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Authors

Henry J. Kauffman, John D. Kendig, Guy Graybill, Marie K. Graeff, William T. Parsons, and Ray W. Sauers

Pennsylvania Doll life

Autumn 1981



A pride in Pennsylvania's
heritage of fine craftsmen.

MUNRO 81

Contributors

MARIE K. GRAEFF, with her late husband, Dr. Arthur D. Graeff, has been active in preservation of Pennsylvania German Folk Culture for several decades. She lives in Robesonia and participates in Conrad Weiser and Tulpehocken historical organizations; she is the guiding spirit in the newly formed West Baerricks Fersommling. The Goschenhoppen Historians presented their 1981 award for achievement in folk cultural studies to Marie K. Graeff.

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JOHN D. KENDIG, Manheim, PA, is a local historian, author, after-dinner speaker and photographer with special interest in Northern Lancaster County. He has universal interests in furnaces and forges, Pennsylvania barns, forestry and just plain local people. He has an eye for historical scenes and artifacts; his latest book is *Lancaster County Waysides*, a 1979 publication.

WILLIAM T. PARSONS, of Collegeville, PA, Editor of *PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE* and Director of the Pennsylvania German Program at Ursinus College, has investigated English and American Friends and German-Americans in his research and has long been interested in their interaction. 20 years ago he discussed Port Royal-Philadelphia implications with Henry Cadbury. After numerous other Penna. German and some Quaker articles, this seemed to have matured. His PhD topic in 1955 dealt with Isaac Norris II.

ROY W. SAUERS, of Middletown, OHIO, is retired but busily occupied in rural Ohio, although he spent most of his youth on a Pennsylvania German farm and travelled locally throughout Snyder and Union Counties, PA. He believes that a sure way to keep the old sounds alive is to repeat them while reliving the old experiences. He and his wife have been a devoted couple for many decades.



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(Inside front cover)

COVER:

Brazier, coppersmith, gunsmith and cooper are among the skilled craftsmen who helped make Pennsylvania great and who appear in articles in this issue. The Pennsylvania long rifle in the hands of a woodsman shares the spotlight with the copper utensil a village brazier is shaping.

Layout and

Special Photography: WILLIAM K. MUNRO

The large and small examples of copper tea kettles made by Pennsylvania craftsmen.



Private Collection

THE PENNSYLVANIA COPPER TEA KETTLE

by HENRY J. KAUFFMAN

Pennsylvania was a much favored region by handcraftsmen who worked there from 1750 to 1850. Manufactures such as the Conestoga wagon, Stiegel glass the Kentucky rifle and a wide range of fraktur work are usually associated with the region. Other products of equal importance, although little recognized, are the articles turned out by Pennsylvania Coppersmiths. These craftsmen operated between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, with a large proportion of them working in the so-called "Dutch Country." They made a wide range of objects many of which are distinctly Pennsylvanian in character, but most famous and distinctive were their copper tea kettles. Some were crafted in adjoining New York, Connecticut, and Maryland, but production outside Pennsylvania was minimal

Probably the most mysterious detail in the production was its design, which one would expect to be practically a replica of European models. And in fact, at least three American coppersmiths: Benjamin Harbeson, David Cummungs, and William Bailey, pictured European-designed kettles on their trade cards. These kettles might be described as globlar except for flat bottoms and tops for the lids. Just why this European design was discarded at an early time may never be known.

The production of tea kettles started early in Pennsylvania, for Peacock Bigger advertised them in the PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE on June 29, 1738. To date no products of Bigger have been found, and one can only speculate whether his were in the European style or the emerging Pennsylvania fashion.

Advertisement of Peacock Bigger in the Pennsylvania Gazette, 29 June 1738. Tea kettles are the first items he mentions, possibly to emphasize their importance.



PHILADELPHIA: Printed by B. FRANKLIN, POST-MASTER, at the New Printing-Office near the Market. Price 10 s. a Year. Where Advertisements are taken in, and Book-Binding is done reasonably, in the best Manner.



Fig. 1 — Body of Gallon Glue Pot or Tea-Kettle.

There were two possible usages of the tea kettle in colonial days; suspension from a crane, trammel, or pot hook, none of which required a flat bottom; or placing on a flat trivet on the hearth, a procedure which did require a flat bottom. The fact that many bottoms were worn through and a new one attached by a seam, suggests that they were used on iron stoves after they came into common use. The bottom might have been worn through by use on a trivet, however, they were easily adapted to stove use suggesting that many of them must have been worn out before they were discarded.

Measured dimensions of copper tea kettles indicate they were made in a large range of sizes, some holding several gallons while others were so small that they contained barely a pint of liquid. Tea was not brewed in them as their name suggests. The large size can be easily explained for in large families there was certainly a need for a goodly quantity of hot water. The precise reason for miniatures has never been certainly determined. There are too many of them to have been samples, so the most logical explanation of them is that they were made as toys. The "Dutch" are famous for the toys they made in other media, and a small copper tea kettle might easily been a present for a little girl. It should also be understood that even the usual sized one was difficult to fabricate. The miniatures must have taxed the coppersmith's ability to its very limits.

Procedures in fashioning any of the Pennsylvania type were probably common practice among coppersmiths. The fact that they were difficult to make can be attested by the writer's experience in this matter. The Figures are taken from *THE ART OF COPPER-SMITHING*, a rare book published in New York in the 1890's.

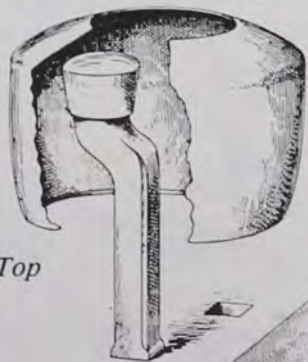


Fig. 3 — Razing Down Top on Bullet Stake.

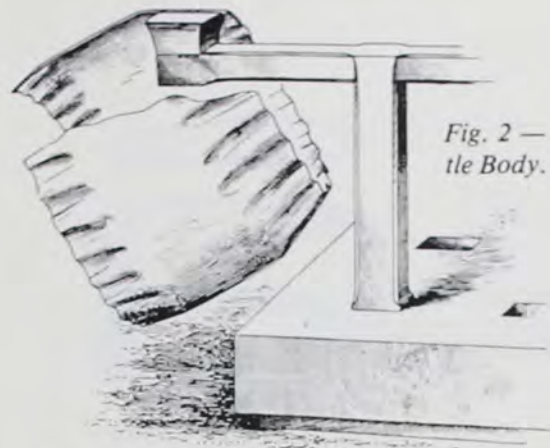


Fig. 2 — Forming Tea-Kettle Body.

The first step was to make a cylinder with parallel sides as in Figure 1. Closing the cylinder was the well-known joint, frequently but erroneously known as a dove-tail joint, more correctly called "Tabs". They were cut into one edge of the cylinder and half turned upright. The opposing straight edge was advanced to the bottom of the tabs, and the raised ones were hammered flat against the straight edge of the copper. Thus, half the tabs were on the inside, the other half on the outside. A high temperature solder was flowed through the joint, which was very strong, yet very flexible. Thereafter the joint could be ignored and the cylinder regarded as one continuous sheet of metal.

The top and bottom of the cylinder were then wrinkled as shown in Figure 2, and as the wrinkles were removed the portions became reduced in shape until the body appeared as in Figure 3. Figure 4 shows how the bottom edge was turned inward to accept the bottom. Figure 5 shows the tabs on the bottom before it is inserted and tabs hammered flat. Half the tabs are on the inside the other half outside. The same high temperature was used to join the bottom to the body of the kettle.

A very high-temperature solder was needed for to "tin" or cover the inside with a thin coating of tin, the whole kettle had to be heated to the melting point of tin, approximately 400 degrees Fahrenheit. If high-temperature solder had not been used in forming the kettle, it obviously would have fallen apart at this stage. The molten tin was wiped around the inside of the body until the entire surface was covered, being held with the device shown in Figure 6. After the body was covered the excess molten metal was poured out. All copper culinary objects had to be "tinned" to prevent the

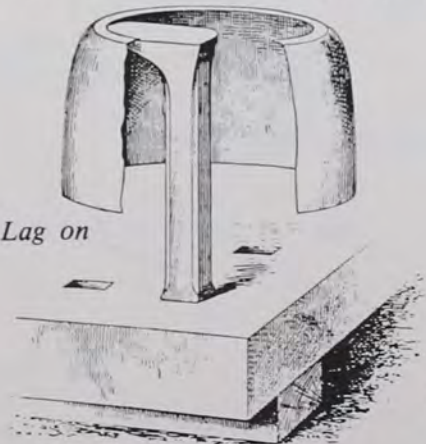


Fig. 4 — Turning Lag on Bottom Stake.

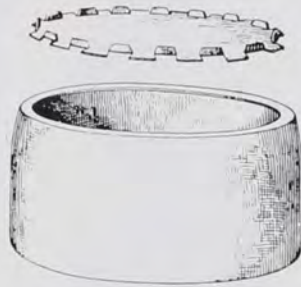


Fig. 5 — Putting in Bottom.

cooked contents from having a trace of copper taste. Figure 7 is the tow used to spread the tin around the inside.

Figure 8 shows a man planishing (smoothing) the outer surface of the kettle. This operation was necessary because the surface of the kettle was greatly distorted during fabrication. Figure 9 demonstrates the way the lid was "raised" into a block of wood held firmly in a vise. A round-ended chisel, shown in Figure 10 was used to make the divisions sharp between the two areas of the lid. This procedure was usually omitted in the making of Pennsylvania kettles. The cut-away drawing details the complete construction of the lid in Figure 11. The pattern for the spout is illustrated in Figure 12. Figure 13 shows the forming of the spout on a stake. To prevent kinking in the forming process, the spout is filled with lead as in Figure 14. The spout is bent in Figure 15. The finished kettle is shown in Figure 16, however, all Pennsylvania kettles have a strap handle instead of a tubular one as shown. The strap handle is a very important distinguishing part of Pennsylvania kettles.

Finally, it should be noted that many of these copper tea kettles can be positively identified as products of Pennsylvania coppersmiths, because many of them are signed on the handles. In the eighteenth century the craftsmen used an intaglio stamp which usually contained only their name; but in the nineteenth century names were imprinted with individual block letters with their address sometimes included.

Following is the listing of coppersmiths who worked in Pennsylvania, abstracted from *AMERICAN COPPER AND BRASS*, by this writer.

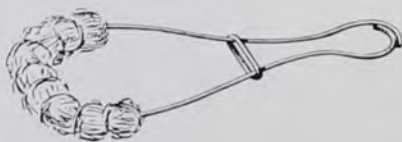


Fig. 7 — Tow-Wisp Used in Tinning.

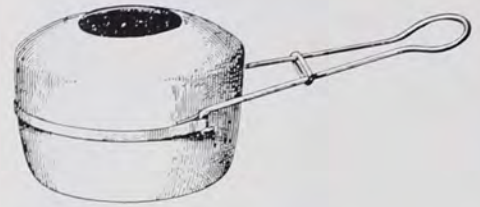


Fig. 6 — Clamp for Holding Tea-Kettle while Being Tinned.

Name	Place	Working Date
Adams, David	York, Pa	1783
Apple, Jacob	Philadelphia	1852
Apple, Philip	West Chester	1826
Attlee, William	Lancaster, Pa.	1795
Babb, John	Reading	1816
Babb, Mathias	Reading	1796
Babb, Samuel	Reading	1818
Bailey, William	York	1792
Ball, William	Philadelphia	1729
Barton, William	Lancaster	1830
Bentley, John	Philadelphia	1850
Bintzel, Daniel	Philadelphia	1852
Bintzel, William	Philadelphia	1852
Booth, Henry	Franklin Co.	1821
Bradley, Keighler	Reading	1813
Brotherton, E.	Lancaster	1806
Brown, Thomas	Philadelphia	1852
Buchanan, James	Pittsburgh	1818
Burker, Henry	Reading	1856
Cathcart, William	Reading	1816
Chandler, Philip	Lancaster	1816
Chessen, George	Philadelphia	1811
Christ, John	Reading	1798
Clark, Forbes	Harrisburg	1816
Clippinger, George	Franklin Co.	1821
Cook, John	Philadelphia	1810
Cooke, J.	Cuyahoga Falls	1837
Cropley, John	Philadelphia	1852
Crowell, Peter	Lancaster	1816
Cummings, William	Philadelphia	1790
Curry, James	Philadelphia	1795
Davis & Wiley	Pittsburgh	1837



Fig. 8 — Planishing Tea-Kettle Side.

Fig. 9 — Cup for Making Boss on Cover.

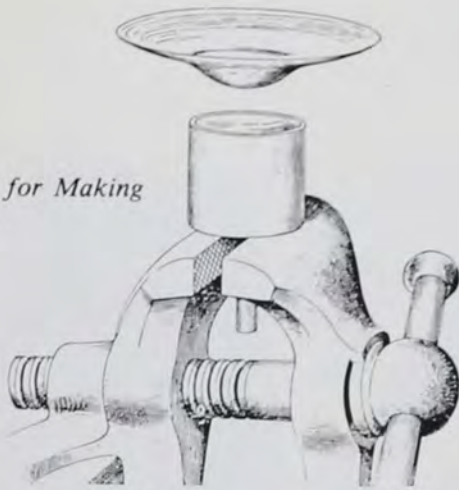


Fig. 10 — Collar Tool.

Dawson R. N.	Pittsburgh	1837	Hammett C. Miles	Philadelphia	1840
Dehuff, Henry	Lancaster	1816	Hamsher (Widow)	Pittsburgh	1812
Delancy, John	Carlisle	1796	Harberger, Henry	Philadelphia	1811
Delch, John	Philadelphia	1840	Harbeson, Benjamin	Philadelphia	1765
Dickey, Isaah	Pittsburgh	1837	Harbeson, Joseph	Philadelphia	1800
Dickey, Robert	Pittsburgh	1837	Harbeson, Joseph	Pittsburgh	1810
Diller, S.	Lancaster	1848	Harley, Francis	Philadelphia	1840
Doughty, Robert	Philadelphia	1800	Harley, G. & F.	Philadelphia	1811
Durr, Jacob	Philadelphia	1800	Heiss, Goddard	Philadelphia	1852
Eicholtz, Jacob	Lancaster	1802	Heiss, Wm. Jr.	Philadelphia	1852
Eisenhut, Andrew	Philadelphia	1800	Heller, Henry	Philadelphia	1840
Eisenhut, John	Philadelphia	1811	Helmuth, Alexander	Philadelphia	1800
Fahs, Tobias	York County	1833	Henry, Alexander	Philadelphia	1800
Fisher, Charles	York	1832	Henry, Robert	Lancaster	1803
Foos, Jacob	Lancaster	1869	Henry, William	Philadelphia	1800
Fordney, John	Lancaster	1869	Heyser, Jacob	Franklin Co.	1821
Fraily, Benjamin	Lancaster	1830	Howard & Ridgers	Pittsburg	1837
Gable, Jacob	Lancaster	1843	Hubley, Fredrick	Lebanon Twn.	1796
Gallagher, Miles	Philadelphia	1800	Hubley, Samuel	Lancaster	1780
Gaw, Chambers	York	1790	Humbert, Andrew	Pittsburgh	1819
Gaw, Gilbert	Philadelphia	1800	Ihling, William	Lancaster	1845
Gemperling, D. D.	Lancaster	1848	Johnson, John	Cumberland Co.	1807
Gerber, P.	Lancaster	1848	Keefer, J. & F.	Pittsburgh	1837
Getz, George	Lancaster	1843	Keiffer, C.	Lancaster	1848
Getz, John	Lancaster	1817	Keller & Sheriff	Pittsburgh	1837
Getz, Peter	Lancaster	1817	Kepner, William	Pittsburgh	1819
Gillespie, Charles	Franklin Co.	1807	Kepner & McKnight	Pittsburgh	1819
Gormly & M'Millin	Pittsburgh	1837	Kower, John	Kutztown	1841
Graff, Joseph	Philadelphia	1852	Krause, Franklin	Bethlehem	1860
Graham, Francis	Philadelphia	1800	Lackey, Edward	Reading	1798
Grael, Daniel	Philadelphia	1811	Leacock, William	Philadelphia	1840
Grimes, James	Pittsburgh	1837	Lee, William	Philadelphia	1852
Haldane, James	Philadelphia	1765	LeFrentz, Geo.	York	1790



Fig. 11 — Broken View of Collar and Ring.

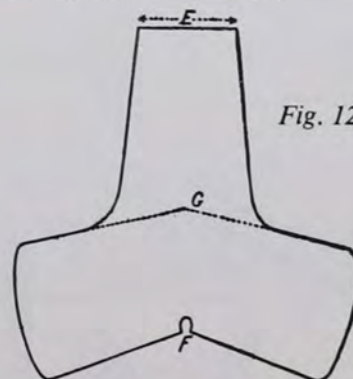


Fig. 12 — Pattern for Spout.

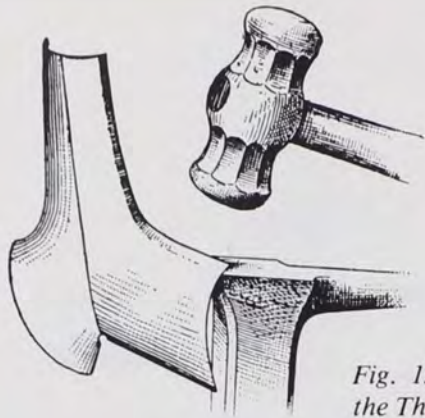


Fig. 13 — Working the Throat Down.

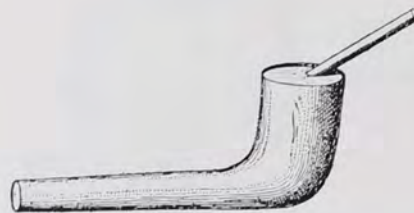


Fig. 14 — Spout Filled with Lead.

Name	Place	Working Date	Name	Place	Working Date
Lehman, B. E.	Pine Grove	1860	Potter, James	Philadelphia	1790
Levan, Jacob	Reading	1817	Price, Jacob	Reading	1836
Lindsay, David	Carlisle	1792	Read, W.	Philadelphia	1840
Lowry, John	Easton	1824	Ream, Davis, B.	Reading	1867
Lyne, John	Harrisburg	1814	Reed, Robert	Lancaster	1795
Luckenback, William	Bethlehem	1825	Reifsnnyder, Jonas	Baumstown	1860
Lyne, Robert	Philadelphia	1800	Reilly, Charles	Philadelphia	1800
McBride	Harrisburg	1811	Reigart, Henry	Lancaster	1803
M'Calmond, James	York	1793	Rink, Miller H.	Philadelphia	1840
M'Cauley, John	Philadelphia	1790	Roberts, Israel	Philadelphia	1800
McCoy, Neil	York County	1794	Roberts, John	Philadelphia	1852
Malbreau, Anthony	Philadelphia	1800	Rogers, G.	Lancaster	1848
Megee, George	Philadelphia	1852	Rulon, Jane	Philadelphia	1852
Mengel, S. & Son	Reading	1868	Rulom, William P.	Philadelphia	1852
Meyers, Ashmore	Philadelphia	1785	Scaife, W. B. & W.	Pittsburgh	1837
Miller, Jacob	Harrisburg	1820	Schaum, Benjamin	Lancaster	1792
Miltenberger, George	Pittsburgh	1811	Schaum, Peter	Lancaster	1790
Minshall, Thomas	Middletown	1802	Schaum, Philip	Lancaster	1792
Morrison, John	Philadelphia	1790	Schlosser, George	York	1856
Nailer, John	Philadelphia	1785	Schlosser, Perry D.	York	1856
Noble, James	Philadelphia	1840	Schoenfelder, John	Reading	1813
Oat, George	Philadelphia	1852	Seffron, George	York	1789
Oat, Israel	Philadelphia	1852	Shenfelder, Alsop	Reading	1838
Oat, Jesse	Philadelphia	1800	Sheriff, Adam & John	Pittsburgh	1815
Oat, Joseph	Philadelphia	1840	Simmons, John	Philadelphia	1852
Oat, Joseph & Son	Philadelphia	1852	Smith & Ream	New Holland	1829
O'Bryon, Benjamin	Philadelphia	1840	Snyder, Peter	Swatara Twp.	1820
O'Neil, Robert	Philadelphia	1825	Steel, Peter	Philadelphia	1717
Orr, Robert	Philadelphia	1800	Steinman, Fredrick	Lancaster	1780
Peterman, John	Lancaster	1830	Stoehr, Daniel	Hanover	1850
Peters & Co.	Philadelphia	1811	Strickler, Isaac	Philadelphia	1811
Peterson, L. & P. Co.	Pittsburgh	1837	Thomas, Jack	Harrisburg	1814
			Thompson, John B.	Harrisburg	1814

Fig. 15 — Bending Spout Over Lead Piece.

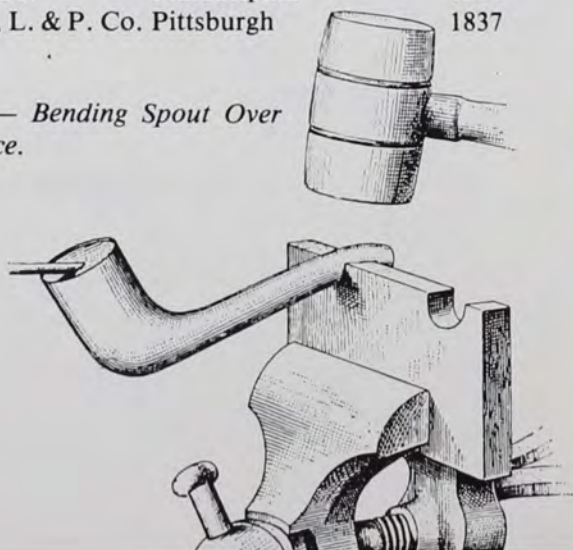


Fig. 16 — Finished Tea-Kettle.

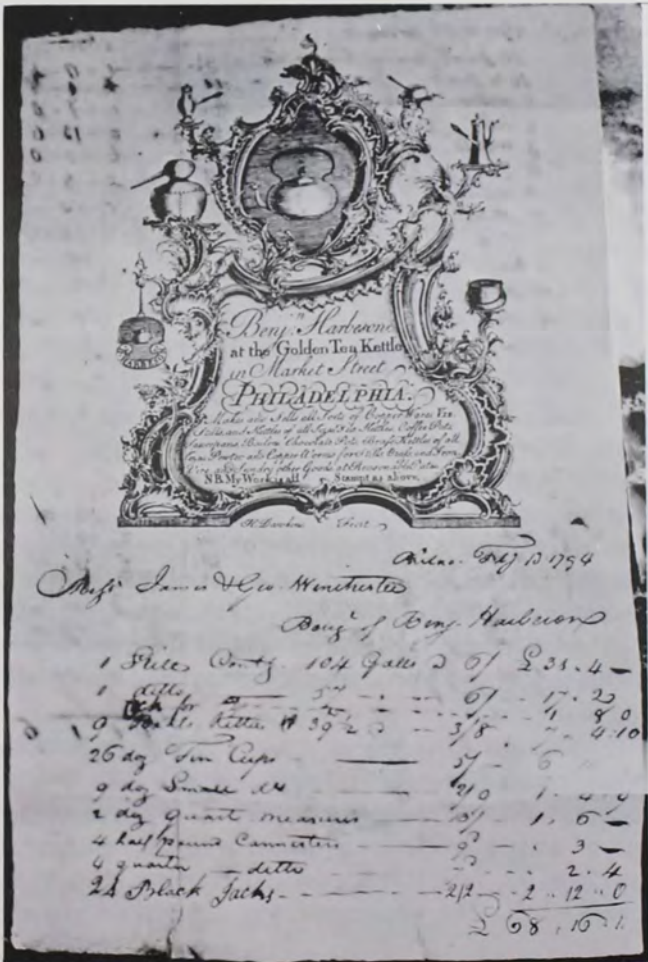




Lamp filler made of sheet copper in Pennsylvania. The handle is attached with rivets and the spout with hard solder.

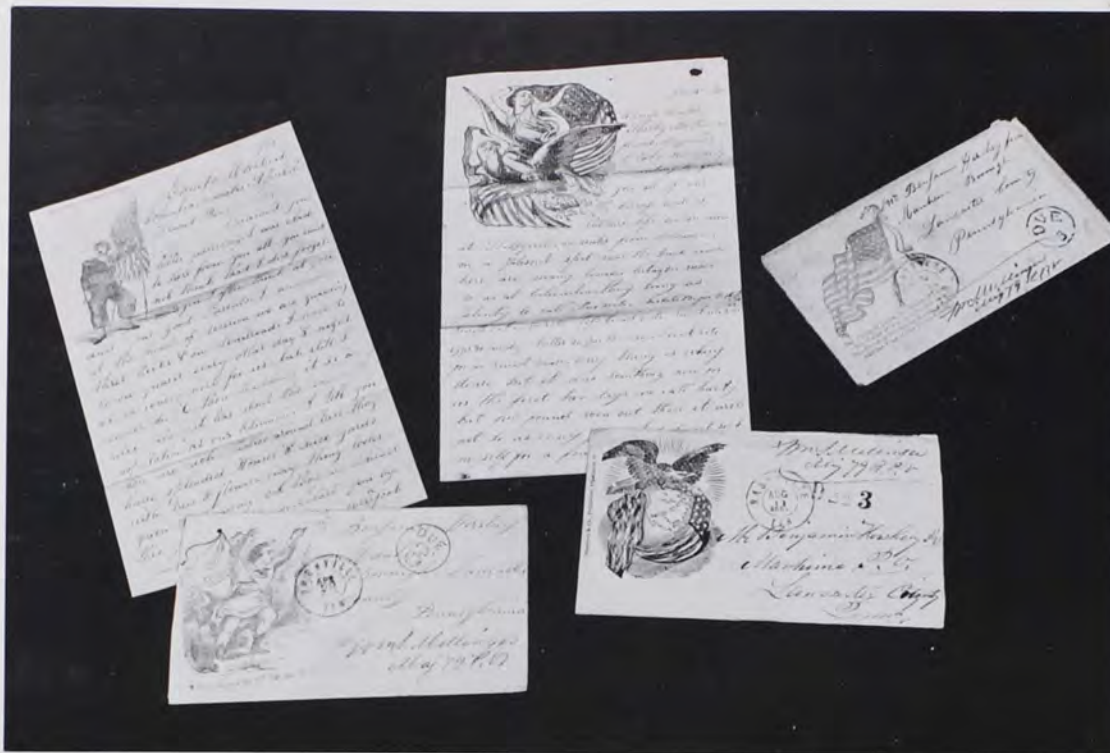
Kauffman Collection

Rococo trade card of Benjamin Harbeson, famous coppersmith working in Philadelphia from 1766 until 1800.



Private Collection

Titton, Fred	Philadelphia	1811
Tophan, Reuben	Philadelphia	1800
Town, John	Philadelphia	1800
Town, John	Pittsburgh	1813
Trisler, George	Lancaster	1820
Trissler & Ehler	Lancaster	1813
Trueman, James	Philadelphia	1790
Tryon, George	Philadelphia	1800
Upperman, John	Lancaster	1811
Weidly, John	Lancaster	1803
Weitzel, George	Lancaster	1830
Weitzel, Jacob	Lancaster	1830
West, Jacob	Philadelphia	1840
Whitaker, Robert	Philadelphia	1811
Whitman, Jonathan	Reading	1802
Wiley & Davis	Pittsburgh	1837
Wilson, John	East Penn Twp.	1824
Winstanly, James	Philadelphia	1717
Winter, Jonathan	York Co.	1788
Wood, Ingham	Lancaster	1825
Wright, James	Philadelphia	1785
Wright, Malcolm	Philadelphia	1800
Yarnell, Eller	Philadelphia	1785
Yeates, Edmmund	Philadelphia	1811
Youse, George	Harrisburg	1800



“OUR CAMP AND SOLDIERS LIFE” (1861-65)

Edited by JOHN D. KENDIG



It was quite a change from peaceful farm life in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, to the rugged dangerous life of a soldier in the American Civil War. Chambers Gibble of Penn Township, was one of the men who made the change successfully. He was fortunate to be able to return hale and hearty at the end of the war.

Gibble enlisted for three years in Company B, 79th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry Regiment, on 5 September, 1861, and re-enlisted in 1864. He was mustered out of service in Veteran status, with his regimental mates on 12 July, 1865. Indeed, Colonel Henry A. Hambricht's 79th Regiment was almost exclusively

recruited in Lancaster County; only Company D, raised in Washington County, Pa., was the exception. The 77th Pennsylvania, 78th Pennsylvania and 79th Pennsylvania Regiments combined to form a Brigade under General James S. Negley. They fought as a unit for some time. This regiment served under Sherman, Grant and Buell in the West as a part of the Army of the Cumberland.

Battles in which the 79th was engaged, included Stone River, Chickamauga and Chattanooga in Tennessee, and Atlanta and Kenesaw Mountain in Georgia under Sherman. Soldiers of the 79th Regiment had rammed into Goldsboro and Raleigh, North Carolina, when they heard news of eventual final surrender of Confederate General Joseph Johnston. The entire division to which the 79th belonged, marched north at the end of fighting, through both Richmond and Washington, the two capitals of the war. The war ended and Gibble finally in receipt of his discharge on 12 July 1865, the veteran found he was able to return to his work on the David Hershey Farm “Quiet Dale” just east of Manheim.

Soon after Chambers Gibble entered the war, he was engaged in the Western Campaign.



THE LETTERS

Camp Nevin
Harding County,
Kentucky

Friend Benjamin:

It is not as cold here as in old Lancaster County. We have a good many thundergusts. Last Saturday night it struck in one tent and wounded two Lieutenants badly, and rained so that we laid next morning in the water. Last week we had our first target shooting. First round I shot second best. I was best with the two balls. Today we had our second firing with one ball. I hit near the center and split the board in pieces. The distance was 150 yards. So much for down Dixie land in me old Kentucky Home far away.

Since I wrote you, we left Pittsburg and traveled down the Ohio River 700 miles to Louisville, Kentucky. Next morning we marched through the city then 2 miles out to Camp Lyons. We struck tents. Next morning we got orders to march, came back to Louisville, stayed there till next day. At 6 o'clock at night we left and traveled in cars 52 miles till 3 o'clock next morning. We slept on the ground till daylight, then marched one mile to Camp Nevin. We are here 3 weeks on a beautiful country, good water, plenty of wood, the land is as good as Lancaster County, no stones, neither has the farmers any barns. Good horses, fat hogs, good cattle, good orchards, good fences, good corn but they don't cut it as some has not been husked yet. They don't make any manure. They have the straw all in the fields on heaps.

Now I will give you our camp and soldiers life.

For breakfast, three crackers, for dinner one pint of bean soup, for supper 2 crackers and a small piece



"We are all under command of General Sherman."

of beef. Evening and morning 1 pint of coffee. I often wish for to be with you at eating times.

Our tent is with straw — 6 in one tent; each a blanket, our knapsack for a pillow, and a pumpkin for our candlestick. There are 40,000 soldiers here from Penna., Ohio, Kentucky, Minnesota. 15 miles from here are the Iowa boys. They had a fight yesterday and whipt them completely. We were all ready to go to their backing but were not needed. They killed 400 and wounded 400, took 1,000 prisoners. Our pickets come in every day with Rebel prisoners. They put them to Louisville jail I think we must march before long to Green River, 40 miles from here to attack General Buckner. You will hear good news from the Lancaster County Boys.

There are many accidents here. Last week one shot off his hand and another his finger — all with cartridges.

We are all under command of General Sherman. You ought to see his battery. He will make the rebels wool fly. I must go on guard. I am in good health and all the Manheim boys, except Henry Kreider and Geo. Zell. The last they sent to Louisville Hospital.

your friend

Chambers Gibble

*[Letter sent in care of Capt. Miles
in Col. Hambright's Regiment.]*



"The next we had was at Chatanooga..."

Camp Cooper
Shelbyville, Tenn.
Jan. 20, 1862

Friend Benjamin:

I take the liberty in writing to give you all our camp and soldiers life. We are now at Shelbyville, 60 miles from Columbia, on a pleasant spot near the Duck River. Here are many Union citizens. They bring us plenty to eat. Corn bread is 5 cents for a small piece. Everything is wherry dear. Butter is 20 cents a pound and loaf bread 40 cents. But it was something new for us. The first two days we eat hearty, but we found soon out that it will not do us any good. I did get sick myself for a few days. We aren't used to so a good or rich eating.

I think you seen in the paper, the two hard marches we had, we traveled since the middle of May, over 500 miles, over montains and rivers. We crossed the Cumberland Mountains two times — 20 miles broad. Lookout Mountain 2 times — 18 miles broad. Wade many rivers — one we had to wade by night at 11 o'clock. We had to sleep for three weeks without tents, rocks for our beds, often a stone for our pillow, in rain and thundergusts. Sometimes we had to rise at 2 o'clock in the morning, sometimes to stand guard all night. I tell, you, Ben, it is hard to march 28 or 30 miles a day by such rough roads, carrying the rifle haversack, your provisions, cartridge box with 40 rounds, canteen full of water and then stand guard all night, and the next day to march the same distance. I done that myself but I would never had believed that a man could do it, but when a man's forced to do anything he can do much.

We had 3 skirmishes in these marches — the first was at Rochesterville, Alabama; at the Tennessee River we routed them, killed many as they were on boats to cross over. They fell in the river by dozens every time we fired. We took 20 prisoners, 20 horses; on our side only a few were wounded. On our second

march we had a skirmish with 900 rebel cavelry between the 2 mountains. They were soon in line of battle but a few rounds from Uncle Sam's Boys showed them that they better show us their backs. They went in double quick time. If they did stop yet, I can't tell. The last we heard they were yet retreating. We took all their provisions, ammuniton, 40 swords, 20 double barrel guns, blankets, canteens, haversacks, 40 prisoners, 40 horses. We took their campground for our night's rest.

The next we had was at Chatanooga on the line of Tenn. and Alabama and Georgia. We came at about 11 o'clock. We rested and took our dinner. At 3:00 o'clock we left and went to the river. Soon they fired at us but we soon answered them back, till night. The next morning, Sunday, they opened fire again, but we answered them again, but soon they silenced their guns. The city was on fire at three different places. A 24 pounder came just over my head. I looked at one of my partners in the face. The first time we laughed but soon another one came a little nearer, but I tell you it did whistle. We took another stand. They lost, killed 100 and about the same number wounded. We lost 2 killed and 7 wounded. In this march we took 83 prisoners, about the same number of horses, 100 cattle, a big lot of ammuniton, a big lot of leather, three buggies, a lot of tobacco; one Major and one Lieutenant and one Captain. One bridge was burned. I did help to guard the prisoners 2 days. We have a big time to get them over the rivers.

Write soon and give me all the news. I am well and happy. I hope to see you, if God will spare my life, in a few months on a furlow.

your friend
Chambers Gibble
Write soon.



Camp Morehead
Columbia, Tenn.
April 20, 1862

Friend Ben,

I am now at the heart of Secesion. We are guarding three peiks [turnpikes] and one railroad. I have to be on guard every other day and night. It is very hard for us, but still I sooner do it than marching.

This is a nice place. It has about the same population as our Columbia. I tell you here are rich people. They have splendid houses and nice yards with trees and flowers; everything looks green and promising, but they are behind this year with the corn. Last year by this time, they had corn over a foot high.

Last Saturday we drilled in the town. They said they have no regiment in their army which can drill with us. They were astonished when they seen us drill. This was the first time they seen Union troops go through the bayonet exercise. If we live to come home we show Lancaster County, how Hambright Boys can drill. Everywhere they say we have the best Regiment they seen yet.

I hope the Rebellion will soon have an end. I would like to be with you all and talk with you. We can get everything here to eat. Pies at 20 cents a pie, milk 5 cents a pint, Ginger cakes 10cents a piece, candy 5 cents and one cigar 5 cents. Everything is wherry dear in the South — butter 30 cents a pound, eggs 20 cents a dozen.

I wish this Rebellion would come to an end but I don't believe it is so soon over. They know they can't succeed but they will keep it up as long as they can; but I think they must give up before long.

We had good luck so far as not getting in a battle, yet, but three times not far off. What the end will be I can't tell but it might be we will not see much fighting and it might be we will see more than we like to see. I for my part am satisfied without going in a fight, but when we get in one I will do for my country as much as is in my power.

Chambers Gible.

"We did live as good after the provisions were cut off as we did before. We took everything we could get - sheep, potatoes, green corn...We show them that we are still Yankees..."

Manchester, Tenn.
August 8, 1862

Friend Ben:

I hope to be back to work with you if I will be spared.

I think you heard that our Provisions were cut off. One bridge burned so we couldn't get the mail till yesterday. We did live as good after the provisions were cut off as we did before. We took everything we could get — sheep, potatoes, green corn. We chased them out of their town and took 1800 barrels of flour. Now we bake bread and cakes as much as we can eat. We show them that we are still Yankees. They sent a flag of truce yesterday, that we shall leave their town in 24 hours, but we are still yet here. Some of them are still around, too and we have to be on our watch. They hate the name of Hambright's Regiment or they would not slip by us as they did at Green River and Pulasky. They know well enough that we are counted the second best regiment in service. We are fortifying this place. I would like to have another brush at them, as we had at Rochester-ville. I like to see them run. They have so long legs, I wish I had longer legs, too, as I needed them when we had to retreat from Chatanooga. There they made us show them our heels.

Yes, Ben, it looks very dark yet for an end of this bad war. It did take a good many to their grave and I think it will take more yet, before it is over and the end is told.

I seen in the papers, they are going to draft a good lot. Yes, if they draft the whole North and the officers do humbug the north as they did so far, we will have no end of this war. They work for their pockets, and for our good Old Union, they don't care, so long as they only have their pockets filled. They play a great humbug.

They give now those which enlisted so much more a better chance as they did us and we had so much hardship to do and did go through; and now they do cheat our families out of their bounty money, but I think this will end right. They have us now out here and they don't care for us or our family, so long as they have their pockets filled but the time will come when such facts will be paid back again.

your friend
Chambers Gible.

Peaches are plentiful here. Was in an orchard of 500 trees, I think. It looks most wonderful nice and the peaches are ripe.

Camp near
Murfreesboro, Tenn.
February 13, 1863

Friend Ben:

I am now at Murfreesboro, we are fortifying the place. This is the 7th place which I helped to fortify and wish it would be the last. I think you heard of the great fight we had here. I was 3 times surrounded by Rebel cavelry but was retaken by our cavelry. We had hard times for two weeks and our provisions were cut off. Some ate horsemeat but I had to come nearer to starving than I was yet, if I would eat horsemeat. But we live on one cracker per day and scarce at that. Now we have plenty again, as much as I wish for, of course not quite as good as I was used to when I was at your father's table. We have generally for breakfast, crackers and coffee and for supper coffee and crackers. It changes a bit from morning to night and I am now used to it and don't wish for anything else or I would write to my wife for a box, but then it would be so much the harder to commence again on Uncle Sam's good eats.

My hope is that it will not last as long as it did already. So I will be contented if I only keep the good health as I did so far and also the good luck to come out of the battles as I did so far. I seen two big battles and three heavy skirmishings so I would be satisfied without seeing anymore.

But if there is any need to fight, I am of course ready if it is tomorrow. I stand by the noble old Flag as long as my bones thus carry me and fight like a tiger, as we did at Chaplin Hill; gave them of Uncle Sam's pills, which finished them completely. If the Potomac Army could fight as we do, this cursed rebellion would be cut down quick. We never lost a battle yet in this department but if we gain a victory, they lose it again in Virginia.

your friend
Chambers Gibble
Write soon.

Camp near
Murfreesboro, Tenn.
May 25, 1863

Friend Ben,

Since I wrote you last I was with a Scouting Party, we done much damage to the rebels, which is as follows: We started to McQuinville 35 miles, burned the depot, two trains of cars, two train wagons all loaded with bacon, a factory where 125 women worked at making special cloth, two flour mills, two railroad



Distributing rations. "We had hard times for two weeks..."

bridges, tore up the railroad tracks, took 35 prisoners and got a lot of our own men back, which they had taken from our cavelry. We left there and went towards Liberty where a rebel division was under Brackenridge, which is 30 miles from McQuinville. We marched day and night. As we came there they were just leaving, but we sent a few founds of Uncle Sam's pills after them, which made them fly like forty towards the mountains. Here we captured 135 prisoners and burned a mill and the headquarters of General Brakenridge. Half of the town was set on fire by some of the boys. It was hart to see but it is not better to expect in time of war. We also took along over 200 refugees which did join our army. We was out 19 days and marched 105 miles since I wrote you last. I was surrounded once while I was in a train of wagons but our cavelry came up too quick after them. They left us in a hurry. I just heard good news from General Grant "You can always count for good news from Hambright's department and for bad news from the eastern or Virginia Department."

I think if we give them once more as we did here at Murfreesboro they will be satisfied. Then we will get round to Virginia and whip them yet as it appears to me they can't fight on. They have too much traitors in their army. Our regiment is in good health and every one wishes to get to Pennsylvania to put down this infernal Copperheadism [the northern opposition to the Civil War]. I believe we get there this summer. Then look out traitors from Penna. if they play with The 79th, they get the wrong card to play with. We know how to put down such cowards as the Copperheads.

I will come to a close by saying it is wherry warm. I am in good health and good humor. I wish to see you and your good parents. Write soon again and direct it to Murfreesboro, Tenn. 79 PV, Com. B. Please excuse my dirty paper. It is wherry hot and dusty. It is not as at home for to write.

Chambers Gibble.

Atlanta, Georgia
October 28, 1864

Dear Friend David Hershey;

I had often thought for to write you again through our four month campaign, but I could get no paper or envelopes to do so. As soon as we came to Atlanta and had us fixed up a little, we were cut off again. So we had to follow up the rebels and again had no paper, more than what my wife sent in her letters to answer her letters, till today I had the first opportunity to do so.

I think you did hear all about the hard times we had in the four months fight in marching and fighting and fortifying. Near every day I heard the shells and little bullets and sometimes very near hit me. One day a solid canon ball took off the front man of me, his napsack and threwed it in my face and knocked me back. The same day, a solid shot hit a limb of a tree and fell down on the side of me. One day I was detailed to make up breast works for a battery in front of a rebel fort, within six hundred yards of it. They opened on us with shells. Killed and wounded many of my partners around me. It was so hot of a place that there matches (?) of their shell was on fire yet one of the boys on side of me lit his smoke pipe on the match, and helped to make four charges in this campaign.

One morning I went out to the picket line where I left my cap box lay the night before and came to the wrong place within 75 yards of the rebel's rifle pits and they opened a volley at me. I just left myself drop. They stopped then. I layed about 20 minutes. Then I jumped up and runned back. They fired a few shots yet, but I came safe through and so I made many a dangerous time through in this campaign. I was all the time along with the Regiment; and the only one from our place that had to be in the front all the time, as Harrison is detailed to carry spades and picks and Arndt was with the teams [Other Manheim boys].

All I wish for is to see a beginning of an end of this humpuckish War, but I can't see it yet for my part. Most of the boys have good hopes if Old Abe gets elected, but I can't see that point this time. I sooner stand neutral, this time, than to cast my vote for him, then I can't blame myself for doing wrong in that part. There is a good many can't vote for either of them, so I will let those decide which see more on the end of this wicked Rebellion. We are now camped at Marietta Georgia in a very nice town and on the railroad towards Chattanooga, so some 30 miles from here. The reason I am here is I was detailed to fetch our Regimental ladge (?).

We are here a few days but I think we can get transportation tomorrow for to go back again, which I am glad if we do, for I expect there is old mail in

"So General [William] Rosecrans said never mind I'll fetch men to get them out in a short time. So he called us and the First Wisconsin."

Cowan Station, Tenn.
July 16, 1863

Friend Ben;

Last month, June 24th, we left Murfreesboro and marched till 26th. We came on the enemy at Huber's Gap and our men could not get them out of their stronghold. So General Rosecrans said never mind I'll fetch men to get them out in a short time. So he called us and the first Wisconsin and a regular regiment. When we took our post, they left go on us with shells and musketry. Neither side gave way for over four hours. We had a set of good men to deal with, their Mississippi Sharpshooters. Neither side gave an inch till we were ordered to charge them, which we did nobly through a creek and they broke and we after them for over two miles through swamps, mud, corn and wheat fields. In this chase I helped to take four prisoners and I also found a Spence Rifle which shot seven times and is worth \$40, but I had to give it up to Lieutenant McCaskey.

I think it is for no use to give you more of this as you of course read it in the paper of our good victory over Bragg [General Braxton Bragg, Confederate Commander of the Western Department]. If it would not have been for the rainy weather, we would have captured Bragg and his whole force. It rained for 15 days and for the same number of days, we had skirmish with the enemy. We now are on a nice place on the foot of the Cumberland Mountains, called Cowan Station. It is the opinion we will not leave so soon. I wrote my wife a letter when we were at Decker Station but as [John Hunt] Morgan made so a bold raid in Indiana and captured everything, she might not get that letter. So please, if you handy see her, tell her where I am and that I am in good health and I have a good opinion of a speedy end of this infernal Rebellion. Since the glorious victory of Pennsylvania and Vicksburg and the defeat of Bragg. so no more — but write soon again.

yours F.C. Gibble

camp till we get back. I did not hear from home for about six weeks. We didn't get paid yet but I think we will get paid before very long. I wrote a letter to my wife, yesterday, and told her she must try and get money from you if she can. This is if you haven't it all out and if she needs any. I will soon write to her again and then I can tell her more about when we get paid.

Direct your letter — Chambers Gibble
79 P.V.V. 3d Brg. 1st Div. 14th A.C.
Marietta, Georgia.

I am in good health and hope this letter will find you and all the family the same. I sent my best respect to Ben and all the rest. Write soon.

Crystal Springs,
United States Sanitary
Commission
Washington, D.C.
June 18th, 1865
(The war ended April
9, 1865)

Dear Friend Ben:

I will now drop you a few lines to inform you that we are yet in camp life. We are camped near Washington. They keep us Veterans till the last ones to get home. That is the thanks we get for our four years hardships we went through. And if it had not been for us Veterans the Confederacy would have their Independence this day. So, I think they should discharge those who are in the field from the beginning and not those one year men and conscripts. There is much dissatisfaction between and among the Veterans; not that we are so anxious to get home; but their mean schemes they play on us. I get often to the city and I tell you there is much to be seen as such as the Patent Office, Capital and Museum, Masonic Institute, theatre. It is a great satisfaction for every man, young or old, to see those curiosities.

When we start for our state I cannot tell for there are so many reports, but I hope our time might soon come. I wish you would write me and give me all the particulars.

I send my best respects to your parents. I will now come to a close by saying I am in good health. I hope this will reach you and all the rest the same. Write soon and direct to 79th P.V.V.C.B., near Washington, D.C.

A few words more. The government is so poor that they can't pay us anymore. We didn't get pay for eight months and they owe us ten months. There is a report they will soon pay us — Good by Ben.

Excuse me for not stamp this letter. I have no stamp.

Chambers.

This is the last Gibble letter. He finally came through his various ordeals all right and was soon back at the Hershey Farm in Lancaster County, busy helping to make cider as noted in this entry of Ben Hershey's Diary for October 4, 1866: "I and Chambers Gibble were making cider. Got 3 barrels. We had the first heavy frost."



George N. Arehart was another worker at the Hershey farm, who entered the Civil War and wrote letters home to Lancaster County. He saw action in the Eastern section of the struggle, being quite badly wounded and spent much time in military hospitals.

Phila.
April 10, 1864

Dear sir;

We had a bad night. It was raining all night and I couldn't sleep, but so far, like it well if it don't come harder on me. But I am a little stiff.

I was on duty night before last but I have a nice captain. I came up on Wednesday. They had us guard in town. They want to take us to camp, but the Captain told them to let us alone that we were all right.

George N. Arehart

Philadel
July 27, 1864

Dear sir;

I got a very severe wound for the first one, but I ain't satisfied yet, but I was near, the time we went into the fight. I had no sleep for four nights. And it rained at night. I laid in the mud in a ditch so that the rebels couldn't hit us. They fired a volley nearly every hour, all night. I tell you that is enough to keep a feller awake.

The next morning as soon as day break, we were ordered to make a charge. No more at the present time. I am too weak to sit up.

And write, write soon, write soon.

George N. Arehart
23rd Filbert St.,
U.S. Hospital.

U.S. Christian Commission
Phila. - August 19, 1864

Dear Sir;

— I am coming home in a few weeks. This is the first time I have been out on a pass since Fourth of July. I would like to be at home at work. I am tired of lying in the hospital, I thought this war would be over this summer but it don't look like it. They made another call for 500,000 more men to slaughter. Just think about it, thousands and thousands have been killed and wounded in campaigns and all the men that are able to hold a gun should take one now or they must send cripples out to reinforce Grant, so that he can hold his position. I have been under Grant. I have seen a little, but since I am in the hospital I have been reading a good bit in the paper. Abraham, this fall every man should turn out for I guess he needs it.

And if you will be so kind to me, to send me a few apples. I be very thankful. I hadn't any fruit yet this summer, except the apples you brought me.

George N. Arehart



Phila. October
Thursday — 1864

Dear Sir;

Now I will tell you that we had a meeting last week and they are nearly all for Lincoln and on Saturday there will be one in this city — the biggest Union Meeting ever known in this place. The Copperheads will turn out the same time and we are going to whip the Copperheads, so they get scared to come to the pole to vote. And I will tell you that the hospital is full of wounded and sick from the valley. The most of the men is from Winchester. There we have lost very heavy, and the latest news we had from Grant, says that Grant is within four miles of Richmond.

Now I will tell you that we have very short rations. At present time there is about four hundred and fifty men in this hospital, and I tell you that I am coming home in a few weeks to vote for Lincoln. And I would like to come home to go to Lancaster on Wednesday to the convention. And now I must come to a close for I am sleepy. Excuse me for bad writing and mistakes. I would like to be at home with you.

George N. Arehart
Write soon, write soon.

Philadelphia
Jan. 20, 1865

Dear Sir:

— I will let you know that we have hard times now. We don't get but half enough to eat. For breakfast we have boiled corn and a small piece of bread and no molasses at all; and we are not paid, and we won't get paid before March.

Tell my parents to send me a little butter. I would be very thankful. Tell my father we won't get paid before March. I have promised him some money. Tell him to send a little tobacco as I have no money to buy it. I never was hard up like I am now. At Broad and Pine Hospital they upset the tables and broke all the dishes and broke the windows, since that they had nothing they want to eat.

George Arehart



Phil. Jan. 29th 1865
U.S.A. Gen. Hospital

Dear Sir;

I will let you know that we have hard living now. We have corn and boiled rice for breakfast and a small slice of bread and a little meat for dinner and for supper we have a piece of bread and a little molasses. They are very careful not to give us too much, but I think it will do better now they have a good report on the new officer in charge.

I have sent a small piece to Ensminger to put in the Manheim Sentinel. We will have an examination tomorrow. But I think they won't send me away. My leg was healed and it has broke out again and it is very sore now. They have sent over 150 since the first examination and they have a squad ready to send out tomorrow, to the front. Some of the boys are very sick today. One is crying for fear he get killed. But I think the war will be over again in spring. The rebels are sick now. They desert every day and some are in our lines down at Petersburg. I have seen one from Savannah. He said that they can't stand it long no more. They have no cloth off us this winter. The most of them are barefooted. This winter there will be a great battle fought before long. All the men in the valley have left, but where they are going we don't know.

Write soon and tell my parents to send me some butter as soon as they can, for we have hard living.

George N. Arehart

Philadelphia
Feb. 14th 1865

Dear Sir;

— I must let you know that I am going to leave the hospital now and I am very glad that I am going, for I was waiting a long time for it. I am going to Washington in the Veteran Reserve Corps this week. There is quite a number going with me. Think of me sometime and I will of you.

George N. Arehart
to my friend Benj. H.
Hershey.

U.S. Army Gen. Hospital
23d and Filbert St.
Phila. March 17, 1865

My Friend Ben H. H.
Dear Sir;

— This is the first letter that I have received since I left home the last time. I have wrote 3 letters for money and you have stated in your letter that you sent on to me \$10, but I never got it. The boy who carried the letters here, lost a good many, so they took notice of it and sent him to the front, two weeks ago today. Now I want you to send \$10 as soon as you get this letter. I have one and seventy two dollars coming to me now.

Write soon, soon
from your friend
George N. Arehart.

United States Army
General Hospital
23d and Filbert Street
Philadelphia April 21, 1865

Dear sir;

I will let you know that I am going to my regiment before long. I may go tomorrow. I don't know how soon yet. I may stay two weeks yet before I go away, but if I do I will let you know before long; and if I go away I will let you know as soon as I come to my regiment. I don't want you to tell my parents that I am going to the regiment; they would trouble themselves about it. I don't care. I just as soon go there as any other place. I ain't afraid. I was there once and I can go again; and so give all my friends my best respects.

So I must bring my scribbling to a close - so excuse my mistakes and I will bid you all farewell. I hope I will see you if ever I live to get out of this.

I was thinking hard about home, when this warm weather came; and so I will bid all good by. It might be the last time you hear from me.

from your friend
George N. Arehart
Write soon, write soon

Philadelphia
April 29, 1865
United States Army
General Hospital

Dear sir; — I will let you know that I am sent in the hospital where I was first, the other is broke up and I think they will discharge the most of them. I expect my discharge before long. An order come from Washington yesterday to discharge all men that don't need no medical treatment no more - to muster them out as soon as they can. That makes me feel a little better; and the news come this morning that Johnson has surrendered his whole army and if that is so, they are sure they can't do nothing no more and the Potomac Army is all broke up and they are after Jeff Davis for his gold. If they catch him they make a fortune.

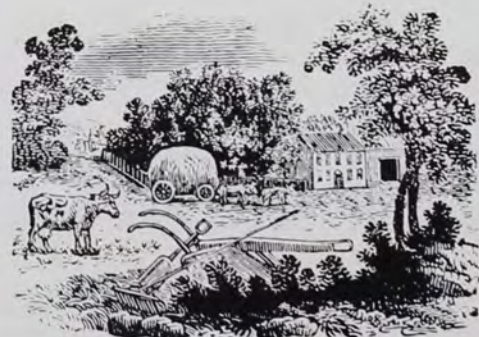
— and so no more at present. Write soon from your friend

George N. Arehart

[J.E. Johnston, who commanded the army of the Tennessee and conducted the campaign against Sherman in Georgia, surrendered April 26 at Greensboro to Sherman. The last Confederate Force surrendered May 26, 1865.]

George N. Arehart recovered from his injuries and also came back to Lancaster County to work again, as he had hoped, on the David Hershey farm, east of Manheim. In the diary of Benjamin H. Hershey [the son of David] we find this entry for June 19, 1866:

“George Erhart [Arehart] had my horse and harness for his wedding.”



Craft worker with Pennsylvania rifle in his bench vise at the Kutztown Folk Festival, 1981. Informed craftsmen work old-time style items in an educational aspect of Festival.



North-South Skirmish Association bivouac area during preparation for a shoot, 1978.



The Surprising Come Back of THE PENNSYLVANIA RIFLE

by GUY GRAYBILL

A once-obsolete weapon, the Pennsylvania Rifle, is with us again. Although the rifle has been out of production for more than a century, its popularity has returned with a rush! Originals are commanding excellent prices; reproductions are abounding; and organizations of buffs are appearing nation-wide, in this vigorous revival of the Pennsylvania Rifle. What sort of rifle is it? Why is there a renewed interest? And, what hard evidence is there that a come back is really occurring?

The Pennsylvania Rifle was the first American rifle that was superior to those brought from the Old World. In its day it was the world's best, and its 'day' lasted for about a century. Pennsylvania German craftsmen began producing the now-famous weapon shortly before the American Revolution and stopped manufacturing, with rare exceptions, a few years after the Civil War had ended. These long-barreled guns were muzzle loaders; that is, they were loaded from the front of the barrel, rather than from the back of the barrel (breech loading). The earliest were flintlock type, using a chunk of flint to ignite the black powder that fired the shot through the long barrel. By about 1840, the flint had given way to percussion caps. The muzzle loaders were replaced about 1870 by the

breech-loading, lever-action type rifles. As the rifle was carried into the western part of the country, the name 'Kentucky' was applied. The name lingers, although an erroneous cognomen does not change historical fact.

Why is the muzzle loader becoming so popular? There seem to be two main reasons: the nostalgic value, and the recreational challenge. Many muzzle loader devotees are trying to recapture a bit of the past. They don't simply shoot the rifles. They adopt the complete early American character, either as a buckskin-clad mountain man, a stockinged Colonial, or some other picturesque type. Their major event is the 'rendezvous', a combination shooting match and social affair inspired by the trading events of the western Indians and the mountain men.

The sporting challenge is genuine. If one hopes to enjoy using the Pennsylvania Rifle, regular practice is vital. Keeping dampness from getting into the rifle's pan is also necessary, or the powder won't fire. Essential, too, is a clean barrel (a constant problem, although a new cleaner-burning black powder has recently been developed).

What is the evidence of the come back of the old flintlocks? There are four distinct areas of evidence.



Robert A. Miller, Delaware Avenue, Palmerton, PA, a member of the Palmerton Black Powder Association, component of the North-South Skirmish Assn.



Don Mears, Newport, PA, at the Muzzleloaders' Rendezvous at Middleburg, RD#3, at Kreamer Sportsmen's Club. In process of loading.



On target at an early Kutztown Folk Festival.

First, there are the organizations. At least three large muzzle loader groups now have members in Pennsylvania: the North-South Skirmish Association, the Brigade of the American Revolution, and the National Muzzle Loading Rifle Association. The last mentioned, the NMLRA, is by far the largest, with over 22,000 members nation-wide. In December of 1977 Pennsylvania had 1,359 members in the NMLRA, up 57 from the previous count. Three states had more members, with Indiana (2,909) having the most. Organizational membership rolls, however, seem to reflect only a fraction of the actual number of shooters. "In my estimation," says Neal A. Panzarella, executive secretary of the Federation of the Central Pennsylvania Muzzle Loading Rifle Association, "there are at least 8 active shooters for every member of the NMLRA in Pennsylvania. Incidentally, the oldest individual black powder clubs in the commonwealth are the "Old Westmoreland Rifles" of Pittsburgh, and the "Blue Mountain Muzzle Loaders" of Strausstown (Berks County).

A second indication of the growing influence of the muzzle loader can be seen in the special hunting season provided in Pennsylvania. The State Game Commission for several years administered a three-week season

but with no special license. Only in 1974 did they first issue specific muzzle loader licenses and that year sold them to a mere 2,064 hunters. The following year, 1975, it jumped to 3,570 and has virtually doubled in each succeeding year, specifically, 7,626 in 1976; then in 1977 there were 12,530 and 1978, 25,321. The season of 1979 saw a further leap in numbers although by now the season had also been shortened; still 65,024 muzzle loader hunters paid their fee. By 1980 the number of licenses, though still only an educated estimate, almost surely surpassed 100,000!

Another reliable indicator of renewed interest is to be found in the market for Pennsylvania Rifles. The demand for both the originals and the replicas has grown enormously. Although thousands still exist, originals are becoming rare in the market place. To meet the demand, more and more replicas are being manufactured, not only in the United States, but in Spain, Italy, and Japan. However, one Pennsylvania firm, Getz Brothers of Beavertown (Snyder County) is apparently the only company in the world producing especially long barrels (up to 50 inches), and is recognized for the superior quality of their muzzle loader barrels. The company, with sales throughout North America and parts of Europe, is



C. Richard (Dick) Getz prepares apparatus to make spare muzzleloader parts by the "lost wax" process. Getz Brothers shop, Beaver-ton, PA.



Don Mears firing on target at Ren-dezvous, Middleburg.



Bowmanstown Black Powder Association. L. to r., standing: Marcus Lines, Milton Solt, Oliver Solt, Robert Miller and Ronald Greene; in front, kneeling, Christine Miller and Andrew Greene.



North-South Skirmish Assn., Team skirmish at Palmerton Rod and Gun Club, 1978.

regularly increasing production, toward a goal of 25 custom-made barrels a week. The shop is also expanding to begin production of replicas. The firm will soon be offering three models, based on three distinctive early Snyder County rifles. Another Pennsylvania company, Gebhardt-Owen Industries, Inc., of Moosic (Lackawanna County) is among the major producers of a very critical item, the black powder.

Prices in the market vary considerably. Mrs. Edith Cooper of Port Royal (Juniata County) writes that she and her late husband, T.J. Cooper, bought and sold over 1200 of the original muzzle loaders between the years 1933 and 1953. Around 1930, she indicates that the pair sold muzzle loaders for \$1.00, which they had earlier purchased for just twenty-five cents! * Today? The more common originals have a price range of from \$200.00 to several thousand dollars; but, if you hear of an auction where a rare, silver inlaid, beautifully incised original Pennsylvania Rifle is being featured, be prepared to hear bids ranging upwards to \$30,000! They have reached that figure several times.

*Cooper, Edith G. *The Kentucky Rifle and Me.* Privately printed Port Royal, Penna., 1977.

The mass produced replicas start near \$70.00 for the cheapest make-your-own-kit, and surpass \$200.00 for the more elaborate weapons. They have now become so popular that one could even buy a muzzle loader from the 1977 Christmas catalog of a major mail-order establishment.

Finally, the impact of the Pennsylvania Rifle phenomenon is reflected in the growing spin-off business. There are at least three magazines devoted to the sport, plus several recent books, and related articles in other magazines; and there is the sale and exchange of all sorts of accessories, such as typees, clothing, black powder, cartridges, flint, ball moulds, patches, ramrods, powder measures and numerous specialized items.

Of course, the come back of the Pennsylvania Rifle has its natural limitations; but it has already had a considerable economic and recreational impact, and the interest should last. Let's compare. Archery is another sport that utilizes an 'obsolete' weapon. But, while there is only a small percentage of the population with an interest in archery, that interest remains fairly constant. Similarly, we should see a small portion of the population maintain a continuing interest in the Pennsylvania Rifle, that fine legacy from the early craftsmen of the Keystone State.

Folk Songs

by MARIE GRAEFF



The truest form of art is that which springs from the human soul. It is not mechanical or subject to standard rules. It springs from the hearts of people as the human soul struggles to find expression of deep emotions. This expression may take the form of music or painting or humor, or the many ways in which men try to communicate their ideas to other men. Such lore is not dated. It does not begin in any particular place nor does it end at any particular time. The artists are nameless and those who sing do so because a magic chord has been struck in the fibre of their own being. OF SUCH SUBSTANCE ARE FOLK SONGS MADE!

Songs created by the common people, those whose cultural development has been effected, not by any formal system of training or education, but through the unconscious and intuitive exercise of natural and inborn qualities. Folk music is the creation of unlettered and technically unskilled musicians. It is not necessarily inferior music. The difference between the music of the people and that of cultivated musicians is one of kind, not of degree, akin rather to the difference between the wild and the garden flower. Through the gardener's skill the highly cultivated rose was developed from the wild rose; so many a simple folk rhyme has been expanded into a poem, an epic, or an opera. The great Richard Wagner wrote his operatic masterpieces by capturing the folksongs of the Rhine. And Wotan, Brunhilda and the Walküre live through the centuries.

The folksongs are being made today and will be made as long as the human spirit can be sublimated in its effort to touch the hem of the robe of beauty. Some Pennsylvania German folk songs are the survivals of ancient voices calling across the centuries; others reflect the intense feeling of those who are still with us. Folk music ordinarily consists of melody only; seldom has it been carried as far as the harmonic stage.

Folk festivals serve to keep alive many of these folk tunes. They make ethnic groups aware of each other's cultures.

I bring to you a few folksongs which are the peculiar heritage of the Pennsylvania Dutch. Some songs were brought with them when they came to the New World and settled in these fruitful valleys. Others were

Tulpehocken Settlement
Historical Society
Womeladorf, Pennsylvania



Issue of Die Shilgrut containing historical account of the captivity of Regina Leininger and her sister.

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developed here. I begin with the oldest one known to have been brought to this country by the pioneer settlers. "Es Bucklich Männli," Little Hunchback, is the symbol of conscience as it constantly prods the child to perform household duties. But the symbol takes the form of the little imp or hunchback. The English dramatist Shakespeare captured this bit of folklore in creating his fairy character, Puck.

Wann ich in mei Gartli geh
Fer mei Zweibelin blanse,
Schteht des bucklich Männli da
Un fangt aa zu danse.

Bucklich Männli du magscht danse
Lass mich yuscht mei Zwiebelin blanse.

Wann ich in mei Schpeicher kumm,
Fer mei Bett zu mache,
Schteht des bucklich Männli da
Fangt aa dann zu lache.

Bucklich Männli du magscht lache
Lass mich yuscht mei Bettli mache.

When I go into my little garden
In order to plant my onions,
The little hump-backed man stands there
And commences dancing.

Hump-backed man, you certainly may dance,
Just let me plant my onions.

When I come into my upstairs bedroom
So I can make my bed,
The little hump-backed man stands there
And he begins his laughing.

Hump-backed man, yes, you may laugh,
Just let me make my bed.

Two questions and response folksongs involve choice of a husband and inevitably the occupational duties of daughter as wife-to-be. The first of this pair seeks also to engage the daughter in the chief useful household occupation, spinning, which she finds tedious or distasteful. "Schpinn Mei Liewe Dochder" is an old spinning or work song which has been used in our country since colonial days. It surely has middle and northern European counterparts which may well be precedents to our own folksong form. Goods and possessions are held out as rewards to encourage the young girl to work assiduously at the spinning wheel, all without success, until a final offer of a husband to be obtained, brings energy to her endeavors.

Schpinn, schpinn, meine liewe Dochder
 Noh kaaf ich dir en Frack.
 Ja, ja, meine liewe Mammi
 Un da mit en Sack.

Spin, spin my dear daughter
 I'll buy you a frock.
 Yes, yes, my dearest Mother
 That one with a pocket.

Such stanza was still basically a work enticement, which daughter was constrained to answer in the standard chorus:

Ich kann nimmi schpinne,
 Mei Finger schwellt immer;
 Er dutt mir so weh,
 Er dutt mir so weh!"

I cannot spinn any longer
 For my fingers always swells up
 And it really hurts,
 It really does hurt.

Finally, of course, the ultimate offer brings a realization (or confession) that pain in the finger is no longer intense:

Schpinn, schpinn, meine liewe Dochder
 Ich kaaf dir en Mann.
 Ja, ja, meine liewe Mammi,
 Den brauch ich schunn lang.

Ich kann widder schpinne,
 Mei Finger schwellt nimmi;
 Er dutt nimmi weh,
 Er dutt nimmi weh!

Spin, spin, my dear daughter
 I'll buy you a husband.
 Yes, yes, my dear Mother,
 I've needed one long already.

I am able to spin again,
 My finger does not swell at all anymore;
 It never hurts at all,
 It never hurts at all.

In the second of the bidding folksongs, "Maedli Wid du Heiere," the girl, faced by choice of husbands with different occupations, remains unconvinced and is skeptical. Finally marriage to a musician suggests a prospect agreeable indeed. "Daughter, do you want to get married?" seems to be a reasonably accurate translation of the title.

Maedli, wid du heiere?
 Ja, Vatter, ja!
 Heierst du en Bauer?
 Nee, Vatter, nee!
 Bauer heiere will ich net
 Kihschtall buzze (mischte) gleich ich net
 Nee, Vatter, nee!

Maedli, wid du heiere?
 Ja, Vatter, ja!
 Heierst du en Musikgahner?
 Ja, Vatter, ja!
 Musikgahner heiere will ich dann,
 Singe un danse gleich ich schunn!
 Ja, Vatter, ja!

The well-known collector of folk songs, Joseph Morais, made a record of this song as he heard it in the Union of South Africa in the dialect of the Boers. It is striking to note that the words and tune are almost identical with those used in Southeastern Pennsylvania.

Songs roughly classified as "nonsense songs" also fit the folksong tradition. They are indeed, a category which is rather inclusive. One of the best and certainly one of the most commonly heard in Pennsylvania, is "Liewer Heindrich," also recognizable in variations and forms with other spellings and pronunciations of Henrich or Henry. It consists of a series of silly questions of somewhat unenlightened persons trying to close the hole in the jug. Eventually the related responses bring the singers around to the initial unresolved situation once again.

Wann der Tschock awer en Loch hot,
 Liewer Heindrich, liewer Heindrich,
 Wann der Tschock awer en Loch hot?
 Dummer Ding, dann sctopp'n zu!

Ya! 2. Mit was soll ich 'n awer zu sctoppe
 Liewer Heindrich, liewer Heindrich,
 Mit was soll ich 'n awer zu sctoppe?
 Dummer Ding, mit dem sctroh!

3. Wann's Sctroh awer zu lang iss?
 Dummer Ding, dann hack's ab!

4. Mit was soll ich's awer abhacke?
 Dummer Ochs, mit dem Beil!

5. Wann's Beil awer zu sctump iss?
 Dummer Ochs, mach es scharref!

6. Mit was soll ich's scharref mache?
Mach's scharref uf dem Schtee!
7. Wann der Schleifschtee zu drucke iss?
Dummer Esel, mach 'n nass!
8. Mit was soll ich nass mache?
Dummer Esel, mit Wasser!
9. Wann's Wasser awer ganz weck iss?
Dummer Ding, dann Wasser draage!
10. Mit was soll ich awer Wasser draage?
Dummer Ding, mit dem Tschock!
11. Wann der Tschock awer en Loch hot?
Dummer Ding, dann sctopp'n zu!

1. But when the jug has a hole in it,
Dearest Henry, Dearest Henry,
But when the jug has a hole in it?
Silly thing, then plug it up!

Yes! (before all verses)

2. What shall I use to plug it,
Dearest Henry, Dearest Henry,
Just what shall I use to plug it?
Silly thing, with some straw!
3. But what if the straw if too long?
Silly thing, then chop it off!
4. But what shall I use to chop it off?
Silly ox, use a hatchet!
5. But what if the hatchet's too dull?
Silly ox, sharpen it up!
6. But how shall I sharpen it?
On the grindstone, of course!
7. But what if the grindstone's too dry?
Silly ass, then you wet it!
8. But with what shall I make it moister?
Silly ass, why with water!
9. But when the water has all drained out?
Silly thing, you must fetch some more!
10. But in what shall I carry water?
Silly thing, in the jug!
11. But if the jug has a hole in it?
Silly thing, then plug it up!!!

And here we are back at the same place where we began and have not made any progress. As a work song, time filler (or time killer) the whole cycle of verses might be repeated a half-dozen times and with infinitely more variations of intermediate actions. For many in the Dutch Country, the daily five-mile walk

to the one-room school and return, was the occasion for impressively long versions of such repetitive folk-songs.

One of the Pennsylvania German folksongs which began as a formal religious hymn, is the often-cited and familiarly-referred to "Regina's Hymn." Indian captivities were, of course, subject to the kind of repeated re-telling which was bound to turn out some varying versions and in particular, some differences in detail from one locale to another. It is surely a folk legend by now. These facts seem, by now, to be commonly agreed upon as basic and accurate. Leininger had left Reutlingen in Swabia and come to America, where he settled on the western stretch of the Pennsylvania frontier, not all that far from the relatively settled area, but frontier nonetheless. Daughters Barbara and Regina were captured by some marauding Indians, whose likes were employed by both English and French in the era of the Seven Years War. When returned captives were presented for identification after years of living as Indians, Regina and her Mother were indeed reunited when her Mother, quite possibly by accident in her sorrow and disappointment of initial failure to recognize each other, sang the old hymn of comfort to those in solitude:

Allein un doch nicht ganz allein
Bin ich in meiner einsamkeit;
Un wann ich ganz verlassen schein
Vertreibt mir Jesu selbst die zeit.
Ich bin bei Ihm un er bei mir
Noh kommt mir gar nichts einsam für;
Noh kommt mir gar nichts einsam für.

Alone, and yet not all alone
Am I in solitude, though drear,
For when no one seems me to own,
My Jesus will to me be near.
I am with him and He with me,
I therefore cannot lonely be,
I therefore cannot lonely be.

As in many such moral tales told to children as object lessons, no family names were even mentioned in the early years. The injection of the family name Hartmann by a well-meaning clergyman just about one hundred years after the fact, has confused the issue ever since. Following a long and involved, though successful, investigation of the entire matter by Arthur D. Graeff and some close associates, the Leininger identity was once more unquestionably established. The unveiling of The Regina Monument took place on October 11, 1958, at the Christ Lutheran (Long's) Church cemetery, Stouchsburg, Pennsylvania.

Perhaps most widely used and best recognized of the Pennsylvania Dutch folksongs is a lullaby of ancient

origins: "Schlof, Bubbeli, Schlof." Originally, it may well be of North German origin, although there are dozens of local German as well as Pennsylvania German variations. "Schlaf, Kindlein, Schlaf" is the High German form which is also well known today. Less attention has been paid to border areas in Europe, but a Flemish version "Slap, kintje, slap," was published as recently as 1905. Here you see a combined version of the Pennsylvania German form, traditional first verse, but a second verse written by the Graeffs, followed by their English poetic version of both verses as sung to a musical arrangement of the whole by Fred Cardin.

Schlofe, Bubbeli, Schlofe!
 Dee Mommie heed dee schofe.
 Der Dawdy iss uff da Glepber-yacht
 Un kummt net hame beese mitternacht,
 Schlofe, Bubbeli, Schlofe!

Drawm, Bubbeli, Drawm;
 Dee Omshel peiffit im Baum.
 Dee shtarna, dee omshel un dee schofe,
 See heed a dich im seesa schlofe.
 Drawm, Bubbeli, Drawm.

Sleep, Baby, sleep,
 Your Momma watches the sheep,
 While Daddy goes off to a shivaree (a mock serenade)
 And stays until midnight with childlike glee.
 Sleep, Baby, sleep.

Dream, Baby, dream,
 The robin sings in the tree;
 The stars, the robin and the sheep
 Take care of thee in slumber sweet.
 Dream, Baby, dream.

Late arrivals in Pennsylvania among the folksongs of the Pennsylvania Germans are the "Versammlung Lieder," or meeting, gathering or reunion songs, created mainly for the dialect programs of the past forty or forty-five years. One of these, written by Clyde S. Stine in the 1930's, is familiar to the listeners of Radio Station WBYO, Boyertown, as the theme song of Die Wunnerfitz Shtunn (The Busybody Hour):

"Pennsylvanish Deitsche sinn mer, un mer kumme zamme heit;
 Doh gebt's nix fon Sorya un Eeland un an nix fon beesem shtreit!
 "We are Pennsylvania Germans, and we gather here today (tonight);
 Here we have no trouble or misery and nothing of angry strife!"

A second gathering-folksong, also deserving but less publicised, is "The Versammlung Lied" or Gathering-

Song which was written for Family Reunions in 1938, the words by Arthur D. Graeff and the music by Isaac Stahl of Bally, Pa., by way of Powder Valley.

Mir kumme zammer alle Yohr,
 An're Versammlung - wie davor
 Nanner zu griese noch amohl,
 G'sundheit zu winsche - leebt sehr wohl!
 Doh singt mer Lieder - hen gut G'schpass;
 Hertze sinn froelich - Aage nass.
 Singt all mit ee Wart - heem zuss Gehen
 Des Wart von Hoffnung: Wiedersehen!

We come together every year
 To the reunion, as before;
 To greet each other once again:
 To wish good health, long life, no pain!
 To sign such songs and have good fun,
 Though hearts are joyous, some tears run.
 All join in that word of last refrain
 of cheerful hope, "Auf Wiederseh'n!"

One of the folksongs of children among the Pennsylvania Dutch which seems to have no dialect form whatsoever, perhaps of its nature, a kind of prayer-petition lullaby, certainly with religious overtones, parallel to the condition or situation where the Pennsylvania German would have spoken or thought in High German, not in dialect at all. This little prayer song is somewhat related to the American English "Now I Lay me Down to Sleep," and both were taught by mothers to their children. In Pennsylvania German country, "Müde bin ich, Geh' zur Ruh" is widely known, familiar in almost every geographical location where these settlements may be found; taken from folk informants of German Reformed and Lutheran backgrounds; remembered by Moravians and Schwenkfelders and recalled by old and young alike in Old Order Plain Communities. Text and music appear in a little volume of German children's songs, *Lieder für die Jugend*, and in the Reformed Church in the U.S.'s *Gesangbuch mit Noten* of 1895, credited in the latter as poetry of Louise Hensel.

Müde bin ich, geh' zur Ruh,
 Schliesse meine Augen zu,
 Vater, lass die Augen Dein
 Ueber meinem Bette sein!

Hab' ich Unrecht heut' gethan,
 Sieh' es, lieber Gott, nicht an.
 Deine Gnad' und Jesu Blut
 Mache allen Schaden gut.

Alle, die mir sind verwandt,
 Gott, lass ruh'n in deiner Hand;
 Alle Menschen, gross und klein
 Lassen dir befohlen sein!



Arthur and Marie Graeff sang Pennsylvania German Folksongs at Constitution Hall in Washington, D.C., about 1938, then repaired to a park outside.

Kranken Herzen sende Ruh'
 Nasse Augen schliesse zu!
 Lass in Deiner Engel Macht
 Sanft uns ruhen diese Nacht!

I am weary, go to sleep,
 Close my eyes in slumber deep;
 Father, may thy vigil stay
 O'er my bed till break of day.

If I wronged someone today
 Loving God, correct my ways;
 By Thy Grace and Jesus' blood
 Fill each hour with something good.

We all know the life you banned,
 God, keep rest within your hand
 May mankind, both young and old,
 Be obedient in thy fold.

Heavy hearts may find their peace,
 Weeping hearts will also cease;
 May this night thy Angels keep
 Watch upon our gentle sleep.

Sympathy, gentleness, kindness are thus to be found on one hand, while on the other in often heavy dosage, appeared loud, raucous, interminably lengthy rambles posing as folksongs. But they were fun to sing, an exercise the Pennsylvania Germans did heartily enjoy.

One area of endeavor in the realm of Pennsylvania German poetry and translation which Arthur D. Graeff

shared with Charles Calvin Ziegler, Edward H. Rauch ("Pit Schweffelbrenner"), Solomon DeLong ("Solomon Grouthomel"), Paul R. Wieand and LeRoy Heffentrager, was the ability to think poetically. They were all able to render into *Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch* words, ideas and stanzas or verses, originally written in English, High German or French. In some cases, they simply borrowed a fine tune and splendid meter to write poetry on totally different subjects but which "sang well" to these particular tunes. The three items which follow, show his versatility in those matters.

In his first, "Wieg Lied," (Cradle Song) to the tune of Brahms Lullaby, he has projected ideas in dialect which express word and thought forms to be found in both High German and English lyrics familiarly heard. Since that is so close, no translation will accompany it:

Arthur D. Graeff "Wieg Lied"

Music: Brahms Lullaby

Gute Owed! Gut Nacht,
 Es glee Bubli lacht.
 Im Wieg dort im Eck,
 Schlupt's unnich em Deck.
 Maeriye frie, wann Gott will
 Waerscht du wieder geweckt;
 Maeriye frie, wann Gott will
 Waerscht du wieder geweckt.

All iss ruhig, schlof ei!
 Scheene Engel gedrei
 Gewwe Acht uff dei Wieg,
 Weil ich iwwer dich biege.
 Schuggel so! Aage zu!

Uff un app, glei kummt Ruh!
Draam so fort, hie un doh,
Schlummer aa! Schlof yuscht so!

There are many versions and parodies on "O Tannenbaum," the Christmas tree folksong but none more appropriate than those which substitute the Pennsylvania Cedar (really a variety of juniper), the frontiersman's substitute for fir, spruce or hemlock. In Eastern Pennsylvania they literally grew wild but were nicely adaptable as living fence posts; even when growth had died off, the wood rotted off only very slowly. Thus in Berks, Montgomery, Northampton and Lehigh Counties, "ZeedreBaam" substitutes for "Tannenbaum" exist in several forms in the folk culture. This one seems to say essential matters quite well:

Arthur D. Graeff "Der Zeedre Baam"

Music: O Tannenbaum

Der Zeedre Baam, der Zeedre Baam,
Der keenich von die Baerrige!
Doh steht er in hoch Majestaet,
Den harlich Chrishtaag Maeriye,
Im schtuwwe-eck, wie schee bedeckt,
Mit Glittergold un Bauwoll gefleckt:
Der Zeedre Baam, der Zeedre Baam
Der keenich von die Baerrige!

Der Zeedre Baam, der Zeedre Baam
Wie grie sinn seine bletter!
Im Frieyohr, Winter, Summerzeit,
Er gebt gar nix um's Wetter.
Doch ee mohl's Yohr an Chrishtaag's Zeit,
Er dresst sich uff fer all die Leit.
Der Zeedre Baam, der Zeedre Baam,
Der Keenich von die Baerrige!

The cedar tree, the cedar tree,
King of the mountains!
You stand there in all majesty
On that glorious Christmas morning
In the corner of the room, decorated so fine
With sparkle-gold and cotton bits.
The cedar tree, the cedar tree,
The king of all the mountains!

The cedar tree, the cedar tree,
How green your flat leaves are!
In winter, spring and summertime
Cares nothing for the weather.
Still once a year at Christmas time
Gets quite dressed up for all mankind.
The cedar tree, the cedar tree
The king of all the mountains!

The meter of hymns was well-known and fully understood by all, since one of the intellectual games played in Plain Dutch and Church German communities alike,

was the mix-and-match of hymn lyrics and usable tunes. Sometimes experimentally, tunes were called for which in fact did **not** complement the words, but that unsuccessful combination was then well remembered and studiously avoided if the temptation to use them together ever arose again. Beloved hymns do attach themselves to certain tunes and today we tend to use them invariably with the same ones. Variety still suggests the merit of at least occasional change. Particularly favorite hymn-tunes have had special verses of endearment set to those most familiar melodies. In the form which follows, "Es Mutter's Lied" (Song for Mother) is set to the tune for "The Old Rugged Cross."

Arthur D. Graeff "Es Mutter's Lied"

Tune: Old Rugged Cross

Wann die Epple-Baem blieye un Frieyohr iss doh
Dann kummt wieder der Mutter's Daag rumm
Un mir p'suche die Mammi; sie's immer so froh
Ihre Kinner sinn allfort wilkum.

Chorus: So dann geb 're die Blie-Blumme heit
Un waart net zu lang des zu duh!
Kalde Hend heewe net die Scheenheit
Zu 'ne Aage sinn blindt in die Ruh.

In ke Schproch gebt's ee Wart dass so viel Mehning
spricht
Os wie "Mammi" zu uns Deitsche Leit.
Es schteht immer fer gut, fer gross Lieb un fer Recht;
Du kumscht's aerscht, in ihr' Hertz, alle zeit.

Chorus:

Geb die mammi die Blumme daweil sie noch leeft!
Loss sie wisse dass du net vergescht!
Weil mer wees dass die Lieb os die MutterHertz heebt
Iss in oll die gross Welt noch es bescht!

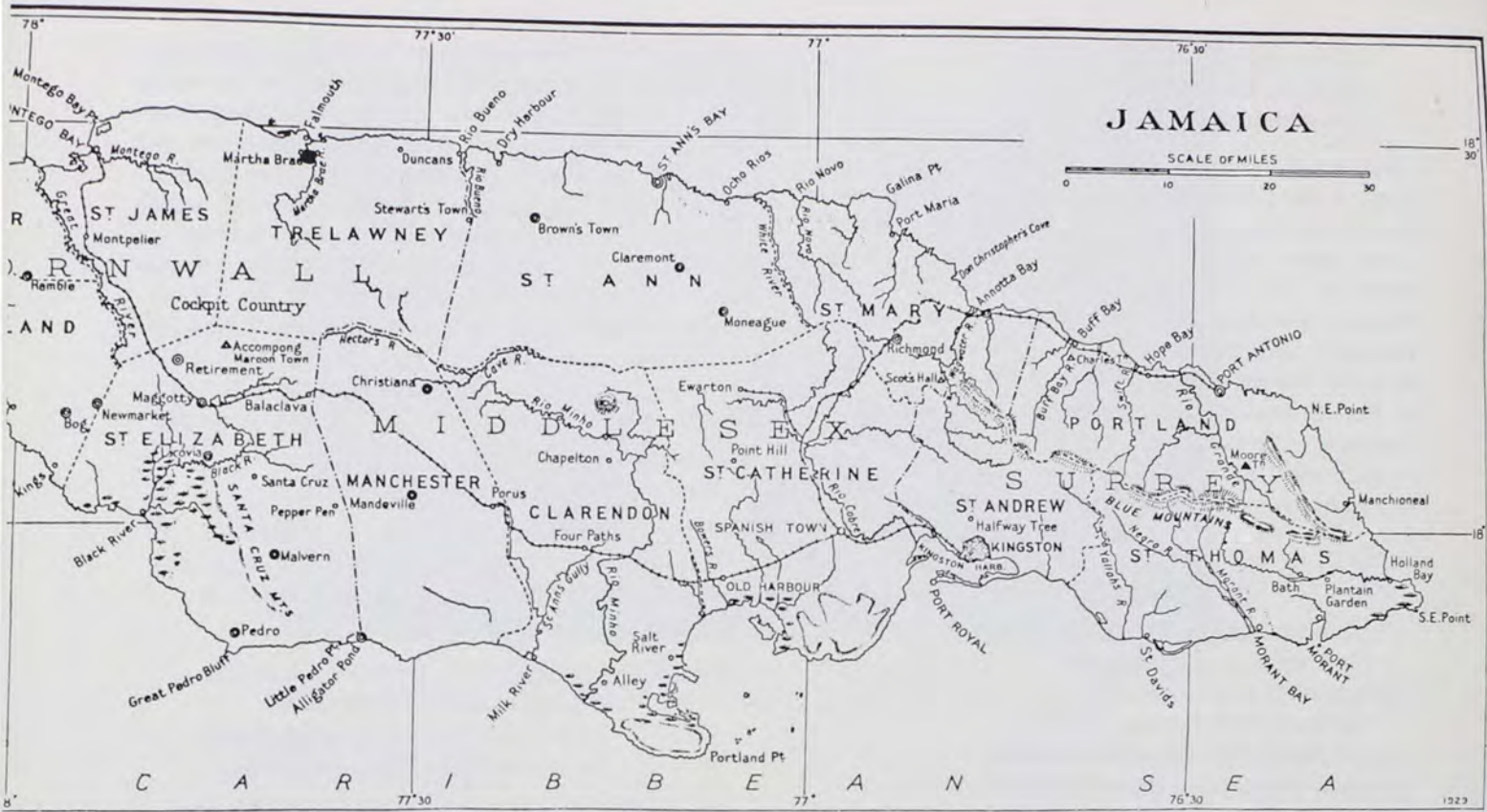
Song for Mother

When the appletrees bloom and springtime is here
Then has Mother's Day once again come.
Our visits to Mother bring her pleasant good cheer;
She welcomes each child, every one.

Chorus: So then take her the flowers today
Do not wait too long as you prepare
For the beauty of what she might say
The closed eyes and still hands will not share.

In no tongue that I know does one word say so well
As the word "Mother" does to us all
In right goodness and love may we dwell
With you first in our hearts overall.

So give flowers to Mother while she is still alive
Let her know that you have not forgot!
For we all know the love which from Motherheart
springs
Is best in the whole world, no doubt.



PORT ROYAL AND PHILADELPHIA

by WILLIAM T. PARSONS

Pennsylvania has received justifiable attention as the Quaker Province in British North America, with Philadelphia, City of Brotherly Love, its chief port and residential center, over the years. Indeed the Pennsylvania Germans in their ethnic settlement unquestionably owe many religious, economic and political privileges to the foresight and good will of William Penn, Friend, the visionary founder and receptive, informed governor of this wonderful province.

We are somewhat less aware of the network of economic establishments those same Friends had located or at least, begun, at many outlying places throughout the British Empire, Atlantic region, during seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Mercantile Quakers remained most comfortable when dealing and trading with other trade partners of compatible standards. They often



James Logan was a Friend who corresponded with more Quakers in the Province and abroad than any other Pennsylvanian. He was Provincial Secretary.

exchanged with Friendly families in foreign ports who had desirable or valuable products, or they traded with other pietist shippers or merchants.

Quaker traders liked to feel a closer tie of trust and friendship, although that was sometimes illusory. Merchant Friends, like all other members of the Society of Friends, were obliged to avoid litigation and legal struggle, with subsequent requisite oath-taking and official judgment, at virtually all cost. Usually they managed. Happily, in turn, pietist believers of other denominations often observed the very same regulations and obligations. And that was voluntary.

A major Friends settlement in the Caribbean area of the British New World which complemented Penn's Experiment in many ways, was a settlement of business Friends in Port Royal, Jamaica during the last third of the seventeenth century. Among the individuals who were convinced by Friendly Principles was Thomas Norris (also spelled Norrice) of London, and his young wife, Mary Moore Norris. Their eighth child and youngest son, Isaac, was born to them in London on 26 July 1671.

Because of the strong belief Thomas Norris had in the principles of the Society of Friends, he could not remain in Restoration England. Norris said farewell to Friends in the Southwark Monthly Meeting and settled in Port Royal, Jamaica, where he found a growing colony of expatriates who had obtained a sizeable share of the island's trade. The Quaker establishment in Port Royal accounted for a part of the town's phenomenal expansion from eight hundred houses in 1672 to two thousand in 1691.¹ The Norris family lived in the port area, the main part of town, in one of the numerous brick houses on the sandy isthmus which sheltered one of the best harbors in the Caribbean. Wood and water were scarce, but that minor difficulty was easily borne in light of the obvious advantages of the settlement of congenial Quakers, to whom problems of conscience were of prime importance. The reconciling of everyday financial and military obligations with the tenets of George Fox was not always simply accomplished, so that Thomas Norris was required to pay fines on three separate occasions for refusing to bear arms.²

As the family prospered and Isaac matured, circumstances combined to send the young man to another colonial town of prosperous Quaker merchants, Philadelphia on the Delaware, chief port of Jamaica trade on the North American continent. There this mere youth and new entrant into the island-to-continent trade, Isaac Norris, served as trade representative for his father's commerce and made a preliminary investigation of the advantages of locating family and establishing Quaker trade in this town, founded a mere ten years earlier, the promising center of an organized new world Friends' venture. He carried a letter of

introduction to Thomas Lloyd from the latter's son Mordecai.

I have been very much obliged to Joseph Norris ever since my first arrival here in Jamaica, for his many extraordinary kindnesses and tender affection towards me. He and the bearer hereof, his Brother Isaac Norris, are in short, my only true friends that I have met with since my arrival here; now he being very desirous to travel . . . to Pennsylvania . . . be pleased for my sake to retaliate his kindness to me.³

The trip by Isaac Norris and John Lloyd to Philadelphia has been delightfully recounted in a journal kept by Norris. The narrative describes fishing and hunting episodes, landings on Exuma, Eleuthera, Cat and Crooked Islands of the Bahamas, a search for salt on several of these islands, and repairs to the staved-in bottom of the ship's boat. Although not as spectacular as Jonathan Dickinson's trip along the same route when Dickinson met with hurricane, pirates and Spanish Indians, it was nonetheless an exciting introduction to a new world. Our traveler met the governor of the Bahamas. Isaac Norris was well received. Indeed his cryptic journal is so pleasing that a transcript follows this account.

After numerous adventures the group arrived in Philadelphia on 7 May 1692. The voyage and business trip of young Isaac Norris lasted just three months. He travelled some and sent and received several letters. Thomas Norris did not write, but Joseph said, "I have asked my father to write but thou knows, he seldom writes letters, but has ordered me to remember his love . . . to thee."⁴

One month after Isaac's arrival at his destination, a catastrophe struck Port Royal. Violence was not new to the island, which had witnessed an earthquake in 1689, slave rebellion in 1690 and marauding pirates earlier in 1692.⁵ Eyewitness accounts include the following details:

Dreadful calamity . . . hath befallen this island by a terrible earthquake on the 7th inst. which hath thrown down almost all the houses, churches, sugarworks mills and bridges in the island.⁶

Joseph Norris lived through the disaster by reason of his absence from Port Royal:

About the 11th hour in the day came a terrible Earthquake whose force was such that I am apt to think was hardly ever known, for I, being then at Meeting at Spanish Town, which was fenced in with a strong brick Wall, I with other friends ran out into the middle of the Ground, where the Ground was waving like to a Sea, we could not stand but beheld the Walls and houses Shaken, as a Man should shake a twig, till they were laid flat round us.⁷

It was the trading center which suffered most.

In the space of three minutes, about half an hour after eleven in the morning *Port Royal*, the fairest town of all the *English* plantations, the best emporium and mart of this part of the world, rich, plentiful of all good things, was shaken and shattered

to pieces, sunk, into, and covered for the greater part by the sea; few of the houses are left whole, and every day we hear them fall.⁸

Sad relation from Port Royall which being chiefly on a Bank of Sand, endured not so much shaking; for the Steeple first falling, the Wharfs next the Harbour giving way, all the Houses thereon run down with the Land into the Sea; Ours with divers others near two fathoms under . . . in a moment almost the whole Place was under Water.⁹

Joseph thought that two thirds of the population of Port Royal were lost, "Some sunk into the Earth, some knocked on the head by houses, some cut to pieces by timber", at least seven people, including "my dear Father" were lost at the Norris place "being all at home in the House and Shop, sunk down with it."¹⁰ Joseph lost about £3000, saving "not so much as a Bond, Bill or Book", and according to a sort of family tradition all that was saved of the estate was a cradle floating in the bay, bearing "a female negro Child alive, & a large silver Dish."¹¹ The dish belonged to Thomas Norris, and the child, apparently the daughter of the Negro who died in Norris' house, became a family servant, whose death Isaac II recorded in 1751, "Old Negro Bess dyed Suddenly."¹²

Tremors were felt even on June 20, when Joseph Norris wrote:

This Earthquake continues to give smart shakes, may be twenty times in twenty-four hours, giving a Report like a Gun when it begins, which keeps People still in dread.¹³

The Rector of Port Royal also mentioned "returns of the earthquake every hour" and added "I am afraid to stay, and yet know not how, in a point of conscience at such a juncture, to quit my station."¹⁴

Isaac Norris, in Philadelphia, was unaware of the trouble, in fact wrote in July "It is Joy to me to hear thou art well, with Mother," and told of his good health in the city.¹⁵ At the same time he wrote to Mordecai Lloyd, "truly methinks I long to see my Relations" although "the tediousness of ye time is diverted by thy Relations [e.g. Mary Lloyd] and my friends."¹⁶ Since business was slow and the trip "not like to be very profitable," Isaac was anxious to get back to Jamaica. He summarized his own condition for himself and to his correspondents:

I have had my health in these parts (blessed be God) and have thriven in flesh since my departure.¹⁷ I have no reason to repent my Voyage, though it is not like to be very profitable. understanding the Markets are low . . . But I can admit of no other result than going to Jamaica.¹⁸

Norris proceeded "from Philadelphia in Delaware to Port Royall in Jamaica" between 8 August and 13 September 1692. The merchant company departed from the city of brotherly love on 8 August, from Chester on 10 August and from New Castle on 11 August, fulfilling Isaac Norris' now often expressed longing to return to his more familiar family island

home.¹⁹

When the young merchant sailed from Jamaica, he presumably carried recommendations from the development of Norris family trade with Philadelphia. By chance, the ship returning the young merchant met a "Sloop bound for Curasoa" just east of Jamaica. Only then did Norris learn the news of Port Royal's destruction, which was confirmed on September 13, 1692, the next day, when his ship arrived in the once familiar harbor.²⁰

Landing produced a series of emotional shocks. "We arrived the 13. instant to a miserable Place, when I received the News of my Father's death." Isaac's sister had died a week before his arrival, "and my dear Brother the next day after."

Little wonder Isaac was not anxious to stay "in a Place which is now odious to me, and where the strokes of Death are continually sounded in my Ears."²¹ The last thing Joseph wrote to Isaac, before succumbing to the fever which followed after the earthquake was to "charge thee . . . that thou live thy little time soberly, moderately and temperately."²²

Depression struck Isaac Norris. He spelled out his problem.

I am now stript of whatever was near to me, vizt. My Father, Brother and Sister, and of a large family, there is now none left of the name but myself. I am as one alone in a wide World, though it is uncertain how long I shall continue . . . There is no happiness I find like a great Mind and firm Soul, that can bear afflictions with a Christian Courage and lay down its all for Peace with its Maker.²³

He stayed in Jamaica less than two months, went then to the Bermudas until June 1693, and after a stopover at Kingston, Jamaica, in August 1693 (largely due to pursuit by French ships) Isaac Norris bid farewell to Jamaica, whose inhabitants generally were "not at all reformed as I see."²⁴ He travelled directly to Philadelphia, never again returning to Jamaica.

As he took leave of Jamaica, Isaac Norris faced an uncertain future. Yet his fortunes changed with lightning speed. In August, 1693, under sail to Philadelphia, he had less than £100 and no place to call home.²⁵ Early in March 1693/4, obviously profiting by the earlier letter of introduction to the Lloyd family, and commended by his moderation, "sweetness of temper and courtesy of manner," in short, a prospect "universally acceptable," Isaac Norris and Mary Lloyd married. The marriage, after the manner of Friends, took place in the house of Samuel Carpenter, on Front Street. Thomas and Prudence Lloyd and their sons Mordecai and Thomas were present, as was also David Lloyd.²⁶

The celebration of the marriage may have become too animated, for a complaint about acclamations made at the marriage of Thomas Lloyd's daughter to Isaac Norris, was sent to England. Samuel Carpenter and

David Lloyd were included on a committee to send an answer "for the Clearing of Truth, and our deceased friend Thomas Lloyd from [this] gross imputation."²⁷

The death of Thomas Lloyd, like Penn, Oxford-educated, and a respected leader in the political and religious community, struck Norris particularly hard. Isaac, lacking a family of his own, enthusiastically became a part of the Lloyd clan, led now by young, seafaring Thomas Lloyd. He joined Rachel Lloyd Preston and her husband Samuel of Jamaica and Pennsylvania, Hannah and Richard Hill, a Maryland Friend, recently arrived in Philadelphia. More distant Lloyd relatives were Elizabeth and Daniel Zachary of Boston. Prestons, Hills, Lloyds and Norris' served in the new generation of business and religious leaders in Pennsylvania, and usually were active in politics as well.²⁸

Robert Elliott, a correspondent of the Lloyd family, wrote encouragingly to Isaac Norris some months after the wedding:

Understanding per thy brother [-in-law] Mordecai Lloydes letter from thee wch came to my hand, of thy being settled att Philadelphia & well maryed. I wish ye much Joye & was & am truly Joyful to hear of thy well doing & should be glad to Corespond wth thee.²⁹

Two daughters, Mary and Hannah, were born to Isaac and Mary Norris in 1694 and 1696. Three more children were born by 1700, but of these only the first son, Joseph, lived to his majority. Isaac and Mary Norris first lived near the Prestons on Front Street. On the occasion of family trips, Samuel and Rachel Preston cared for the young Norris children who could not travel. On a journey somewhat longer than ordinary in 1702, two couples travelled to Boston to visit the Daniel Zachary household; this modest family reunion was planned by Hannah Hill, Mary Norris, and Elizabeth Zachary. The visitors arrived despite recurring illness, for a relatively short but important family visit. The Zacharys' looked forward to the event, writing on 5 September 1702 to a mutual friend in Jamaica, that the travellers had not yet arrived, but "wee dayly expect to See Bro. Hill, Brother Norriss and their wives."³⁰ There is no indication of the date on which these four adventurers left Philadelphia, nor of means of transport, although they probably went by ship, but they did arrive well in Boston on 11 September. Norris' condition following this travel is graphically described:

I have had 3 fitts of an Ague & feavor wth Violent Vomitting wch has brought me weak & taken away my Stomack . . . At [New] York it is & has been Extream Sickly. Many Dye of ye Distempr being a Malignant feavor, Such as was wth us 3 Years Since. Tho this is my well day, yet I cannot write much Very Easily.³¹

Richard Hill mentioned their return from Boston as about 20 October, so the visit was of some dura-

tion, although because of the sickness experienced they may have stayed longer than originally planned. Back home in Philadelphia, the children who had been left behind, were found to be well,³² "but I believe Our Wives will scerce be fitt to Journey againe for some time."³³ The fever in New York occupied Isaac's thoughts, so that after returning home, he wrote to Jonathan Dickinson:

It was ye same as here 3 years Since. Some hundreds dy'd and many Left ye Town for many weeks, So yt as wee went and came along [back] ye place Seemd almost desolate.³⁴

Norris himself did not feel well and "could not Claw off ye distemper clearly till abt a week after wee gott home" and three weeks after the return trip, he mentioned that his "Eyes grow Sore, wch makes me write uneasily."³⁵

The Jamaica-Pennsylvania trade attracted Norris who was also early engaged in other West Indies trade. Norris trading extended to include Madeira and Lisbon in time. A fellow Quaker, Jonathan Dickinson, also prospered in the Philadelphia-Kingston trade, so that he and Isaac Norris had much in common, and carried on business and personal correspondence for more than a decade. Their epistolary conversations ranged from prices of commodities and the weather, to "the Barbados distemper" and the capture of four pirates, "supposed to be Kidd's men."³⁶

Each acted on behalf of the other while both sought to locate mercantile bargains in the commodities and the precarious exchange they dealt with. For example, Norris reported to his Friend in Jamaica:

I also read wth trouble ye Accot thou gives of ye Rebellious Negroes.

I Lett thy warehouse & wharf to Wm. Trent for £ 13.10s per anno, for a year. I stood hard for £ 15.-; he would not Give it & I thought a Little time Empty would make ye difference . . . I sold most of the *Amity's* Rum at 6/9 and 7s., but there is 4 cask remains and one of melasses. As soon as Sold, Shall Send acc't Sales, as also acco't of OutSett and Cargo of Sloop *Amity*.³⁷

A month later, Norris in Philadelphia, took note that several vessels sailed from the port rather quickly so as not to be detained,

for wee have had a Snow and now ye N West blows very hard and is so cold yt wee Expect ye falling of ye wind. Ye River will be full of Ice, so yt all outward bound Vessells have hurry'd away Except this, wch I almost fear will be catcht.

James Boyden in our Little Sloop *Hazard* is Embargo'd in South Carolina, that Governor being on an Expedition ag[ains]t St. Augusteen.

P.S. 14 December It is now a Thaw and the Vessell hastening away this tide, I cannot add much more.³⁸

When Jonathan Dickinson died in 1722, Isaac Norris and James Logan were two of the "Executors & Trustees" of his Pennsylvania Estate.³⁹



Courtesy of the late Geo. Wm. Norris and Hist. Soc. of Pa.

The Slate Roof House at Second and Chestnut Streets served briefly as home of the Norris Family. After the death of Isaac Norris in 1735, his widow Mary Lloyd Norris preferred it to the country estate he had built. She lived there until her death in 1748.

After 1700, finding his resources ever increasing, Isaac Norris sought a more satisfactory home for his family. Following extensive negotiations, he purchased the Slate Roof House which had been built by Samuel Carpenter some years before. It was located on the east side of Second Street, at Norris Alley, between Chestnut and Walnut Streets. The house was roomy and comfortable, and although centrally located, it retained a desirable privacy since the entrance was set back full sixteen feet in a regular U from the wings, with a spacious family wall-enclosed back yard. This was the house James Logan had recommended for William Penn himself on his return visit of 1699. When not in active Norris family use, it was the finest rental property in all of colonial Philadelphia. The purchase price of £900 paid by Isaac Norris, I, was returned several times over in subsequent time.⁴⁰

In personal dealings with William Penn, as in those of an official capacity, Norris impressed the Proprietor as a dependable sagacious merchant and citizen. Penn trusted Norris with important matters. In religion and government, Penn, the older of the two, was a kind of inspirational example to Norris. Both firmly believed the strength of the province lay in the collaboration of sympathetic individuals.⁴¹

Isaac wrote, "I can sincerely say I desire Penn's memory may be handed to successive ages Not only as a worthy Undertaker & Leader to ye Settlement, but a kind supporter and preserver under God to ye people." Penn's courage made a marked impression upon Norris, "The more he is pressed, the more he rises. He seems of a spirit fit to bear and to rub through difficulties."⁴²

Penn's estimate of Norris was indicated when, in sending William Penn, Junior, to Pennsylvania to learn some responsibility, the father made a number of suggestions to James Logan which included utilizing the

friendship and resourcefulness of the merchant Quaker who had come originally from Port Royal:

Immediately take him away to Pennsbury and there give him true state of things, and weigh down his levities as well as temper his resentments . . . I propose Governor Hamilton, S. Carpenter, I. Norris, Young Shippen, and your easiest and most civilized for his conversation . . . but the first chiefly. Watch him, out-wit him and honestly overreach him, for his good; fishing, little journeys (as to see the Indians) &c., will divert him; and pray Friends to bear all they can, and melt towards him, at least civilly if not religiously. He will confide in thee. If S. Carpenter, R. Hill and Is. Norris could gain his confidence . . . I should rejoice. Pennsylvania has cost me dearer in my poor child than all other considerations.⁴³

But the Proprietor had seen only the beginning of mischief in that regard.

Instead of landing at Philadelphia as was both customary and fully expected, the newly appointed Governor John Evans and his charge, William Penn, Jr., who arrived as governmental trainee (possibly his father's idea rather than the young man's), made port in New York. They then travelled overland to arrive almost unheralded after dusk.⁴⁴ Norris wrote to two correspondents only a month apart concerning the young man's late unfortunate arrival:

The Governor and W. Penn, junior, caught us napping; they arrived late at night, unheard to all the town, and at a time when we were big with the expectation of a Queen's governor.⁴⁵

Young Wm. Penn is come in with a New Governmen[t] under his Father's Comm[ission] & ye Queens Approbation, just at a time w[he]n Some were big with Expectation that ye Governmt was Lost.⁴⁶

Good feelings abounded among Philadelphians if only because of the arrival of the namesake of the great proprietor. Within the first twenty years of the experiment on Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers, the participants were fully cognizant of the merits of freedoms, rights and principles they enjoyed. Even from the very

start, disappointments became evident. Governor John Evans and young William Penn followed their own counsel instead of hearing out the elders the proprietor had recommended. On the arrival of the younger namesake of the founder, he and James Logan

boarded a while at Isaac Norris's, and then, in June, took William Clark's "great house," newly built, on Chestnut Street at the southwest corner of Third, where they kept "batchelors' hall" and where later Governor Evans joined them.⁴⁷

All that much later became far too tame and the young fellow eventually moved to a point on the far side of the city limits so he would not be constrained by town laws and Quaker limitations within the municipality. The elder Penn had indeed made quite a correct interpretation. Norris was just as obviously questioned by his more regular Friends about this nearly scandalous conduct rumored about the area, so that at one time he responded to direct queries from Jonathan Dickinson:

Our young Prop[rieto]r . . . goes to no other worship & Sometimes Comes to meetings - he is good natur'd and loves Compa[ny] but yt of frds [Friends] is to [too] dull. I say this much to answer thy request.⁴⁸

On the other hand, Norris took note of difficulties raised by Governor Evans and his associates in the provincial government, which the merchant, asked to look out for the interest of Young William Penn, Junior, felt did interfere. He wrote to a now unidentified correspondent:

Friends' attempts to discourage vice, looseness and immorality (which increase) are baffled by their proclamations [from the Governor and allies] making void their presentations [those of the mayor's court].⁴⁹

True it was that the older generation, even though not much older than the next, is prone to worry about the morals of younger folk, as it is today. In this case, there does appear to be some valid cause. Even Father William Penn was sadder and wiser.

W. Penn, junior, with Evans as drinking companion, became quite the scandal of Quaker Philadelphia. "Our Young Proprietor Seems to like ye Country and talks of fetching his family," according to Norris, but the young man's actions "give me leave to think otherwise."⁵⁰ Norris' dismay grew as he contemplated the senior Penn's chagrin.

During this same period, Norris entered into negotiations for a parcel of land which found its way unexpectedly onto the market, as William Penn, Jr., decided to realize a cash settlement from the manor of Williamstadt on the Schuylkill. It was in the manner of Norris to say it simply: "W. Trent & I bot. of Young W.P., 7 Thousand Acres Just above Plimouth."⁵¹ On the other hand, by his nature, James Logan tended

to expound in considerably more detail:

Last night William Penn, jun'r. sold his manor on Schuylkill (now Norrington) to William Trent and Isaac Norris for 850 £. They were unwilling to touch it, for without a great prospect none will now meddle with land, but in his case, he was resolved to sell and leave the country.⁵²

That same source attributed a statement to Logan about the same time, on the lack of available capital: "Money is so scarce that many good farmers now scarce ever see a piece-of-eight of their own throughout the year."⁵³

Fortunately by now, Norris had value in hand; this purchase was for subsequent investment value, and not for immediate residence. Norris then recommended to Jonathan Dickinson, "I Would Advise ye to buy Some tract that may be now Cheap & a little Remote & may probably pay Interest of money till thy Children come to age."⁵⁴ Thus the acquisition of land provided the solid base on which to build a substantial family, but it would be the remarkable business sense and unbounding energy of Isaac Norris I, along with further association with young men of similar goals, which would bring that possibility to fruition.

Even so, the severe shortage of currency and exchange in Pennsylvania which James Logan reported to William Penn, affected all the mercantile interests in the province. Not many months after their seven-thousand-acre land purchase along the Schuylkill River, Norris and Trent were reported to have had second thoughts:

'Tis to be noted that [to raise] this money [for the province and thus for the Proprietor] 'tis absolutely impossible. There are no buyers of land: even W.T. [William Trent] and I.N. [Isaac Norris] are not overpleased with their bargain. Had not land been lately in request, the memory of which still remains with us, it would be near as low as twelve years ago . . . I have discoursed very seriously with Samuel Carpenter, whose judgment I take to be the best of any man's in the Province . . . and . . . this Province cannot now raise anything; they have it not, nor do i believe there is so much money as thou mentions in the whole Government. We have no credit in England and with what difficulty we make returns is sufficiently known.⁵⁵

But in fact, if Isaac Norris was in any way discontent, he fails to reveal that matter in his various records.

The Quaker in Philadelphia never looked on trade in Island commodities with the same enthusiasm he displayed for goods and land in Pennsylvania. Although he received Negro servants in the Quaker province from the Caribbean for re-sale, he did indeed lack enthusiasm for the transactions. In a series of letters reporting actions to Dickinson in Jamaica and goods received from other Quakers on Barbados, Norris wrote:

Sampson I sold for £ 30 [but] Harry will not sell; the fellow Grows so Subtill yt w[he]n any body comes to look on him, he

Limps heartily, tells them he's old and cannot do much. I'm Sorry I did not Lett Bro. Preston have him. I am now forc't to cloth[e] ym. They are so chilly they can hardly Stirr from ye fire and wee have Early beginnings for a hard Winter. D[ea]r Jonathan, send mee nor recommend me no more Negroes for sale. I don't like yt sort of business. Any thing Else tho' Less considerable is much more Acceptable.⁵⁶

Isaac continued to make unfavorable comparisons between Pennsylvania and Jamaica, perhaps because he had so thoroughly entrenched his family here, or for reasons of concern at earlier events on the island. Six months after he had complained about the difficulty of selling West Indian Blacks in the Philadelphia market, he reflected a feeling of general concern over lax attitudes and standards in even Quaker island settlements.

I Cannot but wth sorrow Take Notice of ye Deplorable Estate of ye Island and wt thou says of Friends and mourne wth you, my Dear Friends under ye Exercises & pray that the Almighty may open up a way for ye accomplishmt of the Desired Removall . . .⁵⁷

And nine months after his original complaints against the unsalability of the servant Harry, he remained unsold, "I cannot yet sell Harry; he is very weakly & cannot do a days work of any kind."⁵⁸

Isaac Norris was so successful that James Logan, Secretary to the Proprietor, described Trent and Norris as "the most thriving men of the Colony, and the chief traders of the place." Later Logan even more lavishly called Norris "a man of business . . . whose judgement I value far above any man's in the government, except Samuel Carpenter's."⁵⁹ Grain, such as wheat, oats and barley, grown on Norris farms for sale was often ground in Norris mills and the flour barrelled for trade. An additional refinement in the process was bread baked from Norris flour, the loaves to be packed in barrels and sold to sea captains or used by Norris ships in overseas trade.⁶⁰

Ships in which Norris and Dickinson had mercantile interest included *The Amity*, *Unity*, *Mary*, *Rachell* and others which usually plied the waters between Pennsylvania and the islands of the Caribbean. The *Amity* was nearly caught in the ice which froze the Delaware at Philadelphia during the winter of 1702-1703. Indeed it did actually find itself frozen fast the following winter. Given the careful attention Norris paid to details of trade and rather the rather unlikely event they had two unlucky accidents, that all suggests that Norris and Company traded right up to the very last minute of possible departure and clearance of ships. In fact, the *Amity* barely made port into Philadelphia from Barbados in autumn 1703.

almost cutt thro' with ye Ice . . . [Now] wee have had a tedious winter. It Sett in ye Latter End of ye 9. mo. [November] and never opened so as to get out a Vessel till ye mdl Last mo. [February,] wch prov'd a great damage.⁶¹

Summer sailing was generally better, though Norris was especially gratified to report to Dickinson in 1704, "Joseph Hamerton in Our new Sloop *Mary* (the finest yt Ever was built in this place) made us a very good Voyage to Barbados in 2 months."⁶²

On 7 and 9 December 1707, the vessels *Unity*, *Rachel* and *Diamond* all struggled to clear port before the annual freeze, even to such extreme measures as to sail outward bound on the First Day:

This day the Sloop *Unitye* Saild Outward to Madeira, Altho' first day of ye week. The weather Extreem frezeing Last night filld the river with floating Ice. Fears this Night will Shut all Fast.⁶³

This day Saild hence the Sloop *Rachell* Bound to Madeira and Sloop *Diamond* to Barbados; the River Exceeding full of floating Ice. The Sloops are Greatly in danger, wch if they Escape I must think Good Providen[ce]⁶⁴

Deck hands were occasionally Black servants in Norris service:

Mem[oran]d[u]m that this day, 3d 6 mo [August] 1708, I hyr'd Bro: Hill [Richard Hill,] Bro: Norris his Negro Harry at 30/-per mo. He gos On Voyage to Virg[in]ia and M[ary]land in ye Sloop *Annapolas March[ant]*, Samuell Jones, Mast[er].⁶⁵

Memdm: That I hyrd Bro[the]r Norris his Negro Harry to Jo[nath]n Baily, Capt[ain], the Sloop *Hanna* ye 9mo [November] at 3d per mo.⁶⁶

Thus it would appear that Norris solved the problem of employment for the wily and cunning Harry, who always managed to be the very picture of decrepitude when any buyer came near, by hiring him out to relatives and to Norris and Company ships as maritime help.

Logs from family estates, processed through family enterprise sawmills, were stacked on wharves in Philadelphia for shipment to distant ports in local ships. Timbers, planks, shingles and barrel staves were available for this market. When the ships returned from other shipping centers with cloth, chocolate, canvas, hinges, glass, sugar and salt to be sold from the ships or at Norris trade stores, the same farmers, millers, bakers and coopers purchased novel and necessary overseas goods.⁶⁷

Beyond the products of his own estates, Isaac Norris I traded in goods of remarkable variety for his time and developed an unusually free attitude toward trade in general. He vigorously opposed intercolonial trade restrictions, most especially when bars were established against products shipped from Pennsylvania.

But indeed, he went beyond that. He complained of the monopoly theory so basic to the mercantilism of his day.

This Philadelphian found it difficult to accept restrictions which kept him from markets which opened before him. "The Spaniard, who is as jealous of his trade in ye West Indies as of his wife at home, Allows

us to carry [provisions] in ye times of peace," he complained, "and Shall Subjects of the Same crown be Sufferd to do thus?"⁶⁸

Norris also protested when the port collector refused to accept non-English coin in payment of excise duty.

Mony Still goes as formerly in Imitation of York, notwithstanding ye Proclamation is publisht. Wee now Generally make our bargains for So many Pes 8/8 & wee think If it Alters we Shall not be very Sencible of Loss for yt A Pc of 8/8, notwithstanding ye Different denominations will fetch as much yn as now.⁶⁹

In a time of rapidly expanding commerce, Isaac Norris I envisaged quantities of Norris ships and goods in numerous Atlantic and Caribbean ports. Maryland and Virginia continued to enjoy normal trade, while the port collector in Philadelphia enforced laws to the hilt. Norris the pragmatist could see only that those other states gained unfair advantage:

They ship off Tob[acco] as formerly & have & will cutt us out of the Barbados trade for yt comodity. I also advise ye that Maryland has not only laid additional Impositions upon Liquors, but has totally prohibited bread, flour, horses & tobacco &c . . . I shall only observe, in my poor opinion, that as in generall none of the Plantations ought to prohibit anything wch the Laws of the trade allow, So 'tis barbarous or extremely ilnated totally to prohibitt bread &c., the Staff of Life.⁷⁰

Ships of Isaac Norris and Company traded throughout the Caribbean area. This now extensive trader speaks of a number of such destinations in a single letter he wrote in late spring 1705, "We have four large vessels for Barbados and Antigua . . . however, from Jamaica, sugar, molasses and cotton must do best." Later in the same mail, he appended, "I have agreed within these two months with two vessels to carry my wines (of which I have a choice parcel of old by me) and other goods, but they both loaded for Nevis, hearing of an extraordinary market for flour."⁷¹

This Port Royal Friend in Philadelphia remained a steadfast friend of William Penn in America, seconding his proclamations and laws, admiring his proprietary fortitude even though skeptical of Penn's economic judgments. Surely James Logan, Provincial Secretary, wrote the greatest number of letters to Penn in England for that was his employment. Norris undoubtedly wrote many more private letters to the founder than anyone else in all America; they often extended for eight full pages and range over twenty to thirty-five topics per letter.

In a single letter, for example, Norris complained about English non-Quaker objectors to the Pennsylvania provincial government or those who would change it:

On the otherside I could wish a more ready condensation to what is reasonable, just and for ye true interest of the place, & yt some punctillios were rather stept over, yn wee should be left thus open & naked stript of all Lawes and

Priviledges yt might be some Barrier to an arbitrary Administration, If such an one Should unhappily be our Lott.⁷²

He then moved to the problem of tardiness in transport of official papers in transoceanic-passage and the approval of provincial laws:

In order to [accomplish this improvement] if wee could hear wt was become of our Laws on yt side (or rather yt they were confirm'd, for 'tis now mutter'd wee have none, by thy Enemies aggravated a design by dropping wt wee had confirm'd . . . & yn neglecting to present ym to ye Queen). Since thou hast been pleas'd to grant charters to Province & City, that they may not be unreasonably Opugned . . . on the Pretense of weak or Male-Administration.⁷³

Indeed this plain friend was just warmed up, though he realized he might easily offend even a kindly proprietor, but the subject of restrictions on trade, whether parliamentary or proprietary, brought his combative spirit. He continued, with justification for his clear but sharp language:

I beg, excuse for being thus homely & plain, & leave to add that some things unhappily give too much occasion, and I fear will keep a handle in thy Enemies hands wch I would have feign have wrested out. And that is the raising Impositions without Law . . . A small sloop such as could be formerly clear'd for abt 34s., will now come to near £ 4.-. Great complaints from those concern'd in Law Suits of Extrava-gant fees. I wish that bill of fees had been perfected ere thy going off, for now having no Law in ye case, all do wt is right in their own Eyes.⁷⁴

When necessary, the irate trader Friend came right down to names and cases in point. He cited common practice and customary actions to justify his financial stand, but it does tie in with his earlier objection that Pennsylvania was being squeezed out of the island trade by more lax enforcement by mercantile officials further south:

J.M. [John Moore] is collectr and (whether to appear yt more just & thereby to keep ye office I shall not determine) not only weighs to a pound all tobacco, but refuses (not withstanding ye scarcity of mony) to take ye Duty in Specie, tho' the Act of Parliament expressly allows it; and further, whereas it has been always usual here (as in England) that in case a loss arise before the tobacco arrive at ye intended port, wee should have Libarty to ship off ye Like quantity for the Same duty. He Refuses us this. We have none to complain to in yt case but thee.⁷⁵

Still, Isaac Norris wrote as confidante and long-time companion of the older man's. Real admiration and genuine approval of policies which had made the religious experiment possible were in the mind of Norris at all times; occasionally he saw fit to spell some of them out in more detail, as in the very same letter as thoroughly cited above:

Wee may yet hope a happy conclusion. I add that I mean this honestly and without ye least design of encroachment on thy interest but as it may be safe and honorable to ye and thy memory, wch I can sincerely say I desire may be sweetly handed to successive ages. Not only as a worthy

Undrtaker & Leadr to ye Settlemt, but a kind supporter and preserver undr God to ye people.⁷⁶

This venturesome Pennsylvania Friend even ranged into the field of political judgments, "hints att some things wch may phaps slip more important pens." But in fact he did worry about outcomes, he saw problems looming on the near horizon. His own position was crystal clear: "I heartily wish (and while I was concern'd, honestly endeavour'd) a good understanding." Norris was surely a man of his own time while Penn was perhaps three hundred years in advance of his. Like most contemporaries, Norris feared too much popular power in politics as in political matters. "My opinion," as he put it, described those who had too much concern as well as too little,

who by linking imaginary wth ye true interests of ye Country & therewith couch & Cover their own interests and disgusts, do so perplex Affairs as to prevent a good issue . . . and do by this means not only evade anything for Support of Governmt but prevent a good Settlemt (as phaps they think it in their Interest) under our present Establishmt.⁷⁷

Numerous epistles traversed the broad ocean but few were as full of news and the genuine concern as were those exchanged by Penn and Norris.

Some years ago I made the following assessment of Isaac Norris (1671-1735) and it seems a fine, concise picture of him today:

The elder Isaac Norris was a responsible leader on the political, religious and economic scene of early 18th Century

Pennsylvania. Agricultural innovator and systematic businessman that he was, Norris wrote long letters, kept a daily journal and entered many items into his account books himself. This country squire who was a Friend, maintained detailed financial records of his numerous enterprises, of his several plantations, and of the many farmers and tradesmen who worked for him. Norris and his sons kept a set of books in his own version of double-entry bookkeeping, which utilized numbered accounts, and which was a model of efficiency in the early years of the province.⁷⁸

Most appropriate is to complete this assessment with the very judgment of Isaac Norris himself as he wrote it at mid-thirties, in the very midst of a busy life but which in every way states his central ideal as Friend and as merchant:

The frequent conversation of fr[ien]ds is necessary, and when at a Distance Letters are ye medium for conveying ye Images & Ideas of our minds; and where that's Omitted, 'tis a Just tax of neglect in friendship.⁷⁹

By 1718 Jonathan Dickinson had come to Pennsylvania to join Norris and fellow Friends in congenial community of like-minded souls. It is possible he never fit into the Pennsylvania pattern late in life quite as thoroughly as did Norris, who had left the islands as a mere stripling. The diary of Isaac Norris voyage from Jamaica to Philadelphia contains numerous references to places to become quite famous in time, but it never quite achieved the widespread prominence which was accorded to the travel of Jonathan Dickinson, shipwrecked near Cape Canaveral in Spanish Florida.



Courtesy of the late G. W. Norris and Hist. Soc. of Pa.

Fair Hill Plantation, country estate built by Isaac Norris in the Northern Liberties, between Frankford and Germantown, in 1716. From then on, he paid less attention to commercial affairs; more to politics and farming. Sketch by Sally N. Dickinson, c. 1810.

A JOURNAL OF OUR INTENDED VOYAGE
BY GOD'S ASSISTANCE
BOUND FROM PORT ROYAL IN JAMAICA,
THROUGH THE WINDWARD PASSAGE
TO THE ISLAND OF PROVIDENCE
AND THERE TO LOAD SALT,
FROM THENCE TO PHILADELPHIA 1691/2^o

March 5: This morning I took leave of my Friends and relations and about nine o'clock took wherry with my brother Joseph, Mordecai Lloyd, Samuel Crawley, with my friend John Lloyd who is bound in the same voyage in the same Sloop. Soon after we come aboard, the wind came up Southwardly, and being a little past Gun Key, after many good wishes on both sides, my Brother with Mordecai and Crawley took their leave of us. This night proved the last of our poor boy's life, who was washed overboard, as also one of our sling guns, with some other small damages.

10: This night sat up to write to Father & Brother Joseph.

15: About the 4th hour this morning made land. In the afternoon made a town, and two Castles on the top of a hill which comes bluff down to the Sea. This town we suppose to be St. Jago. It seems to be a fine harbour and well fortified.

16: Stood off for sea, and there it falling calm till the afternoon we lay sporting ourselves with fishing.

“And like valiant Sparks

We killed two Dolphins & as many Sharks.”

17: This morning we made Cape Maysi, having had a fair wind all night. Here we looked out sharp for what we desired not to see, viz., a sail, and about the 8th hour thought we saw one. Many verdicts passed: one, that she was a Brigantine, and bye & bye a Ship, but still she stood atwart [sic] our forefoot (this was the general opinion), then he was a Rogue by his working to be sure. But in an hour's time the fright was over when we plainly perceived it to be a white rock in the hill. A fair evening and a full calm.

20: I began to admire our Boat's sailing; she ran all this night after the rate of six or seven leagues a watch. Here I took the Sun's Azimuth.

22: In the evening we came fair up with Exuma, but dared not venture in, in the Night.

23: Came to anchor at Exuma right against the Pond. We hoisted our canoe and went ashore, where we found the Governor keeping a Salt Tally. Here was no likelihood of salt to be had for Three weeks, and then uncertain, here being as we were informed about fifty vessels among the islands to load salt. This night we resolved to go to wood and water at Providence, and to make the best of our way to our port.

24: We weighed from Exuma.

25: Made Eleuthera, and there came to anchor. Saw a smoke a little to the Eastward of the place where we anchored & perceived two or three men. I went ashore with the Master and John Lloyd, and one of the men we had seen came to us. At first he was afraid, but seeing us land without arms, came up and invited us to his house, he being both Governor and subject here, for there was no other person on the place but himself, Wife & hog, which followed him like a dog. The Old Woman was overjoyed at a little Rum we carried ashore. She drained it and smoked, till she talked us weary. Here was a man who came over from Exuma Key in a little open boat. After we came on board again, the wind and sea increased, being a true North Wester by his sharpness, and towards day caused us some aching hearts: we let go our small anchor, reefed our Mainsail (if possible to cast her the right way) ready to get to sea. There broke a reef at low water just under our stern. But it pleased God that our anchor held. She rolls desperately, which makes her ride the easier.

26: All this day the wind continued and everybody complained of cold as if in a Winter country. Towards night the wind began to assuage its fury and about the 11th hour Westgate, weighed.

27: In the morning saw land ahead. Here we followed a Brigantine who had on board one Daniel Thrift, a man nearly blind, yet an excellent Pilot among these Islands. We came into a narrow passage between these Keys, which are almost innumerable. About the 1st hour, made Providence.

28: This morning and about the 8th hour came on board, weighed, and under our Jib, run down to the city Nassau. Our Master went ashore first, and quickly after, John and myself. I went at once to the Governour's, who showed me a rarity of their country: a potatoe of about thirty-six inches circumference. After this I went with John to Capt. Holloway's, where we had a neck of veal for breakfast. I passed most of this day in company with the Governour, and at night by his invitation lodged with him.

29: Here I found several that I knew, viz., Captain Bowden, Capt. Holloway, Mary Scott, Mary Wood and Dr. Clark. Little more of moment this night.

30: This day the Governor proposed to us a voyage to Crooked Island and would engage to load us with

Salt at 2d. per Bushell. We have just agreed and only wait for a confirmation in writing. This night I laid with the ingenious Dr. Clark.

31: This day went to dinner at Edward Horne's. We had a young Shoat and Turkey with liquors suitable. I lodged with Dr. Clark.

April 2: This morning myself and John signed the Articles with the Governour and prepared to sail. The Governour came aboard and we hoisted up the Flag and the Fort gave us three Guns. Here came aboard us, to take leave of the Governour, Dr. Clark, Capt. Holloway, Capt. Buckley and R. Mackarolls.

4: At day break we made the Rocks of Exuma right ahead and about the seventh hour came in ahead of Gilbert, who, out with his Jack & Pendant and gave us three guns. He was so civil (like a New England man) to send his boat to desire the Governour to come on aboard; but the Governor rememberd to send him the same message. Gilbert did so and breakfasted with us and then carried the Governour and John Lloyd on board his ship. There they remained till about the third hour and then took boat & went ashore. Went on board *Whanton* where Frank Reeves and I eat some fish; after this I went with four oars in the canoe ashore. This road of Exuma is a wild road open to the ocean, so that there runs a great sea if the wind be between West and East. I steered and got in very cleverly, all of us nimbly stepping out, and hauled out the canoe. I went up to the Deputy Governor's where I found the Governour, Capt. Gilbert, John Lloyd and others eating cheese and drinking punch. It growing late, I designed to go off, and so to do went down to the canoe but before we could get our company together, the Governour came down & stepped in, so that all hurrying in we shipped a great deal of water. Myself endeavouring to set off with an Oar, by the rolling of the sea, missed my ground and got wet. The Canoe still taking in water frightened his Honour as well as wet him. After we got to our oars, Gilbert came and carried him to his Ship. We followed and it now being very dark, a great sea and very cold, I looked for another dip. However got on board, drank part of a bottle of wine and a bowl of punch & then coming out of a warm cabin with my wet clothes was forced to bear with the extream cold till I got on board, then shifted and went to sleep with a good will.

5 & 6: Tarried on board, not daring to go on shore, the sea ran too high.

7: The Governour came on board & we got under sail.

8: Made Cat Island in the morning. About noon made Long Island where we anchored and I went ashore with my gun, but got nothing, save a few shells and curiosities.

9: We rode all this day in the same place. This morning I was taken with a Fever. It continued till evening. At night I took a pill and by the morning sweated it out.

10: Weighed anchor. In the evening reached Little Island.

13: Made Crooked Island. Came to anchor within the Reef, just by the Governour's Bark. Captain Haseley, The Master, came on board and told us there had been Salt but the rains had spoiled it. In the afternoon I went on shore and followed the pond about half a mile, where I found the salt caked thick and hard and fit to rake. Came on board and the Governour sent for his things resolving to go down in the Bark.

14: The Governour having fetched all his things away, the Bark prepared to sail. He sent on board for me to receive a permit to rake Salt now or at any other time. A little after, John came aboard and brought the Articles of Agreement. He then weighed. John and myself went out with him a little way & then came back in the canoe. This morning we consulted and found the Salt not likely to be got, it being continual showery and squally weather and a great rain fallen the last night, so that the time of our lying here being uncertain, our men protesting they would not, nor could not rake and carry salt so far as the way between the Pond and the Sea. Water and provisions likely to fall short, we concluded the the first fair wind to proceed on our voyage. Accordingly I went ashore with all the hands (which were now four besides the Master and ourselves), hauled up the canoe & mended her where she was Staved. We cut wood and about the third hour came on board, where we had left the Master to cook the Pot. Went to dinner and afterwards put all the cash into John's hands by his desire.

15: This morning weighed with the wind at NNE and about the second hour

16: the next morning spied a fire ashore up Rum Key. We went ashore and found no sign or likelihood of Salt. This afternoon Capt. Dibbs came on board, being very ill inquiring for anything of Physic. Such as I had I gave him but am afraid the Poor Man will lay his bones in this desolate place.

17: This day the wind blew very hard. Dibbs very ill.

18: Wind at NEast and blowing very hard. We were forced to continue at anchor. I sent Dibbs a couple of Matthew's Pills. He took one in the morning, the other at night. This afternoon I copied a Platt of the Lucaye Islands.

19: This morning went to see Dibbs and carried him some more pills. Was invited to dinner of fresh fish by Capt. Herbert and afterwards went ashore where I

found John and the Master, who had been crabbing. Here I met Dibb's Mate and by much persuasion, bought a triangular Quadrant of him.

20: This morning we heeled our vessel and cleaned her. The wind coming about, weighed and ran down along the shore to the West End. Here I had an observation and found Latitude 23.28, from whence I take my departure.

21: Saw Cat Island.

28: We now reckon ourselves clear of Cape Hatteras and therefore haul away more Westerly.

29: Saw abundance of Rock Weed. Sounded, but no ground at fifty fathoms. Here we saw Penguins.

30: Yesterday got soundings in eighteen-fathom water.

May 1: Very thick fog. Came to anchor in three fathoms' water.

4: Various and strange weather. Spoke one *Mount* belonging to Carolina from Rhode Island last, bound to Philadelphia, has been as well as we, five days on the Coast and no Observation. He told us of a Bermudian Sloop on the Coast with thirty hands, who he thinks is skulking for provisions, but were civil to him.

6: At noon we had a fair Observation. Latitude 38.40. Thought we saw Cape May bearing North of us. But little wind. And now we have made Land, God deliver us from Pirates and Robbers. Just now met a Ketch bound from Philadelphia to Boston.

7: Yesterday about sunset came to anchor over against the town of Lewis [Lewes] and went ashore with John.

ENDNOTES

- ¹Edwin Long, *A History of Jamaica* (London, 1774), II, 139-141.
²George Washington Norris, Manuscript History of the Norris Family (Philadelphia, 1848 et seq.), 37-42. This Manuscript History, first used while in possession of the late Dr. George William Norris, but now in custody of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, will be hereinafter cited as: Norris, History.
³Mordecai Lloyd to Thomas Lloyd, — 1691/2, Norris of Fairhill Manuscripts: Blank Book #1, 15, Historical Society of Pennsylvania (hereafter: HSP).
⁴Joseph Norris to Isaac Norris, — May 1692, *Ibid.*, 20.
⁵W. J. Gardner, *A History of Jamaica* (London, 1971), 73-74.
⁶The Rector of Port Royal to a Friend, 22 June 1692, *Gentleman's Magazine*, XX (London, May 1750), 213.
⁷Joseph Norris to Richard Hawkins, 20 June 1692, Norris of Fairhill Manuscripts: Blank Book #1, 27 (HSP).
⁸The Rector of Port Royal to a Friend, 22 June 1692, *Ibid.*, XX, 214.
⁹Joseph Norris to Richard Hawkins, 20 June 1692, *Ibid.*, 27-28.
¹⁰*Ibid.*, 28.
¹¹Norris Manuscripts: Blank Book #3, 73 (HSP).
¹²Manuscript Journal of Isaac Norris II, 1751, The Philip H. and A.S.W. Rosenbach Museum Collection. The silver dish, appropriately inscribed, may be seen at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.
¹³Joseph Norris to Richard Hawkins, 20 June 1692, Norris of Fairhill Manuscripts: Blank Book #1, 29-30.
¹⁴The Rector of Port Royal to a Friend, 22 June 1692, *Gentleman's Magazine*, XX, 214-215.
¹⁵Isaac Norris to Thomas Norris, 11 July 1692, Norris Manuscripts: Blank Book #1, 21-23.
¹⁶Isaac Norris to Mordecai Lloyd, 11 July 1692, *Ibid.*, 22-23.
¹⁷Isaac Norris to Thomas Norris, 11 July 1692, *Ibid.*, 21.
¹⁸Isaac Norris to Mordecai Lloyd, 11 July 1692, *Ibid.*, 23.
¹⁹Extract from a Journal of Isaac Norris from Philadelphia in Delaware to Port Royal in Jamaica, Blank Book #1, 21, 23, 25-26.
²⁰*Ibid.*, 26.
²¹Isaac Norris to John and Hannah Delavall, 19 September 1692, and Isaac Norris to Sarah Eckley, — September 1692, *Ibid.*, 34-36.
²²Joseph Norris to Isaac Norris, undated, but early September 1692, *Ibid.*, 30.
²³Isaac Norris to John and Hanna Delavall, 19 September 1692, *Ibid.*, 36.
²⁴*Ibid.*, 43, 45, 47-48.
²⁵Norris, History, 91, 101.
²⁶Record of Marriages 1672-1759, 13, Friends Book Store (Philadelphia).
²⁷Minutes of the Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, I, 91, Friends Book Store.
²⁸Logan Papers, VIII, 11-13, HSP; Norris, History, 1015-1017. The first husband of Hannah Lloyd was John Delavall; David Lloyd and Thomas Lloyd were not related.
²⁹Robert Elliott to Isaac Norris, 7 January 1696 [1696/7], George W. Norris Collection: Box, HSP.
³⁰Daniel Zachary to Jonathan Dickinson, 5 September 1702, Logan Papers, VIII, 12 HSP.
³¹Isaac Norris to Jonathan Dickinson, — September 1702, Maria Dickinson Logan Papers: Misc. Letters, HSP.
³²Norris, History, 1017.
³³Richard Hill to Jonathan Dickinson, 9 November 1702, Logan Papers, VIII, 13 (HSP).
³⁴Isaac Norris to Jonathan Dickinson, 8 November 1702, Maria Dickinson Logan: Miscellaneous Letters (HSP).
³⁵*Ibid.*
³⁶Isaac Norris to Jonathan Dickinson, 15 August 1699 and 8 November 1702, M.D. Logan Papers: Misc. Ltrs. (HSP); Norris to Dickinson, 9 June 1699, Penn Letters and Ancient Documents Relating to Pennsylvania and New Jersey, II, 390, American Philosophical Society.

- ³⁷Isaac Norris to Jonathan Dickinson, 8 November 1702, M.D. Logan Papers: Misc. Ltrs. (HSP).
³⁸Isaac Norris to Jonathan Dickinson, 8 December 1702, *Ibid.*
³⁹Logan Papers, IX, 117 (HSP).
⁴⁰Norris, History, 1017-1019; Penn Papers: Folio, 105 (HSP).
⁴¹Isaac Norris to William Penn, 13 February 1704/5, G.W. Norris Collection (HSP); Isaac Sharpless, *Political Leaders of Provincial Pennsylvania* (New York, 1919), 25, 184.
⁴²Edwin B. Bronner, *William Penn's "Holy Experiment": The Founding of Pennsylvania 1681-1701* (New York, 1962), 212-222.
⁴³William Penn to James Logan, [about 24] February 1702/3, Edward Armstrong, ed., *Correspondence between William Penn and James Logan . . . 1700-1750* (Philadelphia, 1870), I, 171-172.
⁴⁴Howard M. Jenkins, "The Family of William Penn," *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, XXI (1897), 141-142.
⁴⁵Isaac Norris to Samuel Chew, 12 February 1703/4, *Ibid.*, XXI, 142.
⁴⁶Isaac Norris to Jonathan Dickinson, 13 March 1704 1703/4, M.D. Logan Papers: Misc. Ltrs. (HSP).
⁴⁷Jenkins, "Family of Wm. Penn," *Pa. Mag. Hist. & Biog.*, XXI, 143-144.
⁴⁸Isaac Norris to Jonathan Dickinson, 28 July 1704, Norris Family Letters, II, 10 (HSP).
⁴⁹Jenkins, "Family of Wm. Penn," *Pa. Mag. Hist. & Biog.*, XXI, 145. (September 1704).
⁵⁰Isaac Norris to Jonathan Dickinson, 28 July 1704, *loc. cit.*
⁵¹Isaac Norris to Jonathan Dickinson, 11 May 1705, Logan Papers, IX, 74 (HSP).
⁵²James Logan to [—], 1705, John F. Watson, *Annals of Philadelphia* (Phila., 1830), I, 34-35.
⁵³*Ibid.*, I, 34.
⁵⁴Isaac Norris to Jonathan Dickinson, 11 May 1705, Logan Papers, IX, 74 (HSP).
⁵⁵James Logan to William Penn, 10 August 1706, Armstrong, *Penn-Logan Correspondence*, II, 156-157.
⁵⁶Isaac Norris to Jonathan Dickinson, 12 November 1703, M.D. Logan Papers: Misc. Ltrs.
⁵⁷Isaac Norris to Jonathan Dickinson, 15 May 1704, *Ibid.*
⁵⁸Isaac Norris to Jonathan Dickinson, 28 July 1704, Norris Family Ltrs., II, 10 (HSP).
⁵⁹James Logan to William Penn, 26 May 1704, Armstrong, *Penn-Logan Correspondence*, I, 289; Norris, History, 103.
⁶⁰Norris Account Books, Accounts Abroad, The Library Company of Philadelphia; Great Ledger, Norris Papers, (HSP).
⁶¹Isaac Norris to Jonathan Dickinson, 13 March 1703/4, M.D. Logan Papers: Misc. Ltrs.
⁶²Isaac Norris to Jonathan Dickinson, 28 July 1704, Norris Family Ltrs., II, 10 (HSP).
⁶³Isaac Norris Memo, 7 December 1707, Accounts Abroad (LCP).
⁶⁴Isaac Norris Memo, 9 December 1707, Accounts Abroad (LCP).
⁶⁵Isaac Norris Memo, 3 August 1708, Accounts Abroad (LCP).
⁶⁶Isaac Norris Memo, — November 1708, Accounts Abroad (LCP).
⁶⁷Norris Account Books: Flour Book, Accounts Abroad (LCP); Norris Papers; Great Ledger (HSP).
⁶⁸Isaac Norris to William Penn, 13 February 1704/5, George W. Norris Collection (HSP).
⁶⁹Isaac Norris to Jonathan Dickinson, 11 May 1705, Logan Papers, IX, 74 (HSP).
⁷⁰Isaac Norris to William Penn, 13 February 1704/5, *Ibid.*
⁷¹Isaac Norris to [—] 21 May 1705, Armstrong, *Penn-Logan Correspondence*, II, 28.
⁷²Isaac Norris to William Penn, 13 February 1704/5, Geo. W. Norris Collection (HSP).
⁷³*Ibid.*
⁷⁴*Ibid.*
⁷⁵*Ibid.*
⁷⁶*Ibid.*
⁷⁷*Ibid.*; William T. Parsons, "Isaac Norris the Councillor, Master of Norriton Manor," *Bulletin of Historical Society of Montgomery County (PA)* (1973), XIX:1:13-14.
⁷⁸William T. Parsons, "Orders What's to be Done at Plantation": The Isaac Norris Farm Accounts, 1713-1734," *PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE*, 27:1:10.
⁷⁹Isaac Norris to Jonathan Dickinson, 31 October 1705, Logan Papers, IX, 75 (HSP).
⁸⁰Norris, History, 61-83; Norris of Fairhill MSS: Blank Book #1, 25-26 (HSP).



PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH LIFE ALONG SWITZER RUN AND PENN'S CREEK

by ROY W. SAUERS

"These various collected poems and verses pertain to life as I knew it in Union and Snyder Counties, Pennsylvania during years of impression: the time of growing up." These are but a few, and a modest selection at that, of the many bits of verse, more formal poetry and some prose writing that Mr. Sauers has composed in his more than four-score years. Obviously he can still hear the distant sounds from country places and from the times of youth, for he replicates the events and the sounds; he brings back the many kinds of earlier experiences. We trust the reader will enjoy the short, quick thrusts into past familiarities which are more rare today to many of us. — ED.

When Spring Is Here

Whon de zwivila woxa so
Un de hinkla goxa so
Don ich wais das free-yore ist dough.

When the onions grow so
And the chickens cackle so,
Then I know that spring is here.

Then Spring Is Here

When the onions start to grow
And the chickens cackle so,
Then I know that spring is here
And my heart beats with cheer.

Robin redbreast then will come,
Bees and flies then buzz and hum,
Maple trees turn scarlet red,
Onions green the onion bed.

Yard and garden then are clean
And the yard is em'rald green,
Daddy plows the sod for corn,
And 'tis time that sheep be shorn.

Then I know that spring is here,
Resurrection of the year —
Time to shout and time to sing,
Romp and play, hang up the swing.
February 18, 1980

Spring time in the Dutch Country was a happy and busy time for the old and young alike. The pleasant days put pep and cheer into the hearts of all and nature was right in line with the gaily of spring. The early spring work went into high gear, not only in the house, yard and garden, but out in the fields as well. The early plowing, barnyard manure hauling, oats sowing, orchard pruning, fence repairing, sheep washing and shearing and ever so many other things, kept everything bustling.

The housewife was busy with soap boiling, carpet and bedding to wash, cleaning the summer-house, setting hens and similar jobs about the place. Even the farm livestock and poultry, it seemed, caught the spirit of merriment that was so typical of springtime. What a joy to hear laying hens cluck and cackle all day long!

Crank Corn Sheller
(Buckeye Sheller)

'Round by 'round the crank does turn
As each ear does twist and churn
Down the slot and open top
And the cobs out cob-end drop.
Under sheller corn does fall
Into measure somewhat small,
Half a bushel, more or less,
I suppose or so would guess.

As for me, I like the rattle,
Humming, drumming endless prattle,
Of the fan and turning wheels
As big crankwheel reels and reels
And I shout in mirth and glee
Happy as a youth can be.

January 31, 1980

In our corncrib-granary, we had a hand-turning Buckeye Corn Sheller. To us boys it was a fascinating thing because it made a lot of noise while the corn shelling was in progress.

The corn ears had to be seasoned and dry before the shelling. The corn was dropped into the top slot of the sheller and the rotating wheels rubbed the corn grains off the cobs dropping the grains of corn under the sheller into a half bushel measure and pushing the cobs out a slot hole in the rear. A fan blew the dirt of the cobs out with the cobs. The fan wheel was turned by a belt from the crank wheel. One person could shell a lot of corn in a short time and turn the crank and feed the corn ears into the slot himself.

In our case, as a rule, twin brother Ray and I worked together. One turned the crank, while the other fed the ears into the slot on the top of the sheller. This was a great improvement over shelling corn by hand. Hand shelling was achieved by rubbing the grains of corn off the cob with the fingers and hand with twisting motions or turning the hand.

Man Who Will Succeed

The man who knows he can succeed
Still is a man of human breed,
But different from the moving throng
In that he does his faith prolong.
To reach the goal he sees ahead
Though miles and miles he still must tread
To reach the goal he knows he'll reach
If the Lord he will beseech
And do the best he ever can
The rivers cross and chasms span
And onward press through heat and cold
To Rainbow's foot and Pot of Gold.
And that's the man who will succeed
No matter what his name or creed.

January 29, 1980

Thus, succinctly, a philosophy of striving and of success.

The Oak That Was

The Oak that was
but is no more
Has told its tale
and paid its score.
It left a hole
right in the air
At which the passing
years do stare.
And so do I
and so do you
With thoughts of old
and thoughts of new,
Of years that were
but are no more
Except the dreams
of here-to-fore.
Oaks, like we do, return to dust,
Wood will rot and iron rust.
Mem'ries live as long as we
And in dreams the past we see,
Sweet and wondrous as can be.
Then, at last, plain dust we be.

2, January, 1980

While thinking of an old oak tree I had once known,
I wrote the preceding lines early this morning.

What Made Lincoln Great?

What made Lincoln great?
Simple is, yet hard to state.
First of all, I do suppose
'Twas the man and not his clothes;
Next to that was HUMBLE POOR,
Honest, yes, and could endure

Hardest kind of stress and toil
 In the frontier's rough turmoil,
 Knew the Lord and trusted Him,
 Though his knowledge was quite slim,
 Had compassion, mercy, too,
 Strong desire to pursue
 Education best he could
 Taking time as learner should
 Reading, writing, figuring
 Maybe even jiggering
 By the open fireplace
 Ambers lighting up the place
 With the family over head
 Fast asleep on bearskin bed.
 Law and politics he learned;
 Strong desire in him burned
 For position in his STATE
 Where good laws he'd advocate,
 So he strove to place attain
 And in politics remain
 Where he'd serve the RIGHT and GOOD
 Best, as any leader could.
 Serfdom, sure, he did oppose,
 Faced, debated freedom's foes,
 Douglas met and held at bay,
 Planned to rise some future day
 To the head of the U.S.A.
 Serving nation wisely, well,
 and rebellions meet and quell.

Hist'ry tells us page by page.
 Of our statesman, of our sage,
 Wisest man of day and age,
 Honest Abe, great PRESIDENT,
 UNION saved as top event,
 Slaves set free as compliment
 To the freedom of mankind.
 Ev'rywhere, of ev'ry kind.

These are things that made Abe great
 As our records do relate.

February 11, 1980. Tomorrow is Lincoln's
 birthday. I wrote this as a tribute to him.

Filing Saws a Winter Day

In his winter shanty shop —
 Filing, Filing, never stop —
 Stood my Dad a-filing saw,
 Broad-blade long old crosscut saw,
 Clamped in vise a-top his bench
 Firmly held in vise's clench —
 "Screechy-scray and screechy-scray"
 File kept fiddling teeth of saw
 Till, at last, Dad dropped the file,
 Loosened vise and grinned a smile
 As he sighted down the blade
 Then upon the setter laid

Ready for the setting job
 "Pipper-cob and piper-cob"
 Till each tooth had proper set
 And the blade was keen as whet.
 That was long and long ago —
 Eighty odd, I well do know.

January 31, 1980

Here I recall a winter saw filing scene as I saw it
 when a five year old boy in my father's shanty carpenter
 shop on a winter day in 1900.

My father was an outstanding Pa. Dutch carpenter
 following in the footsteps of his father.

Shanty Lilac

Tight and snugly 'gainst the wall
 Pressed the lilac, slender, tall,
 High as eave of shanty roof, —
 Seemed to shanty tease, reproof,
 For not giving it more space
 For its beauty to up-raise
 Where the shanty flock and fold
 Could its blossoms well behold
 And the fragrance waft at will
 And each heart with pleasure fill
 From the end of Merry May
 To sweet Juney's Bridal Day.
 Oft I saw those plumes of white —
 Still a joy and sweet delight.

January 31, 1980

By the north side of our shanty grew a lilac bush
 tight against the side of the shanty with its top above
 the roof-eave. It was near the back door of the shanty.

In blossom time it was a dream of beauty and
 fragrance we all admired. So did the bumble bees on a
 sunny day.

Now the memory of it brings back those precious
 times of my childhood and the scenes of those years.

I am over 85, but 1900 seems like yesterday.

The Two Of Us

The Two of us are still around
 The place we call our Camping Ground.
 I mean my wife and booby self,
 Not fairy lass or spooey elf.

At eighty-odd we're still around
 In bodies slow, but mental, sound,
 A-smiling 'round and doing chore
 The modern youths do much deplore.

Although we "ain't" what once we were,
 We still enjoy the scented myrrh,
 The joys that age and wisdom bring
 And 'round us oldsters spread and fling.

We're growing old in love and grace
In proper time and proper place,
Awaiting time when curtains drop
And both of us together stop.

January 31, 1980

Ruth and I have been very fortunate to pass 80 odd years this far. We were married in June 1925. I thank God for a good wife and good family of three children, eight grandchildren and one great grandchild.

Life was a joy and blessing and we pray it will continue so to the earthly end and on out into the great beyond.

How Soon Our Years Do Pass?

How soon, how soon we do grow old
And new stone walls turn green with mold
While trees and fences disappear
Through coming seasons, year by year.

Both house and barn their faces change
A-taking-on new looks, most strange.
At least to me now eighty-five
As I my former days revive.

But here and there I still behold
Landmarks, serenely strong and bold,
That have survived the storms and floods,
The springtime thaws, the slush, the muds.

And these, somehow now stay with me
As far and wide as I can see
Horizon 'round me and ahead
To land beyond where spirits tread.

January 31, 1980

My reflections on the past and my days of youth remind me that a person grows old so soon despite the 80 odd years that have passed. Childhood seems only around the corner. Nostalgia? Yes and no.

Frosty, The Winter Artist

Window pane's a fairyland
Sketched by Frosty's mystic hand —
Ferns and roses, pine and spruce,
Grandiose, the mystics choose,
Curlicues of ev'ry kind
Art and science have not defined
Only fancy has divined
In mosaics that unwind
Fairy yarns of frozen silk,
White as chalk and foamy milk.
Here it is — the mystic scene
Frosty put upon the screen.
Long I gaze and long I stand
Viewing Frosty's fairyland.

January 31, 1980.

Here again, I recalled a winter scene I often viewed on our kitchen window panes when I was a youngster under six years of age.

A frosted window pane is, indeed, picturesque and a wonderland of beauty to the fancy of a child, or even an adult for that matter.

It's beyond the skill and art of a painter just as is the snow flake.

Cobbler Shop In Winter

Belly stove is rosey red
And its heat does rise and spread
Where big cobbler sits and pegs
Sole on shoe above his legs —
Rap-a-tap and rap-a-tap
Does his hammer tap and rap
Till the sole is firm in place,
Trim and neat, with care and grace.
Then he sets the shoe aside
With his usual grin and pride,
Takes another and proceeds
As details he meets and heeds
Till that shoe he sets aside
With the other to abide.

Outside 'round the cobbler's shop
Snow is deep and sparrows hop
On old pickets, white and gray,
On that January day.

January 31, 1980

Here I recall a winter scene of my Uncle John Rinkard at work in his country home Cobbler Shop where he was happy at work on a January day beside his red hot coal stove in the center of the shop. He was seated on his bench by the south window half-soling shoes.

Our Neighbors

Take ample time to love your friends
And for your errors make amends
An ne'er forget your angry foe
For love on them you must bestow.
The needy also don't pass by,
Nor sick and weary left to lie
In poverty and woe distress
While yourself you ease and bless.

The way you treat your neighbor friend
Determines how yourself will end.
So if success you would achieve,
Your neighbor's needs you must relieve
And help him bear his weary load
A-down life's thorny rutted road.

February 1, 1980.

The way we trust our neighbors is the way the world may appraise our worth for good or for bad. We should approve the good they do and help them correct the wrongs they do.

That's one good way to make good neighbors.

Lest We Forget

Lest we forget, lest we forget
Past memory and past regret,
We need to pause and reappraise
The golden deeds of yesterdays.

Fair deeds our noble sons have done
For all the world to look upon
To guard, protect our heritage
A-down the years through every age.

Unless we pay them due respect
And our duties not reject,
Our liberty and country, too,
Further honor will not pursue.

Our nation will go down in dust
And all the world will us mistrust,
Lose its faith in freedom's cause
And in perdition mourn and pause.

So let us not forget, forget,
And way at last will then regret
That we have left our duties die
And to freedom bid goodbye.

February 1, 1980.

I am much concerned with the cause of freedom and our duty to preserve and protect it at every cost.



The New Leaf

Today I turn another leaf
For good or worse, for cheer or grief.
The Lord himself does know just which
My lot will be — the bank or ditch.
The bank, of course, I hope 'twill be
With health and cheer in good degree,
But will of God I will respect
And not his will denounce, reject.

Today I start a page anew
And trust the Lord will guide me through
The days and weeks that lie ahead
And the light each one may shed
A-helping me my best to do
To self and friends and God be true.

February 1, 1980.

Today the new month begins. This means I may start a new page or turn over a new leaf as the old phrase puts it. To have another chance is always a new hope to do better. It's a new try as King Bruce so nobly said.

One must keep on trying until a degree of success is attained.

Let Us Pause And Pray

When day is done at set of sun
And chores are laid aside for night,
Then let us pause and meditate
And pray to God to guide aright
Our humble lives and humble toil
In all we do and all we say
To help our neighbors bear
A-down the long and stony way.

If this we do in spirit true,
The Lord will help us do our share
And well and wisely toil
And with our neighbors truly bear
Our sorrows, joys as good men should.
Then all of us will share the good.

February 1, 1980.

The matter of prayer is paramount in our daily lives. We should never let a day pass without prayer. Prayer is the power and consolation we all need all the time.

Oldes un Neies

Old and New

With the AUTUMN 1981 issue of *PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE*, the editor begins his fourth editorial year. It brings me some satisfaction that Volumes 28 to 30 were both interesting and productive. I am still determined to achieve improvements in the three volumes to come. It is both pleasing and gratifying that so many veteran contributors (indeed many of them already well-known authors) are now again submitting articles for publication in *PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE*. The reader will surely share my editorial enthusiasm in our fine product as each issue succeeds its predecessor. A note to all you out there, you who have both interest and ability: Continue sending me such eminently publishable copy; send good illustrations along with that typescript, for photographs, line drawings, diagrams and maps are likewise essential. As an illustrated periodical, we are much less likely to publish an article lacking any illustration, though with sufficient time, both article author and editor may find suitable illustrations elsewhere.

With Volume 31 we begin a new tenure as editor. I not only enjoy your letters and comments on articles and material published, I take both commendation and rebuke seriously. Some of the most worthwhile efforts result in unexpectedly neutral reception, to be sure, but then, you can't win them all.

MICROFILM EDITIONS IN THE NEWS

In 1980 Judith Fryer completed the *25-Year INDEX to PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE*. It has certainly enjoyed a most welcome reception from genealogical researchers and library personnel alike. Purchasers have been somewhat more reluctant although a modest number of copies have been sold. Reception by the general public may have burst upon the scene more like a gigantic yawn. But then our advance editorial discussions had underscored the fact that the plot of an index is not calculated to keep people awake nights. We make cautious progress in our sales campaign. More important to researchers than the existence of the *INDEX* itself is the availability of re-

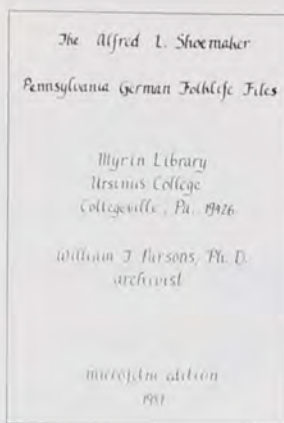
prints of articles which are to be found therein. It is true that we have sent out several hundred such reprints, a total impossibility without the existence of the *INDEX*.

Our Editorial Staff has now turned its attention to other items of interest and indeed, to just what should most urgently be made available in response to demand. The answer appears to be quite clear: Microfilm publishing of specific items. This is a two-step process, as will be noted below, with first fruits of an already operating procedure, but with more to follow. What are we to do next?

Reels of microfilm appear to be an effective cost and space compromise for many institutional libraries today. Such items save shelf space while making available to patrons and readers, many items where letterpress copies have been out of print for years. In addition, in the case of our Shoemaker Folk Cultural Files, described more in detail below, the researcher had to travel to an archives source to use the only original copy, to a small college library in South-eastern Pennsylvania where the archives remained open on regular schedule for research and folk cultural assessment for only two hours per week. Now that these cards and the supporting letters and documentary materials are available on microfilm, in a twenty-reel set of *Shoemaker Pennsylvania German Folk Cultural File* (W.T. Parsons, editor), with its supporting elements, it can be used in virtually any library.

That means the materials and the index, the supply of information it contains, may be handled in college or university library, in museum context or in one of the many public libraries. Obviously we hope that people will see some advantage of using the Shoemaker microfilm item in conjunction with our own printed *INDEX to PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE* magazine.

Consultation with the National Archives and our own cost of production has led us to set the price at a current \$15.00 per reel of microfilm. Short descriptions in form of a prospectus are available to prospective purchasers. Send your inquiry to the EDITOR.



THE SHOEMAKER FOLK CULTURAL FILES

The Alfred L. Shoemaker File, also known as The Early American Index to Folk Cultural Information, is located in the Archives Collection of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society, 301 Myrin Library, Ursinus College, Collegeville, PA. They may be consulted there at regularly scheduled times or by appointment, although the recent completion of the microfilming of the files makes the whole more accessible than previously.

Professor Alfred L. Shoemaker, erstwhile professor of German language and linguistics at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, spent twenty years excerpting folk cultural information, folklife data and folk dialect references onto 80,000 file cards which constitute the index portion of this major work. So far as I can now determine, Doctor Shoemaker entered all the information on the cards himself, either in longhand or by typewriter. The eighty thousand cards are catalogued alphabetically by topic and sub-heading, with a considerable number of cross-references and multiple listings under related topics.

This astonishingly productive professor, author and editor undertook the staggering task of constructing these entry cards on the many related folklore-folklife subjects on his own initiative, while also heading the establishment of an initial scholarly but folkish organization. Imitating European patterns and innovating his own designs, he made the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center his very personal organization, though he had assistance from Dr. Don Yoder, Dr. J. William Frey and Walter E. Boyer, all connected in some way with the college at Franklin and Marshall. Joel A. Hartman and Donald M. Mylin of the College joined them in circulation and financial aspects of the operation. But Shoemaker, Yoder, Frey and Boyer constituted the heart of the daily portion of the operation. The Folklore Center held forth from Lancaster but ran its Summer Folk Festival in Kutztown, PA, beginning in 1950. Under Shoemaker's active direction, but with support from the others, they also published a periodical which gradually metamorphosed from *The Pennsylvania Dutchman* newspaper to the high gloss cover quarterly magazine *Pennsylvania Folklife*.

Upon the file cards in the Shoemaker Index are to be found both identification and brief informal state-

ments about the subject word or the sub-heading, or at least that is the case in many instances. But the cards are truly an index, sending the researcher to other and related sources in other locations, museums and/or archives. A. L. Shoemaker has culled standard works, extensive regional and local historical and folk cultural printed items and the esoterica of dialect, folk sayings and miscellaneous scholarly assessments; all that data he entered on his cards. He includes many references to daily and weekly newspapers, especially from the nineteenth century, published either in English or in German. Periodical articles and other journal references also appear, although at this writing, I presume there will be appended a short bibliography of his sources to assist with specific item reference. To say that Dr. Shoemaker had an amazing and almost unbelievable comprehension and knowledge of local newspaper and literary sources, is the baldest kind of understatement.

Some of the file cards also refer to a second great source of information: personal papers amassed by Alfred L. Shoemaker while on his way to convince scholars in America of the validity of intellectual endeavor and the value of folk cultural information which had so drawn Continental scholars during a previous hundred years. From interviews with folk informants, correspondence with those informants who lived at a distance and with other interested parties, and from those and other contacts with fellow scholars and characters and researchers in the field of dialect use and folk cultural phenomena, he excerpted additional card file information. Those original documents are to be found in catalogued and indexed file folders, the system once again known only to Professor Shoemaker and not subject to interpretation today, although the folders do stand in successive numerical order. They offer rich fields of investigation for the discerning researcher; needless to say, they often require on-the-spot or more contemplative interpretation. At any rate, those papers have also been photographed and are included, though separated into distinct series on the later reels of microfilm. The papers and documents on film furnish a wealth of local and personal information and data to the researcher.

The reader and user is again reminded that, in the same spirit of adventure and of dedication with which Professor Doctor A. L. Shoemaker undertook his entire project, he developed (constructed) his own system of indexing and reference. The researcher must be ready, alert and resourceful, that he try various possibilities and combinations and then he may well strike intellectual paydirt. Shoemaker disdained, for example, the ordinary basic index reference to authors of letters sent to him, or to index by name the persons who acted as folk sources, the references he so thoroughly tapped and indexed otherwise. I wish he had added

personal name cards to his index. One knows not whether to call it an oversight or an intentional ruse. Whether his file form was due to the pursuit of a totally folk cultural index (which therefore had no use for personal names, for he certainly chose to ignore them), or whether he thereby protected his own exclusive access to sources, we can only surmise today. We know for certain that he completely disregarded author and title references as subject headings in his Index File.

In all candor, I must report that the utilization of the Shoemaker Folk Cultural Index File is a veritable adventure. Paths are not always direct but a wealth of information is handled there, subsumed under sometimes very obvious but occasionally a bit surprising topic headings. When occasionally a researcher in the Dutch Country is absolutely certain that he has discovered a brand new thesis, item, or reference, he is often chagrined to discover that Shoemaker had found it first, and that, thirty or forty years earlier. There they are, clear as day, in the Shoemaker file. And that occurs time and time again. The file is especially useful to veteran researchers with a nose for tracking down some continuous thread of detail: marvelously extended cases are to be discovered there (and used as teaching examples) and are in themselves a reward for the search.

The file cards (and so the very portion of microfilm on which they appear) afford repeated examples of topical divisions, subdivisions, sub-headings and variations on topic themes found among the folk. The Index File stands, indeed, as a tribute to the single-minded purpose of the unique, inquisitive and penetrating personality of Doctor Alfred L. Shoemaker, that the index exists at all. The unity of it was also doubtless enhanced by the very fact that no other researcher, no other member of the initial Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center team, indeed no-one at all, save Professor Shoemaker, touched the file project while it was underway. By the same token, none of us, no one who is researcher in the new organization now that it has transformed itself into The Pennsylvania Folklife Society, has felt qualified to adjust or change either the Shoemaker system or his file.

On microfilm the reader finds then, the very items of correspondence themselves: letters, poems, programs and other miscellanea people sent or delivered to A. L. Shoemaker as they knew he gathered his material. Much of that response and the sendings to him, came in answer to queries, articles or items he published in *The Pennsylvania Dutchman* or in *Pennsylvania Folklife*. Still, a vast amount of it also flowed from his personal contacts at the Kutztown Folk Festival, from the experimental Folk Seminar at Bynam Wood, and from such mundane folk cultural contexts as *fersommlinge* or *Liars Club Contests* or other similar occasions; there

"Der alt rodt-hoariche Geesbock," as Shoemaker was familiarly called, played the part of his own ebullient self. People laughed at him and with him; they jeered him as all-knowing opponent. But they saw his unending search for folkish items, none too insignificant, none too obscure. Wherever he went, whatever he did, all that he wrote — it evoked comments, descriptions and recollections of the olden times in rambling, neighborly letters of impressive quantity.

His personal interviews with Old Timers among his folk informants, particularly in obscure back-washes of the Dutch Country, today provide intense amounts of local color, ethnic identification and folksy example. Page after page after page of hurried notes by A.L.S. succeed each other in the recording on paper of old-time tales. Octogenarians and older recount folk traditions and customs from their youth. They roll back the curtains of memory (usually nostalgically, though sometimes painfully) to by-gone times, a lost or disappearing heritage, and to deceased members of their family and friends. They rejoice in values from the long gone past. Only where a folk informant or correspondent has requested anonymity do you find a gap, and that to block out a name and/or address which would reveal the confidence which was requested.

It is not too formidable to say that the vast majority, indeed near ninety per cent, of persons involved in stories, legends and even correspondence, have already died. Indeed, by now, even the difficult times, uncomfortable situations and, yes, the seemingly unforgettable pressures, have passed and have been forgotten. This scholarly collection, exercise in pragmatic tenacity which it also is, represents the very best in its field. It may well be incomparable. Indeed, as one of the foremost of the scholars in the field (and former associate of Dr. Shoemaker) Professor Doctor Don Yoder claims, this Folk Cultural Index File may be absolutely unique.

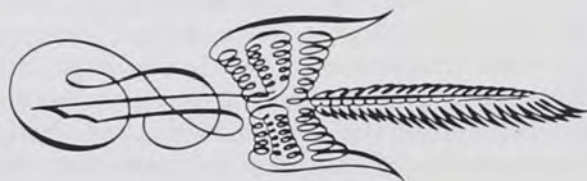
The File itself, File Cards and file drawers en masse, came into the actual possession of Ursinus College and of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society which has resided there since 1968, about two years after the actual purchase of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society. During some of that time, the Shoemaker File had stood in subterranean recesses and untended hallways from the Fackenthal Library in Lancaster to the State Museum in Harrisburg, where it obviously did NOT belong. Eventually and by a devious route, it rejoined the bulk of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society Collection in its several locations on the Collegeville campus of Ursinus College. In the Autumn of 1979 it was finally moved to Room 301 Myrin Library into a usable location. It resides there now. Given all that value, the times of uncertainty and perilous existence, it seems all the more appropriate that this marvelous research aid, this finding tool par excellence, should

now be made available on microfilm. It is here now and copies may be purchased by anyone in the research community near and far through this new edition. Those dear friends and tireless researchers who have already used it in person, are surely invited to continue to do so, and so may other qualified scholars and research personnel. We are aware, of course, that the microfilm edition, brings to our very doorstep an entirely new clientele who may now find grist for their grainsack in this multi-faceted fine-grinding mill.

These twenty reels of microfilm may well raise as many questions as they provide answers. As director of the Archives of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society Collection, Editor of *Pennsylvania Folklife* and Director of the Pennsylvania German Studies Program of Ursinus College, I shall exert myself to provide answers to all such questions, as they may arise. In general, we do continue to add to the collections of the College and of the Society, but since this Alfred L. Shoemaker Folklife Index File is not now to be further changed or emended, it seems high time to complete the microphotography.

Collegeville, PA
1 June 1981

William T. Parsons
Professor of History
Archivist, Pennsylvania
Folklife Society



PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE ON MICROFILM

A second microfilming project which has been suggested to us by a substantial number of librarians, a few researchers, several subscribers and which has been very seriously considered by the members of our staff, is a Microfilm Edition of *PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE* (including *The Pennsylvania Dutchman* and *The Dutchman* as well) especially Volumes 1 to 25, which would be particularly served by Judith Fryer's *25-Year INDEX*. That we plan to do. Indeed we will do more, for we intend to keep a Microfilm Edition current and thus to publish each volume as soon as it has been completed, following customary procedures. The market for this product seems to be quite considerable.

Planning has reached this stage: we intend to start the filming process with initial volumes, as soon as final filming and technical adjustments have been made in *The Shoemaker Folk Cultural Files*.

This will mean that even the hard to shelve and costly to bind newspaper-format of volumes 1 to 3 can be treated relatively simply, while the scarce issues, par-

ticularly those of volumes 8 through 12 will be relatively easy to obtain. We will start with the originals in our own collections in Myrin Library and the Pennsylvania Folklife Society Archives. Once we determine just how much copy may be put on a standard reel of microfilm, the normal price of \$15.00 per reel will also apply.

Feel free to address inquires to:

Microfilm Edition,
PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE
% Nancy K. Gaugler
P.O. Box 92
Collegeville, PA 19426



The second conference on German-Americana in the Eastern States will meet at York College, Pennsylvania, 7 & 8 November 1981. Individuals interested in participating should submit topic titles of 20-minute papers on German-American subjects, to Steven M. Benjamin, Dept. of Modern Languages, Clarion State College, Clarion, Pennsylvania 16214. Conference details or mechanics may be had from Prof. Heinz L. Hosh, Dept. of Humanities & Fine Arts, York College of PA, York, PA 17405. Once again the expectation is that conference proceedings will be published in the Society for German-American Studies *Occasional Papers*.



EXHIBIT AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES FAMILY RECORDS

Interspersed among billions of pages of federal documents at the National Archives are records of a distinctly personal nature. They detail the lives of a variety of people whose stories somehow became incorporated into official government files. "A Matter of Identity: Chronicles of the Family in the National Archives," a major exhibition that opens at the Archives July 30, features a fascinating sampling of these unusual records.

The National Archives and Records Service is administered by the U.S. General Services Administration, in Washington, D.C.

Twenty hand-written and hand-painted family records (illuminated manuscripts) that record births, baptisms, marriages, and deaths are the highpoint of the exhibit. Most are charmingly decorated with hearts,



Family Register made for William and Ann Latourette Degroot. Ink and watercolor on paper. 39.2 x 31 cm., by an unidentified artist. Drawn most likely in New Jersey where the Degroots resided. The decoration of the piece shows, in motifs of birds and flowers, unmistakable evidence of borrowings from the Pennsylvania German. Probably done after 1804. From Revolutionary War Pension application of William Degroot (W417).

tulips, and birds and they are written in an embellished style, in either German or English. They have been called “brilliant leaves on American family trees” by Monroe Fabian of the Smithsonian Institution, a consultant to the exhibition. “Executed for their original owners as statements of the truths of faith and family, they were passports of social and religious affiliation.”

These examples of 18th and 19th century American folk art were culled from the Archives’ Revolutionary War files of pension and bounty land applications. Submitted by veterans or their families as proof of identity in making claims for federal benefits, the records belonged to families from New England, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina.

While illuminated manuscripts or “frakturs,” as those written in German are called, are a particularly charming part of the show, the exhibition includes many other interesting documents that suggest the variety of stories available in government records. Among the items:

A letter in support of writer Bret Harte’s candidacy for the post of U.S. commercial agent in Prussia. Author of the celebrated short story “The Outcasts of Poker Flats,” Harte’s literary career had declined dramatically by 1878 when the letter was sent. Writing on his behalf, a friend describes Harte as the “Thackeray of American literature” and as “shy as a school girl.” The letter says that while Harte is uniquely qualified, he is “broken down by labors too severe” and can profit from a “milder climate where

he will not be subject to the tortures of poverty.”

An 1857 letter to President Buchanan written by a Japanese who made his way to the U.S. after being cast off a fishing vessel. The young man recounts his longing to return to his own country, but only with U.S. protection. Only recently opened to the West, Japan was fearful of foreign influence. “Foreign” included a national who had spent unauthorized time abroad, regardless of the extenuating circumstances.

A government form filled out by comedian Will Rogers giving a listing of his Cherokee Indian ancestors. Rogers sought a share of certain lands given to the Cherokees by a U.S. court.

A love letter to Mary Kerby from her sweetheart William Holmes, written about 1778, in which he tells her “I am not smoothly spoken but you shall find me true.” Widows and children of Revolutionary War veterans could obtain monetary benefits if they could prove their relationship to soldiers. A letter such as this served as evidence.

An undated letter in which Gen. Benedict Arnold orders his men to proceed to Crown Point, N.Y., to gather intelligence on the enemy and to search a nearby cellar for a “large Quarter Cask of Madeira” wine which Arnold had left there. Veterans without commission papers or discharges submitted anything that might be considered evidence of service, such as this letter from the file of Ebenezer Bearce from Massachusetts.

As an example of how biographical or family research is done using only federal records, exhibit coordinator Christina Rudy Smith took a name, randomly selected from the records of the Freedman's Bureau, and traced it from 1790 through 1900 for the exhibition. She turned up a wealth of family information, and much of it is on display.

The exhibition was produced by the Office of Public Programs and Exhibits. It was prepared by Christina Rudy Smith under the direction of Caryl Marsh, curator of exhibitions and research, and Philip C. Brooks, Jr., acting director of the Education Division. It was designed by Guy Schum, director of the Design Division.

Hours are 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., every day of the week. The exhibit will be on view indefinitely. Admission is free. The Archives is at 8th Street and Constitution Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C.

Walk-in tours will be given Monday through Friday at 10:30 a.m. For specialized tours, telephone Stacy Bredhoff of the Archives volunteer office: (202) 523-3183.



The last weekend in September and the first weekend in October, as is their custom, *Die Huffa Karrich Spiel-Leit*, all of whom are members of the Sunday School at Huffs Church, PA, will present their 1981 rendition on the stage. It is Clarence Iobst's *En Quart Millich un en Halb Beint Rahm*. The usual delightful cast of experienced players will thrill and entertain you in this classical Pennsylvania Dutch play, now more than a half-century old. This situation comedy in dialect was first presented in Emmaus (then Emaus) PA. Carl Arner again directs the production. Do check for specific dates and show-time in the Chapel Auditorium at Huff's Church, just across the street from the sanctuary and the Old Churchyard.



Since a number of our readers have inquired about religious experiments among the Pennsylvania Germans as well as concerning the experimental societies (and we understand some subscribers are indeed completing research on such projects) we were pleased to hear of the most recent accomplishments of Doctor Karl J.F. Arndt, from Worcester, MASS. He has produced several volumes on the Harmony Society of George

Rapp, from origins in Württemberg through idealist struggles and Pennsylvania settlement. He called his first volume: *George Rapp's Separatists 1700-1803* and the second, a story of life in western Pennsylvania, with petitions, migration lists and the like in German and English, *Harmony on the Connoquenesing 1804-1814*. His volumes on the Indiana Decade (1814-1824) were published in 1975 and 1978. For more information on all of them, consult with Professor Arndt by mail.

So enthused has Karl J. F. Arndt become, that he moved the authorities to agree to reactivate the Harmony Society Press itself, in order to assure publication. As noted before, further details and information about the books are all available from Professor K.J.F. Arndt, Dept. of German, Clark University, Worcester, MASS 01610. The Harmony Press publications are limited editions, so interested parties should take action early on. When sold out, the limited editions are gone.



A note of special interest to those friends who inquired at Folk Festival and by mail and phone, we have been most fortunate to make another small purchase of items originally published by and for the former Penna Dutch Folklore Center, now the Pennsylvania Folklife Society. These few books, less than a dozen of each variety, in hard cover, will be sent while they last to those customers who enclose purchase money to cover the request and \$2.00 postage and handling for priority mailing for each item ordered. Books and prices are: A. L. Shoemaker, *Christmas in Pennsylvania* - \$15.00 each; Don Yoder, *Pennsylvania Spirituals* - \$20.00 each; A. L. Shoemaker, *Pennsylvania Barns* - \$28.50 each. We know that all the books are out of print and the likelihood of reprinting is virtually nil. Prices under those circumstances go upwards only. A number of these came from unexpected sources and most are in mint or virtually mint condition.

Since our most recent shipment and re-binding set of the Christmas books and *Pennsylvania Spirituals* sold out just six weeks after the notice appeared in the recent *Aldes un Neies*, we do not expect these to survive in our hands very much longer. If you are in the market, get yours while you can. We sell on a strictly first ordered, first delivered basis. Remember to add \$2.00 for each book for First Class/Priority Mail. Make checks payable to: Pennsylvania Folklife Society.

Send your requests to: Nancy K. Gaugler
P.O. Box 92
Collegeville, PA 19426



PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE SOCIETY ARCHIVES COLLECTION

301 Myrin Library
Ursinus College
Collegeville, Pa.
19426

Hours: Monday 2:00-4:00 p.m.
during school term or by
appointment Tues. - Fri.
9:15 am - 4:00 pm.

Welcome to the Archives Collection of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society. We are housed in Room 301 Myrin Library at Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pa. The Collection, a result of some thirty years of accumulation, donation and purchase, includes old and local books and imprints. It also contains many documents, records and manuscripts, some photographs and color slides, audio-tape cassettes and other materials pertinent to the Pennsylvania German (popularly called the Pennsylvania Dutch) settlements of Pennsylvania and neighboring areas. These materials are supplemented by printed sources about the Pennsylvania Germans and similar materials on other groups for comparative study done by various societies and organizations in the United States and Europe.

The Pennsylvania Folklife Society Archives Collection functions as a research center for all facets of history and culture of the Pennsylvania Germans, but especially for the folklife, folk culture and all that these encompass. In the Myrin Library the scholar may consult the Alfred L. Shoemaker File, a unique index to folk-cultural information explicitly about museums or cultural-historical collections. It consists of 80,000 cross-reference cards listing information from books, journals and newspapers. In addition, abstracted information from thousands of folk-cultural informants' interviews, letters and other comments is to be found in the files. The letters and interview notes may be used, also, for research purposes.

Photographs, color slides and audio-tape cassettes of activities in the Pennsylvania Dutch Country are another useful part of the collection to be found in Room 301. A personality card file has been begun which documents names, families, points of origin and locations of American settlements having thousands of Pennsylvania German migrants.

The Archives of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society in Room 301 Myrin Library are open regularly on Monday afternoons of the school term between 2:00

and 4:00 p.m. or at other times by special arrangement in advance. Inquiries should be directed to:

Professor William T. Parsons, Archivist
Pennsylvania Folklife Society
Box 92,
Collegeville, Pa. 19426

COLLECTIONS

Charles R. Roberts Manuscript Collection

Account books, ledgers, order books and other bound manuscript items (1762-1818), especially those of Peter Rhoads and Frederick Schenkel; letters and documents 1756-1875, including some correspondence of the Reverend Abraham Blumer (1736-1822).

Walter Boyer Collection

Books, pamphlets and prints in German and English; Rhineland and Pennsylvania imprints, on the history, dialect, folk culture and heritage of the Pennsylvania Germans, including some items purchased by Boyer from the earlier Henry S. Bornemann Collection.

William T. Parsons - Evan S. Snyder Cassette Collection

Audio-tape cassettes of Fersommlinge, Karrichedinscht and other program use of *Pennsylfawnisch Deutsch* (the Pennsylvania German Dialect); interviews and commentary in Deutsch and English; Folk Culture and Oral History from Pennsylvania Dutch Studies Classes at Ursinus; Rhineland and Pennsylvania Dutch Folksongs.

William T. Parsons Color Slide Collection

Approximately 750 slides of items, artifacts, locations and personalities in the Pennsylvania Dutch Country, reflecting the heritage of the Pennsylvania Germans; slides of German and Swiss locations from which these travelers emigrated.

33rd Annual

Pennsylvania Dutch

KUTZTOWN

BETWEEN ALLENTOWN & READING, PA.

**FOLK
FESTIVAL**

July 3 · 4 · 5 · 6 · 7

8 · 9 · 10 · 11, 1982

The Festival and its Sponsorship

The Kutztown Folk Festival is sponsored by the Pennsylvania Folklife Society, a nonprofit educational corporation affiliated with **URSINUS COLLEGE**, Collegeville, Pennsylvania. The Society's purposes are threefold: First, the demonstrating and displaying of the lore and folkways of the Pennsylvania Dutch through the annual Kutztown Folk Festival; second, the collecting, studying, archiving and publishing the lore of the Dutch Country and Pennsylvania through the publication of **PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE Magazine**; and third, using the proceeds for scholarships and general educational purposes at **URSINUS COLLEGE**.

FOR THE FOLK FESTIVAL BROCHURE WRITE TO:

Pennsylvania Folklife Society
College Blvd. & Vine, Kutztown, Pa. 19530

