Winter 1967

Pennsylvania Folklife Vol. 16, No. 2

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THE SNITZING PARTY
Contributors to This Issue

EARL F. ROBACKER, White Plains, New York.—Well known to readers of Pennsylvania Folklife as author of our series on Pennsylvania antiques, Dr. Robacker here reminisces on the Pennsylvania Dutch Christmas practices he remembers from his boyhood in the Moravian communities of Monroe County, Pennsylvania.

FRIEDRICH KREBS, Speyer, West Germany, is an archivist in the Speyer State Archives, who has shared with American readers, through the pages of Pennsylvania Folklife, many articles based on his archival diggings in 18th Century source materials, in particular those dealing with the emigration to the New World.

CHARLES LESUEUR (1778-1846) was a French naturalist who spent many years in the United States before returning to his native France. The sketches reproduced here are from his original sketchbooks, the property of the Museum of Natural History at LeHavre, France, of which he was Director.

VICTOR C. DIEFFENBACH, Bethel, Pennsylvania. — From his vivid memory of growing up days in the "Dumm Faettel" of Berks County, Pennsylvania, Victor Dieffenbach (1882-1965) describes the tramps who used to visit his father's farm in the 1880's and 1890's. Tramps were a link with the world outside, and brought into rural homes crafts, repair work, vineyard and garden techniques, fraktur, news, gossip, and Baron Münchhausen stories.

AMOS LONG, JR., Annville, Pennsylvania, has contributed many articles on the small outbuildings of the Pennsylvania farm. His article in this issue deals with the woods shed and its lore. The author is a farmer and high school teacher in Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, and a Director of the Pennsylvania German Society.

Cover

Apple cuttings were part of rural life in early America, when young people gathered in the fall or winter to prepare apples for making applebutter, combining the work with an evening of social fun. In Pennsylvania, these social work-gatherings were called "Smitzing Parties". The cover picture is an illustration from "Godey's Magazine" September, 1850. It was drawn by F. A. Barr of Worthington, Ohio, and is entitled, "Sketch from Life of a Western Prairie Bee".
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Prayers, Graces and Home Devotions: Folk-Cultural Questionnaire #2
(Inside Back Cover)
Springerle "cookies" decorated with vegetable dyes. The troubadour and the seated spinner above him are close to the hundred-year mark in age.

One of the best loved of all German hymns, executed in fraktur of superior quality. The "Nicht Jerusalem, sondern Bethlehem" (Not Jerusalem but Bethlehem) of the second and third lines, sung on Christmas Eve in 1741 by a tiny band of Moravians in the face of an imminent Indian attack, is the source of inspiration for the naming of the city of Bethlehem.
CHRISTMAS—Back Along

By EARL F. ROBACKER

Although admittedly the point is debatable, there is something to be said for the idea that a tradition, in order to flourish, has to be confined to a somewhat limited territory. What everyone does passes largely without note; it has no news value. What a few do, however, if it is different, creative, repeated, and loved, may well grow into a tradition. A group of like-minded persons must care, and must keep on caring, or a tradition will die.

Two major Christmas traditions flourished side by side in the Dutch Country, as indeed they did beyond it. These were the religious observance of the birth of Christ, and the secular celebration involving Santa Claus. In Pennsylvania alone there was a third—the tradition of Belsnickel. What the Lutherans made of the Nativity, what the Plain sects made of it, and what the Moravians made of it were almost as different as night and day. In consequence, when one speaks of the “Christmas tradition,” he needs immediately to explain whose tradition, and when and where that tradition obtained. The secular observances, too, differed from locality to locality. Santa Claus, at least from the time of the publication of Clement Moore’s “A Visit from St. Nicholas,” was almost universally thought of as a jovial, white-bearded filler of stockings. On the other hand, Belsnickel, who administered retribution, was known only in limited degree in Dutch Pennsylvania, and what he did, what he wore, and how he comported himself depended entirely upon the individuals in the immediate locality.

A good example of an individual who first created and then defended a Christmas tradition is Mrs. McCullough, in Carl Jonas’s Jefferson Selleck. Beginning in mid-summer, this matriarchal figure began her preparations. The selection and the wrapping of gifts; the time and the place for visiting; the hundred and one details of the Christmas feast; the reciting of verses of Scripture at the dinner table—all these, planned in detail and executed like clockwork, constituted Mrs. McCullough’s tradition. The tradition fell to pieces when it became clear that it ceased to have meaning for anyone but its creator.

Christmas in the Dutch Country is not one great tradition; it is an amalgam of many. Some of the facets have grown dim with the passing of time, but others are as bright as they were when they first took on form and substance.

Spice cookies of contemporary vintage decorated with colored sugar. The fish and the bird above it were adorned with chocolate by the chef of the Hotel Pierre in New York some time ago when the cookies were on display at a convention there. Chocolate decoration, however, is not traditional.
No one can ever know for sure when or where the first evergreen tree became a Christmas tree, no matter how romantic and reasonable the various legends may be. For that matter, just what species among the evergreens is the correctly traditional one? Continental Europeans are likely to maintain that it is the fir, but in England it is just as likely to be pine. In Pennsylvania’s Pike County, only spruce carried the proper authority. Balsam might be thicker and less prone to lose color, but one felt slightly out of line if he decided to utilize it as a Christmas tree. As for the few benighted souls who were satisfied with hemlock because hemlock was easily available—well, expressions of amused condensation or out-and-out pity were what they could expect to see on the faces of their neighbors or visitors.

Whatever the specific kind of tree, it appears that the first references to it as an American Christmas symbol came in the 1830’s. Purists are likely to point out that since the idea of the tree was pagan it meshes more appropriately with the Santa Claus tradition than it does with the Nativity. Religious denominations which tended to keep close to doctrinal lines had little to do with Santa Claus or the Christmas tree; those who were more liberal admitted both, although Santa Claus familiar in Sunday School, seldom made an appearance in church. It should be noted that the origin of Santa Claus as a giver of gifts is not actually pagan; the very word “Claus” derives from the “klav” in St. Niklaus or Nicholas, a bishop of the Christian Church in Asia Minor in the 4th Century.

The idea of Belsnickel (Nicholas-in-pelts—that is, in furs) is associated with the bishop, and in a kind of Mr. Hyde-sense is antithetical to the Dr. Jekyll element in St. Nick. (In another context, St. Nick and Old Nick, with a common origin, have completely opposite connotations.) Santa Claus rewarded all children indiscriminately by bringing them gifts, though parents were prone to warn their offspring that only those who had been good would profit. Belsnickel was prepared to dispense largesse, but knew the faults and shortcomings of those who had been bad, and would thus administer punishment. At this point the tradition varied, even in communities a mere mile or two apart. In one, Belsnickel promised rewards of candy or nuts and then threw lumps of coal on the floor and made the children pick them up while he chastened them with a bundle of

"Trade" Christmas cards of the 1870's and 1880's were forerunners of our present greeting cards. The "Merry Xmas" of the lithographed card at bottom left refutes the statements of those who maintain that "Xmas" is a spelling of recent coinage, designed to bypass the word "Christ." At bottom right is a sachet card in the best Victorian tradition.

Blown glass bunches of grapes of green and blue, respectively, used for Christmas decorations. It would seem that these heavy ornaments, in most cases of 18th Century genesis, considerably antedated the Christmas tree. Because of their rarity, to say nothing of their weight, only the foolhardy would today risk using them as actual tree decorations.

Front and reverse of a pair of 9-inch tôle trays with incised inscription by Susannah Miller of Conestoga: "I done thi the 24th of December in the year of our Lord 1832." Whether Susannah was the donor or the recipient of the Christmas gift we shall probably never know.
Belsnickel himself might take on the appearance of a furry animal, often a bear, in which case he approached somewhat the original concept of Nicholas-in-turds; or he might be masked or otherwise disguised in Halloween fashion if no bearskin was available. The Belsnickel tradition has now almost completely died out, and with recognition of the fact that unknown and unwanted Belsnickels had an unpleasant habit of turning up on Christmas Eve, sometimes somewhat unsteadily on their feet and carrying clubs instead of whips, it is probably just as well.

The sending of Christmas greeting cards is a good example of a tradition which stays alive in spite of changing times. Cards were exchanged among close friends at least as early as the 1840's, but as an individual matter rather than as part of a recognized tradition. Victorian times, and the decade of the 1880's in particular, produced the elaborately colored, fringed cards which were, oftener than not, advertising devices. These cards were distributed directly to customers by the stores and commercial services using them. Many of the more elaborate ones seem to have found their way into Victorian scrapbooks, along with lacy valentines, lithographed friendship cards, and the like.

The penny postal card achieved popularity at about the turn of the century and lasted through the time of World War I. Penny postals were usually heavily embossed, colorful, and surprisingly well designed. The range of subjects was enormous but, as might be expected, winter landscapes, Santa Claus, and stockings hung before the fireplace were strongly in evidence. That fireplaces had long since been boarded up had nothing to do with the case; “the stockings were hung by the chimney with care,” said poet Moore, and that was that. Perhaps because of the popularity of Washington Irving, or possibly because of an influence stemming from Christmas cards, or for yet another reason, the English traditions of Yule log, holly, and bear’s head lent themselves to the art on American post cards. Cards with a serious religious tone were in a bracket of their own but were no less popular. It is perhaps worth noting that the two traditions did not mix: a Christmas tree, for instance, was not likely to figure in a crèche scene, nor the Magi in a holly-decked hall.

After the war, the penny card lost ground and Christmas switches brought for the purpose. After the coal had been cleaned up, the children got their goodies. In a neighboring village, however, coal would not figure at all: it was the nuts and candy which were thrown on the floor, and only those bold enough to brave the whip-lashing could be sure of their reward.

An original water color and a snow scene dated 1882. The Croasdales mentioned in the inscription were a prominent Quaker-Pennsylvania Dutch family in Monroe County. Their stone house in Cherry Valley, near Stroudsburg, has remained in the possession of the family since it was built at the beginning of the 19th Century.

A six-inch, 60-faceted, tin Moravian Christmas star. Such stars were, and still are, correctly displayed in Moravian homes from Christmas to Epiphany. Today, however, most stars are of paper, glass, or plastic.

Blown glass Christmas tree ornaments of a kind once common but now all but forgotten. Extremely fragile, they were shipped from Austria, packed in cotton batting. Note the crest of the blown peacock at the left; the crossed beak of the bird to his right and the spun glass tails of both; and the one-piece bauk-painted parlor lamps at the right. With the exception of the lamps, these are brilliantly iridescent.
greeting cards became highbrow and expensive. The wry, cynical contemporary greeting card is probably a kind of revolt against the sentimental Christmas messages of an earlier day and may foreshadow a new tradition, especially among ethnic groups which like the idea of the holiday but who have no concern with any religious aspect of it. In these greetings the word “Christmas” is usually missing and the term “holiday” is substituted. Another possible trend which is not yet a tradition lies in the number of handmade and hand-decorated cards exchanged yearly. As one might suppose, these tend to be personal in nature and have specific or private rather than general significance.

One of the most colorful and at the same time most appealing of traditions is that of the Christmas putz—the term coming from the German verb “putzen,” signifying to decorate or to enhance in beauty. The American custom of erecting a putz appears to have originated with the Moravians, who settled in Bethlehem in 1741, but the custom long ago spread to non-Moravian Protestant households in German-speaking Pennsylvania. Essentially, the putz is a landscape, built on the floor or on a table or portable platform. As a Christmas feature, it existed before the advent of Santa Claus or of the American Christmas tree, and almost invariably had the crèche as its focal point.

The type of putz most familiar to the writer was the one in the Moravian communities of Newfoundland and German Valley, in the Poconos. (The neighboring hamlets of Green- town and South Sterling, served by Methodist pastors, were almost devoid of putz decoration). The starting point in the construction was an irregular terrain of hills and valleys, covered by moss brought from the woods before heavy frost set in and stored in a damp place. A mirror served as a lake; paths or roads were of sand or, in later years, colored sawdust. Evergreen branches were converted to trees in scale with the rest of the putz or, if the whole creation was in miniature, ground pine, known locally as Jerusalem moss, made very convincing six-inch-tall trees. Driftwood, lichen-covered bark, and mossy stones from a brook were used for creating caves. Cardboard or wooden houses were set up as farmsteads or villages; human figures in scale went about their business of tilling fields or whatever the putzmaker chose to represent. A church putz would concentrate on a background for the figures and appurtenances of the crèche, of course.

In German Valley, there was one Christmas putz so remarkable that it was kept in situ well into February or March and visitors from far and wide came to see and to marvel. (Parenthetically, one should note that in any community one or two families made it a matter of pride to erect the putz or place the tree in an unheated room and keep it intact until Easter, thus achieving a distinction that could perhaps not be attained in any other way.) The creator of German Valley’s special attraction was a Mrs. Apley, who, without benefit of art training, created all the three-dimensional figures associated with the Nativity just a little less than life-size, and set them up in all
Collapsible cardboard figures constituting village scenes were popular well into the 20th Century as home Christmas putz decorations. Costumes usually give a clue to the age of the pieces. Hours were spent by home decorators in setting up roads, lakes, and background landscape features for these villages.

Hand-carved figures used principally as Christmas putz decorations. The rooster at the extreme left is by Aaron Mounts. All the birds have been carefully painted, but the animals—suggestive of but larger than Noah's Ark figures—remain as they were carved. One would hazard a guess that the pigeon-toed lamb at the right, conventional in every other detail, may have been intended as a representation of a protected family pet.

...
used for tree or putz decorations. Birds were often equipped with heavy pins at the base, the pins being thrust through the evergreen branches to hold the birds upright. A prime favorite of the writer's, among these creations, is an off-beat, black-spotted purple moose which he utilized in a homemade Christmas card a number of years ago.

In addition to carved birds and animals, a good many kinds of tree decorations, some made at home and some imported from Germany and sold locally, formed part of the annual Christmas display. Among these, paper decorations were important in many families, most particularly the bells, usually red, which folded flat for storage but opened to become objects of splendor. Home-size was usually from three to four inches to about ten, across the base. A magnificent one in use at the German Valley Moravian Church for many years was white, and was more than three feet in diameter. "Wreathing" sessions, so called, were held in the church basement before Christmas, and barrellul upon barrellul of ground pine was converted into thick evergreen ropes. When several hundred feet of rope had been achieved, men on tall stepladders fastened an end to each of the four corners of the room, carrying the festoons to the center of the ceiling. From this point the white bell was suspended at the end of its own green chain. Loops and festoons were carried around the sides of the room above the windows and doors. It took twelve barrelluls of ground pine, tightly packed, to do a really superior job. In the face of such prodigality, it is hardly surprising that today one can search far and wide in the Poconos for this little evergreen and find not a single specimen.

But to return to paper ornaments: Elaborate chains, made from paper folded and then cut, were often used at home in the room containing the Christmas tree, much as ground pine was at the church. Less intricate—and perhaps less attractive—were chains made by running each new link through the preceding one and then pasting or gluing it in place. Young children were sometimes kept out of mischief by working on these chains while their elders were busy at something else.

Three-dimensional stars made of strips of colored paper elaborately folded were once used as tree ornaments and, after a lapse of many years, may be bought today, usually in a do-it-yourself kit. Like many knocked-down articles, these pieces are considerably more difficult to assemble than one might suppose, especially since the terminology used in the instructions is usually more or less baffling.

Trees, cornucopias, baskets, cones, cylinders, and the like of brightly lithographed paper were attractive and popular. Their beauty was often enhanced by the addition of satin fringe or tinsel—not just a little tinsel, but lush, wide bands of it. Ropes of tinsel—gold, silver, red, or green—added sparkle to the tree. Some women were especially adept at the creation of paper flowers, and choice specimens of roses, the old-fashioned tightly petaled dahlias, and calla lilies not infrequently were used to eke out the bought decorations. Dried everlasting, dyed red or yellow, were occasionally used for the centers of flowers with broad curved outer petals not unlike those of today's single peony.

Popped corn, white or colored with vegetable dye, was strung by the yard, as were cranberries in places which could
Christmas putz: schoolroom of the 1870's. The figures are designed to slide into grooved bases, and the arrangement can be varied at will. The books held by teacher and pupils are movable, and are open at an actual printed spelling lesson set in 3-point type. One notices that only the dance is not holding a book! Details of hair and face are hand-done—and the names of students in a long-ago country school in the German-speaking section of the Poconos can be deciphered at the bases of the figures.

boost a cranberry bog. Monroe County could. Pike could not, at least in the early 1900's. Sugared popcorn balls made good tree decorations, but were prone to disappear mysteriously from the tree when no adult was near by!

Peanuts and English walnuts, gilded, were hung as single decorations. It is not particularly difficult to pinch the end of a peanut open far enough to insert a piece of narrow ribbon for a handle and then let the nut spring shut again ... but try it with walnuts or, worse still, butternuts! Some where along the line, however, strong desire became the mother of invention, and the walnuts were carefully cracked in half, the meat thrifty removed, and the shells glued together again after the end of the ribbon for suspending them had been tucked between the halves.

Handsome than most homemade decorations where the ornaments of paper-thin glass, at that time usually imported from Germany. Globes ranged in size from those which were little larger than beads to great fragile shells as much as 15 inches in circumference. Surfaces of these balls tended to be hard and smooth or soft and made like. The smooth ones were normally brilliantly shiny in red, green, or orange. The others had a much greater range of color, as soft and subtle as satin glass at its best. Needless to say, these were expensive, and exceptional care was taken of them.

From the simple glass globe sprang a number of variations—bobbin-shaped articles, bells, spheroids in considerable variety, and shapes for which no mathematician has yet found a name. In addition to "straight" surfaces, iridescent, banded, checked, and spangled glass were used and were more or less reminiscent of such Victorian art glass as Pomona, Aurene, Latticino, and others.

Representations of familiar objects were usually popular with children. One calls to mind the corncob and other fancifully carved albeit unidentifiable wind instruments: umbrellas; vegetables and fruit; and lovely shimmering birds with magnificent spun-glass tails. Once as common as strings of colored electric lights are today, these now can be found principally at antique shops or at auctions of household goods, where they command prices far beyond their original cost. Good specimens, however—new, of course—are found now and then in city stores; the tradition may be in the process of revival.

Much older than the thin glass shells and rare enough that it is all but totally unfamiliar to our contemporary generation is the heavy, blown glass bunch of grapes in blue, purple, or green. One wonders how satisfactory such objects were as tree decorations, since some of them weigh a pound or more—but they are undeniably beautiful. They are as likely to be found outside the Dutch Country as in it, and seem not to be traditional in the sense of the term as it is used here.

Candles have always played a major role in the Moravian Christmas tradition, both at home and at church. Moravian candles are softly textured and fragrant, with beeswax as the principal ingredient. One of the most spectacular of all Christmas festivities is the Moravian Candelight Service, which takes place on Christmas Eve. The church is darkened, and then great trays of lighted candles are carried in by the church officers and their wives. A candle is given to each child, and often each person in the room, to hold. Paper trills attached to the candle base help to keep the wax where it belongs—on the candle. The Moravian hymn "Morning Star," often sung as a soprano-alto duet, is a part of the Candelight Service, as it is of all Moravian Christmas services.

A variation in the "Let your light so shine" theme is followed in very large congregations, with even more telling effect: The candles are distributed unlighted. Then those to the immediate right and left of the central aisle are lighted, and each person in the pew in succession takes his flame from the person seated next to him. Thus the symbolism of "... to the uttermost parts" is observed.

Lighted candles can, of course, be dangerous, and while one seldom if ever hears of a fire caused by candles at church, instances in which dwelling houses burned to the ground because a branch dropped and a lighted candle ignited a tinder-dry tree are not unknown. The wonder is that more accidents did not occur.

Devices to hold candles on home Christmas trees were often important in themselves. Some were intended simply for clipping to the evergreen branches. These were covered with a thin red, blue, or green lacquer, and can still be bought. More dependable and far more attractive was the holder which had a bob—a weight at the end of a wire which depended from the holder itself. The holder hooked over a branch and the bob held it upright, whereas the clip holders could be used only on perfectly horizontal branches with any degree of safety. Some of the bob's from the 1830's and
1840’s end in heavy little globes the size of a walnut; others, in the shape of stars, serve somewhat as reflectors, their shiny surfaces giving back the light of candles other than the ones they are holding. These bobs were usually touched up carefully with spots of bright red and green paint.

In the 1880’s and until after the beginning of the new century, hollow papier mâché figures came into prominence at Christmas time and at Easter, as a decoration. First of all, they were containers for small candies—but it would have been unthinkable for anyone, most particularly a Pennsylvania Dutchman, to discard the attractive Santa Claus figures, horses, and rabbits. These containers were not mere flimsy gimcracks; they were well designed, sturdily constructed, and realistically colored. The meticulously executed leather ears of the rabbits are evidence that the manufacturer were designing something to be admired rather than merely to be sold. Perhaps most appealing, although not very practical, were the six-inch-tall white rabbits of heavy suede paper. Few persons, children or adults, could resist stroking them, and they soon became soiled unless they were removed from circulation.

Peculiar to the Christmas tradition of the Moravians is the use of the three-dimensional Christmas star, which is displayed in homes, often at windows, from Christmas Eve to Epiphany. These stars are of paper, of tin, of metal-framed paper, or, in contemporary times, of metal-framed glass designed to contain a frosted electric light bulb. Perhaps the paper stars came first, but no genuinely old specimens seem to have survived. The life expectancy of a paper star which can be stored only by hanging it up where nothing can touch its points is a very short one at best.

The metal star is an elaboration of a geometrically perfect dodecahedron, a figure which could be turned out by any competent whitesmith. To each of the twelve surfaces of this figure a five-sided pyramid (the rays of the star) was soldered, making 60 facets in all. The rays were ordinarily identical in length, but occasionally there were variations, with two latitudinal rays much longer than the others. One ray of any star was pierced at the end and a wire loop inserted so that it could be suspended from the ceiling on string or on wire. Metal stars seldom exceed eight inches in height, but paper ones, now sold commercially, may approach 30 inches at their extremes.

Stars were and are particularly popular in Bethlehem, appropriately termed “the Christmas city.” The permanent installation of a 200-foot-high star against South Mountain a few years ago made possible what is probably the most spectacular of all Christmas illuminations anywhere—a gigantic, brilliant star, seemingly hovering over the city in protection at night. The Christmas putz of Moravian Central, the “mother” church in Bethlehem, is probably the largest, the most elaborate, and certainly the most beautiful anywhere.

Dutch Country housewives, like farm women everywhere, liked to have flowering plants in their windows throughout the winter, and made extraordinary efforts to have some of them bloom at Christmas time. So important was this tradition of house plants that special benches and stands to accommodate them became major pieces of furniture. Wooden, wire, and metal tiered stands, corner stands, étagères from little fellows to those almost reaching to the ceiling, racks, shelves, and hanging baskets or pots—all these
came into being to cater to the wishes of the mistress of the house. Lucky was the woman whose dwelling had a bay window with a southern or a southwestern exposure, and even more fortunate the one whose bay window faced the road, so that the blooms inside might be admired by passers-by!

Of the flowers which could be induced to bloom in this pre-African violet era, the Christmas cactus, with its brilliant cerise, star-shaped flowers springing directly from the parent blade, was regarded as the Ultimate. It was hard to grow; too much water or too little filtered light would send it into a decline; the time of its flowering was completely unpredictable—but it seems that almost every housewife nourished the secret hope that this year her cactus would be in flower at Christmas. One wonders what has happened to all these plants, but they are hard to come upon nowadays, except among cactus specialists.

Christmas was the time, of course, for hospitality, family get-togethers, special entertainments, and extended visits. Everyone knew that everyone else had done all he (actually she!) could, to outdistance neighbors, relatives, and friends in ingenuity in getting ready for the occasion, and it would have been unthinkable not to exchange visits and compliments—to say nothing of privately garnering pointers for one's personal use later.

The children had their own special part in the scheme of things, too. There was probably no rural school in the Commonwealth which did not prepare a special entertainment for parents and guests, and even the most inept student had a piece to speak or a song to sing. School entertainments were daytime affairs, since few schools in rural areas were equipped with lighting devices. Sunday School entertainments were ordinarily held at night. A problem arose in pastorates in which the minister served a number of congregations: The entertainment could hardly be conducted without the minister present—and the congregations tended to prefer Christmas Eve to Christmas night as the time for the service. A logical way out would appear to be an alternation . . . but to this day in German Valley there is probably a little resentment over the fact that Newfoundland, as the larger companion congregation, always had its festivities on Christmas Eve.

After the first World War, the Christmas service was conducted in English, but prior to that time some portion of it was likely to be in German in communities in which elderly residents still felt most at home in the German tongue. (After the war, if truth be told, few pastors could deliver a sermon in German!) Two hymns or carols were favorites for rendition in German: “Heilige Nacht, Stille Nacht” and “O, Du Heilige, O, Du Selige.” The lovely “Morning Star,” mentioned above, seems always to have been sung in English, however.

Something, of course, needs to be said of the food traditional to the season. Let it be observed again: “Tradition” is not just “Tradition, Period”; it is local tradition. A Yule log is traditionally a part of Christmas, but not in the Dutch Country nor indeed in America. The same is true of plum pudding. Roast turkey is traditional—in places where turkeys were grown, but not in the upper reaches of the Poconos, for instance, where chickens were de rigueur for Christmas dinner. By and large, the person who prepares a Country Christmas dinner nowadays will probably select turkey, and make a raisin, chestnut, or oyster stuffing. But half a century ago the stuffing, at least in the writer’s experience, was invariably prepared with dry bread moistened with milk and mixed with onion, celery, the minced giblets, and sage. Filling without sage, in the length and breadth of the Poconos, would largely have gone unconsumed.

A typical Christmas dinner would have included roasted chicken with sage stuffing, plus sliced boiled or baked ham.
and probably fried smoked sausage; mashed white potatoes and whole sweet potatoes; steamed turnips; cole slaw in heavy cream; home-canned tomatoes, sweet corn, and case-knife beans; dried limas in a heavy butter-and-cream sauce; home-grown celery and sweet and sour pickles; pickled beets and cabbage-stuffed green peppers marinated in vinegar; apple-butter and as many kinds of conserve and jelly as one could get on the table; mince and apple and pumpkin and Shoofly pies; fruit cake, either branded or plain; vanilla ice cream—and such minor accessories and embellishments as cinnamon buns, nuts, candy, oranges, apples, bread and butter, and coffee and tea. The apples and oranges, however, frequently went untouched at noon although they helped to tide the youngsters over to the pre-Christmas entertainment supper of oyster stew and cold turkey, chicken, or other leftovers.

It was in the territory of cookies that the housewife really went all-out. Cookies could be made well in advance of the holidays, whereas many foods could not. Not infrequently, cut-out spice cookies, which needed time for mellowing, were made and stored immediately after Thanksgiving. Making cookies “by the bushel” is no figure of speech in the Dutch Country; women did not actually measure them by the peck or the bushel, but wooden boxes, empty flour drums, and full-size eyestraw hampers were filled and sealed against the days when putzers, visiting relatives, and children would consume them as casually as though they had not been hours and hours in the making. Nor were cutout cookies the only kind available. Squares filled with candied fruit, jam, or chopped nuts; airy bubbles known as seafoam, as much candy as cookies; brown sugar and maple sugar and chocolate drop cookies; sand tarts with fancy decorations of glazed fruits, citrus, or coconut—these and others, according to the locality, were taken for granted as belonging to Christmas.

A few special kinds seem to have been peculiar to the Dutch Country. One was the sprituggel cake—a hard cookie with finely detailed relief designs (birds, castles, flowers, human figures) made by pressing a carved board down into the dough, which was then cut into two-inch squares and baked—often over anise seeds sprinkled on the bottom of the pan. Springerles were flavored with rosewater, which had to be secured at an apothecary shop. Another was Leb-kuchen, and a third, Honigkuchen. Like crackers and doughnuts, these two often started the argument as to exactly which was which—and why. Both were made with honey, and the ingredients were identical. In spite of a somewhat general belief to the contrary, the German Pfeffernusse appear not to belong to the Dutch Country tradition. Springerles, incidentally, were often reserved for Easter consumption. They are made without leavening and will apparently keep indefinitely. Some in the possession of the writer are more than sixty years old... and are still not soft enough to eat. Springerles made good “Dunkes”—cakes to dip or dunk in hot coffee.

Cut-out cookies were made both to eat and to hang on the Christmas tree. Brown molasses cookies, spice flavored, were for Christmas; white, sour-cream vanilla-flavored ones were considered appropriate for New Year’s, although the same cutters may have been used.

A Moravian Christmas service which did not include the beloved “Morning Star” would be almost unthinkable. Reproduced here from the official Moravian hymnal, 1908 edition, by permission of the Moravian Church.

Traditional Pennsylvania Dutch decorative motifs adapted for greeting card use. Left to right: Peafowl and parrot from spatterware; angels from printed birth certificate; coenub from family fraktur birth certificate; cooxy designs from personal cooxy-cutter collection.
Christmas candles. Those in metal bases are of tallow, and were fashioned in old-time tin candle-heads more than a century ago. Those in the long metal bobbs on the tree, like the ones with paper frills at the base, are contemporary Moravian beeswax candles.

Some idea of the importance of the cooky-cutter and the magnitude of the cooky operation in the Dutch Country may be gained from the fact that, over a long period of time, to be sure, the writer has acquired more than a thousand hand-made cutters, no two identical. They range in size from midgets as small as a silver quarter dollar to giants eighteen inches tall. Some are useless today and some are not; those with elaborate insets must remain idle because they were intended for cookies which would be something more than a quarter inch thick, and the little tulips, hearts, and wavy lines do not leave an imprint on the thin cookies we make today.

A "normal" complement of cutters for one family would include at least 40 and up to 100 different designs. The cutters were made by whitesmiths—that is, tinners—occasionally freehand but in many cases over wooden or metal patterns. A traveling whitesmith would generally use tin supplied by the customer. If he made the cutters at his own place of operation he would either fabricate them on order or construct them according to his own notion and consign them to a country store for sale.

The total range in designs or patterns, seemingly endless, actually constitutes a faithful record of art motifs in the Dutch Country. The tinners were hard pressed to create designs which would be exclusive with their own, at least until they had been used once. As soon as they had been seen, of course, they could be demanded by another person and the tinners would either have to comply with the request or jeopardize his livelihood. In consequence, part of his task was to keep his eyes open and his imagination whetted, turning into sharp-edged tin cutters the cluster of acorns, the frog which leaped across his path, the kerosene lamp in the kitchen, the balking donkey, the tulip from the dower chest, the star from the spatterware plate, the rubber boot, the carrot, the tassett, the parrot from the framed baptismal certificate on the wall, the elephant from the circus poster, the half moon from the calendar hanging below the shelf clock, and so on and on.

Whatever the special cutters, there was a kind of common denominator in the ones which everybody apparently desired—man, woman, and child; hen and rooster; horse, dog, and deer; and, inevitably, the beloved heart, tulip, and star. Originally, the cutters were used only for Christmas baking, but nowadays they are likely to be put into limited service once more for almost any special occasion—and the variety is great enough to provide a dozen or more for anything from a wedding to wash day to Harvest Home to Christmas or a housewarming.

Collectors have their preferences, of course, but one thing they seem to have in common—a desire for the unusual, the unusual being what the other fellow does not have. An icesaw, an Indian girl with a fringed skirt, and a peacock copied from a long-lost grismill sign in the Dutch Country: these would appear to be unique—until a somewhat similar specimen is proudly exhibited by a rival collector. One thing is certain, however: prices keep going up. Once, it was possible to buy good patterns (hearts, tulips, birds, animals) for a dime. Now even the lowest, most common-place pattern is unlikely to be priced at less than a dollar. About ten years ago the writer paid a dollar and a half for a helmeted fireman. In the summer of 1966 he attended an auction at which a cutter representing a policeman with a star-shaped badge sold for 85 dollars. When he made a sotto voce remark to the person seated next to him, concerning the price, he was told of an auction the week previous at which a single cutter sold for 150 dollars!

One final observation may safely be made on what is traditional about Christmas—the fact that nothing which could be kept was ever destroyed. This principle, of course, has from the beginning been an important part of the Dutch Country economy. A given object, the worse for wear, might descend in quality from best to second best, or even third best, but after that it was not discarded; it was packed away or stored somewhere in the thought that it might come in handy, later. Thus, outbuildings came in the course of time to be full of old furniture, attics full of trunks and boxes crammed with anything from Christmas ornaments to sets of knives and forks, and high cupboards full of old glass or dishes or heaven knows what. From an antique collector's point of view no circumstance could be a happier one; less happy is the fact that discoveries of these long-lost caches seem all to have been made by now.

Just as people saved their no-longer-needed furniture and packed away their outmoded clothing they clung also to a belief in their familiar practices, discarding no more than a minimum. At the risk of appearing to talk gobbledygook, one might say that possibly the strongest single tradition in the Dutch Country is what it always has been—the tradition of maintaining tradition!
By DON YODER

The broadside—and we define it in the basic sense of a piece of paper printed on one side—has been around a long time. The Oxford English Dictionary gives documentary evidence for it as early as the 16th Century. It was a forerunner of the newspaper, and in the last few centuries, in America as well as Europe, it has been an adjunct of the newspaper. Its subject matter ranged broadly from news itself to interpretation of current events in the form of song, poetry, exhortation in crisis, and other themes.

Although the broadside tradition is a very ancient one, it has only been recently that American scholarship has begun to discover the full riches of the broadside tradition as a source for American history and folklore. It is especially as an indicator of the currents of American social history that the broadside is of value to us, for broadsides reflected every social movement in American history—all the wars, religious movements such as temperance and millennialism, the effect of the new technology on the people. If all the known broadsides were laid out chronologically, they would form a vast popular commentary on American history as a whole. In fact, an historian with no knowledge of American history, if presented solely with the vast corpus of American broadside literature, could reconstruct most of the main themes of American history from it.

While the little upstate Pennsylvania presses produced an important broadside tradition, both German and English, from the 18th to the 20th Centuries, we shall limit

Accidents, Sudden Death, Tragedy and Disaster of all kinds were favorite motifs in the broadside ballads. But the broadside-banker catered to every taste; note the Auner advertisement of his stock of humorous and romantic cards.
BROADSIDES: I

Our thanks to Prof. Herbert B. Anstaett, Librarian of Franklin and Marshall College, for permission to use these materials.

There is a large and growing bibliography on American broadside literature. For the general reader, the most useful recent book on the subject is Leslie Shepard, The Broadside Ballad: A Subject of Study and Meaning (London: H. Jenkins, [1962]). An excellent basic introduction to the terminology of the broadside—discussing such subcategories as "long sheet," "slip sheet," "cut sheet," "double sheet," "slip card," etc.—is given in Kenneth S. Goldstein, "The Broadside Ballad," Keystone Folklore Quarterly, Vol. IX No. 2, Summer 1964, pp. 39-47. This article includes several well-reproduced examples of Philadelphia broadsides, as does the article by John Burrow, "Broadside Ballads," in Folkways, No. 3, January 1964, pp. 30-46.—EDITOR.

INScribed to the sufferers of Johnstown, Pa...

OH, CONEMAUGH; OR LOOK TO HIM WHO NEEDS THE SPARROW'S FALL


Music of this song sent on receipt of 10 cts. in1 or 2 ct. stamps, by A. W. Auner, Tenth & Race Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

How cruel was the flood, With power to chill the blood,

As it swept away the pride and hopes of years, Kind Father from above, Look down in pitying love

And dry poor Conemaugh's scaling tears. CHORUS. Oh, Conemaugh, once bright and fair, Now cover'd with a pall; Look up to Him in every care, He heeds the sparrows' fall.

The lover and the bride, Children the parents' pride, Old age and all alike in silence sleep, While few are left alone, Without a friend or home, The fate of dear ones sadly weep.

Oh, Conemaugh, &c.

Soon that glorious day will dawn, And we'll be gathered home, Where the storms of life will never trouble more, United there we'll be, Thro' all eternity With dear ones who have gone before. Oh, Conemaugh, &c.

THE ACCIDENT ON THE WEST JERSEY RAILROAD

A RECITATION.

COMPOSED BY W. J. ATKINS, PHILA.

On the 11th day of August An Exonciation started out, Bound for Atlantic City, By the West Jersey route, They were happy, gay and merry, And a happy day they spent, But whilst upon their journey home, They met with an accident. When the red men reached the city, That none of this merry band Would never meet its friends again Except in a better land. The excitement it was fearful, That was very plain to see, And long will it live in memory. This accident on the West Jersey Some journeyed in the summer, To receive the sending shower, And others did not know what to do In that exciting hour. God Father then was everywhere In his noble work so grand, And always just as usual To feed a helping hand.

With whom to blame this accident, The company cannot tell, But there's one short, Who knows what's best, And doth all things well. In his own good time, we'll find out, When he's so very wise, What it was that caused this accident On the excursion of St. John.

A W. AUER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER, TENTH & RACE.
GREAT DEMOCRATIC SONG.

Composed and Published in honor of the recent Democratic Victory.

AIR—"Old Folks at Home."

Way down upon the old Salt River,
Far for away,
There's where the Whigs are fixed forever,
There's where they're doomed to stay.
All up and down the whole extension
Sadly they roam,
Stirring gloom that the late Convention
Sent them from the White House at home.

Chorus—All the Whigs are sad and dreary,
Every where they roam.
Singing, Brooches, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the White House at home.

All around the White House we have wandered,
(Thus do they rave),
Many a dollar for votes have we squandered,
Many an office we gave.
Then when we went a "cheerful giver,"
Fillmore was their cry;
Now they've moved us up Salt River,
Then we're politically die.

Chorus—All the Whigs are sad and dreary, &c.

One little spot is all that's left us;
Where we now stay;
Of all our pickings they bereft us,
Then sent us to away.
When shall we have again our place,
Live on the public comb,
When shall we dare to show our faces
Down at the White House at home?

Chorus—All the Whigs, &c.

A GALLANT WHIG—The following bet was made a few days before
the "Presidential Election," between a Whig and Democrat, residing in
Arick street. The latter to purchase, say, and carry into the chamber of
the winner, a half cord of good hickory wood; saying to commence at 10 o'clock,
P.M., in front of the house. The loser fully intended to pay the bet in a day
or two, for the sake of Gen. Winfield Scott; and a large number of his
political and personal friends will be present, to encourage him in his arduous
work.

THOMAS M. SCROGGY, Publisher,
CARD & FANCY JOB PAPER, Phila.

WHERE ALL NEW ENGLISH CAN BE OBTAINED, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

THE GREAT KNOW NOTHING SONG,
"I DON'T KNOW!"

BY FRANCIS F. EASTLACK.

Air—"The Boys, the Girls, the Men.

Of all the many mighty things in the free Quaker City,
Or dark, and brown, and blue-eyed girls, with cheeks so plum and pretty;
Of all the numbers of the day that's horrible or shocking,
The greatest question of them all is who are know nothing?

Chorus—"I don't know!"

Not you don't know,
That don't you ask me any thing,
And I don't know, &c.

Those men wear white hats all turned up, and it you boldly stare, sir,
They only speak with must and wub, and never comb their hair, sir,
They beat both Whigs and Democrats, wherever they may go, sir,
And if you ask them any thing they'll answer, I don't know, sir.

I don't know, &c.

The ladies, too, give their hearts,
I cannot help but love them,
For who with all their noble suits, can ever be those from,
No, they know their tricks, their signs, their grips, from head to heel and toe, sir,
And should you ask a girl her name, shall answer, I don't know, sir.
I don't know, &c.

You dare not tell your wife she's still, or any she's always speaking,
Or you'll find a great leg three length round of your back and chest feeling;
And the other day I asked my wife, only thinking of my stocking,
Now not an other word, she said, I'm a knowing know Nothing;
I don't know, &c.

The other day I came from school, with heart was almost surrendered,
Says I unto my youngest son, Ho! Sam! where is your mother?
Then he turned his fingers on his nose, and with a stone half-mocking,
Why, chut, says he, why don't you know that I'm a knowing know Nothing?
I don't know, &c.

We took this smart son of ours one day to a public dinner,
And into ears, and pets, and basons, he pitched in like a sailor,
Now the help, 

The poor, young lad, his heart was almost snapped, sir,

Then he looked me right straight in the face, and answered I don't know, ma'am.
I don't know, &c.

Young men, now marry from this lot of pretty girls around you,
And when your settled down in life, and family cares surround you,
Take the advice of one poor man, when he suffered deepest woe, sir,
Don't teach your little ones to say, why really, I don't know, sir.
I don't know, &c.

Now, ladies, don't you think 'tis hard, and don't you think it's shocking,
That we in free America, should all of us know nothing;
And don't you say with all your heart, I do believe it so, &c.,
Or can you say, like all the rest, Why really I don't know, sir?
I don't know, &c.

PUBLISHED BY H. J. KEHR,
CENTRAL HALL,
Frankford Road and Master Streets,
AND FOR SALE AT ALL THE BOOK STORES.

Copyright secured.
Dutch-English songs from the music hall stage. These were takeoffs not of the Pennsylvania Dutch but of the 19th Century emigrant German with his urban beer-garden culture.


**GOOT LAGER BIER.**

Air—"Bold Privateer."

I'll sing to you a song, that you all like to hear,
It's about a drink that sobera you and makes you feel so queer;
It is good for the stomach, it is good for the head,
It is good to make dinner with, it makes the peebles und bread.

Chorus.—De nice lager bier, de goot lager bier,
Dere's noting in dis world like de bully lager bier.

It is good for the husband, it is good for the wench,
It is good for her temper when she wants to kick up a row;
It is good for the baby when it feels a little queer,
It is good for the belly grubs, it is good lager bier.

De nice lager bier, &c.

It is good for politicians when dey vant to catch a vote,
It keeps de ladies from sticking in der throat;
It is good for de congressmen ven dey vant to fight a duel,
For dey cannot hit each other from a shackass or a mule.

De nice lager bier, &c.

It is good for de maiden when she gets up de love sick,
For it cures de big stomach, till deir face shine like a brick;
It is good for de fashion, for it saves de hoop slits Fine,
For when dey drink a barrel up dey need no crinoline.

De nice lager bier, &c.

It is good for de breathen ven he preaches of de church roof,
For he vill baptize you mit lager till he finds you devil-proof;
It is bad for de doctor, for it won't make folks get sick,
It makes de peebles send jam up de beer vaults of old Nick.

De nice lager bier, &c.

It is good for a feller ven he wants to have a spark,
For it gives him his courage till he comes up to the mark,
It is good for a gal ven she wants to catch a feller,
It makes her just as cunning as a nice man in de cellar.

De nice lager bier, &c.

It is good for matrimony for it makes a frau feel best,
It brings de milk of human kindness und peace to her breast;
I've got a nice young wife, and a little baby dear,
It all comes from drinkin' of the goot lager bier.

De nice lager bier, &c.

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**SWILLY WILLY WINK.**

**OR THE LAGER BIER SONG.**

Now, ladies and gentlemen, just in time,
Chorus—Willy, willy, wink um boom.

To come and to listen mine rhyme,
Chorus—Willy, willy, wink um boom,

My clothes are made of Cash-mere,
Chorus—Willy, willy, winkum hire a saw.

By dam, I likes mine lager bier,
Chorus—Willy, willy, wink um boom,

My clothes are made of Cash-mere,
Chorus—Ki tu re an na, tu re an na,

Willy, willy, wink um hire a saw.
Chorus—Ki tu re an na, tu re an na,

Swilly, willy, wink um boom.

One Dutchman he goes down for to Hextel's,
He called for lager bier and pretzels;
Young Heizel brings de man his lager,
He says, "My son, I pay your bill."

Now this Dutchman was one very big bear,
He called for Broke and Switz' beer;

And when he did his Switzer gizzle,
He thought that it was time to mizzle.

De barkeeper say, "Pay for your run."
De Dutchman he broke out in a vow:

And de barkeeper let dat Dutchman fall,
You ought to hear dat Dutchman squall.

Dey took the Dutchman to his room,
And de barkeeper hit him one in de nose,
He say, "Why don't you pay your grub!"
And he ram'd his head in a big stop tub.

Dey took the Dutchman up to bed,

And de Dutchman he said to his wife,
He said, "If you don't take dey out for a drink,
And de Dutchman he said to his wife, "I'm going to die."

Dey sent for one ow' doctor,
And he said, "Mine very dear dutch sir,
Of all de sick men you is de worst,
You drink so much bier, by dam, you bust."

Dey took dat Dutchman up to bed,

By dam, dat Dutchman he go dead;
Dey took and cut him up in shite,
Dey said he'd be good to poison rats.

And now good folks my song is done,
I hope dat I've offended none;
We lay our lager on de shelf.
If you want any more, you may sing it yourself.
ZIEBER’S Popular Editions.


CHANGE

A SONG OF THE PRESENT TIMES.

AIR—“Bow, wow, wow.”

BY JOHN, L. ZIEBER.

This world's seen many changes, sirs, since it was first created,
But in this glorious country they are mostly celebrated.
Men, women, children, fashions, styles, have changed and altered greatly,
But oh! the most ridiculous changes, we've had very lately,
Change, change, change.
All the world is crazy, with this change, change, change.

Our streets and alleys all are changed to names abominable;
So now-a-days to find a street a man is scarcely able,
If one who looks for Queen Street, now to Kensington is bent, sirs,
He's soon obliged to turn about, to Southwark he is sent, sirs.
Change, change, change, &c.

The streets and pavements once were swept; with brooms, as all have seen, sirs
But now the silks and satin skirts of ladies keep them clean, sirs;
With hoops that spread six feet around; like vessels they appear, sirs,
Sugars stumps and tobacco quids, they're dragging in their rear, sirs.
Change, change, change, &c.

Once Congress used to be a place for National Legislation,
The members' acts would now disgrace the most barbaric nation;
Their private quarrels are discussed upon the floor each day, sirs,
And for this waste of time and gas, poor Uncle Sam must pay, sirs.
Change, change, change, &c.

Those ugly Sheds in Market Street, have stood for many years, sirs,
The merchants have determined that they all must disappear, sirs,
They have their aim accomplished, and they see they've acted green, sirs;
"This Store to Let," throughout the street, in every square is seen, sirs.
Change, change, change, &c.

Of changes I have sang enough to suit the present times, sirs,
So now I'll stop, for fear my friends, I might run out of rhyme, sirs,
The change that's mostly needed by the saints as well as sinners,
Is Dollars, Dimes and nickels for to buy their Christmas Dinners.
Change, change, change, &c.

JOHN L. ZIEBER, Publisher, Phila.

Buy "YELLOW TOM CAT," Parody on "Belle Brandon" and "Netty Loe," Parody on "Nettie Moore."

Broadsides furnished the urban citizenry with the words of popular songs. The music—which could be learned with one hearing—was rarely included.
THE BED-BUGS' SONG.

BY T. M. SCROGGY.

Air—"Low Backed Car."

Attend ye "Bugs" and "Corkers," to a fact I will relate,
I'll tell you how we passed the "Yellow Hickory" of late,
The streets were very muddy, and the fire it was Nor' West,
We rolled the "Raven" out and each resolved to do his best.

Chorus—As we rolled the "Raven" along,
Our men felt hearty and strong.
We'll beat them to day, our members did say,
As we rolled the Raven along.

We ran out Callowhill and saw the "Tow-Boat" right ahead,
Her members they had pulled so hard that they were nearly dead.
Now "Bed-Bugs" keep her steady, our Director he did say,
Up Ridge Road went the "Raven" while the "Tow-Boat" led the way.

As we rolled the Raven along, &c.

They were two squares ahead of us when first we came in sight,
We were resolved to beat them, so we pulled with all our might.
And as we came to Contos street, her men were struck with fear,
And trembled when they saw the "Bugs," approaching quite too near.

As we rolled the Raven along, &c.

"Come pull, my boys, they're on you now," a Snapper hoarsely cried,
And ere he could repeat the words they found us at their side.
The "Tow-Boat" on the pavement ran, while we kept in the street,
We cared not where they ran, for very soon we had them beat.

As we rolled the Raven along, &c.

The Snappers often boasted that the Tow-Boat was so fast,
But ah! in spite of all her speed they found her match at last,
They knew we are too much for them since that unlucky day,
And no matter what we do meet they turn another way.

As we rolled the Raven along, &c.

Success attend the Bed-Bugs, and the jolly Corkers too,
Likewise good health to all our friends, and they are not a few,
Should we again the Snappers meet, their self-conceit will lower,
If we're ahead we'll leave them as we've often done before.

As we roll the Raven along, &c.

T. M. SCROGGY, Publisher, No. 443 Vine Street below 13th,
where all the songs can be obtained, wholesale and retail.

THE CORKERS.

BY JACK WILLIAMS.

Air—"Oh Susanna."

The Corkers are a crowd of men, who loaf about the town,
Whose boarding bills are running up, and funds are running down;
When work and very plenty, all their friends will disappear,
So they dine upon a pretzel, and a glass of lager beer.

Oh Corkers be cautious, for Cherry Hill is near,
And some may take their lodgings there, before another year.

A Corker's known quite easy, by the shabby suit he wears,
The cap is wearing off his coat, but not a bit he cares;

If to a tavern you should go, you'll see a Corker there,
He's either drinking with a chum, or dosing in a chair.

Oh Corkers be cautious, &c.

Some Corkers they are honest chaps, but others are not so,
They'll hang around an angel, when they know he's got the dough;
They lead him in the lion's den, where he is bound to treat;
And they won't leave him go, until they bleed him clean and neat.

Oh Corkers be cautious, &c.

When young men get a lazy fit, they look so sord and cross,
They'll leave their work, and soon commence to quarrel with the boss;
To reason they'll not listen, they're determined to resist,
And very soon you'll find their names upon the Corkers' list.

Oh Corkers be cautious, &c.

The Corkers are quite numerous, you can see them in each street,
And when they see a crock, they will ask him for a treat;
They always keep their eyes open, and see you from afar,
They either beg tobacco, or will ask for a cigar.

Oh Corkers be cautious, &c.

When their clothes are too seedy, in public to appear,
They'll enlist in the navy, and for foreign ports they steer,
But if their spirits leave them, and they find there is no hope,
They find their way to prison, or dangle by a rope.

Oh Corkers be cautious, &c.

In the Engine or Hose house, the Corker you will find,
But when here is a run at night, he likes to stay behind;
Although he's sleeping in the bunks, it is his heart's delight,
But he does not approve of running too fast at night.

Oh Corkers be cautious, &c.

Take warning then, ye gay young chaps, don't loaf upon the town,
For if you are a Corker soon, your funds will soon run down;
While the alms house is handy, and Moyamensing near,
Where you will be confined, without your pretzel or your beer.

Oh Corkers be cautious, &c.

T. M. Scroggy, Publisher, 443 Vine st. below 12th.
Where all the new songs can be obtained, wholesale & retail.
Civil War broadsides recalled the bravery of the Pennsylvania regiments. The cuts were attractively colored.

A Religious Card Player.

A Private Soldier by the name of Richard Lee, was taken before the magistrate of Glasgow for playing cards during divine services. The account of it thus given in the English Journal:

"Richard Lee, a soldier at the war, was committed by a private order to the city gaol for playing cards during divine services. The minister of the church, on being informed of the case, sent a warrant to the gaol, and the soldier was brought before the Mayor, who, on reading the warrant against him, asked him what he had done to warrant his arrest. The soldier replied: 'I have no card suit, sir, nor do I care to hear what you have done, sir.'"
I'm just from Pennsylvania, Some city sights to see, And you may bet your boots I'm going to have the biggest kind of spree; With my pockets lined with greenbacks, And a skinful of old rye, A jolly boy am I.

Chorus—And Coal Oil Tommy is my name, Coal Oil Tommy is my name; Good for any game to-night, my boys— Good for any game to-night my boys; Hi! Ten-strike, set 'em up again.

Upon the road I drive The very spiciest of drags, Behind a pair of thorough-bred Ten thousand dollar nags, That would'n allow me never To take any one else's dust, I'd sell them both for oatmeal If they weren't always first.

Chorus— In the doings of the fancy I'm up to every thing, And I'd go a thousand miles To see the heroes of the ring If you want to bet your money You'll find that I'm no gander, And, for any sum you like, I'll go my pile on Tommy Chandler.

Chorus—

Published by T. C. BOYD, 304 Montgomery Street, near Pine, San Francisco.-Note variation in the texts.
EMISSION FROM LIENZINGEN

Again we present archival material on the 18th Century emigration to Pennsylvania. The emigrants in this list are from two areas: (1) the town of Lienzingen, in Northern Wurttemberg, and (2) the city and district of Freudenstadt in the Black Forest in Southern Wurttemberg. Wurttemberg, in the 18th Century the Grand Duchy of Wurttemberg, in the 19th Century the Kingdom of Wurttemberg, and now part of the West German state of Baden-Wurttemberg with its capital at Stuttgart, was one of the sources of the strong Lutheran contingent among the Pennsylvania Germans. The dates of emigration in this case are 1751 and 1752, which were near the high point of the 18th Century German migration, with some 16 ships landing at the port of Philadelphia in 1751, and 19 in 1752.

For similar materials on the economic necessity which drove these people to emigration, see “Emigrants from Wurttemberg: The Adolf Gerber Lists,” in The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, X (1915), 193-237.

The list will be of value to social historians as well as genealogists, from the valuable insights into the reasons for emigration, and the description of arrangements made when property was inherited after emigration. Also of interest are the names of the emigrant generation— with the heavy incidence of names such as Sophia, Jacobina, Tobias, Ludwig, Rosina, Bernhard, Immanuel, Juliana, etc.—names which were not common after the settlement in America.

We are grateful to Dr. Friedrich Krebs, of the Speyer State Archives, Speyer, West Germany, for permission to translate and republish his article, which first appeared as “Beiträge zur Amerikaussiedlung des 18. Jahrhunderts aus Alt-wurttemberg,” in Südwestdeutsche Blätter für familien- und Waffenkunde (Stuttgart), Vol. XI No. 8 (November 1961), 186-189. —EDITOR.

EMISSION FROM FREUDENSTADT

A mass emigration to Pennsylvania from the city and district of Freudenstadt in the year 1752 is implied in an official document of the Staatsarchiv Ludwigsburg (A 343/344 Bl 14), for on 7 May 1752 Bailiff [Vogt] Brabberger of Freudenstadt reported to the Wurttemberg authorities that in the city and district over which he had been given authority, 18 households with all their members had “resolved” to leave their fatherland to go away to Pennsylvania. The number of emigrants involved was given as 111, the property that they wanted to take along was declared at 2180 florins.

Specifically the following persons wanted to leave for Pennsylvania:

FROM THE CITY OF FREUDENSTADT

1. Ludwig Uber, butcher, aged 30, with his wife Margaretha Barbara, aged 30, and three children: Johann David (7), Johannes (5), and Johannes Ludwig (3). 2. Johann Philipp Attz (Arzt), aged 29, married by trade, with wife Maria Barbara, aged 26, and children: Sophia Dorothea and Catharina Christina (4 weeks old). 3. Tobias Eichkinder, aged 50, day laborer, and wife Esther, aged 46, and four children from the wife’s first marriage: Maria Agnes (14), Anna Maria (11), Philipp Andreas (7), and Ludwig Heinrich (5). 4. Jacob Bosch, aged 36, carpenter, with wife Barbara, aged 37, and children: Johann Jacob (15), Johannes (10), Anna Maria (6), Joseph (4), and Johann Friedrich.
5. Johann Georg Ott, aged 32, bookbinder, a convert, with wife Anna Maria, aged 50, and children: Kosma Barbara (2) and Johannes (six months).

6. Eva, widow of Jerg Schmützel, aged 19, with children: Barbara (19), Simon (18), and Agatha (11).

7. Andreas Schneider, aged 53, gatekeeper [Obertonwart] and shoemaker, with wife Anna, aged 51, and child: Anna Elisabeth (18).

8. Tobias Rub, aged 42, joiner, with wife Barbara, aged 40, and children: Jerg Friedrich (7), Tobias (5), Johannes (3), and Sophia Dorothea (1).

9. Georg Ziegler, aged 43, weaver, with wife Jacobina, aged 42, and six children: Anna Maria (15), Georg Jacob (11), Christiana Margaretha (7), Agnes Catharina (5), Magdalena (3), and Georg Bernhard (six months).

10. Jacob Bernhard Schelb, aged 52, baker, with wife Elisabeth, aged 45, and 6 children: Christina Barbara (22), Johann Adam (20), Johann Friedrich (18), Jacob Bernhard (16), Dorothea (14), and Elisabeth Catharina (8).

11. Emanuel Friedrich Weckerlein, aged 24, tinsmith by trade, with wife Maria Elisabeth, aged 32, and 3 children: Sabina Margaretha (4), Jeremias Friedrich (3), and Juliana Dorothea (six months).

12. Anna Barbara Heunzemann, aged 24, single, sister of the wife of No. 11, above, wanted also to go along.

13. Georg Christoph Westen, of Freudenstadt, aged 42, who with his wife Rosina Margaretha also wanted to go along, remained at home.

FROM THE DISTRICT OF FREUDENSTADT

A. From Neunek (Württemberg, Kreis Freudenstadt).

14. Bernhard Kauffmann, aged 40, with wife Agatha, aged 32, and children: Johannes (13), Bernhard (8), and Johann (5).

15. Johannes Flait, aged 32, day laborer, with wife Margaretha, aged 30. Flait also wanted to take along a relative named Anna, aged 10, who was feeble and mentally retarded. In addition there were in this party Flait's single brother-in-law, Johann Friedrich Pfeiffer, tailor; and still another relative of Flait's by the name of Anna Maria, aged 16.

16. Hans Jerg Lohmayer, aged 52, with wife Magdalena, aged 50, and children: Christina (25), Hans Michel (22), and Johannes (16).

17. Hans Jerg Gsye, aged 51, and wife Barbara, aged 50, with the twins: Anna Maria and Johannes, both 18.

B. From Untertüringen.

18. Hans Martin Schwarrz, aged 40, stonemason, with wife Catharina, aged 40, and children: Agnes (9), Elisabeta (4), and Maria. Also Schwärz's brother, Jacob Schwahr, wanted to go along.


20. Michel Bach [Beach], single, with his fiancée Anna Kauffmann, aged 28.

21. Elisabeth Fric, aged 26, who wanted to marry Michel Margarett of Dormstetten.

C. From BLEGENGEN (Württemberg, Kreis Freudenstadt).

22. Hans Jerg Späth, aged 56, day laborer, with wife Barbara, aged 50, and children: Eva Margaretha (26), Anna (22), Catharina (20), Magdalena (18), Hans Jacob (17), Christian (14), Hanns Jerg (12), and Hanns Martin (7).

D. From Rodt bei Losburg (Württemberg, Kreis Freundenstadt).

23. Franz Anton Sins, aged 50, day laborer, with wife Christina, aged 46, and children of the first marriage: Catharina (23), Anna Maria (22), Eva (19); and of the second marriage: Elisabetha (15), Jacob (14), Michel (10), Hanns Jerg (6), and Barbara (2).

The Württemberg government had little objection to make to the emigration of the persons concerned. All were permitted to leave after giving notice of their right of citizen and subject for themselves and their children, although the return to the homeland (regressus in patriam) was no longer permitted (Decree of 13.5.1752). Only in the case of the children of the first marriage of Tobias Fischbein was the restriction decreed that in case they possessed a considerable property, this could not be taken along except by special permission; and in the case of Johannes Flait, that he had better provide otherwise for his mentally retarded relation Anna than to take her along on the journey to America.

In the ship lists of the port of Philadelphia we find a large part of those who had signified their desire to emigrate, as passengers on the ship Duke of Wurtemberg, which landed in the year 1752 (Hinke-Stastlsenger, Pennsylvania German Pioneers, List 190 C), namely, Johann Ludwig Uber, Jacob Boch, Johann Georg Ott, Georg Ziegler, Jacob Bernhard Schelb, Johann Adam Schoell, Emanuel Frederick Weckerlein, Tobias Rub (obviously Rub), Johannes Flait, Johann Lockmann (or Lockmaur), Johann Georg Jayer, and Michel Bach. The others on the Freudental List, if they did not die on the Atlantic passage, may have landed at other American ports, for which no ship lists are in existence.

The cause of the emigration is almost always economic necessity and overpopulation of the country; so says the document in the case literally: “They [the emigrants] are mostly poor people who in the present hard and moneyless times were forced to earn a very scanty living, people who indeed—what with raised taxes and investments of much ducal money and all sorts of other difficulties—scarcely knew how to maintain their domestic honor, which they then also gave as the reason for their emigration.” Sie seyan mehr arme Leute, welche bey gemaachtigten haben und geld­losen Zeiten sich sehr bunnerlich nahen müssen, so bey erhobenen Steuern u. Anhingen wiben herrlich. Gelder, auch sonst allerhand Beschickungen, bey wassichen Ehrn sich fast nicht mehr konvertiren wnten, welches Sie auch vor die Ursach ihrer emigration angeben.”

Bernhard Kauffmann, the baker from Neunek, gave as his reason for emigration that there were too many bakers in Neunek, who just could not “carry on” their trade alongside each other. He had no real estate, also he was not a day laborer, so that he did not know how he could maintain and support himself, wife and child. The nailsmith Johann Philipp Arzi gave as his reason that it was impossible to support oneself in Freudenstadt, since iron and coal were getting more expensive every year, and he could not compete with the foreign artisans of his trade, who as a consequence of cheaper raw materials (iron and coal) could produce more cheaply and undercut the native nailsmiths out in the country and in the market towns. A similar complaint was expressed by Georg Christoph Westen, who however remained at home, that the grave necessity was driving him to emigration, since he could find neither work nor livelihood in his trade of baker.


OTTO THE WATCHMAKER
"Fergess mic/ net—ich kehr auch in deim Buch" (Do not forget me—I also belong in your book.)

That is just what he would say if he was here. He was Otto Friedrich, a dyed-in-the-wool German; a watchmaker, and one of the best that ever was. He was very tall—way over six foot; he wore the regulation cowhide knee-length boots—I would say about size eleven, and the soles were full of hobnails. He had a fine kit of tools. He had all kinds of watches, all sizes, prices, and he had lots of chains and fobs. He had a roll of very thin leather; he said he got it in an old quarry on a junk pile. This he would cut in round pieces on our table. We would get a nice clean board to cut on, and
use a saucer or a dinner plate for a pattern; then he'd jab an
and right in the middle, take his knife and cut a narrow
strip, maybe an eighth of an inch wide and several inches
long. Then he'd stick the thick point of his knife in the
slit, hold it with one hand and with the other he would pull
on that tiny bit of leather and that round piece of leather
would spin around like a top. By the time he was finished
cutting, he had a pile of those strips almost enough to fill a
bushel basket. These he would later braid into tots or
watch-chains.

He told us that he had a friend in New York City—a fire-
man; when there had been a fire in a watch factory or jewelry
dore, this man would tell him and thus Otto could make
many a good deal. Many articles were only water-stained or
arnished by heat and smoke, and could be refurbished at
his leisure. He also bought other stuff for re-sale.

He had a tiny lathe that he made himself: one night he
asked permission to set it up and use it. It could have been
lid into a big match-box. It had clamps welded on it, and
he fastened it to our kitchen-table. It was run with cords

"Joe Rink—Tramp Philosopher," another of Paul B.
Horning's drawings of Berks County tramps, from "The

FFENBACH

Fritz Niemad, wood carving tramp. Drawing by Paul B. Horning,
and big weights; he simply tied the end to our cool bucket and the lattice upon so that it hummed like a top. He ground the ends of the pinions of a clock. He could build a clock out of a raw sheet of brass.

One day he told me to get water and bring it to the grindstone, under the old pear-tree, I did.

He had a nail—an eight-penny—and the head of the nail he ground flat, and nice and smooth. Then he got a fine set of engraver's tools out of his kit. He asked me what year I was born in. When I said it, he asked me for my middle initial, then he slammed the nail in a vice, and on the head of it he carved "V.C.D. 1882" and gave it to me. I was so surprised, I hardly knew what to say, but I said, "Thank you, sir!"

"You don't need that last word," he said—"I'm only a tramp—a wanderer. But I've seen better days too."

I found out later that lots of these wanderers were marked men—they were wanted by the law. So if they came to America, they had a better chance to avoid the punishment, which some of them undoubtedly deserved. But if they were caught, they would be given short shrift, as a rule.

**RABBIT JOHN (DER HAASA HANS)**

His name was Haas—the German name for a rabbit; and his first name was not Peter—it was John, and since the German for that is Hans, we called him "Der Haasa Hans" (Rabbit John).

The way he got this name was like this: he had been overnight at our next neighbor's place, and in the night the weather turned colder and the rain turned to sleet. So when he came to the big hill back of our barn, he got up on the bank and held on to the rail-fence. He had not gone far when a big rabbit ran off into the field and squatted down in a tuft of tall weeds.

When he came to our barn he told us, and he asked Dad for his gun, so he could shoot the rabbit. So Dad gave him the gun and a shell, and Hans went into the field, but still held on to the fence. When he was about twenty yards away from the unsuspecting bunny, he took a few steps away from the fence, aimed the gun, and let fly; bunny didn't move at all. What Hans did not know was that if you miss, the rabbit stays put; and he had done just that. But he stood the gun against a post, and he skiddled-daddled over that icy slope till he was right beside the rabbit. He stooped, and grabbed for the rabbit's cars, but the rabbit went like a streak of greased lightning down the hill. A sailor would say the rabbit went north by west, and Hans went north by east. His feet slid out from under him, for he had not yet spiked the boots with hobnails. He just missed the big chestnut tree by inches, and on his face he plowed through a layer of chestnut burrs, half-dried cow-dung, and he stopped down at the old middle-fence in a fence corner full of pokewberries. He looked worse than a tattooed clown; and the cuss words he let fly would bust any printing press ever made.

**THE TRAMP AND THE PILLS**

When Lloyd Y—— lived on the big Y—— farm near Host Church, a tramp came to his house and asked for a night's lodging. After the supper was over, Lloyd reached for a small bottle of pills on a nearby shelf, and he took two of them. The tramp noticed this, and asked what they were for. Lloyd told him they were physic pills, to loosen his bowels. The tramp held out his hand and said he'd like to have some too, so Lloyd spilled a few of them into the tramp's hand.

"Give me more," he said, "don't be so stingy. These wouldn't physic a skeleton."

Lloyd tilted the bottle and out rolled a dozen or more; the tramp popped them into his mouth.

Later, Lloyd took him out to the barn and gave him a pile of hay and several blankets, so he could make a warm bed in the hay mow.

Early next morning, while he was feeding the stock, he heard Fritz moving around upstairs. When he came down and Lloyd inquired as to the effects of the pills, Fritz started to swear. He said in the middle of the night, out through the barn-door minus his pants, one leap over a snowdrift, and there goes pills, guts, liver and all. He said he could not see how a few such tiny pills could do that much. But he had several times a week.

**SWEET POTATO MIKE**

Yes, that is what we always called him; and I'll tell how and why we called him so. If my grandfather were living he'd say, "Even if a man is so dumb that he himself does not know it, yet wise men can sometimes learn from him."

We always planted a lot of sweet-potatoes and we had no trouble raising them. One year we had a bumper crop, great big ones, and baskets of them. But we never could keep them over Winter so they would not rot; we had tried a dozen ways and they would always spoil—get moldy and rotten.

So one day while we were digging them out with a fork, then pulled them off the vines and carried them into a dark shed, along comes Mike. He was some foreigner—could have been Polish or a Finn—we could hardly understand his speech. He scribbled on the basket what looked like Mikhal, so I said, "That's supposed to mean Mike," and he nodded and said "Me Mike." Then he knelt down in the patch and with his hands he removed part of the soil that covered the tubers; he took his knife and cut some of the vines off but not close to the stem. Then he took the fork and gently pried the entire bunch out of the ground and let it lie. When he had several thus dug out, he picked up two of them by the vines and started for the shed. He told us by signs that in a few days the vines would stop "bleeding"—where the milky sap oozes out at the ends. Then we could pull the tubers off, one at a time, and "do so," he said, as he wrapped one in a newspaper. He rolled it and stroked it until it almost looked like a cocoon. Then he went over to the house, and showed where we should put them under the bed, close to the stove-pipe, but not too close; then he showed on the wall calendar, pointed to "May," then to the place upstairs and said: "He good!" And they were. One summer we had from the previous year's crop until the new crop came.

**BOLDY KINZER**

Here comes Boldy; I had almost forgotten him; and I am as yet unsure as to how to classify him. I'd say that a peddler is one who peddles some goods of some kind and sells them; and tramps just tramp all over the countryside. Boldy did part of both, and neither of them exclusively. He would come to a person's house and stay there till he had made all the women's dresses that they desired at the time. He also made underskirts and the finest underwear imaginable. He was an expert dressmaker.

Boldy came from Womelsdorf, and what his real name was I never heard; and why such a funny name? I am sure that a kobold is some kind of an elf or fairy. He was a fat boy—had an enormous belly, and a comical twisted smile on his full moon face. As much as I know he was a bachelor.

He died a number of years ago; so he will not know how I classified him; but while he did not sell finished clothing, I
There were many types of itinerants on American roads in the 19th Century, besides tramps proper. "Old Bamberger," (1744-1829), the Trumpet-Blowing Pennsylvania Dutch Evangelist, was known from the Delaware to the Northwest Territory as "King of the Locusts." The Fisherman, Henry Leonard, was a beloved Reformed Church layman from Ohio who trudged through rural Ohio raising money for Halebberg College. See "The Pennsylvania Dutchman," February 15, 1931, and March 1, 1933.

BARN-FALL PANTS AND SWEET CIDER

Both my father and grandfather were interested in raising fruit. They had all kinds of fruit; they could raise seedlings and graft them, and were pioneers in spraying in this area. And like all of the Pennsylvania Dutch, they were thrifty; we had a little old cider mill with a hand-press, and we had a crock full of cider in the underground brick arched cellar. Nearly every week we made cider, some for vinegar, some for applebutter too, but always that crock was filled.

So one Saturday just as we were ready to go out to the orchard, there comes a tramp. He offered to help, because nearly all of them were fond of cider. He helped to pick up the apples and then he turned the crank for grinding them. And as soon as the juice trickled into the tub he drank some; he was determined to get his share. Since he helped of his own free will, we didn’t mind.

Grandad was a big man; and he was very old-fashioned. He wore the regulation barn-fall pants, like the Amishmen do, and the U.S. Marines; he’d buy the goods by the yard, and take it to old Noll, the tailor. I do not think that he ever in his lifetime wore a pair of ready to wear or factory-made ones. But he had a pair that had shrunk in the wash-tub, so they only came halfway to the knee. He used to get mad as blazes when he wore them, so they were still almost as good as new. When he saw the tramp’s ragged trousers that hardly concealed what they should have, he fetched this shrunken pair and gave them to the tramp.

Now I like sweet cider. I always did, but I might as well drink castor-oil, so I let it alone; the second or third day it wouldn’t physic me; but the tramp kept at it.

Sunday morning in the forenoon I saw that the tramp had put on a clean shirt, and the new pants. He did not know of this pattern, and he put them on hind-most— the flap in the rear and buttoned up like a kid’s; and now trouble loomed on the horizon.

The cider started to get hold of his insides; he felt what he had to do, but the pants failed to get unbuttoned; and there he was, back of the pigsty in the nether part of his birthday suit, and was using burdock leaves for cleaning up the mess. He had another pair to put on; and the ones that were too filthy to be washed he threw away.

Grandad would tease him and offer him some cider, but he refused. “And don’t give me any more of the g—d— crazy pants!” he said.

I don’t know his name, he had seldom been there before this, and hardly ever afterwards. But we would often talk of him while making cider.
Veterinary and Household Recipes from West Cocalico

Manuscript recipe books are primary sources for our knowledge of folk medicine and domestic economy in the Pennsylvania German folk culture. Occasionally one finds that Pennsylvania farmers or their wives kept little homemade, homespun manuscript fascicles in which they wrote recipes they found useful; sometimes they copied them on the back pages of ledgers and account books, in diaries, on the blank margins of almanacs, etc.

The recipes published here were found in the back of a long (6 by 18 inch) indexed ledger of farm accounts, which was bought by the editor in 1965 as part of a Lancaster County manuscript collection. From the reading of the book the editor knew A. R. Ream of the Reamstown area of Lancaster County, in West Cocalico Township, from 1846 to 1876. It records transactions of buying and selling, including farm services such as threshing, hauling, splitting wood, spreading lime, etc. The latest records in the book are family agreements from 1869 and 1870.

In addition to their value for the study of the Pennsylvania patterns of folk medicine—rational or natural folklore—in this case rather than the occult type, represented in powwow—a domestic economy, the materials here given are of value linguistically. The accounts throughout the ledger as well as the recipes, are written in English, but with a pronounced Pennsylvania Dutch flavor—Fanner Reams spelled English as he must have talked it, with a Dutch accent. He spells the word “turf,” rubber is “rubbery,” lamp becomes “lamb.” Spreading lime is “spattering lime,” receipt is “receadd,” shingles are “shingles,” kidney is “kitten.” And of course veal is “veal,” survey is “survey,” and vinegar is “sunny.” Expressions are Dutchified too—splitting kindling is “making wood line.”

The names of the persons with whom he had dealings were the following: Weinhold, Lornah, Keiper, Lied, Leisy, Conrath (he often spells it Connrat). Hinkle, Swigfried, Andes, Wolf (skill), Rozer, Shunk, Hower, Utzer, Hacket, Hildenbeidette, Musser, Ruth, Roth, Bachtel, Fredrick, Eberly, Zinn, Brubaker, and Wise. Samples of the full names given—all of these deserve serious study from a folk-cultural standpoint—are: Moses Weinhold, Joes (Johnes) Fredrick, and Cassandra Eberly. A final personal note, on the inside back cover of the ledger, tells us that “Old Samuel Reams Soninlaw Name is Andrew Cornelious Lewisburg Union County Pa.”—EDITOR.

[1] GREASE FOR HARNESS [1817]
to one quart of oil 1/4 pound tallow 3 Cents worth Rousin 3 cents Worth Bees Wax.

[2] FOR BOILING SOAP
for 10 pound Soda ash 3 pound unslacked Lame 1 Bucked full Water then Boil About 5 minutes then put it out in a tub and Let Settle Down then Dip the sic it off in a tub then put one Bucket full hot Rain Water on the Lime again then for 15 pound fat take the half of the Lye.

[3] GREASE FOR SHEKES
1 quart of fishoil
11/4 pound of indiarumper
then Cookept [cook it] till all melt Up 1/2 pound Bees Wax 1/2 pound tallow of a Sheep kidney tallow 3 cents Wertz Lamb [lamp] Black then one pint Oil

[4] RECEAD FOR DOPING HORSES
2 Gallons of Chamline
1 Gallon Rye Liggor
1/2 pound Poatal
1 pound Laniagreke [Lenugreelk]
1/2 Do Antimony
3 tea Spons tinkeure of Spanish fly
10 drops Dragon Blood
Dose A Large table Spoon full Every Meal till a horse is in good base then 1/2 Spoon full
For “dragon’s blood” (Drachenblut) and “Spanish fly” (cantharides), see “The Newspaper and Folklife Studies,” Pennsylvania Folklife, Vol. XV No. 3 (Spring 1966), Note 11.

[5] FOR SOAR EYES
3 oz of the Soaking Skypealam [Slippery Elm] bark and in it Cold Spring water 2 oz of honey 1 oz of Sweet Jill About the Size of a Small Bean of Sugar led mix it and put it on twist a Day

[6] FOR STRAINS
take the Yoke of 6 Eggs 1/2 lb of fresh Bater 1/4 quarter of Gun powder 1 oz of Spike oil 1 oz of Stone oil 1 oz of terpentine 1 oz Horse mint oil mix well and Supply twice a Day

[7] FOR CHOLIC
One oz horse Cash [horse castia] in pint of Bollin water and half pint Rye whiskey Meld the Horse third bor [?] Simpsons hot Ears

[8] FOR SPAVON
Take 2 oz iodine ointment 1 oz turkey of iodine ointment put on twice per Day until Cure

[9] FOR SCRATHES
Take one quart of Winager one gil pulverize Coppeiras mix well together and wash 2 times a Day

[10] RECEIVE FOR WASH
Soak your Cloath over night and Rub A Little Soap on Collar & Rist put a pint of Soap to 1 gallon of Boiling Water 3 oz of Fresh White Lime 1/4 lb Wash Soda mix all well together night before Washing take 10 gallons of Water in a Kettle Strain in the Above mixture be carfulull have Setting taken out Soak Clothes Bollt 1/2 hour Sufficient for Large Wash

one pound Sipprellum [Slippery Elm] Bark one Do Peach Bark one Do Wild Cherry Bark
Boil in one gallon of Water in Copper or Brass Kettle Boil down in one half then Strain it put in Kettle then one pint of Yanky Rum one pound Loal Sugar When mixed put in Earthen Crock take a half [-] 3 times A Day

[12] A CURE FOR SOAR EYES AT HORSES
Take one oz of Sugardl and one oz of White Fettlegole and Put it in one quart of fresh Well Water and then Wash the Horse over the lobe fore head and over the Eyes and a Little in the Eyes 3 Times A Day

[13] SALUTE FOR SOAR
one Do dozen of Eggs one 0z. Stewart oil one oz Kassomwinc oil

[14] CURE FOR STRAINING
one quart Agaodoll 2 oz Siammon 2 oz Nails
Recipe Pages from Ream Account Book, 1846-1876. The book itself measures 6½ by 15½ inches and was used for farm and domestic accounts.

2 oz Camphire
3 Cents Werth Saving Soap
and 3 heads Red Pepper
Pud in a Bottle for 3 Days

[15] A CURE FOR PURIFY HORES BLOOD
Take one hand full Sassafras Root
Do Do Do Sassafrill [Sarsaparilla] Root
Do Do Do Half Horse Root
Do Do Do Broad tock [Dock] Root
Do Do Do Love Berries Root
Do Do Do Mauit or gumberry Root
Do Do Do Black Snake Root
Put it in 6 quarts of Water and Boil it till it only 3
quarts then give the Horse 2 pint a Day on his feed

[16] HORSE POWDER
Emethion 2 oz Fenagrum 5 oz
Ondemonium 3 oz Saltpeater 4 oz
Winestone 3 oz Roussim 3 oz
Brimstone 3 oz
Assahtaty A Shilling Werth
Cuprise [Copperas] 4 oz

[17] CURE FOR COLARA AND STOMMACH
COUT
one gil Brandy

15 grain Sugarlet [sugar lead]
15 grain opium
15 grain Assahtaty
15 grain Camphire
one Tea Spoon full Red Pepper
one Tea Spoon full for A toot Evry
15 minuit if pains are not to[o] Big.

[18] MUSSELMANS PLASTER
Half Pint Sweetoil
3 Cent Werth Redled
3 Cent Do Camphire
then Boiled [boil it] til it Stick fast

[19] GREASE FOR THE SWINNY
1 pound unsalleted Butter
1 pint Rain or fish warms
then Boiled [boil it] tell the Warms are getting hard
and sit it it gets a Little Cooly one gill of Wisky
then Stoo it Around till Cold [one handfull Rye grain
added in pencil].

[20] DROWING PLASTER FOR BOILS OR
ANYTHING THAT SOAR
Take hard Soap and Brown Sugar and Chock from all
Equal Quanity an[d] mixed Very Good.
Charles Lesueur (1778-1846) was one of many European naturalists who left a graphic record of early American life. Born at LeHavre, France, January 1, 1778, he was sent by Napoleon in 1800 on a scientific expedition to Australia. Here he met William Maclure, the Scottish geologist who later founded the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, and came with him to America in 1815.

From 1816-1825 Lesueur lived in and around Philadelphia, teaching painting and drawing at various of the girl’s schools—"female seminaries," they were called then—corresponding with scientists in this country and abroad, and occasionally traveling. In 1819-1822 he spent part time as mapmaker with the United States and Canadian Boundary Commission.

Though Maclure, Lesueur became involved in Owen’s New Harmony settlement in Indiana, where he spent the years 1825-1837, teaching in Owen’s school, and occasionally making sketching tours through the Mississippi Valley. In 1837 he returned to France, first to LeHavre and then teach-

German Lutheran Church at Potts Grove, now Pottstown, Pennsylvania. This church was in the Georgian style in which most churches were built in Pennsylvania in this period. The bell tower was a rarity on such structures at this date (1825).
ing in Paris until 1845 when he was chosen the first director of the new Museum of Natural History at LeHavre. He died in that city, his birthplace, December 12, 1846, aged 68.

Lesueur made several sketching tours through Pennsylvania. One, in 1816, took him from Baltimore to Mercersburg, across the Alleghenies to Pittsburgh, Erie and Buffalo, thence back through New York and New England, and again through New York to Bethlehem and Philadelphia. In August and September, 1825, he made the sketches reproduced in our album, on a trip to Mauch Chunk, the Lehigh Water Gap, the Delaware Water Gap, and the Blue Mountain area.

His sketches made on that tour, especially his drawings of scenes in the Delaware and Schuylkill Valleys and the Blue Mountain villages beyond Reading into Lebanon County, form one of our most valuable visual records of what Eastern Pennsylvania—essentially the “Dutch Country”—looked like in the first quarter of the 19th Century. With the help of the French naturalist’s pen, we see churches, villages, court-houses, farmhouses, taverns, markethouses, and barns. With the exception of a few of the public buildings, we get an overwhelming impression of log architecture—most of the villages recorded were of log houses. We get details also of smaller buildings and other aspects of early American material culture—bake ovens, tavern signs, fences, farm wagons.

The originals of the Lesueur Collection are in the museum at LeHavre. They were discovered and called to the attention of American scholars by Dr. Waldo G. Leland, in his article on the subject in the Mississippi Valley Historical Review, June 1923. R. W. G. Vail published a relatively complete index of the drawings in his lengthy article, “The American Sketchbooks of a French Naturalist 1816-1837: A Description of the Charles Alexandre Lesueur Collection, with a Brief Account of the Artist,” Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, N.S. Vol. 48 (April-October 1938), Worcester, Massachusetts, 1939, 49-155. It is to Dr. Vail’s catalogue that we are indebted for the description of the pictures. The drawings themselves are reproduced with the kind permission of the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia, which had the entire sketchbook collection microfilmed.

For Lesueur’s biography, see, in addition to the above articles, Popular Science Monthly, February 1895, pp. 547-550: and the Dictionary of American Biography, XI, 190-191.—EDITOR.

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Scene labeled "10 miles below Potts Grove," August 25, 1825. Note Pennsylvania forebarn, center, and wagon shed or blacksmith shop, right.
Reading Courthouse and Market Sheds, August 25, 1825. Note two-story courthouse with cupola. Farmers' markets were essential parts of rural and urban economy. The artist evidently was sitting in front of the Reading Hotel, whose tavern shield appears at the top of the picture.

Some miles beyond Reading the artist sketches "Stouch town," now Stouchsburg, in the Tulpehocken Valley. Much of the town's architecture seems to be of log construction. Date: August 26, 1825.
Lebanon Courthouse, Lebanon, county seat of Lebanon County, laid out in 1813, boasted a classical courthouse and some fine Georgian architecture. Note store awning or porch and rooster weathervane at left, tavern sign at right. Date: August 26, 1825.

Unidentified house and log barn in mountain clearing, with fencing in foreground and mountains in the distance. August 28, 1825.
Unidentified sketch of what appears to be a combined house-barn in the Blue Mountains of the Pennsylvania Dutch Country. This type of combined dwelling and barn was common in continental Europe, almost nonexistent in America. This is the only known picture of this type of structure in Pennsylvania. The dwelling section appears to be at the left, the stables at the right, with threshing floor in the center, behind the large central door. For additional facts on this matter, see "Penn-Folklife", Vol. IX No. 3 (Summer 1958).

Rough sketch of the interior of the above house-barn. From the window high up in the gable end, we are apparently viewing the loft or second story of the dwelling section, with chests, beds, and a spinning wheel or circular flax-break under window.
Unidentified outdoor bake-oven, with temporary plank roof and rounded hood. It probably belongs to the house-barn pictured at left.

Pottsville, which Lesueur calls "Potts town," was busy with mining and milling, but gives a decidedly backwoods impression. Note log mill with waterwheel at left, group of mine buildings (center) near mine entrance in side of mountain, and log houses and rail fencing (right). Dated September 1, 1825.
On September 2, 1825, Lesueur sketched Kepner's Inn, with tavern sign, porch, sheds beyond, and assorted wagons, including covered wagon at right.

Nazareth College in the Moravian town of Nazareth, Northampton County, Pennsylvania. The central building was built supposedly as Count Zinzendorf's "palace" in the 1750's, and later used as a school. Date: September 4, 1825.
Resort Hotel at Schooley's Mountain in New Jersey. This impressive four-story building is evidence of the development of tourism and recreational travel among the more well-to-do classes of the Delaware Valley. Sketch dated September 12, 1825.

Unidentified Tavern, labeled "After Meridith Inn." Pictured is a two-story tavern with what appears to be a swan on the shield. Note chimneys, long shed-type roof on tavern wing, and wagon-shed at left. Sketch dated September 14, 1825.
The woodshed has played an important role in the heritage of America. To those who were reared in a rural economy the woodshed calls up innumerable memories of sweat and toil, fear and anguish, comfort and satisfaction. In the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect the woodshed is referred to as a "hol’s-beisel" or "hol’s-schopp.

In use it ranked high among the many other outbuildings on the early homestead and farm, and found many other uses in addition to the storage of firewood.

Wood has been used as a fuel from the time of civilized man and was a basic part of the farm economy until the introduction and adoption of coal, oil, and electricity. Not all the firewood to be used for fuel was stored in the woodshed. Frequently a larger supply was found on the outside carefully stacked or thrown at random on a large pile. To insure an ample supply of dry wood for cooking, baking or heating during inclement weather, since wet or damp wood does not burn or heat well, some of the firewood was stored in the woodshed. Many times the various kinds of wood were stacked in separate areas; some to be used for heating, others for cooking and baking. The firewood which was on the pile or carefully stacked on the outside was used during periods of dry weather.

Size and structure of the woodshed varied considerably. The dimensions were determined by the amount of firewood required and stored. Some were very small, others unusually large. Most of the woodsheds were simple one-story frame structures cheaply built with tin or shingled roofs. Many had no windows, only doorways for entrance. Numerous buildings originally constructed for other uses and more durably built were in later years used for storage of firewood. Many of these are stone or brick two-story units with tile or slate roofs.

Dan Nattzinger, Belle Grove, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, is using a section of an ice house for the storage of firewood. He has several years’ supply on hand and uses or sells it as the need arises.

The woodshed on many farms and homesteads was not a separate building but attached to or formed a part of another structure. Convenience and nearness to where the firewood was to be consumed largely determined the location of the building. Many farms had several small sheds, some temporarily erected in the area of need. Gordon Rehrig, Schnecksville, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, told of a woodshed attached to the summerhouse on the family farm near Slatington. Another informant told of a woodshed attached to the smokehouse; the smokehouse was in turn attached to the summerhouse, and the summerhouse was attached to the dwelling-house on the farm on which she grew up.

The woodshed floor was usually covered with sawdust, bark, bits of wood splinters and other debris. The shed had a pungent, satisfying fragrance of its own from all the wood which it housed.

By AMOS LONG, JR.

Temporary woodshed on farmstead of Oscar Brown, Bethel R.D. 1, Berks County, Pennsylvania. Note circular saw stand and firewood. (1964)

It was a custom among rural families to have an ample supply of firewood available for cooking and baking at all times and for heating before the arrival of cold weather. A responsible farmer made sure of his firewood supply. A wood-burning kitchen stove and parlor heater consumed many cords between early autumn and late spring. A family which did not make necessary preparation in this respect before cold weather approached was looked down upon as being extremely careless. There were many families who depended entirely on wood for fuel; consequently large amounts of timber had to be brought home from surrounding forests and fields to supply their needs. Very few coal were bought or used during earlier years among these families.

Felling the trees, sawing them into logs and transporting them home was usually done by the farmer and his sons and was reserved for the late fall or early winter months when other farm chores demanded less time. When the growth of underbrush was not as heavy, when the ground was frozen, and before the snow was too deep. During earlier years the timber was dragged by oxen, horses or mules and piled in the woodlot, in the barnyard, or where it was to be sawed. Fre-

Contemporary photographs
by Amos Long, Jr.

frequently the timber was loaded on a cart or wagon and hauled to its destination.

Practically all kinds of trees were used for firewood but chestnut (*beschde*), oak (*eiche*), ash (*eih*), locust (*lobas*), maple (*milde*), and beech (*boocha*), were preferred. Usually some birch (*barka*) was cut for a quick hot fire during the summer months. Birch wood was considered best for baking.

During the early part of the present century the dead chestnut trees which had earlier been killed by a blight were most sought after and the first to be removed. Chestnut wood involved less work and like birch it provided an excellent fuel for cooking and baking during the hot summer months. Chestnut wood is not as heavy or solid and for cooking and baking the fuel did not require the lasting quality that winter fuel had. Oak trees were similarly preferred for heating during the cold winter months because the wood is hard, it produces a more constant and intense heat and does not burn as quickly.

A large number of the farms had a woodlot which supplied the farmer with most of his heavy timber and boards for building purposes and wood for fuel. Woodland was an important factor when buying or selling a farm. The amount of woodland included in the acreage was a frequent inquiry of an interested buyer. Many of the farms did not have the woodlot located on or adjacent to the farm but had several acres of mountain land which assured the farmer an ample wood supply. During the past century when barns were sold the seller frequently reserved the right to allow him or his heirs the privilege to obtain timber from the woodlot. Nor was it uncommon for owners of timber land to allow those who had none of their own to cut out the dead and worthless timber for firewood.

The author recalls when his grandfather and father owned a number of acres of woodland along the Swatara Creek in Lebanon County which provided lumber and fuel. Many times during the late fall or early winter months he with other members of the family chopped, sawed, dragged, and transported timber from this area to the barnyard where it was later cut to the proper length for firewood.

The Pennsylvania Dutch tradition of economy was also practiced in the sawing of timber. The best trees or any timber that could be used for lumber were not cut into firewood. When the trunk of the tree was to be used for planks or boards, it was measured and sawed into the lengths desired. Frequently a ten-foot pole, scaled in feet and known in the dialect as a *richtscheit*, was used for this purpose. As the sawing of the logs progressed they many times jammed and a wedge (*keidel*) was used to spread the cut. The branches, the smaller crowded trees and otherwise poor, guarmed specimens not suitable for lumber were used for fuel. The small limbs (*briggelhol*) were gathered by many folks and used for starting fire in the wood-stove or to get a better fire when it was not burning well.

In addition to the other sources of timber, all kinds of wood around the farm were salvaged for burning. Limbs which were broken from trees as a result of storms, old fence rails and boards were saved and thrown on the wood pile and later cut to size for firewood. The smaller pieces of scrap wood, especially wooden shingles when available, were also used for starting fire or for building it up if it was not burning well. Usually finding enough scraps of wood around the farm buildings was not too much of a problem but as the spring approached and the wood pile shrank in size more time and effort were required to gather the necessary kindling.

Not only were the mature and crowded trees cut out of wood lots and mountain land but trees in fields, along fence rows and line fences which had blown over. As the farmer made better utilization of land with the removal of fences, many trees were cut down because they interfered with cultivation. The roots of the trees deprived the crops of nourishment in the soil, the shadows stunted crop growth and the branches often hindered the use of larger farm
equipment. Old, poor bearing fruit trees, particularly apple since most farms had an apple orchard, were also among those hewn down.

The author recalls helping to fell large numbers of trees, especially old locust trees, along roadways and fence rows. The trunks of the best trees were retained for fence posts and the rest of the tree was used for firewood.

During earlier years, before the days of trucks and pneumatic tires, many farmers had only one wagon, known as a ladder wagon (feedbackwagg), which was used for haymaking and harvesting. In order to convert the wagon to haul timber, the ladders which were attached to each side of the wagon were removed. To disassemble the wagon the bolster pin (schemel nagel), which held the bolster (schemel), the connecting pole (langhuid) and the axles together, had to be removed. This pin allowed the front and rear set of wheels to be separated. The bolster is the V-shaped timbers placed over the axles of the wagon to support the ladders. The connecting pole is the long timber which joins the front set of wheels with the rear set. The front and rear set of wheels are referred to as es binnen and feedbackwagg. Another pin in the rear axle joined the connecting pole and the rear axle. After the front and rear pins are removed the harvesting wagon is completely disassembled.

The logging wagon was assembled by placing two bolster with vertical sides placed one on each axle. Some farmers used a high bolster which allowed the timber to be rolled over the wheels on to the wagon. Another shorter coupling pole, usually made from white oak timber was used on connect the front and rear set of wheels and the bolster pin inserted through the bolster, shorter coupling pole and axle. The wagon was usually converted a day or several days before it was going to be used in order to get an early start into the woodlot.

The required tools for felling the trees and cutting them to size were also gathered together at the same time and placed on the wagon so as not to be forgotten. Among the tools taken were one or more axes (axe), saws (saw), wedges (keidel), cant hooks (wenning), chains (schlaif und radel kette—the radel kett was heavier than the schlaif kett), and a rule (richtscheit).

The axe was an important tool to the pioneer farmer. His sons learned early in life how to handle an axe, how to keep it sharp and ready for use. It consists of a bit or blade, an eye, the poll or face, which is the iron that has been thickened or squared to make a pounding surface opposite the blade, and a handle or which is inserted through the eye.

Early axes differed considerably in appearance and construction from those of today, many of them having had no flat head and a long straight handle. The axes during earlier years were made by the local blacksmith by forging two iron blocks over a handle pattern to form an eye and inserting a steel blade into a split on the hammered bit edge. A number of axes were still being made by local blacksmiths until World War I or about 1929. Axes have continued to change in size, shape and quality until the development of the poll and double bit axe and the curved handle.

If the farmer was fortunate enough to have two axes, one was ground thinner than the other to give it a keen sharp edge. With the introduction of the double-bitted axe, it could be kept sharp twice as long. One blade was kept extremely sharp for felling, the other less so for lopping knots. The handle on this axe had to be straight as on the older types. The handles were usually made from hickory or white oak. Curved handles as we are familiar with them today originated sometime between 1840 and the period following the Civil War.

Even though most of the pioneers and farmers axe-felled the trees, the cross-cut saw soon became an important tool on the farm and in the forest woodlot. The one-man cross-cut saw was used by taking hold of the vertical handle attached to one end of the saw to fell trees and cross-cut logs. Another cross-cut saw which could be used by two men had a vertical handle attached at each end and was used for the same purpose.

Like the early axes, many of the saws were forged by local blacksmiths. Characteristic of these saws were the wide-spaced, unraked teeth with rough rounded intervals so that the saw cut both on the forward and backward strokes. With the horizontal two-man saw, when both sawers are expected to do equal work, the teeth are cut at right angles, and not raked. They are spaced extra wide to help prevent the clogging of sawdust when sawing heavy timber. Most saws have the teeth cut at acute angles and raked away from the handle, consequently cutting on the thrust but not on the pull of the one doing the sawing.

The cant hook was used to help roll the logs up on the wagon or to attach the chain to drag the timber. The tool consists of a spurred iron hook loosely hinged on a wooden handle. The hook, usually adjustable, is mounted with iron pins through mortised holes in the handle to form jaws which can be enlarged by extending the spur. The cant hook can be used to roll the log away by a push of the handle if the spur is pointed toward the worker or the log can be rolled toward him with the pull of the handle when the spur points away.

In many instances a drag shackle, a short chain which when its spurs are driven into opposite sides of the log end, was
used to drag the logs to the place desired with the use of oxen, horses or mules. The harder the pull on the shackle the tighter the grasp. The drag shackle was used extensively by the pioneer farmer of the 18th Century to drag timber while clearing his land.

After the tree was felled, its branches cut off and sawed into logs, they were rolled with cant hooks or chain dragged. A heavy chain was fastened to the whipple tree (schildseil), which was fastened to the trace chains (halb-schlewing) of the harness (geharnisch). In this way the timber was dragged with horses to where it was to be sawed or to the wagon so that it could be loaded with less effort.

Two poles called skids which measured from ten to twelve feet long, generally hewn flat at the thin end, were laid at right angles to the wagon on the wheels. Some informants told of placing them between the spokes. The other end of the poles rested on the ground on the side on which the timber was to be loaded. A log chain was then attached to the bolster, wrapped through the wheel spokes, over the wheel top and skid, through the wheel again and firmly fastened in place. The other chains were then looped under and hooked over the log. The horses were stood on the opposite side of the wagon, harnessed to the middle of the loop with a third chain to pull the timber up the skids over the wheel tops and on the wagon ready for a slow journey. During the loading operation the vertical axle posts which had been removed from their sockets were replaced after which the horses were reharnessed to the pole.

If the heavy timber was to be transported long distances over snow-covered fields and roads, a heavy, large wooden sled may have been used. The sled was pulled by oxen or horses which were harnessed to the runners. Luther Kleinfelter, R. D. 1, Annville, told of using a sled to transport wood over marshy areas.

The size of the timber determined how much could be loaded. It was also important that the load was properly fastened before driving away. In order to do this, one of the heavier chains which measured from ten to fifteen feet long with an open hook at one end and a large ring at the other was wrapped around the coupling pole or other framework of the wagon and then placed loosely and caught with the chain hooks over the loaded timber as taut as possible near each end of the wagon. The end of a green hickory sapling, six or more feet long, called a boom or boom-pole (radel), was inserted between the logs and chain, parallel to the wagon tongue. The other end of the pole was brought in a semi-circle toward the rear of the wagon to tighten the chain. After the chain was tightened securely around the timber, another lighter chain was looped over the boom-pole by slipping the boom chain hooks through the boom chain rings, drawn tight and fastened around the coupling pole which secured the boom-pole to position and the timber to the wagon.

One informant told of cutting four forked saplings. The fork of the sapling was inserted over the coupling pole of the wagon, two at each end and arranged so as to form a V. The logs were loaded in the area between the saplings. He related that no timber fell from the wagon during transportation if it was loaded in this way.

The timber could be unloaded easily after it arrived at its destination. One or two men with cant hooks could roll the logs easily over the wheels without the slightest injury to the wagon.

If the logs were taken to the sawmill to be sawed into planks or boards, the slabs of wood (schaumande), the outer portion of the log, supplied large amounts of firewood. Frequently none or only a portion of the trimmings were claimed by the owner of the timber or the saw-miller and could be purchased for little cost. Many times it was free for hauling it away. Much of this slab wood found its way into the barnyard or backyard woodshed. The slabs of wood were then sawed and split into lengths for use in the wood stove. The thinner pieces provided ideal fuel for summer cooking and baking from the rapid and intense heat they provided.

If the sawmill was operated by steam, the trimmings frequently became the property of the operator and were used as fuel for operating the boiler. If water power was used, the slabs could be claimed by the owner of the timber for burning or they were sold or given away by the mill owner. Some times the slabs were saved into stove length at the mill at a very small cost.
During the fall months, the wood which had been cut during the previous year was brought in from the fields and forest if it had not been brought in earlier and stacked in the backyard or barnyard to be saved and split into stove length (ofia lang). Wood which was allowed to dry throughout the spring and summer months provided a better fuel than that which was cut to size and burned without a drying period. In addition the housewife did not want the heavy clouds of dark smoke in her kitchen or rising from the chimney which resulted from sappy wood.

During earlier years most of the sawing was done manually. The pieces to be saved were placed on a sawbuck (holubuk, saebuk), and cut to the desired length. With a sharp saw having well set teeth, bucking wood wasn’t too difficult a task. It did get monotonous but the task was frequently interrupted by a visit to the kitchen where one’s strength could be renewed in the form of a piece of pie or cake or cookies and a glass of milk.

In some instances a gasoline engine was used to saw the wood. One informant recalled a neighbor who did custom sawing with a steam-driven engine when he was a youth on his father’s farm. He knew when the steam engine outfit was brought into the barnyard that a day of hard work lay ahead, and that after the timber had been saved into stove length some of his work for the future lay in the wood pile until it had been split and piled in the woodshed. Another informant told of running a circular saw off the back wheel of an old truck his father had. Although it was not the most practical method, he related, it did save time and was a good substitute for a lot of hard work. How many readers can recall the screams of the whirling saw teeth echoing through the valley as they cut through the tough knots? Many will also recall using a two-man crosscut saw when sawing heavy timber into stove length and sharing the task with another member of the family.

The buck-saw, referred to as a woodcutter’s saw, was most frequently used to crosscut firewood. The saw has a thin flexible blade supported by an arched frame and is kept rigid by means of a rope or wire twisted between its side arms and attached to a piece of wood which serves as a central brace. The teeth of the buck saw are spaced wider and set wider to remove the sawdust from the cut to allow for faster and easier cutting.

After the timber was placed on the sawbuck, the saw is held on the long frame side with the left hand on the upper portion and the right hand on the lower extension with a backward and forward motion until the cut is complete. The frames for the early buck-saws were constructed by the farmer, the village carpenter or wheelwright, while most of the later ones were factory-made. The blades were made by the local blacksmith or forge and kept sharpened by the owner. The saw blade of the early pioneer farmer and woodman was kept from rusting by greasing it with a piece of hog fat, later oil, and the saw was usually kept hanging on a nail in the woodshed. Although the buck-saw has many limitations, it was widely used.

The sawbuck or sawhorse consists of two pieces of timber, usually two inches by four inches, mortised together to form a diagonal cross. Two of the diagonal crosses are pegged together in the center by a longitudinal crossbar to form a double crocket. It is upon this double crocket that the timber is placed. The one doing the sawing held the timber in place with his one hand or he rested his knee or foot on the wood to hold it more firmly. With the buck-saw he sawed off a piece the proper size either outside or inside the crocket.

Much of the wood, after it had been saved into stove lengths, was chopped into sections during the cold winter months when there were fewer chores to be attended to around the farm. Frequently the larger pieces were thrown on a pile in a corner of the woodshed until a rainy day when they were split and piled neatly within a part of the woodshed left for this purpose.

Those who had the task of sawing and chopping the wood had an opportunity to warm themselves several times while cutting the wood to size and again when it was being burned. The task of sawing the wood to size and splitting it into sections was usually the responsibility of the father, the older boys, or the hired man. To split the heavy pieces that would not fit into the stove, a single or double-bitted axe and a chopping block (hock glatz) were used.

The question arises as to which was the best way to split the wood, whether to lay the chopping block on its side and lay the piece of wood on the chopping block, stand the wood to be chopped on end on either side of the chopping block, or to place the chopping block vertically on end and stand the piece of wood to be split on top of the block.
How many readers recall the vagrant knocking on the kitchen door and being offered a meal for chopping a supply of firewood?

One had to always be aware of the dangers of mishandling an axe. There are probably many readers who have been the recipient of or a witness to injuries caused from the misuse of the axe or saw, some of them very serious. An elderly informant told of being treated with a home-made preparation known in the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect as dramm blauma for a deep gash in his foot after he missed the piece of wood he was trying to split.

Dramm blauma is made by placing the petals of the August lily in a bottle or jar, covering them with whiskey and allowing them to soak for several days or weeks, the longer the better. Several petals, or a cloth soaked with the preparation, were placed over the injury and bandaged to help stop the bleeding and keep the wound from becoming infected.

Mrs. Eva Wolfe, aged 71, who resides in South Lebanon Township, told of preparing a similar mixture except that olive oil was used instead of whiskey. The bottle with its contents was then hung by a string on the washline in the sun for a similar period of time. Preparations such as these were commonly used by most families in rural areas of the Dutch Country for many types of injuries and ailments since one seldom got to see a doctor.

After the wood was chopped, the younger children of the family were usually responsible for stacking the wood within or outside the woodshed. They were instructed or learned by experience that the front of the tier had to be kept higher than the back in stacking the wood so the tiers would not fall.

The sawdust on the pile which accumulated from sawing the wood also found many uses. Much of it was used as bedding for the farm animals. Some was used in the smokehouse to cover over the wood and fire to cause smoldering and smoke. Sawdust was used in the icoche between and around the layers of ice stored within. It was also used for the storage of vegetables, particularly sweet potatoes. When additional sawdust was needed, it could be obtained free from a local sawmill for merely taking it away.

There are few persons who have lived on the farm or in a village in years gone by who have not in some way had some experience and responsibility in handling firewood. When the woodshed was not close at hand, it became the task of the children of the family to keep an ample wood supply on hand at the house where it was usually kept in a woodbin or chest (holskisch) located in the kitchen, back porch, or summerhouse, or the wood was stacked on the back porch.

Carrying the wood may have been the responsibility of one child or it may have been a cooperative affair. Even small children assisted by carrying a few pieces while an older brother or sister proceeded with the chore. Two children may have shared the task by filling a large two-handled basket (hols kareb), and carrying it, one on each side, to the house. Sometimes a wheelbarrow or small wagon was used requiring less effort. If any of the older folks passed the woodshed or wood pile on their way to the house, they usually took an armful of wood along. It was the feeling of older people among the Pennsylvania Dutch that one should not walk idle when he could make himself useful.

One informant recalled carrying wood daily as a youth for the kitchen range which was used for heating and cooking. On washdays he had to carry firewood, start and keep the fire beneath the large iron kettle, filled with water, which hung in the fireplace located in the summerhouse and on days when his mother baked he had to carry the firewood,
Large stone structure used as woodshed located on Kauffman farmstead near Pleasantville in the Oley Valley of Berks County. (1962)

Typical sawmill, with pile of slab firewood in foreground. Located in western Berks County (1964)
start and keep the fire in the bakeoven, to bake the week's supply of bread and pies.

Even though carrying wood may have been looked upon with dislike by the younger folk, very seldom was the woodchest found without an ample supply of firewood during all seasons of the year because the children knew the consequences if it wasn't.

The woodchest when located in the kitchen stood beside the table and provided seating space at meal time, or behind the kitchen stove where it provided an ideal place to recline and rest for a short while when time permitted. Those who have had the opportunity to nap awhile on the woodchest will not forget the satisfaction derived particularly during or after a hard day's work. The woodchest served as a place to rest the wash-basins, containing water, which were used by the farmer and his family to wash hands and faces in preparation for mealtime. The wash-basins, shoes and rubbers were often stored inside the chest, or beneath it if the chest had legs. From time to time the woodchest had to be cleaned out because of wood debris and the numerous bugs and worms of various kinds which accumulated from the dampness in the decayed wood.

Another chore for the children was to keep one or more baskets filled with wood chips and bark which were gathered from or near the supply of firewood. The chip baskets (Schuppe Eiche) were kept in the dry to start fire or draw it up more rapidly when it was burning poorly. Corn cobs and wooden shingles which had been removed from a roof were also a good source of kindling. The writer recalls breaking many old shingles over his knee as a youth in preparing kindling.

Many farm families had only one stove. Some were fortunate enough to own two. Then one was placed in the big kitchen and another in the summerhouse. Even though there was generally an ample supply of firewood and kindling available, economy was always practiced. Usually a fire was kept only in the kitchen stove and in most households the fire was not kept over night so it was important to have a basket of kindling ready to start the fire early the next morning. Fire was kept in the parlor heater only over weekends and then only if company was coming. Heat was also conserved by arranging a schedule for cooking and baking. The heat of the bakeoven was used for drying fruits or vegetables after the bread, pies and cakes were removed.

Those portions of wood which could not be split because of knots were sometimes used in the parlor stove. Still larger pieces were saved for use in the smokehouse when the family supply of meats were being smoked. The large knotty pieces burned slowly and were best suited for this purpose. Firewood was used in the small chunk stove to supply heat in the dryhouse which was used for drying foods on some farms and for use beneath the heavy iron butterkettles to cook out the lard and certain portions of meat during the butchering season. The cuts used for minute meat and bones containing meat which is used in making puddings were similarly cooked.

A number of informants told of other uses made of their woodshed. Fred Foster, Bethlehem, told of a cider press that was housed in their woodshed located behind the house. He recalled making cider within its enclosure for a period of many years. S. J. Suter, Manheim, told of burying apples, enclosed in hemlock leaves for later use, in the woodshed. He told of piling wood over the top of the area and then as the wood was consumed they could gain access to the apples during the late winter and early spring months. He stated the apples kept extremely well with very little spoilage when stored in this way.

One informant told of hulling walnuts (Juglans) by running them through a corn sheller which was housed in the woodshed. Another told of hulling them in the woodshed with a wooden mallet. After the outer shell was crushed and he picked out the walnuts, they were stored in an area of the woodshed to dry. In addition to walnuts, butternuts (Juglans), Hickory nuts (Carya) and chestnuts (Castanea) were similarly stored to dry for protection from squirrels when the woodshed could be closed tightly. The second floor of a building used as a woodshed provided an ideal place for such storage.

During later years as the farm timber supply diminished and coal began to supplement wood as fuel, several tons of coal were stored in the woodshed for convenience or lack of cellar space.

Many readers will recall other uses for which the woodshed and its environs served. How many recall being taken into or behind the woodshed as a youth for a spanking you may or may not have deserved? A common expression for a Pennsylvania Dutch father to make to his son was, "Wen du nicht net behaelde gehen mir sous im hobs schopp" (If you don't behave yourself we are going out in the woodshed.).

There are still some farm families who depend primarily on wood as a source of fuel for heating, cooking and baking. Gasoline engines, electric motors and other time-saving devices do a major part of the work requiring much less human effort than in earlier years. With the use of a power saw and truck, the trees can be felled quickly and gotten out of the wooded area easily. Two men with a power saw can fell enough trees and cut them into lengths convenient for handling for one season in several days. After the wood is brought home on a truck, two men can cut it into stove length in a short period of time with a gasoline engine and a large circular saw. One of the men places the timber on the movable table of the saw and the other, standing to the side of the saw, removes the sawed piece of wood and throws it on a pile nearby. When there are additional helpers one gets the timber from the pile and hands it to the man at the saw and still another stacks the wood in tiers as it is taken from the pile on which it was thrown.

Until the turn of the century, telling trees, sawing and splitting timber into firewood was a major chore and the wood pile and woodshed held a significant place on the farmstead and in the village backyard. Although most of us would not want to return to the days of woodburning stoves and heaters, one becomes convinced when reminiscing back over the era, that it might be good experience for all boys to have a chance working in the woodlot and bucking wood. In most instances, the axe, the crosscut saw and buck saw that once kept youth occupied and warm on cold winter days are now hanging somewhere on a nail or stored safely in a corner.

Cooking and baking today in rural homes are most frequently done with the use of oil, gasoline or electricity, although there are some among the older women who claim they can still bake better pies and cakes in a wood-burning oven. Only occasionally do we hear the crash of mighty trees, the shouts of the farmer and woodsman and the final song of the axe and saw. Nor do many of us have the opportunity to look over a well-filled woodshed and get the comfortable feeling of security and stability which the farmer and villager had in years gone by.
NOTES and DOCUMENTS

Articles on the Amish from the “Reformirte Kirchenzeitung” (1860)

Translated and Edited by DON YODER

With the widespread interest today in the Amish, who are being studied from every possible standpoint—by anthropologists, sociologists, and medical historians, as well as folklorists scholars—it becomes of interest to see what was known about this religious sect a century ago. On March 1, 1860, the Editor of the Reformirte Kirchenzeitung, a German church paper published at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, for the denomination then known as the German Reformed Church in the United States—now part of the United Church of Christ—published on his front page a short article entitled “Amish Communio” (Amische Gemeinschaft). This was based partially, it seems, on the Shem Zook article on the Amish which had appeared in I. D. Rupp’s History of Religious Denominations (Philadelphia, 1844).*

In the following issue, March 15, 1860, a correspondent named G. F. Launer, from Olney, Richland County, Illinois, contributed a longer sketch—full of errors to be sure (cf. the curious theory as to the origin of the name “Amish”), but based evidently on some personal acquaintance with Amish life either in Pennsylvania or the Midwest. Also unusual is the correspondent’s awareness of Mennonite settlements in the French-speaking parts of Switzerland, and his ascription of the Swiss barns (Schweizer Scheuern) to Pennsylvania’s Mennonite and Amish contingent.

A complete file of the Kirchenzeitung is on file in the Historical Society of the Evangelical and Reformed Church, Fackenthal Library, Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

[1] AMISH COMMUNIO

This Mennonite communion is not so generally known as many other newer sects. The largest settlement of them that is known to us is found in the rich and charming Kishacoquillas Valley in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, where they have achieved great prosperity as farming people. They are called “Amish” after Jacob Amen from the Amenthal in Switzerland, who was a powerful Mennonite preacher in the 17th Century. However, they do not recognize him as their founder, since they hold to the Dordrecht (Dutch) Confession of Faith of 1632, and which, before even Jacob Amen was heard of, was established by an assembly of Mennonite preachers. They want much more to be regarded as the strict Mennonites. In their doctrine they therefore are similar to the latter. They baptize (as do the more moderate Mennonites) through pouring (through which they

*For Shem Zook (1798-1880), Amish layman and historian of Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, see The Mennonite Encyclopedia, (Newton, Kansas, 1959), IV, 1040. His earliest account of the Amish, in collaboration with David Zook, was published in the Register of Pennsylvania, Vol. VII No. 11 (March 12, 1851), 162.
therefore distinguish themselves from the Dunkers). They care for their poor within the congregation—an example worthy of imitation by other denominations who pride themselves on a purer doctrine. The number of their members in the United States is estimated by the preacher Sihlem Zuck at about 5000 souls. Their strength in Germany, Holland, and Switzerland is not known, although it cannot be very considerable. They swear no oath in the courts, do not take refuge in the law of the land as plaintiffs, and make use of no weapons of war—They are hardworking, frugal, moral people and good citizens, and if all the world were so peace-loving, then no courts of justice, no prisons and no lawyers would be needed and we would hear nothing of war and rumors of war.

**HISTORY OF THE OMISH OR AMISH CHURCH**, 
BY SIHLEM ZOOK, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PA.

Omish or Amish, is a name which was, in the United States, given to a society of Mennonites, but who are not known by that name in Europe, the place from which they originally came. In many parts of Germany and Switzerland, where they are still considerably numerous, they are there sometimes, for the purpose of distinction, called Hooker Mennonites, on account of their wearing hooks on their

**Sihem Zook’s article from the 1859 edition of “Religious Denominations of the United States”**
Letters to the Editor page of the "Reformirte Kirchenzeitung."


The writer of these lines takes the liberty of saying something on the (falsely) so-called "Amish" communion (see No. 575 of the Kirchenzeitung). Later perhaps the "Correspondent from Rapperswyl" (see the same issue, page 4)—will furnish us some notes about them—we take this opportunity to send him a fraternal greeting.

This communion is odd, its name is entirely travestied by English spelling and has become almost unrecognizable. It should be Emmeische oder better Emmentalhische, so called after a district in Canton Bern (Switzerland) which lies in a more or less great extension on both sides of the mountain river Emme. The so-called preacher Jakob from the 17th Century was not named Amen, but Jakob, which is the name of a family from one of the Emmental parishes scattered over hill and dale. Most numerous they are found in the extremely well-cultivated and well-to-do [district of] Langnau.

They are by no means a new party, but descendents of those Anabaptists who arose under Thomas Münzer and others early in the Reformation era, found such numerous adherents and then misuse of their doctrines, which were mostly and originally from the Bible, aroused the well-known peasant revolt, which drove them out of Germany into Switzerland. In their Swiss homeland these people are simply called Anabaptists; the reason is known to all.

The men wear beards in imitation of the Israelitish patriarchs, and instead of buttons their clothing (coats, vests, etc.) is provided with hooks, to differentiate themselves thereby from the idolatrous ways of the unconverted world. The women for the same reason wear on their heads simple headaddresses (caps) [einfache Hauben (Kappen)] without costly lace—the opposite of the haughty custom of the women's world in their homeland. The tobacco pipe was (perhaps still is) tabooed as Satan's pipe. What they have named the spittle of the tobacco-chewing in this country if it had been known earlier can be imagined. The hoop-skirts of the present day they would indeed name an invention of the Devil's grandson. Nonetheless the young women with their artless ribbons on their summer hats and their roguish blue eyes know just as well how to make conquests, as the bloated silk hoop-skirt girls here.

In short, this little people is patriarchal and exemplary. No oath crosses their lips, no beverage, no lawyers, no party-madness, no fraud exists among them. No dances, no sabbath-desecration,* drunkenness, no rifles with Bibles alongside. The fear of God holds sway among them. Of erudition and college-trained preachers they have none and actually want none either. They have their own reasons for this, which, even though they are mistaken, one cannot reproach them for.

In the 1820's there was an awakening among them, although the present-day hodhouse system [of revivalism] is unknown to them. Through it many of their neighbors were awakened, who if they did not find the necessary instruction and reassurance in their immediate environs, went over to their ranks. Now these were not even modest nor shrewd enough, but readily showed off their experiences, passed sentence on the unconverted world and easily too let slip a bitter word against hiring servants [i.e., paid ministers]. That naturally caused bad blood.

Many of these people, as industrious and faithful tenant farmers, are scattered over the hilly portion of the French Canton of Neuchâtel, where they are highly respected. In the 17th and 18th Centuries they suffered oppressions; since faithful to their principles, they would not take an oath of homage and would not enter military service, force was used against them: they were punished with money [exactions], cast into prison and expelled from the country. Now the government is satisfied with a vow sealed with a handshake in place of an oath and has generally become more reasonable and humane.

Induced by pressure, many of their members emigrated to America, particularly to Pennsylvania. Therefore one still finds there today descendents among the Mennonites, and the names Jakob, Reusser, Haldemann, Zuugg (distorted into English Zuck), among others, are known in Pennsylvania and now also elsewhere. The imposing Swiss barns [Schweizer­scheunen] owe their existence to them.

When one day the world believes and acts like these people, following the main features [of their belief], then the peace era of the millennium is coming. But for this to happen powerful changes are obviously necessary, which also will certainly fail to come about.

With greeting, yours faithfully, G. F. Lauener.

* Here in America at least, Sunday observance among them is a lax one."—This comment, by the Editor of the Kirchenzeitung, probably reflects the differential in sabbath observance between the Pennsylvania German groups who held to the old inherited peasant (basically medieval Catholic) view that Sunday was to be enjoyed, and those groups who had in the 19th Century been influenced by Anglo-American Puritan sabbatarianism. This is one phase of the 19th Century tension between the "Continental Sunday" and "Puritan Sabbath" concepts.—EDITOR.
In earlier days the Pennsylvania Germans, as well as the other
ethnic groups in Pennsylvania, expressed their religious orientation
in family prayers, graces at mealtime, and household devotions in
general. We are making a collection of traditional prayer forms used in
Pennsylvania folk-culture, and ask our readers to send us the texts of
the prayers which they remember to have been in circulation orally in
their families, and any information on family Bible reading and home
worship practices. We especially need materials from our older read-
ers, whose memories extend into the 19th Century. In addition to
Pennsylvania, we will appreciate material from readers outside Penn-
sylvania as well, especially from areas influenced by Pennsylvania folk-
cultural patterns—the Upper South, the Midwest, and Ontario.

1. If you yourself have a favorite table grace, will you write it
out for us, and tell us where you got it?

2. Will you send us the texts of any table graces you remember as
said by older members of your family—your father, mother, grand-
father, grandmother, etc.?

3. At what meals were graces offered? Were different graces said
at different meals?

4. Were graces ever in rhymed form? Were graces said or sung?

5. Were table graces said at the beginning of meals, at the end
of meals, or at both times?

6. Was Bible reading or other devotion ever joined with grace
at table in your families?

7. Were family devotions on Sunday different from those on
weekdays?

8. Were graces at your family’s table asked to say grace?

9. What traditional prayers were taught to children for bedside
recitation?

10. Did you note differences in prayer practices in your community
according to the church affiliation of your neighbors?

11. Will you write out any humorous stories told in your home
neighborhoods about the table grace or home devotion practices. Ex-
amples, stories about short prayers, long prayers, the disgruntled hired
man’s prayer about the sameness of the food at the farm where he was
living, etc., etc. These are in circulation in every Pennsylvania commu-
nity, and we need your versions for our archive.

12. Were table graces or bedside prayers ever said in Pennsylvania
Dutch? Please include all the traditional prayers that you recall in
High German as well as those in English.

In your replies, please be as specific as possible. For instance, if
you quote your grandfather’s favorite prayer, we would appreciate his
name, his home community, and his approximate birth and death dates.

Send your replies to:

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