poor fellows drugging themselves into disease and misery by those "all-curative" nostrums. No sooner is the internal arrangement somewhat unhinged, than patent pills, bitters, or some other curse, must be sent wholesale after the disease, which in place of arresting it, urges it forward. Hundreds of those "Patent Medicine" men deserve about as much respect as the "Slow Poisoners" in the seventeenth century. Their "compounds" are sent into every inhabited corner, carrying a pestilence with them, that does its work of death "slow but sure." They have sent hundreds to premature graves, and carried misery and lamentation into families. So general has this drugging become, that all manner of nauseous stuff is taken without inquiry, care, or concern. The Devil has led many to commit suicide by inches. Every druggist's shelves are loaded with Sarsaparillas, Syrups, Ointments, Plasters, and what not. Hand-bills, almanacs,³⁸ and certificates of cures are with unblushing servility thrown into your houses to belie your families. Patent medicines is one way to kill people for pay, and *calomel* another. It appears the people are given over to delusions, to be sent out of the world. The Devil has some poor creatures, living moving, itinerant drug shops.

I shall wind up this chapter by remarking, that I had intended to talk some about Mormonism, Millerism, and some other *isms*, but finding that my book is already much larger than I first designed, I shall pass them over for this time. Public nuisances, such as theatres, circuses, opera troupes, and so forth, might lay claim to a share of the Devil; but as they are now visited mostly by the lawless, reckless, characterless, and obscene, and going out of repute, I shall leave them. The "hoof" is so visible in them, that scarcely any but the reprobate give them any countenance. There are a host of public amusements in which the "cloven foot" is not so much seen, which I shall only name: such as steamboat and railroad excursions, Twenty-second of February and Fourth of July celebrations, and Pleasure Trips to Fashionable Watering Places, in which the Devil has very often a share in the bargain or contract.³⁹

I am inclined to think that, if you will form proper conclusions from what I have written and you read, it will prove of benefit to you. When viewing the popular delusions in our midst, the heart sickens, and the head swims, to see immortal beings running, reeling, staggering, and jumping hellward, with a greater velocity than, (it does seem,) the Devil wishes or cares about driving or leading them. Many are trying to out-devil Satan himself. Some are engaged in wholesale devilism, whilst others indulge in a species of refined wickedness, and the Devil himself may at times be thrown into amazement to see that he has so little trouble to turn the world in his favor. The Devil somehow, has found out a short way to work mad fellows with, who throw open the doors of their hearts, giving him egress and regress as he chooses and pleases.

³⁸ An interesting reference to the growing genre of the medical almanac, on the level of "popular medicine" rather than "folk medicine," but worthy of serious study.

³⁹ Raber, U.B. to the end, went all the way in condemning popular amusements. He does not mention, however, those entering wedges of popular culture in the church's own realm—the Donation Party, the Church Fair, and the Sunday School Picnic—which are topics worthy of doctoral dissertation treatment.

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