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Pennsylvania FOLKLIFE

Folk Culture of the Allegheny Highlands
Contributors to This Issue

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

2 The Council of the Alleghenies
Alta Schrock

10 Lewis the Robber in Life and Legend
Mac E. Barrick

14 Snakes and Snakelore of Pennsylvania
Phares H. Hertzog

18 The Folklore Repertory of a Third-Grade Class
Ruth Hawthorne

26 Weather Signs and Calendar Lore
from the "Dumb Quarter"
Victor C. Dieffenbach

31 Hardships of Circuit-Rider Life
on the Pennsylvania-Ohio Frontier
Robert Boyd
Edited by Don Yoder

42 Eighteenth-Century Emigration
from the Duchy of Zweibrücken
Friedrich Krebs

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

By ALTA SCHROCK

Alta Schrock discusses his wood-whittling with a mountain neighbor in Pennsylvania's Alleghenies.
Since the coming of the white man to America, the austere mountain chains between the Eastern Seaboard and the Midwestern Plains have posed a formidable barrier to the westward flow of the sea of old world culture and, at the same time, have constituted one of the greatest challenges in our history as a nation.

The Appalachians in particular have provided not only a barrier, but also an area of unsurpassed beauty, an abundance of raw materials, and the dramatic setting of man's conquest of nature in his westward push. The woodsman's axe and the road-builder's hammer rang loud and long ere a thin human trickle penetrated the mountains to establish settlements well inland.

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the midst of this piecemeal approach and out of the great need for a regional organization grew the concept of
The cultural program of the Council of the Alleghenies is a varied one, oriented toward current problems of the area as well as preservation of its folk-cultural heritage.
The Springs Folk Festival, held the Friday and Saturday of the first full weekend of October at Springs in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, is a daughter of the Kutztown Festival and accords Western Pennsylvania folklife. Here Clarence Stephen uses a foot-adze in preparing a log for trough-hollowing.

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

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

Three volumes of a quarterly Journal of the Alleghenies have been published to date, first at Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh, the past two years at Frostburg State College. In the spring of 1966 the Council's first Newsletter made its appearance. Two series of monographs on the Natural and Human History of the Alleghenies are planned for the future, and the first issue is currently in preparation.

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

Also in the early planning stages are a drama of the Alleghenies, a Symphony of the Alleghenies, and much expanded research activity by the Institute of Allegheny Life and Cul-
ture in connection with an American Studies Program at Frostburg State College, which will deal with the cultural components and potential of this mountain region. To enhance this program, a carefully compiled cross-reference of source material on the region (now located either within the region or elsewhere) is imperative. It is hoped that work on this large task will begin in the summer of 1967.

* * * * *

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

This drama includes three great transportation media: the Cumberland Road (later National Pike), opened to Wheeling in 1818; the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, opened to Cumberland in 1832 and across the mountains from the Potomac to the Cheat in 1850, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, also opened from Georgetown to Cumberland in 1850. The colorful stories which clustered around these three travel media are part of the great epic of America.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

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

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

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

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

Crafts from Pennsylvania's past: Miss Norma Hostetler, Penn Alps potter, working with native clays to produce traditional ceramics.
on a year-round program designed to revive and preserve the arts and crafts, to help residents of Alleghenia to help themselves, by training them in the production of handicrafts, and by displaying and marketing their handiwork on consignment.

Today some 625 craftsmen are working in their own homes and shops turning out a wide variety of items both beautiful and useful. In a large craft shop adjoining a restaurant about a mile east of Grantsville, Maryland, on U.S. Route 30 (in a remodeled log inn or stagecoach stop built in 1818) these crafts are displayed. Displayed in the shop are wood-turnings, wood carvings and furniture; baskets of oak splints, veneer strips and rye straw; corn husk and china dolls; children's toys and doll furniture; art work in many media; rugs, quilts knit-ware, hand-woven goods and needlework of all kinds, including brilliantly colored work by Amish farmwives who find this a valuable outlet for their creative urge and love of beauty. There are also native arrangements of nuts, cones, and dried weeds, grasses and wild-flowers, "just for pretty," along with native mints, jams, jellies and pickles, stone-ground rye and wheat flour and cornmeal, and apple-butter and maple syrup for the table. And of course there are the dried apple snitz and dried corn always found in the pioneer homes of the area. Over 100 persons are producing foodstuffs for the store.

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

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

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

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

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

By MAC E. BARRICK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1 From a tape recording made at Barnitz by Eugene Utech of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on December 29, 1966.
Cumberland describes the murdering of a man in his confession document dated April 27, 1820, p. 3.


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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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


4From the Franklin Repository (Chambersburg, Pennsylvania), June 27, 1820; reprinted in Two Hundred Years in Cumberland County (Carlisle, 1951), pp. 126-127.
Lewis and the Poor Woman—a folktale associated with benevolent robbers from Robin Hood to Jesse James.

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

The following incident is said to have happened in Mifflin county: Having failed of carrying into execution some of his deeply laid schemes for robbing several wealthy farmers during one of his maiming expeditions, and his finances getting uncomfortably low, he determined on making an effort to replenish at the first opportunity. Coming across a house that promised security from molestation, no other being near, he called at the door, and was admitted by an elderly female, of respectable appearance. Lewis, to ascertain where her money was kept, asked her to change a five dollar note: “That unfortunately I am unable to do,” replied the woman. “for I have not a dollar in the house: and, what is worse,” she added despondingly, as she caught a glimpse of a man coming through the woods some distance from the house, “there comes the constable to take my cow for the last year’s rent. I don’t know what to do without her.” “How much is due?” inquired Lewis, hurriedly. “Twenty dollars, sir.” “Have you no one to help you?” “No one,” she replied. “Then I will,” replied the robber as he drew from his pocket the exact sum, and threw it upon the table. “Put that fellow his demand, and take his receipt, but don’t say anything about me.” Lewis had just time to make good his escape unobserved, when the worthy official arrived. He was proceeding without more ado to drive away the cow, when the woman came forward, paid him the money and took his receipt. He immediately set out on his return, but had not proceeded far, when Lewis bounded into the road and accosted him with, “How d’ye do stranger? Got any spare change about you?” “Not!” simmered the frightened constable. “Come, shell out old fellow or I’ll save you the trouble,” returned Lewis as he presented a pistol at him. This argument convinced the constable that the fellow was up to his business, and he handed over his money as quickly as possible. Lewis got his twenty dollars back, and forty dollars in addition. He often boasted that the loan of the twenty dollars was one of the best investments he had ever made.3

Mrs. Elsie Snyder of Carlisle reports hearing before 1920 a version similar to this as having occurred in Perry County. The tale is a traditional one and is invariably associated with any benevolent outlaw. It is part of the Robin Hood legend (Robin Hood lends four hundred pounds to Sir Richard of Lee to pay his debts, then robs the clerk who comes to collect the debt, taking eight hundred pounds) and is also part of the folklore about Jesse James and Sam Bass.4 Attribution of the incident to the more recent Jesse James may have reinforced the tale in the memory of Pennsylvanians who frequently identify Robin Hood and Jesse James with any benevolent outlaw.5

Numerous tales tell of Lewis riding with intended victims and not being recognized. On such occasions, the victim’s straightforwardness or honesty usually keeps Lewis from robbing him. The race horse incident above is such a tale, and this also appears in the 1853 pamphlet, though the man’s name is there given as Black and the place as Browns-ville. Lewis speaks of another such incident in his confession. He had planned to rob a man named McKeohan, of Newville, one of “the three richest men in that part of the country,” but McKeohan recognized him, and Lewis, seeing his self-possession under the circumstances, was unable to rob him.6 Mrs. Snyder recalls another such story: “He went to this place and stayed all night, an’ while he was up there he heard them downstairs praving. And they were pravin’ for their visitor upstairs, an’ he said, ‘I couldn’t rob them people after that.’”

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

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

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3 Rishel, pp. 24-25.
5 Rishel, pp. 22-23.
8 Ritson, Robin Hood, pp. 22-23.
hunting down," as he said, "Such an outlaw." After riding with the party for some time, inquiring their names, places of residence, etc., and the search proving fruitless, he left them and took another direction. The stranger had the audacity afterwards to send them word that they had been riding for several hours in the company of Lewis, and he was anxious to know whether they found his company agreeable. The way humor inherent in such an incident is also apparent in a number of legends about Jesse James.12

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

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

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

The social condition which gives rise to an outlaw tradition is fairly predictable, whether it be England at the time of Robin Hood, Italy in the mid-nineteenth century, or the United States in the time of Lewis the Robber or Jesse James. Significantly, Pennsylvania in the days of David Lewis was at approximately the same stage of development and settlement as Missouri in the time of Jesse James. The society in which outlaws thrive is one in which the law and justice are divorced. The law becomes corrupt and thus "becomes the tool of a 'gang' which must be overthrown, or it comes to represent a social system in which injustice is the rule. In such situations the outlaw, though technically a criminal, may become a folk hero by serving the higher cause of justice."17 It is such a situation that David Lewis has in mind when he comments on the corruptness of public officials in his day:

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

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

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

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

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

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11 Rishel, p. 21.
14 Quoted in The Evening Sentinel (Carlisle), Nov. 14, 1851.
15 Christ Stopped at Eboli, ch. 14.
16 Rishel, pp. 61-62.
17 Steckmess, art. cit., p. 348.
18 Rishel, pp. 66-67.
19 Dorson, p. 238.
20 Rishel, p. 5.
"Die Feggel kennt mer bei de Feddere
Awaw die Schlange bei iere Schuppe." 

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

INTEREST IN SNAKES IN PENNSYLVANIA 

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

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

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

Pennsylvania German Names for Snakes

Some of the snake lore presently to be found in Pennsyl-
vania can be traced back to the Old World, and some of it
comes from the Indians. Still other portions of the material,
of course, are apparently original Pennsylvania creations.
Here in the state we have about eighteen varieties of snake.
Of these eighteen, though, only five kinds figure importantly
in Pennsylvania German snake lore. The Rassel Schlang, or
rattlesnake, steals the show as far as sheer volume of material
(and fear among people in the woods during the summer) is
concerned. Also of importance in both ways in the Kupper
Schlang (copperhead). The subject of some of the most
bizarre beliefs of snake lore is the Schwarze Schlang or black
snake. Another snake is blessed with four Pennsylvania
German names. It is called Blotschiche Schlang, Haus
Schlang, Millich Schlang, or Scheckiche Schlang, and is vari-
ously known in English as the spotted adder, house snake
or milk snake. Some of the odd notions about this actually
innocent reptile are hinted at by the names given it. The
most innocuous snake of all, but still important in our snake-
lore, is the Garde Schlang, also known as Schtryxische Schlang,
or just plain Schlang. In English it is called the garter or garden
snake, or the striped snake. In addition to these five kinds of snake which are really native to our state,

Tall Tales about Snakes

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

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

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

This story seems to be fairly popular in the area and I
recorded it on another occasion in very similar form. In
this story the central character is an herb doctor and the date
is specified as July 11th. This is “Pias Day” and believed
to be the one day of the year when, for some mysterious reason, all the snakes in a given area congregate. This factor, of course, explains finding the whole batch of snakes together. Aside from these two specifics, this second story was nearly identical to the first.

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

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

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

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

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

ARE SNAKES COLD AND SLIMY?

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

DO SNAKES DIE ONLY AT SUNSET?

Another very common belief about snakes is that they do not die till sundown. This is a very widespread idea, like many of these which we shall consider, and is not confined to the Pennsylvania Dutch population. Though this is a very easy bit of folklore to find, one of my informants did provide me with a somewhat less typical variation. J. F., a man from Red Lion, Pennsylvania, told me that “If you clobber a snake to death and leave it alone it will not die until sunset, but if you clobber a snake and hang it on a fence it will die immediately.” As to the effect of the fence, I cannot testify, but I can assure you that the setting of the sun has no effect on a “dead” snake. The belief that it does almost certainly arises from the fact that reflex action can keep the heart beating and muscles twitching for a matter of several hours after the actual moment of death. Anyone who has fried frog’s legs and seen the disembodied legs “jump” will know the phenomenon to which I refer. People have apparently seen “dead” snakes moving the day they were killed and, finding them dead the next day, reached the conclusion that it was the intervening fall of night that finalized the passing. Also, I know from experience that snakes can be hard to kill. Anyone who had a run-in with a supposedly dead snake that suddenly regained consciousness, the same day that it was thought to have been killed, would have this particular bit of folklore strongly reinforced in their minds.
DO MOTHER SNAKES SWALLOW THEIR YOUNG?
Also widely held to be true, among the Pennsylvania Dutch as elsewhere, is the idea that mother snakes swallow their young usually when danger suddenly arises. Once again, science assures us that the belief is erroneous, but, again, this has little effect on the tradition. A fairly typical statement is the following. It is from a man who heard me deny the validity of this belief during a lecture on television. After reminding me of what I had said he had:

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

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

DO SNAKES DRINK MILK?
That snakes are fond of milk and that they will milk cows to get it is one of the stranger bits of really common snake lore that I have run across. I collected a fairly typical story on this subject about the S. family near Mastroville in Lancaster County. I was told that they had a number of snakes around their farm to catch mice and rats. This is fairly a common sort of thing. My informant went on to say that often the snakes would wander off into the woods to get some variety in their diets and to exercise by climbing among the branches of the trees. Now this was in the days when milking was done by hand, usually by a woman in Dutch country, and the S. family kept two small wooden troughs under the forebay of the barn. One was for the cats and the other, supposedly, was for the snakes. At milking time someone would beat on an empty milk can to call the snakes. The cats needed no calling. The trough on the right side was for the snakes, the other for the cats. This, I was told, was a daily occurrence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**SNAKE REPELLENT**

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

The Pennsylvania Germans, as well as many others, I imagine, seem to be quite concerned about snakes getting into their homes. An interesting way of getting them to leave, aside from filling the house with the smell of onions, was provided by a Tennessee soldier of Pennsylvania origin. He suggests that if you burn an old shoe in the fireplace, it will drive all snakes out. Once more, I am afraid, people will be more greatly influenced by the measure than will snakes. Actually, snakes that get into houses are most often there by accident rather than by design and would gladly leave if they could. Usually they are small snakes, like the garter snake, that have crawled into ventilators or cracks in the wall, their favorite sort of spot, and fallen into the cellar. Once in, naturally, there is no way for them to get back up the wall to where they made their entrance. Since they are too small to eat the mice that are found in cellars, they would much rather be outside where there is suitable game for them to catch and eat.

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

By RUTH HAWTHORNE

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

Introductory Notes

In writing this paper I was interested in finding out just what kinds of folklore could be found in a group of third graders. I have collected jump-rope rhymes before, but I went in with the idea in mind to collect jump-rope rhymes, not total folklore. To collect total folklore of my present group, I first read through several books on children's folklore to see what kinds I could expect to find. Then I introduced the various topics to the children in various ways over a period of three months. I also watched to see if there was anything else which the children did which could be considered folklore. (I am considering as folklore anything which is passed on entirely by the children, excluding anything, even games and folksongs, which they have learned in formal physical education or music classes.) I checked them for jump-rope rhymes, games, superstition, riddles, jokes, taunts, counting out rhymes and folksong or folk tales. I found quite a few jump-rope rhymes, rhythmic song games, several superstitions, a great many riddles, few jokes, one taunt, three counting-out rhymes, and folksongs or folktales. I also decided to include as folklore the paper-folding games which the children know how to do; this is making “fortune tellers” on the part of the girls, and “poppers” on the part of the boys. (These will be discussed later.)

In order to understand a little better the types of folklore collected it is necessary to know a little more the background of the children who acted as informants. As I am a teacher, I collected from my class, which is the “low” section of the two third-grade sections of the [—] Elementary School in [—]. Delaware. The term “low” is used here to mean “low” intellectually, immature for grade level, or emotionally disturbed. In this group are two students suffering from brain damage, one emotionally disturbed, and thirteen students who have repeated both first and second grade. (This puts them at the third level in school in their fifth year; Delaware has no public kindergarten.) There are also six students who are in this group simply to get an even number of students in each half of the third grade. These six are not low in mentality, nor are they discipline problems, although one is somewhat physically handicapped by rheumatoid arthritis. The children come from a lower-middle class or lower class economic background. Many of the parents have not completed high school. Most of the children live in three large trailer camps which fall within the [— — — ] School boundaries. Two live in a nearby housing development. The others live in the country, some on farms. Many of the children are from broken homes. Two of the thirty-two children in this group are Negroes (Romaine W. and David G.); the remaining thirty are of Anglo-Saxon or European stock. Very few of the children have ever been inside a church or have been given religious instruction. One student who contributed in the first month (Cristal V.) has moved. Few of these families stay in the same area for a very long time. Another student (Theresa F.) moved out of the district and back in again during the three month period.

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

Outline

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

I. Rhythmic Song-Games

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

1. A sailor went to sea, sea, sea
   To see what he could see, see, see;
   But all that he could see, see, see,
   Was the bottom of the ocean, sea, sea, sea.

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

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

2. Grandma, Grandma, Sick in bed,  
   Called the doctor and the doctor said,  
   Grandma, Grandma, you ain't sick;  
All you need is a hickory stick,  
   Just a hickory stick, just a hickory stick.  
   Hands up, shake, shake,  
   Hands down, shake, shake,  
To the front, to the back,  
   To the side, side, side. (Romaine W.)

3. When I was a baby, baby, baby, (clap hands)  
   When I was a baby, one two three.  
   It was Ai Yi this away, (children pretend to rock baby)  
   Ai Yi that away,  
   Ai Yi this away, one two three.
   When I went to nursery, nursery, nursery,  
   When I went to nursery, one two three.  
   It was Ai Yi this away, (children jump)  
   Ai Yi that away,  
   Ai Yi this away, one two three.  
   (this continues for many verses)

idents singing "When I went to High School" (Rhythm ng-Game No. 3). They are "writing" in their palms.

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

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

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

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

5. Down, down Baby,  
   Down by the Roller Coaster  
   Sweet, sweet Baby,  
   I'd never let you go.  
   Shimmie, shimmie, shimmie, shimmie,  
   Shimmie, shimmie, o-oh . . .  
   (Repeat)  
   (Ruth Ann S, Sally and Sandy B. and Romaine W.)

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

Downtown Monkey,  
   Down by the Roller Coaster,  
   Sweet, sweet Monkey,  
   I'll never let you go.  
   Shimmie, shimmie, shimmie, shimmie,  
   Shimmie, shimmie, o-oh . . .  
   (repeat with names instead of Monkey; Peter, David, etc.)

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

   (Inspired by the current T.V. series)

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

Twin students demonstrate two-hand clapping.
6b. Winston tastes good like a oo-ah
Want a piece of pie (pa)
Pie too sweet,
Want a piece of meat;
Meat too tough,
Want to ride a bus;
Bus too full,
Want to ride a bull;
Bull too black,
Want my money back;
Money makes me mean,
Father like a submarine;
Chicken in gravy
I like baby. (Sally and Sandy B.)

7. Criss-cross the chest, (action follows words)
Criss-cross the knees,
Criss-cross the toes,
One-two-three. (clap hands) (Romaine W.)

8. I am a funny little Dutch girl
As funny as funny can be;
And all the boys on the baseball team
Go crazy over me;
My boyfriend's name is Freckles,
With bells on his toes
And freckles on his nose
That's the way my story goes. (William R.)

8b. I am a pretty little Dutch girl
As pretty as pretty can be be be;
And all the boys on the baseball team
Go crazy over me me;
My boyfriend's name is Danny,
With a boogey on his nose
And ticks on his toe,
That's the way my story goes goes goes. (Sandy B.)

9. Big horn, Little horn
Cactus, cactus,
We got a team
That need no practice;
Boys got the muscle
Teacher got the brain,
We got the pretty legs
Hip-hip hooray! (Ruth Ann S.)

(This one is just like a 'cheer' done in the Junior High; the children do not refer to it as a cheer, but call it a "song" like the others.)

9b. (Exactly the same but begins, "Big orange, Little orange.")

10. Cinderella,
Dressed in yellow,
Went upstairs to kiss her fella,
Made a mistake and kissed a snake,
10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100. (Ruth Ann S.)

(This is also a jump-rope rhyme; here they clap right through it.)

11. One, two, three,
Let's do the twist, just like this; (action)
Let's do the jerk, (action)
Turn your back,
Do the Monkey, the swim, the end. (Romaine W.)

12. My father gave me a nickname,
My mother gave me a dime,
My sister gave me a boyfriend,

(Children forgot last line and substituted Da-da for it.)

My father took back the nickname,
My mother took back the dime,
My sister took back her boyfriend,
And gave me Frankenstein. (Cristal V.)

13. Little Red Caboose
Behind the train;
Smoke gets on his back
Going down the track,
Little Red Caboose
Behind the train. (Ruth Ann S.)

(This may have come from a song learned in music class originally: they claim they made it up.)

14. Rich man, Poor man, (Also used as jump-rope rhyme.)
Doca make a thief,
Doctor, lawyer,

Clapping game accompanied by song.

Indian Chief;
How many children did she get? (Count)

15. I like Ricky Nelson
He's so dreamy;
Eyes like pearls
And a guitar too.
I like Ricky Nelson,
Why don't you join the crowd?
Leave him alone,
You're too fat for him;
You've got eyes and glasses like stone,
Leave him alone,
He's mine already . . . (Cristal V.)

(Cristal would sing this while clapping hands with one other girl. Most of the girls avoided Cristal who was also emotionally disturbed and did not conform to their norms. Sometimes she would go on and on, seeming to make it up as she went.)

16. Here come Uncle Jessie (all clap in a circle)
Riding down the lane
On a hunkie's buckie
All that lane.

(then call)
Come on Karen (any name)

(child named performs while others continue to clap; others are called on and asked to perform various dance steps.)

Do the slop . . .
That's enough. (Romaine W.)

17. One morning I woke up,
I looked upon the wall
--- --- (2 or 3 lines forgotten)
Singing Eeny, Meny and Minky . . .

(Unfortunately, rest also forgotten)

(Fragment of rhyme: Cristal V.)

18. Do you know the Muffin Man,
The Muffin Man, the Muffin Man,
Oh do you know the Muffin Man
Who lives in Glory Land? (Romaine W.)

19. My boyfriend gave me peaches,
My boyfriend gave me pears,
My boyfriend gave me 50 cents
And kissed (or kicked) me down the stairs.

(similar to 12)

The peaches were all rotten,
The pears were kind of rotten,
The 50 cents was kind of bitten,
And I kicked him down the stairs. (Romaine W.)

20. Turn my back to the dirty old submarine,
These are the things I like to do;
Salute to the Captain,
Curtesy to the Queen,
Show my legs to the
U.S. Marines. (Ruth Ann S.)

21. Ho, Ho, Ho; Ho, Ho, Ho;
I'm a swaying pirate of the seas;
I sail with very great pleasure
To land up buried treasure;
Ho, Ho, Ho; Ho, Ho, Ho;
Who will sail away with me? (Romaine W.)

(Probably from a song learned in music in first or second grade; here it is chanted, not sung.)
II. Jump-Rope Rhymes

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

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

1. Cinderella, dressed in yellow, Went upstairs to kiss her fellow, She kissed a snake by mistake, How many doctors did she need? (Count until person misses) (William R.)

2. Not last night but the night before 25 robbers came knocking at my door. They ran out as I ran in, They hit me on the head with a rolling pin. How many hits did I receive? (Count until person misses) (William R.)

3. Policeman, Policeman Do your duty, Here comes (name) In the baking beauty, She can do the tippy toe, She can do the split, She can do the hokey-hokey Just like this: (go out) (Linda H.)

4. Johnny over the ocean, Johnny over the sea, Johnny broke a bottle And blamed it on me, I told Mom And Mom told Pop, Johnny got a whipping. Ha, Ha, Ha. (Pam P.)

5. I like coffee, I like tea; I like someone To jump in with me, Terri. (Call any name; then two jump together till one misses) (Pam P.)

6. My mother and your mother Was hunting out clothes, My mother punished your mother Right in the nose. What color was the blood? Orange, tan, etc. (Continue until miss; any color except Red may be used; when asked why they couldn't say red, they replied, "because that's the color blood really is." (Sandy B.)

7. George Washington never told a lie So he ran around the corner And stole some cherry pies; How many pies did he steal? (Count until miss) (Linda H.)

(Usually when counting starts on this one, they turn "red pepper.")

8. Over in the meadow Where the green grass grows, There sat (any name) Sweet as a rose, Along came (another name) And kissed her on the cheek. How many kisses did she receive? (Count) (William R.)

9. Bluebells, Cockle shells, Easy, easy, Over; One, two, three—to (a hundred; "hot pepper") (William)

10. Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, turn around; Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, touch the ground; Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, turn out the light; Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, spell Good night. G-O-O-D-N-I-G-H-T. (Sandy B.)

11. Dutch Girl (same as #8 Rhythmic song-games)

12. Mabel, Mabel Set the table; Put the salt on the table, Put the pepper on the table. (Cathy M.)

13. Operator, Operator Give me number 9, Sorry Sir, Sorry Sir, Someone's on the line. (Ruth Ann S.)

(Person then called in and chased in circle and through swinging rope and around "end man"; if caught, is "it." )

13b. Operator, Operator Put (any name) on the line. (Shorter form of same)

14. Fudge, fudge, Tell the judge Mamma has a newborn baby, Wrapped it up in tissue paper Send it down the elevator. Elevator one—miss Elevator two—miss Elevator three—miss Elevator four—miss Elevator five—miss Elevator six—miss Elevator seven—miss Elevator stop. (Connie S.)

(Children all shout "miss"; if person jumping does miss. The number on which she misses is the floor on which the baby was born. If she does not miss she goes out when it gets to "stop.")

15. Lincoln, Lincoln I've been thinkin' What on Earth Have you been drinkin'? Tastes like whiskey, Smells like wine, It must be Turpentine! (Linda H. and Cathy M.)

16. Went downtown To see Mrs. Brown, She gave me a nickel To buy a pickle. The pickle was sweet, Then she gave me a nickel. (Connie S.)

(Forgot last line so just repeated this particular line.)

III. Counting-Out Rhymes

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

1. To play tag, children stand in a circle and one calls out, "pointing to a different child as he says each word, "Queen bee, come chase me."

   At the word "me," the children scatter; the one pointed to is "it." (William R.)

2. For any game, there is the following: One potato, Two potato, Three potato, Four, Five potato, Six potato, Seven potato, One.

   To do this the children all put their fists out into a circle. The "counter" starts on his left and touches one fist as he says each word; the first he touches on the
word "ore" is placed behind the back, and this continues until only one fist is left in the ring. That person is it. (Bobby G.)

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

   My mother and your mother
   Was hanging out clothes;
   My mother gave your mother
   A punch in the nose.

   What color was the blood?
   Red. R-E-D spells red and
   you are not it.

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

IV. Superstition

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

Bad luck

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

Good luck

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

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

Cures for Hiccups

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

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

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

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

V. Riddles

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

72. Who is a monster and comes to your door and tears your door down and rings the bell after he tears it down? King Kong. (Steven F.)

73. Who's the fattest man in the whole wide world? Saint Nicholas. (Steven F.)

74. What is white and yellow? Two rotten sardines with mustard on them. (Steven F.)

75. How come Batman wears underpants? (snickers from others)—Because he don't have nothing else to wear. (Steven F.)

76. What has one leg and can fly? A flying snail. (Linda H.)

77. The apple and banana climbed up on the Empire State Building. The apple jumped off and the banana didn't. How come the banana didn't jump off? Because banana was yellow. (Ruth Ann S.)

78. What did they call Batman and Robin when they got rolled over by a steam roller? Flatman and ribbon. (Romaine W.)

79. Which came first, the chicken or the egg? The chicken, because it had to lay the egg. (Cathy M.)

80. What do you do when you have a bad cold? Start coughing. (Terri A.)

81. What does the mother say to the children? You'd better be quiet because your Dad's sleeping. (Annie May E.)

82. What's good for a bad cold? Rotten old shoe soles; put them in the fire; cause that's good for a bad cold. (Laurie L.—she considers this to be a riddle, not a cure.)

83. What has a tongue and can't talk? A shoe. (Ricky T.)

84. A dime and a penny went up the Empire State Building and went to the top of it. The penny jumped off. Why? Because the dime had more coin. (Larry S.)

85. What is full of T, begins with T and ends with T? A teapot. (Kevin A.)

86. There's a man that went in the dining room and wanted a bowl of Pepsi Cola, and the lady asked why, so she said O.K., she got it and he pulled out a dead pankeet and he said, "Come alive, you'rein the Pepsi Generation." (Laurie L.) (Apparently Laurie thought this was a riddle because the lady asked why?)

87. What did one tomsiy say to the other? Better get dressed, the doctor's taking us out tonight. (Sheila A.)

88. What goes up and down and doesn't touch the sky or ground? A pump handle. (Kevin A.)

89. What is brown and flies all around? A bat. (Connie S. S.)

90. What goes to the moon and it's dumb? Aastronaut. (Alan M.)

91. What does R.R. stand for? Rabbit running. (David C.)

92. What did the mad scientist say to his monster when he was putting some electric in him? Come alive, you're in the Monster Generation. (Larry S.)

93. What's green and long? A snake. (Connie S.)

94. What did a big fircracker say to the little fircracker? My bang's bigger than yours. (Connie S.) (Usually is my pappy.)

95. What did the rabbit say to the doctor? I'm sick. (Connie S.)

96. Why did Batman chase Catwoman? She was going to kill Robin. (Ricky T.)

97. What did Batman say to Robin when Batman died? (should be Robin died) Come alive you're in the Pepsi Generation. (Sandie B.)

98. What's strip-ed? A jailbird. (Steven F.)

99. Hi said the boys. What did the baby say? Hi there boy... (Larry S.—this was said with quite an accent — southern?—anyway it got much laughter.)

100. How come Batman carries worms around in his Batmobile? So he can feed Robin along the way. (Sheila A.)

101. How come Batman was always gathering weeds during the spring? Cause Robin's making his nest. (Larry S.)

102. What did the elephant do with his hot chocolate? He laid an egg in it to keep it warm. (Larry S.)

103. Why did they build a hole in the side of a hill? For the hogs to live in. (Steven F.)

The next day at lunch time two children came up with more riddles. They are as follows:

104. What's the dirtiest word in the English language? Mud. (William R.)

105. What did one eye say to the other eye? I've got something in-between that smells. (Larry W.)

VI. Jokes

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

1. "This girl came home from school and she told her mother that this girl on the bus lost her eyeball and she said who? And she said did you laugh? And the girl said no. And she said that I didn't laugh. And she said who was the girl? And she said it was I." (Cathy M.) (some laughter)

2. "This lady who was looking out the window and it was these two boys' mother. And she said, why are you crying? And he said, cause I don't never get to ride down on the sied. And his brother Kenny, he said, why? And first his mother called out and said, why don't you let your brother ride the sied? He said, I do. I go down and he goes up." (Steven F.) (no reaction from others)

3. "There was this woman walking down the street, and there was this boy and girl waiting to get on the bus. So the girl was crying. She says, why are you crying? She says, because Lincoln lost his underwear." (Connie S.) (much laughter)

4. "One time this woman went in a store. She bought some aspirins (aspirins). And then she went out to catch the bus and she left the aspirins in the store. And she got on the bus and when she got halfway down the road, she said, told the bus driver, 'Mr., Mr., my aspirins, my aspirins.' And he said, 'stick it out the window.'" (Bobby G.) (very much laughter; dramatic presentation)

5. "What did the Indian say when he jumped off the cliff? Geronimo." (Larry S.) (A riddle; some laughter)

6. "There's this cowboy. He was riding across and he saw a dog. The dog said to him, 'Hello,' and he said 'Hello.' And the next morning the horse said to him, no the man said I never knew that a dog could talk before and the horse turned around and said, you know, you're learning something new every time."

(Howie)

7. "There was a boy wanted to go to the bathroom, so the teacher said say your alphabets: ABCDEFGHIJK LMOQRSTUVWXYZ. Teacher said where is the C at? He said, 'running down my leg.'" (David G.)

8. "This boy was walking down the street and a girl said Hi! And he said Hi! And so he went on by and then this big dog was coming after the girl and she said 'Help!' like that. And the little boy was going by there, and he said, 'I'll save you. Never fear. Smith's here.'" (Steven F.) (Much laughter; presumably because of connection with a T.V. show.)
VII. Taunts

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

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

VIII. Paper-folding games

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

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

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

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

Fingers are placed under the outer flaps so the object may be moved about. Colors or numbers may be written on the outer flap. (Laurie put colors—yellow, blue, white, and orange—on hers.) Then on the inner flaps—of which there are eight, numbers are placed. (Any numbers. Laurie used 9, 13, 8, 4, 20, 1, 2, and 28 on one of hers.) Under each one of these numbers (on the under side of the flap which cannot be seen without lifting the flap) are placed "fortunes"—sentences telling something about the person (e.g., "you are nice," "you like pigs," etc.)

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Folded Paper "Cootie Catcher" demonstrated by student.

The Outlawed Paper "Popper".

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

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

"That's all!"

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

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

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

[For a report on a similar collecting project, see Nancy C. Leventhal and Ed Gray, "Depth Collecting from a Sixth-Grade Class," Western Folklore, XXII (1963), pp. 159-163; 251-257. Mrs. Leventhal's project was conducted in the Spring and Summer of 1959 in a sixth-grade class (ages 11 and 12) in Hawthorne, California. Studies similar to those of Mrs. Leventhal and the one given here by Miss Ruth Hawthorne need to be conducted in schools around the country at various grade levels if we are to understand more about the repertoire of folklore in the mouths of American children.—EDITOR.]
WEATHER SIGNS
AND
CALENDAR LORE
from the "Dumb Quarter"

By VICTOR C. DIEFFENBACH

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


Victor Dieffenbach's materials are chiefly traditional, with the exception possibly of a few humorous items which he added for good measure (cf. Nos. 13, 32, 50, 58, 59, 61), and a few rhymed bits of lore (Nos. 9, 21, 38). The bundling folktales (No. 45), a rare and interesting item, will be republished in an article on the bundling tradition in Pennsylvania; will readers please send us additional tales of this sort, relating to courting, bundling, etc., from other areas of Pennsylvania? We also request our readers to send us variants of the weather and calendar items published here.—EDITOR.]

WETTER TZAICH

[1] Der olde[- Miller] huh oh gwalt os won sei orch bisist, no gebt's en goot butteryohr. [Old Miller used to say that when his anus itched, it would be a good butter year.] Fogel 1915: No. 306: Wann en der arsch beists ments en gut butterjor.

[2] En mann by nauma Lutz dar hit immer behaubt os won sei hussa-lots pitschich wert, no gebs raya. [A man by the name of Lutz always claimed that when his fly got 'pitchy,' there would be rain.]

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

[4] Won owuets die zat er luch wescht, in seller auf richtung woo sie er in hinnen-end hie druyt, fun dort coomt morya der windt by. [When the cat washes its hole in the evening, from the direction that she points with her hind end, wind will come in the morning.] Hand, Nos. 6278-6279, 6416-6417, 6635 ff.

[5] Won do owuets mainschts' date gaww nix unner em Hummel sich raya, don geb acht wie die schofe lay, uff em hinwel. Der wuhe woo er nose hie weissa, dort coomt die luftt haar, un wons awe net manner iss os wie ma babble sei oadem. Des iss in die schofe nei-gawwertsjet fun yeu-haar. Won der wulf cooma date don date die luftt em wulf sei gurach mitt bringa, lung eb der wulf selvert kaimt. Em schofe sei naus die schlofft nie net; un bis der wulf kaimt don sin sie oil in maring, uff da fees, era kepp nous, os wie die spachpe in ma naed, un sin oil om schompa. [When you think in the evening that nothing at all would be stirring under the sky, take notice how the sheep are lying on the hill. The direction in which they point their noses, the wind comes from there, even if it is no more than a baby's breath. This is rooted in the sheep from ages ago. When the wolf would come, the air brings the wolf's scent along, long before the wolf himself would come. A sheep's nose never sleeps, and by the time the wolf would come they are all in a ring, on their feet, their heads out, like the spokes in a wheel, and are all stamping.]

[6] Der 29ichsht Yooney (June) is Pater Poul, Dar mocht en kenn der wertzel foul. [The 29th of June is Peter and Paul's Day. That makes the eye roots rot.] Fogel 1915: No. 1016.
[When the sun is going down and there is still a bright patch of the sun toward the left side of the sun, as sure as you’re standing there then the next day will be fair, even though the patch is only as big as a hand.]

[17] Es sin uhti tsway Mittausch un tsway Summschdaug in aym yohr os die sun guet net eischeid, un wons awe ferleft uht paur minutta iss. [There are just two Wednesdays and two Saturdays in one year when the sun doesn’t shine at all, even if it is perhaps only for a few minutes.] Cf. Hand, No. 6247: There is only one Saturday during the year that the sun does not shine sometime during the day. Also No. 6248: two Saturdays.


[19] Ufj Nei Yohr sull mer ken sowera gleyder awe do, udder mer gikt en lot gichwarna. [On New Year’s you should not put on clean clothing, or you will get a lot of boils.]

[20] So lung os so glaina wind warvel gaina, so lung doot’s net roya. [As long as little whirlwinds are going, it won’t rain.]

[21] Won mer die izwovla im unnergant ist blonost, no wons mersie ess no shofa wenserscheim un mer gikt no ken kup-way dafun. [When you plant onions in the down sign, then when you eat them they’ll work themselves downwards and you won’t get headache from them.] See No. 7, above.

[22] Won die gwatta greischa no gebl’s roya. [When the toads cry it will rain.] Fogel 1915: No. 1191. Hand, No. 6761 ff.

[23] So feel daug os de fresh (freeing) greischa eb Free-yohr’s awefong (March 21st) so feel daug missa sie no rooch sei, noothalse gicht. [As many days as the spring peepers cry before the first day of Spring (March 21), so many days they must be quiet after that day.] Cf. Hand, No. 5912 (three days before, three days after).

[24] Dunnet’s aver dem durra wold, So werts gewus nach ein mohl holte. [If it thunders over the dry woods, it will certainly turn cold.] Fogel 1915: No. 550: If it thunders when the woods are bare, both old and young will die. See also No. 1204. Hand, No. 6675: Thunder in the fall foretells a cold winter. Cf. also Nos. 6268, 6270-6272.

[25] My gross munuth hit immer gwoodt wons eiss uff dat home cob im oldta yohr (sell is fer de fire-daug) no hutsie gwoodt: “Now doona die bame hecka—now geb’ts en lot oasch naigisch yohr.” [My grandmother always used to say that when there was ice on the trees in the old year (that is, before the holidays), then she would say, “Now the trees will form twigs—now there will be a lot of fruit next year.”] Fogel 1915: Nos. 1066, 1083-1084.


[27] Won die ginney uffi on baum hucka fer schlauza, geb acht sella wale os era hepp weissa—sellawake coomt no der sctorrer bey. [When the guinnes sit on a tree to sleep, notice which way they point their heads—from that direction the storm will come.]
[28] Won der moondt en "hoje" hut (en heller ring drum rum) so feel schtteria os im hofe sin—so feel dauga iss es uht may shay wetter; es geblt en zerannerin. [When the moon has a circle (a bright ring around it), as many stars as are in the circle, just so many days of fair weather will there be yet, then there will be a change.] For circles around moon and related lore, see Hand, Nos. 6147, 6151—6152, 6205—6204, 6557, 6544—6552, 6906. Fogel 1915: 1248.

[29] Won die sun dreep unnergate no geblt saya. [When the sun sets behind clouds, it will rain.] Hand, No. 6183: If the sun sets behind clouds, there will most likely be a rainy day tomorrow. Fogel 1915: Nos. 1228, 1241—1245.

[30] Wons moryets, fer da suu uhr guitteren, no geblt's seller daug nach suuwa guittera. [If it thunders in the morning before seven o'clock, there will be seven other thunders that day.] Cf. Hand, No. 6161: Thunder in the morning indicates that the rest of the day will be bad.

[31] Won der wosser-amer udder der pitchar arrig schwittia, no geblt's gewiss raya. By recht, sie doone net schwittia—sine kenna net; owser die feichthichkeit woo in der luftt is, die doot sich doort ossa druuff jerdichta, wile des wosser Woo im arner is keldier os xo wie die luft. [When the water pail or the pitcher sweat very much, it will certainly rain. Actually they don't sweat—they cannot; but the dampness which is in the air forms there on the outside, because the water which is in the pail is colder than the air.] Hand, No. 6580: When the water bucket is wet on the outside, it is going to rain within three days. See also Nos. 6579, 6583, 6585—6586. Fogel 1915: No. 1224 (water pipes), No. 1225 (stones), No. 1149 (glasses).

[32] Wons mull runner coorn't tuu zero uff em glaws no con en mann awe uff em wasser lwaul. [When it gets down to zero on the thermometer, then a man can walk on the water.]

[33] Won fer der aircsh mohl die eiss-troppa om doch noln henka—des is der aircsh mohl for seller Winter, no geblt acht wie lund os sie sin. Wie langer die trippa, so feel da langer der Winter. [When the icicles hang the first time from the roof, that is, the first time for that winter, then notice how long they are. The longer the icicles, the longer the winter.] Cf. Fogel 1915: No. 1156.

[34] Won die rogoona un die baara dicky forr hen no geblt's en lenger koldier Winter; udder wons weischkern-bouhti arrig diich is, no werts awe koldt. [When the raccoons and the bears have thick fur it will be a long, cold winter; or when corn husk is very thick, it will be cold too.] Cf. Hand, Nos. 6076—6077, 6081—6082, 6088—6089, 6109, 6033. Fogel 1915: No. 1194 (down on geese).

[35] Won dei un-kraut schtengell arrig hoch in die hay woxa, no geblt's deecer snayh. So hoch os die schtengell sin, no sin die schnay-hleiffa net feel nelderer; usht won der schnay deecet waar os die schtengel, no kenna die jeggel net on seller sooma. [When your weed stalks grow high, there will be deep snow. As high as the stalks are, the snow piles will not be much lower; only if the snow was deeper than the stalks, then the birds could not feed on those seeds.]

[36] Won der gross-mutter era gnee un era oxtla way gadoo hen no huts raya gevwa, no hut sie ols gawaud os des hit sie shundt dreu daug in era gleder giechpeert cot. [When grandmother's knees and her shoulders hurt, it rained, then she always said that she had felt it three days in her limbs.] For human indicators of rain, cf. Hand, Nos. 6207, 6141, 6640 fl.; Fogel 1915: No. 1113.

[37] Won do sainscht wons wetterlaicht, un do consht tasya taal is do nunnet, don iss seller raya nuch em mile fun deer week. [When you see when it lightens, and you can count ten before it thunders, then that rain is still a mile away from you.]

[38] Won die sei null greicha loover em weala, Won die kinner brilla loover 'm schpeela, Won die hinkel uff da fensu shiana. Der naigchd daug conshl do raya sauna. [When the pigs squeal while they are rooting, when the children cry while they are playing, when the chickens stand on the fence, you can see rain next day.] Cf. Hand, No. 6180: Pigs squeal before bad weather; cf. also 6287. For opposite with chickens on fence, see Hand, Nos. 6242—6244. Cf. also Fogel 1915: No. 1215.

[39] Won die grund-sow era sho'da saint uff Licht mess no is es nach sex uncha winter. [When the groundhog sees its shadow on Candlemas there will be six weeks more of winter.] Fogel 1915: No. 1218; Hand, Nos. 6044—6045, 6068—6069, 6176—6177, 6282.

[40] Won die schnay-gens nisser fleega, no iss much schnay vouich thna. [When the wild geese fly low, there is still snow above them.] Cf. Hand, No. 6195: To see a white hawk flying near the ground in winter is the sign of foul weather. Cf. Fogel 1915: Nos. 1172, 1226.

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

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

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

[44] Won's rayert uff der aircsh Obrill, No con mer hie gay woo mer will. [When it rains on April 1st, you can go wherever you want to.] Cf. Fogel 1929, No. 8: Dy erscht Abril schikt m'r die lei hi wu m'r will; also No. 1325: Dy erscht Abril schikt m'r di naerret hi wu m'r will. [April 1 is water a night, long turquoise and bo by seom maidel, un sell teizt hen die maid die boosa mit is bed genunama. Nacht's worra sie wocker, un der boo muss nous. Die yung rooff cam nooch: "Gook mull nooch en wetter."
S war schwartz dunkel—der boh hat ken licht, un er waaw in ma femme haus. Entdach finnt er die deer, er moth sie uff, schellt sich uff die schwaelt, un lasst' suwiet. Wie er ins bed coomt no froutz sie wie's wetter gookt. "Schwartz, blo, un deweltich, un die luft schinkt wie haut!" hat er goauw.

Der naagacht morya, om dix, no hut die bauer's-frau gauwlt: "Duddy, do muckt's hand-doch lihle, 's rinn. Die gauskel-schtake waaw nos den morya!"

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

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

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

[46] Won's guudert im Moi, no gebit's arrig feeay. [When there is thunder in May, there will be much hay,]

[47] Won dor en feettoltecker glay-blauw fynschtt uff der St. Patrick's Dawg, no hasht do glick. [When you find a four-leafed clover on St. Patrick's Day, you'll be lucky.]

[48] Do sulthten schlonga dote machu uff der St. Patrick's Dawg. [You should kill no snake on St. Patrick's Day.]

[49] Wons rayert uff St. Swithin's Dawg no rayer'ts fer 40 dawg; wons net rayer't, no doot's fer 40 dawg net rayer'ta. [When it rains on St. Swithin's Day it will rain for 40 days; when it doesn't rain on that day, it won't rain for 40 days.]

[50] Der 22ischt Yanner iss dem Washington sei guburts-dawg; 's iss aw ans fun meinu boowa seine, un en lot oner leidt doon sich aw aarina uff den dawg. [The 22nd of January (February) is Washington's Birthday; it is also the birthday of one of my boys, and a lot of other people have their birthday anniversary on this day too.]

[51] Der tzweet Horning iss grunflt sei Dawg. Des zeit fun yoher doe werra da hersh eran kepp beissich; er nay a herno un on swena fer roos, un sie revua un renna on da bame rum—vetzt der nauma. [The second of February is Ground Hog Day. This time of year the deer's heads get lishy; their new horns are pushing out to get, and they rub them and run around on the trees, hence the name.] The ancient Germanic name for February is "Hornung," used also in Pennsylvania German.

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

[53] Die oaschtna un die Pinksheta die gyna mitt em moonet, so wie dale weesleidt. [Easter and Pentecost go with the moon, like many women.]

[54] Uff der Feri Jooly doe sango die Vereinficha Schuatta sie sin fret. [On the 4th of July the United States said they are free.]

[55] Der 9hischcht Moui iss der Deckerusschen Dawg, doe doot meh sauma (fugi) uff du soldawia eru gravaw, un blama uff die onnema. [The 30th of May is Decoration Day, when you put flags on the soldiers' graves, and flowers on the others.]

[56] Der 21ischt Youmey iss der lengscht dawg. [The 21st of June is the longest day.]

[57] Kauf ken gum schwuelt im Wassermann: sie rinna un won do ave ave iuch un ken res jonna consht. Der Ed. Moyer waaw un eldei shoemaker drawa in Fryschtuttler wie Ich en glamer booo boor. Erd hert neet gauwlt os is ken Gott os es schnay-wossen os du schwuelt holds won sie im Wassermann gemacht sin. D.O.B. [Don't buy rubber boats in the sign of Aquarius; they will leak even though there is no hole and no rip. Ed Moyer was an old shoemaker up in Frystown when I was a little boy. He told me that there is no God who can keep snow water out of boots if they are made in the sign of Aquarius. Der Oldt Bauer.]

[58] Der neefer mun allay schwachtel usa us uff iva gerottieht huckka, die atk hernt uff em kersha-berum 's bruwey lieid mittes im gora no waaw dest es es waaw Oller Heil—Oller Say. [When in the morning you find the doghouse sitting up on your garage, the harrow hanging on a cherry tree, and the privy lying in the middle of the garden, then you know it was Halloween—All Souls.]

[59] Wins dore uff den sima dawg un yacht haitt im bush os mocht os wie won der deyfet om kawder schlocha waart, un dote kawndschica buls roacht—selle is no uht die Bull's-gike, woo die bowa sheepo fer der oldt Sam X. Er iss 91 uf uff seller dawg doot er heyera fer des feert moht. Wons dale fun eich wannert ferwos os en man fun seina erd nach heyera will—wel, er will net—er muss. [When on the same day you hear a noise in the woods that sounds as if the Devil is butchering tomcats and would roast bulls alive—that is just the bull-fiddle that the boys are playing for old Sam X. He is 94 and on that day he is marrying for the fourth time. If some of you are wondering why a man of his age wants to marry—well, he doesn't want to, he has to.]

[60] Der kertascht dawg un der Badie-dawg die cooma alla tsway so hinna un yoks waw mer zeet hut fer tonga un won ken Firend dawg waart. [The shortest day and Thanksgiving both come at the end of the year when you have time to rest and when there is no other holiday.]

[61] Wins mull fisch-warnem un freisch un grutta rayert, no es zeet fer in die karrie huy. [Any time it rains fish worm and frogs and toads, it's time to go to church.]

[62] Won epper en bruch (rupture) hut don sull er en wachtschauzial oye griega os uff der Kerf-Firedaug geleitj waart, un no sull er die bouts fun sellem oye nemma un tiver sei bruch do, un no die drei grausche nauma—(Fodder, Sonn un der Heilich Giescht) nauma, un der bruch gate woch; in onnema wordt, er halt tau. [Henry Yoder—Nobile St., Kurtstown.] [When anyone has a rupture he should get a self-shelled egg that was laid on Good Friday, and should take the skin off that egg and put it over his rupture, and name the three greatest names (Father, Son, and Holy Ghost) and the rupture will go away; in other words, it heals up.] Cf. Fogel 1915: No. 882: Eggs laid on Good Friday are used in pow-
[71] \textit{Won die kats era hinner-dale wescht uf} Grischdawg morya—sell maintain or sell count p[uch] seller dawg. Der wake woo sie h[er]go, sellaswee coomt no der pauch by. \textit{Won sie sich gonsower wescht, no iss der pisch unh des gewinnish full;} won sie ower ollaghvalt iner's larks oar gate mitt en lettera foa—no coomt der Purra—Sarah Wolf. \textit{When the cat washes its hind end on Christmas morning, that means that someone will come visiting that day. The way that it looks, from that direction the visit will come. If} she washes herself all over, then the visitors will be just common folk; but if now and again she goes over her left ear with her forefoot, then the preacher is coming.] Cf. Fogel 1915. No. 328. \textit{Es gebt busch wann da kats sich wechsht,} also No. 666: The direction in which the cat's tail points when she washes herself on Sunday morning indicates the direction from which visitors may be expected. No. 329: If the cat passes her paw over the ear when washing, things will come true, i.e., visitors. No. 378: If a butcherknife falls it is a sign of a visit from your pastor. Cf. also Hand, Nos. 6172–6173, 6238.

[72] \textit{"S Koppenhaver's kats, die warw en bitsh,} hut ob die olde Leisy Weiss gewadl, lung leisch. \textit{"Yoe, sie warw en kats, owner un weeshly ottdy hits; un die steel woor der Purra dort warw uf die Ooschtra fer's bubble dawf,} hut en nesscht full yunga gracht, graud in der week, by en bubble.\[Coppenhaver's cat, that was a bitch!\] old Leisy Weiss used to say, many years ago. \textit{Yes, she was a cat, but an ugly old cat;} and while the preacher was there at Easter to baptize the baby, she had a nest full of young, right in the cradle beside the baby."

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

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


[76] \textit{War weesch uf die Nei Yohr hut sell yohr ken glick.}—Granny Djeffenback. \textit{[Whoever washes on New Year's will have no luck that year.]} For more specific beliefs, see Hand. No. 5120: If you wash on New Year's Day, you wash one of the family away.

[77] \textit{War naat uff der Himmel fauer dawg, dar wordt hordt gichtroaff fun Gott.—Die Betts Zeller.} \textit{[Whoever sews on Ascension Day, will be severely punished by God.] For specific punishments, see Fogel 1915: No. 1285 (lightning will strike barn), also 1286–1289, 1331. See also Hand, Nos. 5123 ff., 7021.

[78] \textit{War windla weesch uf der Himmel fauer dawg, don doot's bubble way un heissich warra, un die frau doot sellaswee ken kinner may greega.—"Die Arta Betts."} \textit{[Whoever washes diapers on Ascension Day, the baby will be in pain and become itchy, and the woman will never have any more children.}

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

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

[63] En kindt os gebora is us uf die Pinkschta (Whitsunday) \textit{won eppe sell kindt nuff ush haudoch nennt es aricht mohl?} as es owm how gewunnum wert no doot sell kindt en arriger singer gevoen us uf wost. \textit{[A child that is born on Whitsunday, if anyone takes that child up to the house roof the first time it is taken out of the house, that child will become a very good singer when it grows up.] Cf. Fogel 1915: No. 59. In order that a child may be able to sing high notes it should be carried up stairs before it is carried down stairs.} If a stud-colt is born on Thanksgiving Day, and when matured, is bred to a mare also born on the same day (but need not be born the same year), the union will be sterile—there will be no offspring. \textit{The same pertains to cattle. Years ago, my Dad and a neighbor tried this out on a mare that they were sure of the day she had been dropped; it was no success.} But in the meantime we found out that the mare had tucks, like a stud, and which mares, as a rule do not have; and there is no record of any such mare having foaled a colt.

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

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

\textit{Won do brode bokcha dooht uf die Nei Yohr un's ferberennt do selly schwarts gruscht ob-grotsa, un doos izu ma glaina kindt feeder, no gricht sell kindt sellaisa ken blower-hooscha.} \textit{[If you bake bread on New Year's and it burns, scrape off that black crust and feed it to a little child, and that child will never get the whooping cough.] Cf. Fogel 1915. No. 1465: A healing poultice is made of bread baked on Good Friday.

\textit{Won do en kindt noggich in der waita huckscht uf der Ker-Freidawg, un dooht no seller waita nuch seller dawg in die meel, no doot sell kindt der blow-hooscha net greega.} \textit{[If you put a child nude in the wheat on Good Friday, and then put that wheat in the mill that very same day, that child will not get the whooping cough.]}

\textit{Won eppe waarsta hut, shut uf moryets uf der Ker-Freidawg un grick en grumbeer, schweits niz tu nie-mann, un gay on die shire; sneid die grumbeer darrich, reib sie iner die waarsta, un no feeder die grumbeerel tu der coo. Die waarsta die gaine weck un gaim an oder coo era ditts. Wons en grossy grumbeer is, un mer doot sie fersche neida un no die schichter tu paw kee feeder, no iss es net so schwimm.} \textit{[When anyone has worms, get up in the morning on Good Friday and get a potato, don't speak to anyone, and go to the barn; cut the potato in two, rub it over the wart and then feed the potato to the cow. The warts will go away and go onto the cow's teats. If it is a big potato, and you cut it up and then feed the pieces to several cows, then it's not so bad.] Cf. \textit{Warts,} Fogel 1915, pp. 316–326.

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

[69] Almost \textit{[the]} same as above, only you bury the potato under the raves as it rots, the warts disappear—Ketty Hertszler.

[70] \textit{When a child is very backward in learning to talk, rise very early on Ascension Day, do not speak a word to anyone, lay the child, nude, face down on the dewy lawn or on any nice clean grass, and silently repeat the three Highest Names, and the child will soon learn to talk.}
Hardships of Circuit-Rider Life on the Pennsylvania-Ohio Frontier

By ROBERT BOYD
Edited By DON YODER

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

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

THE ITINERANT LIFE.

As the foregoing sketch of my life and labors has been almost entirely confined to narration, in connection with an effort for brevity, I now wish to add a little, rather in the form of discussion, or perhaps it may, to some extent, be a combination of both. My subject will be the sufferings and hardships of an itinerant life. Under this general range I propose to notice What is Necessary, What is Not Necessary, and What are the Relations of the People to the Pastoral Work.

1. What is Necessary in order to prosecute this great and good work.

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

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

Jacob Gruber (1778-1850), a native of Bucks County, was one of the most famous Methodist circuit-riders of Pennsylvania German extraction. Beginning in 1800, he served frontier Methodist circuits in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and West Virginia. Long remembered in Pennsylvania households for his trenchant wit as well as his pointed preaching (he was arrested in Maryland in 1816 for openly preaching against slavery), he was the subject of several biographical works. See W. P. Strickland, The Life of Jacob Gruber (New York, 1860); J. B. Wakeley, The Heros of Methodism (New York, 1868); also the Gruber (Gruber) jests that appeared in Harper’s Magazine, August, 1869, November, 1869, January, 1870, and May, 1870.
Some one opened the bars. I rode to the door, got off, but
could not feel when my feet touched the ground. I went
into the dark cabin, where was a large fire. Perhaps I got
too near, and soon fainted, then vomited, and became very
sick, so that I could do nothing for them that day. For some
time I was unable to speak a word. One reason why I strove
so hard to get over that road was, that if I failed there, much
of the other work could not be reached. I missed no other
preaching but that day, though I was much out of order for
three weeks. And it is pretty certain if I had not then pos-
sessed a most vigorous and hale constitution, I must have
perished that day.

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

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

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

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

3. The water courses, especially in the mountains and new
settlements, where there are no bridges or ferries. A per-
serving preacher is frequently in a great strait between the
possible and impossible. I have often rode through both
large and small streams when, after passing over, I would not
have risked a repetition of the act for any man's horse. I
will give one case as a sample, which occurred in 1825, when
I traveled Alleghany circuit in Baltimore Conference. We

[Image of Robert Boyd, Scotch-Irishman of Western Penn-
sylvania, who became a Methodist itinerant.]

had a week-day appointment at a brother King's, close to
the Potomac River, on the north side. When I came to the
river I knew I could ride it with my large and well-tried
horse; yet in view of its depth, and especially the heavy bodies
of mush ice then floating, I regarded it as a large undertaking.
As the ice generally passed in bunches, or what was called
shoals, leaving between these spaces a space with little or no
ice, I watched till a heavy shoal passed, and quickly set in
above, and with effort reached the opposite shore just as the
next heavy ice was coming. This I considered close work,
as the river there was near two hundred yards wide. But the
worst was still to come. After I had preached and met the
class I was informed that the river was about a foot higher than when I came over, and still on the rise, and I found the surface more closely covered with floating ice. As all the rest of my work on that end of the circuit lay on the other side of the river, I felt strong inducements to get back. Without waiting dinner, I got my horse at once, tied up overcoat and leggings, fastening them behind the saddle, and girding the saddle tight, I mounted the horse, with a heart lifted to God for protection, and entered the stream. The strongest and deepest part of the stream lay nearest the opposite side. When I had gotten about the middle of the river, with water high up the horse’s body, I discovered a large piece of hard ice floating a short distance above, and a little before me. My first impression was to try to pass before it came; but, as I did not know its size, I concluded to check the horse till it passed. In the mean time the soft ice was crowding my horse down stream for a short time. I then let my feet and legs drop into the water, feeling that a swim was likely to be the only remaining security. Before reaching the shore the horse was nearly covered with water, but my weight served to keep him from floating.

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

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

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

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

II. To notice some not necessary.

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

For long moves involving Pennsylvania circuit-riders, the early history of the Genesee Annual Conference is most instructive. The conference, set up in 1810, included, in addition to most of upper New York State, Upper and Lower Canada and the north-central portions of Pennsylvania—the Northumberland, Lycoming, Shamokin, and Bald Eagle Circuits, which in 1820 were transferred to the Baltimore Conference. During the years 1810–1820, some circuit-riders were actually transferred from Central Pennsylvania to Canada, and vice versa. See George Peck, Early Methodism Within the Bounds of the Old Genesee Conference from 1788 to 1828; Or, The First Forty Years of Wesleyan Evangelism in Northern Pennsylvania, Central and Western New York, and Canada, Containing Sketches of Interesting Localities, Exciting Scenes, and Prominent Actors (New York, 1960).
diction. As, for instance, suppose A. is sent to an adjoining circuit, where he has never preached a sermon, and is in all respects the right man for the place. Here all seems right. But if, instead of this arrangement, because A. is a good fellow, and will certainly go where he is sent, and never trouble the bishop or cabinet about his appointment, yet in order to make room for B., who is settled, and won't move, A. is sent one hundred miles. This would be an unnecessarily long move—not necessary on itinerant principles, but rather the consequence of a departure from itinerancy in another direction.

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

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

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

3. Want of care, or abuse of parsonages. I am in favor of building well-arranged, comfortable parsonages, on one condition, and not otherwise. The condition is this: When a new house is ready for use, let the trustees write and paste up rules to this effect: That so soon as any part of the house, or any thing pertaining to the premises is injured, beyond the natural force of time and wear, the preacher is to have one month's notice to leave the house and live elsewhere as best he can, at his own expense; and in the mean time, let the trustees have the breaches at the parsonage repaired at the preacher's expense, to be taken out of his next quarterly dividend. I am aware that some, both preachers and members, would object to this as too severe. But in this way every man would bear his own burden, instead of leaving his filth and ruin to be rectified at the trouble and expense of another.
For my own part, I would rejoice in the high privilege of occupying a parsonage now in good order on these very terms. My mind has been settled in a firm decision for years, that we should proceed on these terms, or have nothing to do with parsonages. For my own part, during my long ministry, I only used four parsonages, and three of these I must place among the sweetest trials and hardest labors of my whole itinerant life, as may be seen in the brief history I have given in the foregoing work.

4. Want of support in rich places. I have already referred to this condition, where it was supposed to proceed from the right man, he can and will pity and pray for them, and labor just as much as if they did their duty, but he can't extend to them his approving fellowship; yea, he ought not, when it is so clear that God disapproves them. It is hard enough to feel pinching want itself, but to live and labor with a people we can not and ought not to fellowship is much harder.

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

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

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

Circuit-Riders transferred elsewhere by the Conference left a "Circuit Plan" for their successors—telling where meetings were scheduled. From William Warren Street, Religion on the American Frontier, Volume IV: The Methodists (Chicago, 1946). Copyright University of Chicago Press.
But, on the other hand, suppose a presiding elder, with the vast influence that talent and office give to him, comes along; preaches a good doctrinal sermon on Saturday; then holds quarterly conference, without a word of inquiry concerning reading rules, visiting from house to house, the baptism and instruction of children, or the collections for missions, Bible, Tract Society, Sunday School Union, or Conference claimants; then on Sabbath, when the unfaithful, trifling Church members and the most ignorant and wicked part of community are present, we get the great, far-off sermon; and just in proportion as such presiding elder shares applause, the close hunting-up preacher, who labors to exercise our Discipline, is subjected to censure.

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

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

I am well aware that the prominent points in this division of my remarks will be considered too severe by many, both in the ministry and membership of our Church. And yet they are true—awfully and alarmingly true. The fact that so large a portion of our preachers and members have so greatly failed to come up to their Church and conventional engagements, has, by consequence, left me and others to bear such an unequal share of our heaviest burdens. That I am honestly and truthfully compelled to mark it as the hardest feature connected with my itinerant life. As this is one of the hardships not necessary, I have penned these things for the benefit of those who may live and labor in this great and good work when I am gone to rest. I have no complaints to utter for any lack of friendship or kindness on the part of my ministerial brethren. The pleasing reverse has always been abundantly manifest, and still more so as I advance in life. The hardship referred to was a consequence not intended by any minister.

7. Badly-arranged meeting-houses, in pulpit, altar, stoves, and want of ventilation. Notwithstanding many modern improvements in church building, in some places there still remains much that is awkward and oppressive both to preachers and others, but especially to preachers. Some pulpits are still too high in the entire structure, and still more are too high from where the preacher stands to the book-board, which makes kneeling in prayer very embarrassing, and preaching less convenient and comfortable both to preacher and hearers. It is sad folly to elevate the floor in the altar six or eight inches above the floor of the house. In the first place, this is more expensive than to continue the same range of the rest of the floor into the altar. When a seat forming the altar bench is a convenient height to kneel from the outside, then, in case of elevation, it is all that difference too low from the inside. To the preacher this is inconvenient in administering baptism to adults, the Lord's Supper, and still more so in speaking to penitents who kneel there. When we have to stoop so low, it causes a rush of blood to the head, which is followed by a kind of oppression all through the system, and rapidly destroys the voice. No
person can stand half the labor in such a position as when the floor is as low in as outside the altar. 4

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

8. Want of care on the part of the sexton, or no sexton. In cold, damp weather, where there has been no fire for a week, it is of the first importance that a fire be made so long before the hour of preaching as to warm the house, having two opposite windows a short time open before the assembling of the congregation; then near the preaching hour close the windows, and renew the fire. But instead of this, or any thing like it, I have hundreds of times found some person or persons just at the hour of preaching, beginning to kindle a fire in the stove, which produces a choking smoke, mingled with bad air; and in some cases, regardless of all comfort and common decency, one or two, with brooms in hand, were dashing away, and dust flying, as if a threshing-machine was operating in the church; while, instead of being in the pulpit at prayer and selecting the hymns for the occasion, I had to walk up and down, with leggins and overcoat on, and occasionally going to the door to get a little fresh air.

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

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

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

Will readers send the Editor other terms they recall associated with early farmhouse or cabin chimneys and their construction?

"Hard-looking" is still used in this sense of disgraceful, in the common speech of older rural Pennsylvanians.

Title-page of Samuel Huber's memoirs, published at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in 1858.
I have often felt that it would have been a great relief if I could have kept away from such meals. And I only sat at these tables lest I should offend them by staying away. I frequently tried to talk about hunting, or any thing that came to mind, in order to keep them from noticing how little I ate. Yet I often heard the wonder expressed, how it was that I looked so well and ate so little. But they did not know that I sometimes had bread in my saddle-bags, which I used along the road, and drank pure water from the rocks, instead of dirty milk.

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

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

It is with some degree of embarrassment that I proceed to notice the afflictions caused by unskilful cooks, as it looks so much like meddling with women's business. And were it so that none but women had to eat the things prepared, I might pass this matter in silence. But as they cook for men, not only preachers, but the common day-laborer, I shall, therefore, as a representative not only of preachers but my sex generally, call attention to this afflicting matter. And I wish it distinctly understood that my complaint does not lie against poverty, or the want of variety or rich fare. The ground of my complaint is just as applicable to the pot of mush or Johnny-cake as the most costly fare. And now while I am at the mush-pot, permit me to say that this simple, cheap fare may suffer as much proportionable loss in the hands of an unskilful cook as the most costly dish. Just look for a moment at the difference between a mess well salted, long and well cooked, and a hasty, thin splash, nearly raw. Now, this latter is just the kind of mess that is had in many genteel families. I would, therefore, advise the preacher not to extol the mush supper in a strange place, lest he should get into a trap.

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

"If Boyd complained of the ubiquitous cornmeal mush, another Pennsylvania circuit-rider, Marmaduke Pearce (1776-1832) remembered the Yankee baked beans that he was served so often in York State. Reminiscing in 1859 about his traveling the Holland Purchase and Caledonia Circuit in 1811, he wrote, 'I often think about the old Holland Purchase. O the good times we had at Tonawanda, Father Hoy's, Braddock's Bay, Bethany, Uncle Sol. Morris's, Father Hawkins's, Fisher's, Father Shafer's, Bronson's, Bennett's, Barlow's, and other places! O the cold houses, the snow, the mud, the sage tea, the baked beans! These things, the recollection of them, is like 'the music of Carol, pleasant and mournful to the soul' " (George Peck, Early Methodism Within the Bounds of the Old Genesee Conference [New York, 1860], p. 344)."

William Colbert, a Marylander serving as Methodist circuit-rider in the Dutch regions of the Susquehanna Valley in 1804, complains of a "very disagreeable night's lodging under a feather-bed". For Colbert and his reactions to the "lively" Dutch Methodists, see Don Yoder, Pennsylvania Spirituals (Lancaster, Pennsylvania, 1961), pp. 123-127.
and a heavy, slow-baked, and half-baked lump! And while all buckwheat bears the same name, how great the difference between a well-raised, quick-baked hot cake, and one composed of thick, heavy batter, slowly baked, and then lying without dressing till nearly cold! We will take another case: namely, the difference between a fowl well-cooked, till the flesh becomes soft and rich, and easy to separate from the bone, and one put to cook too soon after killing, and not half cooked at that. Such is hard to separate from the bone, besides having a strong, ill taste. And many a good fowl has come to just such an end.

It is well known that hog’s flesh is mainly relied on for the meat supply, so that through the principal part of the year, if we get meat, it is of this kind. And yet, so far as my long experience goes, I have found that at least three-fourths of this is injured, more or less, by bad management. It is often salted in the same vessel in which the hogs were scalded, and that, too, on the evening of the same day on which the hogs were killed. This is a bad beginning, as neither meat nor vessel is in a proper condition for such packing. In this condition the meat is left too long—perhaps two or three months or all Winter—till it becomes a rank, slippery thing. In this condition it is often cut in very thick slices, and set on the table nearly raw. Now, if the same article were salted in a pure, cold state, and taken up in due time, and smoked, not with old, dirty, rotten chips, but pure, green hickory limbs, then sliced thin, and well fried or broiled, both the fat and lean meat, as well as gravy, would be pure and pleasant.

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

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

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

This operation went forward with great rapidity, and we soon had such a strong coffee scent as somewhat interrupted our interesting conversation. The coffee was soon burned—yes, literally burnt to death—and was ground, and mixed
with warm water, and soon on the table; so that in about two hours after coming in I was seated at the table, with bread and meat enough for six laboring men. I used about half of one cake, a small piece from one of the thinnest cuts of meat, one cup of coffee, and hard at that. It is easy to see that a right cook could have furnished a comfortable meal from these materials in half the time; while long time and ruin were the facts in the case. The first was last, and the last first.

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

As I never stopped or failed to fill an appointment in daylight in consequence of rain, snow, or any weather God sent, I hope I will not be understood as teaching that a preacher is not to endure hardness. It is necessary, in order to meet and fill all our regular appointments, that we ride through all kinds of weather; but with good management it is seldom or never necessary in prosecuting the labors of a protracted meeting. The two cases differ in another point of view. While a cold night ride, just from a close, warm church, will prostrate and ruin the constitution, the fact of riding in daylight, through the worst weather, when free from perspiration and well dressed, contributes to make a good, hardy constitution. It is not fair to infer that because a preacher refuses to move round and visit, either by day or night, during the hard labors of a protracted meeting, that he is either refusing or declining to do this work. It is generally best to do one thing at a time. In this way, if we keep on the move, we are likely to do the most work and the best work.

III. The Relations of the People to the Pastoral Work.

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

Now, if I am not greatly mistaken, some preachers cause a large amount of unnecessary trouble to the families with whom they stay. It is well known to those families that have had long experience in entertaining and lodging preachers, that some are more than double the trouble that others are. With a sincere desire to produce such a reformation in families as would relieve our preachers from unnecessary hardships, I felt compelled to be very specific. I shall, in the nature of the case, feel compelled to take the same course with the preacher. And while I admit that the great body of our ministers are so far my superiors that it would better become
me to sit at their feet and learn, than to offer them any aid by my reformatory hints, yet it is quite obvious that many young men of fine ability, and some not so young, greatly need waking up on this somewhat delicate subject. Before I go into particulars, I am free to admit that such is the diversity of taste and family fixtures, that what might much annoy one family, would not much, if any, disturb another. Still it is obvious that a clear gain course is in all respects the safest and best. In order, then, to avoid giving families unnecessary trouble, a preacher should

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

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

In the single matter of the morning wash, if water is placed in the bedroom. some make a great splash, wetting table or wash-stand, and some abuse even the floor or carpet; while a careful man can do the same job without scattering one drop. In some cases, in washing out of doors, the water is scattered or thrown out where it injures, and if freezing, causes walking to be difficult, if not dangerous. It is rude, when in a nice family, for a preacher to raise his foot or leg on a chair or table, or to use a sofa or bed with shoes or boots on, or to set a wet hat on a bureau or table, or a glass or pitcher containing water on a table where books and papers lie. I grant that these are in some respects small things, and yet a stranger who is worsting every thing about him is a serious annoyance to a clean, tasty woman.

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

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

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

"Jacob Gruber was particularly strong versus tobacco. See Strickland, op. cit., pp. 299-300. On one of his Pennsylvania circuits Gruber lost an old Methodist to one of the bearded Baptist sects which permitted tobacco-chewing. "His faith," Gruber tells us, "was only as large as a grain of tobacco seed. He was a great chewer of the weed; believed greatly in washing feet and saluting, and had been duchked three times. He asked me, "How do you get over the command, "Salute one another with a holy kiss?" I told him, 'Some of our members do kiss each other. But how can persons salute with a holy kiss who are not holy, and do not believe in a doctrine of holiness? And how can a person give a clean kiss with a plug of tobacco in his mouth?' " (ibid., p. 357).
Eighteenth-Century Emigration
From the Duchy of Zweibrücken

By FRIEDRICH KREBS
Translated and Edited By Don Yoder

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

[2] In the year 1761 the property of Johannes Gölitzer from Mimbach was confiscated for the treasury, because he had emigrated from Webenheim to America without manumission. The usufruct of a piece of pasture land was turned over to his mother as long as she lived, after that it passed to a member of the family. On October 2, 1761, Johannes Gölitzer, who had returned from America, was given permission by government decree to stay with his relatives in Mimbach until the following Spring; but if he should mislead people into emigration, he was at once to be put under arrest.

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

Zweibrücken landscape viewed from the Potzberg. This is "Musikantenland"—land of music-makers.
and the inheritance awarded to the heirs, in case they could furnish proof that their relative had died without heirs abroad.

[1] Peter, Jacob, and Conrad Klee of Steinberg in the District of Nohlfehden (today Steinberg-Deckenhardt in the District of St. Wendel), sons of Peter Klee of Steinberg, asked in an official petition for the issue of the property of their brother Michael Klee who had left for foreign parts eleven years previously. He had gone away in order to improve himself in the tailor trade and is said to have reached America in 1749. The property which the emigrant left behind amounted to 131 florins, 8 batzen, and 3 pfennig. It was finally given up to the petitioners on payment of interest and installment payment of the capital. Michael Klee arrived in Philadelphia on October 7, 1749, on the Ship “Lesie” (Hinke-Strassburger, Pennsylvania German Pioneers, List 111 C).

[5] On resolution of the Zweibrücken Government of March 30, 1771, the petition of Abraham Roland from Lansborn, who had emigrated to America and was living in Lebanon (now county-seat of the county of the same name) in Pennsylvania, to let him have his parental inheritance, was
dismissed and the property declared fallen to the treasury, because he had emigrated to America without official permission. However the government, in decrees dated February 10, 1781, and April 3, 1781, granted the emigrant's sister, Maria Elisabeth, wife of Simon Alt at Einöld, the usufruct of the confiscated property of her brother. Abraham Roland is identical with the emigrant who has signed the oath of allegiance of August 11, 1750, as "Aberham Roland." In Strassburger-Hinke, List 146 C, the name appears as "Aberham Reiland." He arrived in Philadelphia on the Ship "Patience."

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

[7] Georg Jacob, Peter, and Magdalena Schirmer, children of Jacob Schirmer from Winden, had emigrated to America in the years 1750 and 1751. In 1770 the inheritance of the emigrants was publicly confiscated by the state on account of illegal emigration. Also in the same year the petition of their brother, Anton Schirmer, who had remained behind, and his sister, the wife of Ludwig Schmitt at Weingarten, to turn over the emigrants' portion to them, was dismissed, yet Anton Schirmer was permitted to keep back 60 florins each year from the bulk of the estate for the board and lodging of his father. About 1770 the confiscated property was put up for sale. Anton Schirmer acquired the greatest part of it; he was later, finally, in 1783, granted the payment of the auction fees [Steigschilling] in installments. Peter Schirmer landed at the port of Philadelphia on the Ship "Phoenix" on August 28, 1750 (Hinke-Strassburger, List 154 C); Georg Jacob Schirmer on the Ship "Jenet" in 1751, taking the oath of allegiance on October 7, 1751 (Hinke-Strassburger, List 175 C). Peter Schirmer was baptized at Winden, January 10, 1728, son of Jacob Schirmer and Anna Catharina. Georg Jacob Schirmer was born at Winden of the same parents, March 3, 1730, and baptized there March 7, 1730. The parents, Johann Jacob Schirmer, son of the deceased Sebastian Schirmer, citizen at Winden, and his wife Anna Catharina, who came from Hölen near Kandel, had married November 22, 1718, at Winden. On February 17, 1750, Peter Schirmer was married at Winden to Magdalena, daughter of Andreas Wendel from Gleiszellen; to this couple was born, at Winden, on May 7, 1750, before the emigration, another daughter, Maria Barbara. Entries about a Magdalena Schirmer, sister of the emigrants, were not to be found.
in the Reformed Church Register of Winden. Possibly there is involved here a confusion with Magdalena, wife of Peter Schärmer. Source: Documents in the Speyer State Archives: Reformed Church Register of Winden.

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

Children, born and baptized in Winden:
1. Isaac, born November 23, 1740, baptized November 27, 1740.
2. Maria, born November 26, 1741, baptized December 3, 1741.
5. Sophia, born February 24, 1749, baptized March 2, 1749, died at Winden, April 21, 1750, at the age of one year and eight weeks.

[9] According to an entry in the Lutheran Church Register at Annweiler, Johann Georg Sus was born at Rinthal, January 25, 1734, son of Johann Philipp Sus and Maria Catharina, and baptized (presumably at Annweiler), January 31, 1734. In connection with this entry there is a marginal notation: “became a pilgrim to America” [wurd ein Pilgrim nach Amerika]. He is presumably identical with the Georg Jacob Sus who landed at Philadelphia on the Ship “Hamilton” in the year 1767 and took the oath of allegiance.
there November 9, 1767 (Hinke-Strassburger, List 265 C). In favor of this identity is the fact that there is in the same church register a further notation, "Extract, the 5th of May, 1767," which leads us to conclude that on this day a birth certificate was prepared for the emigrant.

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

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

The children of his first marriage, born in Pennsylvania, were as follows:
1. Johannes, born March 15, 1752.
2. Georg Michael, born June 26, 1755.

[11] Hans Adam Klein, born March 7, 1680, according to an entry in the Reformed Church Register of Niederkirchen in the Osterta, was born at Bubach, son of Johannes Klein (died March 22, 1709, at Bubach) and Anna (died February 21, 1701, at Bubach), emigrated to America in 1709 as a cartwright. He lived last in the State of New York, in Mohawk County, near Albany. In 1748 there appeared in the Duchy of Zweibrücken, as deputy for Johann Adam Klein, a relative of his named Henrich Klein, who lived in Lancaster in Pennsylvania, to reclaim the paternal inheritance of his client, which the latter at the time of his departure in 1709 had pledged in the sum of 70 gulden to his brother Wendel Klein. Since the power of attorney was found wanting, and the children of Wendel Klein made difficulties in the issuance of the legacy, a legal battle ensued, which finally in 1748 under mediation of the Zweibrücken authorities was settled through a compromise, whereby the attorney was paid out 275 gulden for his client in America, promising to produce a better power of attorney, to provide surety, and to pay the official state emigration taxes for his client. The appended letter was directed to Adam Klein's brother Jacob and played a role as evidence in the legal contest. It reports nothing of the circumstances in America, but only of family matters, yet it is despite this of great interest.

Johann Henrich Klein from Kusel is presumably identical with Johann Henrich Klein, who landed in Philadelphia on the Ship "Samuel" in 1757. He had married a daughter of Daniel Grimm from Kusel and at the time was schoolteacher [Schuldienner] at Woltersweiler. According to notes of the Heimatsstelle Pfalz the 1709 emigrant Johann Adam Klein

Contemporary Zweibrücken — the Rose Garden.
was manumitted in 1718. He was part of the group of emigrants who arrived at St. Catharine's, England, June 11, 1709, coming from Holland, and [in the lists he is described as] aged 28, Reformed, and without family. In the New York Lists of the years 1710 and 1712 he is described as unmarried and childless. On September 2, 1713, Adam Klein and Anna Catharina had a daughter Anna Clara born to them—see the Kocherthal Church Register in West Camp, New York. In the so-called "Simmedlinger Register" the emigrant appears with his wife Catharina and two children, at New Heidelberg in the colony of New York.

LETTER OF HANS ADAM KLEIN, CONESTOGA, 1743

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

The great joy which I had on receipt of your letter, which Cousin Ludwig brought over to this country, cannot sufficiently be expressed, especially since I had had no word from you in 33 years. Now I have found from your letter that you alone of all my brothers and sisters, are still living. I wish you and your children further good health and good fortune.
As for me, after I left you in 1709 I finally arrived in England, and at that time with still more of our countrymen [was sent] by Queen Anne over the sea to America, and finally arrived in Georgia [York, i.e., New York], where I stayed as a single man some three years in the same neighborhood. Afterwards I was married according to God's will to a widow who was without children. She is a native of the Hundsbrück, from the village of Kellweiler; her maiden name was Han and she has brothers living in Gettebach and Oberweiler on the Glan. We had then during our marriage four children, i.e., one son and three daughters, of whom two daughters are still living and are both married. We live in Albany [Albany] and my children near me. I have worked at my trade the entire time.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Your faithful brother, cousin and friend

Hans Adam Klein from Bubbach

N.B. My family, i.e., my wife and daughters, sons-in-law, and four grandchildren, send you hearty greetings. Adieu.

Conastache [Conestoga], August 22, 1748.

[Of the places named in the Hans Adam Klein letter, Dr. Krebs suggests in his footnotes that Kellweiler is perhaps Gehlweiler (Simmern); Gettebach is Jettenbach (Kusel); Oberweiler is Oberweiler im Tal (Kusel), which however is not on the Glan but at some distance from it; and Albessen is also in the Kusel area. Conestoga was of course in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. For additional background on the 18th Century emigration from the Duchy of Zweibrücken and its dependencies, see William John Hinke and John Baer Stoudt, "A List of German Immigrants to the American Colonies from Zweibruecken in the Palatinate, 1728-1719," in The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, 1 (1936), 101-124; also Dr. Friedrich Krebs, "A List of German Immigrants to the American Colonies from Zweibruecken in the Palatinate, 1750-1771," The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, XVI (1951), 171-183.—EDITOR.]
Folk-Cultural Questionnaire No. 5
The Pennsylvania Folk-Dance Tradition

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

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

Siss net alledag luschtich lewe,
Siss net alledag Faasenacht!
Ich hab mei Geld em Schpielmaann gewee,
Un hab gedanzt die ganze Nacht.

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

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

"Schnivelli" Rex and his Harmony Grangers

![Durang's Hornpipe (1785)](image)

1. What place did dancing have in Pennsylvania rural life in the 19th Century? Please give us all the details you recall — where dances were held, on what occasions dances were held, what types of dances were used.

2. How was dancing related to the courting practices of the area you are familiar with?

3. Do you remember hearing of special dances with unusual names, for example, the "Strousse Dance"?

4. Who did the fiddling for the local dances in your area? How was the fiddler paid? Are there any "old fiddlers" in your community from whom we might record their repertoire?

5. Do you have, or do you know of the whereabouts of any manuscript fiddle-tune books? If so, we would like the privilege of copying them for our archive.

6. Who did the "calling" of the dances? Was the calling in English or Pennsylvania German?

7. If you come from religious groups, or families, who had religious objection to dancing, please suggest for us the reasons behind this attitude.

8. Finally, do you recall humorous stories, jokes, jests, rhymes, or songs that refer to dancing, in English or Pennsylvania German? For example, the little rhyme, recorded in Schuylkill County, which expresses the exuberance with which Pennsylvania Dutchmen used to dance in the past:

So geht der Check,
No datzt die Beck,
No schmeisst der Alt
Der Schtack anek!

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

Send your replies to: Dr. Don Yoder
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University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104
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