Spring 1967

Pennsylvania Folklife Vol. 16, No. 3

Lewis Edgar Riegel

Nancy J. McFall

Ruth M. Home

Don Yoder

Jacob Bishop Crist

See next page for additional authors

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

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

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

Recommended Citation

https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/pafolklifemag/28

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Pennsylvania Folklife Society Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Pennsylvania Folklife Magazine by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact aprock@ursinus.edu.
Authors
Lewis Edgar Riegel, Nancy J. McFall, Ruth M. Home, Don Yoder, Jacob Bishop Crist, Susan R. Severs, and Abraham R. Horne
Reminiscences of a Boyhood in Reading
Contributors to This Issue

LEWIS EDGAR RIEGEL—In the 1950's the autobiography of Lewis Edgar Riegel, formerly of Reading, was given to the Pennsylvania Folklore Society for eventual publication. The first installment, "Reminiscences of Centerport, 1876-1885," appeared in Pennsylvania Folklore, Vol. XIV No. 2 (December 1964), 34-47. We present in this issue the second chapter, dealing with the author's boyhood days in the Dutch town of Reading, not too long after the Civil War.

NANCY J. McFALL, York, Pennsylvania, is in charge of the Historical Society of York County's historic preservation project of which she writes in this issue. In 1777-1778 York, or "Little York" as it was called then, was capital of the United States. As one of the earliest towns west of the Susquehanna River it is concerned with preserving its architectural heritage from the 18th and 19th Centuries. The progress York has made and the cooperation the local historical society has achieved with the town's citizenry in rescuing the visible past can serve as a model for other Pennsylvania communities where such work is anticipated.

RUTH M. HOME, of Toronto, Ontario, is Director of the Historical Museum of the Twenty, at Jordan, Ontario, in the wine country along the shore of Lake Ontario not far from Niagara. It was into this area that Pennsylvania Mennonites came to settle after the Revolution. The museum deals with many aspects of "plain" sectarian folk-culture which were transplanted from the Pennsylvania Dutch Country.

JACOB BISHOP CRIST (1798-1881) was, after a brief time spent as a Methodist circuit-rider, a Lutheran minister of the revivalist, Gettysburg-oriented type. In his autobiography, he tells interestingly and sometimes movingly of his work in various Lutheran parishes in Eastern, Central, and Western Pennsylvania.

SUSAN R. SEVERS, Churchtown, Pennsylvania — Mrs. Severs is an elementary school teacher who has taught in the Dutch areas of Dauphin and Lancaster Counties. In this article, reprinted from the Pennsylvania School Journal of November, 1966, she tells of her personal experiences in attempting to teach Amish school children standard English pronunciation.

ABRAHAM REESER HORNE dealt with the same problems as Susan Severs, but in the 19th Century. As principal of the Keystone State Normal School at Kutztown, he published his now classic Pennsylvania German Manual (Kutztown, 1875), to teach Pennsylvania Dutch school children the intricacies of English pronunciation.

Cover

Kutztown school group from the 1890's. Original photographs of this sort, group portraits illustrating the institutional life (schools, churches, and social organizations) of 19th Century Pennsylvania, are an indispensable aid to our study of folklife. See the article, "Reminiscences of a Boyhood in Reading, 1883-1890." Photo by W. A. Dietrich, Kutztown.
Contents

2 Reminiscences of a Boyhood in Reading, 1883-1890
LEWIS EDGAR RIEGEL

20 Preserving York’s Architectural Heritage
NANCY J. McFALL

24 Jordan Museum of the Twenty
RUTH M. HOME

28 Pennsylvania Broadsides:II
DON YODER

34 Memoirs of a Lutheran Minister, 1850-1881
JACOB BISHOP CRIST

42 Notes and Documents
EDITED BY DON YODER

44 The Crafts at Newport

46 Anglicizing the Pennsylvania Dutch, 1966 and 1875
SUSAN R. SEVERS AND ABRAHAM R. HOREN

Nicknames: Folk-Cultural Questionnaire #3
(Inside Back Cover)
REMINISCENCES
of a Boyhood in Reading
1883 - 1890

By LEWIS EDGAR RIEGEL

[We publish here a second installment of the autobiography of Lewis Edgar Riegel, whose "Reminiscences of Centerport, 1876-1885," appeared in Pennsylvania Folklore, Vol. XIV, No. 2 (December, 1964), 34-47. While it deals with urban life rather than with the rural or small-town living that is usually associated with the concept of folk-culture, it gives many insights into folk-cultural analogues in the urban environment.

With the help of the vivid pen of Lewis Riegel—he was a cousin of the novelist Katherine Riegel Loose—we see Reading's exuberant celebration of the national holidays, the adaptation of a Dutch-speaking country boy to city schools, his home life, and his introduction to the world of the theatre. We read of vacations in the country, holiday trips to New York and Philadelphia, steamboat excursions on the Schuykill, the author's experience as paper boy for the Reading Eagle, his first experience in the cigar-making business, and descriptions of Reading's Saturday night promenade of prospective suitors on Penn Street—which the author aptly compares to the evening "walks" he noted on trips to Mexico.

Through his sketches we meet Constable "Bully" Lyons—commemorated in a Dutch folksong—and the Buzzard Gang of chicken thieves who terrorized the Welsh Mountains in the 'eighties. With him we attend revivals, camp meetings, and Sunday School picnics. The chapter ends with Lewis Riegel's courtship and marriage, appropriately enough to a girl he met at the Evangelical Sunday School.

The document is a loosely woven collection of reminiscences rather than a formal autobiography, and from its close observation of changing styles and fads of the times, may have been based on current diaries. At any rate, it is a valuable picture of middle-class life in one of Pennsylvania's most Pennsylvania Dutch communities, Reading in Berks County. —EDITOR.]

In order to get a foundation for essentials necessary for our future life it seems there was nothing better than to move to the big city. Money was scarce, the family was large and any change made was a risk. After some searching around father at last found a place to live, rent $6.00 per month. It was a small brick house at the corner of Moss and Court, with no inside toilet or bathtub. We were just one block from 9th and Penn. Next to us was a bottling plant. I remember well how their large delivery wagon to which four horses were hitched had trouble getting around the corner of these "half" streets and the vibration of the house when one of the large wagons was backed up against our north wall.

The population of the city was not much above 30,000 and was more congested than now. Because of this and its nearness to the center of town, people of prominence and wealth lived within a half block from us. Included in that group was the largest builder of that time, furniture dealer, photographer, grocer, high school teacher, clothier, express man, etc.

Of course there were others too, just as prominent but for different reasons. One was an insane boy who was kept in a high fenced side yard most of the year. He watched and "barked" at most of those passing by. Another was Tom Collins who was known by almost every one in the county. He was merely considered "peculiar." His business was that of a peddler and he tried to sell his wares among the country folks. He was supposed to have at least 30 suits of clothing varying from the extreme colors favored by kid band leaders to full dress and plug hat. He would hire a horse and parade all over town, dressed in one of his fancy suits, covered with lots of badges.

Moving our furniture was done by a farmer living north of Centerport, using a large hay-wagon. If there were more than one wagon required to carry the kitchen and parlor stoves, at least four beds, two bureaus, several tables, bedding, etc., I don't remember, but there was also a covered spring-wagon in which the two youngest—Mary and Annie—and a friend of Mother's and Mother sat for the trip. Mother was uncertain about being able to get milk when we reached Reading, needed for our noon meal, so she bought a kettleful of it before starting. I can still see her holding out the kettle and the milk splashing whenever we hit a bump in the road. There was a rush to get the stove set up and the meal prepared when we reached our destination. It may have been the smell of beer from the bottling works next door that influenced Father to go for some after dinner.

How we got over to the road leading into 9th Street from the Portsville Pike I don't remember, but that's the way we came in and I was very much impressed by the "arc lights" at each intersection. I was told that they had been installed in the spring of that year (1883).

First Winter in Reading

I was nearly ten when we moved to Reading. I understood English but had to translate the Pennsylvania Dutch very carefully in my own mind to give expression to what I had to say. I recall one incident when luckily I was told the proper word before going to the grocery store for some lard.
I was under the impression that “grease” was the proper word.

I started in the second grade at the school located on 10th Street beyond Washington, about 1½ blocks from home. Miss Maggie McGrew was the teacher. She was a short, slim old maid and seemingly loved by all the kids. I felt as though she had a special interest in me and frequently had me sitting up at her desk. I often sat beside one of the Lee boys—Negro—considered a very respectable family of that race, who for many years were prominent barbers on Penn Street. Another of my classmates was William Arnold, son of the wealthiest man in town at that time. At the close of morning or afternoon session we were often met by a man distributing pretty picture cards which advertised some downtown store or some particular product.

On the way to school I passed the bakery which we patronized. They specialized in bread and soft pretzels. The price for one of each was 6¢. There was none better but it was not sliced as now. Milk men came in small wagons to make delivery. You were notified by the sound of a gong—not by the ringing of the door bell. They used pint and quart dippers with which it was taken out of the large cans. In summer they would frequently drop a chunk of ice into the can to keep it cool. Mother never used the milk in the kettle or other container “to the last drop.” There was usually some sediment of dirt by the time she got near the bottom. Very small stoves were used in these wagons in winter time. Milk price was about 5¢ per quart.

Bakers used a regular hand-bell, the baker blew a horn, the oyster-man with two cans called out his product, and the ragman, to show what he was interested in, just said RAGS in a slow lazy voice.

Christmas was coming; stores were decorated and trees sold along Penn Street. Rambo’s was the outstanding store for toys and therefore of special interest to me. We went to the Evangelical Church and Sunday School at 8th and Court Streets. We enjoyed the Christmas program, it being far more elaborate than any seen at Centerport and also the New Year’s Eve “Watchnight Service” which ended promptly at 12. Leaving the service we saw the non-Church-crowd milling around, blowing horns and throwing confetti.

Across the street from the church was the Rainbow Fire Company which claims to be one of the oldest in the U. S. There too is located the fire alarm tower which tells the number of the box by which the location is indicated. Watching the sudden hitching of horses and the exit of the engine from the fire-house was always interesting and exciting. A wood fire was lit in the engine just before leaving the fire-house.

The week between Christmas and New Year was spent by Will and me stripping tobacco at Lehr’s Cigar Factory on the second floor of a building at 6th and Court Streets. The first floor was the Post Office. Several years later a post office was built at 5th and Washington Streets, replacing the old Farmers’ Hotel. Our earnings for the week at the cigar factory amounted to 80¢ for Will and 84¢ for me. Because of our difference in age (I assume) Will was given the 84¢ and I got the 80¢—an error on the part of the clerk. I objected but got no further in settlement of this claim. Will kept it.

Several blocks away from where we lived was a candy store where practically all they sold was made on their premises. I was one of their regular customers, frequently going there to get 1/4 lb. of peanut candy for 3¢ or some other kind of equal price. I don’t recall them having anything in stock above 15 & 16¢ per lb. They had quite a rush of business just previous to a holiday. Ice cream? Yes! A 5¢ plate would do for one sitting.

**Activities to Summer 1884**

Father continued his cigar factory at Centerport during the winter of ’83 & ’84, using up some of the tobacco on hand, selling all the cigars possible in Schuylkill County (the area he covered almost exclusively up to that time), and straightening out all affairs possible before moving the factory to Reading. He would take with him the food necessary for his stay there—something not very pleasant but seemingly unavoidable. The family in Reading was living as economically as possible. Though prices were low I recall that

---

**A visit with Grandmother. Note grape arbor on back porch, and dahlia stalks.**

The photographs accompanying this article are from the Don Yoder Collection. They are from the Kutztown-Allentown area, and date from the 1890’s and early 1900’s.
meals were monotonous and consisted mostly of potatoes.
selling then at about 30¢ per bushel, sausage 12¢ per lb., and
corn meal (mush), bread and molasses.

It was in the spring of that year that he rented the 3rd
floor of 331-33 Penn Street, for the factory. Below us was
the Rhoads Produce Company. On one side of this store
was a pool room and on the other side a shoe store. Our
toilet was at the end of the yard. We had no elevator.

Across the street was the old Opera House which to me
was always interesting because I could frequently see actors
or actresses come and go, scenery being unloaded and the
crowds waiting for doors to be opened at a definite time
preceding a play. The basement of the theatre was used as
a farmers' market. It was during our first winter in Reading
that I saw a stage play. It was an operetta, Olives, at the
old Academy of Music on Penn Street below 6th. This was
followed by The Mikado and other Gilbert and Sullivan
operas, by melodramas and Shakespearean plays.

Gilbert and Sullivan was just beginning to get popular at
that time as I recall it. The new Academy of Music was built
on North 6th Street a year or two later and the old one
was taken over by the G. A. R. which at that time had many
members. I saw the famous Modjeska who opened the new
theatre and later such as Anna Held, Lillian Russell, and
DeWolf Hopper and wife.

I became a gallery god and saw nearly all the Shakespearean
plays and the others famous at that time, limited only by
lack of cash. Prices were usually 10-20-30¢ except for the
higher grade ones with famous actors in which case the range
was from 15 to 50¢ top. I recall the crowd of kids jamming
the old opera house door waiting for it to open. How they
would rush up the stairway to buy their tickets and get into
the gallery and choose the seats they wanted! Ventilation
was poor so that by the time the theatre was full, the heat
was almost unbearable. Not only was there the mess of
peanut shells and tobacco juice on the floor; occasionally
one would urinate without leaving his seat. With the rising
of the first curtain, turning up the gas foot-lights and chan-
delier and then the appearance of the orchestra, the con-
fusion diminished.

The music by the orchestra before the play was usually
good as was also that between the acts and consisted largely
of extracts of the most popular grand opera airs. I recall
that at Reading we also had quite a lot of snow at the time
of the "big snow" in New York about 1888. I had been to
the Opera House as usual and on the way home saw nobody
just walking around for the pleasure of it or to get some
fresh air.

Easter, then as now, was the time to show off new clothing,
hats, etc.—by the girls in particular—to parade up and down
Penn Street. Sad was the day if it was unusually cold or
rainy. Whether it was Easter day or not I don’t remember
but it must have been near that time of year that streets were
frequently so full of slush, ice and water that it was impossi-
bly to cross without getting wet feet. Streets were unpaved
and gutters were full of depressions because of horses hitched
there at posts.

It was in the summer of ’84 (then age 10½) that I got a job
with the Manhattan Hardware Company on south 9th
Street and put together the parts that made window latches.
I don’t recall the amount of earnings but know that it was
not very much and the job lasted only a few weeks. They
were a branch of a New York firm and not in full operation.
Watching a man put aluminum finish on keys by dipping a
lot of them into this melted metal was perhaps the most

Pleasant and interesting thing experienced there. We
worked for “piece work” pay and to use the file frequently
because parts did not fit consumed time and prevented de-
cent pay.

National Holidays

Memorial Day—more commonly known as Decoration
Day in the ’80’s—was the most outstanding of outdoor cele-
brations. There were no Boy Scouts in those days nor school
bands led by high-stepping majorettes to take your attention
away from the prime motive of the occasion. The parade
would start from 11th and Penn and, led by the city police,
march down Penn Street, turn out 5th to Center Avenue
until you reached Charles Evans Cemetery where one could
hear a speech pertaining to the Civil War, some good band
music suitable for the occasion, roll of drums and firing of
gun salute.

The parade consisted of veterans ranging in age as low as
35 or 36 and up to 55—a few were older. Then the Sons of
Veterans, some of whom were rather young children. Also
there were veterans’ wives, nurses, state militia and numerous
bands and drum corps. The older men and wives, and

![Reading and surrounding area.](image-url)
crippled soldiers were taken in open carriages, as walking that distance would have been impossible. Memorial Day was a day for decorating graves and for older folks to meet and relate experiences pertaining to a war that ended nearly 20 years before.

It was about this time that an effort was made to get enough money to build a monument in Charles Evans Cemetery in commemoration of the late war and as a center for a circle of graves of unidentified soldiers. To obtain their objective many of the veterans joined in the production of a play called "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh" at the old opera house. The boy in the story must have been killed for in one scene where the family met for a meal there was an empty chair. It was at this part of the show that some one sang the then popular:

We shall meet but we shall miss him,
There will be a vacant chair;
We will linger to caress him,
While we breathe our evening prayer.

(This may not be exactly verbatim but it must do for the present.)

I recall a statement made at one of the G. A. R. meetings that there would still be some living in 1944. I had the feeling then that he was too optimistic but noting that there are still eleven Confederates living in 1952. I suppose there are also a few of the soldiers of the northern army hanging on. The boy who played the leading part was Benny Austrian who attained world fame as a painter of still life. I saw some of it and thought it wonderful. His studio, an old log hut, is still standing at Mt. Penn, the beginning of the Philadelphia Pike.

The "4th of July" was set aside primarily as a good time for the family to go to some shady place in the country or to a park for a picnic. Those who owned a carriage or wagon of some kind might go some distance with jugs of water and baskets of food while those less fortunate would go to nearby Charley Miller's, "Hinner Wissel," the Black Bear, Whitehouse, or perhaps an excursion to Atlantic City for a round trip cost of $1 to $1.50 or to some park in nearby towns.

The Schuylkill River was still rather clean and clear and had places in which to go swimming both north and south of the city. The ones we preferred were the "Big Piggy" and the "Little Piggy." There were lots of boats and canoes in those days and a few steamboats which operated daily through the summer season from the foot of 6th Street. They would go to Old Maids Woods, Klappenthal, Never-sink, Flying Hill, and High's Woods. There were family reunions at some of these parks, some firing of pistols and regular shooting crackers. To a greater extent some large fire crackers and sky rockets were shot off in town. The big event of the day was the firing of a cannon on North 11th Street at the edge of the City Park. It was done by some who had seen service in the fight between North and South. The Ringgold Band was always in a prominent place in all parades. It was our best one and established fame for its part in the beginning of the war between the states. I am not sure but think it was the first to appear at Washington when Lincoln made his first call for volunteers.

Buffalo Bill and His Circus

I think it was this same summer (1884) that Buffalo Bill had his Wild West Show in what was then the County Fair grounds, now the city park. This was his second year on the road. At this time and for a few years more a high board fence surrounded these grounds, extending from Franklin Street to Walnut and from 11th to the edge of the hill. We kids had no trouble seeing the whole show from the edge of the hill looking over the fence. There were only a few outstanding features in his show, the principal one being "From Deadwood to Cheyenne," in which a stage coach made a trip around the race track and was attacked by Indians (real ones). Soon a lot of whites came to the rescue,
whether soldiers or cowboys I don’t recall, but the Indians soon turned around and got away as soon as possible. Another act was by Buffalo Bill galloping along and shooting at glass balls thrown by another galloping by his side. Buffalo Bill did real well but seemed rather heavy and too heavily dressed to show off well in this kind of act. The best rifle shot was Annie Oakley who at this time looked rather young, was dressed in “Western” style and was well known and well remembered for many years. The Indians came down Court Street in their Indian costumes to do some shopping, passing our house. I happened to meet an Indian at Rapid City who was a student at Carlisle Indian school and happened to be at Reading on the day Buffalo Bill was there.

It was during this same summer that my grandmother took me to Richland, not far from Womelsdorf, to visit her first son August Koller. I had a wonderful time there, going with him on trips to farmers to buy butter and eggs which he sold to wholesalers. The peace and harmony so impressed me that on returning to Reading I was actually “homesick” to return to Gus again. He was rather good on the violin though it is doubtful whether he ever took any lessons. His son was an acrobat with Barnum and Bailey doing a tight rope act—he on a bicycle and his wife on a trapeze below. It was this year or the year following that I saw them in this act and also Mr. Bailey who was still quite active but getting along in years. It was also about this time that I saw the new sensation “Loop the Loop,” a bicycle act which was to me very dangerous. This act may have been part of the same show but I am not sure.

I was always interested in seeing the circus arrive, unload the animals, erect the tents and watch the parade on Penn Street. I watched the cooks and bakers at their work—and on one occasion heard the statement of surprise and criticism of a woman looking on when one of the bakers broke eggs and drained off the whites and used only the yolks. All they could say was that the “receipt” called for yolks only so the only thing for them to do was to get rid of the whites.

A very strong wind was blowing just about the time the night show was about to begin and one of the managers appeared and made the announcement that because of the risk involved there would be no show. The audience rushed to the exits and started for home. Many were disappointed because they got no refund of cash paid for admission.

Susanna Cox

This was the time when boys collected pictures of actors and actresses placed inside of every pack of cigarettes and when everybody knew the story of Susanna Cox who had the public look on when she was hanged in what is now city park for infanticide. Later public hanging was done at McKnight’s Gap, several blocks beyond the city limits along Pricetown Road.

It seems, according to the story, that Susanna was a single girl, had a baby and killed it. When the trap was sprung for her hanging her fall was not sufficient to break her neck, so to get her out of pain and misery as quickly as possible one of the men in charge gave her a quick strong pull by the legs. The onlookers seemingly disapproved and started after him. He ran down Penn Street, out 5th, and disappeared. This happened about 1860.
Trip to New York City

During this same summer (1884) Father, Mother, Shappell and I— if there were any others in the party I don't remember—we went on an excursion trip to New York City, then by Hudson river steamboat as far up as Newport and returned by evening. I have a vivid remembrance of the places we passed, including several homes of prominent people, towns of historic interest, etc. Perhaps it was because of the advertisements with pictures and the information acquired through Father that I was impressed and remembered so much. The weather was fine and all went well but when we got off at New York City I had a peculiar feeling in my legs and a sort of dizziness for several days.

We stayed in what might be termed a "punk" old hotel in Jersey City that night. Mother was worried about bugs and mosquitoes and I can still see her making the rounds of the room killing some of these creatures and adding to the numerous blood spots on the wall, indicating that others had previously done the same. The night was uncomfortably warm and with heavy trucks passing continuously it disturbed even my sleep. Next day we went to Coney Island.

This amusement park at that time had little of interest to us. Outstanding was a large elephant perhaps 30 ft. high—and a restaurant on a pier extending quite a distance out into the water. There were some wooden sidewalks and a number of small candy and toy stands but the streets were not improved, open lots were full of weeds and the water so full of floating wood and waste matter that it did not look fit for bathing purposes.

It must have been in the afternoon of the same day that we went over the Brooklyn bridge which had been completed the year previous. On our way to the bridge I bought a glass of lemonade at a stand along the sidewalk and ate a banana. By the time we got on the Brooklyn side of the bridge I found that my stomach was upset and my bowels very lax. I was taken to an outside toilet back of a small hotel. The others did not realize how serious my condition was and started off for the famous Westlawn (7) Cemetery where Admiral Perry and other prominent ones were buried.

I was in that toilet continuously until they returned in the early evening, maybe three or four hours later. Father went for a remedy in a nearby drug-store and after taking a dose of it we returned to New York City by trolley but still feeling weak. I lost my desire for bananas at that time, the fruit that had been my favorite of all fruits. The largest and best available at that time could be bought at the New York stands for 1¢ each. I suppose I ate too many at that time and it was many years before I had a desire for them again.

The presidential campaign and the election of Cleveland over his opponent Blaine after many years of Republican rule at Washington D. C., was quite an event. I often heard "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" quoted. The Reading Eagle at 6th and Penn Streets had a large white cloth stretched between several poles at the edge of the curb and from some instrument on the second floor were released reports of voting every few minutes which kept the crowd on the street informed of the progress made by each of the candidates. Because of the difference in time and also of the time of closing voting places it was later before it was considered safe to make a decision as to which group should be taken up the "Salt River." Penn Street was crowded, the band was ready to lead the parade. Since saloons were closed on election day you may well imagine the rush to the nearest one as soon as the clock struck 12.

Yes, 1884 was a busy year for me and also profitable! I went along shopping with my aunt from Chester County. On our return she rewarded me with 10¢, a lot of money in those days. On our return from Brossman's where Mother and I visited for a few days, Mr. Brossman, who was never of the giving kind, actually gave me a nickel. He was then living on a farm near Douglassville.

When we arrived in 1885 much of the Union Canal was still visible but had not been in use for some years. It extended from a point several blocks below city line on the west side of the Penn Street bridge to the Susquehanna River, passing a short distance back of my Grandmother's home in Bern Township, past Berenville and Lebanon. The Penn Street bridge was a covered wooden structure that extended only from one bank to the other. At the east bank of the river was a part of the Schuylkill Canal which turned inward a block or so below Penn Street. Whether there was a lock between Penn and the foot of 6th Street or not I don't remember but there was one at the latter place and nearby was Hister's boat landing from which point we took steamboat rides to various points south.

Penn Street was not paved, therefore it was rather rough and after rains it was muddy. On the north side there were roofs over the pavements from below 4th to 9th. On the south side there were only a few and most of them were at street corners. The north side of Penn Street had more than twice as many saloons as had the south side, but the latter had most of the drygoods stores. Hotels were scattered along both sides from 3rd to 8th with two more at 5th and Washington and one on Franklin Street. The finest was at 5th and Penn, called the Mansion House, and the most popular for the farmers was the Berks County House—between 7th and 8th where Uncle Obed Rothenberger met his friends every Saturday P.M. There were far more basement saloons

A well-dressed Dutchman posing for Hunsicker & Warmkessel, Photographers, Allentown.
and barber shops than now and also more stands along the curb where peanuts and candy were sold. Roasting peanuts was done right there and in the Fall they also roasted chestnuts. Think of it, I could get a large handful of peanuts for a penny! For the same price, a good sized chunk of dates. I must say however that in the latter there was frequently some sand and some dates that were dry and not eatable.

Supplies were delivered to the retail stores in wooden boxes and when these were empty they were piled up near the curb. About the only time the pavement was free of boxes was near the 4th of July, Hallowe’en or other holidays when there was a likelihood of bonfires on the square. Drunks on Penn Street were no uncommon sight and sometimes even lying in the gutters.

Private homes were scattered along Penn Street in practically every block except on the north side from 4th to 8th. Most of them were occupied by prominent families. One after another these private homes were converted to business houses by changing the appearance in front and building additions in the rear. It is really unbelievable to a newcomer that only a few of the business houses on Penn Street were built up new and complete from the foundation until a few years ago.

When we came to Reading a small log cabin, used as a jewelry shop, occupied the corner now used by Pomeroy’s, the Boys’ High School was on the second floor of a hardware store at 8th and Penn, Girls’ High School sat back in the yard at 4th and Court. All Philadelphia and Reading freight went through the city which frequently stopped all traffic at 7th and Penn for a long time.

Habit and Customs Change

Time marches on; habits continue and yet customs seem to come quickly when one looks back and sees what was then and what is now.

The lamp-lighter would come every evening with a short ladder, climb up a step or two, wipe off the dust or dirt from the glass, strike a match and start the gas lamp burning. In the morning he would make his trip again to turn it off. The milkman notified his customers by the sound of his gong. Black crepe was hung at the door as a sign of the death of an adult and a white one for a young person. Knobs fastened to wires were used to ring a door bell. Push-button electric bells came a little later as did also the “peeping” reflectors at the front of a second floor window by which one could see who was at the front door without going downstairs.

With each change of the city administration there came a new police force. Some of these men were O.K. mentally and physically, but some were mentally weak but could win in case of a fight. The one making the biggest impression was the chief who was a Civil War veteran and an intimate friend of the Wetherhods. He was about 6’6” or 6’7” in height. “Black Maria” was the name of the police car. It was a plain black-covered wagon which I saw being filled to overflowing at raids. When they reached the “lock up” in the basement of City Hall at 5th and Franklin the drunks in particular were practically dragged out of the wagon and down the steps to their destination.

The fire chief seemed always to be the first to start for the location of a fire when the alarm was sounded. He was lo-
cated at the foot of Penn Street, had a fine fast horse and was
given "right of way" and was always a sight to all, especially the
kids. Another "sight" though not so pleasant was a horse or team in a "runaway." Some were stopped without
doing any damage but it seemed that more frequently they
would hit another vehicle, upset their own wagon and then stop. Postmen were mostly G. A. R. men. According to
custom and law they had preference to others and could pass
examinations with a lower average.

Bangs were popular then as were also bustles. A Miss
Seaman from Frackville who lived at Centerport when we
did visited us and had her hair cut for bangs while there—
something her father would not permit her to do at home.
He was a religious fanatic, so I imagine she got at least a good
scolding when she got home.

The modern style of bicycle was coming in strong and a
club was formed among whom were many who wanted to
tavel 100 miles in one day. In fact we had a small bicycle
factory on Bingaman Street near 3rd and shortly afterward
one at Hamburg. I watched a race on Walnut Street, east­
ward from 11th. The street was rough and unimproved so
that it was hard going up that steep grade. The ones in the
race dropped off exhausted when they had gone as far as
they could.

I recall walking the six miles to Sinking Springs when
there were practically no houses along the way except a few
farmhouses and those of West Reading at which time their
population was much less than it is now. Wyomissing,
West Lawn, and Springmount had not yet been started.

I also walked to the Reber farm a number of times. Their
house and barn were located near the corner of Hampden
Boulevard and Marion Street just across from the north end
of the Hampden Reservoir which was near completion. The
Rebers must have been married about the same time as my
parents in Bernville because Mother remarked a number of
times about the Rebers using the same cookstove that she
did. Mr. Reber was also a good watch repairman. He and
his boys would cut wood on Mt. Penn during the winter
months and sell it in cord lots for extra income. I recall
going with them for a load of it when there was little in the
way of roads or paths. A few years later the oldest son was
one of 82 killed at the silk mill at 11th and Marion when it
was blown over by a cyclone.

It was in the fall of this year that sister Annie was operated
on by Dr. Loose for membranous croup. He was assisted by
Dr. Luther who was then considered the most prominent
doctor in the city. Annie was the fourth to undergo this
operation and the third to survive in Reading.

This was also the time for celluloid and paper collars.
The paper collar was quite cheap but had to be thrown
away when it got dirty while the celluloid could be washed
repeatedly and was kept in use until it got cracked too much
from use or age.

**Trips and Excursions**

Steamboat excursions down the river continued all
through the summer but usually did not go very far because
of the difficulty of going through the locks and because most
of the parks and pleasant woodlands were on this side of
Birdsboro. The river at that time was still rather deep and
clean but within a few more years it became filled with coal
dirt from the mines further north and became the dumping
place for our sewers.

Among the excursions by train during 1884-5 were the
one to Dorney Park which is located this side of Allentown
and is still in existence; to Ephrata where the Cloisters are
located but where an outdoor bowling alley attracted most
of our attention; to Mt. Gretna—near Lebanon—where the
state soldiers had their camp annually, and to Ringing Rocks
in Chester County not far from what is now Hopewell Park,
a national reservation.

Perhaps the most pleasant trip that year was a "hay ride"
to the Five-Mile House. The group was made up of class­
mates soon after the opening of the fall term. We must
have started after school hours for it was turning dark by
the time we got there. Horses don't travel very fast and
dragging a load of kids takes time. Ginger ale was the only
soft drink that could be bought there and pretzels the only
thing to eat. City illumination could be seen from that ele­
vation and everyone had a good time.

The youngest daughter of my Uncle John Eyrich took me
along home in the late summer of '84 going via the W. & N.
R. R. to Springfield, Chester County. The train stopped at
every small station along the way and for an unusually long
time at Birdsboro where they shifted across the Schuylkill
to the P. & R. depot and then back again to the W. & N.
which is on the west side of the river.

From Springfield we had to walk to my uncle's home near
Marsh P. O., several miles away. There were several stops
for conversation along the way but we finally arrived near
sundown, having covered a total distance of something like
16 or 18 miles in four or five hours.

My uncle was putting up a new barn at the time and had
a lot of men on the job. I don't recall just how many of
these workers took their meals with Uncle John but I know
that the family by itself was large and that they always had
at least one hired man and one or more extra in their busy
season. A small house next to theirs was occupied by the
family that took care of his dairy interests.

Well I recall the preparation of vegetables needed for the
following day. This was done in the evening on the
back porch, where it seemed coolest and where several of
the men lay stretched out to rest or perhaps sleep. Meals had
great variety, dishes were large and heavy, and pieces of pie
so large and with so thick a crust that it was just impossible.
for me to eat more than one piece even though I was anxious to try another of the variety that was within the reach of my arm.

This was one of my first experiences of riding a horse. It being a horse in harness the time spent on him was not as pleasant as anticipated. Going through the house I saw liquor in most of the closets— at least I got that impression from seeing so much. On Sunday morning Uncle John gave me the reproduction of some old scenes by the things he said and did especially such as winding the tall grandfather's clock.

Saturday nights in particular was the time to crowd Penn Street, not only to do shopping but for boys to see their girls and girls to see the boys— continued on Sunday nights— somewhat like the Mexican custom.

Also Saturday night in particular was the big night at Charley Miller's park where they had dancing at the hotel and good music by the Ringgold Band. There was always an "outdoor picnic" air with these activities and its surroundings.

Transportation

Reading, on our arrival, was a very congested town. It was perhaps for this reason that we had only two short street car lines at that time. The one extended from 6th and Willow (6 blocks south of Penn Street) to a point several blocks beyond the Union Depot and the other from the foot of Penn Street to near Charley Miller's Park, a block north of 19th and Perkiomen Avenue. The cars were small but because of their being pulled along by horses and needing the attention of a driver it was necessary to have a conductor to collect the fares and to take care of the small heating stove during the winter months. Instead of double tracks there were turnouts every few blocks where you had to wait until the car from the opposite direction would pass. The driver being unprotected from the rain, snow, and extreme cold had to wear very heavy clothing and frequently boots or galoshes and a thick layer of clothes around his legs.

Ninth Street had what was known as a Hardie Coach— named after its inventor Peter Hardie. This coach had a rear entrance after climbing one or two steps and had one seat on each side, each of which might accommodate perhaps five persons. This coach would run as far north as the junction of 8th and 9th Streets (10 blocks).

Other means of transportation then and within a few years later included the hack, barouche, hansom cab, and coach. It was in '85 or '86 that the trolley car was introduced and almost immediately new lines were built. Beside the ones we had until recently there were tracks on S. 3rd, N. 8th, Walnut, Hawk, and South 9th, all of which were discontinued within a few years. The electric cars were larger than the horse cars, gave protection to the motorman and no doubt encouraged the building of houses further away from Penn Street. During the summer months they used open cars with seats crosswise (back of each other), which in rush hours often had passengers standing on the running boards and hanging on to the sides. There was of course the temptation of kids to get a free ride by jumping on and off— all depending on the distance they wanted to go and the vigilance of the conductor.

During the first years of the electric cars in operation and new routes built there were excursions in the evening in cars specially decorated and illuminated which covered all sections of the city. A rather long trip could be made because there was nearly always provision made for a junction with another line somewhere along the route.

There was quite a boom in manufacturing in Reading at this time, so with the building of long rows of houses beyond the three block line north of Penn Street the extension of streetcar lines was very welcome. There was a scattering of houses on most of the streets north of Elm and Buttonwood, but none of the streets were solid built.

It was also about this time— 1885, that the "Inclined Planes" R. R. was built at the steepest point on Neversink Mt. at the south end of 13th Street. At the top of the mountain was built a large hotel and also a dance hall. While there was an interest by many to take a trip up the steep hillside the whole project failed to attract the number necessary to make it pay until the Neversink Mt. R. R. was built and that too could not attract the number expected. The route of the Neversink Mt. R. R. started at 9th and Penn, then south to the White House which had a dance hall across the street and had been popular for generations. From there the railroad had an upward climb to the "Inclined Plane" and onward several miles before it made its turn westward again and permitted a most wonderful view of the Schuylkill and the valley south of Reading. After
The young people pose in the back yard — 1890's.

Paper Boy

I think it was in the fall of 1885 that I started carrying the Reading Eagle. This was the only daily evening paper which had also a Sunday Edition. They boasted a weekly circulation of 30,000, which meant less than 5,000 per day. The price to the subscriber was 10¢ or 1½ when the Sunday edition was included. All papers delivered within the city were handled through an agency which paid at the rate of 6¢ per week for all the daily papers. This agency had the expense of its collectors who made their weekly route and of the delivery boys who got $1.00 for their seven-day week.

All "paper boys" were permitted to leave their school rooms at 3:30 P.M. instead of 4 so as to get on the job as soon as the paper was printed. On Sunday we were supposed to be there about 6 a.m. I recall sleeping on those wooden tables several times on Saturday nights but found it so unpleasant that I did not get the habit of doing so. The Eagle was a four-page paper except for special editions which were most likely in the fall when there was a flood of advertising. The papers were folded by the boys and the number that each boy needed for his route were counted by the clerks who did the collecting from the subscribers. Each of the boys carried upwards of 200 papers except the one who made the delivery in North Reading, which section had rather a small population. How he managed to come for his papers and return I don't know for there was no street car service at that time. My route was in a densely populated section and therefore I carried more than the average. There was always an increase in the number of subscribers in the fall—going close to 350 or more for me and then shortly before the holiday season a part of my route was cut off which did not suit me any too well for on New Year's day was the time that the carriers went from house to house with "New Year greetings"—calendars which included the numbers and locations of fire alarm boxes, holidays, weights and measures, etc. My cash presents from my subscribers amounted to approximately $16.00 the first year, $19.00 the second, and $22.00 the third year.

There was a yell of "Reading Eagle!" on the part of the carriers on Sunday mornings from the time they left the office for they were anxious to make the 1¢ profit on each copy they sold. I did well to sell three or four although some with routes nearer the center of town may have done much better. After delivering our papers and making settlement for the ones we sold many of us would patronize a small narrow restaurant near 7th and Penn Streets before going home. Usually it was a 5 or 10¢ bowl of oyster soup or fried oysters at the rate of 3 for 5¢ or 6 for 10¢. In each case there was cole slaw and crackers on the side—free. I had a rubber coat for use on rainy days and rubber boots at time of deep snows. I recall days when ice covered the sidewalks and because of the steepness on upper Chestnut Street, I would slide from one doorstep to the next.

During the last summer of my employment with the Eagle I helped to get ready all of the papers for "out of town" subscribers and by use of a wheelbarrow delivered them to the railroad stations, to the post office and to the stage coaches at several of the hotels. My weekly pay was $2.00 per week (seven-day week) but through my father's efforts this was increased to $2.25. I did not hold this job for more than a few months for several very good reasons. Every day I had to be on the job before Mother had dinner ready and therefore I never had a decent midday meal, the work was too hard for the amount of pay received and the wheelbarrow was so broken down that I had to use an unusually heavy one a good part of the time.

Carrying papers is really not a very interesting or exciting venture but in my case it was the beginning of my responsibility to pay for my own clothes which was really not difficult for clothing was cheap and the New Year gifts helped wonderfully.

There was little cooperation between the "job" printing and newspaper departments and I recall that frequently large letters were built up by the use of small type into the shape and size desired instead of having them in hand or borrowing them from the other department. What a system!

The Scene Changes

After about two years at 331 Penn Street and less than a year on the top floor of a cigar store building across the street, the factory moved to 527 Penn Street. The front of this building was occupied by a liquor store and soon afterwards by a saloon. The store to the west was Earl's, the largest retailer of paper products in the city at that time. The front of Earl's was of the old-fashioned 1½ story type but the rear was much larger and was also their residence.

Our factory was reached by an alleyway from Penn Street to Court. That condition still exists but does no longer have a track from the factory to Penn Street pavement on which we conveyed the leaf tobacco and other heavy articles we needed; and from the factory to Court Street there is paving and sufficient width to permit small trucks to enter and make delivery to a printing firm now located there. While at 527 Penn Street Father rented a frame building just across from the cigar factory in which he started packing
leaf tobacco. He went to Lancaster County early in the spring and arranged for such tobacco as he needed, bought it and later it was brought here. In this building it was assorted as to size and kind; packed and pressed into large wooden cases and left to sweat until fit for use. Some tobacco could be sold and used after one summer's sweat but was considered better after the second summer. Of course there was a loss of weight in keeping it for two years but it also brought a better price. About this time Harrison Brossman who was married to one of my mother's sisters moved to Reading from his farm near Douglassville and joined my father in the packing business. They rented a larger place on North 8th Street, beyond Walnut—where Luden's candy factory is now located—and continued as partners for a few years.

I had acquired some knowledge of packing both smoking and chewing tobacco and took a chance on going in business for myself. "Butts" was the term used for the waste of cigars which was cut off the lighting end after the wrapper had been put on the cigar. This form of chewing tobacco was very popular at that time and there was not enough available for the demand by my customers so I started making "bunches"; pressed and dried them and then cut these bunches into what might be called chewing size. This tobacco was wrapped into packages weighing 2 or 4 oz. using pieces of newspaper as containers.

I also packed "smoking" tobacco—the smaller size of tobacco coming out of the machine which crushed dry "fillers" into "scrap" and also at same time separating these two sizes from the sand and dust which was actually waste. I had paper folders printed as required by law, wrapped them around a funnel suitable for that work, used sealing wax to close the side and bottom of the package and when the tobacco was pressed down solid used more wax to keep the package closed. Though filling many small orders I recall piling up a lot of this product for a large order which netted me approximately $10.00—the peak of my success.

Brother Will and I conceived the idea of using our poor quality tobacco to make cigars and have them sold at a Philadelphia auction house but the returns on the same were so poor that we discontinued that project very soon.

Life on Washington Street

I think it was in 1886 that we moved from 28 Moss Street to 327 Washington Street, a house somewhat larger and in which had been installed a tin bathtub, a wash stand and a toilet. All this was quite an improvement over the previous house.

Gas lighting was still quite a problem for many, especially for those from small towns and the country folks. They would frequently "blow out the light" instead of turning off the gas.

We had an old couple from Shartlesville call (distant relatives) and after a time the old lady asked about the location of the privy. Mother informed her about the bathroom and its accessories. After going there and staying quite a while Mother suspected there might be some trouble so she knocked at the door and on request or at least permission entered and found the old lady trying to sit on top of the wash stand instead of the toilet. Perhaps it was because of the seat cover being down that she was uncertain of its use and made the mistake.

A new schoolhouse was being built at the corner of Rose and Washington Streets just a few doors to the west of us at this time so we had to go to the old skating rink on South 5th Street near Chestnut until it was finished. It was from this new building that I graduated (I think) in one year from grammar to high school.
My teacher was up in years, quiet and perhaps the best loved and respected of all the teachers in town. I can't recall any misbehavior or disobedience and at the end of the term three of the four highest in averages to enter High School were from her room. I was one of these four, even though as usual I was not so high during the term.

Up to the time we moved to Washington Street I was always called "Eddie." This name became very objectionable to me—such a childish name for a boy entering Grammar school!—so I decided that with new associates this was the time to make a change. I gave my name as "Lewis E."

for a time hardly recognized it as mine and in fact had no particular liking for the name Lewis, so on entering High School I took advantage of another good chance for a change and signed myself as "L. Ed." and kept to that the greater part of my life and was therefore known by nearly all as "Ed."

A rather amusing incident pertaining to my name occurred when my teacher stopped at our house and told my mother how pleased she was that "Lewis" did so well at examination. Mother did not recognize the name Lewis as one of her children at first but after a short talk recalled that she did have a son by that name. It was while in grammar school that I started taking lessons on the violin from a Temple cigar maker at 25¢ per lesson, but later I changed to a brother of Obadiah Unger living up Chestnut Street and paid 40¢ per lesson. Obad was the leader of the Liberty Band, an organist in one of the churches and owned a music house, later continued by his son. It seemed I was too busy with other things and not sufficiently interested in violin playing to get very far along with it. I recall being a part of the orchestra at Sunday School and once going to Temple to rehearse with an orchestra which played at country dances. The room in which they had the rehearsal was so small that the noise of the larger instruments almost deafened me. They seemingly did well as an old-fashioned "hoedown" type of orchestra but I considered myself not fitted for that group so I never attended any more of their rehearsals.

The selling of popular songs on Saturday nights on Penn Street was the custom of the time. I have forgotten the names of the composers of these songs but feel sure that they were considered good and were used on the stage for a long time.

The Late 'Eighties

To give exact dates of incidents that happened more than sixty years ago is rather difficult in most cases. Definitely, it was in the fall of '88 that rather a large crowd of Reading people went to Birdsboro to have a parade in honor of Cleve land, who was running for President of the U. S. Among those going was Tom Hannahoe, a saloonkeeper on Cotton Street, who was known as the "Mayor of Irishtown."

Birdsboro was a strong Republican community and many of those going there to parade were fearful that some incident might happen which could cause a fight, and to protect themselves in case of trouble carried secret weapons. I had an open knife handy. Some booing and yelling was the limit of their interference.

I had one of those "$1.00 round trips" to Atlantic City with a group of young men but soon found that their interests were quite different than mine and very soon after leaving Reading had to shift for myself. I was then about 13. I got myself a bathing suit and after a long time on the beach took in the other seaside activities. While in bathing I wore the kind of straw hat worn by the women. The high waves knocked me over and while trying to get my feet on the ground was grabbed by a man who at once discovered that I was not a woman and looked quite disappointed. I got to the railroad station in time to return to Camden, crossed the Delaware by boat to Philadelphia, took a car to the P.& R. depot and back to Reading.

In the fall of '89 I took a package of cigars to the outer depot to be shipped by express. While there, suddenly a heavy wind appeared blowing the large doors wide open. At once there were comments of possible damage somewhere in the city. By the time I got home I had heard that a cyclone had struck the silk mill and had blown it over and also wrecked one of the P.& R. shops. Fire companies, police, and others especially interested rushed to these places. I waited until next morning before going to the silk mill and watched men fastening ropes to the machines standing there, pull them off the floor and in so doing wrecked all of them as they were dragged to the side of the building. To ruin all this machinery certainly did not contribute in any way to the rescue of any of the ones who might be missing. There were still no houses on the slight elevation across the street so we sat there with others just watching a few of the local enlisted soldiers on guard and the destruction going on. Of the 19 killed one was the son of the Reber family who lived near the Hampden reservoir of whom I spoke before. Quite a few were injured and there also were several killed and

Another backyard reunion. Note grape arbor, bedroom shutters (closed), potted plants, board walk, and white washed fence.
injured at the railroad paint shop. Luckily most of the workers had left the silk mill before the cyclone struck or the number of dead and wounded might have been much longer.

Camp meetings were annual affairs at a number of places nearby, including Adamstown, Joanna Heights, Fleetwood, and Laureldale. Many people were in the habit of attending one or more of these meetings—each being in session for at least a week—many owned their tents, with accommodation for cooking and sleeping. Some cooking was done at fireplaces away from the tents. Of course Saturday night and Sunday were the time for crowds. Torches hanging at trees provided the lighting.

I took a sun bath at Mineral Spring Park one time with very unpleasant results. My back got blisters and was so painful that when I attended a show that night at the Academy of Music I had to stand up a good part of the time. By morning it was better but I had a date with a group of young folks for an outing over Neversink Mountain which I could not miss so I went but felt very uncomfortable all the time.

A certain number of free passes to the theatres were given by the man who put sheets of advertising matter in store windows. These were supposed to be given to those permitting the ads. He did not have enough to give one or more to each of the merchants permitting these ads, so I felt very happy when I did get one of them. No doubt some getting passes had more influence with him or perhaps had more prominent places to show off the coming attractions.

Before the close of the '80's we still had a few streets paved with cobblestones—North 8th and North 6th among them. About the same time or soon afterwards some of the streets had Belgian blocks, then hard brick. Soon after getting a large steam-roller things really happened. The unpaved streets were smoothed with more gravel and then the black top was added but perhaps it was not as good as now and therefore needed repairs more frequently.

The Last of the Eighties

Too bad I must go on to the next decade but before doing so I will mention a few more items as to customs and conditions that contributed to the spreading out of the city and its gain in population and prosperity. Rows and rows of houses were built in the sections north of Penn Street especially northeastward and northwestward. The construction seemed to follow the opening of new street car lines and new street car lines followed new house construction. Brick yards were scattered around what is now considered mid town and hand-made clay bricks could be had for $5.00 per 1000. Lumber and labor were also very cheap so that the average house of 12 to 14 ft. frontage could be bought for from 12 to 14 hundred dollars. Some were built 8 to 10 ft. frontage and sold as low as 8 or 900 dollars. A 16 or 18 ft. wide house was exceptional, having better front porches, finer woodwork and side yards so that the cost was practically double that of the ones mentioned. Also, the better homes were in what might be called restricted or better home sections.

Saturday night on Penn Street was always interesting and exciting. Much of the shopping for the week was done on that night, it being the day when most workers got their weekly pay, when the men did their weekly shaving, and everybody took their weekly bath. What better time to visit a saloon—each of which advertised in the Eagle the kind of free lunch they would serve. Women did not go into saloons in those days but many families, especially in the poorer section of town, would "rush the growler" and therefore had perhaps as many drunks and as many fights as were seen along Penn Street.

All horses wore fly nets during the summer months and work horses had the extra protection by wearing straw hats. Eckert's Furnace at the foot of Neversink Mountain was still in operation as was also the pipe mill at the foot of 7th Street. Other prominent plants were the North 9th Street rolling mill, the cotton mill which produced cotton cloth and quite a number of wool hat factories. In fact, at about that time Reading and a few more towns nearby produced more wool hats than any other section of similar size in the United States.

The steel bridge at the foot of Penn Street had been completed and I recall seeing the first Pennsylvania passenger train entering the city. Construction of this road continued north but as was the case below Reading, the road was parallel with the P.&R. and because of this competition it was never very prosperous. This Pennsylvania Railroad has had very few trains daily for many years and is expected to discontinue its passenger service entirely by August 13, 1952. The Mohnton trolley transferred its passengers for Adamstown to a branch line using small steam engines.

I recall a very unpleasant holiday—one at which time I was short of cash. Mother had none to give me, it is not likely that Father would have given me any if he had been at home, and none of my brothers would come to my assistance. The best I could do was to go to Charley Miller's park on the trolley line and on my return to treat myself to a 5¢ plate of ice cream. I don't recall having anything in particular on my program for the day but certainly felt very much deserted to be left alone when there was so much going on all over town and in nearby places.

Bully Lyons

Bully Lyons was the outstanding character in Reading at that time. He was from the coal region, had lived in Philadelphia for a time and at several other towns south of Reading where he had various jobs. He never went to school as a boy—was tall and quite a scraper. In one of the fights he got a broken nose that was never properly fixed up so it stayed crooked the rest of his life. As time went on he had an urge to become a constable but lacking education did some schoolwork so that he could read and write so that he could pass the examination for that job. He was best remembered for the capture of an armed man who had hid in a hayloft after escaping from a jail.

It seems proper that I continue with the strict law enforcement officer who at the same time was perhaps the most beloved character that Reading ever had—Bully Lyons. He was kind to all who needed help and never missed an opportunity to do his part in straightening out trouble but kept an eye on the ones who had no respect for others. Whenever he saw what seemed a neglected youngster in rags he felt it his duty to question him and if actually found in need of assistance would take him to the nearest clothing store and order the boss to give the child a complete outfit. If Lyons always paid for these clothes I cannot say, but the kid certainly got the things he badly needed.

The "Buzzard Gang"

The "Buzzard Gang" were a family with character of a different sort. They lived in the Welsh Mountains near the border of Berks and Lancaster Counties and seemingly had a strong liking for chickens. They kept on stealing some re-
"Bully Lyons," colorful Reading constable of the 1880's, is remembered in this folksong, recorded as "Pauly Lyons" in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania. From the Boyer-Buffington-Yoder "Songs along the Mahantongo" (Hathor, Pennsylvania: Folklore Associates, 1964), page 186.

Peatedly and occasionally a horse so that the local law enforcement arrested one or more of them quite often. They were of the farm labor type and did not in any way look like tough criminals. A part of the family moved to Reading and several of the younger girls worked in our family stripping tobacco. I recall an item in our daily paper at the time one died in jail at the age of 63. He had spent more than 40 years of his life behind the iron doors.

I think it was midwinter of the 89-90 term that I quit school. I had no particular interest in any of the subjects taught and at the same time looked with horror on the fact that in the next session I would have to go through the ordeal of writing an article on some subject and then deliver it as a speech before the whole school. I was so self-conscious and fearful because of the experience I had in my first year of school that I would rather quit than face an audience of that size.

Prof. Scheibner was the principal during my first and second years. He was a light-haired, heavy set Russian—well dressed and always appeared just about a minute before the time of opening session. For some reason he had trouble with the school board and was dismissed. Prof. Townsend succeeded as principal. This man had been one of my teachers and I recall that he would frequently fall asleep in the middle of a lesson. He would open his eyes slowly, ask for a repetition of the answer to his last question or in some other way get back to the lesson without in any way referring to his "time out." A little walking and shrugging of shoulders usually got him back to normal. Salary of high school teachers started at about $700—with high of about $900. The principal got $1,200.

I could always get work at our factory and for a time got tobacco ready for the workers, packed cigars, and did the shipping. Brother Walter had started his course in the medical profession and it may have been because of this that I became interested in the drug business and got a job at Raser's Drug Store, one of the largest in the city at that time. Mr. Raser seemed more interested in the making of root beer than in the usual drug store activities which meant for me a juggling of root beer cases a good part of the day. I started
in the morning by cleaning the floor, counters and show cases, then bottles, mixing bowls, and soda fountain. Besides all this, a young man and I changed tanks for fountain pressure use. This kind of work continued all day so that there was no time to do any reading or to get any instruction on the subject for which I got the employment. Coming back in the evening for more cleaning of mixing bowls and a little reading impressed me as being hardly the kind of profession I wanted to follow. The outstanding incident I remember was the time I accidentally pushed open one of the spigots at the soda fountain permitting the syrup to run all over the marble slab. It was some mess and quite a job to dip up this sticky syrup and clean the marble. In those days the clerk would tap some syrup from the fountain, add a little milk or cream from a bottle, stir with a spoon—perhaps add a little cracked ice—and fill it up with carbonated water. A large glass container always stood by the side of the fountain into which was squirted some kind of charged water. This particular glass case had nothing in common with the fountain except to let people know that there was a soda fountain there. The small pay for a twelve-hour day and the snooty attitude of the boss were the reasons for not staying there very long.

We were living at 221 N. 4th Street when Brother Walter was finishing his medical course at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. He was getting his room and board at the MacBride's. There was quite a contest between him and a student from Fleetwood for the hand of Anna Celeste. Walter seemingly had the lead and on one occasion brought her up to see the family. How we impressed her I cannot say but so large a family to live in such a small house certainly could not be too favorable. Next door to us lived a young couple who became the parents of Admiral DeLeaney while we were there.

It must have been about this time that my brother Jim and I had a trip to Pottsville to visit the parents of some friends who had been living at Centerport. Neither Jim or I had ever been to this place even though it is not very far from Reading. We had a wonderful time with their daughter and a girl friend visiting them, seeing the points of interest and enjoying the tremendous meals they served.

Brother Will was curious as to his ability to pass the examination for teacher in a township school and persuaded me to go along and see how well I might do. We had to make an early start as we had to walk the whole distance to a small schoolhouse in Alsace Township, several miles beyond the Stony Creek Mills on the other side of Mt. Penn. Will did very well, and got his certificate to teach but I was a little short of passing mark because of having no instruction in one of the subjects included in the examination. Will had continued in high school at least a year longer than I which gave him that advantage. There was time out at noon for a dinner at an old hotel near the school where the examination was held, but don't recall us having a meal there. No doubt we had taken some lunch along for we knew nothing of the conditions in that section.

About this time the high fence surrounding the County Fair grounds at the head of Penn Street was removed and the first statue in what is now called City Park was erected. This was in honor of Lauer the brewer, who according to the inscription was helping the cause of temperance by making good beer. This ceremony drew a big crowd and was quite an event for Reading. Another event was the opening of Carsonia Park which gained in interest with the addition of a skating rink, a theatre, and a lake, large enough to have boat rides. After many years of popularity the customs and interests of people changed; Mt. Penn was developing and new housing projects came to the edge of the park so that a few years ago it was discontinued, the land sold at good prices for building lots and in a very short time it was all built up with perhaps the finest homes in any of our suburbs.

Greek candy-creams with nuts, etc., were something new for this community. This was introduced by the Hollis brothers who lived and made their product in the basement of an old hotel at the corner of 7th and Penn Streets, and sold it from a stand in front of the building along the curb. They were eminently successful in their venture and very soon opened a store on South 7th Street and a little later built a large factory at 7th and Franklin. These brothers separated for some reason and years later I had a long talk with the one then located at Charleston, West Virginia, where I had planned to go into business in 1896. A sudden depression struck that section so that my hopes did not materialize. I went back home and got married in the fall of that year.

The Luden of candy fame got his start about this time. He made his products at first on his mother's cook stove. They lived on 5th Street near the corner of what is now the post office. She was a widow running a small candy store. Within a few years he built a factory at the rear of their yard. He specialized in hard Christmas toy candies each winter but never had enough to supply the demand. One year he wanted to be sure and made an unusually large quantity and after the season found there was quite a lot left over. What to do with them was settled by the suggestion of his manager. They would melt them, add some molasses and make cough drops out of them. That was the time his business actually boomed. He moved to a larger building at 6th and Washington and in a few years built a still larger factory at 8th and Walnut. I could give a long story about him but will cut it short by saying that this business is now in the hands of the Dietrichs who came here from Centerport many years ago.

**Girls and Boys**

Saturday and Sunday nights on Penn Street were very much like the "walk" we saw at Monterey, Mexico. The "walk" in the Mexican city was confined to a small park in the center of the city where the boys and girls could pass each other as often as necessary before making a decision as to whether or not they wanted to become acquainted with each other. A crowd of spectators sat on benches at the side and many stood to watch the procession. In Reading the walk was up and down Penn Street mostly on the north side from 8th to 8th Streets. There were two boys of approximately the same age as I, both working in our factory; we three like many others were frequently in the parade and after miles of walking one or more of us might decide on tagging a couple and ask for the privilege of taking them home. Not knowing who the girls were or where they lived
made this contact very unpleasant at times. They might be very ignorant or lived near the end of town. After all the walking we had done and to take the girls a great distance and then return to our homes was a good reason for staying in bed longer than usual the following morning. The outstanding rule in this custom was that the boys never go beyond the front door on the first night they met. Kissing each other was optional. To enter the house the first night was exceptional.

My cousin John Grossman had a strong inclination to meet new girls—there was one in particular about whom he had heard but never met. Father and a cousin of mine conceived the idea of writing a letter to him with this girl's name as signature. In this letter was the request that he be at 6th and Penn at a certain time, that she would have a ribbon bow of a certain color pinned on her dress so that he could recognize her from the other girls passing by. We sat on the front porch of what was then the Keystone House and watched him looking for the girl and frequently at his watch. It was quite interesting and amusing to all of us watching the actions of a man who couldn't find his girl.

One of my most interesting and somewhat humiliating experiences I have ever had was one Saturday night when my brother Walter and I met two girls who attended the same church as we did. This was in mid-summer while he was still a student at the medical college. It must have been about 9 o'clock and it was mutually agreed that there was still time for a street car ride to Charley Miller's Park. We may have stayed there for a short time but to go and return and then for me with my girl to walk her home on Carpenter Street, caused our arrival to be in the neighborhood of 11 o'clock. No sooner had we come to her house when her grandfather, a retired itinerant preacher with whom she lived, stuck his head out of the upstairs window and started scolding me for bringing the girl home so late at night and would not let her come in. While in the midst of his harangue the fire bell rang and all along the street I noticed heads appearing to find out the location of the fire, and of course to see what might happen to the girl who was denied admission. I just stood there and waited until I heard grandfather's footsteps and the sound of her unlocking the door. Of course no one on the street knew who I was and I assumed the F. B. I. was never called on to investigate.

One evening I, with several boy friends, went to a revival meeting at the church to which the Wetherhold family belonged. The services had already begun so quite naturally some of the audience looked around to see who the latecomers were. I did not know it then but later found out that a thirteen-year-old girl by the name of Florence E. Wetherhold was one of them. For some unknown reason (perhaps it was some defect in her vision) she saw only me. A few weeks later she stood beside me while we joined church and I became acquainted with her. Soon afterwards I became a member of the choir which was composed of the most friendly boys and girls imaginable. Since I was always interested in folks somewhat older than myself I associated with this group almost exclusively for a time and paid no attention whatever to those in the 13 or 14-year-old bracket.

The Early 'Nineties

From the early '90's to the time I was married were years of great activity, confined primarily to church affairs and to work at the cigar factory. I did join the Reading Choral Society which was interested in high class music and included in its membership practically all of the best talent in the city's church choirs and some who later became rather famous in the world of music. I also became a member of the Amherst Musical Club in which I played the mandolin. Guitars in time of theatre entertainment were included; also a few other instruments, such as banjo and flute. At least once or twice a year we would have a kind of musical comedy which opened in the style of a minstrel show. There were also some solos and comedy skits. I was not a good musician but sat with the others in the orchestra and went through the motion of playing and picked at least some of the notes. I also joined in their parades and gave a few lessons on the mandolin at the rate of 25¢ each.

I became foreman in my father's factory when I was about 17 years of age and stuck to that the greater part of five years. I was in contact continually with what was then known as street walkers, runnies and bums but felt well satisfied in never having any labor troubles and of seeing Father's business improving. I never got any praise from him but over-heard him saying that I was the best factory manager he ever had. It must have been because of his own childhood and upbringing by his crude relatives along the Blue Mountains that he never saw the need or felt any obligation to give us boys any cash for "spending." Furnishing a home, board and clothes was sufficient according to his views. I felt that at my age enjoying the theatre, taking a girl out occasionally and having a ride on the street car were but normal inclinations and required some ready cash. I told him I was taking 25¢ each week the first year from the cash drawer. The second year I told him I was taking 50¢ and the third year $1.00 per week. Even so it was hard to get along and recall Miss Wetherhold paying her own fare of 35¢ to see Lillian Russell with me from the balcony of the Academy of Music on N. 6th Street. The next year I managed to get an agreement with him that $6.00 per week would be the price and out of this I would pay board to mother and buy all of my clothing. By this time he had built the factory at Front and Washington Street and employed the largest number of workers he ever had.

I had a strong desire to go into business for myself before I was 21 but having no cash of my own made an arrangement with my father to take from his large stock of tobacco whatever I needed and he also furnishing the amount of cash necessary until money came in from the sales I made. Within a few months I was selling cigars in case lots (10,000 in a case) to points as far away as the extreme Southwest. To do business at that rate meant quite an investment as discount was not very large and bills were not due until 30 days after shipment. Without warning my assistance in cash was cut off suddenly and therefore I had to discontinue. Brother Will was already in business for himself manufacturing cigars in a small shop in the rear of his home on North Front Street. Beside that he bought most of his cigars in York and Lancaster Counties where prices were lower than in this section. He assumed responsibility for my indebtedness, took the tobacco and cigars I had on hand and I went back to foremanship for him, to pack cigars for my father and to collect taxes for Father who had the political pull to get this privilege. Taking into consideration the fact that going into business for myself before I was 21 and being in it for only about 5 months and ending with a net of about $500.00 was not bad, and especially so since one of my sales was bad and amounted to approximately $400.00.

It was through these years that Duryea was driving his car around town, trying it out and planning for changes and improvements, that the driveway over Mt. Penn was used.
primarily for walks by young lovers, that the gravity road was popular and more and more interest was shown in the Carsonia Park.

Besides being in the choir at church I occasionally acted as usher, played violin in the Sunday School orchestra and passed the collection basket. In those days pennies were the coins usually dropped, so noticing a well-to-do doctor—a member of the choir—drop a dollar bill in the basket I was rather surprised. Before the end of a church service it was customary for the preacher to call on one of the members to make the closing prayer. On one of these occasions I was in the rear of the church with the janitor who had just filled his mouth with chewing tobacco. I will never forget the look on his face when the preacher called on him to make the prayer. Luckily he was close to an open heat register and by a little manipulation emptied his mouth of the dirty stuff with one big squirt and then fulfilled the request.

Frequently the young folks had parties at the homes of members of the church which made it possible for them to become better acquainted with each other. At one of these parties I had more responsibility than usual and as the young folks were leaving noticed that one of the girls was going to be left without an escort. She was a member of one of the wealthier Reading families and O.K. in all respects but was lacking good looks. I thought it only proper that I take her home especially since it was rather late. No sooner did we arrive at her home than one of her older brothers came out, grabbed her and practically threw her indoors. I felt it wiser to continue in the direction of my home than to get in a fight with him since he was somewhat older and larger in size—I felt sure that he would be the winner. After several years of acquaintanceship with Miss Wetherhold and occasionally taking her home from church affairs and young folks’ parties which nearly always contained some kissing games, my name and hers became linked together but for some reason we were separated every summer except the summer before we were married and I was down at Charleston, West Virginia. It may have been the greater activities of the boys with whom I associated or perhaps the extra cash needed to properly entertain a girl in summer that was the cause of our separation each summer.

The Wetherholds had a very pleasant and well warmed house so that it did not require much of a temptation to be one of a party of two (one boy and one girl) to occupy their sitting room or parlor on a Saturday or Sunday night.

I recall an incident which ended one of our summer’s separations. Miss W. called on my mother for “a very good reason.” She was invited to stay for supper which was gladly accepted. She was in a very talkative mood but suddenly stopped when she noticed all of the family were bowing their heads for a moment of silent prayer. Mother later described this call of Miss W. as that of “a sick kitten against a warm brick.”

It was about six years from the time I met Miss W. until we got married. The Wetherholds did not want their daughter to be married before she was 20 years of age or it might have been sooner. On their twentieth anniversary they announced our wedding date for a year in the future to their group of friends at a big dinner which was a custom of the card-playing group to which they belonged. Every week one of the members entertained with dinner, then cards.

A young man by the name of Jabez Hartman became interested in Miss Wetherhold. He did not realize that we were already engaged and made a bet that the one who would marry Miss W. would get a floor sheepskin rug from the loser. He soon afterward managed to have a walk with her and asked her if he could go regular with her. Of course she could make no such promise and on returning home got in a hysterical laugh over the incident. I got the rug.
Preserving YORK'S Architectural Heritage

With the celebration of the 225th Anniversary of the founding of York in the spring of 1966, two organizations dedicated to the careful preservation of York's fine heritage joined forces to fortify their strength and to co-ordinate the presentation of York County's rich historical background. The Historical Society of York County welcomed the merger with Historic York County to continue its job of "Preserving York's Heritage Since 1895" on a much more complete basis.

Though the life of the organization known as Historic York County lasted only six years, its accomplishments were great, for it was in that time that three important historic structures were restored. In spite of its early prominence as a Germanic settlement, and a distinguished Revolutionary history, York had no completely authentic or expertly restored historic building on display. The Golden Plough Tavern, the General Gates House and the Log House were saved from destruction, carefully restored, authentically furnished, and opened to the public to dramatize life in the beginnings of this small frontier town—one of the first towns to be established west of the Susquehanna River.

Each house is in its original location within three blocks from the center of York, is singularly important, and represents a significant development in the rapid growth of this important community. George Stevenson wrote in 1754, "The town now consists of 210 dwelling houses near thirty of which are un-finished, and only three are built of bricks, and two of stone." In 1794 Gazenove wrote in his diary, "There are about 400 houses, about 60 of which are of brick
The Golden Plough Tavern was built between 1741 and 1745 by Martin Eichelberger, a young German colonist who had come to this country at the age of 12 with his family from Ittingen, Germany, which is today a suburb of Karlsruhe, across the Rhine from the French provinces. First the family joined a colony of Germans in Lancaster County along the Pequea Valley, then moved westward to the new frontier country along the Codorus Creek. For his bride, Martin Eichelberger acquired lot #102 on November 4, 1741, in the recently laid out town of Yorktowne and built a house employing the medieval construction methods used in his native land. It is the unique form of this Germanic frame building that makes this half-timbered house a very significant architectural structure and reflects the very primitive medieval background of the early German settlers of York. The use of hand-hewn logs in both the first and second stories of the building, the handsplit oak shakes (or shingles), the simple casement windows, the unusual wood chimney with its shingled roof, the very steep roof with its kick (or flare) above the eaves, and the distinctive and important half-timber construction (the interesting combination of brick and heavy logs in the second and third stories)—all emphasize the medieval background the early German colonists brought to Pennsylvania. The simple interiors with their exposed beam ceilings, “wattle and daub” partitions, and white-washed walls complete the picture of the courage and strength required of these hardy pioneers who battled the elements to establish their homes to live a crude and primitive way of life.

The General Gates House was built in 1751 by an English gentleman named Joseph Chambers. He was the second owner of the Golden Plough Tavern, built his home on the same lot, and probably ran the Tavern as a business. Representative of the other large section of York’s early settlers, the Scotch-Irish and English, this home reflects the more sophisticated European background as the Renaissance reached the larger cities but made least headway in conti
The Barroom—first floor of the Golden Plough Tavern. Built in the 1740's by Martin Eichelberger, one of York's pioneer settlers, the tavern served wagoners and townsmeun in the frontier period.

The Barnet Bobb Log House, York, built in 1811. Log was the commonest form of construction in Pennsylvania's towns and villages in the post-Revolutionary period.
The Dining Room of the General Gates House. This house represents the Anglo-American tradition and served as Horatio Gates’ headquarters when York was capital of the United States in 1777-1778.

In contrast to the Golden Plough Tavern which reflects the essentially medieval culture of the Germans who clung to their traditions, the General Gates House is primarily an example of the English style of architecture though its exterior has three stone walls and only one brick wall. This structure with its careful symmetry and balanced facade, its pent roof between the first and second stories, its attractive plastered cove cornice under the eaves of the roof, its use of simple shutters at the double-hung windows, and its brick chimneys on either end of the house, is a much more elegant home. Likewise the interiors of the Gates House with the lovely paneling of the corner fireplaces, plastered walls, and the soft warm colors of the painted trim and paneling suggests the background of the more sophisticated and cultured way of life of the English gentlemen.

In addition to being one of York’s earliest houses, the General Gates House is also important for its historical significance. It was here that General Horatio Gates made his home while he headed the Board of War at the time York was serving as the Capital of the United States from September 1777 to June 1778. It was in this house in the Banquet Room that the Marquis de Lafayette made his famous toast which quashed the plot (The Conway Cabal) to oust General Washington as commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary forces and to elevate General Gates to that post. The original hinges which held the swing-up board partition to make the banquet-size room were found in the house under much later plaster and have been used in the restoration of this famous room.

Finally the Log House, built by Barnett Bobb in 1811, represents the most common type of construction used in York in the late 18th and early 19th Century. This particular house with its two stories, first floor layout of four rooms and hallway, is outstanding because of its large size. Many of the early houses were small log cabins of one room which were replaced as soon as the owners could build larger homes. The Log House is also located on its original site which is within the confines of the original borough of York. This building along with the two other restorations represent the three forms of architecture found in York’s early days.

Each of these houses is appropriately and carefully furnished in 18th and early 19th Century furniture. The collection of early primitive furniture presented to the Golden Plough Tavern by the well-known collector Titus Geesey is of particular importance. A visit to any of these houses offers the tourist or scholar a fine opportunity to study and observe the way of life of York’s original inhabitants. Each house reflects a different period and background and portrays the way of life of three decidedly different families.

The Historical Society now encompasses these three fine restorations, the excellent museum, and the library. With a new Board of Directors and a new Curator, a new spirit of vitality permeates the whole historic atmosphere. New exciting exhibits are planned for the museum, an inventory of important architectural buildings is to be taken, and the Historical Society of York County will increase its impact on the community. A visit to York to the Museum and to the restorations should be made to fully understand the excellence and scope of one of Pennsylvania’s outstanding Societies.
A museum may originate in the packrat propensities of one or two people; it may grow out of a need for raw material for teaching, or from a feeling of beauty in things of the past; but once born, it must become a part of the life of the community to live, no matter what the size of that community may be—a whole province such as Ontario, a country the size of England, a city with the population of New York, or a river valley such as the Twenty Mile Creek at Jordan in Ontario. For a small museum this integration is essential because its size and the size of the community it serves are small enough to set up an intimate and familiar relationship. This, therefore, is the first requisite for a small museum, integration with the community, but there are three other essentials to make the museum a success. It must be a

Young Canada learns of Ontario's past in classes at the Jordan Museum. Photograph from the annual summer museum school at Jordan.
Jordan Village is three miles off the Queen Elizabeth Way and six miles west of St. Catharines, on Number 8 Highway.

an even distance from Niagara where the first Loyalist settlers crossed the border. There are the Twelve, the Sixteen, the Twenty and the Forty. Communities grew up within each valley. One went courting on the Sixteen, to town on the Twelve, or to church on the Twenty. The village of Grimsby became the focal point of the Forty; but as the area around the Twenty was given in one piece by a grateful government to Colonel Johnson Butler of the famous corps of Butler's Rangers, it retained its connotation and rural character longer. Hence the Twenty, in the title of the museum, though strange to the ears of outsiders, has special significance because it refers to a cultural and social area, rather than to a political creation, such as a county or township. The Crown's gift to Butler consisted of several thousand acres. Some of his officers and men received smaller quantities in accord with rank and service. The area was originally settled, therefore, by military men and their families with a strong tradition of service to the Crown, as is evidenced by the later militia lists and the names of the officers during the War of 1812-14.

A more peaceful element entered the territory from Pennsylvania, for hitherto came also the Mennonites. Fearful of the threats to their faith and their adherence to the ways of peace in the raw and new United States, some communities, in Bucks and Lancaster Counties, Pennsylvania,
sent a survey party in 1786. Their favourable report soon attracted others and by 1800 there were at least fifteen families settled in the area of the Twenty. When they could not secure Crown grants, they purchased their farms from Butler for sums as low as $5.00 per acre. When the war of 1812-14 took place, these same loyal, yet peaceful, people testified, rather than swore, to their allegiance and were exempt from military service.

These two groups formed the nucleus of the population of the Twenty. As a member of the first group, George Ball built the mill for the flour and burnt the lime for the later brick buildings. Abraham High, who came from Bucks County in 1798, was of the second group. He was so famous for his kindliness and hospitality that his farm and buildings provided all the amenities of a village, for his name appears on the maps of the area of 1815 as Hoy. By 1812, Hoy's had become the village of Jordan, carved largely out of the land of Jacob Snure (1800-1877). Oral tradition suggests that the village was so called by its first postmaster, William Bradt, because of a fancied similarity between the river valley and biblical Jordan; there was definite similarity in use, because the members of the Church of Christ, of which William Bradt and Jacob Snure were staunch supporters, baptized their proselytes in its waters. Such then was the community, a composite of refugees from New York State and Pennsylvania, strongly sectarian, in an area essentially rural, known as early as 1829 for its grapes and small fruits.

When the Museum was opened in 1953, sixteen direct descendants in the male line of the original recipients of Crown grants were presented to Her Majesty's representative, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. In this act the community expressed its responsibility to the past and its realization that the character of the Twenty was formed by these early pioneers. The many bibles and sacred hymnals are evidence of the religious character and cultural connections. Many of them are written in German, in Gothic script, because German was the language of the Mennonite sermon in the area as late as 1895. Of special interest are the fragmentary sections or manuscripts of broken or Gothic writing, which are descended directly from the illuminated manuscripts of the Middle Ages and which were taught as a lettering project in the Mennonite schools of Pennsylvania until the middle of the 19th Century.

There are the basic agricultural tools, the grain cradles, the flails, the pitch-forks and the grain shovels, the ox-yokes and the wooden buckets. Their excellent condition attests to the respect of the craftsman for the tools of his trade even when discarded. The most dramatic object in the collection is the giant fruit or cider press. It is based on the fulcrum principle, employed in the olive presses of classical Greece and Rome, in the wine presses of Pompeii, Mediaeval France and the Rhineland and the whale oil presses of the Massachusetts coast. They are now rare enough and large enough to excite comment. There are also the basic utensils of the house, the flat-presses, the wooden churns, the rolling pins, candle-moulds and the iron pots. Iron pots were as highly esteemed in pioneer Ontario as was the famous pot of Alexander Henry, which was apparently the only one in the whole of the west. Every family had a series of them, graded in size to fill the many needs of family life. Hence the Museum has made a point of collecting many iron and copper pots, large and small, to emphasize their vital importance.
The Giant Fruit-Press, Jordan Historical Museum of the Twenty. Similar huge beam presses were used for making cider in Pennsylvania.

This household and farm equipment should be found in every small museum. Exemplifying, as they do, the agricultural character of the country, they give a true picture of pioneer Ontario; but, if possible, each small museum should concentrate on the material that illustrates local variations. On the Twenty, there was one potter, Daniel Orth, and among several good weavers of professional calibre there was one outstanding one called Samuel Fry. Not only are a great many of his coverlets, blankets, sheets, table cloths and shawls still extant, but which is even more important, his descendants have preserved his pattern and account books, his correspondence about weaving, and even his desk and his wedding suit. This is an extremely rich inheritance. Daniel Orth, the potter, made cider and vinegar jugs, pie plates, bean pots and butter crocks. His ware is characterized by a simple sturdiness of form with a rich lustrous glaze splashed with green.

The physical complex of the museum consists of three buildings and a cemetery. The first and main building is known as the Vintage House, because transients were boarded there during the grape harvest or vintage time. The second is an old schoolhouse, whose playground used to be the old Mennonite cemetery in which lies buried Abraham High, the man who was probably the first settler in the area. The third is the Fry House. This was moved to its present position by members of the community in order that the weaving and the household equipment of the famous pioneer farmer and weaver would retain its original setting. There are other two-storey log cabins in Ontario, but this is the only one with the original furniture and household utensils. Thus, even the buildings express the traditions of the area.

Hence there was the raw material in the area for a museum. The next requirement, interest, was also present. There was great pride in local material; one or two people had already made extensive private collections; there was a fear of the future, of the changes due to industrialization, to the disappearance of old families and the arrival of new peoples with strange names and manners. As one man said, "When I was young, I could stand in my fields and see the fields of my friends and relatives. Now I am old and a stranger in my own land." There was also an industry, which, by the nature of its product, was as closely tied to the soil and as dependent upon its beneficence as were the farmers. Jordan Wines Limited had already purchased the schoolhouse and the churchyard to save them for the community and had thought it an ideal site for a museum, perhaps a history of grape-growing in Canada, or of winemaking. All that was needed, therefore, was a meeting of the two interests and their ultimate union. As in most perfect marriages, no one has the dominant voice and all have to work to make it a success. True, the Museum is sponsored by industry, but it is, nevertheless, a community effort and in this lies its strength. The Company is not represented as a company on the Board; there are merely four individuals out of a group of twelve. The other eight are elected by members of the Museum. Membership entails service, either the giving or lending of material, for no object is purchased, or in some form of collaboration such as making cookies for meetings. Thus in every way the Jordan Museum exists as a symbol of community life and a vital link with the tradition of an area which owes so much of its atmosphere to the past.
A Campmeeting Hymn.

CHRIST THE LORD, WAS SLAIN.

1. THE Son of man they did betray,
   He was condemned and led away,
   Think, O my soul, on that dread day:
   Look on Mount Calvary.
   Behold him lamb-like led along,
   Surrounded by a wicked throng;
   Accused by each lying tongue
   And then the Lamb of God they hung
   Upon the shameful tree.

2. 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
   With hands and feet nailed to the wood;
   From every wound a stream of blood
   Came flowing down again.
   His bitter groans all nature shook,
   And at his voice the rocks, the stars, the seas,
   And sleeping saints their graves forsook,
   While spiteful Jews around him mock'd,
   And laughed at his pain.

3. Now hung between the earth and skies,
   Behold! in agonies he dies;
   O sinners! hear his mournful cries,
   Come see his torturing pain.
   The morning sun withdrew his light,
   Blush'd, and refused to view the sight:
   The azure clouded in robes of night,
   All nature mourn'd and stood apart
   When Christ the Lord was slain.

4. Hark! men and angels, hear the Son,
   He cries for help, but O! there's none;
   He treads the wine-press all alone,
   His garments stained with blood.
   In lamentations hear him cry
   "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani!"
   Though death may close his languid eyes,
   He soon will mount the upper skies,
   The coming Son of God.

5. The Jews and Romans in a band,
   With hearts like steel around him stand,
   And mocking, say, "Come save the land,
   Come try yourself to free."
   A soldier pierced him when he died,
   That healing streams came from his side,
   And thus my Lord was crucified;
   Stern justice now is satisfied,
   Sinners, for you and me.

6. Behold! he mounts the throne of state,
   He fills the mediatorial seat,
   While millions bowing at his feet,
   With loud hosannas' yell.
   Though he endured exquisite pains,
   He paid the monsters death in chains;
   Ye seraphs raise your highest strains,
   With music fill bright Eden's plains,
   He conquer'd death and hell.

7. 'Tis done! the dreadful debt is paid,
   The great atonement now is made:
   Sinners on him your guilt was laid,
   For you he spilt his blood;
   For you his tender soul did move,
   For you he left the courts above,
   That length and breadth might prove,
   And height and depth of perfect love,
   In Christ your smiling God.

8. All glory be to God on high,
   Who reigns enthron'd above the sky;
   Who sent his Son to bleed and die
   Glory to him be giv'n;
   While heav'n above his praise resounds,
   O Zion sing—his grace abounds;
   I hope to shout eternal rounds,
   In flaming love, that knows no bounds,
   When swallowed up in heav'n.

---

D. Dickinson, Printer, back of No. 171 Market St. Philadelphia.

Camp-meeting hymn printed for the Methodists by D. Dickinson of Philadelphia. The hymn, dealing with the Passion of Christ and the Atonement, was written on the Kentucky-Tennessee frontier about 1805 by John Adam Granade, Methodist camp-meeting poet, and translated by Johannes Dreisch (1789-1871), Evangelical circuit-rider. His translation, "Verrathen ward des Menschen Sohn," was widely sung by the Pennsylvania Dutch revivalist sects.
Our first selection of Pennsylvania Broadsides, in Pennsylvania Folklore, Vol. XVI No. 2 (Winter 1966-67), presented examples of Philadelphia song broadsides—in English—from the latter part of the 19th Century. Our second selection is focused on broadsides of religious songs—some of them from the first half of the 19th Century and others from the second half—which provide background for a study of English and German-language spirituals in Pennsylvania.

The American “spiritual” has been researched principally in three areas—the Negro Spiritual, the White Spiritual of the Southern Uplands, and the Pennsylvania Spiritual.

Since the publication of Pennsylvania Spirituals (Lancaster, Pennsylvania: Pennsylvania Folklore Society, 1961), we have wanted to make available the texts of the German-language “spiritual” broadsides which were indexed on pp. 403-407. In the present selection we include the following German-language items: (1) Two versions of “Mein Leben auf Erden ist mühsam allüber,” published as “Geistliches Lied” broadsides; (2) “Netze kein Äug” wenn dein Freund in erblasti,” a funeral hymn translated from “Shed not a tear over your friend’s early bier”; (3) Die selige Versammlung,” beginning with the verse “Hier ist Leiden, Pein, und Schmerz,” and accompanied by the chorus “O da ward son Frende, Frende, Frende, Freunde”; (4) A Children’s [!]
Come, Brethren, come!

1. Come, brethren, come, why longer wait? Jerusalem, her golden gate
Wide open doors for you.
2. With steady eye and eager pace,
Your journey straight pursue.
And watch and pray to Him always;
Whose truth will hear you through.
3. We travel through a wilderness,
Where dangers thick abound,
But murmure not, for His rich grace
With manna strew the ground.
4. Soon shall we reach cold Jordan's shore,
The end of all our toil;
Our steadfast faith will bear us o'er,
Its waters will recall.
5. There fell we'll raise our notes of praise, 
As on the brick we stand,
And ever true the Lamb's pure grace
That led us to that land.
6. There shines the golden city bright,
All glorious to behold,
Where Christ, the Lord's Messian and light,
New beauties will unfold.
7. O, happy city! radiant, bright,
Fulfilled full of joy and love,
Pain would we take our upward flight,
And dwell in thee above.
8. There amidst the pure and shining throng
Who bow before the throne,
We'll sing the lasting triumph song,
The song our God will own.
9. No sorrow, pain or bitter tear
Shall ever find a place,
But Saints in white with palms appear
To hymn redeeming grace.
10. That song we'll sing forevermore
Upon those heavenly plains,
A song never sung by men before,
In such exalted strains.

JOSEPH KRUPP
Limerick, Montgomery County, Pa.

"Come, Brethren, Come!" is an English translation of Johannes Walter's hymn, "Kommt, Brüder, kommt, wir eilen fort," written in Pennsylvania in 1806 and for a century and a half a favorite source of verse-texts for Pennsylvania Spirituals.

Song about the Last Judgment, beginning with the chorus, "O da wird man weinen, weinen, weinen, weinen"; (5) A "hallelujah song," with chorus, beginning Gott hat die Welt geliebet, Hallelujah! and entitled Liebe Gottes gegen die Menschen; (6) "Die erschobne Heimat," a German translation of "There is a happy land, far, far away," and (7) A Friederich Hasted broadside of 1846 containing two hymns, "Noah's Sicherheit in der Arche" and "Freie Guide." Materials on most of these can be found in Pennsylvania Spirituals.

For good measure, we have included several English-language camp-meeting songs and a modern Mennonite "spiritual," an adaptation of "The Little Brown Church in the Vale" to the Argentina Mennonite missionary program. This is a good example of the continuing process, illustratable in spirituals from several centuries, of using a popular tune or song-format as the matrix for a new song with a new set of words.

The majority of these printed "spiritual" broadsides are, using George Pullen Jackson's categories (see Pennsylvania Spirituals, pp. 10-11), not revival spiritual songs or
"choruses" but rather "folk-hymns," whose texts would be used interlaced with various choruses, to form camp-meeting or revival spirituals. To be specific, Nos. 3-5 above are revival spirituals or "choruses," as Pennsylvania Dutch spiritual-singers today still call their spirituals; the rest of our selections are folk-hymns, minus chorus.

The items reproduced here, except for two broadsides from the Editor's Collection, so marked, were photographed in 1959-1960 from the Pennsylvania Folklife Society Collections. Will readers who have similar materials which might be copied for the University of Pennsylvania Folklife and Folklife Archive please notify the Editor?

---

A Call To Argentina

By T. K. HERSHEY

(Tune: "The Church in the Wildwood")

There are souls to be saved in Argentina,
And they through the Church must be sought,
God's love to them is extended,
For they through His blood have been bought.

Chorus:

*Go to the lost in Argentina
*Oh, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go.
*Oh go to the souls that are there.
*Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go.

Nothing is so dear to our Saviour,
As the Gospel proclaimed everywhere.

Long ago Jesus said, "Preach the Gospel"
To all that shall live here below,
And if you and I are obedient,
To the land of the south it will go.

Chorus:

Are you burdened for souls, oh my brothers,
And your own obligations as well?
Concerning your duty to others,
Have you asked God to show you His will?

Chorus:

The call that has come from Argentina
For the Bible so precious, so dear,
Should challenge the Church of the Northland
For salvation; the Gospel is cheer.

Chorus:

If you cannot go, Christian worker,
Then pray that others might heed.
This may mean of you time and money,
But God will supply all your need.

Chorus:

*Soprano only; tAlto, Tenor and Bass.

The process of adapting popular songs continues in the Dutch Country in the 20th Century. This broadside was distributed by Lancaster County Mennonites in the 1950's. It has a foreign missionary theme but is in form an adaptation of the 19th Century favorite, "The Church in the Wildwood," or "The Little Brown Church in the Vale."

The spirituals adapted popular tunes to new texts. The German broadside shown here is "The Consoling Parting," a favorite funeral hymn among the Bush-Meeting Dutch. It is a German translation, by Dreisbach, of the American song, "Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier," sung to the tune of "Long, Long ago."
Spirituals, like hymns in general, often produced progeny with new words but exactly the same format. Here are two examples, the first ("Für Unterrichts-Kinder") dealing with the theme of Judgment Day, the second ("Die selige Versammlung") telling of the joys of singing with the angels and parting no more in Heaven. The second broadside was published by Ludwig A. Wollenweber, emancipated German publisher and writer who left behind many items of Pennsylvania German interest.
BROADSIDES

PENNSYLVANIA

THE NARROW WAY

PART THE FIRST.

"Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereof." "Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—Matthew vii. 13, 14.

Lest ye catch upon me, I am the Way.—John xii. 46.

HART.

Sometimes we have no strength;
And sometimes, lest we might go wrong,
We choose to stand quite still.

Again, thro' headless haste
We catch some dangerous fall;
Then fearing we may move too fast,
We hardly move at all.

Deep quickens shake the way;
Corruptions form and thick;
Whose stench infects the air, and makes
The strongest traveller sick.

Thru these we long must wade,
And oft stick fast in mire.
Now heat consumes, now frost bends hums,
As dangerous as the fire.

Spectres of various forms,
Sorrows,, enchant, fright;
Presumption tempts us every day;
Despair assails by night.

Companions if we find,
Alas! how soon they're gone!
For his decreed that must must pass
The darkest paths above.

Distrust'd on every side,
With evils false or fair.
We pray, we cry, but cannot find
That prayers or cries are heard.

Thickets of briars and thorns,
Our feet feel ten thousand;
And every step we take betrays
New dangers and new foes.

THE NARROW WAY

AND SEEN.

Sometimes we seem to gain
Guest lengths of ground by day;
But find, alas! when night comes on
We quite must take the way.

Editor's Collection

Frederick Hasted published many broadsides of evangelistic hymn material. The 1845 English broadside sings of the "Narrow Way" to salvation, the path that the Pennsylvania German revivalist sects took in their rejection of frivolity and frills in daily living. The 1846 German broadside compares "Noah's security in the Ark" with the security of the saints in Christ; and in its right-hand column sings of "Free Grace," a constant note in the revivalist gospel.
MEMOIRS
of a Lutheran Minister:
1850-1881
By JACOB BISHOP CRIST
Edited by Don Yoder

Jacob Bishop Crist (1798-1881) was a Berks County Dutchman who had a most unusual triple career in American religion. During the early part of his career he was a Methodist preacher, circuit-riding, and traveling companion of Bishop William McKendree, senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In his second period, 1851-1847, he was agent of various national benevolent societies, including the American Sunday School Union and the American Colonization Society, traveling extensively through the Midwest. The third phase of his career in religion opened in the year 1847, when he formally entered the Lutheran Church. He explains his decision as follows: "After spending the year at my home in Reading, and again mingling with the Lutherans, I felt that my proper place was among them, in fact I was a Lutheran at heart, although I loved the Methodist Church and for years could not think of leaving it. However, in 1847, I took my papers from that church and was cordially received into the Lutheran Synod of Illinois." In 1848-1849 he traveled through the East, Midwest, and South, as agent for the newly founded Lutheran college at Hillsboro, Illinois. He was next appointed agent of the Education Society of Gettysburg College, Pennsylvania, in which his work was confined to the Middle States. He returned to Pennsylvania, and eventually, in 1852, to the parish ministry. These portions printed here from his manuscript autobiography deal with the Lutheran phase of his ministry, 1852-1881, during which time he served parishes in Lancaster, York, Mifflin, Blair, Huntingdon, Somerset, and Armstrong Counties—in Eastern, Central, and Western Pennsylvania.


*The dedication of the autobiography, signed by Jacob Bishop Crist’s daughter, Mary Elizabeth Beighl, of Altoona, Pennsylvania, explains the composition of the work: "After we moved to Altoona it was my pleasure and duty to so arrange my household affairs that I could spend part of every morning with my parents, sometimes reading to or writing for my father, but more frequently listening to him recount the events of his past life on which he delighted to dwell. At Mother’s request, as I sat with him I noted down his reminiscences, which together with notes from his diary I have compiled into this biography and dedicated to my Mother who was his faithful companion, rejoicing with him in his joy and sympathizing with him in his hours of darkness, and in her ever bright, cheerful, loving manner encouraging him and bringing sunshine into his heart, thereby making his life flow on as a sweet song. But now that she, too, has crossed the River and joined him in The Better World this biography is rededicated to their grandchildren."
appreciate as few had the opportunity. For though modest and retiring in disposition, he was ever active in good works, generous to a fault, but never let his right hand know what his left was doing.

Through Berks County

Two days later, July 18, I went to Reading and on the Sabbath I preached and took up a collection in Saint Matthew's church. Rev. James A. Brown was the pastor.

The following Sabbath I preached in Kutztown, where Rev. Smith, the pastor of the Lutheran church, had prepared the way for me, and through the week I visited in the congregation and succeeded very well in making my collections.

My next appointment was in Brother B. B. Kramlich's charge, a short distance from Kutztown, and reasonable success attended me.

Rev. Jeremiah Shindle's charge was my next field of operations. As the charge was large, comprising eight churches in all of which I preached and visited, I was several weeks in getting around. The collections were not as large as I had hoped they would be, yet I could not complain, and I met with great kindness from every one.

My next field of operation was in Brother Fuch's charge at Bath, Northampton County. I preached on Sunday, both in the morning and the evening and spent the week in visiting the members of the congregation, who responded to my solicitations reasonably well. The Centerville Lutheran church, Rev. G. A. Wenzel, pastor, next gave me a kindly welcome, but after preaching on Sunday and visiting through the week I did not succeed in interesting the membership in the cause I was representing and I was somewhat disappointed in the amount contributed.

Allentown and Vicinity

At the invitation of Rev. John Jonathan Yeager, pastor of the Lutheran Church in Allentown, Lehigh County, I filled his pulpit the Sabbath after leaving Centerville and remained but a few days as considering the size and wealth of the place, the donations were very small. The following Sabbath I filled the pulpit for Brother Yeager in a country church. The congregation was mostly German whose fine farms, well tilled in a beautiful country testified to their comfort and prosperity. But though they were hospitable, financially I met with but reasonable success.

The Lutherans in and around Dryland, Northampton County, were without a pastor, but the church was opened for me, and the response to my petition for funds for the college was liberal, even beyond my hopes.

I spent the next two Sundays at Easton, preaching in Dr. Diehl's and Dr. C. F. Sheaffer's churches, and spent eight or ten days visiting among the people, and my labors were rewarded by a generous contribution.

Leaving Easton I crossed the Delaware River into New Jersey and preached and took up a good collection in Rev. McCron's charge. Remaining there only a few days I recrossed the river and visited and preached in Hilltown, Bucks County, but met with only little success.

I next visited a country church near Orwigsburg, of which Rev. Joshua Yeager was pastor and succeeded in receiving only a moderate collection.

Rev. Muhlenberg Keller, pastor of the Lutheran church in Hamburg, Berks County, having invited me to fill his pulpit and present the necessities of the college, I spent the next Sunday after leaving Orwigsburg with him and his people, but only a small collection was given.

A Rural Tragedy

Bernville now claimed my attention. The pastor of the Lutheran church there, who was a talented, unassuming man and an excellent preacher as well as a faithful shepherd, received me cordially and treated me with the kindest consideration. I preached in his pulpit on Sunday and on Monday and Tuesday, visited in the congregation and collected considerable money.

I next operated in Christ Church in the same town, located near Heidelberg Township, and succeeded tolerably well.

It was here that a cousin of mine, Conrad Crist, was murdered. He met at the hotel an impostor who pretended to be a poor mute. Sympathizing with him in his apparently forlorn condition, Conrad Crist took from his well-filled purse some money and gave it to him, then went on his way, was followed, murdered and robbed. I afterwards visited the murderer in his cell and talked to him. I do not think I made any impression on him, but no one can tell the value of a word spoken in due season.

Womelsdorf and Myerstown comprised Rev. C. F. Krotel's charge, and after leaving Hamburg township I spent some pleasant hours with him, who was an old and valued friend. I preached in both his churches and as he had prepared the way for me I took up good collections.

Palmyra in Lebanon County was next visited, but as the congregation was German, and the services in the church were conducted in the German language, of which I was ignorant, Brother L. G. Eggers, the pastor, did not encourage me to present our cause, but I did and the response was liberal.

The Pastor and the Shooting Match

I found Brother Eggers a genial, whole-souled, hospitable man, but not unfrequently indulging in droll humor, especially when he could rebuke without seeming to find fault, but at the same time he would depict the inconsistency of the offenders in the most glaring colors. While in Palmyra I was told that once on his way to fill a country appointment, Brother Eggers' horse cast a shoe and he was obliged to stop at a country blacksmith shop to have it put on. While waiting he saw tacked to the door of the shop, a notice of an appointment for a shooting match.

Being a conscientious pastor he had vigorously opposed all amusements of that kind in which gambling or liquor had a part, and now he was angered as well as shocked at seeing the names of the elders, together with the names of a number of the members of his church appended to the notice. Taking it from the door, he put it into his pocket, mounted his horse, went to the church, conducted the services as usual and then much to the surprise of the congregation and the consternation of the guilty parties, he
took the notice from his pocket, deliberately unfolded it and prefaced the reading of it with the observation that, “Seeing this notice posted up in a public place, I supposed the parties most interested desired to have it published, and always being anxious to please and accommodate my friends, especially the officers and members of the church, I will now read this notice”. Which he did very distinctly, not omitting a name. Then without further comment he pronounced the benediction.

After a short but pleasant and profitable sojourn among the Lutherans of Palmyra, I went to Mt. Joy, where my wife and daughters, who had a few months previous come from the west, were located. My daughters were pupils at Cedar Hill Seminary, of which Rev. Nehemiah Dodge, of whom I have previously spoken was the principal, and my wife and I, when I could be there, had a pleasant home with Dr. Jacob Stauffer, a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church.

The church in Mt. Joy belonged jointly to the Presbyterians and Lutherans. Rev. Shidy was the Lutheran pastor, and though giving me a cordial welcome and treating me most kindly, he told me he was confident that I could not enlist the interest of the members of the church in my work, but he was willing that I should do what I could. I preached to a crowded house, and was surprised and delighted with a large contribution.

A Call from the Mt. Joy Charge

Being tired of such constant travelling and also of being deprived of the society of my family, I now resigned the agency. The Presbyterians had for some time been without a pastor, and several of the prominent members of that church called on me and requested me to permit them to present my name as a candidate for the pastorate, assuring me that the whole membership were united in the wish.

But I would not let my name be brought before the Council until I had consulted with some Lutherans, especially the Lutheran ministers. I immediately went to Harrisburg and laid the matter before Brother Charles A. Hay, who seemed to think there was no impropriety in yielding to the request of my Presbyterian friends, but advised me to consult Rev. Baker, D.D., of Lancaster, which I did, and Dr. Hay also wrote to him, but before I heard from him, Rev. Shidy had resigned the pastorate of the Lutheran Church and receiving a unanimous call from that charge I accepted.

Now, though my charge was large, comprising Mt. Joy, Marietta, Maytown, and Wrightsville, and my duties were necessarily laborious, yet it was among kind, appreciative, and intelligent people in a delightful country, and I felt as though peace and comfort were about to crown my labors. My brother minister, Rev. J. Menges, was then pastor at Columbia, and the most cordial relations existed between us. Together we took sweet counsel and assisted each other as best we could.

Some False Charges from Illinois

It was during a protracted meeting at which I was assisting Brother Menges early in the winter, that one morning sitting in his study, I picked up the Lutheran Observer, and to my surprise and horror I found I had been expelled from the Illinois Synod for immoral conduct! This was the first notice I ever had that there had been any charges preferred against me, and I immediately determined to go home and resign my charge. But when Brother Menges came in and I called his attention to it, he was indignant and sympathized with me as only a warm-hearted, Christian friend could, and would not listen to a word about giving up my charge until I had consulted with good old Dr. Baker of Lancaster for that purpose.

Dr. Baker had seen the article in the paper and was very much distressed and also very indignant at the action which the Illinois Synod had taken without first apprising me of giving me an opportunity to meet my accusers face to face. The great kindness and sympathy which the old gentleman extended to me at that time when I was sunk in such a “Slough of Despond” and with such dark clouds of adversity hanging over me, can never be forgotten. He advised me to fill all my appointments until after a special conference which he would call immediately when I should abide by their decision. About three weeks from that time, conference assembled in Brother Menges’ church in Columbia.

Previous to the time appointed for the convening of conference, Rev. Menges and William Hildebrand, an officer of my church in Mt. Joy, each wrote to Rev. Francis Springer of the Illinois Synod inquiring about the nature of the charges brought against me, but that reverend gentleman paid no attention to either letter, though he did write to Reverend Ephraim Miller, who wrote a lengthy letter to Mr. Hildebrand, which was not received until after conference had adjourned. But he, Mr. Miller, was careful not to commit himself in anything. Consequently there being no charge brought against me, conference decided that I should keep my charge until after Synod which was to convene soon.

My Defense Before Synod

In June Synod convened in Lancaster, and my case was referred to a committee composed of Dr. Charles A. Hay of Harrisburg, Dr. Charles Sheffer of Germantown, and one other whose name I have forgotten. After being out about an hour they returned to the room and handed in their decision. On reading it Dr. Baker rose to his feet and announced to the audience that there was nothing found against me, and in a speech of about thirty minutes duration he condemned in scathing language the conduct of the Illinois Synod; he said it was a Botany Ray concern and that I was worth more to the church than the whole Synod of Illinois!

After Dr. Baker took his seat, Rev. Jeremiah Shindle rose and made a motion that Brother Crist be received into this Synod (Pennsylvania) as a minister in fair standing. Dr.


2Protracted meetings’ were revival meetings held for more than one night. As we pointed out in our introduction, Crist represented the revivalist Lutheranism of the Gettysburg type, influenced by Anglo-American revivalism in the first half of the 19th Century. They were called “New Lutherans” by the conservatives, also “New Measure Lutherans,” “American Lutherans,” and “English Lutherans.” There was also a considerable party among the Reformed Church who conducted their affairs revivalistically; cf. Carl Whitmer’s description of his Reformed “revival meetings” in Huntington County in 1875: “We did things just a ‘wee bit’ Methodistically because we had no better way, but I am sure if we could have continued our services a week or two longer we would have had a large number to add. The weather was very favorable. Sleighbone right good. I caught cold being in different beds every night. Some people came every day five miles in their old sleds. Small children made a good part of the audience. The people live in very old style. Wood fires; tallow candles; log houses; plain dressing; simplicity of manners; smoked sausages at church, up jumps a member and pokes the fire while I am preaching” (T. Carl Whitmer, Life of Rev. A. Carl Whitmer—A Lover of Man [Philadelphia, 1923], p. 166).
Richards seconded the motion and suggested that I be received by a standing vote, and soon as it was put before the house, every member present rose to their feet.

During all this time I had remained outside of the building, in a state of mind not to be envied. I was conscious of my own integrity and uprightness of purpose, but I also knew from the beginning of the world better men than I had by the machinations of the evil one, been persecuted, had suffered disgrace and death and now I knew not what powers were to be brought against me, or what trouble was to be visited on my family through me. Sometimes I was on the verge of despair, and again was sustained by the promise of God. But in this dark hour of suspense I was not deserted by my friends. Brother John Kohler, Brother Menges and Father Benjamin Keller were with me, ridiculing me for want of faith and encouraging me with the most cheering and kindly sympathy.

After the vote was taken, Brother Hay came to the door, and with a cheerful smile told me I was wanted in the Synod. Going in, Dr. Baker met me and taking me by the hand congratulated me on my reception into the Synod. Then I was immediately surrounded by a host of others who seemed instigated by one impulse to take my hand and rejoice with me that the clouds of doubt and suspicion had all been removed, and in the broad and bright light of thorough investigation, I appearing in my own character as a minister of the Gospel, could go from that building out into the world without a stain on my ministerial robes or a cloud on my name.

On returning home I received a letter from Brother Trimper, of the Kentucky Synod, expressing the greatest grief and indignation at the treatment I had received from the Illinois Synod. He said he was present at the time and "knew there was not a quorum present and that Francis Springer was at the rostrum and was prime instigator of the dastardly act." He also expressed in warmest terms his kind regards and sympathy for me.

The next fall when the Illinois Synod convened it published in the Lutheran Observer regrets for their hasty action of the previous year, and an invitation for me to return and again become a member of that body.

The Work at Mt. Joy

I remained three years in the Mt. Joy charge and during that time was the recipient of many kindnesses not only from my own church, but also from the Presbyterians and other denominations. A beautiful new church was built in Wrightsville and nearly paid for. Rev. McCleon preached the dedication sermon. The church in Marietta was remodeled and paid for at the dedication of it. Rev. Saddler assisting at the dedication, and the Maytown church, one of the oldest in Lancaster County, was, with the exception of the stone shell, entirely built anew. Dr. Charles Shaeffer of Germantown assisted at the dedication, and I believe the full amount of the indebtedness was subscribed by responsible persons.

During the winter of 1852 and 1853, I assisted Rev. James Brown at Reading and Rev. Menges at Columbia, in their protracted meetings, and also Rev. Charles A. Hay at Harrisburg, with whom I had labored the two previous winters. That same winter Rev. Klink of Lewistown, Mifflin County, commenced a series of protracted meetings and wrote to me to come up and help him, which I did and remained with him a week, preaching every evening. There was great interest manifested and about two hundred united with the church.

I Promise to Go to a Ball

While in Lewistown I was by invitation the guest of a very prominent and pious man, also the father of a large and interesting family. One son in particular gave his father and mother great concern. He was not immoral, but he was a great, warm-hearted, fun-loving young man, the ringleader in all worldly amusements and especially fond of dancing.

One afternoon he came into the parlor where I was sitting and as we were entirely alone I thought it a good time to speak to him on the subject of religion, so after making a few preliminary remarks I asked him if he had been attending the meetings and he replied "No, sir. I do not take any interest in such things."

"Do you not think it is time? Life at the longest is very short. Have you made any preparations for the future?"

Without manifesting any embarrassment, he laughingly replied, "I know, and I am going to get all the good out of life that I can."

"Will you do me a favor?" I asked.

"Certainly."

"I want you to go with me to church this evening."

"I will if you will go with me to the ball tomorrow night."

"Agreed. Are you master of ceremonies?"

"I am."

"Then you will permit me to open the ball with prayer."

"If you wish to."

The young man went with me that evening and I took my text from Luke 12:20—"Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." My friend became deeply interested and at the close of the service, when an invitation was given for penitents to come to the altar, he was one of the first to declare himself on "the Lord's side," nor did he rest until a number of his companions became converted and he became an ardent worker in the church. There was no ball the next evening.

A Call from Kishacoquillas

Shortly after returning home from Lewistown, I received a letter from the church council of the Kishacoquillas charge, requesting me to visit their church in that valley with the view of becoming their pastor.

I with my wife accepted the invitation and were delightfully received by all. We were delighted with the picturesque mountain scenery and the intelligence of the people with whom we became acquainted. But the charge was between twenty and twenty-five miles in length, the parsonage inconvenient and too small to accommodate my family comfortably and was at the upper end of the valley and a half mile or more from the Post Office and stores. This was an objection, but we were assured if we wished to live in any other part of the charge, no one could or would object.

Accordingly after receiving a unanimous call from all the churches, comprising the charge, I accepted, and returned to the scenes of my past labors, only to break the tie that bound us as pastor and people. And in May I commenced my work in the grand old valley lying between Jack's and Stone Mountains. This was the home and favorite hunting ground of the famous Indian Chief Logan of whom President Thomas Jefferson spoke in the highest terms. Here I labored hard. My rides on horseback were long and sometimes rough, through all kinds of weather. The winter was very stormy and cold, but I missed only one appointment. There was much sickness during the winter of 1853 and 1854, and not infrequently I was obliged to leave my bed in the middle of the night to respond to the call of some afflicted one, and I felt it a pleasure to do all I could to ameliorate their suffering.
That Drunken Next Door

Our next-door neighbor was the family of a drunkard whose brutality to his wife and children was the subject of much comment, but as he had made terrible threats, the neighbors were afraid to interfere. We had been in the valley about six months when one morning we were told that Mr. C—y had abused his invalid wife shamefully, and that she and her daughters had been obliged to spend the night in the church-yard. This seemed almost incredible, as the night was very cold and the frost lay upon the ground like a light snow. My wife immediately ascertained the truth and insisted on Mrs. C—y and her daughters to come to us whenever they were driven from their own home, but the poor, heartbroken woman replied, "It would not do—he is so spiteful."

Sometime after this, one very dark night, my youngest daughter heard a commotion at our neighbor's, and going into the yard she saw their door open and both the girls rush out followed by their drunk-crazed father. Hastily running to the gate and opening it, she drew the youngest daughter in, and then pushing her into the door, went back to assist the other. As soon as both girls were safely housed and the door locked I was called from my study and consulted as to the best course to pursue. Mrs. C—y was spending the night with some friends out of town where she had been persuaded by her daughters to go early in the evening.

On opening the upper hall window, we could hear the insane man making threats and preparing to execute them. So believing that by persuasion and firmness I could quiet him I went over, but as soon as I entered the yard, he flew at me, attempting to strike me with a lamp that he held in his hand and then caught me by the throat in a vise-like grip. However, being the more powerful of the two, I laid him on the boardwalk as gently as I could under the circumstances, and placing my knees on his stomach and breast, held him firmly down while with one disengaged hand I tried to loosen his grip at my throat, but without avail until after I had given him several sharp slaps on the face. Then holding both his hands in mine, and it took all my strength to do it, I told him that now he was in my power and unless he would promise to behave himself and go peacefully to bed I would call some one to my assistance, and if there was any law to reach him I would have him dealt with severely. Just then two of the members of my church whom my daughters had called, came and took him, released me and remained with him until he left the premises.

The next evening about eight o'clock the constable arrested me and I, accompanied by Mr. George Smith, an elder in our church, Joel Zook, a highly respectable and wealthy gentleman of the Amish persuasion, and Mr. Peters, one of the gentlemen who was with me at the time of the fracas, [who] volunteered to go with us to the Justice of the Peace, residing about two and a half miles in the country. Mr. Smith and Mr. Peters went my bail.

"These Old Preachers are the Very Devil..."

Sometime after that Mr. C—y went to Lewistown to get a lawyer to plead his case, but being refused by several he went to Mr. J. Alexander, a lawyer of considerable note and a member of the Presbyterian Church. After listening patiently to Mr. C—y's complaint, he replied, "I dare not take up your cause. I cannot do anything for you. These old preachers are the very devil if you raise them and Christ would whip you and me both if I would do anything. You had better go home and behave yourself and let him alone." Thus the whole matter dropped, but ever after, Mr. C—y seemed to be afraid of me and during the remainder of our stay in Kishacooquillas Valley his family were not again driven from his house, and his threats against me were never put into execution. Though when under the influence of strong drink, he would frequently refer to the time "when that old preacher held prayer meeting on my stomach."

During the second year of my residence in Kishacooquillas Valley, my wife's health failed, and as the parsonage was so uncomfortable, we thought it would be not only best for us but also more advantageous if we would move to a more central and more pleasant part of the charge.

When I received the call to become pastor of the Lutheran Churches in the valley, I objected to the location and also to the inconvenience of the parsonage and an agreement was made that we were to reside wherever it suited us best. Accordingly we made our arrangements to go to another home, as soon as the weather became favorable, and had no idea that any objections could or would be made.

Bad News on the Parish Grapevine

Returning from Perryville 6 where I had been filling an empty pulpit, I called on Brother Klink, the Lutheran minister at Lewistown and he told me it would not do for me to move. He further said one of my parishioners had called on him and told him "that the members were all very much opposed to it, and it was making quite a disturbance in the upper end of the charge."

This was Friday afternoon and on Saturday in conformity to my appointment, I went to Allenville and stopped with Brother Schumacker, who had for a long time been quite an invalid and whom I had visited in a ministerial capacity, time almost without number. I mentioned the report I had heard in Lewistown and he confirmed it, adding, "It will never do for you to leave this end of the charge. It will be too far to go if any one was sick or a funeral sermon was to be preached," to which I replied, "It would be no farther for them to go, than it already was for the Milroy people to come and they never complained. And as for the parsonage, the church could rent it to whom they pleased and out of my own pocket I would pay the rent for the house, which I had rented. It was my duty to consult my family's interests, and as long as I neglected none of my pastoral duties I could not see what difference it could make to any one."

"But it does make a difference," he said, "and the people here are very much opposed to it, and from what has been said I think your salary will not be made up if you go."

Sunday morning after closing my sermon I stated what Mr. S—had told me, also referred to the agreement made before I consented to become their pastor, resigned my charge, dismissed the congregation and mounting on my horse, rode home to fill my appointment at Mechanicsville, and after the service I announced my resignation and the cause, also expressing my grief at the manner in which the members of the church had treated me.

Going home from the church I was immediately followed by all the officers and many of the people who inquired into the meaning of my statements. I repeated the conversation I had with Brother S— and the inference I had drawn that the whole charge was dissatisfied.

Mr. Roper, an elder, and Mr. Horton, a deacon, emphatically denied Mr. S—'s statement and assured me the greatest harmony prevailed in all the churches and that they were perfectly satisfied to have us move to Milroy. They proposed calling a meeting of the council immediately and

6Perryville is the earlier name for Port Royal, in Juniata County, Pennsylvania.
insisted on me to reconsider the matter, for they would not accept my resignation. But I felt the matter had gone too far and could not consistently comply with their request.

During the week I received a call from the Perryville charge and an invitation from the Sinking Valley charge requesting me to visit them with the view of becoming their pastor. I also received a letter from Rev. Jacob Burket of Altoona, speaking in the most exalted terms of the people of Sinking Valley and desired me to visit them as soon as convenient.

_Farewell to the “Big Valley”_

The next Sabbath I preached at Milroy and Salem and at both churches resigned my pastorate, but at both places they positively refused to accept my resignation. That week I visited the churches comprising the Sinking Valley charge and receiving a unanimous vote, accepted the call to take effect as soon as my year in Kishacoquillas Valley was completed.

Returning home, I found that a meeting of all the officers of each church had been called to meet, in the Lutheran church at Mechanicsville, and in the meantime Brother Roper had been busy “sitting the matter to the bottom,” and at that meeting stated that Brother S— was the only one throughout the charge who was at all disaffected or had at any time or in any manner expressed opposition or unfriendliness toward me. They then, in a body, called on me in my house, offered to increase my salary two hundred dollars, furnish gratuitously all the flour and horse feed I would need and would assist me to move, if I would remain their pastor.

Such strong expressions of friendship were made that I regretted the haste I had made in resigning and also committing myself to strangers, for I had been the recipient of many favors and kindnesses while in Kishacoquillas, and the people, not only of my own church, but of all other denominations, were endeared to me.

_The Sinking Valley Charge_

On the first of May, we left the valley for our new home. The pastor of the Sinking Valley charge had always resided at Waterstreet in a rented house, but a short time previous to our moving, one of the heirs married and needed the house we had expected to occupy. Consequently Brother Burket, one of the pillars of the church, rented a house at Birmingham, a delightful little village perched on the side of a high hill, whose foot was washed by the “Blue Juniata.” And as this was quite a central location for me and much more pleasantly located than the house in Waterstreet, I accepted the house.

I had now only three appointments to fill, i.e., Sinking Valley, Waterstreet and Seven Stars, and I was not long in feeling quite at home. Brother Fetterhoft and Brother Law, officers in the Waterstreet church, and Brothers Burket, Henry Fleck, David Fleck and Jacob Hostler of the Sinking Valley charge immediately endeared themselves to me by their uprightness of character and their consideration of myself and family. I can think and speak of them only as leaders and fathers in Israel. For with their bright Christian example ever before them, the younger members of the church closely followed in their footsteps.

4It is interesting to note that in 1849 the Methodists in the same area had a Birmingham Circuit, in the Huntingdon District of the Baltimore Conference. The parsonage was in Birmingham, with preaching or class appointments at Bell’s Forge, Asbury Chapel, Altoona, Blair Furnace, Gano’s Schoolhouse, Grazier’s Schoolhouse, Tyrone Schoolhouse, Birmingham, Thomas Linn’s, and West’s Mills. See William Warren Sweet, _Religion on the American Frontier: 1783-1840. Vol. IV: The Methodists_ (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1946), pp. 719-720.

of the nine years spent with them, are as bright and beautiful as the bright and roseate spring mornings among the valleys and mountains where they made their homes. Scarcely a week passed that some tangible manifestation of their regard was not felt at the parsonage.

Every winter large donation parties visited us, and left behind, not commotion and work except in the kitchen and cellar, and then it was only for us to find places to store apples, potatoes and cabbage, to say nothing of butter, eggs and cheese, for which our ladder and cellar were almost too small. The woodshed was kept full of wood, and hay and grain were frequently deposited in the stable for my horse.

_I Become a Circuit-Rider Again_

As there were several Lutheran families residing in Tyrone and it was almost impossible for them to attend our church in Sinking Valley, a distance of six miles, and as I knew there were strong influences at work to draw them into other churches, I took the care of them upon myself. And as the Methodists had kindly offered me the use of their church, I preached there at three o’clock in the afternoon of the Sabbaths that I preached in Sinking Valley in the morning, after which I would frequently ride six miles up the Bald Eagle Creek and in the evening preach at Bald Eagle Furnace where there were quite a number of Lutherans. When I preached at Waterstreet, I would also fill my regular appointment at Seven Stars and then preach either at Huntington Furnace or at Warriors Mark in the evening.

At Huntington Furnace I by invitation frequently spent the night with Mr. Hayes Hamilton, the manager of the furnace, and a good Presbyterian. One Monday morning before going to his place of business he came into the room where I was sitting, and before bidding me good-bye, he said, “Mr. Grist, there is a credit on the books of twenty-five dollars to your account; you can take it up whenever it suits you best.”

“How did it get there?” I enquired. “That is nothing to you,” he replied. “The credit is there, take it up in goods whenever you choose.”

That same morning when I was leaving Mrs. Hamilton handed me a crisp ten dollar bill. And at other times I received many presents of groceries, dry goods, and beef.

During my first winter in the Sinking Valley charge, I held protracted meetings in each of my regular appointments, but only a few new members were added to the church.

The next summer I spent in becoming better acquainted with my people and a most delightful season it proved to be; and when the early frost warned us of the approach of winter it brought us no fear of want or privation, for the churches were prompt in their payments and lavish with their gifts.

_A Gift from the Young Men of Birmingham_

Nor must I forget to speak of the people of Birmingham, for although there were no Lutherans among them, they were very kind and for so small a village, I never met in any community such a degree of intelligence, and never was a man blessed with better neighbors.

One evening in early winter, when the keen frosty air was resonant with the music of sleigh bells and happy voices, I was surprised to find in my carriage house, a beautiful sleigh and on the seat a note from “the young men of Birmingham requesting me to accept it as a slight manifestation of their friendship.” A few days later the young men presented me with money to buy a buffalo robe.

5For the “donation party” in Pennsylvania Lutheranism, see John G. Morris, _Fifty Years in the Lutheran Ministry_ (Baltimore, 1878), pp. 365-367.
That winter, assisted by Brother Henry Baker of Lewistown, Brother Jacob Steck of Altoona, and Brother Henry Fleck of Gettysburg Theological Seminary, I held protracted meetings in Sinking Valley, of about two weeks' duration, and at the close I took into the church by baptism and confirmation, forty new members.

Assisted by Brothers Yingling of Bedford and Knight of Hollidaysburg, I had held a protracted meeting of almost two weeks' duration at Waterstreet and at its close nine were admitted to the church. I also commenced a protracted meeting at Seven Stars, but very little interest was manifested by the people—who were mostly furnace hands and who being poor had to walk quite a distance through snow and inclement weather. Consequently the turnout was slim and I closed the meeting at the end of the first week.

The Passing of a Friend

In the month of January, one of the greatest sorrows I ever had to bear in my ministerial career was visited on me in the death of Brother Henry Fleck. Since coming to the Sinking Valley charge, I had frequently made his house my home, and as our acquaintance ripened into Christian fellowship and love, I had ample opportunity to witness and bear testimony to his worth to the church, the community, to his family, and to his pastor. Bearing his severe and protracted suffering with patience and resignation, even with cheerfulness, he lived respected and loved, and in dying left a void in the church and community which was severely felt. "But he being dead, yet speaketh," and his good works and influence will ever remain in the valley.

The house in Birmingham, which was rented when we first came to this charge, being for sale, also very convenient for all my people as well as for myself, was this summer bought for a parsonage, and made as comfortable as it was possible for me.

In another year Brother Fetterhoof, one of the props of the Waterstreet Church, was laid to rest in the old churchyard. Like Brother Fleck, he had been a bright and shining light, and like him, his death was to him an unspeakable gain—to the church it was a heavy loss—and his grave will ever forcibly speak of the departed whose many virtues were of a rare and beautiful character.

A Tribute to My Horse

In September, 1860, I was so unfortunate as to lose my faithful Charles, the horse who had for five years borne me through winter's storms and summer heat, to my various appointments. It was he who carried me over hills and through valleys to visit the sick and afflicted, bury the dead or join in the numerous festivities of the wedding feasts and when he was always cared for in a most liberal manner.

My dear people in Sinking Valley shared my trouble, and Brother Israel Fleck, son of Henry Fleck, Sr., and brother of Rev. Henry Fleck, Jr., immediately brought me a horse to use until I could suit myself better, and in a very few days Brother Burket called on me and told me to "go out through the length and breadth of the valley and select the best and prettiest horse I could find, and get the owner to put a price on it."

There was a beautiful young horse at Brother Jacob Fleck's and I was not long in deciding that if Brother Fleck would sell him, I would if possible be the owner and I was not only surprised but greatly delighted when Brother Burket came and told me the horse was mine, presented to me by the church.

Memory loves to linger with the people of that charge and as I now sit in my easy chair living over again the scenes of the past, none are more precious to me or more green in my memory than the days of my sojourn in the Sinking Valley charge. And I yet feel the pang of parting as keenly as I did when, complying with the wishes of the faculty at Gettysburg, I severed my connection with them and accepted the agency offered to me for that institution, and I am never to forget the many expressions of regret that were made, nor the clinging clasp of the hands as I bade each one farewell.

Again Agent for Gettysburg College

Early in February, 1865, I said good-bye to my family and mounting my noble horse, Baldy, I started on my agency, and on Sabbath morning I preached for Brother Henry Baker at Newville, Cumberland County, and in the evening I preached to his country congregation, and met with encouraging success at both places.

After finishing my work in brother Baker's charge, I went to Dickinson, where I was kindly received by Brother S. W. Owens, who accompanied me in my visits among his people and after interesting quite a few in my work and receiving introductions to his people and telling them of my mission, he would place the matter in such a strong light before them that without any exertion on my part I received a liberal subscription. I remained in Cumberland Valley two weeks and then went to Maryland, but the whole of that state had already been canvassed by Doctors Brown and Conrad and I had but little success.

Coming back to Bedford, after considerable visiting among the Lutherans, and using my most persuasive powers, I succeeded in getting a liberal subscription, but when I tried to collect it, a certain individual who occupied a front seat in society and had put his name down for twenty-five dollars positively denied it and refused to give anything. Several others who had subscribed found they were not able to pay, consequently the time I spent there was almost wasted.

Leaving Bedford I went into Somerset County and beginning at Berlin I canvassed nearly the whole county, making many new friends and renewing old acquaintances of forty years ago, and I was very successful in my operations.

Through Western Pennsylvania

I then returned to my family at Birmingham, where I spent only a few days, and leaving my horse at home, I took the cars and went to Harrisburg and called on Brother Charles A. Hay, who advised me to go to Pittsburgh and visit the churches in that city and in the adjacent county. Acting on his advice I went to Pittsburgh, but receiving little encouragement I went to Kittanning, where I succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations, one man subscribing and paying five hundred dollars.

Such a good beginning encouraged me, but after laboring indefatigably for three weeks in that part of the country I became discouraged, as with the exception of Kittanning I could not get the people interested in the cause. Therefore I returned home and in a few days went to Harrisburg to consult with Brother Hay.

Louisville, Perry County, was my next field of labor, but [I] succeeded so poorly that I spent only three days there and then crossed the mountains into Cumberland Valley and spent ten days in visiting among Brother Henry Fleck's people in and around New Kingstown.

I then went to Philadelphia and called on Brother Albert in Germantown, who would not consent for me to try to make a collection in his church until he had consulted with
his council, and while awaiting their decision I went to Barren Hill and was much gratified with my success. Returning to Germantown Brother Albert told me the church council were perfectly satisfied for me to operate in their church and during the week I collected over five hundred dollars.

I Take a Charge in Somerset County

While in Germantown I received a letter from the officers of the Jenner charge in Somerset County, requesting me to become their pastor. And feeling that I was no longer young and that the arduous labors of an agent were fast undermining my health, and knowing too, that I could not do justice to myself and the cause in which I was engaged, I wrote to the faculty at Gettysburg tendering my resignation and returned to my home.

After consulting with my family in regard to making the change, I accepted the invitation and immediately went to my new field of labor in Somerset County. It was February—Winter reigned triumphant. The road from Johnstown to Stoystown where we were to reside was almost impassable, so I thought it best to leave my family in their comfortable home until the spring opened, consequently I made my home among my people, whose hospitable doors were ever open to me and at whose well-filled tables I seemed to be a welcome guest.

On the first of April I met my family at Johnstown, and as the parsonage at Jenner was too small for us, Rev. J. K. Bricker, my predecessor, kindly vacated his own large brick house in my favor and moved into the house adjoining, which was also his own. Both Brother Bricker and his wife met us on our arrival at Stoystown and welcomed us to our new home with so much sincere cordiality, and by so many acts of kindness, that our hearts warmed to them.

Having left our dear friends, who for ten years had unspiringly measured out to us so much kindness, and coming among entire strangers while yet the winter lingered, and everything was cold and desolate, such manifestations of sympathy and love, were and ever will be appreciated by all, and Brother Bricker and family will ever be cherished in tender remembrance.

Scars Left by the Civil War

My own people resided several miles from Stoystown, but they soon found us in our new home. My charge was large and scattered. One week my circuit was, at the shortest, twenty-two miles and the next week eighteen miles, but in order to visit among the members, especially those who had become disaffected on account of political differences during the Civil War, I frequently rode over thirty miles.

During the first year, the charge improved considerably. The political differences which had almost broken up some of the congregations were settled, and peace and unity reigned. That autumn and winter I held protracted meetings in the Lambert and Shade Churches, and preached almost every night for sixteen weeks without any assistance, filled all my appointments on each Sabbath and also held protracted meetings in the Hooversville and Davidsville Churches.

On the first of April we moved into the new parsonage at Hooversville and all that spring, summer and autumn I worked very hard among my people, and after holding protracted meetings in the winter, my labors were crowned by a large gathering into the several churches comprising my charge. There were one hundred and seventy-six converts who united with the church, besides a number who came in by profession of faith and by letter.

We Move to Altoona

But I had over-taxed my strength, and when spring came I was completely exhausted and having in the winter contracted a severe cold which would not yield to treatment, I was compelled to resign my charge and rest. Brother Bricker, my predecessor, took my place and we moved to Altoona.

In the meantime, Rev. Mullhon, pastor of the Lutheran church in Freeport. Armstrong County, had gone over to the General Council, taking with him quite a number of the members, thereby causing trouble and dissension in the church, and as the General Synod adherents soon found out that I was without a charge, they earnestly entreated me to come to their assistance. Although still feeble, I could not refuse their pleas, and finally with the understanding that I could do but little visiting, I consented.

Almost at the same time the charge at Antis, Blair County, became vacant, and several members of the church council called on me, bringing an invitation from their church for me to become their pastor. After consulting with the Freeport charge, I accepted their invitation, preaching for each congregation on alternate Sundays. In this connection I remained two years, then having been visited by a slight apoplectic stroke, was obliged to sever my connection with the Freeport church. I was conscious that my efforts there had been but feeble and that I had accomplished nothing more than to gather in the scattered flock and keep them in the fold, and I knew it would be better for them to have a younger and more energetic pastor to break unto them the bread of life. But it was with genuine sorrow I parted from them, for by many kindesses they had become endeared to me.

The Last Days

Soon after this I was the victim of a paralytic stroke that for some weeks deprived me of the use of my left limb, but with the warm weather, health was in a measure again restored and I continued for another year, pastor of the Antis Church and also, on alternate Sabbaths, filled the pulpit of the Lutheran Church at Petersburg. But soon my health again began to fail and so rapidly did my infirmities increase, that at the close of the year, I was obliged to sever my connection with both charges. There were many of my friends sorry to have me give up the charge and by their many kindesses they had become endeared to me.—Jacob Bishop Crist

Epilogue

Here I must write, "It is finished". On the twentieth of April, 1881, Rebekah, my second daughter, became ill with scarlet fever and for several days I was not permitted to visit my father until he became so anxious for me to come to him that both his and my physician thought it best for me to comply with his wish, so using every precaution against contagion, I went only to find him very weak, and on the twenty-eighth he fell asleep to wake in Heaven. His last words were, "Jesus is very precious."—Mary Elizabeth Beighel

*For the churches Crist served in Somerset County, as well as those in Huntington and Blair Counties, see W. H. Bruce Carney, History of the Allegheny Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia: The Lutheran Publication Society, 1918), 2 volumes.

John"; "Shoemaker Henry," "Velvet Henry," and "Hurrying Hen"; "Big Joe" and "Fuller Joe"; "Lame Anthony" or "One-Legged Anthony" and "Tinicum Christian"—all of these Fretzes—and for good measure, "Gentleman Joseph" Meyers and "Big Isaac" Kolb. One or two of these, the geographical designations, may possibly have been the genealogist's own way of separating the earlier generations, but most of the nicknames seem to have been traditional. It is unfortunate, however, that in all but one case, the author does not give us the German dialect form which undoubtedly was the original. But the English versions are good, and form a valuable individual chapter in American "nickname research."

Reading the book and noting the numerous intermarriages between the Eastern Pennsylvania Mennonite families of Fretz and Kratz, I remembered the saying I recorded some years ago at the University of Chicago from a granddaughter of John Fretz Funk (1835–1930), the Mennonite publisher, who said that in her family the saying was quoted, "Nix ass Fretze-Krätze un Kratz-Fretze"—"Nothing but Fretz-Kratz and Kratz-Fretz (marriages)."

In addition to the nickname materials we publish here several anecdotes, obviously from family tradition, dealing with the Revolutionary war and its impact on Mennonite families, with Mennonite family piety, with Mennonite attitudes to other denominations, and some reminiscences about strong-willed and strong-bodied members of the clan.

—EDITOR.

"Weaver John" and "Warwick John"

In the Fretz family several early John Fretzes were distinguished from each other as follows. John Fretz (died 1772) of Bedminster Township, Bucks County, "was a weaver by trade; and is known as 'Weaver John'" (p. 16). John Fretz (1758–1804) of Warwick Township, Mennonite farmer and distiller, was "known as Warwick John" (pp. 136–137). In addition there was "Lancaster John" Fretz (p. 510) and "Canada John" Fretz (pp. 21–22).

"Big Joe" and "Fuller Joe"

Joseph Fretz (1771–1823), of Bedminster Township, "was called 'Big Joe' to distinguish him from several other Joseph Fretzes" (pp. 128–129). Joseph Fretz (1761–1806) "owned and operated a fulling Mill, near the Tockcicon, in Haycock Twp., and was known as 'Fuller Joe'" (p. 159).

The Three Henry Fretzes

Henry Fretz (1755–1831), son of "Weaver John," Bedminster Township, "was known as Shoemaker Henry. On the occasion of his funeral, which was very largely attended, two or three calves were killed and prepared for the funeral dinner; and over one hundred carriages followed his remains to the grave, showing the high esteem in which he was held" (p. 349).

Henry Fretz (1794–1858), Bucks County, "was accustomed to wear velvet pants, and from that fact he was familiarly known as 'Velvet Henry'" (p. 385).

Henry Fretz (1763–1820), Bedminster Township, Mennonite farmer. "He was called 'Hurrying Hen,' from his habit of hurrying, or urging his men who were working for him" (p. 174).

"Lame Anthony" and "Big Isaac"

Anthony Fretz (1774–1856), Plumstead Township, Bucks County. "He was known as 'Lame Anthony,' or 'One-Legged Anthony,' having received an injury to one of his legs by a
scythe or cradle, making amputation necessary" (p. 405).

"Tacoma Christian" Fretz is referred to on pp. 408-413.

Of the non-Fretz names, there is Mary Landis, born 1783, of Bucks County who married for her second husband, "Gentleman Joseph" Meyers, an "Old Mennonite" (p. 274).

Lastly, there is "Big Isaac Koh" (1711-1776) of Bucks County. "He was called 'der grosse Isaac, der sehr starke man'" (sic) (p. 607).

Damn'd for a Cow

Deacon Abraham Fretz (1769-1844), lived in Bedminster Township and was Mennonite by religion. "He was an honest, upright citizen, a conscientious Christian, and much esteemed by the community in which he lived. It is related that while he was working in the field one day, a man rode up, and seeing his fine cows, wanted to buy one, but he did not want to sell. The man however insisted and asked him to set a price. He then thought that if he should ask double what the cow was worth, the man would leave without buying. But contrary to his expectation, the man laid down the money and drove the cow off. After the man was gone, he talked the matter over with his wife, and they decided it was 'usury.' So he mounted a horse, rode after the man, and gave him back half of the money, saying, 'I don't want to be damn'd for a cow'" (p. 222).

The Soldiers and the Mennonite's Gun

John Fretz (1730-1826), known as "Canada John," moved from Bucks County to Canada in 1800. "An incident which will serve to show the spirit of John Fretz, occurred during his residence in Pennsylvania. It was during the early days of the Revolution. The patriot army being somewhat destitute of arms, the soldiers went from house to house collecting guns for the army, from the settlers. On coming to his house they asked for a gun. He took the weapon from its accustomed place, and replied to the soldiers saying, 'Yes, you can have my gun, but I'll keep hold of the butt end of it'" (p. 22). For another story from the same period, where the Revolutionary forces wanted a horse belonging to one of the Fretz farmers, see pp. 135-136.

Don't Leave Before the Benediction

Martin Fretz (1764-1835), farmer and linseed oil manufacturer, lived in Hilltown Township, Bucks County. "He was an honest, upright man, and held in high esteem. As a Christian he endeavored faithfully to discharge his religious duties, in all of which he was conscientiously strict. He never allowed any member of his family to leave the church before the benediction was pronounced. An adage of his was: 'Wer nuns geht vor dem Segen, geht dem fluch entgegen' ['Whoever leaves before the benediction, goes to meet a curse.']. Though at times taking a smoke, it was a saying of his, 'That he never wanted to be a slave to tobacco or whiskey'" (p. 187). [Will readers with similar traditional sayings about the benediction in a religious meeting please notify the Editor.]

Six Spinning Wheels Going at One Time

The book presents some additional reminiscence from the family of the above Martin Fretz. "In the time of the subject of this sketch, many of the luxuries of the present day were not enjoyed. There were no carpets, and no parlor matches in those days. Sometimes they had to go to neighbors for fire, and one one occasion the Fretz' meadow was set on fire by borrowed fire. For the married girls in those days the dry goods outfit was mostly home-made. The spinning wheel was one of the luxuries of the family, and in this family of ten girls there were six spinning wheels going at one time, commencing at 5 o'clock in the morning, and continuing until 10 and 11 P.M. Of the daughters, Mrs. Susan Fritsch, generally spun 18 cuts of flax per day, and one day she spun 20 cuts. The red and the shaving bench were in the same room. Martin Fretz was one of the first to get a Dearborn pleasure wagon. Boxes and cover were taken along, and if wanted, in case of rain, were put up" (pp. 187-188).

The Girl Flailers

Agnes Fretz (1763-1825) married Jacob Landis (1760-1837), farmer and spinning-wheel maker, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Of their family we are told the following information: "No physician was employed at the births of their eleven children. A midwife who traveled on horseback was the only attendant. Agnes and Magdalena, when young women, threshed with the flail, thirty bushels of rye for seed which was sold to the neighbors. The girls walked five miles to school, at Deep Run. Magdalena and Barbara never married, and lived together on the homestead. In their younger years, Magdalena cut all their firewood with a five pound axe (the axe is still in possession of John F. Landis, who lives in the same room), and Barbara cared for and fed the cow and pig" (pp. 273-274).

A Trip to Canada with 'Velvet Henry'

Abraham K. Fretz (1794-1875), Bucks County, Pennsylvania. "At the age of 18 he commenced to learn the shoemaking trade, and as was the custom at that time, went from house to house carrying his 'kit' with him. At the age of twenty-one, he apprenticed himself to the milling trade which he followed many years. About 1818 he, in company with Samuel, son of 'lame Anthony' [Fretz, and 'Velvet' Henry Fretz, made a trip to Canada, to visit friends and relatives there. The entire trip was made on foot, and was attended with the usual amount of adventures. At an early age he connected himself with the Mennonite church, but on marrying a German woman, he was excluded from membership, and so remained until the division, twenty-six years later, when he and his wife connected themselves with the New Mennonites" (pp. 239-240).

[The reference to "New Mennonites" in this connection is to the Oberholtzer or General Conference Mennonites, who divided from the so-called Old Mennonites in 1818.—EDITOR.]

Additional Reminiscences

Christian Fretz (1761-1849), Mennonite, moved to Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. "He was blind for a number of years before his death. It was the custom every Sabbath Morning, for each member of his family to take his or her Bible and read aloud all at the same time. Much reverence was paid in his family to the Book of Books" (p. 443).

Daniel Fretz (1776-1864), near Manheim, Lancaster County. "His principal occupation was manufacturing Fanning Mills, Corn Shellers, and cutting boxes. He was also an undertaker. In 1801 he was ordained a minister, and in 1840, Bishop of the German Baptist Church]" (p. 477).

Isaac Fretz (1771-1843), farmer and wagoner, Tinicum Township, Bucks County. "He and wives were members of the Mennonite church. He, however, respected all denominations, and would never (without reproach) allow any one in his presence to speak lightly of any church, or church ordinance" (pp. 238-239).

Christian Fretz (1802-1828), of Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, carpenter and farmer. He was a Mennonite but married a Lutheran. "When censured for marrying out of the church, he replied, 'I married for love'" (p. 545).
The Craft
By THE EDITOR

The Newport Folk Festival, held in the colonial coastal town of Newport, Rhode Island, in late July, is known for its wide coverage of folk music—from traditional fiddlers and hillbilly singers from Appalachia to the latest student protest songs. In 1966 the Festival added for the first time a section on early American crafts—coverlet weaving, basket making, pottery, quilting, toy-making, and wool-processing.

This move brings Newport consciously into the "folk life" orbit, and furnishes another example, this time on a national scale, of the growing importance of the "folk life" concept in American folk-cultural research. As Ralph Rinzler, director of the crafts installations at Newport, puts it: "songs and dance tunes are the audible parts" of folk life— the visual or material sides, represented in crafts, are equally important.

In line with the new emphasis, the extremely attractive Festival program book for 1966 included an article on "Traditional Crafts in America," by Dr. Bruce R. Buckley.

Mrs. Goldie Thomas, Warren County, Tennessee, completing a basket woven with oak splints. The stripes are made by immersing the splints in boiling water colored with crepe paper. For a comparison with traditional Pennsylvania German basketry, see "Pennsylvania Folklife," Volume XIII No. 1 (Autumn 1964).

Taft Greer, of Trade, Johnson County, Tennessee, weaving traditional coverlet. Appalachia preserves early American arts and crafts which in most cases have died out elsewhere. Taft Greer's two traditional mountain patterns are "Walls of Jericho" and "Wheel of Fortune."

Mrs. Dan Morrison, Victoria County, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, balls yarn from a skein which lies on a swift which in Gaelic is called a "lhbndabh." Cape Breton Island is similar to the Pennsylvania Dutch Country in that its folk culture is preserved in a matrix of dialect.
Most impressive of the craft programs was that put on by the Cape Breton Singers, who demonstrated wool-processing and sang Gaelic songs from their British Isles heritage. Cape Breton Island, like the Pennsylvania Dutch Country, is today one of the most important areas for folk-cultural research in the Western Hemisphere. Like Pennsylvania, it has preserved at least part of its 19th Century folk heritage through the preservation of its own language — Gaelic—as Pennsylvanians still preserve the Pennsylvania Dutch folk-culture in the matrix of their dialect.

At the request of the Newport Foundation, the Editor attended the Newport Festival in July, 1966. The emphasis was still chiefly upon America's song heritage. The craft installations were small, and as yet inadequately housed and displayed, but an important beginning has been made and we hope that the program can be both continued and enlarged in 1967. To the exciting sounds of early America, which one hears abundantly at Newport, the crafts—visible aspects of folklife—help to round out our picture of early American life.
ANGLICIZING
The Pennsylvania Dutch:
1966 and 1975

By SUSAN R. SEVERS and ABRAHAM R. HORNE

[The problems of teaching the official language of a culture to schoolchildren in a bilingual area can be documented from Pennsylvania sources. The November, 1966, issue of the Pennsylvania School Journal carried an article entitled “Anglicizing the Pennsylvania Dutch,” pp. 152-153, by Mrs. Susan R. Severs, an elementary school teacher at Churchtown, Lancaster County. Her experiences in correcting the pronunciation and grammar of her rural charges, whose English speech patterns are much influenced by the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, reminded us of M Horne Set Buch–Professor Abraham Reeser Horne’s Pennsylvania German Manual, For Pronouncing, Speaking and Writing English. A Guide Book for Schools and Families (Kutztown, Pennsylvania: Urck and Gehring, 1875). Professor Horne, a native of Bucks County, was Principal of the Keystone State Normal School at Kutztown. As a teacher himself and a teacher of prospective teachers for Dutch Country schools, he was concerned to teach young Pennsylvanians to speak “correct” English. His Manual contains pointed advice on those difficult English vowels, and separate lessons on “Ch,” “G,” and “J,” “S,” and “Th,” and naturally, “V” and “W.” We include, as earlier documentation on the same problem that Mrs. Severs deals with in 1966, Professor Horne’s Preface of 1875 and his “Introduction to English Pronunciation.”—EDITOR.]

[1] (1966)

After an absence of some years, I returned recently to live and teach in one of the most beautiful areas of Lancaster County. Here the first vocal surprise for the teacher of language is the tonal quality, the soft gutturals, the accentuated intonation, and the characteristic timbre of the Pennsylvania Dutch inflection.

Listening more closely, the newcomer will marvel at the delineation of the typically German idioms.

Since I am a native of Lancaster County, and since I previously taught in a similar section of Dauphin County, I was not involved in a completely new experience. However, I had forgotten how strong, pervasive, and persistent is this Deutsch element in the local language.

I enjoyed the pleasant sensation of learning to speak an old native tongue, almost forgotten, with friends and neighbors. Many once familiar and nostalgic expressions returned instinctively.

I remembered to ask the Amishman to mow the lawn “in the forenoon,” rather than “in the morning.” And the reply, “I mow Saturdays, still,” sounded most natural.

At local auctions and about the countryside I heard and quickly adopted an inflection which would sound less alien than that with which I had returned. In this inflection is distilled an ingenious quality—a humility, yet an unabashed curiosity and pride indigenous to the area.

The pervasive charm and quaintness of local language, so inherent a part of the character of these people, will beguile a teacher of English and eventually, perhaps, deflect him from his purpose. The problem exceeds such details as grammar, pronunciation, and spelling.

Actually, it is more nearly a moral one. By “correcting” the students, does the teacher intend to strike at mores and thought patterns of a generation who are already questioning their parents, largely rural and Plain folk?

There is no doubt that changing the language of my students will introduce some conflict at home, if not in actual speech, at least in a feeling of partial rejection akin to that experienced by second generation Americans.

Pennsylvania German Manual,
For Pronouncing, Speaking and Writing English.

In Three Parts:
Part I Pronouncing Exercises.
Part II Pennsylvania German Reader.
Part III Pennsylvania German Dictionary.

By Rev. A. R. Horne, A. M.,
Principal of the Keystone State Normal School.

Title-page of Dr. Horne’s “Pennsylvania German Manual.” To master those difficult “v’s” and “w’s,” he suggested such sentences as “Victor Wood would vote once” and “Virgie wants to visit Wilkesbarre once.”
The difference is that these people of Lancaster County have stability and wealth established over a period of 200 years. The English teacher may well be the newcomer.

Should I labor to amend such tell-tale sounds as these: "...it will give a gust..." "the dog looked at him so icky (ugly)"..."they will see once if they may go"...? Women still "put the potatoes over to cook"; the children "change around after school"; and sometimes they tell us that "the pencils are all."

You can recognize the Dutchman by the way he says "mile" and "fire" and "iron"...by the way he says nothing...by the way he says "lock" instead of "lock up" or "lock the door"...by the way he says "comb" for "comb my hair," using the plural of the noun as do the French with mes cheveux.

In all my classes this year, the students are keeping a daily diary or journal with rather happy results. The Pennsylvania Dutch student does not seem to be by nature a writer, but this daily exercise with the chance that he may be one of the several students who read their entries each day offers a special incentive.

A typical entry might be: "Last night the New Holland Fair was." The class heard this at least 20 times; to eliminate the periodic sentence inherent in the German legacy seems impossible!

Notable too is the fact that German pronunciation plays its part in vitiating rules of spelling in English. Themes will give you chop for job, chase for just, until for until, and thump for thump. Even chesnup, onkown, and zingle (for Uncle) appear regularly.

Then you will hear "back in order" for "underneath" and "it gave frost this morning" instead of "there was frost." Babe, the blue ox of the Bunyan legends, has been described as "a friendly, big, dopplish animal that Paul loved very much."

Where is there a "right" answer to the question of what approach one should take with these students? Not only are they philosophically insouciant, but they maintain a tradition of militant rejection of the standard English speech. It is as if the students tell their teachers: "Have your little game if you like. When we get home, we'll speak in our way."

In fact, the customary designation of the two major divisions of people in the Pennsylvania Dutch area has always been "Plain" and "English." It is a designation which has cut across religious, social, and ancestral lines from pre-Revolutionary times.

To the Dutchman, as to most people, the manner in which he assembles his words and utters them is a personal matter; this independent attitude sits down to the youngest child. It has been said that only when social or financial expediency dictates will an individual change his speech. To raise tobacco, build a barn, bid at an auction, sell horses, and repair the plumbing, what local countryman needs correct English? Actually, he needs Deutsch more!

I am told of one religious group who speak Pennsylvania Dutch exclusively and, therefore, cannot read the Bible. They do not know German either, so their church services are conducted entirely in the patois. Only one or two educated preachers have ever read the Bible—and then in German.

It seems incredible that in the year 1966, 50 minutes from Philadelphia, in this small American locale, English is sometimes the auslander's language.

For the teacher, there are growing danger signals: A new slovenliness, an insistently lazy pattern of expression, a sort of abbreviated baby talk. Students now commonly speak of "riding pony," "riding bike," "riding horse," and "driving truck." These patterns have been impossible to break, despite arduous classroom effort.

Another symptom is the disappearance of the word "any." "None" is used with every negative variant.

Also in the area of speech, there exists a veritable shibboleth: The local student may not be able to say "Elizabeth," "sixth," "clothes," or "those things." Instead you hear "Elizabess," "sixth," "clothe," and "othings." Such basic phonetic problems are compounded by a myriad of errors in sequence of verbs and tenses.

Altogether, to change such speech patterns seems like helping King Canute to sweep back the sea! But, the teacher knows, we must take a realistic approach to every student and try, so these are some of the things we are doing:
1) Teach them to use and enjoy the library. This is the gateway to broadened horizons and to the learning of current English expression.
2) Teach synonyms, perhaps three different ways of saying "a blue sky," "an interesting talk," or "a wonderful day."
3) Teach the students to open their mouths and to enunciate words clearly.
4) Assist them to overcome congenital shyness about speaking before a group.
5) Provide numerous opportunities for writing, for marshalling thoughts in articulate form, on paper.

Meanwhile, we continue teaching English and at the same time collecting the precious Dutch expressions. Vexing though they may be in the classroom, in years to come, when one vast transcendent "television English" sweeps the country, won't we regret their loss? — SUSAN R. SEVERS.

[II] (1875)

PREFACE

An experience of a quarter of a century, as a teacher, among the people of eastern Pennsylvania, in addition to being born and educated a Pennsylvania German, and being compelled to contend with all the disadvantages under which our people labor, in their entire ignorance of the English
language, has convinced us, long ago, that the system of education generally pursued among this people admits of very great improvement, as far as it pertains to language exercises.

That our Pennsylvania Germans can reason and study as well as others, is abundantly proved by the fact that in mathematics, where language is less of a desideratum than thinking and reasoning, they are found to be fully equal, if not superior, to those whose mother tongue is the English, or the high German.

In pronunciation and readiness of expression, however, they labor under great disadvantages, inasmuch as they are required to learn a new language the moment they enter the school room. This is imperatively necessary, since Pennsylvania German has no written language, no grammar, no fixed forms of orthography, but very little literature and in all probability will always remain a colloquial rather than a written language.

The great problem presented for solution, is how shall six to eight hundred thousand inhabitants of eastern Pennsylvania, to say nothing of those of other parts of our own State and of other States, to whom English is as much a dead language as Latin and Greek, acquire a sufficient knowledge of English to enable them to use that language intelligently? They cannot pick it up on the street, nor do they learn it in school. A trial of from thirty to forty years has convinced us of this, as every careful observer will also bear us out.

To render such assistance to those who speak Pennsylvania German only, as will enable them the more readily to acquire the two most important modern languages, English and high German, has induced us to prepare this manual.

The book is divided into three parts.

Part first embraces Lessons in Pronunciation, and drills in those sounds, which cause difficulties to those who speak German. The object of part first is, therefore, to teach, by easy lessons, how to master these defects, and to acquire a correct pronunciation of the English.

In part second, we give a number of exercises written in Penn’s German. This part of the book is designed to afford those who use it an opportunity to become familiar with the English, by translating from their own language into the English.

Part third is the dictionary. Here are given not only the words employed in part second, with their English and high German equivalents, but also all the words in use in the Pennsylvania German language. By means of this vocabulary Pennsylvania Germans can learn to speak and write both English and high German properly.

Several years of labor and close observation have been given to this work. In addition to those whose names appear in connection with their compositions, the author is under obligations to the following persons, for important assistance rendered in the preparation of the book:


In the hope that this manual may serve as a guide to the study of English and German, and that it may facilitate the acquisition of those languages, a thorough knowledge of which is indispensable to every Pennsylvanian, it is submitted to the public, for use in schools and families.

Keystone State Normal School.
November 1875.

A. R. H.

ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.
RULES AND SUGGESTIONS WITH EXAMPLES FOR DRILL IN PRONUNCIATION.

GENERAL REMARKS.

This book is not designed for a Manual of Elocution, nor for teaching reading and pronunciation in general. Our purpose is simply to furnish a few plain suggestions for correcting the mistakes which persons, whose mother tongue is the German, are apt to make in their effort to acquire the English. All directions for giving those sounds which are the same in German as in English are, therefore, omitted. Any one of the ordinary School Readers will furnish the necessary rules and exercises for this purpose.

The following general suggestions, however, will be found of special importance:

1. It is usually preferable to select teachers, who are familiar with the German language, for teaching German children to speak and read English correctly. No book, however well adapted to the purpose, can supplant the living teacher. No teacher can detect and remedy errors in pronunciation as well, as the one who has himself mastered these defects, and who is able to combine his experience with theories. Printed rules are of but little value in comparison with personal experience. Besides, what may seem the greatest difficulties, to those familiar with a language from youth, are often less trouble to a learner than many others, which, a teacher, who has learned to remedy in himself, can most successfully correct in his pupils.

2. A very common fault noticed, among Pennsylvania Germans, in their conversation and reading, is the nasal tone. The voice sounds as if it came through the nose, when, in reality, the fault lies in compressing the sides of the nose, so as to prevent the clear and full escape of the breath through the nostrils. Prof. Haldeman first called attention to the nasal feature in Pennsylvania German pronunciation, as heard in Sh’ta, stone, m’a, more, &c. This Polish nasal sound is very common, and hence its creeping into English is easily accounted for. The chief security against it consists in fully expanding the chest, and freely opening the mouth, as is done in coughing, so as to allow the voice to escape through the nasal passages. At the same time care must be taken not to raise the veil of the palate so high as to stop the nasal passages in the style of the obstruction caused by a cold.

3. An almost universal error, among German children who are learning the English, is the monotonous prolongation of final syllables. In fact this fault is not confined to children. It is so common even among adults, that persons from other parts of the State have asserted their ability to detect an inhabitant of this section of the State by his modulation.

The formation of this habit must be broken up in children by teaching them to pronounce their words short, when reading and speaking. Rev. Jacob Gruber, a Methodist preacher, who was a native of Eastern Pennsylvania, cured one of his brethren who had addicted himself to drawing and “sing-singing” his words by addressing to him the following note:

“Dear ah brother ah, when ah you ah preach ah again ah do ah not ah say ah so ah often ah ah ah.”

Your ah brother ah

JACOB AH GRUBER AH

A similar, mild ridiculing may serve a good purpose, with those who have formed this unpleasant and objectionable habit.
One of the many facets of folk-cultural studies is the naming system used in the area or culture one is studying. This includes not only (1) family names, but also (2) personal names, and (3) the nicknames that were found, everywhere and in all periods of time, among rural or folk populations.

We should like to ask our readers for their own memories of the nicknames from their home communities. In the article on Mennonite Nicknames in this issue (pp. 42-43) we have given some examples. In one particular Mennonite family, the Fretzes of Bucks County, the Joseph Fretzes in one early generation were distinguished from each other by calling one "Big Joe" and the other "Fuller Joe"; the Henrys were differentiated with the nicknames "Shoemaker Henry," "Velvet Henry," and "Hurrying Hen." In the Hegins Valley of Schuylkill County two John Kesslers were nicknamed "Links Chon" and "Loch Chon"—the first was left-handed and the second lived in a "Loch" (hollow) in the mountains. In Mahantongo in the 19th Century there was a hermit whom everyone called "Baerrick-Michel"—"Mountain Mike." And in the Oley Hills after the Revolution there lived the saintly healer whom 19th Century Pennsylvanians remembered as "Die Berg-Maria"—"Mountain Mary."

One of the most valuable nickname lists from any one area comes from Dr. John A. Hostetler, Department of Anthropology, Temple University. In his article, "Amish Family Life: A Sociologist's Analysis," in Pennsylvania Folklife, Vol. XII No. 3 (Fall 1961), 39, he gives the following collection of Amish nicknames from the Kishacoquillas Valley in Mifflin County: Wild Israel, Wild Jess, Waxy Jake, Money-maker John, Gishy, Huckleberry Jonas, Big Elam, Big Mose, Smiley Joe, Red Sam, Rotten Fish, Pike Davie, Jummy, Fancy Katie, Stover John, Coldwater Dave, Little Chris, One-arm Joe, Blacksmith Sam, Whaley Ez, and Betsy.

While we doubt that most of our readers' home localities could match this list for the originality and folk humor it reveals, each community had some nicknames that may have importance for folklife studies. Will our readers share these with us by writing out answers to the following questions?

1. List the nicknames that you remember from your own childhood area, both Pennsylvania Dutch and English.

2. If the origin is not obvious (geographical location, occupation, etc.), include the explanation that in your area went with the nickname.

3. Did women as well as men have nicknames? Did married women ever go by their husband's nickname?

4. Do you recall any rhymes, stories, or local songs or poetry involving nicknames?

5. Do you recall any interesting shortenings of names? For example, three brothers in Bald Eagle Valley, Centre County—Shedrack, Mechech, and Abeneego Williams—were called, all their lives, not by their full Biblical names, but simply "Shed," "Mesh," and "Bed."

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