



Fall 1967

# Pennsylvania Folklife Vol. 17, No. 1

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**Authors**

Alta Schrock, Mac E. Barrick, Phares H. Hertzog, Ruth Hawthorne, Victor C. Dieffenbach, Robert Boyd, Don Yoder, and Friedrich Krebs

# *Pennsylvania* **FOLKLIFE**

Autumn 1967



**Folk Culture of the Allegheny Highlands**

## Contributors to This Issue

DR. ALTA SCHROCK, of Penn Alps, Grantsville, Maryland, writes of her work in Pennsylvania's northern extension of Appalachia, the Alleghenies. A native of the area, she is co-founder and leading cog in two institutions concerning themselves with the folk-culture of the Allegheny Mountain area of Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, and Virginia — the Council of the Alleghenies, and Penn Alps. Professor of Biology at Frostburg State College in Maryland, she was the first American Mennonite woman to be awarded the Ph.D. degree.

DR. MAC E. BARRICK, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, is a member of the Dickinson College faculty, in the Department of Romance Languages. A native of Cumberland County, he has made the Cumberland Valley area his folklore research field. Results of his wide recordings in the area have appeared in *Pennsylvania Folklife* and the *Keystone Folklore Quarterly*.

DR. PHARES H. HERTZOG, Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, naturalist and mathematician, retired after many years of teaching at the Peddie School, Hightstown, New Jersey, has written for us in this issue the first instalment of his major work on Pennsylvania snakelore. This subject has engrossed him for many years, and since the 1950's he has presented a popular program on snakes and snakelore at the Folk Festival at Kutztown.

VICTOR C. DIEFFENBACH (1882-1965), of Bethel, Pennsylvania, long a familiar name to readers of *Pennsylvania Folklife*, in 1961 wrote down for us what he could remember of lore associated with weather phenomena and with particular days in the Pennsylvania Dutch rural calendar. His memories come from Northwestern Berks County, his birthplace and long-time residence.

RUTH HAWTHORNE, Philadelphia, is a graduate student in the Folklore and Folklife Program at the University of Pennsylvania and a teacher in the public schools of Delaware. Her article in this issue is the result of her experiments in collecting folklore in her third-grade class.

ROBERT BOYD (1792-1862) was a Scotch-Irishman, born in Western Pennsylvania of old Presbyterian stock. Apprenticed to a spinning-wheel maker in a Methodist family in Fayette County as a youth, he was converted to Methodism, and spent the rest of his life in the service of that faith, spreading its doctrines and rigid morality throughout Western Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, and Ohio, as a circuit-rider. After a lifetime of hardships on the frontier, he wrote down these criticisms which we republish in this issue. They are one of the most pointed critiques of the actual hardships endured by the pioneer ministers to find their way into print.

DR. FRIEDRICH KREBS, Palatine State Archives, Speyer, West Germany, again shares with American readers, genealogists, and social historians, materials on 18th Century emigration from German archival sources. Gradually, through the help of such contributions, we are rounding out our picture of that massive emigration geographically. This time the locus is the former Duchy of Zweibrücken, in the western end of what is today the West German state of Rheinland-Pfalz.

# *Pennsylvania* **FOLKLIFE**

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FRIEDRICH KREBS

*COVER: Spinning Wool on the "Great Wheel" or "Big Wheel." Mrs. Ethel Maust, traditional spinner and weaver, demonstrates for tourists at Penn Alps in the Alleghenies.*

# The COUNCIL of the

By ALTA SCHROCK



*Alta Schrock discusses his wood-whittling with a mountain neighbor in Pennsylvania's Alleghenies.*

# ALLEGHENIES

Since the coming of the white man to America, the austere mountain chains between the Eastern Seaboard and the Midwestern Plains have posed a formidable barrier to the westward flow of the sea of old world culture and, at the same time, have constituted one of the greatest challenges in our history as a nation.

The Appalachians in particular have provided not only a barrier, but also an area of unsurpassed beauty, an abundance of raw materials, and the dramatic setting of man's conquest of nature in his westward push. The woodsman's

axe and the road-builder's hammer rang loud and long ere a thin human trickle penetrated the mountains to establish settlements well inland.

Once penetrated, secluded valleys and mountain fastnesses provided shelter for pockets of endemic culture, largely isolated from the stream of westward-moving pioneers. Even the main east-west highways crossing the Appalachian chain at first followed Indian and buffalo trails and made but little contact with these isolated mountain communities. Thus each community tended to develop its own distinctive folklore, culture, and dialect.

One of the most interesting but least known sectors of Appalachia is that region known as the Alleghenies, a rugged mountain area located in the heart of this great system, including parts of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, with the Potomac and Monongahela watersheds dissecting much of the region. Lying between Pittsburgh to the west and the Baltimore-Washington megalopolis to the east, these mountains have become progressively important as an area of retreat and recreation for city-weary vacationists.

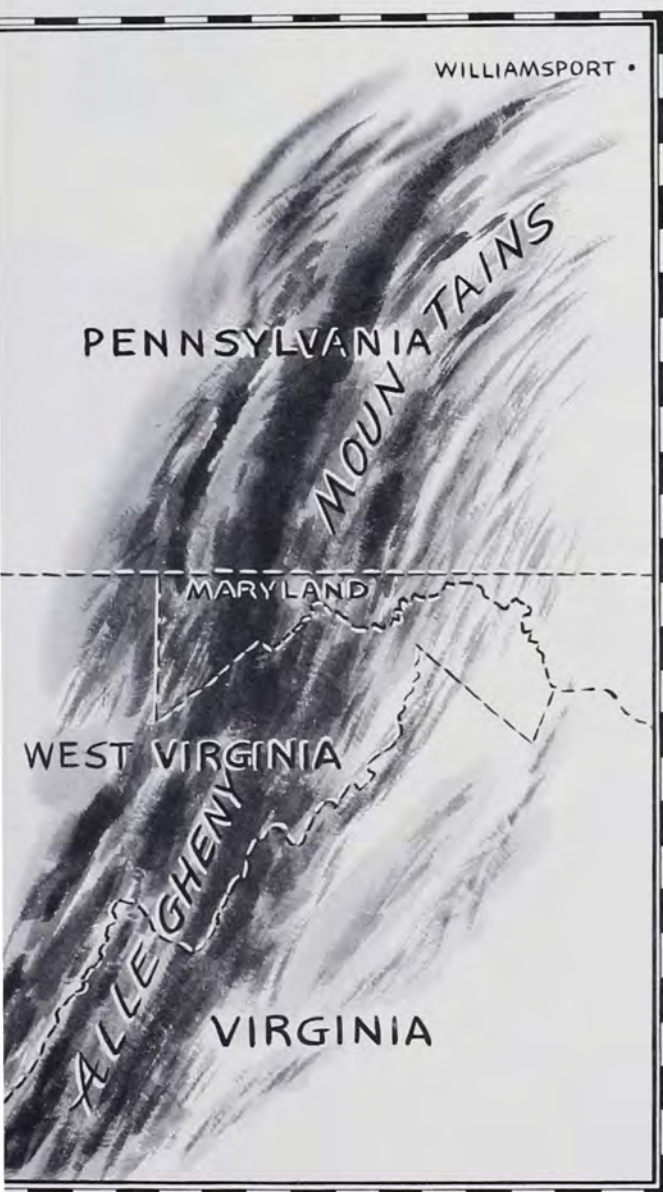
But in spite of the upsurge of metropolitan interest in this segment of Appalachia, its vast store of folk-culture remains almost unexplored and is even now being buried under an avalanche of contemporary conformity; while its rich natural resources are being raped by the bulldozer and chain-saw. Scholars ask many questions about the region, but no one is prepared to answer.

Meanwhile, tourists travel the recently-improved highways of the Alleghenies aimlessly and without direction, longing for guide service and travel hints which are unavailable, even on the most heavily-traveled roadways. An almost forgotten gem, this mountain region is seldom mentioned in the *New York Times* or the major travel magazines. It is the mountain step-child of the East!

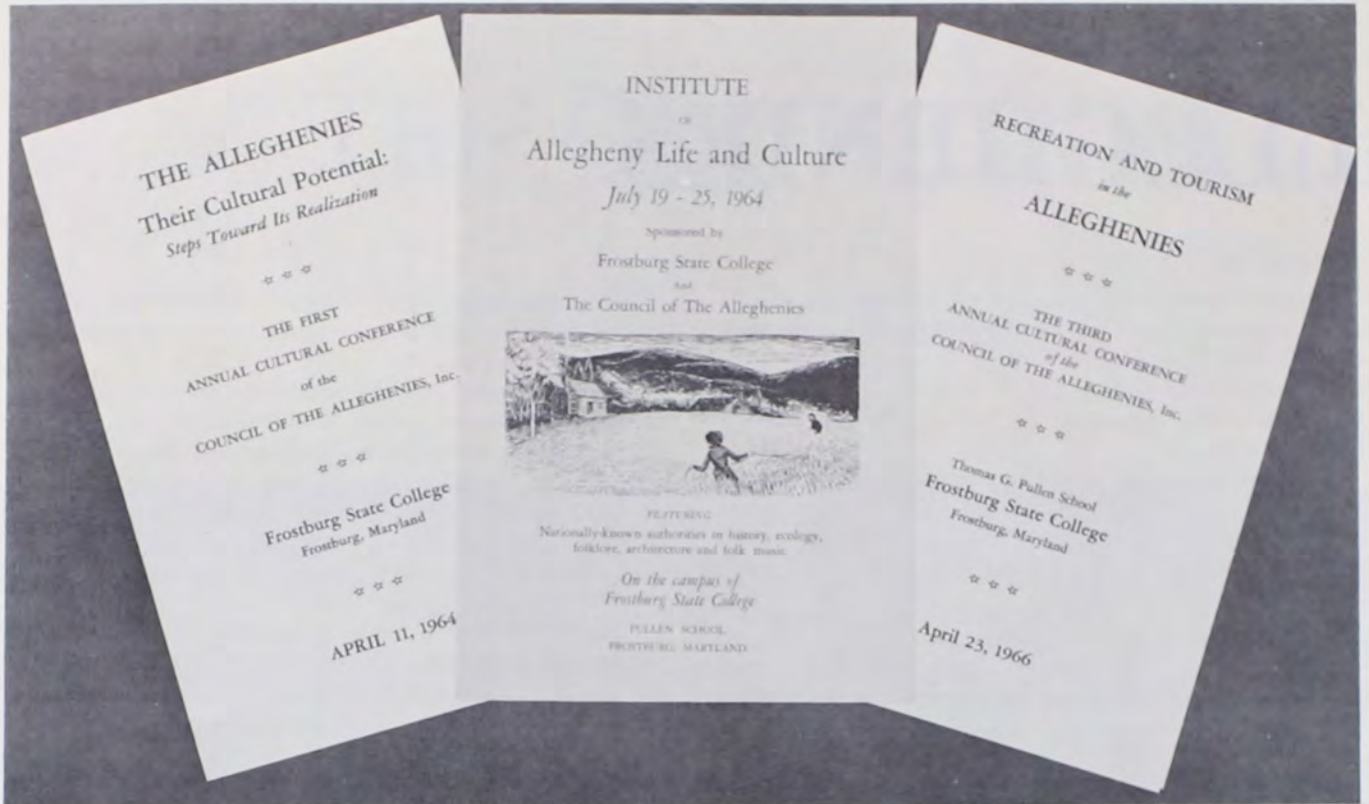
What is the pulse of the Alleghenies? Where may one find a museum of the Alleghenies; hear a symphony of the Alleghenies; observe the performance of a drama of the Alleghenies; delve through archival material relating to this long-neglected area? Where, indeed, may one find brochures and travel literature which present the attractions of the Alleghenies as a whole, instead of a provincial, segmental piecemeal presentation?

The thoughtful reader will realize that the answer to the above questions is a negative one, that the Alleghenies are practically a No-Man's-Land where cultural preservation and nurture are at a low ebb in spite of the unsurpassed wealth of historic material inherent in these mountains. True, during recent decades a rash of associations and councils has sprung up, each one organized to promote a circumscribed area—county, river-valley, tableland—but none designed to serve an inter-state region comprising a geographic, cultural and historic entity rather than a politically determined area.

In the midst of this piece-meal approach and out of the great need for a regional organization grew the concept of



*Pennsylvania forms the headland, the upper end of Appalachia.*



*The cultural program of the Council of the Alleghenies is a varied one, oriented toward current problems of the area as well as preservation of its folk-cultural heritage.*

*Claude ("Simps") Miller Shaving Hickory Brooms on a Shaving Horse or "Schnitzel-bank."*







*The Springs Folk Festival, held the Friday and Saturday of the first full weekend of October at Springs in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, is a daughter of the Kutztown Festival and accents Western Pennsylvania folklife. Here Clarence Stephen uses a foot-adze in preparing a log for trough-hollowing.*

the Council of the Alleghenies. The Council, a non-profit educational institution, was founded in 1961 and formally organized in 1962 to preserve and develop the natural and human resources of the Alleghenies; to make an intensive study of a folk-culture and history rich in tradition and pregnant with events of national significance; and to make available to the outside world the results of studies in the arts and crafts, the folklore and folkways, the music and religion and the artifacts and architecture of the people of this mountain area.

With every means at its command, the Council seeks to discover the genius of the Alleghenies and to present its findings to the world in a creative, imaginative way. To date, two major cultural activities constitute an important segment of the Council's work, i.e., an annual one-day Spring Cultural Conference, held in April; and a week-long Mid-summer (July) Seminar on Allegheny Life and Culture offering graduate credit, both held on the campus of Frostburg State College in the heart of the Alleghenies. The above activities are functions of the Council's Institute of Allegheny Life and Culture, of which Prof. B. Floyd Flickinger of Baltimore is Director.

Three volumes of a quarterly *Journal of the Alleghenies* have been published to date, first at Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh, the past two years at Frostburg State College. In the spring of 1966 the Council's first

Newsletter made its appearance. Two series of monographs on the Natural and Human History of the Alleghenies are planned for the future, and the first issue is currently in preparation.

Projected for the near future are a Museum of the Alleghenies and a Tourist Information Center, both to be housed on U.S. Route 40 (formerly the Cumberland Road and National Pike) and readily accessible to the flow of trans-Allegheny traffic. Already a museum collection has been started, through the courtesy of Chancellor Paul R. Stewart of Waynesburg College, Member of the Institute Advisory Committee, with pieces of the first pottery and glassware made west of the Alleghenies serving as a nucleus. A wealth of material, including several Aboriginal collections, await the opening of the museum. Tourist information for the Center is being assembled by Paul Shank, second vice president of the Council and author of an excellent 28-page pamphlet, *Vacation Travel Information*. Dr. Patrick W. Gainer of West Virginia, first vice-president of the Council, and Dr. Elmer Smith of Madison College in Virginia, member of the Advisory Committee of the Council's Institute, are doing a splendid job of collecting oral history which will eventually be made available in the Council archives.

Also in the early planning stages are a drama of the Alleghenies, a Symphony of the Alleghenies, and much expanded research activity by the Institute of Allegheny Life and Cul-



*Floyd Bender with "Breet-Beil" (Broad Axe) used for dressing beams, part of the Pioneer Trades Collection at the Springs Museum in Somerset County.*

ture in connection with an American Studies Program at Frostburg State College, which will deal with the cultural components and potential of this mountain region. To enhance this program, a carefully compiled cross-reference of source material on the region (now located either within the region or elsewhere) is imperative. It is hoped that work on this large task will begin in the summer of 1967.

\* \* \* \* \*

What, the reader may ask, are the geographic features and the cultural and historic components which make this region worthy of study? First of all, it may truly be said that the Alleghenies have played the role of the nation's most important Gateway to the West, since the geology and the topography are such that the bulk of the immigrant tide flowed from south-eastern Pennsylvania and the Chesapeake region through the narrow gorge of the Potomac at Cumberland en route to the Ohio Valley. The struggle to improve this route and to keep the lanes of transportation open during peace and war has been one of the most significant dramas in the history of the Alleghenies, and indeed of the nation.

This drama includes three great transportation media: the Cumberland Road (later National Pike), opened to Wheeling in 1818; the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, opened to Cumberland in 1842 and across the mountains from the Potomac to the Cheat in 1850, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, also opened from Georgetown to Cumberland in

1850. The colorful stories which clustered around these three travel media are part of the great epic of America.

While the exciting drama of travel and transportation was being enacted on highway, railroad and canal, a quiet process of acculturation was taking place in mountain homes throughout the Alleghenies. Beloved folk patterns, brought from Europe largely by the Pennsylvania Germans and the Scotch-Irish, were being woven and stitched into cloth and painted on chests and cupboards; ingenious tools were being fashioned by hand; cradles, chairs and spinning wheels were being turned out on stone turning lathes; native bark and herbs were simmering in many dye-pots; maple sap was being boiled down to syrup in hundreds of sugar groves and families were gathering to work and play, with bean-hullings, apple-snitzings, corn-huskings and spelling-bees as the ostensible reason for congregating. With these and many other activities, a distinctive folk-culture was evolving across the Alleghenies, each settlement a little different from its neighbor across the ridge or down the next hollow.

Here, then, is the challenge of the Alleghenies as the Council envisions it—to study the varied components of the history and culture of this sector of the Appalachians; to preserve the best of this culture by means of museums, archives, programs, publications and parks; and to work with all other concerned individuals and organizations within the area which have similar aims, be they regional or local. The Council has dedicated itself to bringing the Alleghenies into

their rightful heritage, as has been the case with the Smokies, the Blue Ridge, the Catskills, the Adirondacks, and the Berkshires.

Whereas the Council of the Alleghenies had its beginnings in 1961 several local organizations of similar interest and purposes preceded it by several years. The Springs Historical Society of the Casselman Valley was founded in 1957 and established the Springs Museum the week after it was founded. The museum, which was opened in the basement of a private home, was later moved to an abandoned farm building in a wooded area, and is now housed in two large two-story cement block buildings in the tiny village of Springs on Route 669 in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, just north of the Mason-Dixon line.

This museum of the early settlers is unique in the area, depicting the life of the pioneers of the Casselman Valley (at the headwaters of the Monongahela) by displaying artifacts of home, farm and shop—tools and machinery, household furnishings, and the implements of pioneer trades.

One of the 85-foot long buildings is divided into sections or "rooms": a kitchen, a living-room-bedroom, a wool- and flax-processing room, a pioneer trades room, a wash house-butcher shop, and special glass cases giving the story of lighting, pottery-making and basketry in the valley. Upstairs an early school-room and country store, as well as a large fossil and rock collection claim the interest of visitors; while the second building houses heavy farm equipment, including a large Conestoga wagon.

The museum is open to the public, with guide service, every afternoon except Sunday during the tourist season, or until cold weather forces the hostess to vacate the unheated buildings.

\* \* \* \* \*

While the Springs Museum idea was coming into flower, there grew in the minds of some local residents the conviction that the craftsmanship of the area, as well as the artifacts themselves, should be preserved. At the same time, so the dreamers argued, there should be a means of income for the residents of this beautiful but underindustrialized mountain area—the Alleghenies. To this end Penn Alps, Inc., was organized in August, 1958. Its founders immediately entered into conference with the Springs Historical Society concerning the co-sponsorship of a Folk Festival to depict the pioneer life and craftsmanship of Central Alleghenia and to provide income for the two organizations.

Accordingly, the first Springs Folk Festival was held in October, 1958, drawing a crowd of about 2,000 following intensive preparation and advertising. Each year the festival has grown, so that today crowds exceeding 15,000 are the rule, barring heavy rain or snow. This distinctive "Dutch Mountain Festival," as it is dubbed by city columnists, is held on the Museum Grounds, which were purchased by the Historical Society several years ago. During the festivities almost every conceivable pioneer demonstration is in progress for two days, including grain-flailing, log-hewing, rail splitting, trough-hollowing, shingle- and broom-shaving

*Ad Maust, Senior Craftsman of the Springs Festival, making axe handle on a schnitzelbank.*

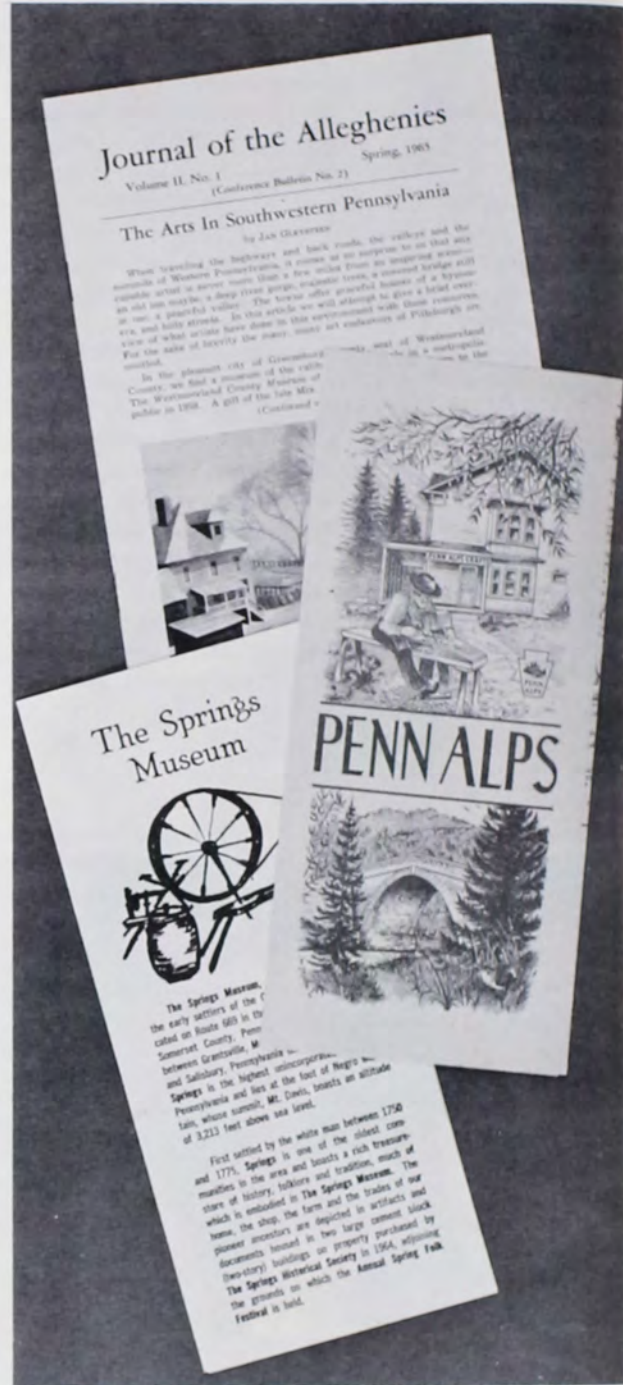


on a shaving horse ("schnitzelbank"), blacksmithing, horse-shoeing, and the operation of a rare two-horse treadmill. Applebutter and maple syrup are simmering over an open fire and an old-fashioned cider-press is producing fresh apple cider. The aroma of simmering chow-chow and baking bread comes from a pioneer kitchen on the lower grounds.

Elsewhere on the grounds, in a 200-foot long tent there are demonstrations of wool-carding, spinning and cloth-weaving; quilting; rug-braiding, hooking and weaving; and many types of needlework. Also on demonstration in the tent are pottery-throwing on the wheel, basket-making, chair-seat weaving, wood-carving, stone-polishing, metal-work and art in many forms, including woodcuts and paintings in oil and water-color. Year after year craftsmen are drawn from a wider area, so that today much of Alleghenia is involved in this mountain festival.

Chartered bus trips, with guide service, leave the Festival Grounds many times a day and include a sugar camp in operation, an Amish-Mennonite country school and the highest point in Pennsylvania. Foods served on the grounds also reflect the culture of the mountain area—smoked sausage, dried corn and Dutch fried potato dinners, Dutch bean soup, applebutter bread and milk and doughnuts made on the spot, to mention only a few.

The Penn Alps enterprise involves much more than the arts and crafts section of the Springs Folk Festival. It carries



*Penn Alps is the Crafts Center associated with the Council of the Alleghenies.*

*Crafts from Pennsylvania's past: Miss Norma Hostetler, Penn Alps potter, working with native clays to produce traditional ceramics.*



*Buck Saw, Mallet, and Hand Adze demonstrated at Springs Museum in the Casselman Valley. Note huge Conestoga wagon wheel (made locally) in background.*

on a year-round program designed to revive and preserve the arts and crafts, to help residents of Alleghenia to help themselves, by training them in the production of handicrafts, and by displaying and marketing their handiwork on consignment.

Today some 625 craftsmen are working in their own homes and shops turning out a wide variety of items both beautiful and useful. In a large craft shop adjoining a restaurant about a mile east of Grantsville, Maryland, on U.S. Route 40 (in a remodelled log inn or stagecoach stop built in 1818) these crafts are displayed. Displayed in the shop are wood-turnings, wood-carvings and furniture; baskets of oak splints, veneer strips and rye straw; corn husk and china dolls; children's toys and doll furniture; art work in many media; rugs, quilts knit-ware, hand-woven goods and needlework of all kinds, including brilliantly colored work by Amish farmwives who find this a valuable outlet for their creative urge and love of beauty. There are also native arrangements of nuts, cones, and dried weeds, grasses and wild-flowers, "just for pretty," along with native mints, jams, jellies and pickles, stone-ground rye and wheat flour and cornmeal, and apple-butter and maple syrup for the table. And of course there are the dried apple snitz and dried corn always found in the pioneer homes of the area. Over 100 persons are producing foodstuffs for the store.

Penn Alps also conducts crafts demonstrations during the tourist season: wool-carding, spinning and weaving; pottery-throwing on the wheel; chair-seat weaving and rug-hooking; and shingle-shaving. These are a delight to the tourist and a means of reviving some of the early crafts which had become almost extinct in the area.

The educational program of Penn Alps has included some dozen weaving schools, most of them conducted on the campus near Grantsville. There have also been workshops in woodworking, basketry, chair-seat weaving, pottery-making, ceramics decorating, needlework color and design in quilts, wool dyeing with native vegetable dyes. Many more workshops are planned for the future, to be held both on campus and in mountain outposts.

In addition to crafts training there have been classes in typing, Conversational German and Creative Writing. A kindergarten—the only one within fifteen miles—is conducted on the grounds, with children coming from two states.

But this is not quite the end of the story. Some four years ago, seeing the need for more intensive educational and charitable work in the mountain area, Penn Alps created a second organization known as The Highland Association, to work exclusively in the field. Club work, women's work, crafts classes and a kindergarten are conducted by the "Highlanders" as the group is known locally, using two abandoned school buildings and a community center some five miles from the town of Grantsville. There are also Bible Schools, private tutoring, and home visitation by staff members who either commute from Penn Alps or live with mountain residents.

And so the work in the heart of Appalachia moves on quietly and without fanfare. As a result of the interest and concern shown for them, many residents of the mountain area are taking a new lease on life. Their response is gratifying and contagious, and the dream of the founders is gradually being realized as the story unfolds in those beautiful but forgotten mountains—the Alleghenies.

# LEWIS the ROBBER

## In Life and Legend

By MAC E. BARRICK

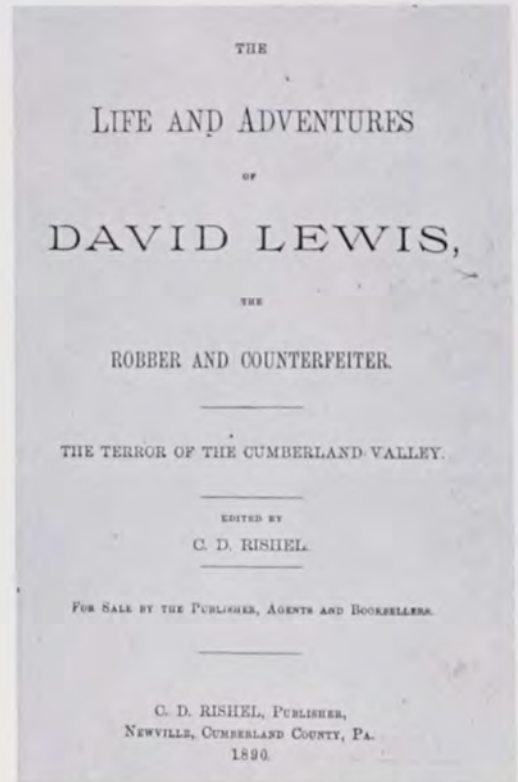
Pennsylvania has very few folk-heroes, and one of the most famous of them is in danger of being forgotten. A generation or two ago, nearly everyone in Central Pennsylvania was familiar with the exploits of Lewis the Robber, but today few have even heard of him. Those few, however, remember him as a sensitive friend of the common man, a modern Robin Hood who stole from the rich to give to the poor, and they have made of him a true folk hero, adding to his legend and modernizing the details of his adventures.

Consider what J. Raymond Baer, proprietor of a feed mill at Barnitz in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, remembers of him:<sup>1</sup>

Some of the tricks he had done. My father knew of him and thought he saw him one time. Whether he did or not I don't know. But he tells about over in Pisgah, Perry County, he said there was an old aged lady, and he [Lewis] stopped there for somethin' to eat one day. Which he knew her beforehand. And she didn't refuse him somethin' to eat, but he noticed she was cryin', and he asked her what was the matter with her, if she needed money. "Well," she said, "I do in a way," she said. "The tax collector's comin' today, and if I don't pay the taxes, which I don't have quite enough, why, he's gonna sell the milk cow, and I've only got one." And, he said, "How much do ya need?" So she counted, an' she was short a couple dollars, an' he said, "Jist fergit about it," he said, "I'll jist give it all to ya, but I do wanta know what he drives. What he's gonna come in." "Well, he'll be in a stick wagon" (which is a runabout or whatever you wanta call it). "And what for horse he's drivin'." I don't mind what my dad said anymore, but it was some kind of a colored horse, and he said, "That's all I wanta know. Jist you give 'im the money." So of course, he went up along the road, and after bit, why, the tax collector was down at the house. He could watch. An' that tax collector 'd come out 'n' got in the wagon, started up the road. Why Lewis the Robber stopped 'im 'n' relieved him of everything. He took everything he had. Cleaned him out.

An' then another time, the Carlisle Fair was about due, an' Lewis the Robber was supposed to be walkin'. An' there's a man come along, three or four race horses, ridin' one with a saddle. An' he was drivin' a flat wagon with sulkies on behind, goin' t' the Carlisle Fair. An' Lewis the Robber, he jist walked up, stopped the man, an' said, "Do ya mind if I ride along?" "No," he said, "I don't care." An' they jist got out in the country away from the mountain, he said to him, "Ain't you afraid to ride with me?" He said, "No, I know who I'm ridin' with." "Why," he said, "who?" He said, "Lewis the Robber." So they struck up a great conversation, an' he told 'im he was poor, and his horses wasn't good enough to win, and he jist thought aft'erds [afterwards], "Well, there's no use 'n me to lie to 'im." An' he told Lewis the Robber, "I got good horses," 'n' he said, "I hit a lucky streak once 'n a while, but," he said, "please don't hold me up when I leave the fair, fer," he said, "I've got a wife 'n family 'n," he said, "I've gotta make a livin'." An' he said, "Okay," he said, "I'll keep ya in mind." So he never bothered 'im. He jist ignored him. If he did ever see 'im he didn't hold 'im up. So

<sup>1</sup> From a tape recording made at Barnitz by Eugene Utech of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on December 28, 1966.



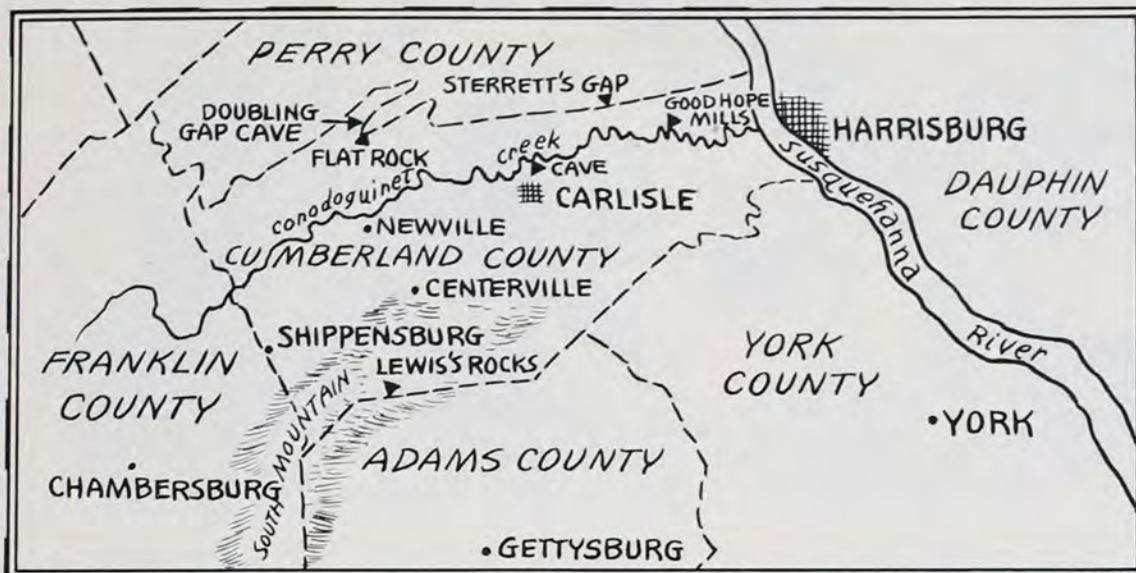
*Title-page of 1890 booklet on Lewis.*

that is about all I've got t' say, 'n' I could tell you where he was killed at. What was that ferry? Clark's Ferry. They tell me he was killed swimmin' the Juniata, er, not the Juniata, the Susquehanna River at Clark's Ferry, an' they shot the horse out from under 'im, 'n' then he swam the river, and they shot at 'im there with a high powered rifle, some kind of rifle. An' they said when he got to the other bank, that his insides were hanging out. An' he died on the other side of the bank, on the other side of the river.

Actually Lewis the Robber was an historical figure who died in Bellefonte jail in 1820. Most of the facts known about his life are contained in a confession which he wrote just before his death.<sup>2</sup>

David Lewis was born March 4, 1790, in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and shortly thereafter, his father moved with his family to Northumberland County, where he was appointed Deputy District Surveyor. The father died in 1796. Young David left his home in 1807 and enlisted in Captain William N. Irvine's company of light artillery. He soon deserted, and only his mother's pleas on his behalf prevented his execution. He subsequently escaped from the guardhouse at

<sup>2</sup> The confession was published shortly after 1820. A pamphlet containing the confession and several anecdotes drawn from contemporary sources appeared in 1853. C. D. Rishel included the confession and the anecdotes in his *Life and Adventures of David Lewis, the Robber and Counterfeiter* (Newville, Pennsylvania, 1890). Elenore Loring Kinetz ("Robin Hood of Pennsylvania," *Keystone Folklore Quarterly*, II [1957], 68-78) mentions the confession, but apparently bases her article on Rishel's work. She errs in a number of details.



The home territory of Lewis the Robber — Cumberland County, Pennsylvania.

Carlisle Barracks, hiding for a time at a cave on the Conodoguinet Creek near Carlisle. He then fled to Bellefonte, where he fell in with a tin peddler who was a member of a counterfeiting gang. Lewis joined the gang and began to pass counterfeit notes in New York. He was arrested and imprisoned in Troy, New York, but managed to escape with the help of the jailor's daughter and her friend, a girl named Melinda, whom Lewis later married. His counterfeiting activities eventually led him back to Central Pennsylvania, and he made his headquarters at the Doubling Gap Hotel, near Newville, fleeing to a cave in the adjacent mountain when the law came too close. The events of his last year as he describes them in his confession are documented in local newspapers of the time.

On April 19, 1820, Lewis was arrested for attempted robbery:

On Wednesday night, the 19th inst., an attempt was made by two men, to rob the house of a Mr. Beshore, who resides in the lower part of this county—they, however, failed in their object, and in endeavouring to effect their escape, one of them was caught, and on Thursday morning lodged in the Carlisle jail: he proved to be the notorious counterfeiter and robber, DAVID LEWIS, who, in company with Connelly, escaped from the Bedford prison, some months since. Lewis's companion, who eluded the vigilance of the neighbors, is supposed to have been Connelly.

Lewis and his companion were seen in the neighbourhood of Mr. Beshore several times, in three or four weeks, previous to the attempted robbery; and from enquiries made by them of the neighbours of Mr. Beshore, concerning his pecuniary circumstances, a suspicion was excited, that they intended to rob him, of which he was informed: it was thereupon agreed, if an attempt was made to rob him, that he should sound a horn, and the neighbours would hasten to his assistance. This arrangement was, no doubt, the cause of Lewis's apprehension; for, had not the neighbours of Mr. Beshore been called to his assistance, by the appointed signal, it is next to certain, this celebrated character would yet be at large.

After his confinement in the jail of this county, which was affirmed by some, to be insufficient for his safe keeping, he was removed thence on Tuesday morning last, by Sheriff Ritner, to the jail of Franklin county, which is said to be the strongest in the state.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *American Volunteer* (Carlisle, Pennsylvania), Vol. VI, No. 34 (April 27, 1820), p. 3.

Lewis soon escaped from the jail at Chambersburg. In his confession he details the method of his flight, being careful to exonerate the Franklin County sheriff of any wrongdoing in the escape. One of his fellow-escapers, Caesar Rodney, a "yellow" man, was soon recaptured and revealed the location of Lewis's cave-hideout at Doubling Gap:

The yellow fellow who escaped with Lewis, was brought from Bedford where he was taken up and safely lodged in the jail of this county, on the 19th inst. He stated that Connelly joined Lewis the second night after they escaped from jail—that it was them that was seen near Roxbury,—that from thence they steered down the mountain to Dublin Gap, in Cumberland, near Perry co., and the Sulphur Springs, where Lewis and Connelly took M'Guire and him (Caesor), to a cave where they had lain last winter; and that he had left Lewis, Connelly and M'Guire there on Thursday (the 15th inst.) On the head of this information a large party started on Tuesday last in pursuit of them, in hopes that they had not yet left it—the cage was found but the birds were flown. Caesor had described every thing correctly—the bark where they had made up their bread on, pieces of crocks, egg-shells and many other symptoms of good living was found, and a few rods from the cave, two blankets taken from this jail with them and several fragments of old clothes.<sup>4</sup>

Lewis returned to Carlisle for a last look at the place of his birth before fleeing to Centre County. After they robbed a wagon on the Seven Mountains, Lewis and Connelly were tracked by a posse up the Driftwood branch of the Sinnamahoning. A gun battle ensued. Connelly was mortally wounded and Lewis was shot in the right arm. He died of gangrene resulting from that wound, preferring to die than to lose his arm, in Bellefonte jail on July 13, 1820. His confession, signed July 12, reveals him to be a man of deep religious convictions, a man greatly concerned about the welfare of the wife and family he left behind in Philadelphia. This was David Lewis, the man behind the legends.

And legends quickly developed about the robber, legends that were already in existence during his own lifetime, as can be seen from his denial in the confession of rumors about his hiding treasure at various locations throughout Cumberland County.

<sup>4</sup> From the *Franklin Repository* (Chambersburg, Pennsylvania), June 27, 1820; reprinted in *Two Hundred Years in Cumberland County* (Carlisle, 1951), pp. 126-127.



*Lewis and the Poor Woman—a folktale associated with benevolent robbers from Robin Hood to Jesse James.*

The best known of the Lewis legends is one attributed to almost every famous outlaw in the history of the western world. It is the one told above, of Lewis's aiding the poor woman, then robbing her creditor to regain his money. The earliest known appearance of the tale is in the pamphlet of 1853:

The following incident is said to have happened in Mifflin county: Having failed of carrying into execution some of his deeply laid schemes for robbing several wealthy farmers during one of his maurading expeditions, and his finances getting uncomfortably low, he determined on making an effort to replenish at the first opportunity. Coming across a house that promised security from molestation, no other being near, he called at the door, and was admitted by an elderly female, of respectable appearance. Lewis, to ascertain where her money was kept, asked her to change a five dollar note. "That unfortunately I am unable to do," replied the woman, "for I have not a dollar in the house; and, what is worse," she added despondingly, as she caught a glimpse of a man coming through the woods some distance from the house, "there comes the constable to take my cow for the last year's rent. I don't know what to do without her." "How much is due?" inquired Lewis, hurriedly. "Twenty dollars, sir." "Have you no one to help you?" "No one," she replied. "Then I will," replied the robber as he drew from his pocket the exact sum, and threw it upon the table. "Pay that fellow his demand, and take his receipt, but don't say anything about me." Lewis had just time to make good his escape unobserved, when the worthy official arrived. He was proceeding without more ado to drive away the cow, when the woman came forward, paid him the money and took his receipt. He immediately set out on his return, but had not proceeded far, when Lewis bounded into the road and accosted him with, "How d'ye do stranger? Got any spare change about you?" "No!" simpered the frightened constable. "Come, shell out old fellow or I'll save you the trouble," returned Lewis as he presented a pistol at him. This argument convinced the constable that the fellow was up to his business, and he handed over his money as quickly as possible. Lewis got his twenty dollars back, and forty dollars in addition. He often boasted that the loan of the twenty dollars was one of the best investments he had ever made.<sup>5</sup>

Mrs. Elsie Snyder of Carlisle reports hearing before 1920 a version similar to this as having occurred in Perry County. The tale is a traditional one and is invariably associated with any benevolent outlaw. It is part of the Robin Hood

legend (Robin Hood lends four hundred pounds to Sir Richard of Lee to pay his debts, then robs the clerk who comes to collect the debt, taking eight hundred pounds),<sup>6</sup> and is also part of the folklore about Jesse James and Sam Bass.<sup>7</sup> Attribution of the incident to the more recent Jesse James may have reinforced the tale in the memory of Pennsylvanians who frequently identify Robin Hood and Jesse James with any benevolent outlaw.<sup>8</sup>

Numerous tales tell of Lewis riding with intended victims and not being recognized. On such occasions, the victim's straightforwardness or honesty usually keeps Lewis from robbing him. The race horse incident above is such a tale, and this also appears in the 1853 pamphlet, though the man's name is there given as Black and the place as Brownsville.<sup>9</sup> Lewis speaks of another such incident in his confession. He had planned to rob a man named McKeehan, of Newville, one of "the three richest men in that part of the country," but McKeehan recognized him, and Lewis, seeing his self-possession under the circumstances, was unable to rob him.<sup>10</sup> Mrs. Snyder recalls another such story: "He went to this place and stayed all night, an' while he was up there he heard them downstairs prayin'. And they were prayin' for their visitor upstairs, an' he said, 'I couldn't rob them people after that.'"

On at least one occasion Lewis rode with a posse that was looking for him, or so the story goes:

"The hue and cry" was once raised against him in Adams County, and a party of gentlemen started in pursuit, not one of whom knew him. In their excursion they suddenly came up with a well dressed man on horseback, whom they accosted, and asked if he had "seen or heard anything of Lewis, the robber." He replied that he had not; asked what kind of a looking man he was, and finding that they could not even describe him with anything like accuracy, made a number of other inquiries about him, and agreed to assist "in

<sup>6</sup> Joseph Ritson, *Robin Hood. A Collection of All the Ancient Poems, Songs and Ballads* (London, 1795), p. 14.

<sup>7</sup> John A. Lomax, *Adventures of a Ballad Hunter* (New York, 1947), p. 59; Kent L. Steckmesser, "Robin Hood and the American Outlaw: A Note on History and Folklore," *Journal of American Folklore*, LXXIX (1966), 351.

<sup>8</sup> See Robert H. Byington, "Prince Farrington: 'King of Pennsylvania Bootleggers,'" in *Two Penny Ballads and Four Dollar Whiskey*, ed. K. S. Goldstein and R. H. Byington (Hatboro, Pennsylvania, 1966), p. 89.

<sup>9</sup> Rishel, pp. 22-23.

<sup>10</sup> Rishel, pp. 69-70.

<sup>5</sup> Rishel, pp. 24-25.



hunting down," as he said, "such an outlaw." After riding with the party for some time, inquiring their names, places of residence, etc., and the search proving fruitless, he left them and took another direction. The stranger had the audacity afterwards to send them word "that they had been riding for several hours in the company of Lewis, and he was anxious to know whether they found his company agreeable."<sup>11</sup>

The wry humor inherent in such an incident is also apparent in a number of legends about Jesse James.<sup>12</sup>

There is scarcely a cave, grotto or rocky overlook in Central Pennsylvania that has not been associated with Lewis the Robber. Besides the cave near Carlisle, he had hideouts in a sort of cave at Doubling Gap and in a den three miles above Pine Grove Furnace; a rock formation there is still known as Lewis's Rocks. Some informants locate the Doubling Gap cave high on the mountain at what is called Flat Rock; Lewis undoubtedly used the Rock as a lookout, but there is no cave there. His other hideouts in Cumberland County were a one-story log house on Hanover Street, Carlisle, and a hut on the South Mountain, apparently near Centerville. He may have had another hideout at Sterrett's Gap.<sup>13</sup> Numerous caves in other counties have been identified with his career, one on Little Chickies Creek near Mt. Joy, and according to Henry W. Shoemaker,<sup>14</sup> two in Centre County. The practice of associating caves with local outlaws is widespread; Carlo Levi, for example, speaks of it in twentieth-century Italy: "There is not a mountain, gully, wood, fountain, cave, or stone that is not linked with one of their adventures or that did not serve them as a refuge or hideout; not a dark corner that was not their meeting place; not a country chapel where they did not leave threatening letters or wait for ransom money."<sup>15</sup>

One might ask why a man like David Lewis turned to a life of crime. Lewis, anticipating more modern sociological theories about the criminal mind, answers the question himself in his confession:

When I look back upon my ill-spent life and endeavor to discover the cause or source from which all my misfortunes and crimes have sprung and proceeded, I am inclined to trace their origin to the want of early instruction. Had my widowed mother been possessed of the means of sending me to school, and afforded me the opportunity of profiting by an education, the early part of my youth, instead of being engaged in idle sports and vicious pursuits, might have been employed in the studies of useful knowledge, and my mind by this means have received an early tendency to virtue and honesty, from which it would not afterwards have been diverted: but alas! she was poor, and the Legislature of Pennsylvania—I blush with indignation when I say it—had made no provision, nor has she yet made any adequate one, for the *gratuitous* education of the children of the poor. Until this is done, and schools are established at the public expense for teaching those who are without the means of paying for instruction, ignorance will cover the land with darkness, and vice and crime run down our streets as a mighty torrent.<sup>16</sup>

The social condition which gives rise to an outlaw tradition is fairly predictable, whether it be England at the time of Robin Hood, Italy in the mid-nineteenth century, or the United States in the time of Lewis the Robber or Jesse James. Significantly, Pennsylvania in the days of David

Lewis was at approximately the same stage of development and settlement as Missouri in the time of Jesse James. The society in which outlaws thrive is one in which the law and justice are divorced. The law becomes corrupt and thus "becomes the tool of a 'gang' which must be overthrown, or it comes to represent a social system in which injustice is the rule. In such situations the outlaw, though technically a criminal, may become a folk hero by serving the higher cause of justice."<sup>17</sup> It is such a situation that David Lewis has in mind when he comments on the corruptness of public officials in his day:

If there was any class or description of people in society whom I would sooner have robbed than any other, it was those who held public offices, and under color of law had been guilty of extortion; who had plundered the poor, and cheated the widow and the orphan. Against such workers of iniquity my mind had taken a set, and I was determined never to spare them on any occasion that offered. The groans of the distressed, the cries of the widow, and the complainings of the oppressed rang in my ears, and called aloud for vengeance. There was perhaps no place in the State in which I heard more complaints of this sort than in the county of Cumberland, and as Carlisle was my native place, for which I felt a strong attachment, instead of committing a wrong I conceived that I would be rendering society a service by punishing those official marauders who infest the town, in visiting upon them the same degree of severity which they had visited upon others.<sup>18</sup>

As with Robin Hood in medieval England, with Lewis the Robber it is the rural folk who idolize the outlaw as a symbol of resistance to corrupt authority. The sheriffs and wealthy men who were Lewis's victims are to these rural folk the symbol of the evils of the system in which the poor are exploited and oppressed. It is significant that almost everyone who remembers the Lewis tales states that "he stole from the rich to give to the poor," though there is no basis in fact to this statement.

In many respects the life and legend of Lewis the Robber parallel those of the later Jesse James, Billy the Kid, and Sam Bass. "Legend looked kindly on their premature deaths and softened the histories of the three badmen. They never betrayed a friend. They loved their mothers and wives and sweethearts; they were polite to women and kindly to cripples; they had a sense of humor. . . . History can justly regard Jesse, Sam, and the Kid as pariahs and sadists, but legend sees a spirited youth laughing as he gallops from a red-faced posse of respectable citizens toward the inevitable doom ahead."<sup>19</sup>

Rishel notes the appeal that Lewis, or any highwayman, has as a folk hero: "A highway robber is sometimes admired, while a burglar is universally detested; and yet they are both mere thieves and felons. But there is a species of bravery in the first, meeting his victim face to face in open daylight, which is looked upon as manly. He is admired still more if the robber is polite and courteous, especially to females, if there be any in the party he plunders. It is not the robber, therefore, that is admired; it is the glimmering of virtue, heroism or gallantry, that breaks out even in crime."<sup>20</sup>

The dime novel, the movies and television have made Jesse James and other Western badmen famous. It is somewhat ironic that the earlier American outlaw, David Lewis, a villain equal to them in stature and human interest, should now be almost completely forgotten.

<sup>11</sup> Rishel, p. 24.

<sup>12</sup> See Richard M. Dorson, *American Folklore* (Chicago, 1959), p. 242.

<sup>13</sup> Elmer L. Smith, *Covered Bridges of Pennsylvania Dutchland* (Akron, Pennsylvania, [1959]), p. 38.

<sup>14</sup> Quoted in *The Evening Sentinel* (Carlisle), Nov. 14, 1951.

<sup>15</sup> *Christ Stopped at Eboli*, ch. 14.

<sup>16</sup> Rishel, pp. 61-62.

<sup>17</sup> Steckmesser, art. cit., p. 348.

<sup>18</sup> Rishel, pp. 66-67.

<sup>19</sup> Dorson, p. 238.

<sup>20</sup> Rishel, p. 5.

# SNAKES AND SNAKELORE OF PENNSYLVANIA

By PHARES H. HERTZOG

*"Die Feggel kennt mer bei de Feddere  
Awwer die Schlange bei iere Schuppe."*

(A common Pennsylvania German saying meaning:  
"The birds you know by their feathers, but the  
snakes by their scales.")

## INTEREST IN SNAKES IN PENNSYLVANIA

If one were to ask a typical group of people what they thought and felt about snakes their reactions would probably all be different, but they would almost certainly all be negative. Ever since man first met this kind of reptile in the Garden of Eden, relations between the two species have been strained to say the very least. But, man has not let his thoughts on the subject of snakes remain in the vein of simple fear and loathing. Rather, these scaly, crawling creatures have often become the subject of almost superstitious awe. A very sizeable body of stories, beliefs and all kinds of lore have grown up about serpents. From the harmless grass snake to the deadly rattlesnake and copperhead, they have stimulated the imaginations of countless generations of men down through the centuries. It is with one part of this material that I shall deal in this article; namely, Pennsylvania German snakelore. During my many years of studying snakes, I have made an effort to collect the attitudes, stories and so forth which my fellow Pennsylvania Dutchmen hold regarding snakes, and to compare them with the facts of science. I feel that the results are both entertaining and valuable for the insights they give into human nature.

One indication of man's concern with and attitude toward snakes is the recent popularity of organized snake hunts in Pennsylvania. These generally take place during the summer and attract large crowds. Prizes are awarded to the most successful hunters; newsmen cover the events for both television and radio; and students of snake behavior and biology are on hand to give pointers and explain the habits of the quarry. Each year these hunts grow larger.

Also indicative of the fascination that snakes hold for men is the growing number of reptile houses and snake exhibits. One of these exhibits is presented each year at the Kutztown Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival. I am at present in charge of this particular one and can testify to its ever increasing popularity. We show both live and preserved specimens, and demonstrate the techniques of handling snakes and the ways in which some of the parts, such as the oil, are used. This sort of thing is probably better for those interested parties (easily the majority) who don't care to actually hunt poisonous snakes in the field!

## PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN NAMES FOR SNAKES

Some of the snakelore presently to be found in Pennsylvania can be traced back to the Old World, and some of it comes from the Indians. Still other portions of the material, of course, are apparently original Pennsylvania creations. Here in the state we have about eighteen varieties of snake. Of these eighteen, though, only five kinds figure importantly in Pennsylvania German snakelore. The *Rassel Schlang*, or

rattlesnake, steals the show as far as sheer volume of material (and fear among people in the woods during the summer) is concerned. Also of importance in both ways in the *Kupper Schlang* (copperhead). The subject of some of the most bizarre beliefs of snakelore is the *Schwarze Schlang* or black snake. Another snake is blessed with four Pennsylvania German names. It is called *Blotschiche Schlang*, *Haus Schlang*, *Millich Schlang*, or *Sheckiche Schlang*, and is variously known in English as the spotted adder, house snake or milk snake. Some of the odd notions about this actually innocent reptile are hinted at by the names given it. The most innocuous snake of all, but still important in our snakelore, is the *Garde Schlang*, also known as *Schtrayfiche Schlang*, or just plain *Schlang*. In English it is called the garter or garden snake, or the striped snake. In addition to these five kinds of snake which are really native to our state, a number of imaginary snakes, such as the hoop snake, and a few real but foreign snakes, such as the anaconda, find their way into Pennsylvania Dutch snakelore.

## TALL TALES ABOUT SNAKES

It seems that almost every kind of folklore includes at least a few tall tales of exaggerated bravery and abilities. This is especially true, when, as is the case with poisonous snakes, there is danger involved. Snakelore is no exception to this general rule, and many of the tales that have been constructed concerning snakes are quite illuminating as regards attitudes and, often, beliefs. I collected one such tall tale in a town not far from where I live. There used to be a group of old timers there who would meet at the hotel and tell snake stories. There were some real whoppers told at those get-togethers, but the following was given the prize for the whole year.

It seems that F. G. was out hunting golden seal and other medicinal plants and herbs in the woods on a hill a little ways out of town. All of a sudden he saw a copperhead near the rocky summit. The snake glided away and showed no sign of wanting to do battle. Unfortunately for the snake, F. G. did not feel the same way. He followed in the direction that it had disappeared and soon came to a great pile of entwined copperheads about the size of a bushel basket. Quickly and carefully he walked once around the squirming clump in order to make sure that there were no stragglers. Then he decided that there was nothing to do but kill them. So, he sat down on a nearby rock and took off his shoes and stockings and rolled up his trousers. Then, he jumped right into the middle of the pile of wriggling copperheads with both feet and stamped them to death, every last one of them!

When F. G. had finished this amazing account there was a moment of quiet. Then someone asked him, "Didn't that hurt you?" F. G. simply replied, "Man, you must not mind that when you are killing copperheads!"

This story seems to be fairly popular in the area and I recorded it on another occasion in very similar form. In this story the central character is an herb doctor and the date is specified as July 11th. This is "Pius Day" and believed

to be the one day of the year when, for some mysterious reason, all the snakes in a given area congregate. This factor, of course, explains finding the whole batch of snakes together. Aside from these two specifics, this second story was nearly identical to the first.

Another tale, this one from Lebanon County, is, if anything, more extravagant than the above one. Also, it provides an example of the way in which foreign snakes occasionally manage to wriggle into Pennsylvania German snake-lore. The story concerns a young Lebanon County Dutchman by the name of Ziegenfoos who was always very much afraid of snakes. Therefore, he never ventured into a wooded area alone and, even when part of a group, the snapping of a twig was enough to give him a fright. The very odor of the woods meant the presence of poisonous snakes to young Ziegenfoos.

Well, after he had completed high school he entered Lehigh University and after four years, completed that school's engineering course, graduating with honors. He immedi-

That was the last straw! In his excited condition he ran so fast that he ran right out from under his hat. That was what saved him. Both the snake and the alligator grabbed the hat. After that was gone they kept right on going so that their mouths became engaged and a free-for-all ensued.

Poor Ziegenfoos didn't even look back, he just ran away from that battle as fast as his scared legs could carry him, yelling and shouting in fright as he ran. Finally he found his companions and breathlessly told them of his narrow escape. They told him that he was altogether too frightened and excited, and that he must not say such things. They, of course, didn't believe him.

After much urging, coaxing and persuading they induced him to lead them back to the place where all this had occurred. When they reached the spot, they were amazed to find that the alligator and the anaconda had just finished their meal. There was nothing left but two mouths wide open and looking for more! Not a scrap of flesh in sight! They beat a hasty retreat, and concluded that such a narrow escape could only happen to a Dutchman with a name like *Ziegenfoos*.

#### ARE SNAKES COLD AND SLIMY?

Now that I have more or less set the stage and shown how snake-lore is used by storytellers, let us move on to the particular area of beliefs about snakes in general. Probably the two commonest beliefs about snakes are, first, the idea that they are cold and, second, that they are shiny and slimy. Neither of these notions is correct. Anyone who has gone so far as to actually pick up a snake will be able to tell you that they are not slimy and, despite occasional bright colors, they are not shiny either. As far as coldness is concerned, it depends on the weather. It is true that snakes are "cold blooded," but this simply means that they do not generate their own heat the way that mammals do. Therefore, their body temperature, rather than being a constant 98° Fahrenheit, varies according to the temperature of their surroundings. On a warm, sunny day (temperatures in excess of about 105° Fahrenheit will kill them), snakes are warm. On some other days they may be relatively cool.

#### DO SNAKES DIE ONLY AT SUNSET?

Another very common belief about snakes is that they do not die till sundown. This is a very widespread idea, like many of these which we shall consider, and is not confined to the Pennsylvania Dutch population. Though this is a very easy bit of folklore to find, one of my informants did provide me with a somewhat less typical variation. J. F., a man from Red Lion, Pennsylvania, told me that "If you clobber a snake to death and leave it alone it will not die until sunset, but if you clobber a snake and hang it on a fence it will die immediately." As to the effect of the fence, I cannot testify, but I can assure you that the setting of the sun has no effect on a "dead" snake. The belief that it does almost certainly arises from the fact that reflex action can keep the heart beating and muscles twitching for a matter of several hours after the actual moment of death. Anyone who has fried frogs' legs and seen the disembodied legs "jump" will know the phenomenon to which I refer. People have apparently seen "dead" snakes moving the day they were killed and, finding them dead the next day, reached the conclusion that it was the intervening fall of night that finalized the passing. Also, I know from experience that snakes can be hard to kill. Anyone who had a run-in with a supposedly dead snake that suddenly regained consciousness, the same day that it was thought to have been killed, would have this particular bit of folklore strongly reinforced in their minds!



*Dr. Phares H. Hertzog in Folk Festival Garb.*

ately was given a job by a large concern and was sent to Venezuela to begin work. One day, while he was doing some work out in the bush, he became separated from the rest of his group. Then, as he was making his way through the forest, he slipped and fell in some mud, and went to the river bank to clean up a bit. All of a sudden he saw a twenty-five foot anaconda snake hanging from the branches of a tree very close at hand. It was obvious that the snake had decided to make a meal of him. You can just imagine what this did to poor Ziegenfoos! Quick as a flash he jumped back from the bank as hard as he could, only to find himself right in front of a huge alligator which also had its mouth wide open, ready to eat him.

## DO MOTHER SNAKES SWALLOW THEIR YOUNG?

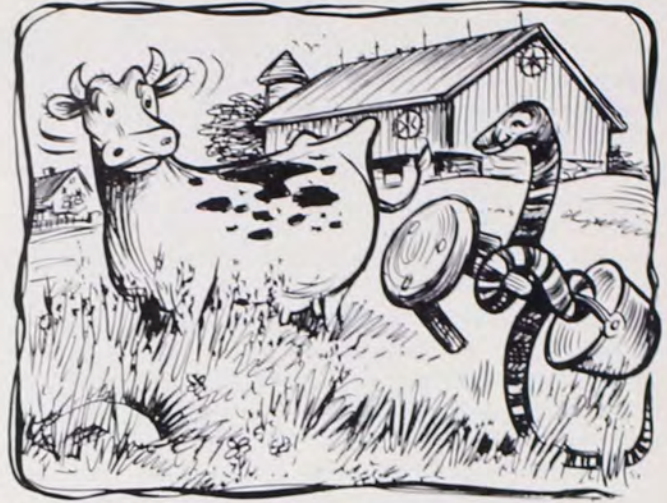
Also widely held to be true, among the Pennsylvania Dutch as elsewhere, is the idea that mother snakes swallow their young usually when danger suddenly arises. Once again, science assures us that the belief is erroneous, but, again, this has little effect on the tradition. A fairly typical statement is the following. It is from a man who heard me deny the validity of this belief during a lecture on television. After reminding me of what I had said he had:

"... heard of it from reliable persons in our community but don't know, however I did see two different snakes which did have little ones inside them—one supposed to be a copperhead was killed by a man building fence on my father's farm who after noticing it took it to the barn where carpenters were working and showed it to them and to us—they counted twenty-two—that happened when I was a boy and I am now fifty-seven. The other one I saw was a watersnake which I killed just a few years ago. I noticed it was extra large about the middle and was curious to know what was inside it and then saw it had little ones inside it. I don't know the exact number but at that time the Rod and Gun Club had stocked the stream with fish and were paying the boys of the town ten cents for each snake they killed and then my boy took the old one, and the young ones also, to the secretary of the club and collected on them. Now if you don't believe this, you hunt me up and me and my family will make affidavits as to the truth of this account and maybe the Rod and Gun Club secretary could remember it too."

Not only does this letter writer display the kind of certainty and vigor commonly associated with this belief, but also, in his letter, are the seeds of its scientific explanation. A great many snakes lay eggs. Examples of this type are the black snake and the house snake. Another group of snakes, however, give birth to live young. These are called ovoviviparous. This type includes the garter snake, the water snake, the copperhead and the rattlers. Among these snakes the mother carries the young inside her in a sort of soft egg, and it is here that the young reach full development. Obviously, when people cut open snakes and find fully developed young, they are dealing with mothers who would soon have given birth, not ones who recently have. Furthermore, since the mother must be killed in order to find these young, the discoverer is in a very good position to know that the snake was recently in danger. This belief about mother snakes swallowing the young when there is danger is simply a common sense explanation of the facts as observed by many, many people time and time again. That this must be the explanation is further emphasized by the fact that snakes have no family life, and the mothers do not remain with the young to care for them after birth.

## DO SNAKES DRINK MILK?

That snakes are fond of milk and that they will milk cows to get it is one of the stranger bits of really common snakelore that I have run across. I collected a fairly typical story on this subject about the S. family near Mastersonville in Lancaster County. I was told that they had a number of snakes around their farm to catch mice and rats. This is fairly a common sort of thing. My informant went on to say that often the snakes would wander off into the woods to get some variety in their diets and to exercise by climbing among the branches of the trees. Now this was in the days when milking was done by hand, usually by a woman in Dutch country, and the S. family kept two small wooden troughs under the forebay of the barn. One was for the cats and the other, supposedly, was for the snakes. At milking time someone would beat on an empty milk can to call the snakes. The



*One of the commonest folktales about snakes is that they can milk cows.*

cats needed no calling. The trough on the right side was for the snakes, the other for the cats. This, I was told, was a daily occurrence.

The idea of the dinner bell I can deal with quite directly. Snakes have no ears. Therefore, they cannot hear sounds. They can feel vibrations, but that is all. As far as their taste for milk is concerned, I very much doubt it. As far as I know, snakes eat only living food which they have caught. In dissecting 3500 snakes at Harrisburg from 1905 to 1906, I never found any milk, any butter or any cheese in a snake. Their mouths are built for catching live food, and this is what they do.

Two actual habits of snakes probably lie behind this belief. Number one, snakes are quite often found among cows in pasture. This, however, is not for milk but for birds and rodents which are more easily found among the grazing cows. The second reason centers about the "milk snake" mentioned in the list at the beginning of this article. As its name indicates, it is the snake most often connected, in folklore, with the consumption of milk. Actually, this small spotted snake, which is especially plentiful in York County, is very fond of cool places, for example spring houses. Since farmers keep their milk in spring houses in crocks to keep cool, it is thought that they frequent such places to get at the milk. The same sort of thing is true about barns. As was stated earlier, snakes often frequent barns because of the plentiful supply of rodents. In this case too, their motives are misunderstood.

## SNAKES AND HORSEHAIR

Similar to the connection between snakes, and cows and their milk, is a group of beliefs centering about another common farm animal. This is the horse. More specifically, they have to do with horsehair. One man, from Dallastown, Pennsylvania, told me two "facts" about snakes and horsehair. The first is the belief that a horse's tail, if laid in water for a few weeks, will change into a snake. The same is also said of a single hair from a horse's tail. The other "snake-lore fact" is that a snake will not cross a rope made from horsehair. One application of this principle is the encircling of a house or barn with such a rope in order to keep it free from snakes. Another is to lay the rope about one's sleeping bag when one is camping. That a snake will not cross the rope is a fallacy which has been discounted time and again. Those who use it are probably pretty safe, though—snakes look for smaller game than human beings.

#### SEVERAL SEPARATE BELIEFS ABOUT SNAKES

In addition to these widespread beliefs about snakes that fall fairly well into such general categories as "milking" and so forth, there is another group that shows a greater tendency to vary from place to place. The beliefs in this group tend to be less easily put into well defined groups. For this reason, as I now deal with these beliefs, I shall let each separate one stand pretty much by itself.

An interesting belief in this group comes from the northern part of Lancaster County and most of Lebanon County. It is fairly common among the Dutchmen in this area. According to this belief, if you hang a live snake over a fire it will show either its legs or its feet before it dies. One of my informants, J. H., was so certain that this was true that he insisted on testing it. The result, as I had fully expected, was that no legs were shown. The only possible reason that I can think of for this item of snakelore is that if a male were burned, his sex organs might be extruded as they are when he is hit a hard blow. Snakes simply do not have legs and, what's more, they don't need them. Some, like the black racer, can go quite fast enough without, and never stub a toe or bark a shin!

An unusual notion about poisonous snakes, especially copperheads, was related to me by a Dallastown informant. He claimed that "When a copperhead goes to a stream to drink, it will spit its poison on a rock, then drink and then suck the poison back through its fangs into its poison sac." If this were true, the copperhead would certainly deserve to be called the thriftiest of nature's creatures!

The same informant told me one of several stories that I have run across about small children feeding snakes from their dish of milk soup (milk and small pieces of bread). The snake involved is generally a rattlesnake. The most interesting part of this story is the end when it is told that if you kill this snake, the children who were feeding it will begin to act like snakes and die within a week or so. The idea of snakes eating the milk soup is easy enough to understand in light of what has been said in the above section about snakes and milk. The origin of the reaction of the children to the snake's death, though, appears to be a good deal more distant.

Two beliefs about killing snakes are quite misleading. The first is that if you aim at a snake's head with a gun, you can't miss. There are a lot of people who can testify to the falseness of this thought! The second is that a good way to kill a snake is to grab it by its tail and snap its head off like you would crack a whip. This may be possible, but if it's a poisonous snake it will have struck you long before you have



*One belief about killing snakes: grab it by its tail and crack it like a whip.*

snapped it. Even if it is not poisonous, the more old-fashioned methods are better.

While I am mentioning striking, there are two more bits of snakelore that concern this part of snake belief. One is that a snake can sting with its tongue, and the other is that some snakes can spit their poison at you. The notion about the tongue is impossible. A snake could not even break the membrane of an egg yolk with its tongue, let alone the skin of a man. The one about spitting poison is not much better. There is one kind of South American snake that spits venom under certain conditions. Even when this does happen, however, the poison has no effect on unbroken skin.

In the same category with stinging with the tongue is the belief that a snake can charm birds into coming closer and closer until it can catch them. This is simply not true. Birds do not share man's fascination with snakes, and I doubt that even the most fascinated of men could not be persuaded to let a poisonous snake strike him! Snakes are not hypnotists.

A belief that I hear in story form every year at the Kutztown Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival usually is told about the teller's relative. Whoever the central character is, he was walking through the woods one day, years ago, when a huge rattlesnake bit him. Fortunately, however, he was wearing high boots and these saved him. Years later someone else wore the boots and became severely ill because a fang, which had become lodged in the boot, had not been removed. Even after the passage of years, according to the reports, the poison was still able to cause a great deal of pain or even, sometimes, death.

#### SNAKE REPELLENT

Now, for those of you who still feel a negative reaction towards snakes, I shall conclude this installment with some beliefs and reassuring facts about keeping snakes away and getting them out of one's house. The most widely believed-in snake repellent, in the Pennsylvania Dutch Country, is the odor of onions. Generally, they are rubbed on the boots until the smell becomes quite strong. I personally am not certain what effect this is really likely to have on snakes but I do imagine that its effect on other people will be noticeable.

The Pennsylvania Germans, as well as many others, I imagine, seem to be quite concerned about snakes getting into their homes. An interesting way of getting them to leave, aside from filling the house with the smell of onions, was provided by a Tennessee soldier of Pennsylvania origin. He suggests that if you burn an old shoe in the fireplace it will drive all snakes out. Once more, I am afraid, people will be more greatly influenced by the measure than will snakes.

Actually, snakes that get into houses are most often there by accident rather than by design and would gladly leave if they could. Usually they are small snakes, like the garter snake, that have crawled into ventilators or cracks in the wall, their favorite sort of spot, and fallen into the cellar. Once in, naturally, there is no way for them to get back up the wall to where they made their entrance. Since they are too small to eat the mice that are found in cellars, they would much rather be outside where there is suitable game for them to catch and eat.

As we have seen, most of the beliefs in Pennsylvania German snakelore can be explained by science. By and large they are a combination of exaggerations for the sake of storytelling and common sense explanations of observations in nature. In the next installment of this article we shall take a look at some of the snakelore beliefs that figure in Pennsylvania Dutch Folk medicine, and those that concern specific snakes, both real and fictitious ones.

# The FOLKLORE REPERTORY of a Third-Grade Class

By RUTH HAWTHORNE

[To round out our folklore offerings as well as to stimulate research among our readers in the field of children's folklore, we are happy to publish this collection made in 1966 in an elementary school in the state of Delaware. The author is a graduate student in Folklore and Folklife at the University of Pennsylvania. Will readers who have done similar research in children's groups notify us for additional articles for *Pennsylvania Folklife?*—EDITOR.]

## *Introductory Notes*

In writing this paper I was interested in finding out just what kinds of folklore could be found in a group of third graders. I have collected jump-rope rhymes before, but I went in with the idea in mind to collect jump-rope rhymes, not total folklore. To collect total folklore of my present group, I first read through several books on children's folklore to see what kinds I could expect to find. Then I introduced the various topics to the children in various ways over a period of three months. I also watched to see if there was anything else which the children did which could be considered folklore. (I am considering as folklore anything which is passed on entirely by the children, excluding anything, even games and folksongs, which they have learned in formal physical education or music classes.) I checked them for jump-rope rhymes, games, superstition, riddles, jokes, taunts, counting out rhymes and folksong or folk tales. I found quite a few jump-rope rhymes, rhythmic song games, several superstitions, a great many riddles, few jokes, one taunt, three counting-out rhymes, and no folksongs or folktales. I also decided to include as folklore the paper-folding games which the children know how to do; this is making "fortune tellers" on the part of the girls, and "poppers" on the part of the boys. (These will be discussed later.)

In order to understand a little better the types of folklore collected it is necessary to know a little more the background of the children who acted as informants. As I am a teacher, I collected from my class, which is the "low" section of the two third-grade sections of the [-] Elementary School in [-], Delaware. The term "low" is used here to mean "low" intellectually, immature for grade level, or emotionally disturbed. In this group are two students suffering from brain damage, one emotionally disturbed, and thirteen students who have repeated both first and second grade. (This puts them at the third level in school in their fifth year; Delaware has no public kindergarten.) There are also six students who are in this group simply to get an even number of students in each half of the third grade. These six are not low in mentality, nor are they discipline problems, although one is somewhat physically handicapped by rheumatoid arthritis. The children come from a lower-middle class or lower class economic background. Many of the parents have not completed high school. Most of the children live in three large trailer camps which fall within the [---] School boundaries. Two live in a nearby housing development. The others live

in the country, some on farms. Many of the children are from broken homes. Two of the thirty-two children in this group are Negroes (Romaine W. and David G.); the remaining thirty are of Anglo-Saxon or European stock. Very few of the children have ever been inside a church or have been given religious instruction. One student who contributed in the first month (Cristal V.) has moved. Few of these families stay in the same area for a very long time. Another student (Theresa F.) moved out of the district and back in again during the three month period.

Collecting was done in a variety of ways, which will be discussed at the beginning of each section. I have not omitted or changed anything to improve the grammar or sequence. I have tried to quote the children exactly. There are certain limitations necessary because of the setting (school) and my position. I can not, for example, encourage anything "dirty" or the use of "cuss words." I have included material of this sort which was collected however.

## *Outline*

- I. *Rhythmic Song-Games*
- II. *Jump-Rope Rhymes*
- III. *Counting-Out Rhymes*
- IV. *Superstition*
- V. *Riddles*
- VI. *Jokes*
- VII. *Taunts*
- VIII. *Paper-Folding Games*

### *I. Rhythmic Song-Games*

These "games" are played with two persons, usually girls, face to face, or a group of girls in a circle. The "songs" are chanted or sung while the girls clap each others' hands in rhythm. When I asked the girls what they were doing, they said, "just some songs." They never seem to refer to the activity as a game or hand-clapping. Occasionally other activities besides hand-clapping are incorporated into the activity, as in "When I was a baby." Some of the rhymes are used interchangeably as hand-clapping rhymes or jump-rope rhymes. Some of the rhymes come originally from songs or even "cheers," such as "cheerleaders" perform at football games. Apparently it is not important if the words make any kind of sense. (Cristal V. contributed to this but moved away while collecting was still going on.)

1. *A sailor went to sea, sea, sea*  
*To see what he could see, see, see;*  
*But all that he could see, see, see,*  
*Was the bottom of the ocean, sea, sea, sea.*  
*A sailor went to chop, chop, chop, (children use*  
*chopping action)*  
*To see what he could chop, chop, chop,*  
*But all that he could chop, chop, chop,*  
*Was the bottom of the ocean, chop, chop, chop.*  
*A sailor went to knee, knee, knee . . .*

(This continues with similar variation as in "chop, chop, chop" using knee, toe, nose, hip, and finally "do wacki-wacki"; the children clap hands together then on whatever part of the body they mention in the verse. On "do wacki-wacki" they wave hands in the air.) (Romaine W., Sally and Sandy B., Cristal V.)

2. *Grandma, Grandma, Sick in bed,  
Called the doctor and the doctor said,  
Grandma, Grandma, you ain't sick;  
All you need is a hickory stick.  
Just a hickory stick, just a hickory stick.  
Hands up, Shake, Shake,  
Hands down, shake, shake,  
To the front, to the back,  
To the side, side, side.* (Romaine W.)
3. *When I was a baby, baby, baby, (clap hands)  
When I was a baby, one two three.  
It was Ai Yi this away, (children pretend to rock baby)  
Ai Yi that away,  
Ai Yi this away, one two three.*

*When I went to nursery, nursery, nursery,  
When I went to nursery, one two three.  
It was Ai Yi this away, (children jump)  
Ai Yi that away,  
Ai Yi this away, one two three.  
(this continues for many verses)*



Students singing "When I went to High School" (Rhythmic Sing-Game No. 3). They are "writing" in their palms.

*When I went to school, school, school . . .  
When I went to high school . . . (children "write" on palm of hand)  
When I went to college . . . (children place hand on chin to "think")  
When I got engaged . . . (children show ring)  
When I got married . . . (children wrap arms around self in embrace)  
When I had a baby . . . (children pretend to rock baby)  
When my husband died . . . (handclasp as "champion" in air)  
When my baby died . . . (children cry in hands)  
When I died, died, died,  
When I died, it was all over! (end clapping with this line)*

(This is one of the favorites of the children and they do it more frequently than any other, although only Romaine W., Sally and Sandy B., and Ruth Ann usually include all the verses. The first and second graders all copy the older children in doing this, but they usually forget many of the verses.)

4. *Doctor Knickeberri, Knickeberri,  
Number nine,  
He sure got sick  
On a bumpety line.  
Now let's get the rhythm of the hands; (clap, clap)  
Now you got the rhythm of the hands; (clap, clap)  
Now let's get the rhythm of the feet; (stamp, stamp)  
Now you got the rhythm of the feet; (stamp, stamp)  
Now let's get the rhythm of the eyes; (blink, blink)  
Now you got the rhythm of the eyes; (blink, blink)  
Now let's get the rhythm of the hips; woo, woo! (hips back and forth)  
Now you got the rhythm of the hips, woo, woo! (hips back and forth)  
Now let's get the rhythm of the number nine, number nine.*

(At this all who are in the circle touch the ground with their hands and shut their eyes. A person led this chant from the center of the circle; this person now goes around the circle and taps one person on the head; this is their new leader and they begin again.) Romaine W. and Ruth Ann S.

5. *Down, down Baby,  
Down by the Roller Coaster  
Sweet, sweet Baby,  
I'd never let you go.  
Shimmy, shimmy, shimmy, shimmy,  
Shimmy, shimmy, o-oh . . .  
(Repeat)*

(Ruth Ann S., Sally and Sandy B., and Romaine W.)

(This is another favorite; it is repeated endlessly in one of several forms, some of which follow:)

*Downtown Monkey,  
Down by the Roller Coaster,  
Sweet, sweet Monkey,  
I'll never let you go.  
Shimmy, shimmy, shimmy, shimmy,  
Shimmy, shimmy, o-oh . . .*

(repeat with names instead of Monkey; Peter, David, etc.)

*Down, down Batman,  
Down by the Batmobile,  
Sweet, sweet, Batman,  
I'll never let you go,  
Shimmy, shimmy, shimmy, shimmy,  
Shimmy, shimmy, o-oh . . . (Romaine W.)*

(Inspired by the current T.V. series)

6. *Winston tastes good like a cigarette should,  
Winston tastes good like a oo-ah,  
Want a piece of pie (pronounced to rhyme with "ah")  
Pie too sweet,  
Want a piece of meat;  
Meat too tough,  
Want to ride a bus;  
Bus too full,  
Want to ride a bull;  
Money too green,  
Make me mean;  
Father got a head  
like a submarine. (Romaine W.)*



Twin students demonstrate two-hand clapping.

- 6b. *Winston tastes good like a oo-ah  
Want a piece of pie (pa)  
Pie too sweet,  
Want a piece of meat;  
Meat too tough,  
Want to ride a bus;  
Bus too full,  
Want to ride a bull;  
Bull too black,  
Want my money back;  
Money makes me mean,  
Father like a submarine;  
Chicken in gravey  
I like baby. (Sally and Sandy B.)*
7. *Criss-cross the chest, (action follows words)  
Criss-cross the knees,  
Criss-cross the toes,  
One-two-three. (clap hands) (Romaine W.)*
8. *I am a funny little Dutch girl  
As funny as funny can be;  
And all the boys on the baseball team  
Go crazy over me;  
My boyfriend's name is Freckles,  
With bells on his toes  
And freckles on his nose  
That's the way my story goes. (William R.)*
- 8b. *I am a pretty little Dutch girl  
As pretty as pretty can be be;  
And all the boys on the baseball team  
Go crazy over me me;  
My boyfriend's name is Danny,  
With a boogy on his nose  
And ticks on his toes,  
That's the way my story goes goes goes. (Sandy B.)*
9. *Big horn, Little horn  
Cactus, cactus;  
We got a team  
That need no practice;  
Boys got the muscle  
Teacher got the brain,  
We got the pretty legs  
Hip-hip hooray! (Ruth Ann S.)*  
(This one is just like a "cheer" done in the Junior High; the children do not refer to it as a cheer, but call it a "song" like the others.)
- 9b. (Exactly the same but begins, "Big orange, Little orange.")
10. *Cinderella,  
Dressed in yellow,  
Went upstairs to kiss her fellow,  
Made a mistake and kissed a snake.  
10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100. (Ruth Ann S.)*  
(This is also a jump-rope rhyme; here they clap right through it.)
11. *One, two, three,  
Let's do the twist, just like this; (action)  
Let's do the jerk, (action)  
Turn your back,  
Do the Monkey, the swim, the end. (Romaine W.)*
12. *My father gave me a nickle,  
My mother gave me a dime,  
My sister gave me a boyfriend,  
Da-da-da-da-da-da.*  
(Children forgot last line and substituted Da-da for it.)  
*My father took back the nickle,  
My mother took back the dime,  
My sister took back her boyfriend,  
And gave me Frankenstein. (Cristal V.)*
13. *Little Red Caboose  
Behind the train;  
Smoke gets on his back  
Going down the track,  
Little Red Caboose  
Behind the train. (Ruth Ann S.)*  
(This may have come from a song learned in music class originally; they claim they made it up.)
14. *Rich man, Poor man, (Also used as jump-rope rhyme.)  
Doca make a thief,  
Doctor, lawyer,*



Clapping game accompanied by song.

- Indian Chief.  
How many children did she get? (Count)*
15. *I like Ricky Nelson  
He's so dreamy;  
Eyes like pearls  
And a guitar too.  
I like Ricky Nelson,  
Why don't you join the crowd?  
Leave him alone,  
You're too fat for him;  
You've got eyes and glasses like stone,  
Leave him alone,  
He's mine already . . . (Cristal V.)*  
(Cristal would sing this while clapping hands with one other girl. Most of the girls avoided Cristal who was also emotionally disturbed and did not conform to their norms. Sometimes she would go on and on, seeming to make it up as she went.)
16. *Here come Uncle Jessie (all clap in a circle)  
Riding down the lane  
On a hunkie's backie  
All that lane.  
(then call)  
Come on KAREN (any name)*  
(child named performs while others continue to clap; others are called on and asked to perform various dance steps.)  
*Do the slop . . .  
That's enough. (Romaine W.)*
17. *One morning I woke up,  
I looked upon the wall  
———— (2 or 3 lines forgotten)  
Singing Eeeny, Meeny and Miney . . .  
(Unfortunately, rest also forgotten)*  
(Fragment of rhyme; Cristal V.)
18. *Do you know the Muffin Man,  
The Muffin Man, the Muffin Man,  
Oh do you know the Muffin Man  
Who lives in Glory Land? (Romaine W.)*
19. *My boyfriend gave me peaches,  
My boyfriend gave me pears,  
My boyfriend gave me 50 cents  
And kissed (or kicked) me down the stairs.*  
(similar to 12)  
*The peaches were all rotten,  
The pears were kind of rotten,  
The 50 cents was kind of bitten,  
And I kicked him down the stairs. (Romaine W.)*
20. *Turn my back to the dirty old submarine,  
These are the things I like to do;  
Salute to the Captain,  
Curtsy to the Queen,  
Show my legs to the  
U.S. Marines. (Ruth Ann S.)*
21. *Ho, Ho, Ho; Ho, Ho, Ho;  
I'm a roving pirate of the seas;  
I sail with very great pleasure  
To land up buried treasure;  
Ho, Ho, Ho; Ho, Ho, Ho;  
Who will sail away with me? (Romaine W.)*  
(Probably from a song learned in music in first or second grade; here it is chanted, not sung.)



## II. Jump-Rope Rhymes

Jump-rope rhymes and rhythmic song-games were collected on the playground during recess or free play period. I collected what I could while observing the children at play (while supervising the playground). Then I specifically asked the children if they knew any other rhymes and wrote these down also. As with the rhythmic song-games, most jump-rope rhymes were collected from a few of the girls with one or two boys contributing also.

I will not go into the various ways to play jump-rope here; I will only list the rhymes used in the standard game where a child is at each end of the rope and turning it so that others may jump. The term "hot pepper" is used when the pace is speeded up considerably to try to get a person "out" or make them miss.

1. *Cinderella, dressed in yellow,  
Went upstairs to kiss her fellow,  
She kissed a snake by mistake,  
How many doctors did she need?  
(Count until person misses)* (William R.)  
(#10, Rhythmic song-games)
- 1b. *Cinderella, dressed in yellow,  
Went upstairs to kiss her fellow,  
How many kisses did she get?  
(Count until person misses)* (Sally B.)
2. *Not last night but the night before  
25 robbers came knocking at my door.  
They ran out as I ran in;  
They hit me on the head with a rolling pin.  
How many hits did I receive?  
(Count until person misses)* (Pam P.)
3. *Policeman, Policeman  
Do your duty;  
Here comes (name)  
In the baking beauty.  
She can do the tippy toe,  
She can do the split,  
She can do the hootchy-kootchy  
Just like this. (go out)* (Linda H.)
4. *Johnny over the ocean,  
Johnny over the sea,  
Johnny broke a bottle  
And blamed it on me.  
I told Mom,  
And Mom told Pop,  
Johnny got a whipping,  
Ha, Ha, Ha.* (Pam P.)
5. *I like coffee,  
I like tea;  
I like someone  
To jump in with me.  
Terri. (Call any name; then two jump together till  
one misses)* (Pam P.)
6. *My mother and your mother  
Was hanging out clothes;  
My mother punched your mother  
Right in the nose.  
What color was the blood?  
Orange, tan, etc.  
(Continue until miss; any color except Red may be  
used; when asked why they couldn't say red, they  
replied, "because that's the color blood really is.")*  
(Sandy B.)
7. *George Washington never told a lie  
So he ran around the corner  
And stole some cherry pies;  
How many pies did he steal?  
(count until miss)* (Linda H.)  
(Usually when counting starts on this one, they turn "red  
pepper.")
8. *Over in the meadow  
Where the green grass grows,  
There sat (any name)  
Sweet as a rose.  
Along came (another name)  
And kissed her on the cheek.  
How many kisses did she receive? (count)* (William R.)

9. *Bluebells, Cockle shells,  
Evy, Ivy, Over;  
One, two, three—(to a hundred; "hot pepper")*  
(William)
10. *Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, turn around;  
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, touch the ground;  
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, turn out the light;  
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, spell Good night.  
G-O-O-D-N-I-G-H-T.* (Sandy B.)
11. *Dutch Girl* (same as #8 Rhythmic song-games)
12. *Mabel, Mabel  
Set the table;  
Put the salt on the table,  
Put the pepper on the table.* (Cathy M.)  
(At word "pepper" speed of turning rope is increased.)
13. *Operator, Operator  
Give me number 9,  
Sorry Sir, Sorry Sir,  
Someone's on the line.* (Ruth Ann S.)  
(Person then called in and chased in circle and through  
swinging rope and around "end man"; if caught, is "it.")
- 13b. *Operator, Operator  
Put (any name) on the line.*  
(Shorter form of same)
14. *Fudge, fudge,  
Tell the judge  
Mama has a newborn baby.  
Wrapped it up in tissue paper  
Send it down the elevator.  
Elevator one—miss  
Elevator two—miss  
Elevator three—miss  
Elevator four—miss  
Elevator five—miss  
Elevator six—miss  
Elevator seven—miss  
Elevator stop.* (Connie S.)  
(Children all shout "miss"; if person jumping does miss,  
The number on which she misses is the floor on which the  
baby was born. If she does not miss she goes out when  
it gets to "stop.")
15. *Lincoln, Lincoln  
I've been thinkin'  
What on Earth  
Have you been drinkin'?  
Tastes like whiskey,  
Smells like wine,  
It must be  
Turpentine!* (Linda H. and Cathy M.)
16. *Went downtown  
To see Mrs. Brown,  
She gave me a nickel  
To buy a pickle.  
The pickle was sweet,  
Then she gave me a nickel.* (Connie S.)  
(Forgot last line so just repeated this particular line.)

## III. Counting-Out Rhymes

Out at recess one day, I asked the children what they would do if they wanted to play a game and had to choose someone to be it. They told me the following:

1. To play tag; children stand in a circle and one calls out, pointing to a different child as he says each word, "Queen bee, come chase me."  
At the word "me," the children scatter; the one pointed to is "it." (William R.)
2. For any game, there is the following:  
*One potato,  
Two potato,  
There potato,  
Four,  
Five potato,  
Six potato,  
Seven potato,  
Ore.*

To do this, the children all put their fists out into a circle. The "counter" starts on his left and touches one fist as he says each word; the first he touches on the

word "ore" is placed behind the back, and this continues until only one fist is left in the ring. That person is it. (Bobby G.)

3. Also for any game is the following rhyme, also used in rhythmic song-games and jump-rope:

*My mother and your mother  
Was hanging out clothes;  
My mother gave your mother  
A punch in the nose.  
What color was the blood?  
Red. R-E-D spells red and  
you are not it.*

In this one, feet are used as the counting devices, and it is done somewhat like #2. The counter touches one foot with each word, going around the circle until the word "it" at the end; that foot then touched is removed and the counter begins again. When only one foot is left, that person is "it". (William R.)

#### IV. Superstition

In trying to see what superstitions were common to this group, I was not sure whether to use the word "superstition" or not. I decided to try, just to see what I would get. The children defined superstition as "make believe" or "something that isn't true." When asked if they knew of any superstitions, they began to tell me things that they had learned in school were superstitions—such as cave paintings as a means of bringing animals for the cave men to hunt. I could see that this was the wrong approach, so I asked them if they knew of any things which meant bad or good luck. They responded with the following:

##### Bad luck

1. *If you break a mirror, you'll have seven years of bad luck.* (Larry S.)
2. *Do not ever lie.* (Pam P.)
3. *If you walk under a ladder, it will fall on you.* (Laurie L.)
4. *If you run into a mirror, you'll have bad luck.* (Jay P.)
5. *If you drop a tea towel, it's a sign of a fight.* (Kevin A.)
6. *If you open an umbrella in the house, you'll have bad luck.* (Sandy B.)
7. *If a black cat walks in front of you, you're gonna have bad luck.* (Alan M.)
8. *If you write on a wall, there would be bad luck.* (Linda H.)
9. *If your nose itches, you know you're gonna have bad luck.* (Theresa F.)
10. *If you break a glass, you'll have five years bad luck.* (Connie S.)
11. *If you'll break a watch, you'll have ten years bad luck.* (Bryon G.; added, "I know too, because my brother broke my father's watch and my father's still mad!")
12. *If you throw a ball at a store window you'll have eight years bad luck.* (Connie S.) (I think Connie just made this up so she could get up and talk.)
13. *If you drop a fork and it's pointing East, you'll have . . . all the day will be bad luck.* (Jay P.)
14. *If you're washing dishes and you break one you know you're gonna have bad luck.* (Theresa F.)

##### Good luck

1. *If you go on a trip it would be good luck.* (Sandy B.)
2. *If you find a four-leaf clover you'll have good luck.* (Theresa F.)
3. *If you wish upon a star every five nights you'll have good luck.* (Alan M.)
4. *If you find a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck.* (William R.)
5. *If you find a penny on heads you'll have good luck.* (Howie)
6. *If you find a horseshoe anywhere you get good luck.* (Laurie L.)
7. *If you help your mother around the house, you'll have good luck.* (Pam P.)
8. *If you get the biggest part of a wishbone you'll have good luck.* (Bryon G.)

9. *If you work hard in school and you can pass and you'll have good luck.* (Ruth Ann S.)

10. *If you find a five dollar bill, you'll have good luck.* (Cathy M.)

Some of the "bad luck" and "good luck" omens listed were just things the children knew to be bad or good to do. Pam, for example, did not seem to understand what we were doing; she knew it was bad to lie and good to help her mother and so contributed these as being bad or good "luck." I decided to try cures. For hiccups, I got quite a few "cures"; for anything else I got T.V. commercials or common sense advice such as, "If you've got a cold, stay in bed." (Larry S.)

##### Cures for Hiccups

1. *If you got hiccups, you can put a bag over your head and drink some water, upside down.* (Jay P.)
2. *If you have hiccups, just put a bag over your head and pour water on your head.* (David C.)
3. *When you get hiccups, hold your breath and then count to ten.* (Connie S.)
4. *If you have hiccups, tell one of your parents to count to ten and then say Boo!* (Theresa F.)
5. *If you have hiccups, drink a glass of water.* (Laurie L.)
6. *If you have hiccups, hop on one foot and then count to a hundred.* (Cathy M.)
7. *If someone has hiccups or you do, take a drink of water and count to twenty without stopping.* (Pam P.)
8. *If you have hiccups, run around the house ten times.* (Alan M.)
9. *If you have hiccups, pick up a little piece of paper and say Boo!* (Bryon)
10. *If someone has hiccups, hide behind the door and when they come say Boo! and you'll scare the hiccups out.* (Jay P.)

I decided to try another type with them, so I asked if they knew any ways of predicting things that would happen. They contributed the following:

1. *You can make a fortune-teller out of paper.* (Ruth Ann S.) (This will be discussed in a later section.)
2. *If your nose itches, you're gonna have company.* (Theresa F.)
3. *If you have a tummy-ache, you might throw up.* (Linda H.)
4. *Tell someone to stick their hand out, then you can tell their fortune.* (Jay P.)
5. *If your finger—um your thumb—touches your little finger—that means you're gonna—gonna have to—catch—that means you've caught a fish.* (Bryon G.)
6. *If someone calls you on the phone and tells you they're gonna visit you, you know that you're going to have company.* (Pam P.)
7. *If you step on a crack, you'll break your mother's back.* (Connie)
8. *If your hand itches you know you're going to have a telephone call.* (Theresa F.)
9. *If you are a fortune-teller and tell fortunes, one of these days you might be a fortune-teller.* (Sandy B.)
10. *If you get your hair cut, you know your grandmother's gonna commen up real fast.* (Laurie L.)
11. *If your nose itches it's a sign that company's gonna come.* (Kevin)
12. *If you watch television you might fall asleep.* (Linda H.)

I had no success trying to get superstitions relating to seasons. The only thing I did collect, and this may have been learned at school, was the following: "On groundhog day the groundhog comes out; if he sees his shadow he goes back in and it'll be a late summer." (Jay P.—several of the others corrected him on "summer" saying it should be "spring.")

#### V. Riddles

To collect "riddles" from the class, I took an hour of class-time and a tape recorder. I began by asking for a definition of the term "riddle." Several of the children guessed that it must be something funny or a joke. One student said quite

definitely that it was not a joke, but a question that had an answer. Others agreed and said that usually the answer was what was funny. I accepted that as a definition and we began to record.

1. *How come does an elephant take a ruler to bed with him? To see how long he sleeps.* (Connie S.)
2. *What has red polka dots and white polka dots? A man's underwear.* (Steven F.) (much laughter on this one)
3. *What has eleven legs and walks down the street? An octopus.* (Kathleen B.)
4. *What's red and chubby? Santa Claus.* (Laurie L.)
5. *How did Batman know that it was spring? Robin came back.* (Roger B.)
6. *Why doesn't Batman fly? Because his "feet were made for walking."* (Donna B.) (part of a popular song)
7. *What goes around ringing doorbells and is black and blue? A beat-up Avon lady.* (Romaine W.)
8. *Why do you got to go to bed? Because the bed can't come to you.* (Howie E.)
9. *You can't see it but you know that it's there. You can see what it does to your hat and to your hair. What is it? The wind.* (Bobby G.)
10. *Why didn't Batman get a parakeet? Because he already had a Robin.* (Terri A.)
11. *How can an elephant fit in a suitcase? By losing weight.* (Sheila A.)
12. *What did the rug say to the floor? Don't move, I've got you covered.* (David C.)
13. *Why did the elephant sit on the marshmello? Because he had to see how soft it was to put in his hot chocolate.* (Cathy M.)
14. *How did Batman know it was summertime? Because Robin laid an egg.* (Jay P.)
15. *What's yellow and writes? A ballpoint banana.* (Ruth Ann S.)
16. *Housefull, can't get a pan full. What is it? Smoke.* (Kevin A.)
17. *I am an honest person. I never tell a lie. My birthday is in next month. Who am I? (told in January) Abe Lincoln.* (Sandy B.)
18. *Where does a witch park her space ship? In a broom closet.* (William R.)
19. *What was Batman when he got ran over? Flatman.* (Larry W.)
20. *What is big, has a saddle, and you can ride it? A giant horse.* (Theresa F.)
21. *What did the big chimney say to the little chimney? You're too little to smoke.* (David G.) (later version said, You're too young to smoke.)
22. *What's black and white and read all over? A newspaper.* (Pam P.)
23. *Why does your mother sweep the floor? To keep it clean.* (Annie May P.)
24. *What is the best thing to put in the 'pie? Your teeth.* (Linda H.)
25. *What did the elephant say to the owl? Go to heaven.* (John) (much laughter on this one also)
26. *What did the Christmas tree say to the balls? Your balls are hanging.* (Larry S.)
27. *What kind of animal do you oil? A mouse, because it squeaks.* (Bryon G.)
28. *What's green and white and has big letters on it? Some green stamps.* (Steven F.)
29. *What has rough skin and can go in water and out of water? A crocolgator.* (Sandy B.)
30. *What has no legs and can walk? A worm.* (Larry S.)
31. *What has three legs and can fly? An airplane.* (Pam P.)
32. *Why does a graffe eat so little? Because a giraffe can make a little go a long way.* (Theresa F.)
33. *Three men fell into the water, only two got wet. Why? Cause one was bald.* (David C.—he left out "two got their hair wet")
34. *How can you divide fourteen apples among sixteen people? Make applesauce.* (David C.)
35. *What's red and goes putt-putt-putt? An outboard apple.* (Ruth Ann S.)
36. *What's black and white and hides in a cave? A zebra who owes money.* (Ruth Ann S.)
37. *How can you get something out from under an elephant? Wait until the elephant goes away.* (Laurie L.)
38. *Why did the little boy put ice in his Pop's bed? Because he liked cold pop.* (Laurie L.)
39. *What flies like a horse? A horsefly.* (Linda H.)
40. *How do you keep fish from smelling? Cut off their noses.* (William R.)
41. *What does a kangaroo have that no other animals have? A baby kangaroo.* (Donna B.)
42. *When does a duck lie (fly?) upside down? When he quacks upside down.* (Sheila A.)
43. *What gives milk? A milk truck.* (Sandy B.)
44. *There's a little red house down the woods. Water died it when water flowed. What is it? Fire.* (Kevin A.)
45. *They're taking Greyhounds off the bus line. Want to know why? They're having puppies.* (Kevin A. and Larry S.)
46. *Why does your father have to go to work? To order some money.* (Annie May P.)
47. *Why does children have to go outside? To keep out of your mother's way.* (Annie May P.)
48. *Knock knock. Who's there? Tube. Tube who? Tube of toothpaste, that's who.* (Sandy B.)
49. *My tail's covered with colors, my tail is big. What am I? A peacock.* (Sandy B.)
50. *How come fathers can't take their belts off? Because their pants would fall down.* (Connie S.) (much laughter)
51. *What did the elephant say to the snake? Scram.* (Theresa F.)
52. *What's black and white? A dog.* (Theresa F.)
53. *Here's something that likes the wind. It flies in the sky but has no wings. It has a tail, but it does not have no legs. What is it? A kite.* (Bobby G.)
54. *What do you always take off last before you get into bed? You take your feet off the floor!* (Bobby G.)
55. *Who always goes to bed with his shoes on? A horse.* (Sheila A.)
56. *Why did the chicken run across the road? To get to the other side.* (Sheila A.)
57. *Take off my skin and I won't cry. But you will. Who am I? An onion.* (Bobby G.)
58. *What looks like half a cheese? The other half.* (David C.)
59. *Why did the elephant paint himself pink? So the hunters couldn't shoot him.* (David C.)
60. *What is green blue and grey? A polka dotted elephant.* (Sherry H.)
61. *What did Tarzan say when the elephants were coming? Here come the elephants.* (Terri A.)
62. *If there were thirty cats in the boat and one jumped out, how many would be left? None, because the other ones were copy cats.* (Kevin A.)
63. *Why did the man throw the clock out the window? He wanted to see if time would fly.* (David C.)
64. *Why did the old man throw his step-daughter under the steps when she died? To see if she'd make a good step.* (David C.)
65. *What did Batman do in the bathroom? Do-do-do-do-do-do-do-do-do-do . . . (sung to Batman theme song tune)* (William R.)
66. *What did the shoestring say to the shoe? Don't look now but I think I see a heel coming.* (Connie S.)
67. *Who knocks at your door and smells? Avon calling.* (Sandy B.)
68. *Cows and chickens and pigs, horses and ducks sleep in me. I have stalls and hay inside me also. The farmer has just painted me red. What am I? A barn.* (Sandy B.)
69. *Why did the baby go to bed at nighttime? It was bedtime for him.* (Connie S.)
70. *Why didn't Batman go fishing? Robin ate all the worms.* (Kevin A.)

71. *What is big and has a saddle? A drunk horse.* (Linda H.) (laughter; presumably because of the word "drunk")
72. *Who is a monster and comes to your door and tears your door down and rings the bell after he tears it down?* King Kong. (Steven F.)
73. *Who's the fattest man in the whole wide world?* Saint Nicholas. (Steven F.)
74. *What's red and white and black and yellow? Two rotten sardines with mustard on them.* (Steven F.)
75. *How come Batman wears underpants? (snickers from others)—Because he don't have nothing else to wear.* (Steven F.)
76. *What has one leg and can fly? A flying snail.* (Linda H.)
77. *The apple and banana climbed up on the Empire State Building. The apple jumped off and the banana didn't. How come the banana didn't jump off? Because the banana was yellow.* (Ruth Ann S.)
78. *What did they call Batman and Robin when they got rolled over by a steam roller? Flatman and ribbon.* (Romaine W.)
79. *Which came first, the chicken or the egg? The chicken, because it had to lay the egg.* (Cathy M.)
80. *What do you do when you have a bad cold? Start coughing.* (Terri A.)
81. *What does the mother say to the children? You'd better be quiet because your Dad's sleeping.* (Annie May P.)
82. *What's good for a bad cold? Rotten old shoe soles; put them in the fire; cause that's what's good for a bad cold.* (Laurie L.—she considers this to be a riddle, not a cure.)
83. *What has a tongue and can't talk? A shoe.* (Ricky T.)
84. *A dime and a penny went up the Empire State Building and went to the top of it. The penny jumped off. Why? Because the dime had more cents.* (Larry S.)
85. *What is full of T, begins with T and ends with T? A teapot.* (Kevin A.)
86. *There's a man that went in the dining room and wanted a bowl of Pepsi Cola, and the lady asked why, so she said O.K., she got it and he pulled out a dead parakeet and he said, "Come alive, you're in the Pepsi Generation."* (Laurie L.) (Apparently Laurie thought this was a riddle because the lady asked why?)
87. *What did one tonsil say to the other? Better get dressed, the doctor's taking us out tonight.* (Sheila A.)
88. *What goes up and down and doesn't touch the sky or ground? A pump handle.* (Kevin A.)
89. *What is brown and flies all around? A bat.* (Connie S.)
90. *What goes to the moon and it's dumb? A astronaut.* (Alan M.)
91. *What does R.R. stand for? Rabbit running.* (David C.)
92. *What did the mad scientist say to his monster when he was putting some electric in him? Come alive, you're in the Monster Generation.* (Larry S.)
93. *What's green and long? A snake.* (Connie S.)
94. *What did a big firecracker say to the little firecracker? My bang's bigger than yours.* (Connie S.) (Usually is my "pop")
95. *What did the rabbit say to the doctor? I'm sick.* (Connie S.)
96. *Why did Batman chase Catwoman? She was going to kill Robin.* (Ricky T.)
97. *What did Batman say to Robin when Batman died? (should be Robin died) Come alive you're in the Pepsi Generation.* (Sandy B.)
98. *What's strip-ed? A jailbird.* (Steven F.)
99. *Hi said the boys. What did the baby say? Hi there bay . . . (Larry S.—this was said with quite an accent—southern?—anyway it got much laughter.)*
100. *How come Batman carries worms around in his Batmobile? So he can feed Robin along the way.* (Sheila A.)
101. *How come Batman was always gathering weeds during the spring? Cause Robin's making his nest.* (Larry S.)
102. *What did the elephant do with his hot chocolate? He laid an egg in it to keep it warm.* (Larry S.)
103. *Why did they build a hole in the side of a hill? For the hogs to live in.* (Steven F.)
- The next day at lunch time two children came up with more riddles. They are as follows:
104. *What's the dirtiest word in the English language? Mud.* (William R.)
105. *What did one eye say to the other eye? I've got something in-between that smells.* (Larry W.)

#### VI. Jokes

Since I had such luck with collecting riddles, I thought jokes would not be difficult. I was wrong. When I asked for the definition of a joke, some said it was anything that was funny. Others suggested that a riddle was a joke. When I tried to tape jokes, however, I had to stop the session rather quickly. As I mentioned earlier, I cannot collect material in my classroom which is considered by the children to be "dirty," as there is a need to maintain discipline, and "dirty language" is frowned on. Those "jokes" which were not "dirty" did not make sense to me. One was a riddle (which I will include here) and another was a taunt (which I will list separately under taunts). The "dirty" jokes were scatological in nature, as one would expect of an 8-10 year old. I will list them as they were taped in class.

1. "This girl came home from school and she told her mother that this girl on the bus lost her eyeballs and she said who? And she said did you laugh? And the girl said no. And she said that I didn't laugh. And she said who was the girl? And she said it was I." (Cathy M.) (some laughter)
2. "This lady who was looking out the window and it was these two boys' mother. And she said, why are you crying? And he said, cause I don't never get to ride down on the sled. And his brother Kenny, he said, why? And first his mother called out and said, why don't you let your brother ride the sled? He said, I do. I go down, and he goes up." (Steven F.) (no reaction from others)
3. "There was this woman walking down the street, and there was this boy and girl waiting to get on the bus. So the girl was crying. She says, why are you crying? She says, because Lincoln lost his underwear." (Connie S.) (much laughter)
4. "One time this woman went in a store. She bought some asburns (aspirins). And then she went out to catch the bus and she left the asburns in the store. And she got on the bus and when she got halfway down the road, she said, told the bus driver, 'Mr., Mr., my asburns, my asburns.' And he said, 'stick it out the window.'" (Bobby G.) (very much laughter; dramatic presentation!)
5. *What did the Indian say when he jumped off the cliff? Geronimo.* (Larry S.) (A riddle; some laughter)
6. "There's this cowboy. He was riding across and he saw a dog. The dog said to him, 'Hello,' and he said 'Hello.' And the next morning the horse said to him, no the man said I never knew that a dog could talk before and the horse turned around and said, 'you know, you're learning something new every time.'" (Howie)
7. "There was a boy wanted to go to the bathroom, so the teacher said say your alphabets; ABCDEFGHIJK LMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ. Teacher said where is the P at? He said, 'running down my leg.'" (David G.)
8. "This boy was walking down the street and a girl said Hi! And he said Hi! And so he went on by and then this big dog was coming after the girl and she said 'Help!' like that. And the little boy was going by there, and he said, 'I'll save you. Never fear. Smith's here.'" (Steven F.) (Much laughter; presumably because of connection with a T.V. show.)

## VII. Taunts

Children get punished for calling other children names or for teasing them during school hours. As a result of this, I hear very little in the way of taunts, even when out on the playground during a free play period. This one taunt was collected as a joke, during the short joke session.

*Baby, Baby, suck your thumb  
Wash your face in bubble gum;  
If you don't know what I mean  
Wash your face in gasoline.* (Larry S.)

## VIII. Paper-folding games

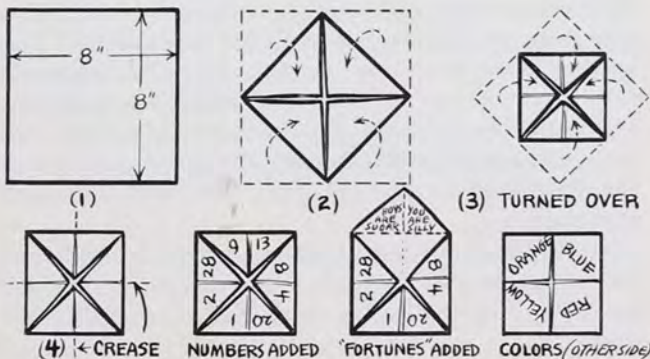
A favorite way of wasting time in school when I was in grade school was to make what we called "cootie catchers" out of paper—any paper—which was folded a certain way to make a small movable "mouth." In my classroom this year I found the girls making similar objects. When I asked what they were (before throwing them in the trash can; this kind of activity is not permitted either!), I was told they were "fortune-tellers." Only the girls seem to make them, although several of the boys had them in their desks. I asked one of the girls to make one for me during a recess period and taped her instructions as she made it. It is as follows: (the words inside parenthesis are mine)

*"When you make this, you fold it (a piece of 8 x 11" notebook paper) like this—let me see—here and then you crease it and then you get the scissors and cut off this part right here (to make the paper an 8" square). And then you bend it over like this (fold it in half) and then you bring this end to the line (fold corners in evenly); then you crease this, then you turn it this way (turns paper and continues to fold corners in to center) then you go like this here, until you get another square.*

*"Then you put a crease in it (fold it in half again) and then after you do that, you have to turn it over like that (so all bent in corners are face down) and—this one's the hard one—make sure it's even—right there on the line, and you keep creasing it (again taking the corners to the center to make a smaller box shape).*

*"When you get done with doing that, fold it again like that (in half); put this corner up to this corner, then you crease it again. And then you fold it like this (in half), and then you pull it out (pull the four corners up) and then you put the ends like this—you have to open the ends out. Then you have to go like that (makes it move), like that. It's finished!" (Laurie L.)*

Fingers are placed under the outer flaps so that the object may be moved about. Colors or numbers may be written on the outer flap. (Laurie put colors—yellow, blue, white, and orange—on hers) Then on the inner flaps—of which there are eight, numbers are placed. (Any numbers, Laurie used 9, 13, 8, 4, 20, 1, 2, and 28 on one of hers.) Under each one of these numbers (on the under side of the flap) are placed "fortunes"—sentences telling something about the person. (e.g., "you are nice," "you like pigs," etc.)



Folded Paper "Cootie Catcher" demonstrated by student.



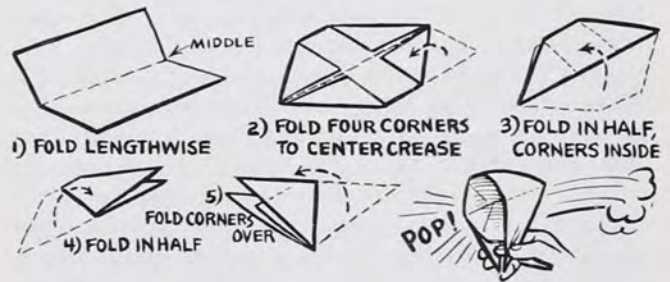
The Outlawed Paper "Popper".

Laurie explained how to use the "fortune-teller" by demonstrating it as follows:

*"Pick a color" (Orange) "O-R-A-N-G-E" (with every letter she moved the "mouth" part horizontally then vertically—only 4 of the 8 numbers are visible in the "mouth" part at one time, so that when she got to "E" there were 4 numbers showing.) "Pick a number" (Nine) "1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9" (again shifting the "mouth" with each number.) "Pick another number" (Four) (She lifted the #4 flap and read) "You like pigs." "That's all!"*

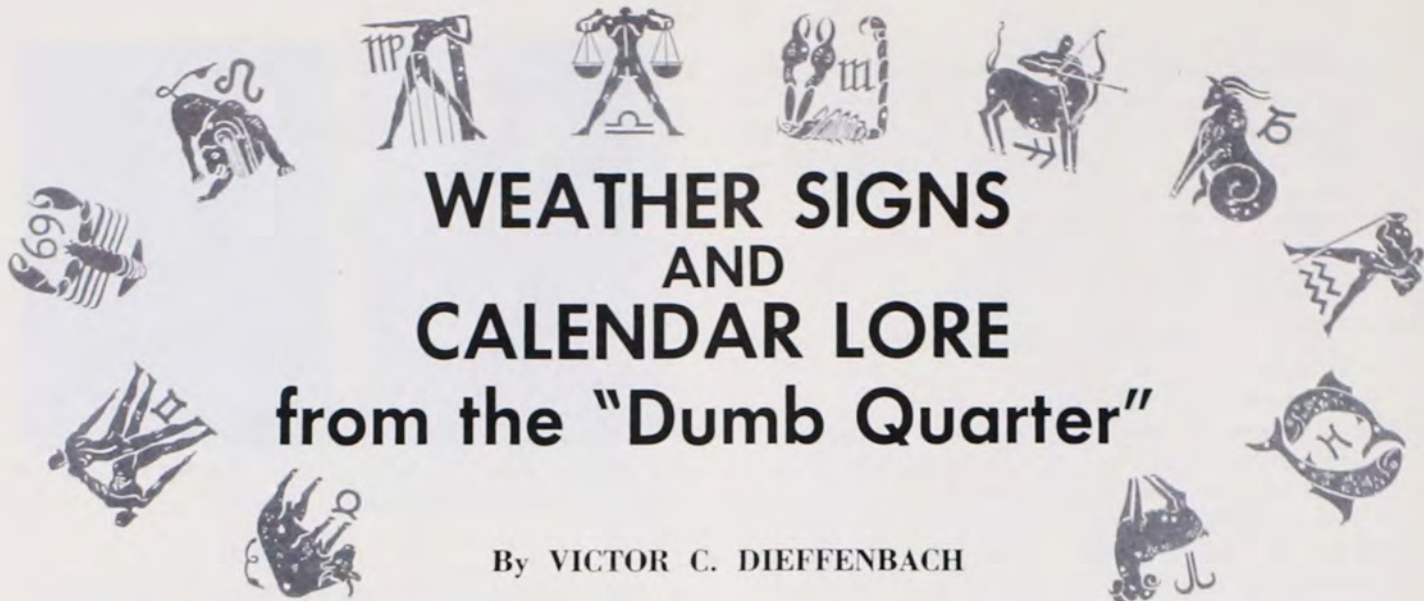
As I mentioned, the boys do not make "fortune-tellers." There are two things which the boys do make out of paper. One is the paper "airplane" which I am sure is familiar to everyone. The other is called (by my boys) a "popper," because it can be used to make a loud popping noise, guaranteed to upset any teacher! Of course, both of these "toys" are outlawed in the classroom. You can imagine the amazement when I actually requested a few of the boys to make me a "popper."

The popper is somewhat easier to make than the "fortune-teller." You begin with a regular piece of notebook paper, and fold it in half, lengthwise. Then you fold the four corners in to meet the center crease.



If you hold it by two of the corners with the open part facing downward and pull it rapidly through the air, you should get a satisfactory "pop!" David G. did!

[For a report on a similar collecting project, see Nancy C. Leventhal and Ed Cray, "Depth Collecting from a Sixth-Grade Class," *Western Folklore*, XXII (1963), pp. 159-163; 231-257. Mrs. Leventhal's project was conducted in the Spring and Summer of 1959 in a sixth-grade class (ages 11 and 12) in Hawthorne, California. Studies similar to those of Mrs. Leventhal and the one given here by Miss Ruth Hawthorne need to be conducted in schools around the country at various grade levels if we are to understand more about the repertoire of folklore in the mouths of American children.—EDITOR.]



# WEATHER SIGNS AND CALENDAR LORE from the "Dumb Quarter"

By VICTOR C. DIEFFENBACH

[Victor C. Dieffenbach (1882-1965), of Bethel, Berks County, Pennsylvania, in 1961 prepared for the Pennsylvania Folklife Society at our request the following collection of "Wedder Tzaicha"—weather signs and calendar lore. He seems to have put down all that he could remember on the subject at one sitting. As readers know from his many contributions to our columns, his memories of his long life, spent mostly in the "Dumm Faettel" (Dumb Quarter) of Berks County, the Northwestern townships, were very vivid and he had a gift of recalling them in lucid prose, in Pennsylvania Dutch or English. Because of the traditional nature of these beliefs, we asked him to write them out in the dialect. We have kept them as spelled in the original manuscript—a spelling, mostly based on English orthography, which he had used for many years in his dialect columns in the Lebanon newspapers under the sign of "Der Oldt Bauer" ("The Old Farmer").

To make the materials of comparative value to our readers, we have collated them with (1) Edwin Miller Fogel, *Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans* (Philadelphia: Americana Germanica Press, 1915); (2) Edwin Miller Fogel, *Proverbs of the Pennsylvania Germans* ([Lancaster, Pennsylvania]: The Pennsylvania German Society, 1929), Vol. XXXVI of the society's yearbooks; and (3) Wayland D. Hand, ed., *Popular Beliefs and Superstitions from North Carolina* (Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1964, 1966), Vols. VI-VII of *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, Edited by Newman Ivey White.

Victor Dieffenbach's materials are chiefly traditional, with the exception possibly of a few humorous items which he added for good measure (cf. Nos. 13, 32, 50, 58, 59, 61), and a few rhymed bits of lore (Nos. 9, 24, 38). The bundling folktale (No. 45), a rare and interesting item, will be republished in an article on the bundling tradition in Pennsylvania; will readers please send us additional tales of this sort, relating to courting, bundling, etc., from other areas of Pennsylvania? We also request our readers to send us variants of the weather and calendar items published here.—EDITOR.]

## WETTER TZAICHA

[1] *Der oldt[-]Miller hut ols gswadt os won sei orsch beisst, no gebt 's en goot butter-yohr.* [Old Miller used to say that when his anus itched, it would be a good butter year.] Fogel 1915: No. 306: *Wann em der arsch beisst ments en gut butterjor.*

[2] *En mann by nawma Lutz dar hut immer behawbt os won sei hussa-lotz pittschich wert, no gebts raya.* [A man by the name of Lutz always claimed that when his fly got 'pitchy,' there would be rain.]

[3] *Won der windt mitt der sun gate—moryets doe coomt er unna-ruff, fun dem Morya-londt, mittdawgs coomt er fun der Sitt, un no owvets coomt er fun der Wescht rei—so lung os er sellawake bloast, so lung gebt's ken raya.* [When the wind goes with the sun—in the morning it comes up from the East, at noon it comes from the South, and then in the evening it comes in from the West, as long as it blows that way, there will be no rain.] Hand, No. 6226: When the clouds go with the sun, it will clear off. No. 6360: When the wind follows the sun, you may expect fair weather. Cf. also Hand, Nos. 6235, 6597 ff.

[4] *Won owvets die katz era luch wescht, in sellera richting woo sie era hinner-end hie drayt, fun dort coomt morya der windt by.* [When the cat washes its hole in the evening, from the direction that she points with her hind end, wind will come in the morning.] Cf. Hand, Nos. 6278-6279, 6416-6417, 6658 ff.

[5] *Won do owvets mainscht 's date gawr nix unner em Himmel sich rayga, don geb acht wie die schofe lya, uff em hivvel. Der wake woo era nose hie weissa, dort coomt die luft ltaar, un wons awe net mainer iss os wie ma bubble sei oadem. Des iss in die shofe nei-gawertzelt fun yea-haar. Won der wulf cooma date don date die luft em wulf sei garuch mitt bringa, lung eb der wulf selvert kaimt. Em schofe sei naws die schloaft nie net; un bis der wulf kaimt don sin sie oll in ma ring, uff da fees, era kepp nous, os wie die schpaiche in ma rawd, un sin oll om shtompa.* [When you think in the evening that nothing at all would be stirring under the sky, take notice how the sheep are lying on the hill. The direction in which they point their noses, the wind comes from there, even if it is no more than a baby's breath. This is rooted in the sheep from ages ago. When the wolf would come, the air brings the wolf's scent along, long before the wolf himself would come. A sheep's nose never sleeps, and by the time the wolf would come they are all in a ring, on their feet, their heads out, like the spokes in a wheel, and are all stamping.]

[6] *Der 29sichst Yooney (June) iss Paiter Poul, Dar mocht em kern die wertzel foul.* [The 29th of June is Peter and Paul's Day. That makes the rye roots rot.] Fogel 1915: No. 1016.

[7] *Blons grout in unner gainta Labe, no gates net in die hay—s doot net scheesa, net ferschpringa, un 's grickt grossa dicka kepp, os wie der Labe.* [Plant cabbage in the down sign of Leo, then they won't grow high, they won't run to seed, won't burst, and will get big, thick heads, like the lion.] See Fogel 1915, chapter on planting lore.

[8] *Blons die blumma in der jung-fraw.* [Plant flowers in the sign of Virgo.]

[9] *En owvet rode, un en morya grow,  
Sell mocht oll die rum-layer fro.  
Owver en owvet grow, un en morya rode,  
No rayerts—do winscht do waarshd shundt dote.*

[Red in the evening, and gray in the morning, that makes all the tramps glad. But a gray evening and a red morning, then it will rain and you'll wish you were dead.] Cf. Hand, Nos. 6122–6123, 6130 ff., 6449 ff.

[10] *Sex moonet noach em airshta gwitter-rya, no coomt der airscht reiffa.* [Six months after the first thunderstorm will come the first frost.] For spring thunderstorms and their supposed effect on the weather, cf. Hand, Nos. 6042, 6269, 7087.

[11] *Won mer maint os oll de leidt woo gas udder tire hen die missta uff der schtrose sei, no gebt's raya eb lung.* [When you think that all the people who have gas and tires must be on the roads, it will rain before long.] Variant of Hand, No. 6832: When women begin to visit around, you may look for rain. Cf. Fogel 1915: No. 1166 (women).

[12] *Wons sex wucha nimmy gerayert hut, un olla onnerer tzaicha, un baita, un olles bott nix, no geb acht won do en Raya Mutter sainsht. Der gons himmel, udder die luft gookt os wie won mer millich nei-gschitt het, un hets no rum-gareert—sell is en raya-mutter un's shofft so bout wie en essich-mutter. Dale die haisa es "schwenz-wulka." Owver won deer 's saint—ferlusst eich druff os es no rayert eb pawr dawg rum sin.* [When it hasn't rained for six weeks, and all other signs, and prayers, and everything is to no avail, then take notice when you see a 'rain mother.' The whole sky or the air looks like when you pour out milk and stir it around—that is a rain-mother and it works about like the mother of vinegar. Some people call it 'tail-clouds.' But when you see it, you can count on its raining before a few days are over.]



Cf. Hand, No. 6502: When small white or hazy clouds travel rapidly through the sky, it will rain. Also No. 6521 (mare's tails); No. 6518 (cirrus clouds, or 'rain seed').

[13] *Wons uff der Feert July schnait doe in Kutzaschdettel no iss eppes letz mitt em Wettermann.* [When it snows here at Kutztown on the Fourth of July then there is something wrong with the weather man.]

[14] *Wons schpote yohrs arrig drucka iss un die winter gwella fonga awe bissel wasser rous tsu schwaissa, no gebt's raya eb lung.* [When the fall is very dry and the winter springs begin to ooze, then there will be rain before long.] Cf. Hand, No. 6577: During dry weather, if water rises in the springs, it is a sign of rain. See also Nos. 6575–6576.

[15] *Won der brunna iwerlawft, un der kawder gate om bellapushta nuff fer ous em wake, no iss es tsimlich noss.*

[When the spring runs over, and the tomcat goes up on the bell-post to get out of the way, then it's pretty wet.]

[16] *Won die sun om unnergang is, un 's iss nuch a heller blocka fun der sun gaya der linksa side fun der sun, so wie do schtayscht, no iss es der naigscht dawg shay, un won der blocka usht so gross iss os en hond.* [When the sun is going down and there is still a bright patch of the sun toward the left side of the sun, as sure as you're standing there then the next day will be fair, even though the patch is only as big as a hand.]

[17] *Es sin usht tsway Mittwoch un tsway Sumschtdawg in aim yohr os die sun gawr net scheidt, un wons awe ferleicht usht pawr minutta iss.* [There are just two Wednesdays and two Saturdays in one year when the sun doesn't shine at all, even if it is perhaps only for a few minutes.] Cf. Hand, No. 6247: There is only one Saturday during the year that the sun does not shine sometime during the day. Also No. 6248: two Saturdays.

[18] *Naigscht Yohr (1962) coomt Nei Yohr eb Grischt-dawg.* [Next year (1962) New Year's comes before Christmas.]

[19] *Uff Nei Yohr sull mer ken souvera glayder awe do, udder mer grickt en lot gschwaara.* [On New Year's you should not put on clean clothing, or you will get a lot of boils.] Cf. Fogel 1915: 1352–1356.

[20] *So lung os so glaina wind warvel gaina, so lung doot's net rayera.* [As long as little whirlwinds are going, it won't rain.] For whirlwinds and rain, see Hand, Nos. 6607–6608.

[21] *Won mer die tzwiwla im unnergainta blonst, no won mer sie esst no shoffa sie unnerschich un mer grickt no ken kup-way dafun.* [When you plant onions in the down sign, then when you eat them they'll work themselves downwards and you won't get headache from them.] See No. 7, above.

[22] *Won die grutta greischa no gebt's raya.* [When the toads cry it will rain.] Fogel 1915: No. 1191. Hand, No. 6761 ff.

[23] *So feel dawg os de fresh (freeling) greischa eb Free-yohr's awefong (March 21st) so feel dawg missa sie no rooich sei, noach sellem dawg.* [As many days as the spring peepers cry before the first day of Spring (March 21), so many days they must be quiet after that day.] Cf. Hand, No. 5912 (three days before, three days after).

[24] *Dunnert's iwer dem darra wold,  
So werts gewiss nuch ein mohl koldt.*

[If it thunders over the dry woods, it will certainly turn cold.] Cf. Fogel 1915, No. 559: If it thunders when the woods are bare, both old and young will die. See also No. 1204. Hand, No. 6075: Thunder in the fall foretells a cold winter. Cf. also Nos. 6268, 6270–6272.

[25] *My gross mummy hut immer gswadt wons eiss uff da bame cot hut im oldta yohr (sell iss fer da fire-dawg) no hut sie gswadt: "Now doona die bame hecka—now gebt's en lot oabscht naigscht yohr."* [My grandmother always used to say that when there was ice on the trees in the old year (that is, before the holidays), then she would say, "Now the trees will form twigs—now there will be a lot of fruit next year."] Cf. Fogel 1915: Nos. 1066, 1083–1084.

[26] *'S gwitter doot net tsway mohl on der same blotz schlawga. "Bully geloaga!" D.O.B.* [Lightning does not strike twice in the same place. "A damned lie!"—Der Oldt Bauer.] Cf. Hand, No. 7024.

[27] *Won die ginney uff em baum hucka fer schloafa, geb acht wella wake os era kepp weissa—sellawake coomt no der sctorrem bye.* [When the guineas sit on a tree to sleep, notice which way they point their heads—from that direction the storm will come.]

[28] *Won der moondt en "hofo" hut (en heller ring drum rum) so feel schterna os im hofo sin—so feel dawga iss es usht may shay wetter; es gebt no en ferannerung.* [When the moon has a circle' (a bright ring around it), as many stars as are in the circle, just so many days of fair weather will there be yet, then there will be a change.] For circles around moon and related lore, see Hand, Nos. 6147, 6151–6152, 6203–6204, 6357, 6544–6552, 6906. Fogel 1915: 1248.

[29] *Won die sun dreep unnergate no gebts raya.* [When the sun sets behind clouds, it will rain.] Hand, No. 6483: If the sun sets behind clouds, there will most likely be a rainy day tomorrow. Fogel 1915: Nos. 1228, 1241–1245.

[30] *Wons moryets, fer da siwva uhr gwittert, no gebt's seller dawg nuch siwva gwittera.* [If it thunders in the morning before seven o'clock, there will be seven other thunders that day.] Cf. Hand, No. 6161: Thunder in the morning indicates that the rest of the day will be bad.

[31] *Won der wosser-aimer udder der pitcher arrig schwittsa, no gebt's gewiss raya.* *By recht, sie doone net schwittsa—sie kenna net; owver die feichticheit woo in der luft iss, die doot sich dort oussa druff ferdichta, wile des wosser woo im aimer iss keldter iss os wie die luft.* [When the water pail or the pitcher sweat very much, it will certainly rain. Actually they don't sweat—they cannot; but the dampness which is in the air forms there on the outer side, because the water which is in the pail is colder than the air.] Hand, No. 6580: When the water bucket is wet on the outside, it is going to rain within three days. See also Nos. 6579, 6583, 6585–6586. Fogel 1915: No. 1224 (water pipes), No. 1225 (stones), No. 1149 (glass).

[32] *Wons mull nunner coomt tsu zero uff em glaws no con en mann awe uff em wasser lawfa.* [When it gets down to zero on the thermometer, then a man can walk on the water.]

[33] *Won fer des airscht mohl die eiss-tsoppa om doch nous henka—des iss der airscht mohl for seller Winter, no gebt acht wie lung os sie sin. Wie langer die tsoppa, so feel da langer der Winter.* [When the icicles hang the first time from the roof, that is, the first time for that winter, then notice



how long they are. The longer the icicles, the longer the winter.] Cf. Fogel 1915: No. 1156.

[34] *Won die roggoona un die baara dicky forr hen no gebt's en lunger koldter Winter; udder wons welschkernboscht arrig dick iss, no werts awe koldt.* [When the raccoons and the bears have thick fur it will be a long, cold winter; or when corn husk is very thick, it will be cold too.] Cf. Hand, Nos. 6076–6077, 6081–6082, 6088–6089, 6109, 6303. Fogel 1915: No. 1194 (down on geese).

[35] *Won dei un-kraut shtengel arrig hoch in die hay waxa, no gebt's deefer schnay. So hoch os die shtengel sin, no sin die schnay-heiffa net feel nidderer; usht won der schnay deefer waar os die shtengle, no kennta die feggel net on seller sooma.* [When your weed stalks grow high, there will be deep snow. As high as the stalks are, the snow piles will not be much lower; only if the snow was deeper than the stalks, then the birds could not feed on those seeds.]

[36] *Won der gross-mutter era gnee un era oxla way gadoo hen no huts raya gevva, no hut sie ols gswadt os des het sie shundt drei dawg in era glieder gschpeert cot.* [When grandmother's knees and her shoulders hurt, it rained, then she always said that she had felt it three days in her limbs.] For human indicators of rain, cf. Hand, Nos. 6207, 6414, 6640 ff.; Fogel 1915: No. 1113.

[37] *Won do sainscht wons wetterlaicht, un do consht tsaya tsaila eb's no dunnert, don iss seller raya nuch en mile fun deer weck.* [When you see when it lightens, and you can count ten before it thunders, then that rain is still a mile away from you.]

[38] *Won die sei mull greischa iuver em weala,  
Won die kinner brilla iuver 'm schpeela,  
Won die hinkel uff da fensa shtaina  
Der naigscht dawg consht do raya saina.*

[When the pigs squeal while they are rooting, when the children cry while they are playing, when the chickens stand on the fence, you can see rain next day.] Cf. Hand, No. 6180: Pigs squeal before bad weather; cf. also 6287. For opposite with chickens on fence, see Hand, Nos. 6242–6244. Cf. also Fogel 1915: No. 1215.

[39] *Won die grundt-sow era shodda saint uff Licht mess no iss es nuch sex wucha winter.* [When the groundhog sees its shadow on Candlemas there will be six weeks more of winter.] Fogel 1915: No. 1218; Hand, Nos. 6044–6045, 6068–6069, 6176–6177, 6282.

[40] *Won die schnay-gens nidder fleega, no iss nuch schnay uwich ihna.* [When the wild geese fly low, there is still



snow above them.] Cf. Hand, No. 6195: To see a white hawk flying near the ground in winter is the sign of foul weather. Cf. Fogel 1915: Nos. 1172, 1226.

[41] *Won die giles-gscharra un die hummetta pitschich worra, no gebt's raya eb lung.* [When the horse harness and the horse-collars become greasy ('pitchy'), it will rain before long.] Hand, No. 6578: If moisture collects on a team's collar when it is in the house, it is a sign of rain.

[42] *Won es feldt-hinkel (schnepp) greischt no gebt's en gooter raya mitt naigschtem.* [When a quail (or) woodcock cries there will soon be a good rain.] Hand, No. 6726 (quail); Fogel 1915: No. 1223 (crows).

[43] *Woo sin die neuvet won die sun scheindt? On da beich.* [Where are the mists when the sun shines? On the bellies.] A pun on the words *Nabel* (navel) and *Nebel* (mist), the plurals of which are the same.

[44] *Won's rayert uff der airscht Obrill,  
No con mer hie-gay woo mer will.*

[When it rains on April 1st, you can go wherever you want to.] Cf. Fogel 1929, No. 8: *D'r erscht Abril schikt m'r die leit hi wu m'r will*; also No. 1325: *D'r erscht Abril schikt m'r di naerre hi wu m'r will*.

[45] *'S wawr mull a nacht, lung tzurick en boo by seim maidel; un sell tzeit hen die maid die boova mit ins bed genumma. Nachts worra sie wocker, un der boo muss nous. Die yung rooft eam noach: "Gook mull noach em wetter."*



'S wawr schwartz dunkel—der boo hut ken licht, un er wawr in ma fremme haus. Entlich finnt er die deer; er mocht sie uff, schtellt sich uff die schwell, un lust's lawfa. Wie er ins bed coomt no froakt sie wie's wetter gookt. "Schwartz, blo, un devilsch, un die luft schtinkt wie kase!" hut er gawdt.

Der naigscht morya, om dish, no hut die bauer's -frau gawdt: "Dawdy, do musht 's haus-doch flicka, 's rinnt. Die gons keller-schtake wawr noss den morya!"

[One night many years ago there was a boy at his girlfriend's house, and those days the girls took the boys to bed with them. At night they got awake, and the boy had to go out. The young girl called after him: "See what the weather looks like." It was pitch dark—the boy had no light, and he was in a strange house. Finally he found the door; he opened it, stood on the threshold, and let go. When he got into bed she asked how the weather looked. "Black, blue, and devilish, and the air stinks like cheese!" he said.

Next morning, at the table, the farmer's wife said: "Daddy, you must mend the house roof, it leaks. The whole cellar stair was wet this morning!"

Will readers please send the Editor similar tales for an annotated edition?

[46] *Won's guiddert im Moi, no gebt's arrig feel hoy.* [When there is thunder in May, there will be very much hay.] Cf. Fogel 1915: Nos. 1219–1220.

[47] *Won do en feerbletterich glay-blawd sinnscht uff der St. Patrick's Dawg, no husht do glick.* [When you find a four-leafed clover on St. Patrick's Day, you'll be lucky.]

[48] *Do sullst ken schlonga dote macha uff der St. Patrick's Dawg.* [You should kill no snake on St. Patrick's Day.]

[49] *Wons rayert uff St. Swithin's Dawg no rayert's fer 40 dawg; wons net rayert, no doot 's fer 40 dawg net rayera.* [When it rains on St. Swithin's Day it will rain for 40 days; when it doesn't rain on that day, it won't rain for 40 days.] Cf. Fogel 1915: No. 1121 ff. (Visitation of the Virgin, July 2). Hand, No. 6230 (Mary goes over the mountain, June 15), No. 6307, No. 6435 (July 15).

[50] *Der 22sichst Yanner iss dem Washington sei gaburrt-dawg; 's iss aw ains fun meina boova seiner, un en lot onner leidt doon sich awe yaira uff den dawg.* [The 22d of January (February) is Washington's Birthday; it is also the birthday of one of my boys, and a lot of other people have their birthday anniversary on this day too.]

[51] *Der tzewt Horning iss grundt sei Dawg. Des tzeit fum yohr doe werra da hersh era kepp beissich; era neya herner sin om sheeva fer rous, un sie reiva un renna on da bame rum—yetzt der nawma.* [The second of February is Ground Hog Day. This time of year the deer's heads get itchy; their new horns are pushing to get out, and they rub them and run them around on the trees, hence the name.] The ancient Germanic name for February is "Hornung," used also in Pennsylvania German.

[52] *Der fertzait den moonet iss Valentine's Dawg.* [The fourteenth of the month is Valentine's Day.]

[53] *Die Oaschtra un die Pinkschta die gaina mitt em moondt, so wie dale weibslidit.* [Easter and Pentecost go with the moon, like many women.]

[54] *Uff der Feert July doe sawga die Fereinichta Schtaata sie sin frei.* [On the 4th of July the United States said they are free.]

[55] *Der 30sichst Moi iss der Deckeraishen Dawg, doe doot mer fawna (flags) uff da soldawta era graiver, un blumma uff die onnera.* [The 30th of May is Decoration Day, when you put flags on the soldiers' graves, and flowers on the others.]



[56] *Der 21sichst Yooney iss der lengsch dawg.* [The 21st of June is the longest day.]

[57] *Kawf ken gum schtiwvel im Wassermann; sie rinna un won do awe ken luch un ken riss finna consht. Der Ed. Moyer wawr, en oldter shoemaker druwa in Fryschdettel wie Ich en glainer boo wawr. Er hut meer gawdt os iss ken Gott os es schnay-wosser ous da schtiwvel holdt won sie im Wassermann gemacht sin. D.O.B.* [Don't buy rubber boots in the sign of Aquarius; they will leak even though there is no hole and no rip. Ed Moyer was an old shoemaker up in Frystown when I was a little boy. He told me that there is no God who can keep snow water out of boots if they are made in the sign of Aquarius. Der Oldt Bauer.] Cf. Hand, No. 6011: It is believed that nothing made of leather at Christmas time will be durable.

[58] *Won deer mull a morya der hunsschtoll wawa uff ira gerottsch hucka, die aik henkt uff em kersha-baum un 's brivvey leidt mittes im gorda no wisst deer os es wawr Oller Heil—Oller Sail.* [When in the morning you find the doghouse sitting up on your garage, the harrow hanging on a cherry tree, and the privy lying in the middle of the garden, then you know it was Halloween—All Souls.]

[59] *Won deer uff den saima dawg en yacht hairt im bush os mocht os wie won der deysel om kawder schlochta waart, un date lawendicha bulla roaschta—sell iss no usht die Bull's-gike, woo die boova schpeela fer der oldt Sam X. Er iss 94 un uff seller dawg doot er heyera fer des feert mohl. Wons dale fun eich wunnert ferwos os en mann fun seinera eldt nuch heyera will—well, er will net—er muss.* [When on the same day you hear a noise in the woods that sounds as if the Devil is butchering tomcats and would roast bulls alive—that is just the bull-fiddle that the boys are playing for old Sam X. He is 94 and on that day he is marrying for the fourth time. If some of you are wondering why a man of his age wants to marry—well, he doesn't want to, he has to.]

[60] *Der kertscht dawg un der Bade-dawg die cooma alla tsway so hinna im yohr woo mer tzeit hut fer rooga un won ken Firedawg waart.* [The shortest day and Thanksgiving both come at the end of the year when you have time to rest and when there is no (other) holiday.]

[61] *Wons mull fisch-warrem un fresch un grutta rayert, no iss es tzeit fer in die karrich gay.* [Any time it rains fishing worms and frogs and toads, it's time to go to church.]

[62] *Won epper en bruch (rupture) hut don sull er en waichschawlich oye greega os uff der Kerr-Freidawg gelaiht wawr, un no sull er die hout fun sellem oye nemma un ivver sei bruch do, un no die drei graischte nawma—(Fodder, Sohn un der Heilich Geischt) nenna, un der bruch gate weck; in onnera wordta, er hailt tzu.* (Henry Yoder—Noble St., Kutztown.) [When anyone has a rupture he should get a soft-shelled egg that was laid on Good Friday, and should take the skin off that egg and put it over his rupture, and name the three greatest names (Father, Son, and Holy Ghost) and the rupture will go away; in other words, it heals up.] Cf. Fogel 1915: No. 862: Eggs laid on Good Friday are used in pow-

wowing; also No. 1544: To prevent hernia you should, on Easter Sunday, eat eggs laid on Good Friday. See also No. 888.

[63] *En kindt os gebora iss uff die Pinkschta (Whitsunday) won epper sell kindt nuff uff's hausdoch nemmt es airscht mohl os es ous em hous ganumma wert no doot sell kindt en arriger singer gevva wons uff woxt.* [A child that is born on Whitsunday, if anyone takes that child up to the house roof the first time it is taken out of the house, that child will become a very good singer when it grows up.] Cf. Fogel 1915: No. 59: In order that a child may be able to sing high notes it should be carried up stairs before it is carried down stairs.

[64] *If a stud-colt is born on Thanksgiving Day, and when matured, is bred to a mare also born on the same day (but need not be born the same year), the union will be sterile—there will be no offspring. The same pertains to cattle. Years ago, my Dad and a neighbor tried this out on a mare that they were sure of the day she had been dropped; it was no success. But in the meantime we found out that the mare had tusks, like a stud, and which mares, as a rule do not have; and there is no record of any such mare having foaled a colt.*

*But the same stallion, when mated with mares that had no tusks, there would always be a colt at the termination of a full time gestation.*

*Whether the holiday ever affected the breeding cycle, we do not know; but we do know that the tusked female was never successfully bred, nor would she come in heat.*

[65] *Won do brode bocka doosht uff die Nei Yohr un's ferbrennt do selly schwortz gruscht ob-grottsa, un doos tzu ma glaina kindt feedera, no grickt sell kindt seilaiva ken blower-hooschta.* [If you bake bread on New Year's and it burns, scrape off that black crust and feed it to a little child, and that child will never get the whooping cough.] Cf. Fogel 1915, No. 1465: A healing poultice is made of bread baked on Good Friday.

[66] *Won do en kindt noggich in der waitsa huckscht uff der Ker-Freidawg, un doosht no seller waitsa nuch seller dawg in die meel, no doot sell kindt der blow-hooschta net greega.* [If you put a child nude in the wheat on Good Friday, and then put that wheat in the mill that very same day, that child will not get the whooping-cough.]

[67] *Won epper waurtsa hut, shtay uff moryets uff der Ker-Freidawg un grick en grumbeer, schwetts nix tzu niemann, un gay on die shire; schneid die grumbeer darrich, reib sie ivver die waurtsa, un no feeder die grumbeera tzu der coo. Die waurtsa die gaina weck un gaina ander coo era ditts. Wons en grossy grumbeer iss, un mer doot sie ferschnaida un no die schticker tsu pawr kee feedra, no iss es net so schlimm.* [When anyone has warts, get up in the morning on Good Friday and get a potato, don't speak to anyone, and go to the barn; cut the potato in two, rub it over the wart and then feed the potato to the cow. The warts will go away and go onto the cow's teats. If it is a big potato, and you cut it up and then feed the pieces to several cows, then it's not so bad.] Cf. "Warts," Fogel 1915, pp. 316-326.

[68] *Same as above, only be sure to do it in the dark of the moon—Pete Eisenhauer.*

[69] *Almost [the] same as above, only you bury the potato under the eaves; as it rots, the warts disappear—Ketty Hertzler.*

[70] *When a child is very backward in learning to talk, rise very early on Ascension Day, do not speak a word to anyone, lay the child, nude, face down on the dewy lawn or on any nice clean grass, and silently repeat the three Highest Names, and the child will soon learn to talk.*

[71] *Won die katz era hinner-dale wescht uff Grischt dawg morya—sell maint os es coomt p[s]uch seller dawg. Der wake woo sie h[i]e gookt, sellawake coomt no der psuch by. Won sie sich gons ivver wescht, no iss der psuch usht des gewainlich fulk; won sie ovver ollagabutt ivver's links oar gate mitt em fettera foos—no coomt der Porra—Sarah Wolf.* [When the cat washes its hind end on Christmas morning, that means that someone will come visiting that day. The way that it looks, from that direction the visit will come. If she washes herself all over, then the visitors will be just common folk; but if now and again she goes over her left ear with her forefoot, then the preacher is coming.] Cf. Fogel 1915, No. 328; *Es gebt bsuch wann di katz sich wescht*; also No. 666: The direction in which the cat's tail points when she washes herself on Sunday morning indicates the direction from which visitors may be expected. No. 329: If the cat passes her paw over the ear when washing, things will come true, i.e., visitors. No. 378: If a butcherknife falls it is a sign of a visit from your pastor. Cf. also Hand, Nos. 6172-6173, 6238.

[72] *"'S Koppenhaver's katz, die wawr en bitsch," hut ols die oldt Leisy Weiss gawdt, lung tzurich. "Yoe, sie wawr en katz, owver en weashty oldty kitz; un die wile woo der Porra dort wawr uff die Oaschtra fer 's bubble dawfa, hut sie en nescht full yunga grickt, grawd in der week, by em bubble. ['Coppenhaver's cat, that was a bitch!'] old Leisy Weiss used to say, many years ago. 'Yes, she was a cat, but an ugly old cat; and while the preacher was there at Easter to baptize the baby, she had a nest full of young, right in the cradle beside the baby.]"*

[73] *When swallows build their nests under the forebay of the barn on Whitsunday, lightning will not hit nor destroy that building as long as they keep roosting there. Likewise I have never heard of any building being hit by lightning, regardless as to the time or day of their nesting. Die oldta leidt fun yea-haar hen gawdts "Schwalma bringa glick." [The old folks of long ago said: "Swallows bring good luck.]" —Der Oldt Bauer.*

[74] *A mare bred on Ascension Day will drop a stud-colt, i.e., a male.—Addie Spangler.*

[75] *Waar wescht uff en Sundawg doot net lung laiva.—Jim Hassler.* [Whoever washes on a Sunday will not live long.] Similar belief about other holidays, Hand, No. 5112 ff.

[76] *Waar wescht uff die Nei Yohr hut sell yohr ken glick.—Granny D[ieffenbach].* [Whoever washes on New Year's will have no luck that year.] For more specific beliefs, see Hand, No. 5120: If you wash on New Year's Day, you wash one of the family away.

[77] *Waar nait uff der Himmel fawr dawg, dar wert hordt gschtroaft fun Gott.—Die Bettz Zeller.* [Whoever sews on Ascension Day, will be severely punished by God.] For specific punishments, see Fogel 1915: No. 1285 (lightning will strike barn), also 1286-1289, 1331. See also Hand, Nos. 5123 ff., 7021.

[78] *Waar windla wescht uff der Himmel fawr dawg, don doot's bubble way un beissich warra, un die frau doot seilaiva ken kinner may greega.—"Die Artza Bettz."* [Whoever washes diapers on Ascension Day, the baby will be in pain and become itchy, and the woman will never have any more children.]

[79] *When crows are pulling corn, and a sentinel sits on the fence to tell the rest when the farmer is coming with a gun, do not try to shoot that "watcher" on a Sunday morning, because it cannot be done.—Ezra Kline.*

# Hardships of Circuit-Rider Life on the Pennsylvania-Ohio Frontier

By ROBERT BOYD

Edited By DON YODER

[In 1862 an aged Methodist circuit-rider named Robert Boyd, published a volume entitled *Personal Memoirs: Together with a Discussion Upon the Hardships and Sufferings of Itinerant Life; and Also a Discourse upon the Pastoral Relation* (Cincinnati, 1862). In this volume, the author, a member of the Pittsburgh Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, tells of his boyhood among the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians in Western Pennsylvania, his conversion to Methodism, his joining first the Baltimore Conference in 1815 and the Pittsburgh Conference in 1825, and his long struggles with frontier hardships on the Methodist circuits on frontier Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Ohio. We reprint here Part II of the book: "A Discussion upon the Hardships and Sufferings of Itinerant Life." More than any other single sketch of its kind it details the physical sufferings frontier preachers had to endure in carrying out their work in spreading organized religion in the Allegheny Mountains and the Ohio Valley.—EDITOR.]

## THE ITINERANT LIFE.

As the foregoing sketch of my life and labors has been almost entirely confined to *narration*, in connection with an effort for *brevity*, I now wish to add a little, rather in the form of *discussion*, or perhaps it may, to some extent, be a combination of both. My subject will be the *sufferings and hardships* of an itinerant life. Under this general range I propose to notice WHAT IS NECESSARY, WHAT IS NOT NECESSARY, and WHAT ARE THE RELATIONS OF THE PEOPLE TO THE PASTORAL WORK.

I. WHAT IS NECESSARY in order to prosecute this great and good work.

1. It is necessary to *endure cold, and to travel in the heaviest rains*. A preacher that has any *ifs or exceptions* about the weather, should never engage in this work. I recollect at an early period of my ministry in the Baltimore Conference, that during the examination of character at Conference, some objections were made to a young man, on the ground that he had disappointed a certain congregation oftener than he had served them. At this point a kind brother said that he had learned on good authority, that it was raining on those days of disappointment. At this point J. Gruber, from his seat, asked if it was raining pitch-forks. This was quite significant in this connection. Nothing short of pitch-forks could stop Gruber, nor ought it to stop any itinerant.<sup>1</sup>

There is, however, more real danger to life in some situations from extreme cold than rain. I recollect the first year I traveled, that, under peculiar circumstances, I came very near freezing to death. In the first place, the cold was most extreme, and the *wind* blew very strong. A snow had fallen more than two feet deep, and, during soft days, had melted and sunk to about one foot, and then froze into a crust. My way was only a path along the spur of a mountain, eight miles without a house, and no track since the snow fell. I was four hours on the way, and the horse's legs were bleeding, and the horse covered with frozen sweat. Long before I reached the cabin where I was to preach, I had suffered all I could suffer, and had gone into a dull, sleepy condition, and could neither move eyelids nor mouth. When I got to the inclosure in which the cabin stood, I was so blind that I could not distinguish the bars from other parts of the fence.

<sup>1</sup>Jacob Gruber (1778-1850), a native of Bucks County, was one of the most famous Methodist circuit-riders of Pennsylvania German extraction. Beginning in 1800, he served frontier Methodist circuits in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and West Virginia. Long remembered in Pennsylvania households for his trenchant wit as well as his pointed preaching (he was arrested in Maryland in 1818 for openly preaching against slavery), he was the subject of several biographical works. See W. P. Strickland, *The Life of Jacob Gruber* (New York, 1860); J. B. Wakeley, *The Heroes of Methodism* (New York, 1856); also the Gruber (Kruber) jests that appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, August, 1868, November, 1869, January, 1870, and May, 1870.



The Methodist circuit-rider was a familiar sight on the Pennsylvania frontier as elsewhere in early America.

Some one opened the bars, I rode to the door, got off, but could not feel when my feet touched the ground. I went into the dark cabin, where was a large fire. Perhaps I got too near, and soon fainted, then vomited, and became very sick, so that I could do nothing for them that day. For some time I was unable to speak a word. One reason why I strove so hard to get over that road was, that if I failed there, much of the other work could not be reached. I missed no other preaching but that day, though I was much out of order for three weeks. And it is pretty certain if I had not then possessed a most vigorous and hale constitution, I must have perished that day.

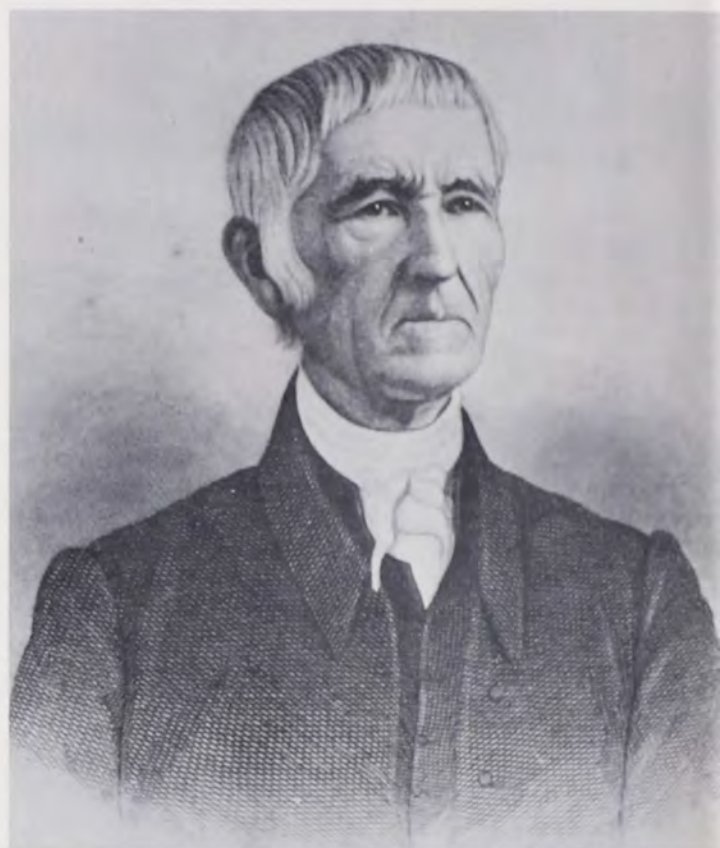
2. In *glades, and some other flat places*, we have to contend with mud, or rather *swamps*, causing great difficulty, and even *danger*, both to man and horse. When I traveled Somerset circuit, in Baltimore Conference, in 1817, I had to pass over a large scope of country called glades, on the south end of the circuit, lying mostly in the western point of Maryland. In passing through portions of these glades we could hardly say we had any road, as the best policy in general was to keep on the unbroken sod, avoiding the open spots. And it was much easier to keep out of places that we *knew* by experience to be bad, than to secure a better. On one occasion I had a sad specimen of this. The usual pass over a small stream had become so deep and difficult that I dreaded another effort at that place. So I ventured another. The horse, large and strong, was soon nearly covered with mire. I was quickly off, and sunk nearly as deep as the horse. My first effort was to get out myself, which was attended with some difficulty. I then got a stick, and drew my saddle-bags through the mire, and got them in my hand; but the horse was still sinking deeper, till his hinder part was nearly covered. For a short time I had fears that he had found his grave. However, with the aid of my stick, and getting pretty deep in the mire, I got hold of the bridle-reins, and raising my voice, the horse made a desperate effort with all his great strength, and barely succeeded in extricating himself.

Though we were both in sad condition, I felt to praise God for so great a deliverance. I was still three miles from my preaching-place. Myself, horse, saddle, and saddle-bags were so coated with mire, that I could not ride without greatly worsening my condition. So I walked the rest of the way, borrowed some apparel, and preached as well as I could. After this we had a sorry time, washing, and otherwise cleaning up; but after doing our best, I still suffered some loss, both in appearance and in reality.

Before leaving these swampy glades I will name another occurrence which took place during the Winter of that year. Such was the form of the work, that, in returning from the south end of the circuit, I had a long Saturday's ride, without an appointment, partly in mountains and partly through glades, and our only chance for feeding either man or horse was to carry food with us. And if we became very cold, as a substitute for fire, we could dance on a rock without music. On one of those lonely Saturdays it chanced to be extremely cold; and as considerable snow had fallen, I could not know the softer spots till I was in them. Though I did not at any time get fast, yet the horse frequently sunk to the knees, and sometimes deeper, so that *cold* and thin *mud* combining, operated on the horse's legs, on the same principle as dipping candles, till the legs began to be too *heavy* and *stiff* for traveling, and continually getting worse. And, under the circumstances, I could neither *prevent* nor *cure*. So great was the obstruction, that instead of reaching my destined lodging-place an hour or more before sunset, I did not arrive till near

nine o'clock at night. I got the horse into a good place, but could do nothing with the frozen mud around his legs. The best I could then do was to get strings and some old clothes and soft straw, and thus tying up the legs, till they presented a huge appearance, and so left them till the morning. I then found most of the mud loose from the legs, from the heat of the horse. But the great mass was still around the legs like crockery, only much thicker, so that it had to be broken with care, in order to relieve the legs.

3. *The water courses*, especially in the mountains and new settlements, where there are no bridges or ferries. A persevering preacher is frequently in a great strait between the possible and impossible. I have often rode through both large and small streams when, *after* passing over, I would not have risked a repetition of the act for any man's horse. I will give one case as a sample, which occurred in 1823, when I traveled Alleghany circuit in Baltimore Conference. We



*Robert Boyd, Scotch-Irishman of Western Pennsylvania, who became a Methodist itinerant.*

had a week-day appointment at a brother King's, close to the Potomac River, on the north side. When I came to the river I knew I could ride it with my large and well-tried horse; yet in view of its depth, and especially the heavy bodies of mush ice then floating, I regarded it as a large undertaking. As the ice generally passed in bunches, or what was called *shoals*, leaving between these floats a space with little or no ice, I watched till a heavy shoal passed, and quickly set in above, and with effort reached the opposite shore just as the next heavy ice was coming. This I considered close work, as the river there was near two hundred yards wide. But the worst was still to come. After I had preached and met the

# PERSONAL MEMOIRS:

TOGETHER WITH A

DISCUSSION UPON THE HARDSHIPS AND SUFFERINGS OF ITINERANT LIFE;

AND ALSO A

DISCOURSE UPON THE PASTORAL RELATION.

BY

REV. ROBERT BOYD,  
OF THE PITTSBURG ANNUAL CONFERENCE.



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*Title-Page of Boyd's Memoirs (1862).*

class I was informed that the river was about a foot higher than when I came over, and still on the rise, and I found the surface more closely covered with floating ice. As all the rest of my work on that end of the circuit lay on the other side of the river, I felt strong inducements to get back. Without waiting dinner, I got my horse at once, tied up overcoat and leggins, fastening them behind the saddle, and girding the saddle tight, I mounted the horse, with a heart lifted to God for protection, and entered the stream. The strongest and deepest part of the stream lay nearest the opposite side. When I had gotten about the middle of the river, with water high up the horse's body, I discovered a large piece of hard ice floating a short distance above, and a little before me. My first impression was to try to pass *before* it came, but, as I did not know its size, I concluded to check the horse till it passed. In the mean time the soft ice was crowding my horse down stream for a short time. I then let my feet and legs drop into the water, feeling that a swim was likely to be the only remaining security. Before reaching the shore the horse was nearly covered with water, but my weight served to keep him from floating.

In this wet condition, and freezing at that, I rode four miles for lodging, and so grateful to God for life, that I did

not feel the effects of wet and cold as I would have done under other circumstances. I have often held my horse by the bridle, while he has swum over a stream on the upper side of a well-paddled canoe. At other times, when the canoe was too small to risk this operation, I have had the horse turned in loose, and caught him when he came out, using the canoe for myself, saddle, and saddle-bags.

4. *Some long moves.* Though I do not believe that *all* long moves to which some itinerants are subjected are necessary, either for their good or the good of the work, yet it is impossible to keep up the itinerant work without moving. We think it *unfair* for any man in youth or in the prime of life to settle down either in a little or big home, and still claim to be an itinerant preacher. Such, in the nature of the case, can not live among their people; and if they are accommodated for a length of time with work near them, it must be at the *expense of others*, who are *thus* made to do their own share of moving and some for *their settled brethren*. Our removals are in all cases confusing and laborious, and, when long, more expensive than is generally reckoned. In case of a long move lumber and most of our furniture has to be disposed of in order to make one wagon answer the purpose; and we usually get but little for what we sell in a hurry, while we have to pay again full price for our new supplies.<sup>2</sup>

5. *Want of support.* Though I here place this in the list of the *necessary* sufferings of the faithful itinerant, I do not wish to be understood as saying that *all* faithful itinerant ministers who fail to receive a comfortable support are deprived of this by the circumstances in which they are placed, or *want of ability* on the part of those whom they serve; yet it is true in regard to some of our circuits, where the membership are generally very poor and few at that. Though a minister may be satisfied that the people of his charge love and wish him well, and do all they can to supply his temporal wants, yet the fact that they are not supplied is a great drawback on a minister's improvement and usefulness. In most families where we are entertained the people, and especially the poorer class, for the time being, go far beyond their ordinary fare to give us the best they can command. This we believe is done in some cases at the risk of a very poor meal after we leave. In this way, on the supposition that these poor are skilled in cooking—and some are—it affords the preacher a better living when abroad than either his family at home or his parishioners have. And surely a kind husband and father must feel unpleasant while enjoying a good meal abroad, to know at the same time that his family must have a poor one at home.

Having thus far glanced at some of the sufferings and hardships *necessarily* belonging to an itinerant life, I purpose,

## II. TO NOTICE SOME NOT NECESSARY.

1. *Some long moves.* This may at first appear strange and contradictory, as I have, in my former division, contended that some *long moves* were *necessary*. But here is no contra-

<sup>2</sup>For long moves involving Pennsylvania circuit-riders, the early history of the Genesee Annual Conference is most instructive. The conference, set up in 1810, included, in addition to most of upper New York State, Upper and Lower Canada and the north-central portions of Pennsylvania—the Northumberland, Lycoming, Shamokin, and Bald Eagle Circuits, which in 1820 were transferred to the Baltimore Conference. During the years 1810-1820, some circuit-riders were actually transferred from Central Pennsylvania to Canada, and vice versa. See George Peck, *Early Methodism Within the Bounds of the Old Genesee Conference from 1788 to 1828; Or, The First Forty Years of Wesleyan Evangelism in Northern Pennsylvania, Central and Western New York, and Canada. Containing Sketches of Interesting Localities, Exciting Scenes, and Prominent Actors* (New York, 1860).

Illustration, "The Closing Session of Conference," from Sarah A. Babcock, *The Itinerant Side* (New York, 1857), a novel about circuit-rider life.



diction. As, for instance, suppose A. is sent to an adjoining circuit, where he has never preached a sermon, and is in all respects the right man for the place. Here all seems right. But if, instead of this arrangement, because A. is a good fellow, and will certainly go where he is sent, and never trouble the bishop or cabinet about his appointment, yet in order to make room for B., who is settled, and won't move, A. is sent one hundred miles. This would be an unnecessarily long move—not necessary on itinerant principles, but rather the consequence of a departure from itinerancy in another direction.

I am free to admit that the good of our work and the best interests of the Church might require that a special man be sent a great distance, for a special work. Say a first-rate presiding elder is needed there. I would say let us have him. And let the Church see well to it that he suffers no loss in his temporal circumstances by this long move. But to send a common man all at once, more than one hundred miles to the poorest circuit in the Conference, I think is not called for by any principle in our noble itinerancy. For my own part, I never had the vanity to imagine that any charge was clamoring for me, nor do I suppose that I was the hardest man to station. I believe it was a general understanding, that brother B. could and would go any where. And, perhaps out of a *certain kind* of respect, I have been occasionally honored with an unaccountably long move.

2. *Shy neglect, when first moving to a new place.* This sometimes subjects both the preacher and his family to physical hardships, and in all cases to mental depression. I have gone to more than one place, where it appeared, at first, as if there were no Methodists there. In order to get my goods out of the wagon, the wagoner and myself had to overlift ourselves. No one came near to speak a word, or lend a helping hand. The house was so dirty and out of order, that we hardly knew whether to put things in, or to leave them out till some sweeping or scrubbing was first done. In the mean time, we were hungry, and knew not how to get any thing

soon, as we had no wood or coal to make a fire, and our pots and dishes were hard to find in a hurry.

I do not think people intend to place us in such an unpleasant condition. But this is rather owing to a want of thought. They do not know how much we are made to suffer, both in body and mind, for want of the assistance they could so easily give, and yet do not give. I have good reason to believe that some think it out of place to come near, or speak to a preacher or his family, till we *first* hunt them out like rabbits in their holes. I am especially inclined to this opinion, from the fact that some who stand at the greatest distance at first, give good evidence afterward that they are kind and helpful. While I have shared in the ills and hardships just referred to, I take great pleasure in saying that I have often experienced a happy contrast. So soon as the wagon came, good friends were all around us; some taking wife and children to *their* homes, and inviting me and wagoner to a meal with them; while so many were ready to unload that I could hardly get room to help them. And I not only had timely information as to *where* I could get wood, coal, straw for beds, etc., but some *assistance* in securing these immediate necessities.

3. *Want of care, or abuse of parsonages.* I am in favor of building well-arranged, comfortable parsonages, on one condition, and not otherwise. The condition is this: When a new house is ready for use, let the trustees write and paste up rules to this effect: That so soon as any part of the house, or any thing pertaining to the premises is injured, beyond the natural force of *time* and *wear*, the preacher is to have one month's notice to leave the house and live elsewhere as best he can, at his *own expense*; and in the mean time, let the trustees have the breaches at the parsonage repaired at the *preacher's expense*, to be taken out of his next quarterly dividend. I am aware that some, both preachers and members, would object to this as too severe. But in this way every man would bear his *own* burden, instead of leaving his filth and ruin to be rectified at the trouble and expense of *another*.

For my own part, I would rejoice in the *high privilege* of occupying a parsonage now in good order on these very terms. My mind has been settled in a firm decision for years, that we should proceed on these terms, or have nothing to do with parsonages. For my own part, during my long ministry, I only used four parsonages, and *three* of these I must place among the *soverest trials* and *hardest labors* of my whole itinerant life, as may be seen in the brief history I have given in the foregoing work.

4. *Want of support in rich places.* I have already referred to this condition, where it was supposed to proceed from

PLAN OF BIRMINGHAM CIRCUIT, HUNTINGDON DISTRICT, BALTIMORE CONFERENCE, 1849<sup>3</sup>

Day	Hour	Preaching	Dist from Birming.	No. in Society	Leaders	Stopping Places
22 Sat	7½	Bells Forge	10	14	D. Crowl	T. Gheer, W. Chamberlain & others
23 Sun.	11	Asbury Chapel	14	38	Geo. Hartsel	Jacob Smith, D. Smith, W. H. Ake "
" "	3	Altoona	18	16	Peter Green	Andrew Green, Wm Payne
" "	7½	Blair Furnace	15	25	Jno. Trout	J. Trout, Thos. Trout, M. Simpson
26 Wedn	7½	Ganoe's S[chool] H[ouse]	3	12	Jno. A. Stratton	James Ganoe
27 Thurs	7½	Grazier's S[chool] H[ouse]	3	9	Abr. Smith	George Guyer Sen.
28 Frid	7½	Tyrone S[chool] H[ouse]	14	35	T.M. Calderwood	Geo. G. Given, Geo. Hatfield & others
30 Sun	11	Birmingham		31	Lew. Palmer	James Bell, Jas. Clark, Lew. Palmer
" "	7½	Thomas Lion Weston's Mills	6	42	C. T. Welsh	C. T. Welsh, Aaron Beyer, Abr. Beyer
			2	23	Thos. Weston	No preaching here—only a class
			245			

Stewards—Thos. Weston Rec.  
Lewis Palmer  
Aaron Beyer  
C. T. Welsh  
John Gheer  
John Trout

Parsonage Furniture  
Cooking Stove & pipe  
3 Bedsteads  
2 Tables—Dining  
2 Sets of Chairs  
Writing Table  
Dotry & large iron pot

DEAR BRO. [GUYER]

The furniture you will find in Warriar's Mark; the Church Register, Missionary Book, and Circuit Account Book with Bro. T. Weston. A suitable house has been rented for you in Birmingham. A List of Missionary & S. S. Advocate subscribers you will find in the hands of D. E. Robeson of Birmingham. Enter on your work in good heart. The Circuit has been coming up, and must prosper, if prudently managed.

Yours truly  
J. S. McMURRAY

*Circuit-Riders transferred elsewhere by the Conference left a "Circuit Plan" for their successors—telling where meetings were scheduled. From William Warren Sweet, Religion on the American Frontier, Volume IV: The Methodists (Chicago, 1946). Copyright University of Chicago Press.*

want of means on the part of a small, poor membership, and therefore I need not repeat what is there said. But while want or destitution, considered in itself, is the same, from whatever cause it may proceed, yet in its bearings on *mind* there is a great difference. Suppose, for instance, a faithful, laborious minister is placed on half what he ought to have, or what would afford him a comfortable support, and at the same time knows that a majority of his parishioners are able to do more or less, yet do nothing for him, and others that could and ought to give their *ones, threes, or five dollars*, give *dimes, quarters, or half-dollars*, the preacher can not, in the nature of the case, feel that he is among his friends, or that he can approve or fellowship such persons. True, if he is

the right man, he can and will *pity* and *pray* for them, and labor just as much as if they did *their* duty, but he can't extend to them his *approving fellowship*; yea, *he ought not*, when it is so clear that God disapproves them. It is hard enough to feel pinching want itself, but to live and labor with a people we can not and *ought not* to fellowship is much harder.

5. *Want of the necessary documents when entering on a new charge.* Here, I fear, is a great lack of ministerial fidelity. During my long itinerancy, I have rarely received any document from my predecessor, except what is called a *plan*, and this has generally been a poor, meager thing.<sup>3</sup> I grant that if *all* preachers moved on the principle that we have nothing to do but get into a buggy and ride to church, preach, and if not home the same day, stay at a good place, and get home with speed on Monday, and stay there all week, and so from week to week, on this plan, a bare list of appointments would answer every purpose. But a man who intends to do *all the work* of an itinerant, and attend to all the interests of the Church, should have such papers as will enable him at once to know how all matters stand in the circuit.

Allow me here to notice one or two cases, as mere samples. Suppose my predecessor informs me that there are one hundred subscribers to the Pittsburg[h] Christian Advocate, say on Richmond circuit, but gives no names; or suppose he gives the names, but not the post-offices where the papers are received; or suppose he gives the post-offices but no account of the volume and number to which each subscriber has paid, I am still in the dark. But if he gives the names of each, with post-office, volume, and number to which each has paid, then, and not till then, can I collect in due time, and remit to the office of publication. Nor is it sufficient to know that fifty or one hundred persons are on *probation* in a given charge, without knowing *who* they are, *where* they are, or *when* they joined. Now, want of information respecting these, and numerous matters on hands in a circuit, is rolling an unnecessary and *oppressive* burden on any stranger, who honestly and resolutely aims to know and do all the work of a preacher in charge.

6. *When the officary and other influential members fail to sustain the preacher in a mild and firm exercise of Discipline; or, still worse, when they throw their influence against him.* When laboring under the pressure indicated in these lines I have often felt the force of the old adage, "Union is strength." When a presiding elder, who has charge of all the preachers in his district, and who is solemnly pledged "to take care that every part of our Discipline be enforced in his district," comes along and makes close inquiries in quarterly conference concerning these matters, and urges a close and strict attention on the preachers and other official members; then in love-feast gives a few words of warning against the most popular and imposing evils found in the Church, as well as neglect of duties, and charges the preachers, in presence of the members, to give strict attention to these matters; and next in the large Sabbath-congregation, for a short time, takes hold of these matters, for it is well known that many of these ungodly, trifling, indolent members never make their appearance till eleven o'clock on Sabbath; then after the faithful presiding elder has left his mark, let preachers, and all official members, and other good, influential members stand up together on this platform, and we can carry any measure clearly taught in the Word of God or in our Scriptural Discipline.

<sup>3</sup>See the Plan of Birmingham Circuit in Huntingdon and Blair Counties, Pennsylvania, 1849, published with this article.

But, on the other hand, suppose a presiding elder, with the vast influence that *talent* and *office* give to him, comes along; preaches a good doctrinal sermon on Saturday; then holds quarterly conference, without a word of inquiry concerning reading rules, visiting from house to house, the baptism and instruction of children, or the collections for missions, Bible, Tract Society, Sunday School Union, or Conference claimants; then on Sabbath, when the unfaithful, trifling Church members and the most *ignorant* and wicked part of community are present, we get the great, *far-off* sermon; and just in proportion as such presiding elder shares applause, the close hunting-up preacher, who labors to exercise our Discipline, is subjected to censure.

It is a fact that ought to be duly considered, that ministers who refuse or fail to testify against the sins rife in the Church and community around them, do, in *effect*, indorse them. If any doubt this assertion, let them pause, and look at the facts in the case. See, for instance, where a charge has been served for a few years with able preachers, who, with their families, conform to the world in dress and behavior, and fail either to read or execute our General Rules; then let some old fogey, as he will be called, try to bring or keep the members on the true Methodist platform, and such minister will not only be unheeded, but censured by the majority of the Church. And as evidence that they have formed their opinions more from the example of others than either the Bible or Discipline, when they utter their complaints, it is in the language of "*he*," "*his*," "*him*," *etc.* Though the preacher may stand firm on the platform of the Bible and his Discipline, they appear to know or care little for either. If their *honesty* and *courage* were in keeping with their real *disloyalty* to the teachings of the Bible and Discipline, when they utter their complaints, it would be in the language of *it*, instead of *he*, *him*, or *his*.

Our greatest hinderance in efforts to execute our Discipline comes not so much from the actual transgressor, as those who take sides with the unruly. I have frequently found devoted parents, and especially mothers, quite ready to apologize for their vain, trifling children. True, they don't generally do this in a *direct* way, yet in its bearings it amounts to just the *same thing*. As for instance, when we talk to their children concerning some improper act, they refer us to certain virtues connected with them, or run off to some other practices in the Church which they think worse than what attaches to their children. In this way they unfortunately neutralize all our efforts to govern their children by the Methodist standard. Many have been heard to say in the presence of the ungodly, that "he [their pastor] had better let these things alone, and preach the Gospel;" that "such preaching will do no good." Permit me here to ask such talkers one or two questions: 1. Is it inconsistent with preaching the Gospel to show the people their transgressions? 2. Is the fact that sinners, in and out of the Church, refuse to heed Bible warning and teaching a valid reason for withholding these truths? Consistency will and must require an *affirmative* answer to both these questions.

I am well aware that the prominent points in this division of my remarks will be considered too severe by many, both in the ministry and membership of our Church. And yet they are *true*—awfully and alarmingly true. The fact that so large a portion of our preachers and members have so greatly failed to come up to their Church and conventional engagements, has, by *consequence*, left me and others to bear such an unequal share of our heaviest burdens, that I am honestly



*Samuel Huber, United Brethren circuit-rider from Franklin County, Pennsylvania, whose memoirs give similar details on ministerial hardships.*

and *truthfully* compelled to mark it as the hardest feature connected with my itinerant life. As this is one of the hardships *not necessary*, I have penned these things for the benefit of those who may live and labor in this great and good work when I am gone to rest. I have no complaints to utter for any lack of friendship or kindness on the part of my ministerial brethren. The pleasing reverse has always been abundantly manifest, and still more so as I advance in life. The hardship referred to was a *consequence* not intended by any minister.

7. *Badly-arranged meeting-houses, in pulpit, altar, stoves, and want of ventilation.* Notwithstanding many modern improvements in church building, in some places there still remains much that is awkward and oppressive both to preachers and others, but especially to preachers. Some pulpits are still too high in the entire structure, and still more are too high from where the preacher stands to the book-board, which makes kneeling in prayer very embarrassing, and preaching less convenient and comfortable both to preacher and hearers. It is sad folly to elevate the floor in the altar six or eight inches above the floor of the house. In the first place, this is more expensive than to continue the same range of the rest of the floor into the altar. When a seat forming the altar bench is a convenient height to kneel from the outside, then, in case of elevation, it is all that difference too low from the inside. To the preacher this is inconvenient in administering baptism to adults, the Lord's Supper, and still more so in speaking to penitents who kneel there. When we have to stoop so low, it causes a rush of blood to the head, which is followed by a kind of oppression all through the system, and rapidly destroys the voice. No



# AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF THE

## REV. SAMUEL HUBER,

ELDER IN THE CHURCH OF THE

### UNITED BRETHREN IN CHRIST:

CONTAINING SKETCHES OF HIS LIFE, AND RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE;  
ILLUSTRATED WITH DEEPLY INTERESTING AND AFFECTING  
FACTS AND INCIDENTS, SHOWING FORTH THE WORK  
OF GOD IN THE CONVERSION OF SOULS, &c., &c.

EDITED BY JOHN DENIG,

AUTHOR OF THE "MOURNERS' BENCH," &c.

"The Lord hath brought forth our righteousness: come and  
let us declare in Zion the work of the Lord our God."  
*Jeremiah 51: 1.*

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.:  
PRINTED BY M. KIEFFER & CO.  
1858.

*Title-page of Samuel Huber's memoirs, published at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in 1858.*

person can stand half the labor in such a position as when the floor is as low in as outside the altar.<sup>4</sup>

Stoves are often too near the pulpit, so that when the house is made comfortable for the congregation the preacher is very uncomfortable. In some places we have to endure the heat beating in the face: this is both uncomfortable and injurious. And in many small houses, where we have to remain with the crowd for two or three hours, and no window can open at the top, this is *martyrdom* to the preachers.

8. *Want of care on the part of the sexton, or no sexton.* In cold, damp weather, where there has been no fire for a week, it is of the first importance that a fire be made so long *before* the hour of preaching as to warm the house, having two opposite windows a short time open before the assembling of the congregation; then near the preaching hour close the windows, and renew the fire. But instead of this, or any

<sup>4</sup>In Methodist meetinghouse architecture, which was on the plain side, the term "altar" was used not in the high church sense but rather for the area in front of the pulpit, where in time of revival the "mourners" came to pray and be prayed for. The term "altar" was used in the same way at the Methodist camp-meetings, although the area was sometimes enclosed and referred to also as the "pen."

thing like it, I have hundreds of times found some person or persons, just at the hour of preaching, *beginning* to kindle a fire in the stove, which produces a choking smoke, mingled with bad air; and in some cases, regardless of all comfort and common decency, one or two, with brooms in hand, were dashing away, and dust flying, as if a thrashing-machine was operating in the church; while, instead of being in the pulpit at prayer and selecting the hymns for the occasion, I had to walk up and down, with leggings and overcoat on, and occasionally going to the door to get a little fresh air.

At protracted meetings I have frequently found people sweeping a very dirty house just at the very time appointed to commence morning service. As a necessary consequence, the seats would be nearly as dusty as the inside of a grist-mill—abusing clothing and books. Any person ought to know that if a meeting-house is not swept at a time for the dust to settle and be brushed off the seating and pulpit while the house is unoccupied, it is much better to let the dirt lie *still* on the floor. In such case the seats and pulpit are much cleaner, and kneeling quite as convenient.

9. *When required to sleep in a dirty, ill-scented bed, and to eat dirty victuals.* I have put these together, as they are mostly or always so in fact. It is not going too far to say, that in some families our food is about as clean as cats, dogs, and small children would have it. I have, in some instances, known all these creatures diving in and getting the first bite or sup of something in *hard case*, even *before* such trespass. I recollect a sore, red-eyed woman, that wore an old hat, on the first circuit I traveled, who had prepared dinner before going to meeting at the old log school-house. And as it was her purpose to bring the preacher home with her, even the buckwheat cakes were all baked, and set in what was called the stock-hole, in the back wall of her cabin chimney.<sup>5</sup> As all had gone to meeting except the cats, when the door was opened the cats were seen helping themselves to the cakes. The old lady hallooed "hiss cats," at the top of her voice, and then, in the way of heavy complaint, remarked that she believed they "had the worst cats in all the country, for they wouldn't let any thing alone." But as they only nibbled round the edges, and did not eat much, the old lady sprung around and got the cakes on a slab table, with some milk in hard-looking<sup>6</sup> tins, and some butter on an old pewter plate, which reminded me of Joseph's coat of *many colors*. I managed so as to wait till some one took the top cake, on which the cats had sat, and in taking off another, I was careful to use only the middle part, leaving the edge part marked with the cat's teeth, on my plate.

But I must not dwell on particular cases. Suffice it to say in more general terms, that dogs and cats frequently licked pots and skillets that were afterward used just in the condition they left them; and small children would take knives and forks from the table to a *dirty, wet* floor, while a mother would lay them back just in the condition the children used them; and this act was sometimes repeated during the preparation of the same meal; and if I dared describe *the condition of the floor* on which they lay, the case would appear much worse. Children with filthy hands would reach into dishes and take of the contents, and after biting off a piece, throw the balance back. Hens would get at bread or dough, which was afterward presented for family use.

<sup>5</sup>Will readers send the Editor other terms they recall, associated with early farmhouse or cabin chimneys and their construction?

<sup>6</sup>"Hard-looking" is still used in this sense of disreputable, in the common speech of older rural Pennsylvanians.

I have often felt that it would have been a great relief if I could have kept away from such meals. And I only sat at these tables lest I should offend them by staying away. I frequently tried to talk about hunting, or any thing that came to hand, in order to keep them from noticing how little I ate. Yet I often heard the wonder expressed, how it was that I looked so well and ate so little. But they did not know that I sometimes had bread in my saddle-bags, which I used along the road, and drank pure water from the rocks, instead of dirty milk.

But hard as was the eating matter, the sleeping, in some cases, was worse; especially as there was less chance to dodge than in the eating part. I frequently met with very short beds, so that I had either to coil up, or extend feet and part of the legs far over the foot end of the bed. But the filthiness of these beds was the greatest hardship. In some places, the cover consisted of a small feather bed, and nothing else; and in most cases the tick was too dirty to ascertain whether it was composed of woolen or linen, and very much resembled an oil-maker's apron.<sup>7</sup> When I got warm, the odor was so strong that it reminded me of the description I have had of the middle passage of a slave-ship. I have often been under the necessity of using my pocket handkerchief muffled about my mouth and nose, to prevent the covering from touching my face. In some places, other covering besides feathers was quite as filthy, and scarce at that. In some situations I have spent much of the night awake, and sometimes got low-spirited, and wept as I lay.

10. *When required to sleep in a damp bed, though clean, or to use food but partially cooked, or very badly managed, though clean.* A damp bed, though good and clean, is more dangerous than a dirty one, not damp. Such damp beds are more likely to be found among those in good circumstances, than those of the poorer classes. Some of the poor have no spare bed, and therefore can only furnish the preacher by putting him with another person, or giving him a bed while its regular occupant prepares a sleeping place on the floor. In such a family a preacher is not likely to find a damp bed. But a bed standing in a room without fire in the Winter, or during a long rainy season, will become damp. Some nice people are not aware that the clean sheets with which they so kindly furnish the preacher in the Winter season are so damp. I have often gotten into these fine clean beds, when in less than five minutes my feet and neck would give notice of the damp state of the sheets. With heavy drawers and flannel shirt, I have sometimes risked a slight degree of damp, and lain still. In more extreme cases I have gotten on the top of the covering, lying at one side of the bed, and turning the opposite side of the covering over me. This is a good plan to get clear of damp sheets; and these are sometimes so damp that if the good woman would hold them before the fire the rising vapor would surprise her. The safest way is always, in the Winter season, to put them through this operation before placing them on the bed.

It is with some degree of embarrassment that I proceed to notice the afflictions caused by unskillful cooks, as it looks so much like meddling with women's business. And were it so that none but women had to eat the things prepared, I might pass this matter in silence. But as they cook for men, not

<sup>7</sup>William Colbert, a Marylander serving as Methodist circuit-rider in the Dutch areas of the Susquehanna Valley in 1804, complains of a "very disagreeable night's lodging under a feather-bed". For Colbert and his reactions to the "lively" Dutch Methodists, see Don Yoder, *Pennsylvania Spirituals* (Lancaster, Pennsylvania, 1961), pp. 135-137.



GOING TO CONFERENCE.

*An illustration from Edward Eggleston's The Circuit Rider: A Tale of the Heroic Age (New York, 1878), a classic treatment of frontier Methodism. Eggleston had been a circuit-rider himself, and dedicates the book "to my comrades of other years, the brave and self-sacrificing men with whom I had the honor to be associated in a frontier ministry."*

only preachers, but the common day-laborer, I shall, therefore, as a representative not only of preachers but my sex generally, call attention to this afflicting matter. And I wish it distinctly understood that my complaint does not lie against poverty, or the want of variety or rich fare. The ground of my complaint is just as applicable to the pot of mush or johnny-cake as the most costly fare. And now while I am at the mush-pot, permit me to say that this simple, cheap fare may suffer as much proportionable loss in the hands of an unskillful cook as the most costly dish. Just look for a moment at the difference between a mess well salted, long and well cooked, and a hasty, thin splash, nearly raw. Now, this latter is just the kind of mess that is had in many genteel families. I would, therefore, advise the preacher not to extol the mush supper in a strange place, lest he should get into a trap.<sup>8</sup>

Again; suppose corn-bread is the only kind on hands, how great the difference between a well-raised, well-baked lump,

<sup>8</sup>If Boyd complained of the ubiquitous cornmeal mush, another Pennsylvania circuit-rider, Marmaduke Pearce (1776-1852) remembered the Yankee baked beans that he was served so often in York State. Reminiscing in 1850 about his traveling the Holland Purchase and Caledonia Circuit in 1811, he wrote, "I often think about the old Holland Purchase. O the good times we had at Tonawanda, Father Hoy's, Braddock's Bay, Bethany, Uncle Sol. Morris's, Father Hawkins's, Flisher's, Father Shafer's, Bronson's, Bennet's, Barlow's, and other places! and O the cold houses, the snow, the mud, the sage tea, the baked beans! These things, the recollection of them, is like 'the music of Carol, pleasant and mournful to the soul'" (George Peck, *Early Methodism Within the Bounds of the Old Genesee Conference* [New York, 1860], p. 344).

and a heavy, *slow-baked*, and *half-baked* lump! And while all buckwheat bears the same name, how great the difference between a well-raised, quick-baked hot cake, and one composed of thick, heavy batter, slowly baked, and then lying without dressing till nearly cold! We will take another case; namely, the difference between a fowl well-cooked, till the flesh becomes soft and rich, and easy to separate from the bone, and one put to cook too soon after killing, and not half cooked at that. Such is hard to separate from the bone, besides having a strong, ill taste. And many a good fowl has come to just such an end.

It is well known that hog's flesh is mainly relied on for the meat supply, so that through the principal part of the year, if we get meat, it is of this kind. And yet, so far as my long experience goes, I have found that at least three-fourths of this is injured, more or less, by bad management. It is often salted in the same vessel in which the hogs were scalded, and that, too, on the evening of the *same day* on which the hogs were killed. This is a bad beginning, as neither meat nor vessel is in a proper condition for such packing. In this condition the meat is left *too long*—perhaps two or three months or all Winter—till it becomes a *rank, slippery* thing. In this condition it is often cut in very thick slices, and set on the table nearly *raw*. Now, if the same article were salted in a

pure, *cold* state, and taken up in due time, and smoked, not with old, *dirty*, rotten chips, but pure, green hickory limbs, then sliced thin, and well fried or broiled, both the fat and lean meat, as well as gravy, would be pure and pleasant.

It is well known that wheat bread and coffee are articles in daily use in almost every family; and yet many mothers and grandmothers still continue to prepare these daily supplies in as defective condition as though it were their first effort in this direction. To me it has appeared strange and unaccountable, as these females have seen and used good bread and coffee when abroad, that they did not find out how greatly these things needed improvement at home, and at once set about learning. I have wondered that their husbands, who have frequently shared good bread and coffee elsewhere, did not notice the defects in the home circle, and labor for some reformation there. It is true that a skill that can produce *first-rate* coffee is rare, and perhaps hard to obtain. This we hardly look for in common life; but to advance greatly beyond the common standard must be an easy matter.

So far as my observation has gone, I have found at least one-half of the genteel women very defective in making coffee; and not a few of these so far behind that I could not venture a second cup. I suppose, in the first place, that they had literally *burnt the coffee to death*, and subsequently done something that I could not even guess. In some cases the mess looked more like the water in which the outside of a black pot had been washed than coffee to be drunk. As it regards the wheat bread, it is generally baked at too slow a fire, and consequently lacks that lively sweetness found in well-raised bread, that is cooked as fast as possible to avoid burning. But some large loaves, after being in a baking process more than double the proper time, are still *white* at the bottom. In this company we generally find pies or custards, with *thick* crust, and nearly raw at the bottom.

In order to see more clearly the difference between good and bad management in the use of the *same materials*, I will close this point by presenting the history of a single meal, which I received about sixteen years ago by a genteel, pious member of our Church. On a wet, cold day in November, while on a pastoral move, I got a little deranged in my plans in consequence of the absence of a certain family from home, which made it necessary to go some distance to another place for dinner. In this way I came after dinner-time. On entering the house I remarked to the sister that I was in a bad fix, being wet, cold, and myself and horse both very hungry. My free manner appeared to take well, and she asked me if I could use buckwheat bread. I said, "Yes, first-rate." She forthwith commenced preparing the batter, which I think was mixed with cold water, and quite stiff at that. The baking was commenced in a few minutes, but not so soon ended; for she held on in the spirit of a liberal kindness till she got six cakes, broad and thick, and still looking much the same color of the batter, for the iron was not hot enough to produce a singe on the cakes. She next got hold of a good-looking ham, cutting out three broad, thick slices. These were so moderately fried that they were a good match for the cakes. By this time I was beginning to think that she was not hard on the wood, when all at once she began to use a fresh supply of bark and chips, and set on a skillet with coffee to burn.

This operation went forward with great rapidity, and we soon had such a strong coffee scent as somewhat interrupted our interesting conversation. The coffee was soon burned—yes, literally burnt to death—and was ground, and mixed

THE METHODIST;  
OR,  
INCIDENTS AND CHARACTERS FROM LIFE  
IN THE  
BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.  
BY MIRIAM FLETCHER.  
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY W. P. STRICKLAND, D.D.  
IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. II.  
NEW YORK :  
DERBY & JACKSON, 119 NASSAU STREET.  
1859.

Many novels were written about circuit-rider life in the 19th Century. This one deals with the Baltimore Conference, which until 1858 included most of Central Pennsylvania.



An artist's "reconstruction" of Bishop Roberts' "double cabin" at Shenango, Mercer County, Pennsylvania, 1805-1808. From Charles Elliott, *The Life of the Rev. Robert R. Roberts, One of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church* (New York, 1844).

with warm water, and soon on the table; so that in about two hours after coming in I was seated at the table, with bread and meat enough for six laboring men. I used about half of one cake, a small piece from one of the thinnest cuts of meat, one cup of coffee, and hard at that. It is easy to see that a right cook could have furnished a comfortable meal from these materials in half the time; while long time and ruin were the facts in the case. The first was last, and the last first.

11. *Requiring a preacher during the heavy labors of a protracted meeting to ride from one to three miles on horseback, in a cold night, after hard labors in a meeting.* There is no doubt but such a movement on the part of a preacher will consume his constitution more rapidly than all his pulpit and Church labors together. Any preacher that wishes to make the best improvement of time, and do the most to advance the cause of God, should carefully avoid riding in cold or cold wind on coming out of a church in a state of perspiration at night. There are but few places where a preacher can not secure a sleeping place within half a mile of a church, if he is resolute, and lets it be publicly known that he is willing to stay either with good or bad people, and that unless he can secure such accommodation his stay must necessarily be short. A hale young person, who is only at one protracted meeting during the Winter, may for a few nights ride and keep a horse hitched in the cold during a long night meeting; but a preacher who has to labor till he perspires, and is engaged in such meetings through most of the Winter season, should avoid such traveling; and, besides, it is too hard on a horse to stand in the cold so many nights.

As I never stopped or failed to fill an appointment in daylight in consequence of rain, snow, or any weather God sent, I hope I will not be understood as teaching that a preacher is not to endure hardness. It is necessary, in order to meet and fill all our regular appointments, that we ride through

all kinds of weather; but with good management it is seldom or never necessary in prosecuting the labors of a protracted meeting. The two cases differ in another point of view. While a cold night ride, just from a close, warm church, will prostrate and ruin the constitution, the fact of riding in daylight, through the worst weather, when free from perspiration and well dressed, contributes to make a good, hardy constitution. It is not fair to infer that because a preacher refuses to move round and visit, either by day or night, during the hard labors of a protracted meeting, that he is either refusing or declining to do this work. It is generally best to do one thing at a time. In this way, if we keep on the move, we are likely to do the most work and the best work.

### III. THE RELATIONS OF THE PEOPLE TO THE PASTORAL WORK.

In closing these remarks, it has come forcibly before my mind that there were two sides to the subject on which I dwelt; one relating to the preacher, and the other to the people among whom he lives and labors. The first alone has been dwelt upon in the previous sections; and the reader will recollect that by far the larger share of the sufferings and hardships endured by the preacher were ranked under the head of those "not necessary."

Now, if I am not greatly mistaken, some preachers cause a large amount of unnecessary trouble to the families with whom they stay. It is well known to those families that have had long experience in entertaining and lodging preachers, that some are more than double the trouble that others are. With a sincere desire to produce such a reformation in families as would relieve our preachers from unnecessary hardships, I felt compelled to be very specific. I shall, in the nature of the case, feel compelled to take the same course with the preacher. And while I admit that the great body of our ministers are so far my superiors that it would better become

me to sit at their feet and learn, than to offer them any aid by my reformatory hints, yet it is quite obvious that many young men of fine ability, and some not so young, greatly need waking up on this somewhat delicate subject. Before I go into particulars, I am free to admit that such is the diversity of taste and family fixtures, that what might much annoy one family, would not much, if any, disturb another. Still it is obvious that a clear gain course is in all respects the safest and best. In order, then, to avoid giving families unnecessary trouble, a preacher should

1. *Try to secure a convenient horse*, avoiding all unnecessary strapping and rigging. Some men have two girths, crupper, and four times as many straps, rings, and buckles about the head and neck as are necessary on a convenient horse, thus causing much trouble at the stopping and starting points. Some horses are so restless and unruly in stables, that in one night they will break and spoil enough to give the owner of the stable a heavy job the next day. In short, a preacher should use a handy horse, so that all that is common to be done with a horse is easy and safe to be done either by man or boy.

2. As far as matters are under a preacher's control, he should get where he intends a meal or lodging in *good time*. If he stops for dinner, he should come *before* the time, rather than *at* or *after* the time. This is better both for him and the family. And if he calls to stay all night, he should try to get along before the stable matters are fixed, as new arrangements in the dark cause so much trouble. And should a preacher need any special matter, such as to require warm water, either for tea or bathing the feet, let this be made known *before* the point of retiring to bed. Some men give much more trouble in the simple matter of shaving than is necessary—always borrowing tools, instead of carrying their own, and daubing over a towel with their suds, and splashing water over tables or bureau-top—while a neat and careful man can do the same job, requiring nothing of the family but a little warm water, and not splash a drop of that on any furniture.

In the single matter of the morning wash, if water is placed in the bedroom, some make a great splash, wetting table or wash-stand, and some abuse even the floor or carpet; while a careful man can do the same job without scattering one drop. In some cases, in washing out of doors, the water is

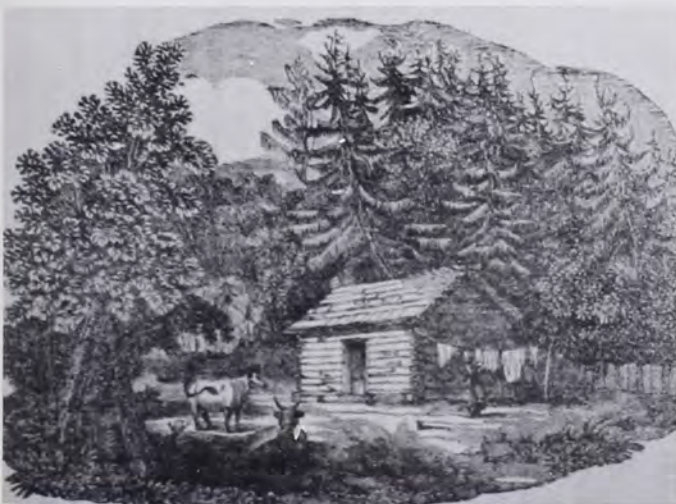
scattered or thrown out where it injures; and if freezing, causes walking to be difficult, if not dangerous. It is rude, when in a nice family, for a preacher to raise his foot or leg on a chair or table, or to use a sofa or bed with shoes or boots on, or to set a wet hat on a bureau or table, or a glass or pitcher containing water on a table where books and papers lie. I grant that these are in some respects small things; and yet a stranger who is worsting every thing about him is a serious annoyance to a clean, tasty woman.

3. A preacher should in all cases *rise so early in the morning* as not to incommode any stirring, industrious family by waiting breakfast for him. Some are greatly wanting here; so that some meals are much injured by delay, and men kept from their work. Some preachers who rise earlier straggle off just as the breakfast is nearly ready, and thus cause families much trouble and loss of time; and some, after all these delays, will occupy more than double the proper time at family worship. This is only a habit, and can easily be corrected.

4. And lastly, the worst is still to come—the *use of tobacco*.<sup>9</sup> This dirty, stinking practice is sometimes more in the way than all I have named besides. Whatever rights a man may claim, he can not lawfully claim to intrude upon the rights of others; but this is more or less the case with every tobacco-user. If a preacher lights his big cigar, and commences puffing in the small room, others must leave or suffer; and the tobacco-chewer scatters his filth wherever he goes. O, how shamefully some preachers pollute hearths, carpets, and stoves! I recollect two preachers that traveled with me who gave so much trouble in this way, that good women requested me to tell them to stay away. They have both died in the prime of life, and I fear from this cause. I believe the only circumstance that has rendered it unpleasant for me to be in the presence of the members of the Pittsburgh[h] Conference has been once or twice, that resolutions condemnatory of this practice were presented for Conference action. While some laughed at the *fun*, others seemed to look with a stern gloom of opposition upon such resolutions, while they knew, or ought to have known, that this practice was hedging up the way of some members of the Conference, destroying their influence, and landing some in an untimely grave.

Finally, all must admit, that while the tobacco-user is a great annoyance to such as do not use it, the man who refrains from its use is not on that account in the way of any one; therefore, the minister should entirely refrain from its use in any and every form. Some say they "*can't quit it*." I would advise such to pause, and consider whether such a declaration is consistent with plain *truth*. For my own part, I would not dare to make this declaration in reference to the food that sustains life. So far as *mere self-denial* is concerned, I could refrain from the use of food; but this I *ought not to do*, because it is the *stay* of life; but tobacco is the *drain of life*. To be *consistent*, a preacher who thinks he *can't quit* the use of tobacco should never make a temperance address.

<sup>9</sup>Jacob Gruber was particularly strong versus tobacco. See Strickland, *op. cit.*, pp. 299-300. On one of his Pennsylvania circuits Gruber lost an old Methodist to one of the bearded Baptist sects which permitted tobacco-chewing. "His faith," Gruber tells us, "was only as large as a grain of tobacco seed. He was a great chewer of the weed; believed greatly in washing feet and saluting, and had been ducked three times. He asked me, 'How do you get over the command, 'Salute one another with a holy kiss?' I told him, 'Some of our members do kiss each other. But how can persons salute with a holy kiss who are not holy, and do not believe in a doctrine of holiness? And how can a person give a clean kiss with a plug of tobacco in his mouth?' " (*Ibid.*, p. 337).



Log cabin illustration from Bishop Roberts' life (1844).

# Eighteenth-Century Emigration From the Duchy of Zweibrücken

By FRIEDRICH KREBS

Translated and Edited By Don Yoder

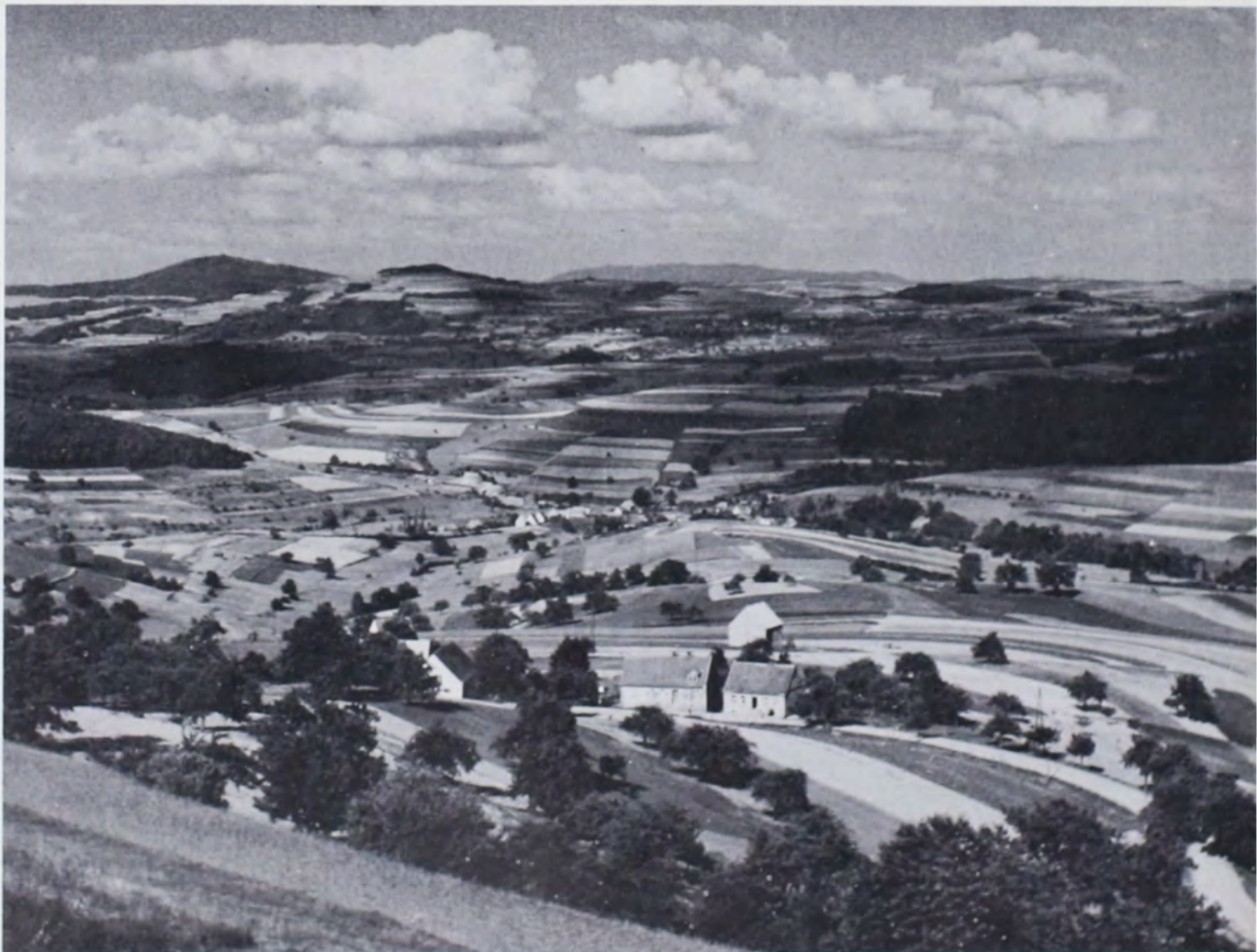
[1] According to an extract of the Law-Court Protocols of the Superior Bailiwick of Zweibrücken, dated July 14, 1781, *Philipp Buchmann* of Nünschweiler had—according to information furnished by the Orphan Registry—"gone to America sixteen years ago." His property which was under guardianship was confiscated November 13, 1781, by the District of Zweibrücken. *Philipp Buchmann* reached Philadelphia on October 13, 1766, on board the Ship "Betsy" (Hinke-Strassburger, *Pennsylvania German Pioneers* [Norristown, Pennsylvania, 1934], List 259 C).

[2] In the year 1761 the property of *Johannes Göltzer* from Mimbach was confiscated for the treasury, because he had emigrated from Webenheim to America without manumis-

sion. The usufruct of a piece of pasture land was turned over to his mother as long as she lived, after that it passed to a member of the family. On October 2, 1761, *Johannes Göltzer*, who had returned from America, was given permission by government decree to stay with his relatives in Mimbach until the following Spring; but if he should mislead people into emigration, he was at once to be put under arrest.

[3] *Friedrich Hilspach*, son of the citizen and master shoemaker at Zweibrücken, *Georg Friedrich Hilspach*, died in 1757 in Surinam (Dutch Guiana), according to a document in the archives. The confiscation decreed for his property in the homeland was lifted by decree on October 22, 1767,

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Zweibrücken landscape viewed from the Potzberg. This is "Musikantenland"—land of music-makers.



*Dörrenbach on the Weinstrasse.*

Pfälzischer Verkehrsverband

and the inheritance awarded to the heirs, in case they could furnish proof that their relative had died without heirs abroad.

[4] *Peter, Jacob, and Conrad Klee* of Steinberg in the District of Nohfelden (today Steinberg-Deckenhardt in the District of St. Wendel), sons of *Peter Klee* of Steinberg, asked in an official petition for the issue of the property of their brother *Michael Klee* who had left for foreign parts eleven years previously. He had gone away in order to improve himself in the tailor trade and is said to have reached America in 1749. The property which the emigrant left behind

amounted to 131 florins, 8 batzen, and 3 pfennig. It was finally given up to the petitioners on payment of interest and instalment payment of the capital. *Michael Klee* arrived in Philadelphia on October 7, 1749, on the Ship "Leslie" (Hinke-Strassburger, *Pennsylvania German Pioneers*, List 141 C).

[5] On resolution of the Zweibrücken Government of March 30, 1771, the petition of *Abraham Roland* from Lamsborn, who had emigrated to America and was living in Lebanon (now county-seat of the county of the same name) in Pennsylvania, to let him have his parental inheritance, was



*Harvest-time in the Rhine Palatinate.*

dismissed and the property declared fallen to the treasury, because he had emigrated to America without official permission. However the government, in decrees dated February 10, 1781, and April 3, 1781, granted the emigrant's sister, *Maria Elisabeth*, wife of *Simon Alt* at Einöd, the usufruct of the confiscated property of her brother. *Abraham Roland* is identical with the emigrant who has signed the oath of allegiance of August 11, 1750, as "*Aberham Roland*." In *Strassburger-Hinke*, List 146 C, the name appears as "*Aberham Reiland*." He arrived in Philadelphia on the Ship "*Patience*."

[6] By decree of the Zweibrücken Government of April 13, 1790, the petition of *Jakob Schamar* of Brenschelbach, to grant him and his brothers and sisters the property of their brother *Peter Schamar* who had emigrated to America, and to lift the confiscation—was dismissed once for all. Possibly identical with *Peter Schowmacker*, *Shamar*, *Shammer*, in *Hinke-Strassburger*, List 221 A-C. The spelling *Schowmacker* in List A suggests "*Schuhmacher*," but the names in the A-Lists are frequently very much garbled [since they were written by scribes rather than the individuals themselves]. The emigrant did not, however, actually sign Lists B and C, but rather used his mark.

[7] *Georg Jacob*, *Peter*, and *Magdalena Schirmer*, children of *Jacob Schirmer* from Winden, had emigrated to America in the years 1750 and 1751. In 1770 the inheritance of the emigrants was publicly confiscated by the state on account of

illegal emigration. Also in the same year the petition of their brother, *Anton Schirmer*, who had remained behind, and his sister, the wife of *Ludwig Schmitt* at Weingarten, to turn over the emigrants' portion to them, was dismissed, yet *Anton Schirmer* was permitted to keep back 60 florins each year from the bulk of the estate for the board and lodging of his father. About 1770 the confiscated property was put up for sale. *Anton Schirmer* acquired the greatest part of it; he was later, finally, in 1783, granted the payment of the auction fees [*Steigschilling*] in installments. *Peter Schirmer* landed at the port of Philadelphia on the Ship "*Phoenix*" on August 28, 1750 (*Hinke-Strassburger*, List 154 C); *Georg Jacob Schirmer* on the Ship "*Janet*" in 1751, taking the oath of allegiance on October 7, 1751 (*Hinke-Strassburger*, List 175 C). *Peter Schirmer* was baptized at Winden, January 10, 1723, son of *Jacob Schirmer* and *Anna Catharina*. *Georg Jacob Schirmer* was born at Winden of the same parents, March 3, 1730, and baptized there March 7, 1730. The parents, *Johann Jacob Schirmer*, son of the deceased *Sebastian Schirmer*, citizen at Winden, and his wife *Anna Catharina*, who came from Höfen near Kandel, had married November 22, 1718, at Winden. On February 17, 1750, *Peter Schirmer* was married at Winden to *Magdalena*, daughter of *Andreas Wendel* from Gleiszellen; to this couple was born, at Winden, on May 7, 1750, before the emigration, another daughter, *Maria Barbara*. Entries about a *Magdalena Schirmer*, sister of the emigrants, were not to be found



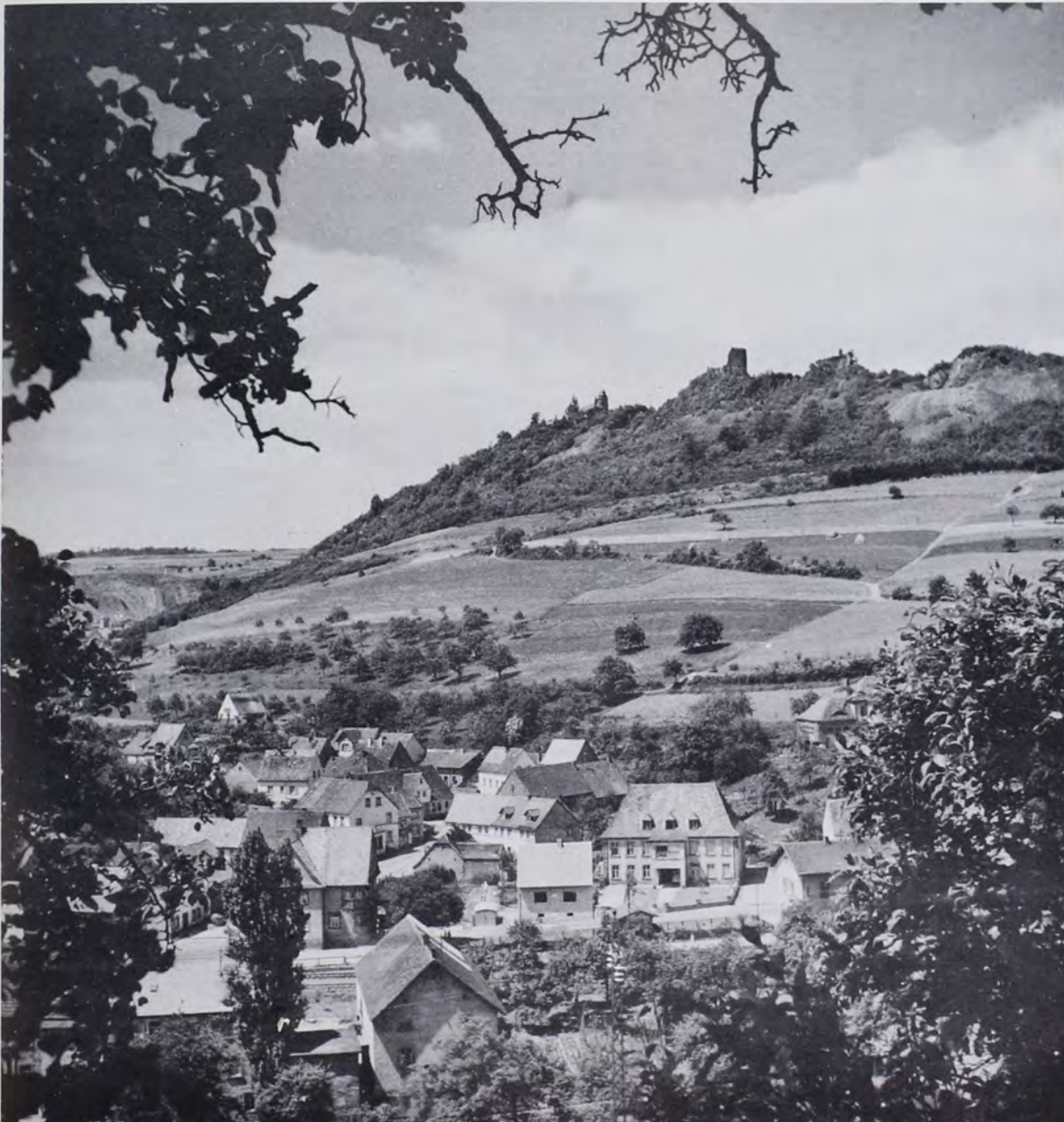
in the Reformed Church Register of Winden. Possibly there is involved here a confusion with *Magdalena*, wife of *Peter Schirmer*. Source: Documents in the Speyer State Archives; Reformed Church Register of Winden.

[8] According to an extract of the Law-Court Protocols of the High Bailiwick of Bergzabern, dated December 18, 1772, the inheritance of *Barbara Schober*, nee *Wüst*, which had fallen to her share from her deceased father, *Georg Wüst* of Winden, was confiscated for the treasury, because she had gone to America in the year 1750 with her husband and children, without payment of the emigration tax. The last will of her father, made out in his daughter's favor, was annulled. According to the Reformed Church Register of Winden, *Simon Schober*, son of *Hans Peter Schober* of Erlenbach near Kandel, was married, on January 12, 1740, to *Maria Barbara*, daughter of *Georg Wüst* of Winden. On May 28, 1719, the parents, *Georg Wüst, Jr.*, and *Anna Maria*, had a daughter, *Anna Barbara*, baptized at Winden. *Johann Simon Schober* landed at Philadelphia on the Ship "Janet" and took the oath of allegiance on October 7, 1751 (Hinke-Strassburger, List 175 C).

Children, born and baptized in Winden:

1. *Isaac*, born November 23, 1740, baptized November 27, 1740.
2. *Maria*, born November 26, 1741, baptized December 3, 1741.
3. *Johann Adam*, born October 15, 1743, baptized October 23, 1743.
4. *Georg Peter*, born December 12, 1745, baptized December 19, 1745.
5. *Sophia*, born February 24, 1749, baptized March 2, 1749, died at Winden, April 21, 1750, at the age of one year and eight weeks.

[9] According to an entry in the Lutheran Church Register at Annweiler, *Johann Georg Süss* was born at Rinnthal, January 25, 1734, son of *Johann Philipp Süss* and *Maria Catharina*, and baptized (presumably at Annweiler), January 31, 1734. In connection with this entry there is a marginal notation: "became a pilgrim to America" [*ward ein Pilgrim nach Amerika*]. He is presumably identical with the *Gorg Jacob Süss* who landed at Philadelphia on the Ship "Hamilton" in the year 1767 and took the oath of allegiance



*Theisbergstegen with view of the Remigiusberg — mountain of St. Remigius.*

Heimatstelle Pfalz

there November 9, 1767 (Hinke-Strassburger, List 265 C). In favor of this identity is the fact that there is in the same church register a further notation, "Extract, the 5th of May, 1767," which leads us to conclude that on this day a birth certificate was prepared for the emigrant.

[10] Through resolution of the Zweibrücken Government, November 29, 1764, the property of the citizen and master locksmith *Carl Philipp Witz* of Annweiler was confiscated and declared fallen to the treasury, because this person had gone to America clandestinely 24 years previously. The emigrant arrived at Philadelphia on the Ship "St. Andrew," October 2, 1741. His age is given as 28 years. (Hinke-Strassburger, List 85 A-C).

According to records of the Heimatstelle Pfalz, *Carl Philipp Witz* was in 1792 a member of the Falkner Swamp Reformed Church in Pennsylvania. He had married in 1764, as his second wife, *Margaret*, widow of *Karl Neuman(n)*. A *Carl Neumann* from Callbach in the District of Rokkenhausen emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1738; he was 26 years old when he arrived in Philadelphia on board the sailing vessel "Glasgow," September 9, 1738.

The children of his first marriage, born in Pennsylvania, were as follows:

1. *Johannes*, born March 15, 1752.
2. *Georg Michael*, born June 26, 1755.
3. *Margaretha*, born July 29, 1757.

[11] *Hans Adam Klein*, born March 7, 1680, according to an entry in the Reformed Church Register of Niederkirchen

in the Ostertal, was born at Bubach, son of *Johannes Klein* (died March 22, 1709, at Bubach) and *Anna* (died February 24, 1701, at Bubach), emigrated to America in 1709 as a cartwright. He lived last in the State of New York, in Mohawk County, near Albany. In 1748 there appeared in the Duchy of Zweibrücken, as deputy for *Johann Adam Klein*, a relative of his named *Henrich Klein*, who lived in Lancaster in Pennsylvania, to reclaim the paternal inheritance of his client, which the latter at the time of his departure in 1709 had pledged in the sum of 70 gulden to his brother *Wendel Klein*. Since the power of attorney was found wanting, and the children of *Wendel Klein* made difficulties in the issuance of the legacy, a legal battle ensued, which finally in 1748 under mediation of the Zweibrücken authorities was settled through a compromise, whereby the attorney was paid out 275 gulden for his client in America, promising to produce a better power of attorney, to provide surety, and to pay the official state emigration taxes for his client. The appended letter was directed to *Adam Klein's* brother *Jacob* and played a role as evidence in the legal contest. It reports nothing of the circumstances in America, but only of family matters, yet it is despite this of great interest.

*Johann Henrich Klein* from Kusel is presumably identical with *Johann Henrich Klein*, who landed in Philadelphia on the Ship "Samuel" in 1737. He had married a daughter of *Daniel Grimm* from Kusel and at the time was schoolteacher [*Schuldiener*] at Wolfersweiler. According to notes of the Heimatstelle Pfalz the 1709 emigrant *Johann Adam Klein*

Contemporary  
Zweibrücken —  
the Rose Garden.





*The past in the present — village fountain and watering trough (1584), Leinsweiler on the Weinstrasse.*

Pfälzischer Verkehrsverband

was manumitted in 1748. He was part of the group of emigrants who arrived at St. Catharine's, England, June 11, 1709, coming from Holland, and [in the lists he is described as] aged 28, Reformed, and without family. In the New York Lists of the years 1710 and 1712 he is described as unmarried and childless. On September 2, 1715, *Adam Klein* and *Anna Catharina* had a daughter *Anna Clara* born to them—see the Kocherthal Church Register in West Camp, New York. In the so-called "Simmendinger Register" the emigrant appears with his wife *Catharina* and two children, at New Heidelberg in the colony of New York.

#### LETTER OF HANS ADAM KLEIN, CONESTOGA, 1743

The grace of our dear Lord Jesus Christ, which is better than life, inhabit and preserve, move, enliven and inspirit all of our hearts, Amen.

The great joy which I had on receipt of your letter, which Cousin Ludwig brought over to this country, cannot sufficiently be expressed, especially since I had had no word from you in 33 years. Now I have found from your letter that you alone of all my brothers and sisters, are still living. I wish you and your children further good health and good fortune.

As for me, after I left you in 1709 I finally arrived in England, and at that time with still more of our countrymen [was sent] by Queen Anne over the sea to America, and finally arrived in *Georgin* [York, i.e., New York?], where I stayed as a single man some three years in the same neighborhood. Afterwards I was married according to God's will to a widow who was without children. She is a native of the *Hundsrück*, from the village of *Kellwiler*; her maiden name was *Han* and she has brothers living in *Gettebach* and *Oberweiler* on the *Glan*. We had then during our marriage four children, i.e., one son and three daughters, of whom two daughters are still living and are both married. We live in *Albanien* [Albany] and my children near me. I have worked at my trade the entire time.

If otherwise I have been well, yet I have had to undergo many sicknesses, which also deprived me completely of my hearing, so that I hear quite laboriously. Yet I have, thank God, never suffered much want. But now since I and my wife on account of old age and inconvenience cannot earn much anymore and I now have, through my Cousin *Johann Henrich Klein*, heard the first news of you, but now learn from your letter how my inheritance still stands among my late brother *Wendel's* heirs, but in my old age I am in very great need of what is mine, so along with my son-in-law I have taken upon myself the far journey of 400 American miles, in order to go to our cousin, from whom I have learned that he might make a trip to Germany, so I knew no other way of executing my business than to give Cousin *Henrich* full power of attorney, to look up my properties and to deal with them as if I myself were present, as you will see from the power of attorney, which has been prepared by a county judge and justice of the peace here and which I and my son-in-law have both signed in our own hand. Now will you, dear Brother *Jacob*, do so much for me and be helpful in all parts to Cousin *Henrich*, so that he can bring over what belongs to me.

When I left, our deceased Brother *Wendel* gave me 70 florins for the journey, for which he was to make use of my properties, on condition, to be sure, that if I should return in three or four years, I should give him, Brother *Wendel*, the 70 florins back. At that time he should place my property in my hands again without attachment. But if I should stay away a longer time, then he should use the property in return for the above-mentioned 70 florins, besides paying the government and give back the property into my hands without attachment and minus the 70 florins. Now I believe they will be in accord with this agreement, since they have used it now for 33 years, and faithfully and fraternally place in my hand, through Cousin *Henrich*, what is mine from God and the law. *Sontag* of *Albessen* wrote down our agreement, which will surely still be at hand.

Among the 70 florins which the deceased *Wendel* gave me, were two ducats which were gilded but were of copper, which I had to throw away here in this country. My share of our late father's house I received, namely half from *Hans Adam Seyler*, the other half from *Hans Müller* of *Selchenbach*, who has written it up, I for my part don't know any more how much it was. Lastly this is my will, that if, after giving for it what it is worth, my property remains among you, then each shall have a share of it like the other, you as well as Brother *Wendel* and our late Sister *Catharina's* surviving children.

Moreover I should wish that before my death I might yet see one of my relationship here in this country, then I would be ready to part from the world more peacefully, since I am

now old and weary of life and almost long for death. Sixty-three years have gone by in my lifetime, I don't know how long the dear God may still let me live, yet I hope to see yet another letter from you. I could indeed have wished that one of my sons-in-law had been able to travel to you, but because they are natives of this country and have no knowledge of such a troublesome journey, also can scarcely leave their own properties, since they are both young beginners, also the travel costs on this account would be too heavy, so that they would bring back little of the capital. So I hope Cousin *Henrich Klein* will be received and recognized in our place.

We have stayed four days at Cousin *Henrich's*, during which at first I had great joy, but also at times have had to shed tears, since I learned from him and Cousin *Ludwig* that not only my Brother *Wendel* and Sister *Catharina* besides their husband and wife, also many friends have parted from this world. May the Lord give us who are still living, to consider that we must die, so that we become prudent and may prepare ourselves well and in a Christian manner for a blessed hour of death.

It would not really be necessary to write much to you of the state of this country. Cousin *Henrich*, if God lets him come safe and sound to you, will report everything in detail and with all faithfulness to you.

Also Cousin *Henrich* will tell you how at the time of my departure Brother *Jacob* brought me on the road, where then Old *Benner* who was called *Magdalena*, went down a piece of the way to the *Griesswald*, but my brother accompanied me to *Duntzweiler*, where I had left 200 birchen felloes, which he purchased from me and gave me a doubloon for them, which doubloon I put in his presence between the soles of my shoe, so that I should not lose it. From there we went to *Schellweiler*, where he turned back. Also, dear brother, you will still remember how *Schäfer* stole your new blue camisole from you, when we were learning the cartwright trade at *Wendel Lang's*. I should have liked to report still other memories, but don't think it necessary.

Lastly, I commend you, dear brother, nephews and nieces, friends, relations and acquaintances, into the protection of the Most High and, cordially greeting you many thousand times, I am and remain till death

Your faithful brother, cousin and friend  
*Hans Adam Klein* from *Bubbach*

N.B. My family, i.e., my wife and daughters, sons-in-law, and four grandchildren, send you hearty greetings. *Adieu. Conastocke* [Conestoga], August 22, 1743.

[Of the places named in the *Hans Adam Klein* letter, Dr. *Krebs* suggests in his footnotes that *Kellweiler* is perhaps *Gehlweiler* (Simmern); *Gettebach* is *Jettenbach* (Kusel); *Oberweiler* is *Oberweiler im Tal* (Kusel), which however is not on the *Glan* but at some distance from it; and *Albessen* is also in the *Kusel* area. *Conestoga* was of course in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. For additional background on the 18th Century emigration from the Duchy of *Zweibrücken* and its dependencies, see *William John Hinke* and *John Baer Stoudt*, "A List of German Immigrants to the American Colonies from *Zweibrücken* in the Palatinate, 1728-1749," in *The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society*, I (1936), 101-124; also Dr. *Friedrich Krebs*, "A List of German Immigrants to the American Colonies from *Zweibrücken* in the Palatinate, 1750-1771," *The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society*, XVI (1951), 171-183.—EDITOR.]

# Folk-Cultural Questionnaire No. 5

## The Pennsylvania Folk-Dance Tradition

In early America what we now call folk-dancing was common, and Pennsylvanians — Pennsylvania Dutchmen, the Scotch-Irish and most other groups except the Quakers — were great lovers of the dance and the fiddle-tunes that accompanied it.

Dances were held in private homes, in barns, and in country taverns. They were held in connection with weddings and even in some cases with baptisms. They were an accepted part of the "badolya" or militia-muster as well as the spring and fall fairs which drew together the largest crowds of rural Pennsylvanians. They were even part of the "Fastnacht" tradition — Pennsylvania's version of the European "carnival" at the beginning of Lent. For this, note the song recorded some years ago from a 90-year-old Schuylkill Countian:

*Siss net alledag Inschdich lewe,  
Siss net alledag Faasenacht!  
Ich hab mei Geld em Schpielmann gewewe,  
Un hab gedantz die ganze Nacht.*

(Not every day can you whoop-it-up, not every day is Fastnacht! I gave my money to the fiddler and danced all night.)

There are many historical problems that we are working on in connection with traditional dancing practices in rural Pennsylvania, and we turn to our readers for information. Since folk-dancing as such (with the exceptions of [1] its survival in Amish life, and [2] its current revival among Pennsylvania's teenagers) is largely a thing of the past, we request our readers to share with us, for our archive, what they remember, and if possible, what they were told by older members of their families, about Pennsylvania's "whoop-it-up" dancing tradition of the 19th Century.

"Schtivveli" Rex and his Harmony Grangers



Durang's Hornpipe (1785)

1. What place did dancing have in Pennsylvania rural life in the 19th Century? Please give us all the details you recall — where dances were held, on what occasions dances were held, what types of dances were used.
2. How was dancing related to the courting practices of the areas you are familiar with?
3. Do you remember hearing of special dances with unusual names, for example, the "Strouse Dance"?
4. Who did the fiddling for the local dances in your area? How was the fiddler paid? Are there any "old fiddlers" in your community from whom we might record their repertoire?
5. Do you have, or do you know of the whereabouts of any manuscript fiddle-tune books? If so, we would like the privilege of copying them for our archive.
6. Who did the "calling" of the dances? Was the calling in English or Pennsylvania German?
7. If you come from religious groups, or families, who had religious objection to dancing, please suggest for us the reasoning behind this attitude.
8. Finally, do you recall humorous stories, jokes, jests, rhymes, or songs that refer to dancing, in English or Pennsylvania German? For example, the little rhyme, recorded in Schuylkill County, which expresses the exuberance with which Pennsylvania Dutchmen used to dance in the past:

*So geigt der Check,  
No danzt die Beck,  
No schmeisst der Alt  
Der Schtock aweck!*

(When Jake fiddles, Becky dances, and the old man throws his cane away!)

Send your replies to: Dr. Don Yoder  
Bennett Hall Box 19  
University of Pennsylvania  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104

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