Fall 1966

Pennsylvania Folklife Vol. 16, No. 1

George Peterson III

William Hannan

Victor C. Dieffenbach

Berton E. Beck

Jacob G. Shively

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/pafolklifemag

Part of the American Art and Architecture Commons, American Material Culture Commons, Christian Denominations and Sects Commons, Cultural History Commons, Ethnic Studies Commons, Fiber, Textile, and Weaving Arts Commons, Folklore Commons, Genealogy Commons, German Language and Literature Commons, Historic Preservation and Conservation Commons, History of Religion Commons, Linguistics Commons, and the Social and Cultural Anthropology Commons

Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/pafolklifemag/26

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Pennsylvania Folklife Society Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Pennsylvania Folklife Magazine by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact arock@ursinus.edu.
Authors
George Peterson III, William Hannan, Victor C. Dieffenbach, Berton E. Beck, Jacob G. Shively, Lester Breininger, Friedrich Krebs, and Don Yoder

This book is available at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College: https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/pafolklifemag/26
Indian Readers and Healers by Prayer
Contributors to This Issue

GEORGE PETERSON, III. Philadelphia, teaches English at Friends Central School in Philadelphia. As a graduate student in the folklore program at the University of Pennsylvania he made the field report, here published, on the “Indian Readers” who had set up operation on the outskirts of several Eastern Pennsylvania cities.

WILLIAM HANNAN, Davenport, Iowa, is working for his Ph.D. in American Civilization at the University of Pennsylvania. In his article in this issue he analyzes the literary portrait of Pennsylvania Quakerism by the 19th Century novelist and poet, Bayard Taylor (1825-1878).

VICTOR C. DIEFFENBACH, Bethel, Pennsylvania, who died last year, was a self-taught farmer and businessman of Northwestern Berks County who had a wide knowledge of Pennsylvania German life and lore. The latest in the long series of articles which he wrote for Pennsylvania Folklife is his “Reminiscences of ‘Des Dumm Fattel.’” Pennsylvania Folklife, Volume XV No. 4, Summer 1966.

BERTON E. BECK, New York City, is a native of Lycoming County, Pennsylvania, where he grew up among the tall timber in the latter days of the big lumbering boom in the West Branch Valley. The present article from his pen is the last in his “Taming the Land” series. For the first chapters, see “Land Clearing in Lycoming County, Pennsylvania,” Pennsylvania Folklife, Vol. XIV No. 1 (October 1964); and “Taming the Land,” ibid., Vol. XIV No. 3 (Spring 1965).

JACOB G. SHIVELY, Millmont, Pennsylvania, has been collecting for many years the lore of his home community—Western Union County, Pennsylvania. He is one of the few local students of Pennsylvania lore from Central Pennsylvania who have recorded tales from the older residents of his community. We are glad to welcome him again to our columns.

LESTER BRENINGER, Robesonia, Pennsylvania—Lester Breninger teaches at the Conrad Weiser High School at Robesonia in Pennsylvania Dutch Berks County. An avid collector of Pennsylvania antiques, he has been interested in Pennsylvania Dutch folk-culture for many years, and for this issue has contributed a pioneer article on beekeeping and bee lore in Pennsylvania.

DR. FRIEDRICH KREBS, Speyer, Germany, is a member of the staff of the Palatine State Archives at Speyer. He has contributed many articles on the 18th Century emigration from the Rhineland, which are of interest not only to genealogists but to social historians and folklorists.
Contents

Contributors to This Issue (Inside Front Cover)

2 Indian Readers and Healers by Prayer
George Peterson, III

8 Bayard Taylor's Portrait of Pennsylvania Quakerism
William Hannan

15 Gypsy Stories from the Swatara Valley
Victor C. Dieffenhach

20 Stump-Pulling
Berton E. Beck

32 Occult Tales from Union County
Jacob G. Shively

34 Beekeeping and Bee Lore in Pennsylvania
Lester Breininger

40 New Materials on the 18th Century Emigration from the Speyer State Archives
Friedrich Krebs

42 The Snake-Bitten Dutchman

44 Notes and Documents
A Letter to Germany (1806)
Midwestern Diary of Joel Vale Garretson (1863-1864)
Edited By Don Yoder

Questionnaire on Hominy (Inside Back Cover)

Cover: Illustration from Healy & Bigelow's Family Medical Booklet, "Kickapoo Indian Life and Scenes"—an advertisement for 19th Century patent medicines of pseudo-Indian flavor.
INDIAN READERS and HEALERS BY PRAYER:
A Field Report

By GEORGE PETERSON, III

READINGS BY -
MRS. QUINN

OPEN DAILY
10AM to 9PM
Mrs. Quinn is not to be confused with Gypsy. She has helped many others and she can help you. One visit will convince you. Satisfaction is guaranteed.

451 W. MAIN ST., KUTZTOWN
Phone 663-3428
BRING THIS AD FOR SPECIAL $1.00 READING!

READER AND ADVISOR ON ALL PROBLEMS OF LIFE, SUCH AS -
- MARRIAGE
- LOVE
- BUSINESS
- ETC.
ALL READINGS PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

MRS. CARR
GIFTED READER AND ADVISOR
on all affairs of life, from the far corners of the earth people come to her. Rich and poor. Men and women of all races and walks of life. Do not classify her with other readers. She succeeds where others fail. If bewildered, disappointed or in sorrow, she will help you. There is no mystery so deep she can't fathom. No heart so sad she can't comfort. She has no equal, her advice never fails. She will give you true advice on all affairs of life. If you are in need of advice, Mrs. Carr can help you. She will return the worry and cares away. Phone 252-2701.

ALL READING PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

MRS. SANTEE
GIFTED READER AND ADVISOR
On all affairs of life, from the far corners of the earth, people come to her. Rich and poor. Men and women of all races and walks of life. Do not classify her with other readers. She succeeds where others fail. If bewildered, disappointed or in sorrow, she will help you. There is no mystery so deep she can't fathom. No heart so sad she can't comfort. She has no equal, her advice never fails. She will give you true advice on all affairs of life. If you are in need of advice, Mrs. Carr can help you. She will return the worry and cares away. Phone 252-2701.

ALL READING PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

READER AND ADVISOR -
MRS. QUINN

ON APPOINTMENT
WHERE YOU ARE IN NEED OR IN SORROW, AT YOUR HOME, AT YOUR OFFICE, WHERE YOU ARE ON A JOURNEY.

BRING THIS AD FOR SPECIAL $1.00 READING!

ALL READING PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

MRS. DUGAN
GIFTED READER AND ADVISOR
on all affairs of life, from the far corners of the earth people come to her. Rich and poor. Men and women of all races and walks of life. Do not classify her with other readers. She succeeds where others fail. If bewildered, disappointed or in sorrow, she will help you. There is no mystery so deep she can't fathom. No heart so sad she can't comfort. She has no equal, her advice never fails. She will give you true advice on all affairs of life. If you are in need of advice, Mrs. Carr can help you. She will return the worry and cares away. Phone 252-2701.

ALL READING PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

MRS. DUGAN
GIFTED READER AND ADVISOR
on all affairs of life, from the far corners of the earth people come to her. Rich and poor. Men and women of all races and walks of life. Do not classify her with other readers. She succeeds where others fail. If bewildered, disappointed or in sorrow, she will help you. There is no mystery so deep she can't fathom. No heart so sad she can't comfort. She has no equal, her advice never fails. She will give you true advice on all affairs of life. If you are in need of advice, Mrs. Carr can help you. She will return the worry and cares away. Phone 252-2701.

ALL READING PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

MRS. DUGAN
GIFTED READER AND ADVISOR
on all affairs of life, from the far corners of the earth people come to her. Rich and poor. Men and women of all races and walks of life. Do not classify her with other readers. She succeeds where others fail. If bewildered, disappointed or in sorrow, she will help you. There is no mystery so deep she can't fathom. No heart so sad she can't comfort. She has no equal, her advice never fails. She will give you true advice on all affairs of life. If you are in need of advice, Mrs. Carr can help you. She will return the worry and cares away. Phone 252-2701.

ALL READING PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

MRS. DUGAN
GIFTED READER AND ADVISOR
on all affairs of life, from the far corners of the earth people come to her. Rich and poor. Men and women of all races and walks of life. Do not classify her with other readers. She succeeds where others fail. If bewildered, disappointed or in sorrow, she will help you. There is no mystery so deep she can't fathom. No heart so sad she can't comfort. She has no equal, her advice never fails. She will give you true advice on all affairs of life. If you are in need of advice, Mrs. Carr can help you. She will return the worry and cares away. Phone 252-2701.
In the past several years there has been a wave of "Indian Readers" who have set up advertising signs on the outskirts of several Eastern Pennsylvania cities, offering to "heal by prayer." The ethnic affiliation of this group of prayer healers appears to be Mediterranean, with Roman Catholic religious connections. Since according to Pennsylvania's Penal Code, fortune-telling as such is illegal in the commonwealth, but "healing by prayer" is not, this group of practitioners have obviously filled a partial vacuum which exists in the personnel spectrum of American folk medicine—occupying a place between the "powpowder" (Braucher) of the Dutch Country and the illegal fortune-teller, but closer in technique to the latter. Differing from the gypsy fortune-tellers who were common here a half-century ago, they seem to set up relatively permanent headquarters, and they advertise—with leaflets and with stylized Indian Heads painted on boards outside their houses—appealing to the American public's perennial faith in the healing powers of the American redman. This report, done in 1964 by George Peterson of the Graduate Folklore Program of the University of Pennsylvania, represents one contemporary chapter in the long story of the pseudo-Indian influences on American popular and folk medicine. Other chapters of this story are the "Indian Doctor" books of the 1840's, and the ubiquitous "Medicine Show" of the post-Civil War era, with its "Seneca Snake Oil," the "Secret of the Oswegos," and other "Indian" remedies which are represented in some of our illustrations.

EDITOR]

Another limited class of patrons are men who visit the advertisers with a view of exposing fraud; but such are often discomforted by the ingenuity of the fortune-tellers, who through long experience are prepared for every emergency. Indeed, these disciples of Simon Magus become very skilled students of human nature, and learn to judge very quickly the mental capacity of their clients, as well as the probable length of their purses.


1. FORTUNE-TELLING IN PENNSYLVANIA

Originally, this report was to be entitled "Fortune-tellers". This designation, in Pennsylvania at least, is no longer used by those who profess an ability to be able to predict what lies ahead. The current term is "Spiritual Advisor and Faith Healer". After reading over a number of advertisements by fortune-tellers in an issue of the Journal of American Folk-Lore which appeared in 1895, I found that the claims of the fortune-tellers of that age are exactly the same as the statements made by spiritual advisors and faith healers today. The illustrations accompanying this report present a number of advertisements culled from four Philadelphia newspapers printed primarily for Negroes.

The Pennsylvania Penal Code of 1893 states, in Public Laws §870 and §872, that it is illegal to tell future events, to pretend to effect any purpose or give advice or to publish material that gives advice, for gain or lucre; it is illegal to


pretend to recover or find material things, to stop bad luck, bring good or bad luck, health, injury, success, win the affections of, or tell where money is hidden for gain. Such an act is termed a misdemeanor. If convicted, a person is subject to imprisonment not exceeding one year or a $500 fine or both. Any person is a witness whose fortune has been told.

A most interesting test case,¹ Commonwealth v. Blair, 92 Pennsylvania Superior Court 169, 1927, decided that the use of religious prayers to heal the sick is not a violation of the code. The decision handed down upheld the right to charge money as a religious healer. Fortune-tellers in the State of Pennsylvania, at least, are well aware of the illegality of their trade, and they have been guided by the decision of the test case.

This paper will examine closely two situations in which I paid money to have my personality and my problems analyzed by persons who advertised as being able to do it. Two readings will be compared in order to point up differences in techniques and abilities of the two readers. As much detail of each visit will be mentioned and compared as this investigator believes significant. This material will be based both on his notes, which he wrote down immediately after each visit, and his memory. As the author has never seen this type of study printed before, he is relying, for his format, solely upon his own creativity and the organizational pattern of similar studies in other fields.

II. INTERVIEW #1

1. My Dress: In order not to seem exactly what I am, a student, I wore boots, khaki pants, two wool shirts, and a wool jacket. Except for the smooth condition of my hands, my crew-cut, and an educated voice, I resembled a laborer. The reason for this attempt at disguise was to find out if the reader's reaction to me would change because of the nature of the way I was dressed. As I shall mention in the final section of this paper, this masking proved quite significant.

2. Time & Location: The significance of the time of day is debatable; nevertheless, it does have some importance. The time was 12:30 P.M. on a Sunday afternoon during the Fall. The reader's house is located just within the city limits of C., Pennsylvania, on Route X. The road is a main artery of C., and is heavily traveled.

3. Sign: On the edge of the property, at right angles to the road and directly in front of the house, stands a large, white sign with a Hiawatha-type Indian head painted on it. Lettering on the sign says, "Sister A." "Indian Reader and Advisor," and "Healer by Prayer".

4. House: Sister A.'s house is a turn-of-the-century three-story building which stands by itself upon a separate plot of ground. The value of the property is estimated at from $5,000 to $6,000. The most valuable asset of the property is the location. Behind the house is a carriage barn that is now used to house a 1955 Ford sedan.

5. Interior: The interior of the house, besides being untidy, had a "furnished room" appearance. Upon entering, I was asked to wait in the living room while Sister A. finished talking on the telephone. This room was decorated with color photographs of movie stars or models (the faces were not familiar) which were enclosed by a fake gold-painted frame placed over the picture on the wall. Two side tables were cluttered with figurines of the most elaborate Victorian mode. An especially decorative one still had affixed to it a "Made in Italy" sticker. The corner sofa upon which I sat was tan colored and for want of the appropriate term, might be called "motel" style. After her conversation ended, the reader conducted me into another room which might be called a prayer room. A small couch and an armchair faced a table upon which were china statues of Christ and the Virgin Mary, and tinted pictures of Christ with a bleeding heart, or else looking off at the source of a bright shaft of light. Several heavily flowered black swatches with tassels hanging from them were draped across the radiator. The only light came from the window; otherwise, the downstairs was fairly thick with shadows.

6. Reader: Sister A. appeared to be in her 40's or 50's. Her children, of which she had two, a boy about 14 years old and a girl about 15 years old, were outside when I entered. She was speaking either Portuguese or Spanish over the telephone, and her skin was of the dark, Mediterranean type. She was dressed in a dirty, flowered dress which was held together by safety pins where several buttons were missing. She wore sandals over her bare feet. Her hair was untidy.

7. Interview:

 a. Greeting: The reader asked me what I wanted when I came to the door. I replied that I wanted to have my fortune told. She said to come in. She said that she didn't tell fortunes, but that she did give spiritual advice. She then wanted to know how I found out about her. Her manner was quite interrogatory. I told her a friend had informed me about her. I didn't mention the sign in front of her house.

 b. Procedure: She asked me if I wanted the three or five dollar reading. I chose the three dollar one. Then she told me to make two wishes: one to keep to myself, the other to tell her. I told her that I was a bachelor, and that I wished to meet the "right" girl. At this point she said that she would tell me only what she truly "saw" about me, and that

¹Thid., p. 682.
I should be prepared to accept whatever she had to say whether favorable or unfavorable.

c. Reading: Part I: Once I had told her my wish, she proceeded to characterize me. In other words, she told me what kind of a person I was. She spoke in a rapid, singsong style which depended heavily upon assonance and alliteration for its rhythm. She kept repeating key words and used the pronoun "you" as a subject constantly. A sample of her delivery might read like this (read it quickly):

You good fellow—you good man—you been hurt—you man do good for others, but others don't do good things for you—you been hurt—you been worry too much. You don't say things for others—yea you want things come right for you—you be patient—you don't worry—you get idea—you want right woman.

You do good things for others, but things not work out for you, understand? Now you want right woman to make you happy—you want right woman—you got right idea— you get good woman—you have patience.

In characterizing me, the reader told me what I was like as a person, what I had suffered, and what would happen to me. She told me that I did things for others, that I had had a love affair, had loved deeply, but had been hurt because it hadn't worked out. She said that sometimes things went well for me, sometimes badly. By analyzing her technique, I concluded that she took my wish, twisted it, and said it back to me and at the same time combined it with a generalized account of the things that happen to everybody. Her method seemed starting at first because she was telling me things about myself that were based upon her interpretation of my state by the nature of my wish. Her insights into my troubles or my concerns were not really insights at all, or even pretended visions. Instead, they were generalizations surmised from my spoken wish.

d. Questioning: Part II: Once Sister A. had finished her reading, she told me that it was my turn to ask questions. My first question was this: "I am of a different religion than you, I guess. I am a Quaker, Protestant. Now, how is it that what you say about me is true? How can you, being of a different religion, help me?"

She answered, "Religion has nothing to do with it. It's the power, you gotta believe. There is the one God."

Then I asked, "How do you believe?"

She said, "Don't you worry. The months seem long when you worry. Be patient. You make changes to try for a better life. There is a change coming, but don't make it. Stick to what you doing." Then she said she was going to pray for me.

I asked the second question. "It seems to me that there is a point to which a person can go and then not go further. For instance, you want a car. You can save money and buy a car, but if you like a woman, can you get her?" (The reader might wonder whether I was beginning to 'believe' at this point. Her concentration was powerful and I couldn't help but be influenced by it. Thus I was compelled to reflect upon my own situation.)

The reader replied, "Call her, see her, talk to her, so that she have fun with you and not want to go out with other fellows. You have right idea, you find right woman."

I asked, "How can I know she like me if she keeps going out with other men?" At this point she started to tell me that this girl was doing wrong wanting to go out all the time with other men. She said the girl wasn't the right one for me. She must have seen in my face that I didn't want to hear this, because at that moment her approach changed. She began to say positive things about this girl, things that I would want to hear.

My last question was this: "How can I get this power that you speak of?"


c. Impression: At this point the reading concluded. I handed her the three dollars and stood up. She followed me out to the door. I turned and shook hands with her. Her clasp was very weak. As I walked out onto the porch, she called after me, "I gonna pray for you!"

The sincerity of her manner was heightened by her power to concentrate upon the working out of my wish during the reading and question periods. She was very sure of herself. She never smiled or joked. I must admit that I was strongly influenced by her positiveness and assurance. Her singsong reading cast a sort of spell during which I became extremely introspective and thereby facially more expressive. By reading the expression on my face, she could gauge the effect of her advice. Sister A. did not resort to any aids in reading: she sat beside me and looked into my face from time to time. I did not believe that my three dollars had been wasted.

III. INTERVIEW #2


2. Time & Location: The second reading occurred during the afternoon of the same day as the first reading. The reader's house is located on a busy highway, Route V, three miles west of D., Pennsylvania.

3. Sign: The sign is the same type; however, it pictures an Indian chief in full-leathered headdress. The style and coloring is the same. The sign says, "Sister B.," "Indian Reader and Advisor."

4. House: Sister B.'s house is of much poorer quality than Sister A.'s. It resembles a riverside cottage, shingled with red tile. It is two-story and has a front porch. Such a house might be valued at $500.

5. Interior: The living room into which I was ushered was furnished similarly to Sister A.'s. In one corner stood an identical tan "motel-style" sofa. The walls were decorated with inspirational pictures depicting Jesus and the Virgin Mary. The right corner of the room had been sectioned off by drapes which enclosed two chairs facing each other which were placed before a table. Upon the table were china statues representing religious figures: Christ, the Virgin Mary, and saints whose visages were unidentifiable. Two candles stood on either side of the statue. Two five-foot candles with their bases secured in Christmas-tree stands were placed on either side of the table.

6. Reader: The reader was probably not more than 21 or 22 years old. She was obviously inexperienced, yet she knew the basic techniques. Her hair was very black, and her skin had the same olive color as the previous reader. She seemed to be Mediterranean. During the reading, the real Sister B. came into the room, saw that we were occupied, and left. She was richly dressed in a long, flowing robe of turquoise blue. The elderly reader had the same skin coloring as the young girl.

7. Interview:

a. Greeting: Same.

b. Procedure: The same, except that she asked me to hold the three dollars in my hand during the reading. I asked her the difference between the three and five dollar readings. She replied that for the five dollar reading she would burn candles for me. This girl was a palmist. She held my right
KNOWLEDGE IS "POWER"

DAILY-WEEKLY CYCLE CHARTS
Send Only $1.00 TODAY!
For a quicker reply include a self-addressed airmail stamped envelope. No M.O. or personal checks.

Power of Prayer
If you wish a HAPPIER LIFE of Love, Health, Peace, Prosperity, etc. Send for the POWER OF PRAYER today.

FREE! This great little book must be read! All winners send Name, Address and 10 cents to cover expenses.

GUIDANCE HOUSE, Dept. 13
Box 261, Times Building, New York 26

-PSALM SELECTION- Subscribe to the only system based on TIME! COMPLETELY DIFFERENT STRINGS

-ADTA STUDIOS- P.O. Box 666, Suite 11, Wash.

PSALM SELECTOR
Works Anywhere-Anytime-Anyone sends your name and address for the ad

SEND 50 CENTS TODAY.

DAILY-WEEKLY CYCLE CHARTS
Send Only $1.00 TODAY!
For a quicker reply include a self-addressed airmail stamped envelope. No M.O. or personal checks.

Power of Prayer
If you wish a HAPPIER LIFE of Love, Health, Peace, Prosperity, etc. Send for the POWER OF PRAYER today.

FREE! This great little book must be read! All winners send Name, Address and 10 cents to cover expenses.

GUIDANCE HOUSE, Dept. 13
Box 261, Times Building, New York 26

-PSALM SELECTION- Subscribe to the only system based on TIME! COMPLETELY DIFFERENT STRINGS

-ADTA STUDIOS- P.O. Box 666, Suite 11, Wash.

PSALM SELECTOR
Works Anywhere-Anytime-Anyone sends your name and address for the ad

SEND 50 CENTS TODAY.

-ADTA STUDIOS- P.O. Box 666, Suite 11, Wash.

-PSALM SELECTION- Subscribe to the only system based on TIME! COMPLETELY DIFFERENT STRINGS

-ADTA STUDIOS- P.O. Box 666, Suite 11, Wash.

PSALM SELECTOR
Works Anywhere-Anytime-Anyone sends your name and address for the ad

SEND 50 CENTS TODAY.

-ADTA STUDIOS- P.O. Box 666, Suite 11, Wash.

PSALM SELECTOR
Works Anywhere-Anytime-Anyone sends your name and address for the ad

SEND 50 CENTS TODAY.

-ADTA STUDIOS- P.O. Box 666, Suite 11, Wash.

PSALM SELECTOR
Works Anywhere-Anytime-Anyone sends your name and address for the ad

SEND 50 CENTS TODAY.

-ADTA STUDIOS- P.O. Box 666, Suite 11, Wash.

PSALM SELECTOR
Works Anywhere-Anytime-Anyone sends your name and address for the ad

SEND 50 CENTS TODAY.

-ADTA STUDIOS- P.O. Box 666, Suite 11, Wash.

PSALM SELECTOR
Works Anywhere-Anytime-Anyone sends your name and address for the ad

SEND 50 CENTS TODAY.

-ADTA STUDIOS- P.O. Box 666, Suite 11, Wash.

PSALM SELECTOR
Works Anywhere-Anytime-Anyone sends your name and address for the ad

SEND 50 CENTS TODAY.

-ADTA STUDIOS- P.O. Box 666, Suite 11, Wash.

PSALM SELECTOR
Works Anywhere-Anytime-Anyone sends your name and address for the ad

SEND 50 CENTS TODAY.
hand by her left hand throughout the interview. We sat facing each other, knee to knee. She said she would tell me only what she saw in my hand; I would have to accept what was there.

c. Reading: Part I: She used the same technique as Sister A.; however, she stopped continually to comment on the lines in my hand. She started off by telling me that I was going to marry the girl. (The reader will note that my spoken wish was the same as in Interview #1.) Then she asked, "Was there a death in your family?"

"No," I said.

"Well, it is not clear here. But some tragedy happen to you?"

"No, not that I can think of," I answered.

"In your family?"

"No," I answered.

"Well, it's not too clear."

Her singsong delivery might run like this:

You person don't have good luck—you do for other people, but other people don't do for you. You understand? You gonna get good luck—you gonna be O.K.—everything gonna go well for you, you understand? You gonna be happy—you good man—you live well—you gonna get lucky—you gonna be O.K.

d. Questioning: Part II: She gave me the same opportunity to ask questions. My first one was, "How come you can help me?"

She replied, "We have power. I am not God, but I can help others. Many times I can't help myself, but I can help others."

Then I asked, "How can I get this girl?"

She said, "Someone has put a curse on you, an evil curse. Someone don't want to see you together with this girl. Do you wish to be together with this girl?"

"Yes," I replied. Earlier, during the reading, she had fabricated a beautiful story of unrequited love from the content of my wish. I had allowed her to shape the plot to suit herself without contradicting. Now, she was taking full advantage of her creativity. Having explained the conflict to me so that I now understood what was wrong, she went after my money. She said that I needed one candle to burn in prayer. Did I have $10? I replied that I didn't have. Would I add five dollars to the five dollars I was holding in my hand and then pay the remainder during another trip to D? I said, "No." Then she went through a series of questions to determine whether I wanted this girl. After I said I did, she said, "The ten dollars is not lost. Your whole future is at stake now. Money comes easily. Don't hold back now." When she saw I wasn't giving in, she quickly got me change and ushered me out the door. Her final words were, "I pray for you."

e. Impression: A reading by this girl provided a unique opportunity to witness the strategems being applied without the experience so necessary in concealing them. This reader did not have the undertone of concern Sister A. had. The girl was evidently out for money. At one point in the Questioning, I mentioned that I was making only $85 a week and supporting my mother (not true). This did not seem to influence her for she said, "Don't worry about money. Money comes easily." When she saw that I did not believe in the power that burning a $10 candle would have in helping me, she quickly concluded the interview. I did not believe that she was sincere even though she attempted to seem concerned.

IV. A SUMMARY OF FIVE UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS TO HAVE A READING IN PHILADELPHIA

One Sunday morning during the Fall, I dressed in a business suit and visited four readers in Philadelphia. In each case I was admitted into the reader's house or apartment. There I was told that the woman who does the reading was not at home, and that no one knew when she would return. The women who opened the door to admit me were olive skinned and looked as if they were the true readers. Each person asked me how I had found her. I replied that I had seen the advertisement in a Negro newspaper. Then two asked me what I wanted. While leaving, one woman said to me, "It there is something you want to tell me, tell me now."

On Monday, I visited a fifth who repeatedly asked if I had been to another reader recently. Evidently the word was getting around by the 'grapevine' that someone was investigating. This woman also told me that the reader was not in. Nevertheless, I was certain that she was the real reader.

The most probable explanation for such suspicion is that I looked too official. Each might have supposed I was a detective conducting an investigation. None could be convinced that I wanted a reading for which I would pay. I sensed that there was something else about my presence that appeared out of place. Possibly Sunday morning is an unlikely time for a reading, even though the four advertised Sunday as a consultation day.

Another interesting fact concerns the location of the readers. All except one are located in primarily white neighborhoods; nevertheless, the readers were expecting Negro clientele. None of the readers are Negro, but each of the advertisements appeared in Negro newspapers.

Three of the readers were in their forties or fifties, while two were in their twenties. In each case there were children in the apartment or house, and a man was somewhere, lounging in an undershirt and trousers.

In one house I was taken into the reader's bedroom where we sat knee to knee before a table with several religious statues and two candles upon it. Another house on N Avenue had a large neon sign in the window which read, "Spiritual Reader and Advisor". The front door led into the reading room which had Persian rugs upon the floor, a church-type almsbox standing by the door, and curtains in the back draped over an archway leading to the rear of the first floor. The atmosphere was very Middle Eastern.

V. SUMMARY

The "power" which readers claim to have can only be felt by those who "believe". If one really believes the reader can help him, then the reader probably can. Readers can affect people through a variety of methods, some of which are absolutely sham (I refer to Reader #2), if they enable a person to change his mental attitude from discouragement to encouragement, or from fear to tranquility. The only clientele I witnessed visited Sister B. They were two elderly ladies, decently dressed, who seemed to be respectable people. One waited in the front while the other visited with Sister B. in another room.

It is interesting to note that each of the seven readers I visited was a woman. Men were always in the background, but they did not take an active part. They seemed more concerned with protecting the readers. It would be interesting to know just how many of these men derive their livelihood from the money brought in by the reader.
Bayard Taylor’s Portrait of Pennsylvania Quakerism

Bayard Taylor, Pennsylvania farm boy who became the first professional American travel writer, pictured here in walking costume in his “Views Afoot” (1876).

In the years immediately following the Civil War, a small group of northern writers, disgusted with the materialism of society in general and with the corruption of Grant’s administration, voiced their disillusionment with society in a renewed defense of idealism. One of the most important of these writers was Bayard Taylor, who was raised in Kennett Square a few miles from Philadelphia.

Taylor viewed himself as a writer with a definite purpose: that of exposing the various evils in society by contrasting them with his imagined dream world of perfect people in perfect situations; so he tended to dwell excessively on the varieties of personal characteristics. He was prone to organize his characters into groups of specific types—each with emphasized traits held in common—so that their interaction might be more readily understood.

This was unfortunate for the ill effects it had on his literary style, yet it did make his works of considerable value to anyone interested in 19th Century social history. His characterizations of these various types was consistent.
By WILLIAM HANNAN

throughout the whole of his literary works, and a careful reading reveals strong patterns in this single man's view of the more salient features of these various groups. The most valuable data are obviously his numerous sketches of the Quakers in the Delaware Valley, and this paper will be an examination of Taylor's description of these Quakers.

Taylor was not himself a Quaker, although he came from old Quaker stock. Kennett Square, however, had a large community of Friends and their influence was noticeable throughout the township, even in those families which were not members of the Meeting. Taylor himself undoubtedly felt this influence as a child, yet he was certainly aware of the fact that he did not belong to the Quaker community. His alienation from that community made him sensitive to where he differed from them as a child and where he agreed with them when, as an adult, he traveled in largely non-Quaker circles. He was, then, in an ideal situation for observing any distinguishing characteristics that these Friends might have possessed: he was as close to the Quaker community as he could be and still be an outsider. He was personally fascinated with them, which was fortunate, indeed, because he saw fit to include these Friends in a majority of his fiction, and each piece provides some new insight into the society of these Quaker communities.

The most striking, and certainly the most emphasized of the characteristics which Taylor attributed to his Friends was their adamantine sobriety. Temperate in every respect, an accusation of enthusiasm would have been as strong anathema to them as it would be to a modern Bell Telephone operator: they simply managed to repress extremities of feeling. In "Friend Eli's Daughter," for example, Aenath Mitchenor had seen her father kiss her mother but once in her life, and that was only on the occasion of the death of their younger daughter. There was certainly a strong love in Friend Mitchenor's home; it was just that he could see no justification in getting demonstrative over something which was already understood by both parties involved.

This natural reticence, in many instances, tended to be a hindrance rather than a help in getting through life in an untroubled manner, for it eliminated much of the communication which was necessary for an understanding and appreciation of other people. As an illustration, Hannah Thurston, in the novel that bears her name, was visibly shaken by a proposal of marriage one evening. Her old mother, who would have assumed the burdens of the world if she could, noticed that her daughter was greatly agitated,
"yet that respectful reserve which was habitual in this, as in most Quaker families, prevented her from prying into the nature of the trouble." 1

Taylor did not picture his Quaker characters as lacking warmth, for there are few more appealing figures in any literature than old Friend Thurston or the "Quaker Widow." Their type of warmth, however, had to be assumed from the concern they showed for other people and their insight into the nature of social relationships, for no outward sign or invitation was ever given which would indicate the most minimal degree of compassion.

It was obvious that Taylor did not fully sympathize with this particular characteristic. To him, part of the charm in enjoying the world was included in the ability to express, without fears or qualifications, this enjoyment. The beauty of the world could not be fully appreciated without moving into the realm of ecstasy. This, however, was the only area in which Taylor allowed a little critical cynicism to enter into his writing. Throughout the rest of his dealings with his Quaker characters, he was wholly sympathetic—almost reverent—towards them and their ideals.

A second quality which was attributed to these Quakers was their exceptional ability at maintaining their homes. The men worked hard on the land and seemed to produce, year after year, bountiful crops which were the wonder of the countryside. Their barns were the cleanest, their stone walls the straightest, and their pigs were the fattest in the neighborhood. Anything that could be accomplished through continual and earnest work was assuredly within reach of the meticulous Quaker farmer. Within the house,
the situation was pretty much the same with his wife. Meals were served hot and on time. The house was spotlessly clean from cellar to attic, a cleanliness which seemed impossible to outsiders: “Neighbors always spoke of her kitchen with an admiration wherein there was a slight mixture of despair.”

Again, as with the husband, this was all accomplished through an adherence to the ethic of work, the strength of which adherence astonished the rest of the community and offered a great source of pride to the Quakers themselves. Everything was considered within easy reach if a person were willing to work hard enough. A man’s ability as a worker largely determined his standing in the eyes of his neighbors. There were no redeeming factors which could make acceptable a man who was lazy, yet a man who was ambitious and capable might overcome any number of handicaps. The best example of this was Gilbert Potter who, in The Story of Kennett, was long suspected of being an illegitimate child. Although this made him unwelcome as a prospective son-in-law in some circles, in every other way he was well-liked and socially acceptable because he was such a good worker and because he was making a hand-

some living off his formerly undistinguished farm. The fact that Gilbert Potter had gained a position of respect in the community whose mores were maintained by the large Quaker element reveals the extent of that element’s toleration of human diversity, provided that part of this diversity did not fall within certain very key areas, such as the ability and propensity for work.

Another remarkable characteristic of the Quakers of the Delaware Valley was their great patience. This was undoubtedly partially cultivated at the silent Meeting where—on a slow day—as few as one or two people might be moved to speak. Out of Meeting, they were wont to sit on a problem until the proper solution would suddenly become clear to them. Until this solution made itself manifest there was no course of action other than to wait. The Quakers, naturally enough, never tried to rush anyone else into doing something, for they realized that if it were to be done it would be done in its own good time. To urge a decision upon somebody would be tantamount to pleading that he ignore the guidance of the Spirit; so they waited patiently through others’ inactivity and expected others to do the same for them. Sometimes this waiting took on colossal proportion, as was the case with Mary Potter Barton in The Story of Kennett. Mary Potter had married Alfred Barton and sworn to Alfred that she would keep their vows a secret until “Old-man Barton” had died, which—at the time—seemed it would be within a matter of days. Almost thirty years had passed, however, before the old man finally died, and in the meantime Mary had borne a son, an act which, with no known husband, had a decidedly negative effect on her reputation. At the funeral of the old man, she could at last reveal the name of her husband and the father of her now-adult son, which caused quite a stir in the community.

The Quakers, who formed a majority of the population, and generally controlled public sentiment in domestic matters, through the purity of their own domestic life, at once pronounced in favor of Mary Barton. The fact of her having taken an oath was a slight stumbling block to some; but her patience, her fortitude, her submission to what she felt to be the Divine Will, and the solemn strength which had upborne her on the last trying day, were qualities which none could better appreciate.

Of course such theatrical patience was not an everyday occurrence, yet the attitude of Mary Barton—and of the Quakers towards her—is indicative of the great patience which Taylor attributed to the sect.

Bayard Taylor also made much of the famous truthfulness of the Friends. Although he was, like the other defenders of idealism, wary of businessmen, convinced that they were basically corrupt and concerned solely with making a profit on every venture, his portrayal of Quakers was that of paragons of honesty. This, of course, went beyond their business dealings into their everyday lives. There was never a suggestion of pretense or insincerity in any of their social relations. In Hannah Thurston, when the sharp-eyed Mrs. Blake paid her first visit to Hannah’s mother, this was especially obvious. “In other households, her sharp, clear detective nature might have uncomfortably blown away the drapery from many concealed infirmities, but here it encountered only naked truthfulness, and was Welcome.”

Similarly, the “Quaker Widow” looked over the span of her life with a simple honesty and frankness that were indeed

---

2 Ibid., p. 55.


4 Hannah Thurston, p. 335.
remarkable. This ability to speak frankly, in spite of an inherent timidity, cleared the air on many occasions and made Taylor's novels unique and refreshing for their lack of duplicity in the interaction of the characters. In them, life progressed in an orderly, logical fashion and the details of the story depended wholly on the natural consequences of character which were revealed to the reader from the very beginning. At first I thought that Taylor was exceptionally gifted at descriptions of the various characters in his work; but as I read more I determined that the basic honesty of most of these characters, in their dealings with each other, made them seem immediately like old friends of the reader.

The Quaker children were—for all practical purposes—stereotyped miniatures of their parents. There was a certain frankness in the relationships between children and adults which was enviable, but with this frankness the children had to assume what amounted to minor adult roles in the household. Each child was assigned chores which he performed without questioning; he knew that he was held responsible for accomplishing specific tasks and he went at them with adult-like earnestness and sobriety. In "Friend Eli's Daughter," Richard Hilton compared the adolescent Asenath with the girls he had known in Philadelphia:

... Asenath had a gravity of demeanor, a calm self-possession, a deliberate balance of mind, and a repose of the emotional nature, which he had never before observed, except in much older women. She had had, as he could well imagine, no romping girlhood, no season of careless, light-hearted dalliance with opening life, no violent alternation even of the usual griefs and joys of youth.2

The qualities he noted were, of course, largely the result of the sobriety and repression that I have already mentioned.

The Quakers could not countenance wild abandon in any one, and since childhood is traditionally the period when abandonment is wildest, the difference would naturally be most noticeable there.

Taylor went into copious detail over the simplicity of the Quakers' lives, their plain speech and their drab clothing. But since this was more a doctrine of the sect than a group characteristic, I will not go into it in any great detail here. It is important, however, that many who were not Quakers themselves adopted these practices. In speaking with Quakers they would use plain speech because they appreciated the Friends' aversion to "flattery." And drab greys and browns were common dress for everyone of the community, although non-Quaker women might decorate their dresses with a colorful ribbon or a piece of lace.

Generally everyone in the area had very humble tastes, but the Quakers—of course—were the only ones who consistently made the distinction between things which were "of the world" and those which were acceptable for Quaker use. The former were a great temptation to many of them, especially in their youth; if any son or daughter could not live down this temptation it was usually regarded as "our cross to bear," although they were rarely read out of the family.

In "The Quaker Widow," the old woman spoke of her daughter Ruth who married a man "of the world," and she showed great understanding of her daughter's situation:

> Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old as I—
> Would thee believe it, Hannah? once I felt temptation nigh!
> My wedding gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste;
> I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the waist.

And further on, the widow questioned the validity of these strong distinctions which the Quakers made:

> But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the simple tongue,
> The cheerful, kind nature we loved when she was young;
> And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late;
> That we on dress and outward things perhaps pay too much weight.
> I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with grace,
> And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely face.
> And dress may be of less account; the Lord will look within;
> The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.6

On the whole, the question of plainness or worldliness—although it was a point on which they all virtually agreed—offered more grounds for concern within the family than perhaps any other issue. It was a distinction which they were constantly aware of, and even if the rationale behind it might be questioned, there was no question about the propriety of all practicing Quakers' maintaining the plain style.

Yet in spite of their opposition to "worldliness," there was a very strong materialism which ran through all the Taylor writings. Virtue was rewarded in a financial sense; nearly all of Taylor's major heroes not only got the girl in the end, but they also got a large farm with an ample house. Furthermore, a person's financial holdings seemed to be the major criterion for judging their personal value by the Quaker families. Exceptions to this rule were limited to widows, who had sufficient justification for their lowly economic status, and very young men, who because of their many virtues were assumed to be well on their way to amassing an eventual fortune. In "Friend Eli's Daughter," for example, the father spent considerable time downgrading the "world's people," but when it came time to view his daughter's prospective suitors he noted that some of the young Friends were "of great promise in the sect, and well endowed with worldly goods."

There was not actually much of a conflict involved when these goods are viewed as the natural results of the Quaker virtues we have discussed. Any worthy man who worked hard, as he should, and spent his earnings temperately, as he should, could not help but accumulate money. And the surest way of saving your earnings with small risk was to put them into real estate. Their homes might have been very large, but they were never gaudily decorated; their hands might have been extensive, but they were earning a yearly percentage as a very safe investment, just as any prudent businessman would have it. The only actual conflict was in the case of the Quaker father who wished his daughter to be married to a young heir whose wealth was representative of no known Quaker virtue. Such was the case in The Story of Kenneth, but Dr. Deane, the father, was later proved to have been a fool in many other related matters, and by association he can be assumed to have been wrong in this case too. The important thing remains, however, that even in this rural area, the traditional Quaker temperance had its own limitations. A wealthy man was no more expected to give his wealth to the poor than to throw it into the furnace; and in most cases wealth was considered a sign of positive virtue.

Taylor viewed these Friends as being very provincial politically. They were apt to be of little patience with anyone who did not agree with their views on religion. In an essay on this region, he wrote: "There is no liberal recognition of a man's social value, without regard to his religious . . . opinions." One of his most successful short stories, "Friend Eli's Daughter," is the tale of a couple's love which was thwarted because Friend Eli Mitchenor would not allow his daughter to marry outside the Quaker faith. The match was not made until years later—when both had grown to middle age and the man had become a Quaker in the meantime; so strong was the father's decree in this matter.

Yet even within the sect, there was a certain amount of wariness of divergent views, as seen in these passages from "The Quaker Widow" in which the old woman looked back at her marriage to the recently deceased Benjamin:

> I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know
> If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go:
> For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,
> But mother spoke for Benjamin,—she knew what best to say.

Then she was still; they sat awhile;
at last she spoke again,
"The Lord incline thee to the right!"
and "Thou shalt have him, Janey."
My father said I cried. Indeed,
it was not the least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hickite,
and father Orthodox.9

Whether or not an orthodox Quaker would ever have forbidden his daughter to marry a Hickite is a moot question, but it is important that the conflict between these two types of Quakerism should ever have arisen in such a grave manner on a festive occasion like this one. The minor differences in doctrine and practice must have weighed very heavily with some members of the sect.

Tied in with this lack of toleration was the fact that Friends often tried to impose sanctions on those who were admitted to their Meeting. Utmost conformity was demanded of every member, and those who occupied the "high seats" were not in the least timid about addressing someone for any one of a number of supposed infractions. Not only were matters of dress reviewed, but also behavior and even facial expression seemed to be the business of the entire community rather than its individual members. The mildest sanction imposed took the form of maiming glances at the social gatherings which occurred before and after each Meeting. If the deviation were a serious one, it might warrant a friendly albeit somber reproach from the elders of the Meeting.

And in extreme cases, offenders were read out of the Meeting altogether.10

Such extreme sanctions were rarely resorted to, of course, but there was a consistent feeling that abnormal behavior within the group would not be tolerated. The greatest offenders were undoubtedly the youth who were tempted to discard their plain dress or who could see little harm in getting together occasionally for an evening of levity. But the fact that these diversions were not permitted within the group, and that transgressions were acted upon by the whole group, gives some indication of their self-consciousness and solidarity as a group. The dangerous wanderings of their members became a concern for everyone connected with the Meeting, whether they were personally involved or not. Their discipline was offered without vengence, but with a diligence which indicated how deep their commitment to the principles of Quakerism was.

Finally, Taylor seemed especially impressed with outward manifestations of the Inward Light. Every dubitable action was performed because someone was "so moved." And any maiming was attributed to the fact that the Spirit had not moved him. This was often used as an excuse, it seems, because there was absolutely no way to argue against it. In The Story of Kennett, for example, Martha Deane had two major conflicts with her father. First, he wanted her to join the Meeting as a full member; but she was a little too young and gay to assume the role of a Quakeress. So she countered his arguments with a plea that the spirit did not so guide her, and there was just nothing she could do to rectify the situation. Second, Dr. Deane had thoroughly disapproved of her match with young Gilbert Potter, but he could not argue with her when she said, "It must be, father . . . God hath joined our hearts and our lives, and no man—not even thee—shall put them asunder."11

So it appears that God governed all social relations in the Quaker community, or at least a good number of the people liked to think so. In a few instances, the situation became a little absurd, as in this passage from "Friend Eli's Daughter":

The old man enjoyed talking, but it must be in his own way and at his own good time. They must wait until the communicative spirit should move him. With the first cup of coffee the inspiration came.12

Whether or not there existed a "communicative spirit"—as some sort of Man Friday to the Holy Spirit—in the minds of these Quakers is dubious. But the point is well taken that much of their lives was governed by introspection and inspiration. They felt some divine presence in their everyday life, and they were not reluctant to call upon it to serve in the most menial capacities.

These, then, were the characteristics—if we are to trust Bayard Taylor's description—of the Quakers in the rural 19th Century Delaware Valley. How they compared with other, non-Quaker communities is hard to determine. But certainly wherever the Friends existed in large numbers they influenced the nature of their entire township. Not everyone in the Kennett area was Quaker, but the Quaker influence was strongly felt by all. Non-Quakers used plain speech in conversing with Friends; they dressed very similarly, and a large number of non-Quakers attended Friends Meeting because there was no other church in the immediate area.

In one of his essays, Taylor himself wrote, "Too often the prominent religious sect in a town determines the character of its society."13 So from a knowledge of this single segment of the population, careful and limited generalizations might be made about the several predominantly Quaker communities in the area. Of greater importance, however, is the fact that many more acceptable generalizations can be made if one's remarks are limited strictly to the Quaker population. Bayard Taylor's works are one very rich source for social information about that fascinating group.

13 At Home and Abroad, p. 93.

Bibliography


11 The Story of Kennett, p. 288.
GYPSY STORIES
from the Swatara Valley

By VICTOR C. DIEFFENBACH

GYPSES AS HORSE-TRADERS

Gypsies, from time immemorial, were, and still are horse-traders. They have some of the best horseflesh to be found—dating back to the Bedouin's steed of pure Arabian stock—perhaps to the time of the Pharaohs.

They are shrewd, crafty, and skilled in the arts of necromancy, fortune-telling, water-witching, etc.

I remember the time when they were in a camp at the Swatara Creek, near Bethel. We were a bunch of kids, maybe a dozen on our bicycles, and we rode there to see their nice horses. An old woman—a haggard old crone, with long grey hair, a hook nose, and a corn-cob pipe in her mouth—came out of a tent, and asked us if we wanted to have her tell our fortune. We said we did not. She cursed in Pennsylvania Dutch, and went into the tent, and out she comes and had a teenage girl by the hand.

She said, "Wann dir eich farrichte wegge min, dir breicht eich net farrichte wegte ihra. Sie besitz eich net." (If you are afraid of me, you needn't be afraid of her. She won't bite you.)

The girl was her granddaughter, and she was as pretty as the old woman was ugly. And there we stood like a bunch of dummies. No one of us budged; finally I plucked up what was left of my spunk and I walked up to her.

"Which hand do you use for writing?" she asked me; I said the right one. So she took me by my right hand, and looked at the lines in my palm. She said, "You will marry a little, dumby woman with blue eyes and very dark hair, and you will have sixteen kids!"

You should have heard that bunch of my pals razzing me.

Later, when I met my life partner, she was a girl about five feet tall, with pretty blue eyes and hair so dark-brown, that from just a short distance they* seemed to be black; and she didn't miss it very far—we had fourteen children. How they do it, I cannot tell; but she said she wanted me to give her a dollar for telling me; sometimes she would get more.

* In the English dialects of Pennsylvania which are influenced by Pennsylvania German, "hair" is plural; hence the "theys".—EDITOR.

BURIED TREASURE

Not very far from the little town of A——, there is a wonderful farm of close to two hundred acres; it is good soil, and has a very big barn. It had been owned for a hundred years or more by one family, and had been passed on from father to son. In the time of the Civil War it was part of the underground railway for runaway or fugitive slaves. Old X—— was a member of the Dunkards or Church of the Brethren, and, since they do not believe in, nor participate in, war, so he gave shelter to the poor Negroes. They taught X—— how to raise sugar-cane and also how to make molasses and sugar. He also had a big gristmill, that is still running today.

The old man was sick, and finally his grandson inherited the mill and farm and cash and all. He was a tall yokel, and as dumb as he was tall, and he would have liked to have much more money. Not that he needed it—he had plenty of it salted down. But one day came a roving band of gypsies, and seeing the big barn and the spic-and-span look of the entire setup, they drove in. They soon saw what the farmer was most concerned about, viz., money, not natural beauty, but how to get more and more of it. They asked to buy a couple bags of corn, and a few chickens, and some smoked meat, and the old gypsy paid for it with a gold piece. He noted the greedy look in the farmer's eye as he slipped the coin in his pocket.

"Do you like that kind of money?" he asked the farmer.

"Yes, if I could only get more of it; but the U.S. government has all the gold buried and we who raise the crops, we cannot get any of it. How can you get it?"

"Oh, I have to dig it out first," said the gypsy.

"Yes, but there are no armed guards to watch it?"

"Look here," said the gypsy, and he got a canvas bag full of gold, and let the farmer feast his eyes on it.

The Gypsy let the farmer feast his eyes on the gold.
"Isn't that beautiful? Wouldn't you like to get a dozen bags like this? Or a hundred bags like it—all full of gold?"

"How can I get it?" gasped the farmer.

"Just by digging for it—that is all; it is here on your own farm—a great big iron kettle full of gold, worth a hundred thousand dollars; and it is all yours, for the digging."

"But how will I know where to dig? How can I find out?"

"I will tell you," said the gypsy; but first we must do something to appease the evil spirits that are watching this treasure. We must bribe them—buy them off. You have some money—ready cash on hand?"

"How much must we give them?"

"I think they will not take less than $200," said the gypsy; "they know that the gold in the kettle is worth a lot."

"I have that much in the house," said the farmer; "I'll go and get it."

When he gave the money to the gypsy he was told that the next week, in the dark of the moon, they would come again, and then if the evil spirits and everything was propitious, they would show him where to dig and would also help him.

And the following week they came; now they told the farmer that they had paid four of the evil spirits to stay away; but there was a fifth spirit, and he would not take less than $500 for his share alone.

"He used to work in a bank," said the gypsy, "and he knows the value of money."

"And is that all?" said the farmer.

"If you can give me $500, I can buy him off," said the gypsy; "you are still coming out ahead of the game."

So they had another nice golden nest egg when they left.

The next week it was the same old tale, only worse. The evil spirit took the $500, said the gypsy, "but now we must give $300 to his wife, or she will not let us dig."

So the farmer had to go to the bank and get his money, and they paid another $500 to the gypsy. The next trip they told him that since it had been buried so long, they must get a permit from the United States Treasury, guaranteeing that they would pay ten percent tax on the entire amount of the treasure, or pay a lump sum of $1000.00.

The farmer agreed to pay the lump sum, but he wanted to borrow some of it from the bank, and give a mortgage on the farm. When the banker heard of his nefarious deals with the gypsies, the deal was off. Since he had told them at which bank he was going to get the money, they well knew of the deal falling through; they never came again. He was a poorer but a much wiser man.

**BLESSING A COIN**

Years ago my two oldest sons and the two oldest girls and I were peddling berries on the streets of Stouchsburg when a whole raft of cars from way out West came down the main street of the town—cars from Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Idaho, Colorado, and a few from California—all of them loaded full of gypsies, and all bound for Boston. Their Gypsy Queen, ninety years of age, was dying, and they were bound for her bedside to get her dying blessing.

That is what a strapping big wench told me. She said I should show her a coin, so that she could bless it—then I would have good luck all of the year.

I had heard of such goings on previously, and out of the corner of my eyes I could see two tall strange young men, converging on me on an angle. I slipped into my car, back of the wheel, and rolled. I just had the idea that the time she was in the act of blessing my coin, I was in serious danger of being bereft of the long-green in my hip-pocket.

**THE MILLER AND THE GYPSY**

Old Francis S——— used to own and also operate the big old gristmill at Cross Keys, near Bernville. One day the gypsies came. A young woman, tall and lovely, all full of glittering spangles, came into his little office (die Mietschafft). Before he knew that she even was there, she was back of him and had both her hands in the pockets of his pants. In the right hand pocket she found his pocketbook, and she held it in her hand, and in the left hand she had grabbed something else. Old Francis was a bachelor, and he was scared to beat all hell; he said he was not sure was he going to be robbed, or raped. He shook himself loose and gave her a big bag of flour and corn to feed her chickens and a couple of bags of some kind of commercial feed to fatten her hogs. He said he was only too glad to get rid of them.

**SISS DIE BETZ**

Years ago an old man had a very old mare and her name was Bess (Beiz in Dutch). She had been a wonderful driving mare in her time; now she was old, worn-out—she had the heaves. Since he could not use her anymore the hired help had neglected to feed her properly and she hadn't been groomed all Winter. So when the gypsy came and saw the old has-been he bought her for $10.00. Having had this mare continually for some twenty years, every hotel man and hostler knew of her.

One day the old man had a phone-call from a man in a distant town. This man said, "I know that you sold old Bess; and I knew her. I know where you can buy a nice young mare, exactly like her, and I know that once you drive her, you wouldn't trade her on a Cadillac."

Old Ike asked him where he was, and went to see him. He saw the mare—very nice and clean—a fine trotter, and he bought her for $125.00. The man delivered her by truck.

The next day the old man put the harness on her, and was surprised to see that all the buckles fitted into the old, well-worn holes.

Same thing when he hooked her to the buggy. When he came back to the farm he unhitched and the mare went to the watering trough; when she had her fill she went to the door of the stable, but not where she had been—she went to the extra stable and when he opened the door she went into the box-stall formerly occupied by old Bess. In the afternoon he drove to town, and when she had gone a mile she stopped and began to cough and expel a lot of gas—like a machine-gun. The old man looked at her, and said, "Siss bei Gott die Betz!" (By God, it's Bess!).

She had been clipped and instead of long shaggy hair she was smooth and almost colored like a Palomino; her teeth had been "doctored," and she had been given a powder that obliterated all traces of the heaves, as long as she didn't drink.

He had to lead her home—she could not pull him or the buggy, and he said that if he was dumb enough to buy her back without recognizing her, then he was dumb enough to feed her for the rest of her natural life.

**He had to lead her home.**
THE RED TURKEY-HEN

It was not exactly red—to tell the truth it was no more red than the moon, if it is made of green cheese; but we always called it red. It was buff-colored, and striped a lighter yellow and if it ruffled up its feathers it looked like nobody's business. It was a turkey-hen, and it was my grandmother's pet. It was so old that it had not laid an egg in several years, but it was just like a bell-wether—it would come home to roost every night; and once it started to go on the way home, all the rest would follow.

Dad usually had from eight to a dozen or more old hens, plus the old gobbler, and from forty to close to a hundred young stock. When unconfined—on the range—they travel abreast over a field in search of bugs, beetles, and grasshoppers, but once on the homeward march they go in single file like the Indian. And like a flock of sheep, they will follow the same path day in and day out.

My mother was an invalid so she would sit on the porch and late in the afternoon the red hen would come marching down the yard, cross the porch between the summerhouse and the dwelling-house and all the rest would follow. So she had a fine opportunity to count them, and see if any were missing. And one night there were four of them not to be seen; and one of the four was the old red hen. And there the gypsies come on the stage. They were the Reinhardts, and they came from Lebanon, Pennsylvania. One of them, quite a nice-looking man—said to Granny, "Don't worry—tomorrow night she will come again."

"I wouldn't miss her so but because she is the leader; she is so old, she don't lay anymore—we only keep her to bring the flock home."

"Listen, Granny!" I'll give you this nice new basket and this pack of powder for one dollar. When she comes home tomorrow night you feed her some of the powder, but be sure to keep some of it till next Spring, shortly before they start laying. Then you feed it to her, and she'll lay again."

He spoke the Pennsylvania Dutch, and Granny said, "Ich denk du liegest verdammt!" (I think you're a damned liar!), but she gave him a dollar. And he had not lied, the turkey-hen came home, and she laid and raised a nice clutch of her own.

The other three missing ones we also found at a neighbor's, who claimed to have no knowledge of any strange birds being with their flock.

But we never found out what the gypsy had in that powder; he wouldn't tell.

GYPSIES AND WATERMELONS

One night while a bunch of us youngsters went swimming in the old "Swatty" (Swatara) we saw that the gypsies at the camp nearby had a lot of watermelon rinds lying around; they also had some big melons in a tub of water in the tent to cool off. One of their kids told us they had got them at a farmer's near Rehrersburg; we had heard of the old man's big melons, and we found out that somebody had stolen a lot of them just a few days before. So I rode in and told him of what the boy had told us; he said they had not bought any of him.

"What can I do about it?" he said. I told him that I did not think he could do anything about the missing melons, but that I had an idea of how to identify the thieves if they made another foray.

So I went to town to the horse-doctor and stated the case. He laughed, then he went and got a tiny bottle and a syringe and gave it to me. He said I should tell the old farmer to load the syringe and insert it in the lower side of the real ripe melons and then push down on the plunger. "You better help him," he said. "I would, but I don't have time. Do not use more than a few drops in each melon. You can bring the gun back later—I have more of them."
The bottle had croton oil* in it, and the Doctor said it was the strongest physic obtainable. We loaded the melons that afternoon, and a few days later the entire swamp at the creek looked like a Chinese laundry. Ropes, strings and anything that could be strung up was full of clothes to dry. The elderberry bushes were hanging full of overall, the grass was covered with the women's undies, and diapers by the dozen hung on the fence. You couldn't see anyone around—only once in a while a fellow would take a sneak back of the witch-hazels. There was no two-seater, no one-seater—and Chic Sale could have got himself hired in short order, had he been around.

You should have seen that old guy when I told him of it—he laughed till his teeth rattled. And I had all the watermelons that I could eat and a lot to take home. But we never found out whether the gypsies surmised what had caused their trouble. Maybe they also blamed it on the moon, or some zodiacal sign.

THE PHARAOH’S HORSES

These sketches show diverse ways of how the gypsies support[ed] themselves. Some of them did have jobs, the same as other people do; but once the wanderlust took over—goodbye job.

The story used to circulate that when driven to it by hard luck, the gypsy women made use of woman's oldest profession; but as a rule they were just as chaste as others.

Quite a few gypsies were well educated and could quote Latin verse by the yard; at least they said it was Latin. Astronomy they claimed to have been taught by their elders from one generation to the next. And they could interpret dreams. Old Reinhardt had a dream-book and he insisted that it went back to the time that Joseph was with Pharaoh in Egypt. As to their religion I am in the dark; but he had a belief in reincarnation. When I told him about a dream that I had dozens of times then, and now maybe a hundred times along similar lines, he said: "It is possible that at some distant time you were employed in the stables of a Pharaoh. The horses you describe and the way they were bred, groomed, trained, and even harnessed, you must have seen something of the kind somewhere or somehow. You've never been in those foreign places?"

I said I had not. "But you still could have been," he said—"one never knows for a certainty."

THE GYPSY AND THE FLOOD

My mother used to tell of the time long ago when the big dam northeast of Pine Grove broke and flooded the Swatara Valley and the surrounding area. It was what is now called Deer Lake and was only built up of logs and brush and dirt piled up. My mother, if living, would have been 111 years old on April 10th. At the time of the flood she was still going to school at Suedberg, a small town in the path of the flood, but did not attend school that day because of the heavy rain; the schoolhouse was swept away and a number of pupils were drowned.

A band of roving gypsies were encamped close to the dam but on higher ground since they did not like the proximity of the dam nearby. The gypsies had some fine horses and one especially good one—a stallion of Arabian stock.

When the flood was at its worst, and dozens of persons were hanging in the tree-tops, never knowing when the tree might be uprooted and they would be hurled from their precarious position into the raging flood, the old gypsy came, mounted on his fine steed. He spoke gently to the horse and bade him to swim through the rolling stream to an old willow tree and he came back and had an old man and a child, and brought them safely to land.

Just leaving the horse get his breath he repeated the performance and rescued several more. He made a third trip and the people on shore told him to stay and not to try to make another trip. It was very hard for the horse when so heavily overloaded to swim against the current.

But the man said he could rescue some more and save a few more lives. He made a fourth trip, and on the way back a log hit the horse and knocked him over; the man swam out unhurt, but the noble horse and the persons he tried to save, perished in the flood.

I was over in Dertwicksville several years ago, and there I met an old man who corroborated the story that my mother told me as a lad.

In 1922 while I was employed as a carpenter at the big electric power-plant near Pine Grove I met several persons who knew of this and spoke of the lives that had been saved by the gypsy and his wonderful horse.

Harry Proudfoot who used to conduct the Brobst House at Rehersburg years ago, was one of the survivors of this disaster. Some of his older brothers and sisters lost their lives that day, while he was still too young to go to school.

I do not know of the date when it happened, but according to my mother's account, it must have occurred almost 100 years ago. The old man who told me of it in Dertwicksville must have passed on, because he was some eighty years old then, and that was in 1951.

THE GYPSY AND THE PREACHER

Lately an old resident of Pine Grove told me that he remembered of his parents telling of this disaster in his younger days. He also remembered of the gypsy rescuing persons that had been marooned in trees. He said that a man—a local Methodist preacher—stood on a big stump on dry ground and shouted in a loud voice—"calling on God Almighty, on Jesus and all the angels in the Holy Kingdom to help the poor people and keep them from drowning!" The gypsy told the preacher to "shut up, and do something."

Bystanders said, "He is the man of God—he is doing his best—calling on the Lord for his help."

"He ain't doing a damned thing, but making a lot of noise," said the gypsy. Riding up to the stump, he said, "Why don't you go and get your horse and do as I am doing?"

* Tales involving the use of this chemical for practical jokes are plentiful in Eastern and Central Pennsylvania. Will readers send their versions to us?—EDITOR.
“My horse is not as big and strong as yours is,” said the man. “He couldn’t stand it, to swim in that flood and carry an extra load on his back—he would drown and probably also be the cause of my own death.”

Then you’d better shut up, as I already told you—you don’t have the guts to give your help to the poor drowning folks. You are the mouthpiece of God, they tell me—you got a big mouth and you’re making a lot of noise with it, and that is all that you are doing.”

The man who told me the above story of the big flood said that from that time on that preacher did not have as big a crowd of followers as before.

**THE BURNING BARN**

Gypsies, as a rule, were expert horsemen; nor only in their dexterity as showing the best traits in their handling of horses but they were well schooled in the ancestry of the world’s best horse flesh for centuries back to the times of the Pharaohs.

There are those who claim that the name “gypsy” derived from “Egyptian,” since more pure-blooded gypsies are of a dusky hue, hence the change from Egyptian to Gypsy. Be that as it may, they have a love for horses, they had them, before the advent of the motor-car, and they loved their horses too, and not only theirs but any man’s horse, and would not hesitate to give succor to any equine in trouble.

Well do I remember a Sunday afternoon in the long-ago days, when I was having an afternoon siesta, and somebody hollered: FIRE! We could see the smoke and I could easily identify it as the old Krause farm about a mile south of Freystown. In a matter of seconds, I was on my trusty bike and headed for the fire. It was the big Swiss barn on the old krause farm—it was a mass of flames, caused by a bolt of lightning. The farm was tenanted by Harry Miller, a son-in-law of old Krause.

All the family had left for the day in the morning or forenoon to visit some friends quite a distance away—all but Johnnie, a half-wit dependent of the family. There was a crowd of folk gathered, neighbors and some from nearby towns. When they asked the boy about any livestock being in the barn, he replied that all the cattle and the horses were out in the field; so nobody worried about them. We stood around and watched the progress of the fire; most of the crops had already been stored in the barn—i.e., forage crops, fodder and grain—all being turned into flame and smoke.

Suddenly we were startled by an awful, unearthly scream coming out of the burning barn. It was a sound hard to describe—but NOT hard to identify once you’ve heard it—the cry of a horse in fear and/or panic.

There was a band of gypsies camped at the Swatara Creek, no more than a half mile away from the farm, and several of them were there, mingled in the crowd. As soon as I heard that scream, I said, “That is a horse’s call for help—there’s a horse left in there and he must be got out!”

“And as sure as there’s a God—you’re right, son—let’s get him!” The speaker was one of the gypsies.

Johnnie denied there was a horse in the stable, but I knew that he, being not quite up to par when everything else was O.K. and now being scared, could not be depended on. I told it to the gypsy the while we got ready to enter the stable.

The fire up to then had mostly been confined to the upper part of the structure—the mows of hay and grain. In the basement or ground-floor of the building where the livestock is always housed, there hardly was any fire, but it was full of smoke. We both plunged our handkerchiefs in the big watering trough and tied them over our noses and mouths; then we went in.

Several men tried to prevent us from entering—said we were risking our lives to do so. The gypsy pushed one man away so that he almost fell over; he (the gypsy) said, “There’s a horse in there and I and this boy (I was about 14 at the time) will get him out—he’s worth more than a dozen s.o.b.’s like you!”

In the rear of the stable was a big brute of a horse; opposite him, on the other side of his feed-rack, fire was falling down into the hay-hole where the hay is thrown down into the feed-entry. The horse was fear-crazed—plunging; but the gypsy, by some inner and to me seemingly unknown hypnotic power, petted and calmed the horse; but I could not loosen the chains where he was fastened to the feed-trough. The chain was slipped through a hole in the plank, brought out over the front plank and slipped through a ring in the chain and then put through the hole in the plank for a second time (this had been done to shorten the chain) and we could not get enough slack between the pad plunges of the horse, to loosen it.

“Jesus!” said the gypsy—“what can we do?”

“This,” I said, as I took off my hickory-striped jumper (blouse) and put it over the trembling horse’s head. “Hold him.” I said, and he took hold of both sleeves, while I cut the heavy leather halter loose with my pocket-knife. Then he led the horse out and told the man who came to take over that he should put the horse in the field and be sure to secure the horse. “Don’t let him loose here or he’ll go back in.” Then he jumped into the watering-trough to extinguish his now flaming trousers-legs.

Some young fellow came over and offered us a drink from a pint bottle—we were coughing and spitting. The raw, fiery liquor was nearly as bad as the smoke, but it helped.

The barn had almost been consumed until the Millers came home; this was before we had any telephone, although Miller was later the president of the Bethel and Mt. Aetna Telephone Company, and was locally known in the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect as “der Tellylone Miller”.

When some of the assembled crowd told Harry of what we had done in saving that horse, he came over and personally thanked us; he said, “That horse is worth money, and it is not only the dollar-and-cents value of the horse that is of little value to me—what appeals to me is that you knew what to do, and were brave enough to do it. Here, take this as a token of my appreciation.” And he gave the gypsy and me each a greenback with a picture of Old Abe on it.
STUMP-PULLING

By BERTON E. BECK

The removal of the stumps on the farmers' tillable land was the last act in the episode of taming their fields, making them really arable. It was impractical and all but impossible to remove stumps before Nature had done her work of destroying the many small roots, for they had a most tenacious hold on the earth. This was the reason for waiting twenty years or more before attempting the pulling of the larger hemlock stumps. The roots of the white pines were more resistant to decay, and for them it was advisable to wait for an even longer period.

That stumps were a real problem to the early farmers of America is proven by the large number of patents for some kind of a root or small stump-extractor, or for huge machines that would pull the large pine stumps. From 1790, when the United States Patent Office was established, to 1890, close to three hundred patents were granted for such extractors or for stumping machines. A study of these patents shows that the patentees were from nearly every state in the Union except the treeless Great Plains states.

But long before patents were thought of for stumpung machines, Yankee ingenuity had devised several simple aids that were either homemade or made by the local blacksmith. One of these was called the mallet and consisted of a section of a log about two feet in diameter and four to six feet in length, with a hole about four to six inches square and about six inches deep mortised in the center of the log. Into this hole a lever about six or eight feet long was fitted, the whole resembling a large mallet. (See picture No. 1.)

To pull a small stump, the mallet was placed beside the stump with the lever upright. On the opposite side of the stump, a root was exposed and a hole dug under the root; a chain was attached to the root, passing up over the stump and fastened to the base of the upright lever. With the team pulling on a chain attached to the top of the lever, the mallet rolled, thus lifting the stump.

Another appliance was called a twister and consisted of a long pole as a lever, with one end fastened by a chain encircling the stump in such a manner that with the team pulling on the opposite end of the lever, the stump was rotated. By readjusting the chain, the stump could be rotated in the opposite direction. With some digging and chopping at the roots, the stump was eventually removed.

These two devices worked only on small stumps of less than a foot in diameter. To remove large roots near the surface and also to roll large stones out of the ground, several kinds of root or stone hooks were devised. They were often made by the local blacksmith, though some were made in factories.

Picture No. 2 shows a hook that resembles the letter "J" and is owned by Bert Mase of Tioga County.

Picture No. 3, taken at the Landis Valley Farm Museum, is of a plow with the wooden moldboard, and hanging on the wall are two chains with a ring and a hook at either end. I was told at the museum that these chains were part of a stump-pulling machine, but it is my opinion they were root and stone hooks. Several persons from Jackson Township have told me they have seen similar chains and hooks fastened together by a short chain and called a "pair of hooks." They said the advantage of the pair over the single hook was that the pair was less likely to slip off a big stone.

Another type of root or stone hook, frequently used in Jackson Township and the southern part of Tioga County,
consisted of a long pole similar to a wagon tongue, only longer and heavier, with the small end fitted into the center ring of the neck yoke when used with horses. At the rear of the tongue were two handles extended backward. Midway between the handles and the doubletree on which the horses did the pulling, two hooks were bolted, one on either side of the tongue. The bar of the hook, instead of having a hole in it for a chain link, was about a foot longer, with about six inches of the bar bent forward at a rounded angle. In this bent part of the bar there were three holes by which it was bolted to the tongue. The bars of the hooks were bent a little so the two hooks flared outward and were about a foot apart. (See picture No. 4.)

I am indebted to Quintillius Hartsock of Liberty, Tioga County, for this account of the last time he helped to use such a hook. Mr. Hartsock is now in his nineties, and this incident took place many years ago.

He and another man were working to remove some large stones from the public road and were having trouble in getting a chain around a big stone to pull it out with a team. His companion volunteered, "If we had Dad's old stone hook here, it would be a great help." So off they went for the stone hook. The old hook had been left exposed to the weather and the end of the tongue was weakened by decay. With the first pull by the team, the end of the tongue was broken. Using an axe, they cut the tongue in front of where the doubletree was fastened and then used the hook without a tongue.

Many of the patents were listed as extractors and they were all hand-operated. The most simple of these was patent #23124, granted January 19, 1880, to John Sherrod of Jasper, Tennessee, and consisted of a curved lever, with a wheel as the fulcrum, and a movable hook to grasp the stump. The hook resembled the hook of a ca nthook. (See picture No. 5.)

Picture No. 6 is of a heavy ratchet-gear hand-operated stump-pulling machine owned by Ralph Nienheiser of Lycoming County. Mr. Nienheiser told me that he and his father, using an extra long lever, had pulled some quite large stumps, but that the machine was a "man-killer." To remove the large pine stumps on their farm, they later bought a stump pulling machine powered by horses. This ratchet-gear machine has been used at different times by neighbors to pull old apple trees, move buildings, and to straighten barns that through neglect were out of alignment.

Richard English of Lycoming County showed me a small tool he had bought and used to pull small stumps in clearing out old fence rows. He said he sometimes "fooled" the little gadget by using the tractor to pull on the lever.

When the fields had been cleared for twenty or more years and the smaller stumps destroyed, the farmers were able to work around the big stumps, for their farming equipment was quite primitive. It usually consisted of moldboard plows, spike-toothed harrows, one-horse corn cultivators, small mowing machines, hay rakes, grain cradles, and scythes.

Coming on the market were better plows, harrows with teeth of curved spring steel, and a two-wheeled corn cultivator that worked the two sides of the row each time across the field. The newer mowing machines had longer cutting bars, and the side-delivery hay rake and a hay loader had been developed. There were better grain drills for sowing the grain, and the self-binder had been perfected to cut the ripened grain and tie it into sheaves, thus relieving the farmer of the hard labor of cutting his grain with the cradle.

To make efficient use of this new farm machinery, those remaining large stumps had to be destroyed, thus concluding the last act in the long episode of converting the virgin forest into arable land. I do not know how many large stumps might have been on an acre, but Stanley Livermore, of Lycoming County, told me he once had pulled eighty-five pine stumps on a two-acre field. The average of forty-two
and one-half stumps an acre seems quite high, but it would depend somewhat on the lapse of time between the land-clearing and the stump-pulling.

An idea of the size of pine and hemlock stumps when virgin forests were cut may be had from the following pictures.

Picture No. 7 shows the roots of one large and several newly-pulled pine stumps that were pulled on the farm of Oliver Brewer about 1920. A few years before his death, Mr. Brewer lent me the picture so I could have this copy made. Mr. Brewer is shown perched high on the roots of the largest stump with a big root extending above him. To one with a lurid imagination, the sight of a field full of pulled stumps might be a suitable subject for a nightmare.

Pictures No. 8, 9, and 10 of stumps in the woods were taken in August, 1962.

Picture No. 8 is of a pine stump in the woods of Stanley Livermore, where it has been a stump for about seventy-five years. Burned in numerous forest fires and ravaged by time, it still is a big stump measuring fourteen feet in circumference. How much bigger it was when the tree was cut is anyone’s guess.

Pictures No. 9 and 10 are of two hemlock stumps in the woods of Allan Taylor, cut about 1940. Since that time the stumps have not decayed very much as the bark is still intact. These two stumps are each three feet and three inches in diameter, and years ago they would have been considered about average in size. I have been told that occasionally hemlock stumps are six feet in diameter, and I would not dispute the statement.

The machines for removing large stumps were listed in the patent records as “stumping machines” and they ranged from weird-looking contraptions to those of simple but efficient design. Most of them were powered by horses, though a few were operated by steam power.

A countryman said that in pulling a stump you had to break the “suction” between the mass of ground on the roots and the rest of the earth. I think “adhesion” would have been a better word. In pulling a stump a vertical force was more efficient than a horizontal one; the few machines I have examined or seen illustrations of all made use in some way of a vertical force.

Two types of stumping machines were used in Cogan House Township, the lever and the tripod or upright. I have been told of the use of the screw or jack machine in Crawford County and of the capstan machine in the state of Washington. Many other types were patented and may have been used in other parts of the country.
The upright machine. I did not find an illustration of this machine in the list of patents, but I did ascertain that in 1866 a patent had been granted for a tripod with a rope running over four different pulleys to generate power. Later someone received a patent for a rectangular wooden frame lying on the ground and deriving its power from the use of tackle blocks. It is possible this patentee substituted the rectangular frame for the tripod and suspended the tackle blocks from the apex.

Picture No. 11 is of a model of the upright machine which uses the principle of force generated from tackle blocks. My model is not perfect, for I do not have sufficient mechanical ability to make a replica accurate in every detail. However, I hope the picture will enable the reader to visualize and understand the working principles of the machine.

I remember seeing an upright machine in a field but never saw one in operation. The little I know of them I have read or have been told by people who had helped in their use. I know there was a tripod made of heavy timbers with a set of tackle blocks suspended from the apex of the tripod. Three pulleys were in each block, with a chain rather than a rope running through the pulleys. Two of the legs of the tripod rested on a long skid, and the other leg rested on a short skid. With a team hitched to the long skid and a single horse hitched to the short skid, the machine could be moved about the field. In this manner it was dragged aside the stump to be pulled.

A large root of the stump was exposed, a hole dug under it, and a chain placed around the root. This chain connected with a hook on the lower block of the tackle block set. Between two legs of the tripod, in a horizontal position, was a shaft with a reel at one end. On this reel a rope was wound; and when a horse pulled on the rope, the reel and shaft turned, winding on the shaft the chain coming from the tackle blocks, thus lifting the stump from the ground.

With this machine was a set of hand tools like those with the lever machine to remove the earth from the roots. In pulling a large stump, one side was raised high enough to remove the earth from the roots on that side, then the stump was lowered to the ground and the other side raised and the roots cleaned.

The force of the upright machine was dependent on the size of the pulleys, the shaft, and the reel. I have not been able to learn what this lifting force was in pounds or tons, but it must have been very great for there were many exceedingly large pine stumps removed by this machine. The force exerted by the lever machine as described above is determined by an engineering formula to equal seventeen and one-third tons, and I would assume the force of the upright machine was the same. I know both were very powerful and both removed many big stumps. I imagine the initial cost of the lever machine was considerably more than that of the upright machine, and this may have been the reason there were more of the latter machines in the township.

In 1900 Gogan House Township had three lever stumping machines, owned by Jeremiah Alexander, Michael Mifsud, and Ira Persun. There were seven tripod or upright machines, owned by Charles Messner, George Whitting, Christian Ducorey, Robert Caldwell, Bad Baumgartner, and Rudolph Christ. These machines pulled a lot of big stumps not only on their own farms but on their neighbors' farms as well.

There may have been other stumping machines in the township, but at present I do not know of them.

The machine using the screw or jack. Patent No. 302467 was granted June 6, 1884, to George Chamberlain of Olean, New York, for the stumping machine hereafter described. I am indebted to Frank Flaugh of Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania, for the information about the use of this machine. Mr. Flaugh wrote me:

"My father in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, hired a neighbor with his stumping machine to pull a lot of pine stumps. This machine, in the form of a large jack, was made of heavy timbers and set up over the stump. The frame was a tetrapod, with a platform of heavy beams placed on top of the four legs. A steel rod, possibly four to six inches thick and six to eight feet long, was square-threaded the entire length. This rod extended down through a hole in the top platform and ended in a flattened piece with a hole in it to engage a chain around a root of the stump. A large nut was placed on the top end of the threaded rod, and by turning this nut, the rod was raised and the stump lifted. The wrench for turning the nut was made from the bolt of a small tree that had a natural curve in it. At the thick end was an iron receptacle to fit over the nut. The curved bolt allowed the small end to hang down within a few feet of the ground, and here a horse was hitched to travel in a circle around the jack."

The capstan. The capstan is very old and cannot be patented, but an apparatus using the capstan as a source of power can be patented. John H. Lloyd of Flemington, New Jersey, received patent No. 228088 on August 6, 1880. His device made use of a capstan set on a sled and fastened to an anchor stump. The barrel of the capstan had an arm to which a horse was hitched. When the horse walked in a circle around the capstan, the cable coming from the stump to be pulled was wound around the barrel.

Mrs. William Cockburn of New York City recently told me she had been reared on a farm in Washington and that her father used a capstan machine not only to pull stumps but to move his house to a new location.

Halbert Powers Gillette in A Handbook on Clearing Land, published about 1916 to help prepare cut over land for agriculture during the first World War, cites the use of the lever stumping machine and the capstan stumping machine using wire cables for all the connections.
The lever machine. I was unable to find a facsimile of this machine among those patented and do not know if I missed it or if it ever was patented. The rods and chains in this machine were made of steel one inch and a quarter thick and all the steel was said to be Swedish steel. I was told that the people of Sweden had a similar machine for pulling stumps. The principle of the machine may have been so old it could not be patented, or there may have been a foreign patent.

The use of the lever machine required an anchor stump, and since the overall length of the rods and chains would determine the working area of the machine, a centrally located stump was selected as the anchor stump, with the lever attached to it by a heavy chain. The chain fitted around the stump loosely to give some free movement to the lever.

The lever, sawed from the bole of a white oak tree, was thirty feet long and eleven by fourteen inches square at the big end, but tapered to five by six inches square at the small end. Four feet from the big end was the fulcrum point, where on the back of the lever a ring was attached by which the chain fastened the lever to the anchor stump.

On the front side of the lever were six take-up links, with three links on either side of the fulcrum point. The two center links were spaced eighteen inches apart, each one being nine inches from the fulcrum point. The other take-up links were all spaced twelve inches apart. Using the two center links gave the greatest leverage, and using the links farthest from the fulcrum point gave the least leverage.

A chain about twenty feet long, made of large links and called the take-up chain, was attached to a take-up link on the lever by a take-up hook which was really a device ending in two hooks. A rectangular piece of steel ended in a hook to engage a take-up link on the lever; the opposite end of this rectangular piece of steel had a short rod about two feet long connected to it by a swivel joint. This short rod ended in a hook to engage a link of the take-up chain. There were two of these take-up hooks used alternately as the lever moved forward and backward. These hooks were very heavy, and a man was needed to change them as the lever reached the end of its progress forward or backward. This man had the most dangerous job of all the men in the crew.

To complete the connection from the take-up chain to the chain around a root of the stump to be pulled, there was a series of steel rods, varying in length from four to sixteen feet. Each rod ended in a hook, with an eye and an eight inch link at the opposite end. The hook engaged the last link in the take-up chain, and the hook of the second rod engaged the link of the first rod, thus making an extended connection from the lever to the chain around the root of the stump.

To give the machine vertical as well as horizontal force, the rods were elevated at the stump by passing them over the top of an A frame of wood, set directly in front of the stump. The top of this A frame was covered by a steel plate with a steel pin an inch in diameter and a couple of inches long extending upward. Over this steel plate was placed a saddle, having a hole in it to fit over the extended pin. On each side of the saddle was a short rod ending in a hook, one rod to engage the link of the long connecting rod, and the other hook to make the connection to the chain around the root.

On a large stump the best results were obtained by exposing a root, digging a hole under it to place a chain, and connecting this chain to the saddle. A small stump that was not too badly decayed might be removed by encircling the stump with a chain attached to the saddle. But often this was not successful, and then a root would have to be exposed and the chain attached to it.

On the small end of the lever where the team was hitched, there was a wheel to keep the lever from rubbing on the ground as the lever was dragged forward and backward.

With the machine there was an assortment of hand tools such as an axe, shovels, grubbing-hoes, picks, and a number
of crowbars. Some of the crowbars were made of light steel about three quarters of an inch thick and ending in a wide chisel-shaped blade. A couple of these light crowbars had the end shaped like a spoon and were called spoons. These spoons were useful in digging holes under the roots, but all these hand tools were used in digging the earth from the roots of the pulled stumps.

Picture No. 13 shows the working parts of a model of the lever machine, and picture No. 12 is of the model assembled and in working order. None of the parts of the model is made to scale as to length of parts or thickness of materials, and most of these metal parts are made of copper wire.

Following are the names of the parts shown in picture No. 13:

1-3 thirty foot lever
2 fulcrum point of the lever
4 chain around the anchor stump
5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 take-up links
11 two take-up hooks
12 take-up chain
13 two connecting rods
14 chain to place around a root
15 saddle to fit over the A frame
16 two A-frames, a short and a longer one

About 1890, Michael Mitsifer sold his farm in Jackson Township and purchased the place adjoining my father's. Mr. Mitsifer brought to his new farm a lever stump-pulling machine, and a couple of years later my father hired Mitsifer with his machine to pull the stumps in a ten-acre field where there was a lot of hemlock, a lesser number of chestnut, and four or five big pine stumps.

The crew consisted of Mitsifer, one of his sons, another man, my father, and my brother. I too "helped," but I was only eight or nine years old; I may have been like the proverbial "fifth wheel" on the wagon, more or less in the way. Nevertheless, the event is still fresh in my memory.

The morning the work was to begin, we Becks arrived in the field and found the machine had been hauled there the day before. The hand tools were in a neat pile, and the men were digging around the roots, but all these hand tools were used in digging the earth from the roots of the pulled stumps.

Picture No. 13 shows the working parts of a model of the lever machine, and picture No. 12 is of the model assembled and in working order. None of the parts of the model is made to scale as to length of parts or thickness of materials, and most of these metal parts are made of copper wire.

Following are the names of the parts shown in picture No. 13:

1-3 thirty foot lever
2 fulcrum point of the lever
4 chain around the anchor stump
5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 take-up links
11 two take-up hooks
12 take-up chain
13 two connecting rods
14 chain to place around a root
15 saddle to fit over the A frame
16 two A-frames, a short and a longer one

All was now ready and the horses pulled the lever forward so that the second take-up hook engaged take-up link No. 5 and reached to the third link in the take-up chain. After this the short hitches of take-up links No. 7 and No. 8 were used. The removal of the small stumps was without incident, so it was decided to try one of the pine stumps.

While part of the crew worked on the smaller stumps, two men were digging around the pine stump to find a root and dig a hole under it so as to pass a chain around the root. The long A-frame was set up in front of the stump, the saddle placed over it, and the rods and chains connected from the root to the take-up links on the lever. Two turns of the lever, using the long hitches of links No. 5 and No. 10, took up all the slack in the rods, and after this the short hitches were used. The object of using the long A-frame instead of the shorter one was to give a greater lift to the stump.

In setting up, the A-frame had been placed too nearly perpendicular and was soon leaning so far forward that it fell to the ground. Reset, the frame leaned more towards the stump, and everything was working as it should.

The rods were stretched taut and if a link moved a fraction of an inch, it gave a sound not unlike the "ping" of a piano wire. Being of a curious nature, I wanted to hear more of those musical notes so I gently tapped the rods with a shovel. In no uncertain terms I was told to keep away, for if anything should break I stood a good chance of getting hurt. I then noticed the men were all standing away, especially from directly back of the stump. Whenever one of those musical notes sounded, they usually took a step or two backward.

By now the going was really tough. The horses strained in their collars but patiently obeyed my father's softly spoken commands. This was where the horses needed a steady driver, no yelling or cracking of a whip. My father coaxed the team along, moving, it seemed, only inches at a time.

25
With the continuous, slow and steady pressure on the lever, the take-up hook finally was moved far enough forward to reach the next link in the take-up chain. The horses were now given a few moments at well deserved rest.

The old pine tree had sent its roots deep into the earth, and the stump was reluctant to give up its hold. The rods seemed as tight as they could be, but there was no sign of the stump's moving.

The sun had risen so high it seemed directly above me, and my shadow pointed straight north. Long in the early morning, my shadow was now so short I could step over my head. This, and an empty feeling in my tummy, told me it was nearly noon. I kept my ears open for the ringing of the noonday dinner bell. When the glad sounds came, one of the horses neighed his answer. He was hungry too. Soon we were all on our way to the house and dinner, leaving the old stump "hamstrung" to the anchor stump. (See picture No. 14. My sister, Minnie L. Beck, ringing the bell. Summer, 1963).

Returning from our meal, we found considerable slack in the rods and the ground showed cracks over the surface roots. The lever was again worked forward and backward, and soon the top roots broke through the ground. The work progressed until the back part of the stump was raised several feet. Now everyone began digging the earth from the roots with some kind of hand tool. Again the lever was worked, and the stump was soon turned over on its side. By this time, the A-frame had fallen, but its work was now finished on this stump, so it was gotten out of the way. The big stump had left a hole in the ground close to five feet deep. Work with hand tools continued so that as much of the ground as possible would fall back into the hole from whence it had come. Once again the rods were connected, and by using the long hitches of the take-up hooks, the stump was dragged clear of the ground.

**Dynamite used in stump removal.** Blasting was used occasionally in Cogan House Township before 1900 to loosen stumps before using the lever and upright machines. After 1900 dynamite came into more common use: men became more adept in handling it and frequently it replaced the cumbersome stump pulling machines. When roots and pieces of the stump remained after dynamiting, these were pulled out with a team, and if a large part of the stump was left, another charge might be needed.

The dynamite was a yellow granular compound, with a binder incorporated in it, wrapped in a rough oiled paper to keep it in the form of a cylinder. These were called dynamite sticks; they were one inch and a quarter thick, eight inches long, and of forty per cent Dupont dynamite. To place a charge under a stump, a crowbar was used to make a hole under the center of the stump. The hole went down at a slant, five or six feet deep. It was very discouraging to get the hole almost finished only to be stopped by a stone or a big root. In that case another hole was started.

If there were to be four sticks of dynamite in the charge, three were carefully placed in the bottom of the hole, and the fourth stick was specially prepared by having a detonating cap and fuse attached. The cap was a copper tube about an inch long, but closed at the base where the explosive was located. The burning fuse ignited the explosive in the cap, causing the whole charge of dynamite to explode.

To attach the fuse and cap together, the end of the cap was slipped over the end of the fuse, and to hold it in place, a pair of pincers was used to crimp the sides of the cap tight to the fuse. I have often heard men kid each other about using their teeth to crimp the cap but never saw anyone do it that way. To fasten the fuse and cap to the dynamite, the paper that was folded over the end of the stick was opened and a knife blade used to make a hole in the dynamite. The fuse and cap were pushed into this hole, and the paper adjusted and tied around the fuse with a piece of string.

This stick of dynamite was then placed in the hole to rest on the other dynamite, with about six inches of the fuse extending from the hole. Damp fine earth was packed in the hole around the fuse to make a tight seal. Once the charge was loaded, everyone got far enough away to be safe; the operator lit the fuse, then he too scampers to safety. There was really no need for him to hurry for it took several moments for the fuse to burn down to the dynamite.

There was, however, always some danger involved in the use of explosives and heavy machinery such as stump pulling machines. The only local incidents I ever heard of were with the lever machines. Gibson Antes told me that one time he was helping to pull stumps when a hook was broken and the flying piece of steel missed his head by inches. While pulling stumps on the farm of Ira Persun, Daniel Kinley was handling the take-up hooks and suffered a fractured leg when the take-up hook broke. Ralph Niehuisner told me that he and his father were once pulling stumps; he was handling the take-up hooks when he saw the lever was splitting and a take-up hook was pulling loose. With a loud "whoa!" to the horses, he jumped over the lever as it was coming straight at his legs. He said they never did find that "missing link."

Mrs. Cockburn, who told me of her father using the capstan device, also told me of a man who she knows was blinded by an explosion. He had loaded a heavy charge of dynamite under a stump, lit the fuse and waited what he thought was a long time for the explosion. Becoming impatient, he walked up to the stump just as the dynamite exploded.

![Image](14.DINNER.BELL, Lycoming County, Pennsylvania)
Dynamite was not in common use at that time, but it was being used in the lumber woods to blast rocks and stumps in road building. One of the men in the crew pointed out how much easier the work would be if they had a few sticks of dynamite to explode under the big stumps before using the pulling machine. He said it would loosen the stump and make the digging of the ground from the roots much easier. My father wanted to know who would do the dynamiting, and he said he was not afraid as he had helped some in its use in the lumber woods.

The next stump they selected was even larger than the first one and was destined to give more trouble. The rods and chains were set up as before, and the lever worked to stretch the rods very tight. Frequently one of those musical notes sounded as a link moved ever so little. The horses were working slowly, steady on the lever, and doing all they could but with no apparent success.

As the afternoon work was about over, it was decided to leave the rods stretched tight until morning, hoping we might have the same success with this stump as with the preceding one. But by morning there was no evidence of the stump's loosening, and the work was resumed. With the third turn of the lever, the horses seemed to be thwarted in their efforts. The man handling the take-up hooks pleaded, "Only a quarter inch more." Urged on by my father, the team leaned into their collars to move the lever the few feet it would require to make up that quarter inch at the take-up chain. But the strain was too much, and the take-up hook broke, leaving the A-frame and rods to fall with a loud clatter.

My father had his light springwagon in the field and he had us boys hitch the team to the wagon. He placed the broken parts in the box of the wagon and directed us to take them to the blacksmith a mile or so away to have them welded together. In the meantime, the men were discussing the merits of using some dynamite, so my father said we were to go to the store and get some dynamite, caps, and fuse.

My brother and I drove away, and when we arrived at the blacksmith shop, the smith carried the broken parts to his forge to weld them. The smith was a large man, and I thought he must be awfully old, for he had a long beard. It was a hot, sultry morning and this, with the heat of the forge and the heavy hammer he used in pounding the heated parts, caused the sweat to gather on his brow and run in rivulets down into his beard.

While the smith was doing his work, my brother went to the nearby store for the dynamite, which was packed in a box with some sawdust. My brother handled the box with great care, holding it on his lap all the way home, thinking it would get less jarring that way than if it were on the floor of the wagon. When we arrived home, the fellow who was to use the dynamite said it would not have exploded unless hit with a blow equal to sixty pounds and that caps exploded only when heated. I never tried to verify his statements.

While we were gone, the men had used a crowbar to make a hole under the stump, and at once the work of loading the charge was started. Two sticks of dynamite were pushed down the hole, and the third one had the fuse and cap attached; then it too was put in place and moist earth packed around the fuse.

They were now ready to blow the charge, and everyone retired to a safe place. The operator lit the fuse and he too sought safety. It took a few minutes for the fuse to burn down to the cap, when the explosion came. The stump received a good shaking.

The rods and chains were again connected and soon the stump was being pulled from the ground. Digging the ground from this stump was much easier than it had been on the first one, and the dynamite had proved its usefulness. After that, dynamite was used on any stump thought likely to give trouble whether it was hemlock, chestnut, or pine. As I recall, it took two weeks to pull all the stumps in that
Getting rid of pulled stumps was quite a task. Some farmers used pine stumps to make stump fences, and fifty years ago there were many such fences in the township. Today the stump fences are practically all gone, but I know of several more or less abandoned farms where such fences still remain. When pine stumps were not used for fencing, they had no use at all so were placed in great piles and burned. A burning pile of these stumps made a very hot fire with great clouds of black smoke billowing high in the air.

To get rid of my father's four or five pine stumps, the long roots were cut off, and the stumps, one at a time, were rolled onto the stump boat and hauled to the edge of the field; there they were used to build the only few rods of pine stump fence on the farm. Though this was close to seventy years ago, there are still a few pieces of the old stumps remaining. The other stumps in the field were placed in piles and burned; it was often necessary to repile and burn them several times before they were entirely consumed.

Mistifer's stump-pulling machine was used several times to pull stumps in other fields, but after 1900 my father became used to dynamite, and then he depended on it entirely for stump removal. By this time he had the stumps removed from the fields he was actively farming, and fields with stumps in them were postured longer, so the stumps were more fully decayed before he removed them.

After the stumps in the township were removed from the farm land, the stumping machines were useless and obsolete. I do not know what became of the upright machines but presume the metal parts were sold for scrap iron and the wooden frames allowed to decay. However, I have been able to reconstruct the story of the demise of the three lever machines.

The machine owned by Ira Persum became the property of his son Carl; part of it was sold to a house-moving concern and the rest sold for scrap iron. After the death of Mr. Mistifer, his machine was purchased by Stanley Livermore who used it to pull a lot of pine stumps on his farm. Most of this machine has been sold as scrap, but there still remain the long lever and a few of the steel rods. Mr. Livermore has the only remaining blacksmith shop in the township, and he said he kept a few of the rods for he occasionally finds use for some of that good steel.

Mr. Alexander's machine was bought by Ralph Nienheiser who used it to pull the pine stumps on his farm. It was there about 1937 that a lever machine was last used to pull a pine stump in the township. During the second World War, this machine was sold for scrap iron, thus ending the careers of the three lever machines.

During its period of usefulness, the Livermore machine had moved a couple of houses and was once used to pull from a stream and to set upright the large steam boiler for a portable sawmill that was lying on its side. The boiler was being moved over the public road when it broke through a wooden bridge and turned over on its side in the water.

The story of the last use of this machine ends with a bit of humor. When the macadam road from White Pine to Steam Valley was built, many local men were employed on the project. Once the brakes on a steam roller ceased to function and the roller ran backwards off the road into a wet swampy place. They tried to pull the roller out with a tractor but had no success.

The foreman became excited and "sputtered" around about having to get a big tractor equipped with a winch to pull the roller out of the mud and back onto the road. He was sure it would cost at least twenty-five dollars to bring one from Williamsport.

Stanley Livermore and Luther Berkheiser, two of the local men, decided it would be easy to pull the roller out with Stanley's lever stumping machine.

Luther approached the foreman and said, "If I just had my horses here, we could soon get that roller back where you want it."
The foreman replied, "Heck, no team of horses can move that."

Luther asked, "If we pull it out, do we get the twenty-five?"

The foreman agreed and the two set off, returning soon with the team and a wagon loaded with the lever and some rods and chains of the stump-pulling machine. Setting up the machine, the two farmers soon had the roller back on the road and collected their reward.

The removal of those large stumps from the arable land in Cogan House Township allowed the farmers of that day to take full advantage of the new farm equipment. True, their new machinery did not relieve all the backaches nor eliminate all physical labor, but it did allow them to increase their acreage under cultivation. But by the end of the third decade of the 20th Century, that "new" machinery was rendered obsolete by greatly improved machinery and methods.

However, when the last of the big stumps was gone, the farmers felt they had really tamed the land they had with so much labor wrested from the forest. (Picture No. 15, No. 16, and No. 17 showing the grain cradle of the eighteen hundreds, the grain binder of early nineteen hundred and the modern self-propelled combine of today.)

OF STUMPS AND STUMP FENCES

Disposing of stumps, whether they had been blasted out or pulled out by machine, was quite a task and involved a lot of hard work. Except as a fence, the stumps had no use at all and had to be burned for not all species of stumps were suitable for fence material. The stumps and roots of white pine were decay-resistant, and they made a fence that would last for a long time with little or no repairs; but hemlock and some others were prone to early decay and would not make a long lasting fence. Such stumps had to be destroyed.

The equipment for moving the stumps, whether for burning or fencing, consisted of a few simple tools such as a couple of log chains, an axe, a crowbar, a cross-cut saw, a couple of levers, and a stump boat. The log chains were twelve to twenty feet long, made of material three-eighths to one-half inch thick, with a hook at each end. One of the hooks was large and circular, while the other one was small with parallel sides; both hooks were connected to the chain by long links.

Webster says that a stone boat is a flat-bottomed boat for hauling stones. Such a flat-bottomed stone boat was made of planks with the front end turned up, and the planks held together by cross pieces. Very few farmers had the mechanical ability to make such a boat, and they were generally made by the wagon-makers. Usually the farmers made their own boats from two sections of a small tree, with the front ends cut at an angle to give it a turned-up nose; several cross pieces connected the runners on which was placed a plank floor. The boat resembled a sled and was sometimes called a land sled or stone boat. It was too lightly constructed to hold the big heavy stumps, so a specially heavy boat was built as a stump boat.

I once "helped" my father build a stump boat. My job was to "fetch and carry" both cold water from the well for drinking and any tools we might not have at hand, as well as to hand my father the different tools as he needed them.

For runners we had two sections of a hardwood tree about ten feet long and eight inches thick, and cross pieces five or six feet long and that many inches in diameter. Both ends of the runners were cut at an angle, giving the runners a turned-up nose at both ends. This was so the boat could be pulled either forward or backward.

The top sides of the runners had an inch or more hewed smooth to make a flat resting place for the cross pieces which were hewed flat on the under sides. The cross pieces were held in place by dowels or "tree nails" or "trumrels" as they were known in colonial days.

The flat surfaces of the runners were carefully measured and marked where one and one-half inch holes were to be bored with the hand auger about one and one-half or two feet apart. The cross pieces were also marked and one and one-half inch holes bored in each end. To keep the dowels which passed through the runners and cross pieces from pulling through the runners, the holes on the under side of the runners were made rectangular instead of round; and with chisel and mallet, a half inch of the wood on either side of the round hole was cut to a depth of about four inches. The dowel was made with a "head" to fit the enlarged hole and a heavy hammer was used to drive the dowel in tight.

The dowel extended through the cross piece an inch or so, and the end was split with chisel and mallet so that a wedge could be driven in when the cross piece was put in place. This held the cross piece securely to the runner. Between the runners at both ends was a roller or chain as a draft bar. The last thing to do was to cut the ends of the dowels flush with the runners and cross pieces. (See picture No. 18.)

With the necessary equipment at hand, the farmer began the work of piling the stumps. Not all farmers had pine stumps on their ground to make stump fences; and some, even though they had plenty of pine stumps, preferred not to use them for a fence but burned them. Stumps of the quickly decaying species such as hemlock were always burned.
To make the big stumps lighter and less cumbersome so that they would make a more compact pile, the long roots were cut off.

When the lever machine was used to pull the stumps, they were all lying on their sides and some of the trimming of the roots might be done at this time, or it could be done after the stump was loaded onto the boat. The boat was placed beside the root mass, a chain fastened to a root high on the stump; and with the team pulling on the chain, the stump was tipped over to rest upright on the boat. Any remaining long roots could now be cut off before hauling the stump to the stump pile. With the boat close to the pile of stumps, a long chain was attached to a stump, the chain coming up over the stump and across the pile so that the stump could be tipped off to rest against the other stumps. For this purpose the extra chain was often needed. Small stumps and roots that had been cut off were placed in the stump pile to fill in the holes between the stumps, for the more compact the stump pile, the better the roots and stumps would burn.

Wherever white pine was found on land that was cleared for farming, there seemed to be stump fences. I have heard and read of them from Maine to Minnesota, south to Virginia, and in some parts of Canada. The stump fence quite well fulfilled the requirements of a farm fence, for it was horse-high, bull-stout, though not always hog-tight. But when made of decay-resistant pine stumps, it made a fence that lasted a long time with little or no repairs.

I do not know when or where the idea of the stump fence originated, but its use was quite universal where pine stumps were abundant. About the turn of the century, stump fences were a part of the rural scene and there must have been thousands of miles of those fences throughout the country. In Cogan House Township, stump fences were as common as were stone walls used as fences in Jackson Township and the southern part of Tioga County. (Picture No. 19, stone wall in Tioga County.)

The equipment for building a stump fence was the same as for placing the stumps in great piles. A carefully built stump fence had all the roots on one side, with the fence making a straight line across the field. The line for the fence was marked on the ground, and the first stump hauled to place and tipped off the boat. The next stump was hauled up, and here some judgment and experience was needed to say how close the boat had to be to the first stump; it was necessary to go far enough, but not too far, for the root mass of the second stump to lie tightly against the roots of the preceding stump.

The fence of white pine stumps had its place in the economy of its day, for farmers often said their only real profit came from making use of something that would otherwise be wasted.

Modern farm equipment and methods of farming have spelled the doom of stone walls and stump fences, and time has erased them from the rural scene. But in Cogan House Township, if one gets off the hard surfaced roads, stump fences or what remains of them can be found in isolated places.

I have pretty well explored the abandoned farms in the township, looking for stump fences or what remains of them, and the following pictures are of the best specimens I could find. (See pictures No. 20 and No. 21.) These are on the farm belonging to Mrs. William Persun of Trout Run, Lycoming County. Mr. Persun and his father pulled the stumps with a lever stumping machine and built the fences about 1900. Since Mr. Persun's death about twenty years ago, very little farming has been done or those stump fences would have been destroyed long ago.

A study of pictures No. 22 and No. 23 shows the enormous size of some of the roots. What trees those old pines must have been! A short distance from this stump, several roots are close to three feet in circumference, making the roots about a foot in diameter.

When one looks at the root side of a pulled stump, the root mass presents the appearance of a flat platform on which the tree rested. In order for the tree to withstand the force of heavy winds, this platform of roots had to be imbedded deep in the ground, with the roots spreading laterally for a distance equal to the length of the tree's branches. No evidence can be seen of the small feeder roots which had decayed before the stump was pulled.

A stump fence on land that was not pastured was soon overgrown with various weeds, briars, and tree seedlings. The common black raspberry seemed to take over at once and within a few years was a favorite berrying place for the farm children. Small trees of useless species such as wild cherry, sweet maple and others got started, and the black raspberry bushes gave way to the hardier blackberry, but they too succumbed in time to the growing trees.

The growth of trees made good nesting places for the smaller species of birds and afforded cover where robins often built their nests among the roots of the stumps. Here too the wily woodchuck dug his burrows where they could not be disturbed by the farmer's plow. A big root made a desirable perch where the "chuck" could take a siesta in the sunshine, making a hasty retreat to the safety of his burrow at the first hint of danger.

Often a farm boy carrying an old muzzle-loading rifle made his way slowly along the fence, looking for a sleeping woodchuck. When one is spied, a great decision must be made. Should he try to get closer, or should he fire at once? The decision is made, and with the report of the gun the woodchuck is gone. And now another big question. Did the shot miss the "chuck" or was it wounded? If wounded, did it survive or perish? One never knew, for if a woodchuck was seen there a week later, was it the one he had shot at or was it another one?

19. STONE WALL PHOTOGRAPHED IN TIoga COUNTY. The northern tier of Pennsylvania counties, along the New York border, has many stone fences of this type.
The fence row with the rank growth of vegetation was often an eyesore to a fastidious farmer, and eventually a fire was started that spread the entire length of the fence. Then came the work of cleaning up the fence row. The brush was cut and the partially burned stumps were piled together to be burned. When the field was plowed, the fence row was also, though it often took a couple of plowings to thoroughly clear away all the unwanted growth. If a new fence was needed, it would most likely be made of barbed wire; this, to the farmer's point of view, made a neater appearance as weeds and briars could now be moved.

A story that amused us farm boys was of the young lady who was urban bred, having lived all her life in the city of Williamsport, but was visiting on a farm. Here she found many things of interest, especially a stump fence. She wanted to know how all those stumps had gotten into that straight row. Her escort told her that one time they had had a big wind storm that blew those stumps out of the ground, placing them right where his Dad wanted a fence.

The one-room school that I attended in my youth was built on land donated by the Persim family, and the fields around the building were full of pine stumps. One fall the stumps in the field were being pulled with a lever stumpng machine, and while the men were working near the school building, I am afraid we boys had our minds more on what was going on outside than on our lessons.

The next fall when we returned to school, there was a stump fence on two sides of the school yard. This fence proved a barrier to keep the farm animals from our school yard but was no hindrance to those of us who wanted to play ball in the field at the noontime recess.

The removal of the large stumps from the farm land was the last "battle" in the war of destruction that had lasted for two centuries, waged by the early settlers against their enemy the trees. I have no apologies to offer for the destruction of the few trees on the farm land, for those early farmers had no other recourse. The number of trees destroyed was infinitesimal compared to the waste and destruction of the lumbermen during the 19th Century.

Farmers during the 1800s had a hard struggle to eke out a living and often had to "make do" with what they had at hand. The stump fence served its purpose well, and in its humble way added a touch of beauty to the landscape. Within my storehouse of memories is the picture of a stump fence on the brow of a hill, silhouetted against a background of sky and the distant mountains.

I have always felt the early pioneer farmers had a clear vision of what they wanted from life, and this vision was what sustained them in the vicissitudes they encountered. R. H. Grenville must have had those people in mind when he wrote the following sonnet, a fitting tribute to the lives of all pioneer farmers.

**Homesteader**

*The country never took him to its heart.*
*Having some iron dealt in his bones,*
*Reseal of the plow-shares wearing wise*;
*It broke his heart with drouth, his back with staves.*
*Patient he was, and gentle. Like the sun*
*His going down was never in defeat.*
*Each time he rose again to sow the dun.*
*Fields with faith and courage, corn and wheat.*
*And in the end, I think, he turned the land*;
*Into a kind of chivalrous surrender.*
*It never yielded to his living hand;*  
*But see, upon his grave the grass is tender,*
*And every springtime on the western slope*  
*The wild orchard flowers like his hope.*

R. H. Grenville  
Saturday Evening Post  
Volume 228, Number 45  
May 5, 1956. Used with permission of Saturday Evening Post.
By JACOB G. SHIVELY

West of Millburn, in Union County, Pennsylvania, the Buffalo Valley narrows into what is known locally as the "Tight End." Across the mountains, through "Hairy John's Hollow," now a state park, lies Centre County, and southward lies the Dutch-speaking county of Snyder. It is from this Union County area that Jacob Shively, of Millmont, has collected tales over the years. The present selection deals with occult folk-beliefs. For earlier articles in this series, see Jacob Shively's "Tales of Old Pastor Holmes," The Pennsylvania Dutchman, Vol. III, No. 13 (December 1, 1954), page 6; also "Betz Heilman, Witch," The Pennsylvania Dutchman, Vol. V, No. 7 (November, 1953), page 9.—EDITOR.

In the past every neighborhood had its "characters," as persons who are a bit unusual are sometimes referred to. Among those in our neighborhood was J. E. Catherman, who passed on several years ago at an advanced age. "Jimmy," as he was known to every one in the vicinity, was a skilled carpenter, blacksmith and handy man. In addition, he was a very entertaining storyteller. Several of his stories about Betz Heilman, reputed witch, were included in my sketch which appeared in the old Pennsylvania Dutchman.

Shortly before his death, at the annual Catherman family reunion, he told this one, which I committed to writing the same evening, so that I can give it almost in his own words.

TO ATTAIN OCCULT POWERS

"When I was a young fellow, living on the farm across the creek from Millmont, there was an old man in the neighborhood—dogged if I can remember his name now, and I knew him so good—anyhow, he always carried a rough, crooked cane when he walked about. And no matter how fierce the dog might be that came out at him, he just pointed his cane at him and he pinched his tail between his legs and made for the nearest hiding place.

"One day I picked up enough spunk to ask him how he got the power to do this. He said he could tell me how to get this power, not only over dogs and other animals, but also over human beings. I told him this I wanted to know. He said that I must find a certain kind of tree, and I can't remember the name of that either, but it was not a big tree and had very crooked limbs. I knew where some of them grew, up in old Billy Catherman's woods. I should find one in daylight, he said, that would be easy to locate at night, and trim up a limb that would be just the right size for a cane. Then on the thirteenth of the month I must go to this tree precisely at the stroke of midnight, and cut off this limb. I must do it with three cuts, no more, no less; and each must be made in one of the Higher Names.*

"I could hardly wait for the night of the thirteenth to come, and when it did come I was ready with my pocket knife well sharpened, my lantern and keywinder watch. I started in plenty of time to reach the tree before midnight.

Everything went good until I got to the edge of the woods. Then I began to hear a roaring sound and the nearer I got to the tree the louder it soared. I tell you I was scared, but I wanted this power more than anything else, so I forced myself to keep going. When I found the tree I got out my watch and the few minutes until midnight seemed like hours. When the hands stood at twelve o'clock I grabbed the limb and as soon as I touched it I got the most awful feeling went through me but I did not let go. I made a cut in the name of the Father, and another in the name of the Son, and off came the limb. At once the strange feeling left me and the woods got so quiet you could hear a leaf fall. I realized that I had failed, so I threw the limb down and started home, a disappointed boy. Much as I wanted that power I never got up enough courage after that to make another try at it. Now that's the truth; you may believe it or not.

SPOOKS IN THE RED BRIDGE

The following is another of "Jimmy's" stories. I made a recording of it about twelve years ago. He once told it at a meeting of the Millmont P.O.S. of A. and a guest from New York was so impressed by it that he set it to verse.

"When I was a young fellow we used to run barefoot, and we went that way almost every night to Millmont. One night I waited at the store until late but the other boys didn't come, so I decided I would have to go home alone. That meant crossing the old red bridge, and it had the name of spooking.

"When I got to the bridge I was afraid to cross and went on the other side of the road and leaned against a post for a while. I can go up and sleep in Bowser's barn, thinks I, but then my parents will miss me and can't find me.

"Finally, thinks I, a spook never did hurt anybody, and I'll take a chance. When I got to the bridge I heard a loud noise like something breathing hard, like this (he imitates the sound). My hair stood up [so that] they nearly knocked the hat off of my head, but I grabbed the hat and started across. Soon my bare feet struck something warm and soft, and down I went. There he me! I thought, but I jumped up and started again. I was no more than started until I ran into something else and down I went again.

* The word "higher" is plural in the folk speech of those parts of Pennsylvania influenced by Pennsylvania German.—EDITOR.
That way it went until I could see a little light at the top of the bridge and I knew I was almost out. I made one more jump and landed on something and let out a bawl and I bawled too; believe me, I bawled. But then it was light enough that I made out what it was. It was one of our neighbor's calves. His cattle had bedded down in the covered bridge for the night."

(This old covered bridge, built in 1857, is still in use and remains well preserved. It is the last covered bridge over Penn's Creek.)

**REPAYING A WITCH**

Several years ago I was spending the evening with a neighbor, when an elderly lady, Mrs. John Pontius, dropped in. After a while I succeeded in turning the conversation to ghosts and witches. Mrs. Pontius said that perhaps she should not tell this for we would likely laugh at her, but on assuring her that we would not she told the following:

When her father's youngest brother was a baby he took sick and nothing seemed to help. Each night a feather would float about the bedroom, accompanied by a buzzing sound, and each time it appeared the child became worse. Her father was then a young married man and he suggested that the next time the feather appeared his mother should lock the door and be sure to leave the key in the lock. Then she should catch the feather and burn it over the candle flame. This she did and the baby soon recovered, but Betz Heilman, who was their next neighbor, went about with a bandaged arm for a long time.

She said that their truck patch was close to the Heilman cabin but they were careful not to give her even an onion for fear it would give her a "boll" on them.

**SPOOK OR DEVIL?**

On the subject of ghosts she had this one: Old Pete C., who was their next neighbor to the east, was much given to the bottle and boasted that the next time he saw the "spook" which was often seen in the locality, he was going to ask it what it wanted.

One night he came home loaded as usual and when he saw the "spook" he asked him what he wanted. Instead of answering it started toward him and old Pete made a bee line for his cabin, which he reached just in time to slam and bolt the door. Next morning he found the imprints of two hands burned into the outer side of the door. He concluded that his encounter had been with the "old boy" himself.

**NO GRAPES FOR THE WITCH**

The belief that giving or lending anything to a witch would give them special powers over the giver was widespread, but I have never heard of its being carried so far as in the following instance: Mr. R. F. Boop, of Glen Iron, Pennsylvania, told me that, before the Heilmans moved to the Millmont area they had lived on the south side of Penn's Creek, above Glen Iron. His father owned a large tract of land adjoining the lot on which their cabin stood, on which wild fox grapes grew in abundance. Each autumn the Heilmans picked bushels of them, from which they made wine.

His father could not have induced to lend them anything and finally decided that allowing them to pick the wild grapes from his land amounted to about the same thing, so he had his hired man destroy all of the vines, and saw to it each season thereafter that no new ones were allowed to grow up.

**CORN Lore**

Saying and superstitions about corn: Grandfather used to say, "If you ever raise a crop from corn planted in June, never tell the boys."

On the old barn below White Springs, where I spent my boyhood days, we seldom raised a good crop of corn, while our next neighbor, Mr. Martin Bingaman, raised a good crop, year after year. Father asked him one day what was the secret of his success. He said, "It's simple. When I shell my seed corn I am always careful to keep the cobs clean and dry until the corn matures; that's all there's to it." The statement apparently was made in all seriousness.
Swarming Bees
—from Langstroth.

So work the Honey Bees,
Creatures, that by a rule in Nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.—Shakespeare.

Movable Comb Hive, with full
glass arrangement—from Langstroth.

Victorian Beekeeper,
from Langstroth’s book (1868).
Beekeeping and Bee Lore in Pennsylvania

By LESTER BREININGER

A PRACTICAL TREATISE
ON THE
HIVE AND HONEY-BEE,
BY
L. L. LANGSTROTH;
WITH
AN INTRODUCTION, BY REV. ROBERT BAIRD, D. D.

THIRD EDITION,
REVISED, AND ILLUSTRATED WITH SEVENTY-SEVEN ENGRAVINGS.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1868.

The honeybee, *Apis mellifica*, was brought to this country by the colonists. There were no native honeybees in America, so when people hunt wild honey they are merely after the product of escapees. This sport will be described later in the article.

The Germans, great beekeepers for centuries, quickly made Pennsylvania the land of the bee. As early as 1771, 29,261 pounds of beeswax was exported from Philadelphia.1

Because sugar was such a precious commodity, a great many settlers were skepsters. Their bees and equipment were quite important to them. In the estate inventory2 of John DeTurck (an ancestor of the author) of Oley, Berks County, dated March 12, 1781 we find:

4 hives with bees $1 8 10

21 beehives $ 16

beeswax $ 1 8 1

At the sale of Anthony Heffner (another ancestor of the author), which was held in March of 1849, a hive with bees brought $1.85, another $1.05, and a beehasket $26.3

So important were the bees to our forebears that elaborate customs evolved concerning the succession of beekeepers. According to the old Pennsylvania Germans, "Wun en eama mon starbed, muss eber die eama richa." That is to say, "When a beekeeper dies someone must inform the bees." Another version is, "Wann en leicht fett geeit, muss mir die eama richa." 4 "Ricking" the bees was generally accomplished by having the eldest son move the bee hive slightly to the right. This would let the bees know that the old beekeeper had passed on and the new generation would continue to tend them. It was believed that failure to do this would cause the bees to leave or produce little honey. In some families the bees, considered part of the farm family, were informed of other personal matters including births and marriages. Until the turn of the present century some families in northern Berks drapped black material over the beehives during the bee man's funeral. This would prevent the bees' inhabitants from swarming and the family could continue to gather this precious harvest.5

The bee became the symbol of thrift and industry in the young Keystone state. A weekly newspaper called The

1 U. S. Patent Office Report, 1855, p. 75.
2 Original document in author's collection, Robesonia, Pennsylvania.
4 Pennsylvania Folk Life Society Files. Readers will remember Whittier's poem, "Telling the Bees." The editor of the Cambridge Edition of Whittier's works adds the note: "A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremony was supposed to prevent the swarms from leaving the hives and seeking a new home" (*The Complete Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier* [Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1891], p. 59).
5 From co-worker at Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival, Kutztown.
Hive was published in Lancaster, circa 1804, at the Sign of the Bee Publication House. The drawer pulls on a Pennsylvania chest of drawers, circa 1825, have a straw skep with the proverb, “Nothing without Labor.” Children’s ABC books often had a straw skep pictured on the title page.

At the first annual farm exhibition in Harrisburg in 1851 a $5.00 prize was awarded for the best ten pounds of honey. By 1860 Pennsylvania produced 1,402,000 pounds of honey and 52,561 pounds of beeswax. In 1861 the United States Office issued twenty-seven patents for bee hives; ten of these went to Pennsylvania beekeepers. Samuel Wagner of York served as editor of the American Bee Journal, now the oldest bee journal in the English language.

The Pennsylvania Agricultural Society Show of 1878 had a honey exhibit and had on display, according to the committee, a beehive; a bee smoker, and an extractor worthy of a diploma. Extractors had been invented in Europe only about ten years earlier.

At first the beehives consisted of crude boxes, hollow logs or a straw skep (a basket of rye straw and strip of white oak). The honey was gleaned by burning brimstone (sulfur) to kill the bees and the honeycomb was cut out and melted in a crock. The wax floated to the top and when it solidified it could easily be removed from the top of the honey. If the beekeeper was patient, the combs were put in a bag and hung in the attic. The heat would render the combs and the honey would drip into a container below. Some oldsters recall the days when they would sneak upstairs and dip their fingers in the honey-pot.

A fancier of an improved hive in 1837 begged beekeepers to use it, as it would prevent the cruel practice of destroying the bees; it consisted simply of adding additional stories which could be removed for harvest. The beehives of the Civil War period saved the lives of the inhabitants. The surplus honey was stored on the second story in

---

9 Farmer’s Cabinet, Philadelphia, August 1, 1857, p. 2.
Straw Skeps—old fashioned beehives made of coiled rye-straw bound together with strips of white oak. The crock, atop the skep at right, would enable the beekeeper to harvest surplus honey without killing the bees by burning sulfur as had been the usual practice.

glass-sided boxes, and these could be removed without discomforting the colony.

With the invention of the honey extractor, and the common use of the movable-frame hive, beekeeping made great headway. From 1875 until World War I bees were common on farms as a part of home support and there was a keen interest in their behavior. This was the "golden age of beekeeping."

The beehive of today shows little improvement overall the hives used by the late Samuel Berger of Shartlesville when he started beekeeping in 1891. His metal extractor is shown in an illustration accompanying our article.

A non-beekeeper could still get honey if he went bee hunting. This somewhat hazardous venture has been engaged in by numerous individuals over the years and still gives excitement to old timers today. While the methods are as variable as the hunters, the account printed in A Dictionary of Arts and Sciences (Philadelphia, 1798) is, at the very least, quite delightful.

"... I prepare for a week's jaunt in the woods, not to hunt either the deer or the bears, as my neighbours do, but to catch the more harmless bees. I cannot boast that this chase is so noble or so famous among men: but I find it less fatiguing, and full as profitable; and the last consideration is the only one that moves me. I take with me my dog, as a companion, for he is useless as to this game; my gun, for no man ought to enter the woods without one; my blanket, some provisions, some wax, vermilion, honey, and a small pocket compass. With these implements I proceed to such woods as are at a considerable distance from any settlements. I carefully examine whether they abound with large trees; if so, I make a small fire, on some flat stones, in a convenient place. On the fire I put some wax; close by the fire, on another stone, I drop honey in distinct drops, which I surround with small quantities of vermilion, laid on the stone; and then I retire carefully to watch whether any bees appear. If there are any in that neighborhood, I rest assured that the smell of the burnt wax will unavoidably attract them. They will soon find out the honey, for they are fond of preying on that which is not their own; and, in their approach, they will necessarily tinge themselves with some particles of vermilion, which will adhere long to their bodies. I next fix my compass, to find out their course; which they keep invariably straight, when they are returning home loaded. By the assistance of my watch, I observe how long those are returning which are marked with vermilion. Thus possessed of the course, and, in some measure, of the distance, which I can easily guess at, I follow the first, and seldom fail of coming to the tree where those republics are lodged. I then mark it; and thus, with patience, I have found out sometimes 11 swarms in a season; and it is inconceivable what a quantity of honey these trees will sometimes afford. It entirely depends upon the size of the hollow, as the bees never rest nor swarm till it is replenished; for, like men, it is the want of room that induces them to quit the maternal hive. Next I proceed to some of the nearest settlements, where I procure proper assistance to cut down the trees, get all my prey secured, and then return home with my prize. This business generally takes up a week of my time every fall, and to me it is a week of solitary ease and relaxation."
BEE LORE FROM PENNSYLVANIA

Since bees played an important role in farm economy many beliefs and sayings are in existence about them. Some of the ones collected by the author are presented below.10

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay.
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon.
But a swarm in July
Isn't worth a fly."

The Atlantic Monthly, 1865, calls this an old adage, as does the Quarterly Review of 1843.

When bees swarm, banging on pots and pans will cause the bees to settle.

If they hang on a dead limb they will produce little or no honey. Some say a member of the family will die.

If you go away on Ascension Day the bees will not swarm during that year; but if you are a homebody, thrust a knife into a loaf of bread that has been turned upside down, and the bees will not leave your property.

To save chasing and banging, shake a tree on Palm Sunday and when the bees swarm they will settle on the tree.

Catching a swarm of bees is a sign of good luck.

If you rub the inside of a hive with mint they will not leave their new home.

But if any member of your family is addicted to swearing, bees will not work and will sting readily.

When the sumac blooms the bees are angry and will sting regardless.

Bees will work with redoubled energy just before a rain.

10 The lore published here is from the Pennsylvania Folklore Society Files.

The reader may have observed that while the honeybees will work nearly every flower they never visit the nectaries of the red clover. The reason for this is found in the following bit of folklore: "Bees we know are contented only when they are busily at work. So when the Lord commanded, 'Honor the Sabbath day and keep it Holy,' the bees sent a delegation to obtain a reprieve. After some discussion the bees were allowed to gather nectar on the seventh day. The bees agreed that to bind the contract they would not work red clover."

Since some beekeepers get stung a lot and all get stung occasionally, these remedies are suggested: "paste of homemade soap, a tobacco quid, milk of celandine, juice of a red-beet leaf, unsalted butter, and ear wax." 11

11 Remedies gathered from visitors to Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival, Kutztown.
The past generation rarely sewed on a button without first running the thread over a piece of beeswax. Other uses for this apianarian product are to rub drawer runners, to smooth and clean an iron, to keep pins from rusting, to cause nails to penetrate wood better without splitting the board, and waxing furniture.

Remember the riddle. Was waxt an wax alls gleener? Ei, cana wax. ("What 'waxes' and always gets smaller in the process? Beeswax.")

**RECIPE FOR HONEY COOKIES**

A traditional honey cookie recipe from northern Berks County concludes this article:

1 pint warm honey
2 eggs
butter size of an egg
2 tsp. soda with 1 tbsp. vinegar
3 1/2 cups flour (or to thicken)

Bake for 12-15 minutes at 350°.

**RECIPE FOR MEAD**

When the womenfolk carried the midday treat to their family in the fields, they often had a demijohn containing metheglin (mead), fermented honey-wine. According to several informants whose families practiced this, it was rather common as late as the 1880's. However, the author has yet to get a complete traditional recipe. A composite recipe follows. To some new honey, strained, add spring water, three parts water and one part honey. Put an egg into this. Boil the liquor till the egg swims. Strain, pour into a cask. For every 15 gallons add two ounces of ginger and one of cinnamon, cloves and mace, all bruised and tied up in a sack. Accelerate the fermentation with yeast. When worked sufficiently, hung up. In six weeks it should be drawn off into bottles.
New Materials on the 18TH CENTURY EMIGRATION from The Speyer State Archives

By FRIEDRICH KREBS

Dr. Friedrich Krebs, of the Speyer State Archives, Speyer, Germany, who has furnished us with many articles in the past dealing with the genealogy and social history of the emigrant generations of the 18th Century, here presents some new materials which he has unearthed in the Speyer Archives. They appeared in Germany in the article "Amerika auswanderer des 18. Jahrhunderts aus den Akten des Staatsarchivs Speyer," in Pflanzliche Familien- und Wappenkunde (Ludwigshafen/Rh.), XIII. Jahrgang (1964), Band 5, Heft 4, 125-127, in the section of the journal edited by Dr. Fritz Braun and entitled "Mittelungen zur Wanderungsgeschichte der Pfälzer." Pennsylvania Folklife is happy to make this article, as translated by the editor, available to American readers. It presents much valuable social history about a selected number of emigrants of the 18th Century, and is particularly good for the new light it sheds on the relation that the emigrants had to the tenant-farm system in the Rhineland after the Thirty Years’ War. For Dr. Krebs’ earlier articles on the 18th Century emigration, see Harold Lancour, A Bibliography of Ship Passenger Lists, 1538-1825: Being a Guide to Published Lists of Early Immigrants to North America, Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged by Richard J. Wolle (New York: The New York Public Library, 1963), Nos. 17, 132, 139-141, 160-152, 156, 159, 162, 163, 167-172, 174-178, 181-182. Many of these lists appeared in Pennsylvania Folklife or its predecessor, The Pennsylvania Dutchman.—EDITOR.

1. In the year 1727 Johann Jacob Stutzmann, journeyman tailor, left Gönnheim for America. He was born January 1, 1706, on the Weilach Hof, near Hordenberg, son of the tenant-farmer (Hofmann) on the Weilach Hof, Johann Jacob Stutzmann (Moltmann) and his first wife, Regina Elisabetha (Entry in Lutheran Church Register of Kallstadt, according to certified transcript in Akt Kurpfalz Nr. 1064). Johann Jacob Stutzmann landed at the port of Philadelphia in 1727 as passenger on the ship “Adventure” and took his oath on October 2, 1727. His property in Gönnheim, administered for him under care of a guardian, was in 1773 surrendered to the relatives on security. The accounts in the documents are contradictory as to whether he was already married at the time of his departure or not. To be sure, according to an attestation of Michael Kröbiel (Kriebel) in Eisenberg, dated December 10, 1768, but available only in transcripts form, his brother Heinrich Kröbiel is said to have written him from the New Land (America) that their brother-in-law Stutzmann, married to a sister of the Krebiels in America, had died without issue. His wife was also dead. Since this attestation exists only in transcript, its contents are not fully conclusive. Source: Staatsarchiv Speyer, Akt Kurpfalz Nr. 1064.

2. In the year 1738 Johann Gerhard Dinges, hereditary lessee of the Daimbacher Hof property (i.e., Daimbacherhof near Morsfeld in the District of Kirchheimbolanden), which belonged to the University of Heidelberg, surrendered his 2/6 share of the Hof property to his son Johann Philipp Dinges and to his son-in-law Johann Nickel Herbst. According to the contents of the documents Johann Gerhard Dinges died March 5, 1743. In 1748 (Johann) Philipp Dinges, as co-tenant at Daimbach, sought for permission to sell or to alienate his 1/6 share in the Hof property, in order to be able to go to the New Land (America). Permission was granted by the University of Heidelberg. Johann Philipp Dinges is said to have left April 15, 1749. We find him as “Filipp Dinges” among the passengers of the ship “Edinburgh,” which landed at Philadelphia in 1749. The taking of the oath took place on September 15, 1749, in Philadelphia (Strasburger-Hinke. Pennsylvania German Pioneers, List 132 C). Source: Staatsarchiv Speyer, Akt Universität Heidelberg Nr. 7.

3. In the year 1739 the Mennonite Nicolaus Oechlenger (Ellenberger) at Gönnheim, who wanted to go to the New Land (America), sold, with the approval of the University of Heidelberg to whom the property belonged, the Fassiechergültgut at Gönnheim, to Jacob Stutzmann. He was an inhabitant at Gönnheim and former tenant (Hofmann) on the Weilacherhof and may be identical with the “Niclaus Ellenberger” who landed at Philadelphia in 1739.

Gönnheim in the Rhine-Palatinate, 1941. From tile-roofed villages such as Gönnheim, set in the midst of vineyards, came farmers and craftsmen who populated Pennsylvania’s Dutch Country. Courtesy Heimatsstelle Pfalz
on the Ship "Robert and Alice." The taking of the oath of the passengers took place on September 3, 1739 (Strassburger-Hinke, Pennsylvania German Pioneers, List 71 A and C).

4. In the year 1748 Daniel Jouy (Schui, Juc), who had returned from America, sold, as lessee, 1/4 of the Münchhof property (Münchhof) at Dannstadt, belonging to the University of Heidelberg, to Theobald Koob of Weisenheim a姆 Sand, for 3350 or 3325 florins. According to the contents of the documents he had "already sixteen years ago, with wife and children, betaken himself to the New Land," and had there taken up residence. He must therefore have emigrated about 1732. His father Daniel Jouy, tenant of the Universitätshof (Münchhof) at Dannstadt, had died on August 22, 1737, and was buried on August 24, 1737, at Dannstadt. This Daniel Jouy was in turn the son of David Jouy of "Grissy (Grichi) near Metz" (i.e., Grisy, southeast of Metz), who is designated in the church register as a refugee. After the death of his father the share of Daniel Jouis in the Münch property at Dannstadt was administered through a guardian. We find the name of the emigrant badly distorted and scarcely recognizable as "Daniel Schue" among the passengers of the ship "Johnson" on September 18, 1732, in Philadelphia. In the oath list of the passengers of the same ship, dated September 19, 1732 (List 21 B), the name is written "Daniel Schew," in an additional oath list of September 19, 1732, as "Daniel Schuhl" (Strassburger-Hinke, Pennsylvania German Pioneers, Lists 21 A, B, and C).

Daniel Jouy had married, at Dannstadt on October 16, 1725, Maria Martha Schilling, who came from Dannstadt. Three children were born to this marriage, all born on the Münchhof at Dannstadt and baptized in Dannstadt: (1) Ludwig Heinrich, born October 15, 1726; (2) Anna Margaretha, born February 15, 1729; and (3) Johannes, born November 24, 1730, died November 28, 1730.

The List 21 A of September 18, 1732, names also the name of Daniel Jury (Jouy) "Maria Schue" and likewise the names of the children "Lodawick Schue" and "Margareta Schue," both under 16 years of age. From these references it is evident that this was unequivocally the emigrant Daniel Jouy (Jouis). The pronunciation of the name is, corresponding to the French origin of the family, also French, as indeed Daniel wrote his name "Schui" in the documents. Source: Staatsarchiv Speyer, Universität Heidelberg Akt Nr. 14; Reformed Church Register of Dannstadt.

5. Through decree of the Zweibrücken government dated May 7, 1767, the property of Johann Michael Decker, who had gone to America 15 years previously, was confiscated. He was son of Heinrich Decker, a member of the community of Hirstein (today in the District of St. Wendel). The remainder of his credit, a sum of 347 florins, was to be confiscated according to a further decree of the government dated June 6, 1767. This sum was to be raised for the government by the two brothers of the emigrant, who had taken over house and properties. Michael Decker was sick on arrival in Philadelphia on the Ship "Edinburgh"; he took the oath on September 14, 1753 (Strassburger-Hinke, Lists 199 B and C).

6. Through a further decree of the Zweibrücken government dated November 29, 1768, the property of Wendel Decker of Hirstein was confiscated for the Treasury, a sum of 12 florins, 3 batzen and 12 pfennig. He had gone secretly with his family out of the country, without manumission, and had, according to report, gone to the New Land. Wendel Decker arrived in Philadelphia on the Ship "Minniva"; he took the oath on December 12, 1768 (Strassenburger-Hinke, List No. 271 C).
The SNAKE-BITTEN DUTCHMAN

Nineteenth Century Newspapers, Almanacs and Jokebooks poke friendly fun at the Pennsylvania German and his conservative ways. Note in this illustration the Dutch Schrank (right), the teapot shelf (left), and the "barndoors trousers" on the Dutchman himself.
The following sketch, from a Pennsylvania scrapbook dating from the 1850's, is a good example of the common "Dutchman" joke of the 19th Century, which one finds in newspaper, almanac, and joke-book. The Pennsylvania Dutchman with his broken English, his conservative ways, and his rural stubbornness, was the subject of laughter for his fellow-Americans, along with the other early American stereotypes of the Yankee peddler, the Negro, the Irish emigrant. We are making a study of these stereotypes as they relate to the Pennsylvania scene. Will readers with other examples of this genre of American humor please notify the Editor? We are also interested in 19th Century scrapbooks which contain this sort of material.—EDITOR.

Some years ago, near the town of Reading, Berks County, Pennsylvania, there lived a poor old farmer, named Sweighoffer—of German descent, and accent too, as his speech will indicate. Old man Sweighoffer had once served as a member in the legislature, and was therefore "no fool;" and as he had also long commanded a volunteer corps of rustic militia, he should hardly be supposed inclined to cowardice. His son Peter was his only son, a strapping lad of seventeen, and upon old Peter and young Peter devolved the principal cares and toils of the old gentleman's farm, now and then assisted by the old lady and her two bouncing daughters—for it is very common in that State to see the women and girls at work in the fields—and upon extra occasions by some hired hands.

Well, one warm day in haying time, old Peter and young Peter were hard at it in the meadow, when the old man drops his scythe and bawls out—

"O, mine Gott, Peter!"

"What's de matter, fader?" answers the son, straightening up and looking at his sire.

"Oh, mine Gott, Peter!" again cried the old fellow.

"Donder," echoes young Peter, hurrying up to the old man.

"O mine Gott, der shnake bite mine leg!"

If any thing in particular was capable of frightening young Peter, it was snakes; for he had once nearly crippled himself for life by trampling upon a crooked stick, which cramped his ankle, and so horrified the young man that he liked to have fallen through himself.

At the word snake, young Peter fell back, nimbly as a wire-drawer, and bawled out in turn—

"Where is der shnake?"

"Up my trowis, Peter—O, mine Gott!"

"O mine Gott!" echoed Peter, junior, "kill him, fader, kill him."

"No-a, no-a, he kill me, Peter; come—come quick—get off my trowis!"

But Peter the younger's cowardice overcame his filial affection, while his fear lent strength to his legs, and he started like a scared locomotive to call the old burly Dutchman, who was in a distant part of the field, to give his father a lift with the snake.

Old Jake, the farmer's assistant, came bounding along as soon as he heard the news, and passing along the fence whereon Peter and his boy had hung their "linsey wooley" vests, Jake grabbed one of the garments, and hurried to the old man Peter, who still managed to keep on his pins, although he was quaking and trembling like an aspen leaf in a June gale of wind.

"O, mine Gott! Come, come quick, Yacob. He bite me all to pieces—here up mine leg."

Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to fear, but few people, young or old, are dead to alarm when a "pizenous" reptile is about. Gathering up the stiff dry stalks of a stallwart weed, old Jake told the boss to stand steady, and he would at least stun the snake by a rap or two, if he did not kill her stone dead; and the old man Peter, less loth to have legs broken than to be bitten to death by a snake, designated the spot to strike, and old Jake let him have it. The first blow broke the weed and knocked old Sweighoffer off his pegs and into a hay-cock—colum.

"Oh!" roared old Peter, "you broke mine leg and de shnake's gone!"

"Vere? vere?" cried old Jake, moving briskly about, and scanning very narrowly the ground he stood upon.

"Never mind him, Yacob, help me up. I'll go home."

"Put on your vhest, den; here it is," said the old cout-couter, gathering up his boss and trying to get the garment upon his lumpy back. The moment old Peter made this effort, he grew livid in the face—his hair stood on, "like the quills upon the frightful porcupine," as Mrs. Partington observes—he shivered—he shook—his teeth chattered—and his knees knocked a staccato accompaniment.

"Oh, Yacob, carry me home! I'm dead as nits!"

"Vat! Ish noddle shnake in your trowsers?"

"No-a—look, I'm sweat all up! Mine vhest won't go on my back. O, O, mine Gott!"

"Dunder and blixen!" cried old Jake, as he took the same conclusion, and with might and main and the old man, scared into a most wonderful feat of physical activity and strength, jogged and carried the boss some quarter or half a mile to the house.

Young Peter had shinned it home at the earliest stage of the dire proceedings, and so alarmed the girls that they were in high state when they saw the approach of the good old dad and his assistant.

Old man Peter was carried in, and began to die as natural as life, when in comes the old lady, in a great bustle, and wanted to know what was going on. Old Peter, in the last gasp of agony and weakness, opened his eyes and feebly pointed to his leg. The old woman ripped up the pantaloons, and out fell a small thistle top, and at the same time considerable of a scratch was made visible.

"Call dis a shnake! Bah!" says the old woman.

"O, but I'm pizhened to death. Molly! See, I'm all pizhen—mine vhest—O dear, mine vhest not come over mine body!"

"Haw haw, haw!" roared the old woman, "Vat a fool! You got Peter's vhest on—haw, haw, haw!"

"Boh!" roars old Peter, shaking off death's icy fetters at one surge, and jumping up. "Boh, Yacob, vat an old fool you musht be, to say I vash shnakebeite? Go bout your bishness, gals. Peter, bring me some beer."

The old woman saved Peter's life.
A LETTER TO GERMANY (1806)

Mein Herr

Ein Brief von einem reformirten Prediger Nahmens F. Lorch aus Wilgartswiesen bei Zweibrücken vom 5ten Juni 1801, ist uns Ende des Monats im Briefkasten zu Händen gekommen; in demselben werden Nachrichten von der Verheirathung einer gewissen Marie Henriot, die an einen Jean Bertoleto verheirathet war, und zuleich die Antwort darauf an Sie anadressiren, wir machen Ihnen hiermit auch bekannt, was wir davon wissen.

Es befindet sich in unserm Händen eine alte französisch-französische Bibel, die im Nachlaß von Jean Bertoleto gefunden worden, in derselben finden wir aufgezeichnet

Abraham Bertoleto geboren den 11ten December 1712
Maria Bertoleto geboren den 12ten July 1715
Johann Bertoleto geboren den 28ten September 1717
Esther Bertoleto geboren den 12ten August 1720
Susanne Bertoleto geboren den 17ten December 1724.


Der alte Jean Bertoleto hat seinen Kindern oft gesagt, er habe in Europa auf einem Jesuiten Hof, nahe bey Candol obwohl Landau gewohnt, seine Kinder waren in der jüngsten Reformirten Kirche getauft, und habe er drei Schwäger in Deutschland zugekommen, wovon eine verheirathet gewesen.

Die noch lebende Verwandte erinnern sich, dass Sie öfters von Ihren Eltern gehört, wie die Briefe von Ihren Freunden aus Deutschland erhalten, auch selbige besonders von Georg deBannevill, welches mit der Esther Bertoleto verheirathet war, beantwortet worden, allein es können keine desselben mehr gefunden werden.

Im übrigen was die Umstände der hinterlassenen Kindesleiber des Jean Bertoleto und der Marie Henriot betrifft, so sind sie alle in einem blühenden Wohlbstand und bemänt den Namen rechtschaffener Einwohner dieses Landes.[2] Wir werden und freuen ein gleiches von unseren Freunden in Deutschland zu hören, und serviren Ihnen alle Nachrichten unsere Familie betreffend, umständlicher zu geben, wann es verlangt wird. Ihre Briefe werden uns gewiss sicher zu Händen kommen, wann sie adressirt werden...
den, an John Keim, Kaufmann in Reading im Staat Pennsilvanien. [Wir bitten Sie keinen anderen Schreiben und Nachrichten von unserer Familie Glauben beizubringen, als die von unserer Hand kommen; indem sich immer Leute finden die durch Betrug suchen Vorteile zu gewinnen. Wir empfehlen Sie alle dem Schutz des Allerhöchsten und verbleiben

Ihre getreue Freunde
John Keim, verheirathet zu einer Tochter des
Georg deBannecull in Reading wohnhaft
Hannes Bertold ein Sohn des Johan Bertold in
Oley wohnhaft[

Im Namen der Hinterlassenen des John Bertold
An den H[errn] Professor
Faber in Zweibrücken
Domsberger Departement
in Frankreich


TRANSLATION

Dear Sir,

A letter from a Reformed preacher named F. Lorch from Wilgartswiesen near Zweibrücken dated 3 June 1801 reached us the undersigned on 1 June 1806. In its information is requested about a certain Marie Herencourt who was married to a Jean Bertold, and at the same time an answer to it was ordered, to be addressed to you. We therefore acquaint you herewith with what we know.

There is in our hands an old French Bible, which was found in the estate of Jean Bertold. In it we find recorded:

Abraham Bertold, born 11 December 1712.

Maria Bertold, born 12 July 1715.

Johann Bertold, born 28 September 1717.

Esther Bertold, born 12 August 1720.

Susanne Bertold, born 17 December 1724.

[1] Abraham Bertold was married to a DeTurck; both are dead and their children are dead too, except a daughter, who is married to a Hannes deTurck; but many of their grandchildren are still alive.

[2] Johann Bertold was married to Catharine Balie; both are dead. Of their children a son, Hannes Bertold, is still living, who is married and has children, and six girls who are unmarried.

[3] Marie Bertold was married to Stephan Bernet. Both are dead, and there are still five of their children living, besides grandchildren.

[4] Esther Bertold was married to Georg deBannecull. Both are dead and there are still six of their children living, besides grandchildren.

[5] Susanne was married to Jacob Frey. Both are dead and there are still three children living besides grandchildren.

We can further inform you, that according to the statement of the oldest inhabitants in Oley, there was another inhabitant by the name of Bertold, namely old Jean Bertold, who died there with his wife many years ago, with his above-mentioned children and grandchildren.

Old Jean Bertold often told his children that he had lived in Europe on a farm owned by the Jesuits, near Caudel, not far from Landau, that his children had been baptized in the Reformed Church in that place, and that he left three sisters in Germany, of whom one was married.

The relative[s] who are still living remember that they frequently heard from their parents, how they received letters from their friends [relatives, i.e., Freundschaft] in Germany, also that these were answered, particularly by Georg deBannecull, who was married to Esther Bertold, but none of these letters can be found anymore.

For the rest, as to the particulars of the surviving grandchildren of Jean Bertold and Marie Herencourt, they are all in a flourishing state of prosperity and maintain the name of honest inhabitants of this country. We will rejoice to hear the same of our relatives in Germany, and are prepared to give them all more detailed reports concerning our family, when it is requested. Their letters will certainly come safely into our hands, if they are addressed to John Keim, merchant, in Reading in the State of Pennsylvania. We ask you to put no faith in any other writings or reports about our family than those that come from our hand, since there are always people who seek to win advantage by deceit.

We commend you all to the protection of the Almighty and remain

Your true friends,

John Keim, married to a daughter of Georg deBannecull, resident in Reading.

Hannes Bertold, a son of John Bertold, resident in Oley.

To: Professor Faber in Zweibrücken,
Domsberger Department, in France.

This gentleman is requested to make known the herein contained information to Preacher Lorch in Wilgartswiesen and the schoolmaster Mr. Cullmann in Francke weil near Landau.

11

The second document which we present is a travel diary, written by a York County Quaker named Joel Vale Garretson (1833-1912). It has been copied from the original which is in the possession of his grandson, Donald F. Garretson of Aspers, Adams County, Pennsylvania.

In the winter of 1863-1864 Joel Garretson made a trip to Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and West Virginia, to visit the Quaker country and old friends who had moved to those areas from York and Adams Counties, Pennsylvania. It was a difficult trip, due to the terrific below-zero cold whose effects the diarist reports in detail. But the Midwestern Friends were "sociable" and the visitor from back home in Pennsylvania was welcomed everywhere.

This letter is interesting as a document from Quaker Pennsylvania. Its uninhibited spelling, some of which reveals common Central Pennsylvania speech habits (cf. "owned" for "owned"); its occasional dry Quakerly humor (cf. the comments on the West Virginia Legislature), its interest in improved farming methods, its comments on the personality as well as the genealogy of the midwestern cousins—all add to our knowledge of the cultural outlook of the rural Pennsylvania Quaker of the 19th Century.

The diarist moved to Menallen Township, Adams County, Pennsylvania, in 1866, where he was one of the pioneers in establishing Adams County's now nationally famous apple industry.

Again, the Editor will appreciate hearing from readers who own copies of similar midwestern travel diaries, or letters written by Pennsylvanians who had migrated, and who wrote of their new homes west of the Allegheny Mountains.
MIDWESTERN DIARY OF JOEL VALE GARRETSON
December 1863—February 1864


12th Mo. 31st 1863: Pana: it has snowed all day and drifted the snow very much. I have been delayed here five hours. Started for Terre Haute at 2 o'clock[.] got safely to Shelbyvill. When 15 miles beyond that Stat[io]n stall[led] in a snow drift about 5 o'clock [in the] Evening. The Engine ceased to work and the Engineer and fireman were nearly frozen to death and I spent such [a] night as [I] never wish to see again.[in]

1st Mo. 1st 1864: It was a long dreary night. The Super[in]tendent of the R. Road is with us and the con[d]uctor T. R. Cody. We have concluded to go to farm houses. I with 23 others went [to] one and got breakfast. The[ir] are near[ly] 60 passengers. There is no telling when we will get a way. It is the coldest day I ever experien[ce]d. The Themometer I suppose to be 20 deg below zero. The Hogs are all frozen to death. I will go back to the farm house. Got supper here at 8 o'clock road cleared; got on Bagage car, rode 8 miles to Mat[t]oon; lod[d]ged in Barr Room at the Exeter Hotel in the town of Mat[t]oon.

1st Mo. 2d 1864: Stayed at this Station until near 11 o'clock; then started for Terre Haute. It was bitter cold here[.;] the Themometer refused to note the degree. There was a man wife and child frozen to death near this place. Such weath[er] I never want to see again. My Ears are both frozen.—As noted above, left Mat[t]oon 11 o'clock arrived at Terre Haught at 2 o'clock, then at 3 o'clock started for Indi[a]napol[is]. At 7 o'clock then waited till 9 o'clock then run rapidly up to Pendleton. M[ee]ting. Andrew Moore, an old Acquaintance of my parents spoke a few words of Advice. It is snowing here today. The friends were very sociable kind to me at meeting[.] ate [?] at some Neighb[ours] of Asahel Cooks.

1st Mo. 3d 1864: Went [with] A. Cook and S. Cook to Meeting which was largely attended. This is Fall Creek Meeting. Andrew Moore, an old Acquaintance of my parents spoke a few words of Advice. It is snowing here today. The friends were very sociable kind to me at meeting[.] ate [?] at some Neighbours of Asahel Cooks.

1st Mo. 4th 1864: It is still snowing. Visiting E. Cook and [amil]ly and Maria Cocayne and husband with[ho] is a Wagon Maker by trade[,] both members of Society. Members of Fall Creek Meeting: Charles Swayne, Thomas Cocayne, Lewis Thomas, Wilson Swane, Amos Garretson, Joel Garretson, Caelip Williams, Richard Lukens, Allen Lukens, Abel Lewis, William Granton, Thomas Davis, Benjamin Cocane, Marius husband, Silas Williams, Sarahs husband, Washington Davis, Mary Garretsons husband. Visited Eli[z]abeth Cook and fam[ily] today[.] found them well. There was a Sorial Party of young persons—30 young men and girls—who spent the Evening very pleasantly.

1st Mo. 5th 1864: Today visited Joel Garretson and also his father Amos and found them pleasant, soci[able] people.

—Prices of produce in Fall Creek Settlement: wh[j]eat $1.15
The above amount of Butter was made from an average of 5 cows through the year. They were not grain fed in summer pastured in the fenced up woods. In winter turned out to the corn stalks. Returned from John Barnes this after noon to Peters. I find Peter in a good way of making a living. His wife is a sociable and appears to be a hard working person. Her Maiden Name was Sarah Shull. They have one child[;] they call him William.

1st Mo. 16th 1864: Clear and cold. Started for railroad station tip[an]eoc. Peter [de] in company the distance 6 miles. At 11 o'clock took the cars for Bodkins Station where I arrived at one o'clock, then walked 6 miles to John Morises. I found Eliza Ann a Small Slim Woman, the mother of seven children. Their names are as follows: Thomas Jefferson 22, Nathan Vale[ ] 19, Abraham L. 16, Sarah Elizabeth 12, John Edward 10, Richard Washington 7, Mary Ann 3. They live in [a] Midling Large frame house without any stove. But having a large fire place they can heat their room comfort[able]. Eliza Ann Vale was born the 17th of the 10th Mo. 1819.

1st Mo. 17th 1864: Cloudy and threat[ening] rain. I am now in Shelby County North of Clark 30 Miles. Sidney is the County Seat. The country gently rolling and land of a good quality timber mostly beach and hickry. Average price of land 15 dollars per acre. The buildings mostly log and barns are not on half the farms. I went with J. Morris to a neighbour's named William Smith who was with his family very sociable and intelligent. He has a farm of 250 acres of land that could be bought at 50 per acre with a log barn and frame house and other out buildings.

1st Mo. 18th 1864: Went with J. Morris to a Methodist Meeting he being a member but not a very consistent one. Eliza Ann his wife does not take part with him. There are many Seven[th] day Baptists here. They[ ] keep the seventh day for Sabbath. And work on first day. When we were going to Methodist Meeting we past by a steam Saw Mill in full operation and people hauling logs on first day to it. They have a son Thomas who is a hard working and promising young man. The people are not very energetic and live in a very slipshod way. A working shifting[thirty?] man could do well here. The soil is a sandy loam. Corn wheat and potato[es] grow in abundance. Apples grow fine here too[.] This county, Shelby, has been 20 years but three fourths of it is woods yet.-Auglaize County is agoining [adjoining] this cover[ed] with timber such as sugar and blue[?] Ash. -The milk sickness prevail[es] here to some ex- tent. The man that owned the farm where J. Morris lives died with it. The people tell me there is no danger if they keep the stock [stock] in.

1st Mo. 18th 1864: Snowing this morning. Staid at the house of J. Morris in the afternoon went to Montra the post town. It is a small place with one store and a grogshop.

1st Month 19th 1864: Started for the railroad station Careyvilles on the Dayton and Toledo railroad. The snow is 12 inches deep and drifted. J. Morris hou[re] of us part of the way some 4 miles[;] we then walked 2 to the station. His Son is in company with me to Clark County. The cars are behind time some 5 hours. The[re] is nothing to eat here so I went to a farm house to get some apples but they had none. I then got some dinner there. At seven o'clock [in the] Evening the train came long 2 hours behind time. Thomas Morris and I immediately got on the cars at 7 o'clock. Arrived at Tipacnoe our station walked from there 7 miles to Peter Vales and called him up near midnight. We were tired and immediately retired to bed.
1st Mo. 20th 1864: Weather moderate but good sleighing. Went with N. Vale to David Rollers and his fam[i]ly all well glad to see me. In the afternoon went with D. Roller to Jacob Garst he having married our cousin Rachel Thomas. They have been married 6 years. They have one child, a daughter, whose name is Sarah Elizabeth.

1st Mo. 21st 1864: Cloudy and threatening rain. I have found Jac[o]b and Rachel friendly. Rachel seems verry much like her mother Betsy Thomas. Jacob G. went with me to D. Thomas in the afternoon Thence to Uncle Vales.

1st Mo. 22d 1864: Started for Springfield this morning. Stop[ed] on the way to see Cousin Eliza Thomas who is married to Francis Marion Donovan. Arrived in Springfield went direct to John Vales. Started from Springfield at ten A.M. o'clock for Urbanna where I arrived 11 o'clock. I then laid over at a Hotel until 8 o'clock next morning.

1st Mo. 23d 1864: Here at Urbanna in Logan County Ohio I now start direct for Columbus where I arrived by 11 o'clock. I had a full view of the Ohio Penitentiary where the Celebrated Freebooter J. Morgan was confined.—I have been through the State Capital of Ohio;[;] it is a magnificent building built of white free stone on lime stone. Dimensions of Ohio State House: Building is 30 ft. long by 184 ft. wide. Diameter of rotunda 94 feet. Senate Chamber is 84 ft. by 56 ft. with Lobby 51 ft. by 14 ft. House of Representatives 84 ft. by 36 ft. with Lobby 56 by 14. The Library room is nearly as large. The whole building is warmed and lighted with gas. The Library is open 6 hours of the day to the public. The books are of various kinds mostly on history and law. The cost of the building was as far as finished is $1,359,121.35.—The City of Columbus has large wide streets but has a smoky gloomy appearance to me. I seen 5 deer here[;] they were killed in Putnam County Ohio[;] they were sold at 10 ft. per lb.—Here in Columbus I saw the cow omnibus for the first time since I left home.—Left Columbus at 3(?) P.M. for Wheeling where I arrived 11 P.M. I stayed at the Hotel until morning then

1st Mo. 24th 1864: took the Plank Road for Uncle McMillen[;] it was a long walk 9 miles. Started at 7 o'clock arrived at 11 o'clock A.M.

1st Mo. 25th 1864: Snow all gone with plenty of mud.

Visited Joel Walker today.

1st Mo. 26th 1864: Beautiful morning warm and spring like. Here at undes.

1st Mo. 27th 1864: Visiting Wheeling Market with E. McMillen. Prices of Merchandise [omitted].—Visited the West Virginia Legislature. The Virginia Legislature holds its session in Wheeling. Leroy Cramer is Speaker of the House of Delegats[,] 47 members. The members generally are more business like than I ever seen in a like body. We visited the Senate[;] there were some 19 members in session[;] there were some Lawyers and farmers among them. Excellent order was preserved whilst they were in Session. William Stevison was Speaker. He presided with ability. Wheeling is a very busy business place. A splendid wire bridge is erected here[;] it is [at] 1000 ft. span [illegible]. Returned in evening to unce's.

1st Mo. 28th 1864: Visited Trentin Meeting to day. 18 members in attendance. E. Roberts spoke a few words of Advice. Went with E. Roberts home. They were Exceedingly kind and sociable.—Samuel Tomlinson and wife also his aged mother who is 74 years of Age. She is a[n] interesting and a consistent friend. Cousin Sally McMillen accompanied me on horse back here.—Members of Short Creek Meeting: Robert Clark, Ez[e]kie Roberts, Samuel Tomlinson, Samuel Griffith, Jacob McMillen, Joel Walker, George J. Evans.

1st Mo. 29th 1864: Warm and pleasant. Went with Cousin Eli to Jesse Peterman. Ann Peterman is the mother of Henry L. 12, Elisha Vale[;] 10, Mary Marg[a]ret 9, Ruth Amanda 7, Franklin 3, George 2. Jesse Peterman[;] moves to Monroe County Ohio Barnesville Station on Central Ohio Railroad.

1st Mo. 30th 1864: Here at Uncle Hus[s]eys spe[nd]ing the morning. Dimensions of N. Hus[s]eys House 34½ by 38½ built of Brick in shape of letter H. Names [of] Nathan Husseys Children: John 31, Daniel 30, Sarah Jane 27 married Millin Ong. Ruth Ann 22 married to W. Glass, Angie[line] 23, Lydia Em[ily] 19, Hannah Ann 15. Today in company with N. Hus[s]eys E. McMillen Visited the family of Milton England[,] he has a fine interesting wife and children. Margaret Hannah[;] was his wives name. Childrens names: John Arthur 15, Han[na]h[;] 15, Martha Ann 9, Margaret Elizabeth 6, Samuel Milton 5. Milton E[ng]land[;] moves to Belmont County Ohio Glencoe Station on the Central Ohio Railroad.—Also visited William Vale and family today. William and wife were interesting[;] they have 5 children. His wives name was Mary Skeels. Martha 9, Isaac 7, Nathan 5, Ann Elizabeth 3, Britt (?) Anna 1. These are the names of William Vales children.

1st Month 31st 1864: A warm spring like morning. At N. Hus[s]eys[;] N. Hussey truly a remar[k]able man he having a model sheep farm. 510 whole number of sheep of N. Hus[s]ey, 200 Eves, 150 yearlings, 80 we[ath]ers farthing. His sheep stable is 80(?) by 50 with a driveway in the center with 9 sets of doors at each end of building. The hay is stored in above.—Today visited William Renard (?) they have a interesting fam[i]ly. In driving with N. Hus[s]ey to W. Renard's through the woods we found a petrified piece of a tree embedded in the solid sandstone Rock. It seemed a strange sight to me never the less it was a fact.—Names of Ruth Ann Renards children. James 15, Caroline 14, Jacob 12, Mary Jane 1, William Oscar 1.

2nd Mo. 1st 1865: Here at N. Hus[s]eys[,] warm and raining. But directly blew up cold. In his company visited Casparus Garretson. He is a remarkable man for his age[;] his voice is yet Strong 88 years.

2d Mo. 2d 1865: Cloudy with wind clouds Them[om]eter 38 above zero. Here N. Husseys Coal is used here in general costs 2 to 3 cts. per bushel.—To day visited Millin Ong[;] he and Sarah Jane I think can live finely. Millin is [a] fine Energetic Man.

They have 2 children viz Mary Ellen and Nathan.

2d Mo. 3d 1865: Stayed at M. Ongs over night. Themos[ure] 26. Visited William Glass and fam[i]ly they [have] an interesting little daughter named Anna Malissa. Also Benjamin Walker then to Uncle McMillen.

2d Mo. 4th 1865: Clear and cold. Them[ometer] 28. Spent the day at Uncle's.

2d Mo. 5th 1865: Thermometer at freezing point. Started for Bridg[g]eport in company with Cousin Eli McMillan and were in good time for the train. Started on the 11 o'clock train for Pittsburgh but when near Slipenville[;] the train was throwing [thrown] from the track and two cars badly broken and several persons injured. It caused a delay of six hours. I started for Pittsburg and arrived by ten o'clock then laid over til morning.

2d Mo. 6th 1865: at Pittsburg thermometer at 35(;) cle[a]r and warm. Started for Harrisburg where I arrived at 5 o'clock P.M., then for home on foot. It was a tiresome walk. I found fam[i]ly all well and things generly satisfactory.

48
Hominy was one of the Indian corn dishes which made its transfer from American Indian cultures to the pioneer tables of early America. It was once eaten generally, North as well as South, along with "roasting ears," mush and other corn products, but today it seems to be most popular in the South, where as "grits," it is a favorite breakfast dish even in public restaurants.

We are interested in its use, preparation, and history in Pennsylvania. We shall appreciate hearing from our readers who can answer the following questions about hominy culture:

1. If hominy was made in your home traditionally, describe its preparation.
2. Was there more than one type of hominy made?
3. When and how was hominy eaten in your family?
4. Were there other names which your family or neighbors used for or instead of the word "hominy"?
5. How was hominy stored before using?
6. To your knowledge, did any particular group or class of people use hominy more than others?
7. Do you recall any stories, jests, or tales relating to hominy or its use?
8. Are there any songs or rhymes relating to hominy?

We shall be glad to hear from any of our readers from any part of the country who have knowledge of the use of hominy in Pennsylvania in the past. We should appreciate also hearing from persons representing the Pennsylvania settlements in Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Ontario, or elsewhere.

Direct your answers to:

Dr. Don Yoder
Bennett Hall Box 19
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104

Hominy is still made commercially by a few Pennsylvania firms, as for instance, the Snyder Packing Company of Delta, on the Maryland border in York County.