

# The Pennsylvania Dutchman

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## Decorated Chests in the Pennsylvania Dutch Country

By HENRY J. KAUFFMAN

The story of chests is as old as modern civilization, for as the pillaging monarch of Europe crossed and recrossed the continent, he carried his loot in a box or a chest. When he settled on a spot, a chest was used for the storage of valuables and clothing and thus it has come to be an accepted form of furniture for all levels of society. The nobility had one that was beautifully carved or ornately overlaid with precious metals, the seaman had a small one made with heavy hinges and a lock, while the peasant had a simple six board box in which he stored his few precious possessions which he eventually passed on to his children.

It is easy to understand why a new country like America would be filled with chests, for if the immigrant did not bring one with him, he soon made one in which he could store his worldly goods. The first chests of America were made in New England of oak wood, as they had been made in their English homeland. As early as 1660, beautifully carved and panelled chests were made, some having as many as four drawers, while the more humble had none. By 1700, the chest industry of New England had matured into the magnificent Hadley chest which has been widely acclaimed for its aesthetic merits and the soundness of its construction, but totally different from Pennsylvania chests which is the topic of the discussion.

A great chronological leap is required to reach the time of the Pennsylvania dower chest for very few pre-revolutionary chests are extant in Pennsylvania. It might also be pointed out that the term dower has been very much overworked, for some people call each chest that is found in the Dutch country a dower chest, and this conclusion is incorrect. A dower chest was one that was given to a young maiden for the storage of her dower previous to, or at the time of, her marriage. Frequently, the girl's name and a date appear on the chest, the date very likely being her wedding date. It had been the writer's experience, while living in rural areas, that the men of the household were supplied with a chest for the summer storage of winter bed covers, and although these were usually simple chests of pine or poplar, they are frequently referred to as a dower chest which is a misuse of the term. The dower chest was a very special one as described and should not

be confused with the common type of country storage chest.

In recent years much attention has been given to a type of dower chest usually called a painted or decorated chest. These chests were made of poplar or pine or a combination of the two woods; they were skillfully dovetailed at the corners and many of the good specimens had two drawers, an occasional one having three. Inside the chest there was a small till and when the lid of the till was lifted it formed a wedge to keep the lid open. The exterior was either partially or completely covered with paint and on the two or three panels folk art motifs of nature or a geometric type were applied to make them attractive. The heart was often used for obvious reasons and the tulip and pomegranate appear on the ones illustrated. Sometimes the background was done in a stippled effect which made a pleasing contrast with the plain red or blue of the decorative molding.

A painted and decorated dower chest such as the one illustrated is a rarity in the Dutch Country today, but the cherry chest with the tulip and heart



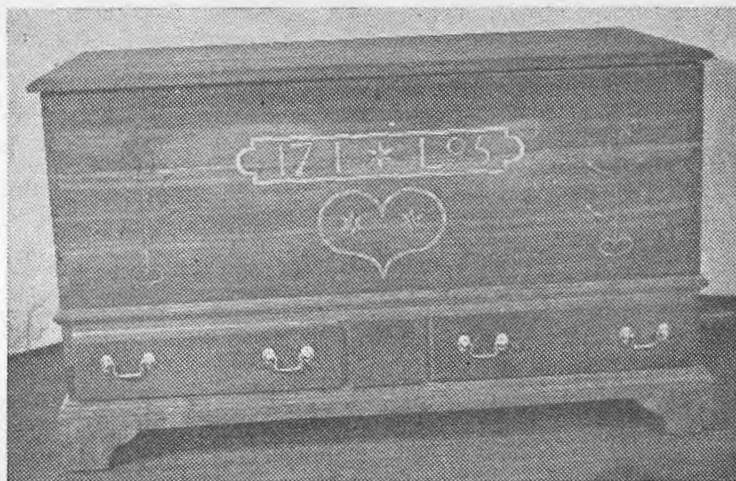
Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art

would be less interesting if all the wood were exactly the same. Although this chest was made the most recent of the three and has new drawers, it is an interesting specimen and warrants recognition.

with the motifs of the other two chests, nor with the motifs found throughout Pennsylvania on other wares. The escutcheon for the lock is of brass and strangely resembles the design of the motif.

This chest is undoubtedly not unique, for the workmanship on the routing and the plaster-like inlay are of a high professional level. There is no evidence of the inlay falling out or any repair work ever having been

done on it. The severe plainness of the date and the initials are different from what is usually found in Pennsylvania, yet their presence indicates that it is a dower chest, typical of Pennsylvania. There is a curious admixture of influences in the chest which seem difficult to define. Perhaps others who have done research in the field can explain its characteristics. We are open for suggestions.



In the H. J. Kauffman collection

inlay of locust wood is much less frequently found. This chest is made in all the fine folk art tradition of craftsmanship and of native wood. The corners are dovetailed, including the feet, and the cut-out for the inlay is meticulously executed. The inlay consists of short pieces of locust wood, cleverly alternating heart wood and sap wood to form an interesting contrast in values. The inlaid pattern

The third chest of this group is extremely rare, but may be of Pennsylvania origin. The origin of the chest is unknown to the present owner, but it has been in possession of the family for three generations, all of them living in Millersville, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. It resembles other Pennsylvania chests in its size and proportions; the wood appears to be similar to the local walnut that was used for the making of furniture, the molding around the lid and above the drawers is of the traditional pattern, and the lip on the drawers was also a common practice not only in chest drawers but in other pieces of furniture. The hardware on the drawers is original and unusual, although not sufficiently strange to disqualify it from the province of its existence. The corners of the feet are dovetailed in the traditional manner, but the design of the bracket is rare.

Obviously the uniqueness of this chest lies in the decorative motif and the manner in which it is executed. The province of the motif has not been assigned to any region of Pennsylvania by the people who have examined it. There is no compatibility

## Bermudian Valley Pioneers

In the Bermudian Valley of north-eastern Adams County, Pa., near the town of York Springs, stand the "Two Churches," one Lutheran, the other Reformed. These twin churches were "born" March 19, 1745, when a union congregation was organized by the Rev. Jacob Lischy. The union congregation was historically known as the LOWER BERMUDIAN CHURCH, to distinguish it from the GROUND OAK or UPPER BERMUDIAN CHURCH, also in Adams County.

Through the courtesy of the Historical Society of York County, we present the following list of emigrants whose family records are preserved in the original registers of the congregation, now on file at the Lutheran Historical Society at Gettysburg.—D. Y.

1) Lucas Raus, born October 18, 1723, son of Lucas Raus of Cronstadt in Transylvania, came to America in 1753. Married Johanna Sophia Gemling, born 1734, daughter of Emig Gemling of Herxheim near Gruenstaedt. Lucas Raus was the Lutheran pastor of the congregation beginning in 1758.

2) Nicolaus Detter [Doetter], son of Mathias Detter of Hirschlanden in Franconia, came to America in 1749. His wife was Anna Catharina Baumann, of Hirschlanden, born Maundy Thursday, 1705, daughter of Mathias and Margaretha Baumann.

3) Johann Nicolaus Buschi, of Trippstadt in the Palatinate, born January 6, 1723, son of Johann and Eva Margaretha Buschi. Came to America in 1754.

4) Heinrich Fuchs, from Eckwieler, born December 27, 1728, son of Heinrich and Anna Gertraut Fuchs, came

to America in 1749. Married Catharina Elisabeth Koenig, born 1731, daughter of Nicolaus and Anna Justina Koenig of Winterbach in Zweibruecken.

5) George Anthony Kling, born August 10, 1723, son of Heinrich and Magdalena Kling, of Worms, came to America in 1754.

6) Hannes Lehmer, son of Wilhelm and Elizabeth Lehmer, a linenweaver from the Wetterau. Married Elizabeth Guenther, daughter of Dewald Guenther of Mittelgrin, Upper Hanau. Came to America in 1749.

7) Lorentz Albert, wagon-maker, son of Andreas and Margaretha Albert, of Altfeld in the County of Loewenstein-Wertheim, born October 22, 1719. Married Anna Barbara Wolff, born October 22, 1722, daughter of Johann Adam and Barbara Wolff, of Oberwittbach near Michelrieth. They came to America in 1754.

8) Johann Georg Hecke, son of Johann Georg and Maria Catharina Hecke, of Bahndorff, Amt Nagelt,

Wuerttemberg, born in July, 1735, came to America in 1751. Married in 1757, Anna Elizabeth [Umelsdorff?], born April 21, 1730, daughter of Johann Georg [Umelsdorff?] of Didelshausen in Berleburg, and his wife Maria Elisabeth. She came to America in 1749 with her mother.

9) Philip Klein, born January, 1740, at Hotterbach am Hundsruেকে, son of Philip and Maria Elisabeth Klein, came to America in 1760.



Courtesy Miss Esther Lenhardt

# The Pennsylvania Dutch

## A Dutch Pied Piper Tale

Es wawr a mool en bauwer in dera nochberschaft gewuunt ass arrick weni- nich landsmänner gfiedert hot.

S wawr en landsmann noch seinra bauwerei kumma uscht wuu es mid- dawg farbei wawr. Er froogt far ebbes tsu essa. Sawgt der bauwer, "Mier hen uscht faddich gemacht mit em essa. Un mier fiedra aw ken beddelmänner." Sawgt der landsmann, "Wann du mier es essa gebischt, danoo duun ich alla ratt doot schloga mit dem schtock wuu ich in da hand hab—alli ratt ass du uff da bauwerei hoscht."

Uscht no kummt eens fun em bauwer seinra buuva ums eck fum haus un heert was der beddelmann sawgt. Dawdi sawgt er, "Ich wott du deetscht n uff nemma. Es iss yo farhaftich ivver- flissich foll ratta in da scheier. Sie schpringa am sei-fass in da hee. Es weerd net fiel ausgevva, wann mar den mann fiedra deeta."

Der bauwer hot erlawbt des weert wawr un nemmt der beddelmann nei an der disch un hot n satt gfiedert un hot em noch tsu-gschprocha far mee essa. Endlich hot der landsmann sich aweck gschaft fum disch un lawft hochmiedich naus uff die porch. Er nemmt sei schtock, beguckt en a moll. Sawgt er tsu em bauwer un sein buu, "Ich bin eifarich far an die arwet. Hoolt die ratta bei. Mit dem schtock duun ich sie fardillya."

Er hot aw net gelooqa katt. Er hot gsawt er schlackt sie doot, avver er hot net gsawt ass er sie noch raus yawgt.

[This folktale was collected by John B. Brendel from Henry (Henner) Meise, of Lexington, at the Ephrata Farmer's Market on Friday evening, June 3.]

### ENGLISH TRANSLATION

By J. B. B.

In our community there once lived a farmer who seldom gave a tramp a handout. But one time a hungry beggar came to his door just after the noon meal was finished. He asked for a bite to eat but was promptly told that the meal was finished and that furthermore they did not care to feed beggars.

The tramp carried a cane. Pointing to it, he said to the farmer, "Sir, if you will give me a bite to eat, I'll kill every rat that you have on the farm with my cane."

Just then the farmer's son came up to where they were standing, and having overheard the last remark, he said, "Father, maybe the man knows what he is saying. We have nothing but a few scraps of food to lose, if we take him up at his word." So the farmer took the tramp into the kitchen and placed him at the table. The longer he thought about the beggar's promise to get rid of all the rats, the more excited he got. He kept feeding the beggar until he could hardly move.

The farmer knew that the rats were plentiful in his barn. In broad daylight they could be seen trying to get into the hog feed barrel. So he was all smiles when the tramp strutted in a dignified manner out on to the porch. Here he examined his cane; then looking at the farmer and his son, he said, "With this cane I will kill them all. I am as good as my word. Bring on the rats. I promised to club them to death and not to hunt them down."

## Whip Up Stop Ye

Prof. Paul A. W. Wallace, the brilliant biographer, sends this query.

I wonder if any of your readers have heard of a game called "Whip Up Stop Ye." A reference to it occurs in a letter written by General Peter Muhlenberg, member of Congress, New York, 1789, to his niece in Philadelphia.

The General is giving the young lady, who is presumed to be caught up in the social whirl of the Quaker city, some jocular advice. He writes:

"I would advise you to Church on Sundays, unless you have a Cold—to read good Books . . . —to refrain from playing cards—& Whip Up Stop Ye that is to say if You choose, but if You will Play I desire there may be no kissing."

## Riddles

This week's riddles come from Albert Leibenguth, of Allentown.

Was far schtee hot's menscht im wasser? (What kind of stones are most frequently found in water?)

The answer: Nassa. (Wet ones.)

Was far beem waxa es menscht im busch? (What kind of tree does one find most frequently in a woods?)

The answer: Runda. (Round ones.)

Far was blafft (gautz) der hund? (This is a rather tricky one. Far was has two meanings in the dialect.)

The answer: Far sein schwans. (Get someone who knows Pennsylvania Dutch to explaining this one to you.)

Wie iss der buchweetze ivver der see kumma? (How was buckwheat brought across the Atlantic?)

The answer: Drei-eckich. (With three corners.)

Wie weigt fliegt en grapp in der busch? (How far does a crow fly in a woods?)

The answer: Halbweegs. Danoo fliegt sie AUS m busch. (Just half way; after that it isn't flying in it anymore but out of it.)

Viola Kohl Mohn, Myerstown . . .

In answer to your question on cows and their cuds in the article *Folklore of Bread* in your PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN, I am sending you some of the popular beliefs handed down in my family and that of my husband's.

My mother lived on a farm before she was married, in Franklin County. Her people did not speak Pennsylvania Dutch and did not think of themselves as Dutch, but a lot of their expressions come from the Dutch.

So as to the piece of bread obtained from a family whose wife's maiden name remained the same after marriage, it so happens that my grandmother's maiden name and her married name were the same, and the neighbors of Franklin County came many times for a piece of "apple butter bread" to cure the WHOOPING COUGH and not for the cow to regain her cud. If the cow lost her cud, you gave her a DISHRAG.

In my husband's family—Lebanon County Dutch—you didn't have to have your maiden name retained. (It seems they never heard that part of it.) But your neighbor came to your wife and asked for an IEDERICH and the woman was supposed to go immediately and get a piece of bread and butter it liberally and cover it with salt, all without uttering a single word and give it to the farmer who came for it and he, without saying a word, would return and give it to the poor cow that had lost her cud.

Another way to help the cow is to give her a tarred rope. This was told me by another Lebanon Co. farmer.

## Dialect Rhymes and Jingles

"You asked the Perry students for the translation of the riddle *Feier rolla, Feier schdolla*," writes Mrs. Harvey Rothenberger, of Gibraltar, Berks County. "Well here is another version of it almost the same . . ."

Feier rolla.  
Sechtsee schdolla.  
Nick Nack  
Un a broot-sack.

(Four wheels, sixteen horses, Nick Nack is the whip and broot-sack is the man.)

"Here is another variation of *Ta-ra-ra-bum-di-ee*:

Ta-ra-ra-bum-di-ee  
Marriya wolla mar fischa gee,  
Ivver-marriya noch amoll.  
No hen mar en tsuver foll.

(Tomorrow we want to go fishing; day after tomorrow again and then we'll have a tub full.)

Mrs. Rothenberger writes of salmagundi. (Who can supply us with a recipe?) She says this subject always brings the following verse to her mind: *Solomon Gundy was born on a Sunday, Died on a Monday.*

That was the end of Solomon Gundy.

Who knows the origin of the well-known rhyme?

Where was Moses when the lights went out?

Down in the cellar eating sauerkraut.

Luella Kern Engelhart, of Catasauqua, sends a rhyme she learned from her father. It goes:

Albert G. Stahl, Allentown . . .

Mr. Kehm related to me a story about those Pennsylvania Dutch ornate barn signs that we're all so familiar with in Lehigh, Berks, Bucks and Montgomery counties and which to most stand forth as an enigma of things Dutch.

He speaks of a certain German hobo, one-armed and one-eyed, who was a real *Deutschlander*. He traveled to-and-fro painting the barns for the farmers or locales he visited on his itinerary. This was forty or more years ago. "Achmy" is over fifty, and he remembers this when he was a child of ten at home on the farm at Macungie in Lehigh County.

Many of the farmers wanted figures or animals depicted on their barns. For many, as he would advise, or they would request, he'd paint those mysterious geometric symbols we now see fading away. The "hobo painter" would show his samples, or the *bauer* would tell of his choice he'd like on his *scheier*.

Drivva, drovva, draus  
Schteet en backaschdeena haus.  
Drei scheena bobba gucka raus.  
Eeni schpinnt seida,  
Eeni flecht weida,  
Eeni macht en rock  
Far der Johnnie Keesa-Bock.

(Down the road there stands a brick house. Three lovely creatures are looking out of the window. One spins silk, one weaves willows and another makes a coat for Johnnie K.)

William P. Shoemaker, of Maple Grove, has a variant to the above rhyme. It goes:

Datt drivva, datt drovva,  
Datt drunna, datt draus.  
Datt gucka die meed  
Tsum schlissel-loch raus.

In this instance the girls are peeping through keyholes.

My favorite nonsense rhyme is the following also gathered by Mr. Shoemaker:

Fadder unser, der du bischt,  
Marriya fawra mar unser mischt.  
Ivver-marriya noch en load  
No schlagga mar der schimmel doot.  
(Tomorrow we'll drive a load of manure out in the field; the following day we'll take another and then we'll club our white horse to death.)

The hobo painter's work was all done freehand. He'd buy his own paint and mix the colors desired. This necessitated a special trip to the city with the farmer, if the paint wasn't already at hand for "der Maler."

In years gone by tramps would dig gardens for a pair of shoes, say, or one or two good meals a day or a pair of stockings. Some would just chop several cords of wood for a good Pennsylvania Dutch supper and then sleep the night in a cozy barn; others did only simple chores for a fresh, cold glass of milk from the coveted spring-house. Many times one would stay on and become one of the household, even marry into the family and thus become a legal heir.

It is unfortunate that we cannot name this one-eyed, one-armed painter of barn signs who sojourned among our Pennsylvania Dutch *bauersleit*. *Wer wees, farleicht hot er die mawd heiert. Siss hatt tsu sawga.*

### BREI! BREI!

A servant girl had to remain at home while the rest of the family went to church. It was her duty to prepare dinner in time for those coming from church. The services caused the attendants there to be late for dinner. In the meantime the girl got hungry so she could not resist eating *brei*, which forms a film or skin on top as it cools. She knew that she would be suspected of having eaten some if no film was on top. In her anxiety she said to the *brei*, "Brei, brei, heidel dich, die karricha leit kumma." (Pap, pap, hurry on and form a film; the folks will be home from church before long.)

Submitted by  
Albert Leibenguth

### CONTRARY BUTTER

My father had a country store in North Annville Township some sixty years ago. A resident of our village went out to the farmers one hot July afternoon to buy up butter and eggs. No ice then, the rolls of butter melted and leaked out of the wagon.

At the close of the day the man stopped at our store and remarked to my father, "Adam, today something happened that never happened before. Ich hab der butter fawra wella un er hot lawfa wella."

Submitted by  
Mrs. Anna Fry Heilman

## PROVERBS

My friend Albert Leibenguth, who has spent years gathering materials for a history of Cementon, sends us the following proverbs:

Gleena kinner dreeda em uff der schooss; groossa kinner dreeda em uff's hatz. (Little children step on one's lap; tall ones tread on one's heart.)

Die kinner un die narra schwetza die wawret. (Children and fools tell the truth.)

This is the Pennsylvania Dutch version of: mention the devil and in he walks:

Wie mar en nennt  
So kummt er gerennt.

Gedulidicha schoof geena fiel in en schtall, un ungedulidicha noch mee. (You can get many gentle sheep in a stable. But you can pack them in if they are unruly.)

I tried my hand at translating the two that follow and found myself unequal to the task. Perhaps you have a translation you would like to pass along. If so, send it on in. Here goes:

Kummscht ivver der hund, so kummscht ivver der schwans.

Nee un daneeva geet fiel.



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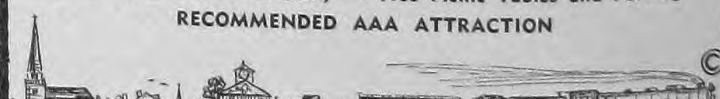


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# Folklore Center and You

Edited by  
ALFRED L. SHOEMAKER

## Father Dubbs Reminisces

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is from the 1877 Reformed MESSENGER. Though unsigned, it very probably stems from the pen of Joseph H. Dubbs.]

We propose to recall a few reminiscences of the career of that aged servant of the Lord, the Rev. Dr. J. S. Dubbs (1796-1877), who was familiarly known as "Father Dubbs." These were gathered, years ago, from his conversation in the pleasant circle of his family and most intimate friends.

### The Old Homestead

Father Dubbs always regarded his birthplace with sincere affection. It was, indeed, beautifully situated on the headwaters of the Saucon Creek, whose abundant source furnished a fine water power which his father, Daniel Dubbs, had fully utilized. Having a mechanical turn, the latter had erected a small forge in which one of his sons, during the War of 1812, did much work for the government. He also owned a mill which, according to the custom of the times, had various appendages, such as a distillery and a fulling mill. He is described as having been a man of gigantic frame and marvelous strength, but gentle in his manners, and rather reserved. It is said that he was the first to sow clover seed from a great distance, and that his was the first brick house ever erected in Lehigh County.

At this place, Jacob Dubbs, the ancestor of the family in this country, had in 1732, purchased from the Penn family a tract of land which he cleared and cultivated. He was a man of some culture, as is shown by his manuscript which is almost as beautiful as copperplate. Like many other members of the family, both in Switzerland and America, he possessed decided mechanical talent, and with his own hands constructed a spinet—a musical instrument resembling a piano—which, seventy years ago, was still in the possession of his descendants, but has now disappeared.

### Old-time Hospitality

Father Dubbs frequently spoke with pleasure of the hospitality that was dispensed in his father's house. It had, indeed, an important influence on his early training, and to the end of his life he was never so happy as when his table was well furnished with guests.

During Father Dubbs' boyhood, his pastor, by special invitation, made his home with the family, and for a number of years, while he remained unmarried, gratuitously received "entertainment for man and horse."

An amusing anecdote is related in the family concerning this minister whose name we may perhaps as well suppress. One warm summer night he became exceedingly thirsty, and remembering that there was a barrel of excellent cider in the springhouse, he left his room and stole down through the meadow, in the lightest of garments, for the purpose of getting a drink. All went well until he began to draw the pleasant beverage, when the force of the liquid drove the spigot out of the barrel. It fell into the spring and swam away, while the cider rushed out so rapidly that it would not have taken long to empty the barrel. Immediately the minister placed his hand over the opening, and thus stopped the stream, but was certainly himself in an unenviable position. He could not go to find the spigot without suffering the cider to escape; so he stood by the barrel for more than an hour, calling for help. As it was past midnight, it was long before he was heard; but at last his mournful cry, "Frau Dubbsin, Hilf! Hilf!" reached the ears of some member of the household, and he was speedily released from his unpleasant predicament.

### Tramps Were Common

Every one whose recollection goes back to the first quarter of the present century must remember the great number of professional beggars which then infested the country. As there were no poorhouses in those days, every one felt it his duty to assist those poor wayfarers; and a bed for the night and a seat at the table were seldom refused. At our old homestead there were special rooms for their accommodation,

and there were but few nights when they remained unoccupied.

Among these travelers there was a class who regarded themselves very much superior to ordinary beggars. They did not beg promiscuously, but "visited" in regular order a large circle of "friends" for each one of whom they expected to receive entertainment and a trifling gift. Indeed, they sometimes seem to have regarded it as a special honor to be admitted to the circle of their patrons. Once, when three of these tramps had rather unwillingly dined together, two of them separately called grandfather Dubbs aside, and solemnly told him that if he would persist in entertaining such low fellows as the other one, they would be reluctantly compelled to suspend their visits.

Among the guests of this kind there were many eccentric characters whose strange actions and queer sayings are still remembered and related. There was Stoffel Glack who warned all whom he visited that, though he was fond of chicken and wine, cold potatoes would not agree with him. There were also old John Lederach who "sang for his supper" and Moses Brick, the tall Irishman whose name seemed to have been suggested by the color of his hair.

## Folklore Questionnaire

**Medical Practitioners in Olden Times.** What types of people practiced medicine locally in olden times? Did women practice as well as men? By what names were they called? To what families did they belong (give names)? Give accounts of their activities. Was medical skill and knowledge hereditary? Were curative powers passed on to only certain members of families? Could popular healers remedy all diseases and ailments, or only certain ones? Were their powers acquired? By what means (being born at a certain time or under certain circumstances, e. g., posthumously, or feet foremost, or with a caul)? Were medical powers acquired from the dead, or from fairies or spirits, or miraculously? Did the possession of certain marks (birthmarks) or amulets give such power? What other circumstances gave medical power (e. g., having parents of the same surname; being the first to meet a stricken person; rider on a grey horse prescribes for whooping cough)? Were those who were said to possess the power of healing respected or feared by the community? Were they consulted openly? Did they charge or expect fees? Were their powers limited by certain circumstances (e. g., could they cure only at particular times)? Could women prescribe only for men in certain cases, and vice versa? Was the application of remedies suspended at certain times (e. g., on Sundays)? Give an account of remedies and "cures" applied in the home.

## Home Life about 1800

By the late DR. J. R. JOHNS

A traveler on the Reading and Lancaster wagon road in 1800, turning southward at Muddy Creek Church, in East Cocalico Township, came after a few miles' travel upon the famous old mill of Hans Morty Fry, one of the first mills in northern Lancaster County. To say that he came upon the mill is to speak rather aptly than elegantly, for the road by which he came was merely a narrow mill road, used six days in the week for that purpose, and as an outlet to settlers of Muddy Creek Valley to church on Sundays. Fences were in sight only where meadows chanced to open upon the highway and break the monotony of the dark, shady forest road by a flood of sunlight. The mill being one of the objective points was close by the roadside beyond a dense stretch of heavy timber.

### The Fry Settlement

Here Hans Morty Fry, for so he was invariably called, there being a Hans Fry in the section, built a log mill about 1760, having a department for hulling "speltz." Subsequently a mill for grinding gypsum was added. The site had continued famous as a Brecknock Township landmark to the present day. There has always been a well-patronized mill here.

### Home Life Influenced by Cities

With exceptional advantages I have recently studied all the details of this old homestead—the house, its furnishings, the occupants, their life, current innovations, and every other topic of present interest. I have visited the premises and personally noted many of the remaining landmarks in company with the first born son of John Fry.

For the studying of a homestead as it appeared in Lancaster County so late in the colonial period of home life and, at the same time so early in the history of American independence as 1800, I can not conceive of a more favorable locality than this. It is a section more contiguous to the town of Lancaster, or lying near the Susquehanna, or being near any of the great routes of travel, especially those terminating in Philadelphia, home life lost much of its rusticity and interesting primitive character at an earlier date than it did in remote and isolated settlements.

The Philadelphia and Lancaster Turnpike, opened in 1792, was simply a great improvement upon an old route of travel. Other highways, King's highways in fact, only of less importance, crossed the country from the above road to points on the Susquehanna. Chief among the latter was the Paxton Road through Ephrata and Brickerville.

The effects of these roads upon life in the scattered settlement was proportional to the touch they afforded with life in the centers—Philadelphia, Lancaster and Reading. The Fry homestead was remote from any long distance road and life there was cut off practically absolutely from all city influences.

Muddy Creek Church was then upon the supply list and every Sunday min-

isters came from Reading to conduct worship, a fact of mere passing interest, however, since they did not influence customs.

### A Typical Early Family

Aside from the features already named there was that about the Fry family itself which adds double interest. The family was typical—that is to say large. It was furthermore especially thrifty, industrious and economic, and withal conservative. They knew how to provide well by strenuous toil from resources at hand. They clung to the old ways and utensils with the old tenacity which was born of necessity.

In the Fry homestead then, we have Lancaster County home life in its swaddling clothes, still in long dresses, making its first successful efforts at creeping all in the same nursery, but with the first important movements yet unmade. We have a few of the early innovations. We have examples of the stalwart independence of our great-grandfathers and their indomitable makeshift thrift.

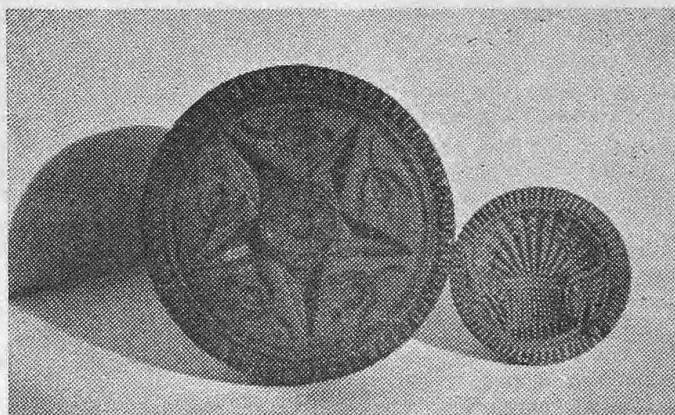
### A Typical Blockhouse

The domicile of the Frys was a log building not exceeding twenty-four feet square, one story high with a peaked roof, a great central chimney and small side attachment, or buttery. In this house joys and sorrows, work and play, success and failure, birth and death and every other vicissitude of life had their turns till 1851, when it was torn down to make place for a larger and more substantial structure. The house had then stood, probably, a full century. Here the seventeenth child was born in 1829, the good mother laying down her life in the effort at the prime age of forty four. Here fifteen children grew to maturity and went out into life for themselves, the boys to learn trades and the girls to cheer hearths of their own, all finally to be scattered to other parts of the state or to other states.

[These notes by Dr. Johns on the home life of Sam Fry are from the scrapbook of Elizabeth M. Dudley, of Wyomissing, great-granddaughter of Sam Fry.]

## BUTTER MOLDS

By HENRY J. KAUFFMAN



Today there is constant research by students of early American life in many areas such as weaving, spinning, cabinetmaking, pewter making, pottery and museum pieces are examined in order to ascertain the techniques and materials that were used by our ancestors. The reports of this work are frequently recorded in publications such as those of historical societies, magazines about antiques, or books of a similar nature. In this manner data is being disseminated on many subjects but it has never been the author's privilege to find any extensive report on the making of butter molds.

The carving of a butter mold was not a matter for an amateur wood carver, as a matter of fact it is most unusual to find one that indicates any faltering of the hand or any inferior workmanship. Frequently the entire mold other than the face on which the design is cut was turned on the lathe. This was a simple operation and required nothing more than the skill to turn an appropriate shape. The big face was usually reserved for carving the design and the small end for the handle, although one in the author's collection has a design carved on the handle end as well as the one most frequently used. If the basic form is not round there is evidence of hand shaping and often marks resembling knife or plane marks can be found on the edges.

The basic shape or size of the mold does not seem to affect the quality of workmanship for all seem to be equally well done. The smallest one at hand is one and one half inches in diameter and it is perhaps more skillfully carved than any other. The hardness of the wood seems also to have been unim-

portant for all kinds fell before the skill of the carver.

The maker of butter molds not only had to be a skillful craftsman but also had to be a keen student of nature. The carving of an eagle or a swan required a familiarity with the true form plus the ability to fit it into a confined area if such demands were made. In the event that the subject did not adequately fill the required space there were always little items such as stars or leaves that were cleverly incorporated into the design.

Beyond the carving of realistic forms was that of carving conventionalized ones which challenged the height of the designer's skill. In Pennsylvania there are legions of conventionalized tulips, all different and all well drawn and cut. Sheaves of wheat, cows, stars, and a multitude of other designs have been drawn to the artists' imagination, yet all can be distinguished and form a most pleasing composition. But who carved the molds? Can anyone give any documentary evidence on the subject?

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## The Pennsylvania Dutchman

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### RED ROSE BUTTON SOCIETY MEETING

Mrs. Mary and Alice Ditzler, 110 Fulton Street, Ephrata, Pa., will entertain the 30 members and their friends of the Red Rose Button Society at their home, Monday evening, June 13, 1949, at 8 o'clock. The subject of the meeting is to be BLACK GLASS BUTTONS and papers will be read on different angles of this subject by the hostesses, and Mrs. Howard Bunting, President of the Society. Discussions on the various classifications of Black Glass Buttons will follow and it is urged that all members bring along specimens, mounted and unmounted, dealing with types of swirl-backs, pitch-backs, punched and acid-etched, assorted lustres, definite and conventionally designed black glass buttons. The President will report on the recent activities of the Pennsylvania Dutch Button Club and the Molly Pitcher Button Club in preparation for the State Meeting to be held in Reading, in October, where entries for non-competitive exhibits are solicited from the membership of the Pennsylvania State Button Society.

JOHN H. ANDREWS, Sec.-Treas.,  
Publicity

## Kemp Reelected By Fersammling

Committees Named for 1950 Program

To conclude business connected with the recent Berks County Pennsylvania Dutch Fersammling, the executive committee of the organization met at the Washington House, Hamburg.

Reports of the various committees indicated that it was one of the most successful events that the body has held up to this time. After a baked ham dinner, the following officers were elected: President, Dr. Alvin F. Kemp; secretary, George Dersch; treasurer, Herman Fister.

Kemp appointed the following committees to arrange for the 1950 event: Program, G. Gilbert Snyder, Dr. John E. Livingood, William Kline, Richard Moll, William Herbein.

Tickets, William Kline, D. K. Hoch, Lloyd Miller, Herman Fister, G. Gilbert Snyder, Newton W. Geiss, Calvin A. Unger.

Dinner, Richard Moll, the Rev. Clarence R. Rahn, Frank Renno, Herman Fister.

Publicity, D. K. Hoch, George Anthony, Charles Esser.

## "Dutch Day" Planned August 27 At Hershey Park

• Harrisburg—Pennsylvania Dutch Day will be observed at Hershey Park, Hershey, August 27, says the State Department of Commerce vacation and recreation bureau.

Pennsylvania Dutch leaders from all the counties where these people reside are being asked to participate in the event which will endeavor anew to encourage interest in the culture, beauty, joy and thrift of these people. Programs for the day will offer games, singing in the Dutch dialect, music by Dutch bands and addresses by speakers in Pennsylvania Dutch.

Many exhibits of Pennsylvania Dutch crafts will be on display in the park during the day and because of this it is expected many persons, including antique collectors, interested in Pennsylvania Dutch "stuff" and crafts will be in attendance. The Hershey Museum, with its large and important Pennsylvania Dutch collections will also be open during the day.

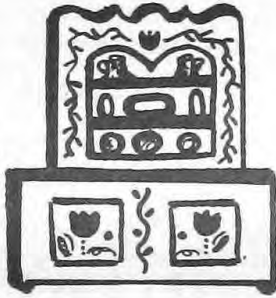
Committees are planning for the event which is expected to be one of the largest "Dutch" gatherings in the history of the State, says the Department.



EDITORS ON WFIL PROGRAM

Two editors of *The Pennsylvania Dutchman* make guest appearances on the WFIL "Mary Jones" radio program, which is broadcast Monday through Friday from 1:30 to 2:15 p. m. Left to right are: Dr. Alfred L. Shoemaker, Mary Jones, Dr. J. William Frey, and Howard Jones, WFIL commentator whose "Farmer Jones" broadcast at 6 a. m. is a Monday-through-Saturday feature of the station's schedule.

# Mei Koches un Backes



By EDNA EBY HELLER

### QUAKERTOWN PIES

One purpose of this column is to share our Pennsylvania Dutch receipts among ourselves and with others. We are anxious to share them with anyone who loves to cook. Modestly, yet proudly, we admit that Pennsylvania housewives are world-famous for their good cooking. There is no reason why our way of preparing delicious dishes should be kept secret. Our receipts are worth sharing.

But to do this, genuine Dutch cooperation is needed. From just a small amount of inquiry, lots of receipts were found which I've always wanted and others which were entirely new. I am still looking for a Montgomery pie receipt with strips across the top. A Lancaster doctor, formerly from Reading, claims there is no better eating than the real Berks County Montgomery pie. If any of you knows of this receipt, please send it to the Folklore Center, for there are a number of requests for it. My receipt for Montgomery pie is good, but I'm curious to try the Berks County kind if anyone can help me find it. It will be interesting to try your receipt. If you can mention the number of pies the receipt yields, you will solve quite a problem. A friend gave me a custard receipt last week but she forgot to tell me how many pies it should make. Poor me! I just had two crusts and the filling

was enough for three. To be sure, the extra pie was baked without a crust!

Many of us who have cooked for years, do most of our cooking by guess. But what about those of you who are just learning the art? For your benefit the receipts in this column have been modernized into standard measurements. And believe me that is no small task! Some of my receipts call for a tablespoon of flour, which in reality means a heaping tablespoon. And how would one know how much flour to use when the receipt calls for "add flour to stiffen"? How stiff is stiff? Another confusing point in many of the older receipts is the frequent use of a "lump" of butter. Only experience shows one how big that lump should be. Our Grandmothers were constantly using a pinch of this or a pinch of that. And so, old receipts without some "doctoring" can *ferhuddel* anyone.

Have any of you eaten "Fish Pie"? No, it doesn't have a bit of fish in it and it surely doesn't taste fishy. I wonder if any of you can tell me how it got its name. Mrs. Lizzie Witmer from Dalmatia gave me the receipt but she too has no idea of the origin of its name. The pie is a molasses mixture covered with a sour milk dough.

Today I am giving you the receipt for the Quakertown Pie which you have been requesting. You folks who liked the Shoo-fly Pie will perhaps like this even better. These two pies are so similar that they are often called first cousins. There are a lot more pies in this same *freindschaft*. For those of you who are hunting a *goeey* Shoo-fly pie, this is the receipt you must try. It is a pie that keeps well for several days without the lower crust becoming soggy like so many other pies.

I must tell you what happened to a cousin of mine who baked her Quakertown Pies one morning to serve to the quilting party in the afternoon. Her daughter Nancy was specifically told to watch the pies as they were placed

on the back porch to cool. Nancy evidently did poor watchful waiting, for when the dear ladies rested from their sewing to enjoy the dessert, what should Nancy say but: "I wouldn't eat any of those pies because I believe the cats were at them when Mother set them out to cool!" *Sell is genunk!*

### Quakertown Pies (2)

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 large spoon flour (3 level tbsp.)
- ½ cup molasses 1 beaten egg
- 2 cups of hot water

Mix all of the above ingredients together in a pan and bring to a boil. Add 1 tsp. of soda. Cool. Pour into two unbaked crusts and cover with:

### Crumbs

- 2 cups flour (unsifted)
- ¼ cup lard ¼ cup butter
- 1 cup brown sugar

Mix together with hands and put on the boiled mixture. Bake in oven at 350° for 30 minutes.

### THE AMISH CALL A CAB

Horse and buggy days are gradually passing in the Amish communities of this region—making way for taxicabs.

The somber-dressed "plain people," whose religion forbids the ownership or driving of an automobile, have found that they, too, must move swiftly from place to place to keep up with competitors.

So they agreed with Elam S. Stoltzfus to ask the State Public Utility Commission that Mr. Stoltzfus be granted a taxicab permit for exclusive transportation of members of their faith.

In one of their rare public appearances a number of Amishmen told a hearing here that the risk of taking a horse and buggy onto the highways was increasing. The Lincoln Highway, which runs through Lancaster County, is marked by buggies carrying broadbatted Amishmen and their families.



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# The Dutchland — Past and Present

Edited by  
DON YODER

## Father Pomp's Life Story

In 1810 an aged Reformed preacher—who had begun his ministry preaching in the Ducal City of Zweibruecken in Germany, and had spent his latter years laboring among the German settlers of Pennsylvania and Maryland—sat down in the Reformed parsonage at Easton, where his son was then pastor, and wrote down his autobiography.

This was NICHOLAS POMP (1734–1819), who was among the German ministers sent over by the Synods of Holland for Reformed mission work in America in the Eighteenth Century.

Father Pomp's importance lies not only in his pioneer preaching labors in America, but also in his controversial writings. The Eighteenth and early Nineteenth centuries saw a ferment of religious controversies in America. One of the new religious movements of the time was UNIVERSALISM, the doctrine of universal salvation. This was too much for the good Calvinist pastor, who still believed in the orthodox doctrines of rewards and punishments in the after life. So in 1774 there appeared from the presses of Heinrich Miller in Philadelphia, a volume entitled *Kurtzgefasste Pruefungen der Lehre des Ewigen Evangeliums . . . Von N. Pomp, V.D.M.* ("Concise Examination of the Doctrine of the Eternal Gospel . . . By N. Pomp, Minister of the Divine Word").

Later on the METHODISTS invaded the Dutch Country of Eastern Pennsylvania, and again Pastor Pomp took upon his pen against the invaders. His articles on these "fanatics," as he called them, appeared in the German newspapers of Eastern Pennsylvania in 1806.

Pastor Pomp was undoubtedly one of the outstanding leaders of the Reformed Church in the Eighteenth and early Nineteenth centuries. His advice on ministerial problems was sought even by the pioneer Pastor Weber, who wrote to him from as far away as Pittsburgh.

The following translation of the German *Autobiography of Nicolas Pomp*, the original manuscript of which is preserved at the Historical Society of the Evangelical and Reformed Church, here at Franklin and Marshall College, was prepared by the Editor.—D. Y.

### Preface

I, NICHOLAS POMP, have thought it proper here to write down the story of my life, so that my posterity can some day read it and see what their old father has been in this world.

### Early Years

I first saw the light of day on the 20th of January, 1734, in GERMANY, at MANBAECHEL in the former Duchy of ZWEIBRUECKEN. My honored father was PETER POMP, my beloved mother ELISA, his wedded wife. On the fourth day after my birth these parents took me to Holy Baptism. After this, there is at first only this to set down—that, as my parents testified, I lay ill for three years. However, I again got pretty well, so that I could go to school and work.

In the fourteenth year of my life I had already read the Bible through several times, and could also recite the Heidelberg Catechism by memory. The instruction in the catechism by the preachers was, through God's grace, so powerful in me, that I became a new man, and I loved the Triune God with all my heart. I would have nothing at all to do anymore with other children of the world. Therefore I sought solitude, where I could properly pour out my heart before the Lord, and in which my soul had so much pleasure.

### Tailor or Preacher?

My single desire before the world was this—that I might become a preacher, in order to call sinners to repentance. But my father would not permit this, because it would cost him too much

to let me study. And without schooling I could not become a preacher. So against my will he put me to the tailor's trade. This is an occupation of constant sitting, which after several years quite ruined my health. My father now being unwilling for me to continue in this occupation, gave me permission to study, so that in time I could become a preacher, if my health and his wealth permitted.

I was 20 years old when I began my studies in all earnestness. I spent a period of four years in the schools, where I learned Latin and Greek, as well as Hebrew pretty well. Then I went to MARBURG in HESSE, to a "High School," to learn theology and philosophy, on which I spent two years and a half. Then I came home and was given an examination by the Upper Consistory. But having got through this very badly, I was not at once declared a Candidate. They gave me only a limited permission to preach. I believe it was because I was a farmer's son, that they degraded me so low. However, they later permitted me to preach publicly in the country and also in the Capital City, for a long time.

### The Duke Takes Notice

My sermons were also blessed through God's grace. Of this blessing I can cite an example. Among the Duke's retainers was a man named LICHTENBERGER, who in his depressed state heard other preachers to no purpose. This man was urged by his wife to go sometime to the church to hear my preaching, which she said would do more good than the other preachers. So he came to hear me, when I as yet knew nothing about him. And I preached on a subject which could not have been better chosen for the state of his soul. Through it, by God's grace, he was at once so powerfully converted, that it was a marvel to everyone. The Duke himself was moved by it to be favorably disposed toward me. He was angry when he heard I wanted to go to America, and when I was already there a year, he had a letter written to me, saying I should again return to my Fatherland, and should receive the best preaching post.

LICHTENBERGER's conversion did much good for me. It was not only the Duke who was better inclined toward me—the Gentlemen of the Upper Consistory also became my friends. Formerly they had degraded me, in that they did not want to make me a Candidate. But now they were so favorably inclined to me that without my even asking, they wanted to assist me to ordination and the ministry.

### To the New World

When the news came from Holland, that the Synods of Holland wanted to aid me for the ministry in America, if I would come to them—which I was willing to do—I was ordained in the City of CASSEL and sent with splendid credentials to Holland. The Synods examined me, and finding me very well qualified, gave me 535 Gulden in money for traveling expenses, besides a good testimonial to the congregations in America which I should serve.

I was fifteen weeks on the journey from Holland to Philadelphia, where I arrived on the 8th of December in the year 1765.

### Falkner Swamp

At this time began my ministry at FALCONER SCHWAM and VINCENT. And, after spending seven years in these congregations, I was

### WE LIKE OYSTERS TOO

Freemansburg folks must enjoy oysters! In the winter of 1893–1894, an oyster supper was held at the Freemansburg Lutheran Church. According to an Allentown German newspaper of the time, 3500 oysters were consumed—along with 225 oyster pies, and 90 quarts of ice cream! The reporter added, "If the piety of these people is as great as their appetite, then truly Freemansburg must be a sinless town." A hearty *Amen* from your Editor!

married to ELISABETH DOTTERER [a widow], with six children and without inheritance, with whom I had a good and contented life. To be sure I was not rich, yet we always had as much as we needed every day. In this marriage a son was born to us, who was our only child. I named him THOMAS. After we brought him up, I instructed him myself for the ministry, as well as I knew how. And indeed he became a preacher, and was a great consolation to me and his mother.

Of my life there would be still much of this sort to tell about, if I wanted to tell what happened to me at FALCONER SCHWAM. I will first mention only the fact that I remained eighteen years serving these congregations, then took a pastorate in BALTIMORE in the year 1783. My departure from FALCONER SCHWAM was a source of great displeasure to me and sadness among the people, whom for so long a time I had earnestly enough reminded of their soul's salvation. No one was satisfied at my departure. Even though they soon could get another and perhaps better preacher, yet they were not satisfied. So I left them with a sad heart, yet with the thought that I had done more good among these people than I had formerly supposed.

### Trouble in Baltimore

In BALTIMORE I could hold my own for only six years, although I used all my energies in building up this congregation. Yet it was not possible to remain any longer in a factious congregation. The new church, which they felt they had to build, divided the congregation into two parties. To be sure I could stick by only one party, to which must be added that my best supporters had died.

### Goshenhoppen

Since I now stood at the time very badly in BALTIMORE, the Divine Providence brought it about that I received a call from the GOSCHENHOPPEN congregations, which I also at once accepted. But these congregations, too, I could serve only a short time, because young FABER wanted to become their pastor as soon as he had finished his studies.

The INDIANFIELD and TOHICKON congregations, which at the time



were also without a pastor, therefore made out a call for me, and I accepted it, so that I might lay no obstacle in young Faber's way. The majority of the members had no inclination at all to young Faber, and wanted to keep me. Yet I went to INDIANFIELD, which was better for me. In GOSCHENHOPPEN I was only eight months in service, and at INDIANFIELD I remained seven years with good results.

### Last Years

But my bodily weaknesses increased more and more, and I thought that I must soon give up my service among these three congregations. So I came to the conclusion all the more to give it up now and go to my son's at EASTON, and there spend the close of my life. If I still had some strength left for preaching, I would find opportunity for it there. But now for a year I have been quite unable to preach, and I hope my blessed end will soon come, for on the 20th of January I will be 76 years old.

—NICHOLAS POMP [1810]

## Prayers of Our Forefathers

Our Pennsylvania Dutch forefathers were men of prayer. Lutheran, Reformed, Mennonite, Moravian—whatever their faith, they were men of prayer. In the old homeland across the ocean, many had suffered persecution for their faith, and here in the "Promised Land" the many fine rural and town churches attest the permanence of that faith.

All students of our Pennsylvania Dutch culture have been impressed by the large number of religious or devotional books which were published in German here in Eastern Pennsylvania. Among these rich treasures were the many editions of the famous STARK GEBETBUCH, or, as it was translated into English and published by Ignatius Kohler in Philadelphia in 1855—*John Frederick Stark's Daily Hand-Book for Days of Rejoicing and of Sorrow*.

Stark, a Lutheran minister at Frankfurt-am-Mayn in Germany, first published his prayer book in 1728. As the preface to the English edition tells us, "it has now been regarded by rich and poor, for more than a hundred years, as an indispensable part of the family library, and read with eagerness and profit wherever the German language is spoken."

In presenting this new English edition, the Editor assures us, "You have here, therefore, dear Christian reader, a correct English transcript of the same old Stark which has comforted the sorrows of your grandfathers and great-grandfathers, making, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, a stark, strong man, of many a tottering, feeble one. May this volume, so visibly blest of God, become your hand-book also, and bring comfort to your drooping spirits, in hours of sorrow!"

The book contains prayers for times of prosperity and trouble, sickness and the dying hour, prayers for good weather, prayers in time of war and pestilence and peace, and morning and evening prayers for each day of the week. The following is an Evening Prayer for the Sick.

### Evening Prayer in Illness

O thou merciful God! I have reached the close of another day. Thou, Lord! Lord! hast prolonged my life to this hour; therefore, I give the thanks and praise of a warm heart to thy fatherly love and truth. Especially do I praise thy name for having aided me to bear my cross and sufferings this day. Oh Lord, thou dost impose a burden, and

thou dost also assist in bearing it. We have a God who helps, and a Lord who delivers from death. The Lord afflicts, it is true, but his mercy returns in virtue of his great goodness. The Lord is a gracious and a kind friend to all who call upon his name. He hears the cries of the distressed, and does not refuse their prayer.

O great God, the night approaches, and I turn to thee in prayer, saying, "My father, remain with me, and do not depart from me this night." Aye, command thy angels to come and defend thy property in me, give us those brave sentinels to secure us against the assaults of Satan, then shall we sleep in thy name, while the holy angels guard us, and praise thee, most Holy Trinity, for ever more. Avert this night all sudden and dangerous attacks and spasms, soothe my pains, preserve me against fright, fear, and misfortune.

O heavenly father! Remain with thy sick child; when thy gracious presence hovers over me, I am not afraid. The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom should I fear? The Lord is the vigor of my life, whom should I dread?

O Jesus! the sun is setting, but thou, O sun of righteousness, wilt not depart. O my Jesus! take me into thy arms this night. Lay my head upon thy left hand, and thy right hand upon me.

O most precious Holy Ghost! thou comforter of the afflicted and resource of the wretched, do thou stay with me, strengthen me, preserve me in the true faith and in Christian patience. O thou holy trinity, take me into thy protection.

The Lord bless me and keep me; the Lord let his countenance shine upon me and be gracious unto me; the Lord lift up his countenance over me, and give me peace. And if this night should be my last in this vale of sorrows, Lord, take me into heaven, into thy happy mansions. And thus I live and die for thee, thou mighty Lord of Hosts, in life and death thou wilt deliver me from all evil. Amen.

### AUNT PEGGY'S RHEUMATISM

AUNT PEGGY CRONISTER was a character! Born near Gatesburg, Centre County, Pa., in 1814, daughter of JACOB RUMBARGER, she married CYRUS CRONISTER of Half Moon Valley. A friendly and neighborly Christian woman, everyone called her "AUNT PEGGY," in true Central Pennsylvania fashion.

In Aunt Peggy's Family Bible, preserved by a descendant who lives at Altoona, Pa., I found the following *Cure for Rheumatism*: One-half ounce *Prickly Ash*, one-half ounce *Jenson* [*Ginseng?*], one-half ounce *Rattle Root*, one-half ounce *Indian Physic*, one-half ounce *Sarsaparilla*, one-half ounce *White Poplar*, one-half ounce *Gum Guaiacum*—AND—hold your hats on!—ONE QUART WHISKEY. According to the instructions, a "Dose for Adult" was "one tablespoonful three times a day."

Perhaps this cure helped Aunt Peggy, because she lived to the triumphant age of 98 years. When she died, in 1912, it was not from rheumatism!

### BALM OF GILEAD SALVE

In the old days many of our pioneer forefathers had recipes for home-made salves and ointments. One of these, used as a healing salve or plaster, was made from the sticky buds of the "BALM OF GILEAD" tree.

Can any of our readers inform us how this salve was made? Or can you tell us of other local, native salves and ointments that your people made in the past?

### THE RED LION HOTEL

Who can tell us the history of the RED LION HOTEL, called in German the *Hotel zum Roten Loewen*, or in Dutch *Der Rot Leeb*—near Alburts in Lehigh County?



### WHAT'S A "BORTSCH"?

One of my correspondents in Germany, who has been reading Lloyd Moll's *Am Schwarze Baer* dialect stories in Volume XII of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society *Yearbook*, writes me that he can understand our PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH pretty well. "But," he asked, "What is a BORTSCH—with a roof and three steps?" This illustrates the difficulty a native German has with the English words that have crept into our dialect in the two hundred years of our residence in America. A BORTSCH is of course a PORCH.

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JOHN PAUL GEIGER was born November 15, 1723, at Berwagen, Helmstadt, Germany, according to his tombstone at Geigertown, Berks County, Pa. In 1749 he married MARIA EVA KISTLER, and landed at Philadelphia, October 17, 1749. He died August 2, 1798. His wife was born October 26, 1724, and died February 9, 1801.

Of his children, there were four sons and five daughters. There is record of (1) ELIZABETH, who married JOHN PAINTER; (2) ANNA CATHARINE (born July 13, 1756, died 1797), who married PETER WAMSHER; (3) JANE (born September 11, 1758, died October 15, 1831) married JOHN AMMON; (4) JACOB (born March 31, 1761, died September 30, 1826), married CHRISTIANA [—]; and (5) PAUL GEIGER, who was born December 29, 1768, and died at Geigertown, October 24, 1823.

PAUL GEIGER (1768-1823) married in 1791 SARAH SANDS, who was born in March, 1772, and died June 18, 1828. They had the following children:

1) HANNAH GEIGER, born June 13, 1792, died April 20, 1794.  
2) PAUL GEIGER, born August 27, 1793, died August 8, 1863, married

HANNAH SANDS.

3) MICHAEL GEIGER, born March 7, 1795, died December 8, 1852.

4) JOHN GEIGER, born January 13, 1797, died August 8, 1865, married HANNAH HOFFMAN.

5) JACOB GEIGER, born August 1, 1799, died February 24, 1876, married SUSAN SHULER.

6) PETER GEIGER, born June 2, 1801, died February 11, 1884, married ANN HOFFMAN.

7) JAMES GEIGER, born October 26, 1803, died July 31, 1884, married MARY AMMON.

8) PATSY ELIZABETH GEIGER, born July 25, 1805, died March 3, 1862, married [—] SHULER and [—] POTSGROVE.

9) ELIJAH GEIGER, born November 4, 1807, died March 5, 1881, married [—] SHULER and CHRISTINE ZERR.

10) SARAH GEIGER, born September 4, 1809, died September 24, 1880, married JOHN CARE.

11) ISAAC GEIGER, born December 3, 1811, died March 20, 1883, married SARAH CARE.

12) JOSEPH GEIGER, born November 9, 1816, died February 7, 1886, married SUSANNA and MARY DERR.

MARYLAND  
PIONEERS

Editor's Note.—Maryland Pioneers in the PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN? Of course! Western Maryland was settled by German and Swiss emigrants. Some of these had settled first in Eastern Pennsylvania, others later moved back into Pennsylvania or removed farther South into the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia or the back parts of the Carolinas, carrying Pennsylvania Dutch customs and culture with them.

The following list of emigrant pioneers comes from the Register of the MORAVIAN CONGREGATION at GRACEHAM, near THURMONT, MARYLAND. It is published here through the courtesy of the Historical Society of York County, whose staff translated the original German records.

—D. Y.

1) Hannah Bathauer, wife of Andreas Bathauer, was born in Hesse-Cassel, April 3, 1733.

2) Maria Elisabeth Dock, born March 24, 1720, in Bissweilen, Alsace, married (1) Tobias Boeckel, (2) George Glatt.

3) Philip Wilhelm Boller, born March 6, 1766, at Appenheim in the Palatinate.

4) Peter Brunner, born January 12, 1740, at Rothberg, Alsace; son of George Brunner and wife Apollonia nee Melcher, both of [Ratte?] in Zweibruecken.

5) The Rev. Nicolaus Heinrich Eberhard, born at Copenhagen, March 20, 1723, died April 18, 1770.

6) John Jost Eigenbrod, born November 10, 1729, at Schwarzenau in Wittgenstein.

7) Jacob Hammer, son of Gottlieb and Agnes (Jetter) Hammer, born May 26, 1798, at Unter Tuerckheim near Stuttgart.

8) George Herbach, [now Harbaugh] born February 10, 1726, on the Kirschweiler Hof [York Records say at "Gerstweyer"] near Kaiserlautern in the Palatinate. His wife Catharina, sister of Peter Willari, was born December 21, 1721, at Erlebach near Kaiserlautern in the Palatinate.

9) Adam Kamp, born December 16, 1714, at Wohnshiem in the Palatinate. His second wife, Maria Ottilia [surname not stated], was born January 16, 1709, at Oppenheim in the Palatinate.

10) Andrew Kertscher, born August 4, 1701, at Berns near Altenburg in Saxony; his wife Dorothea [surname not stated] was born June 30, 1701, in the Duchy of Saxony.

11) John Lawrence Krieger, born March 15, 1715, at Bettelhausen in Wittgenstein; his wife, Marie Elisabeth Hahn, was born November 23, 1715, at Alertshausen in Wittgenstein.

12) Friedrich Leinbach, born July 15, 1703, at Hochstadt in Hanau, came to America in 1723, moved from Oley to Graceham in 1767.

13) Maria Catharina Dielforter, born March 15, 1715, at Gernborn in Zweibruecken, married (1) Engelhard Sussman, (2) Jacob Lochman.

14) Christian [or Christoph] Paus, born October 5, 1710, in Lower Hungary.

15) John Ludwig Protzman, born March 26, 1718, at Wittgenborn, County of Waechtersbach, in the Wetterau. [According to the Register of the First Moravian Church, York, Pa., Ludwig Brotzman came to America in 1750 with his wife, Anna Maria Heylmann, born September 23, 1723, whom he married at Hasseldorf in Waechterspach.] Lorenz Protzman was born in July, 1721, at the same place, and married Maria Elisabeth Haens, who was born December, 1726, at Cussel in Zweibruecken.

Espenshade Emigrant  
Ancestors

By LLOYD ESPENSCHIED

Editor's Note.—One of the most unusual family names in Eastern Pennsylvania is ESPENSHADE or ESBENSHADE, originally the Palatine name ESPENSCHIED. Like so many of our family names, it originally derives from a place-name, for it means, literally translated, "Aspen Forest." The historian of the family, Mr. Lloyd Espenschied, of 99 82nd Road, Kew Gardens (15), New York City, has found some thirty distinct migration parties bearing the family name. These came to America in a period of over two hundred years. In the following article we present Mr. Espenschied's findings on the members of his family who arrived in America before 1800.—D. Y.

## Why Did They Come?

We of the American ESPENSCHIEDS-ESPENSHADES ever wonder about our emigrant ancestors. Those who uprooted themselves from the Old World and braved the sea in sailing ships, to settle on a primitive new continent, are the object of admiration and wonder by us, the descendants, of the fortunate U.S.A. The earlier the emigrant the more interesting he is, because of the greater difficulties experienced and of the longer line of descent over here.

Whether he sallied forth as a youth in the adventure of life, or came as a more responsible family head seeking greater security and opportunity, surely each in turn must have been torn between the pangs of parting from loved ones and familiar scenes, and the hopes and fears of the experience lying ahead. What motivated him to undertake the transition and swap countries? How did he go about undertaking the trip; what route was followed; what the ship on which he happened to embark, and what the sea adventure?

In the New World, as the emigrant stepped off the ship, what was his circumstance, his impressions, and how did he go about getting established in this strange crude country which confronted him with the handicap of a foreign language? Had he followed a preceding friend or relative? What directed him to the particular place of settlement?

Naturally the various ESPENSCHIED emigrants of whom we know (the list now numbers about thirty distinct migration parties extending over two centuries) had been too busy getting established to have left a record of their experiences. Hence, today we search carefully the available literature for every bit of evidence that can be found concerning them.

## Earliest to Come

The earliest Espenschied emigrant of whom we have definite record is JACOB ESPENSCHIED who landed in Philadelphia from the ship *Prince of Wales*, November 5, 1764. He settled in what is now Montgomery County, Pa., and during the Revolution was resident in Upper Hanover Township. From there he moved to near Sunbury, Pa.

He was the progenitor of the ESPENSHIPS of around Norristown, Pa., and most of the ESPENSHADES of the vicinity of Reading, Pa.

Probably there were earlier arrivals of our name, because the majority of the German emigrants of the Eighteenth Century were from the very section in the Rhineland in which lived many Espenschieds, namely the *Rheinpalz*, or in English, the Rhinish Palatinate.

## Valentine, Peter, and Daniel

One of the most interesting cases of emigration is that of the three Espenschied brothers who came to America in 1787. Their descendants constitute most of those who comprise the Espenshade-Esbenshade Family Association of Pennsylvania, namely (1) JOHANN VALENTINE ESPENSCHIED, born at Siefersheim in the Palatinate, July 13, 1760, who settled near Harrisburg, Pa., and founded the Dauphin County line of Espenshades; (2) JOHANN PETER ESPENSCHIED, born in Siefersheim, April 20, 1763; and (3) JOHANN DANIEL ESPENSCHIED, born at Siefersheim, August 11, 1765—both of whom settled in the outskirts of present day Lancaster city and established Lancaster County lines spelling the name ESPENSHADE or ESBENSHADE.

Fortunate we are to know the village in the Rhineland from which these brothers came, namely Siefersheim, and doubly fortunate are we to have, from the church records, the birth dates of these immigrant brothers, and knowledge of the family from which they came and of their ancestors three generations back.

## A Misspelled Name!

What ship did these emigrants arrive on? Unfortunately there are incomplete records for the year 1787. In the list of German passengers who arrived at the Port of Philadelphia in the Ship *Dorothea*, October 14, 1787, there are 194 names. The 58th name is JOHN DANIEL SPENSHELD.

Knowing the difficulty experienced with our name even today in this English-speaking country of ours, realizing that the difficulty must have been still greater in the earlier less literate times of the 1700s, especially when written down hurriedly by some rough seafaring English clerk—and having run across cases where the name is distorted worse than this—it seems quite certain that this is the JOHANN DANIEL ESPENSCHIED of our inquiry, later spelled ESPENSHADE.

Scanning down the list we recognize other names familiar to the countryside from which Daniel Espenschied came—that about Siefersheim, then in the Palatinate, later in Rheinhessen. For instance, such names appear as BOEHME, ENGEL, KNOCH, KNEBEL, KOLB, MOELLER (MILLER), GOETZ, STUMPF, and WEBER. There is even an ANDREAS DORSCHHEYNER, doubtless meant for DORSCHHEIMER, a name well known in the village of Woellstein which lies a mile north of Siefersheim. So, clearly, this was a shipload of *Pfalter* or "Palatines," including some from the immediate vicinity of the Espenschied *Heimat* or countryside.

## NOTES AND QUERIES

## Buck Family

One of our correspondents is trying to ascertain the ancestry of HENRY BUCK, who in 1850 with SARAH his wife was living near Tyrone, Pa. Henry was born in 1814. He was likely a grandson of CHRISTIAN BUCK who died in 1829 in Warriors Mark Township, Huntingdon Co., Pa., leaving the following children: (1) ELIZABETH, wife of JOHN SHANK; (2) BARBARA, wife of JACOB LONGENECKER; (3) CHRISTIAN, who married CHRISTINE [—]; (4) ABRAHAM, who married MARY [—]; (5) JOHN, who died in 1868, and married CATHERINE LONGENECKER; (6) SAMUEL, who married MARY [—]; and (7) JACOB, who married NANCY [—].

From tax lists which show that only CHRISTIAN, JR., was married in 1814, it would appear that HENRY BUCK was a son of Christian, Jr.

Land records show that CHRISTIAN BUCK, SR., settled in Huntingdon County in 1813. Lebanon County records would indicate that he was a son of JOHN BUCK, an early settler of Conewago Township, Dauphin County, Pa. He may have had sons CHRISTIAN, FREDERICK, WILLIAM, and ROBERT.

## Sherman Family

Who is working on the SCHIRRMANN (Sherman) family of Tulpehocken and Lykens Valley, Pa.? In the records of the *Himmel Church*, in the Schwoven Creek Valley of Northumberland County, there is mention on July 16, 1797, of the baptism of EVA CATHARINA, daughter of SIMON and GRETA SCHERMAN. Sponsor at the baptism was EVA LEITER.

In 1795 ANNA MARIA LEITENER was baptized, daughter of CHRISTIAN and EVA LEITENER. Sponsors were SIMON SHERMAN and wife ANNA MARIA. Were the Shermans and Leiteners intermarried, as is so often the case with baptismal sponsors in the early church records? *Who can help us out?*

## Spang Family

From Mrs. Orin J. Farrell, 2221 Stone Ridge Road, Schenectady (10), New York, a native of Berks County, Pa., comes the following letter on the SPANG FAMILY:

"I am much interested in the copy of THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN.

"I should like to see published sometime the interesting story of the 'SPANG FORTUNE' which came out of the stay of GENERAL KNYPHAUSEN in Philadelphia in the home of HENRY and PETER and JOHN GEORGE SPANG.

"The original JOHN GEORGE SPANG who emigrated in 1751 according to Rupp's *Immigrants* is listed by Hinke in *Pennsylvania German Pioneers* as HANS GEORG SPRING. So all the SPANGS in and around Berks County have the wrong name, if Hinke was correct. I doubt it, however. Dr. Hinke wrote me about it and showed me his tracings which I think could be interpreted as SPANG as well as SPRING.

"There is much interest in Pennsylvania German things here in NEW YORK STATE."

## DUTCH IN CANADA

In a letter I asked my distant cousin, HENRY GINGRICH, of Kitchener, Ontario, "*Duhne die Gingerich Leit in Canada heit noch Deutsch schwetze?*" ("Do the Gingerich folks in Canada still talk Dutch today?") In reply Mr. Gingrich wrote, "Yes, most of them can still speak it. We taught our children, of whom there were three, to speak the PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH. I think all parents should teach their children to speak it."



In reply to the same question, Mr. DAVID H. GINGRICH, of Clio, Michigan, answered as follows: "*Ya, ich kann noch gut Deutsch schwetze, un ich wills nie net fargessa.*" ("Yes, I can still talk Dutch well, and I never want to forget it.") And he adds in English, "and if I ever get to Lancaster I SURE WANT TO USE IT."

## A HINT TO GO HOME

An old Dutchman of Centre County used to say when he had company that stayed too late in the evening, "It's rainy but not wet, cloudy but not dark—and if I was at your place I'd be LEANIN' toward home."

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# Kannst Du Deitsch Schwetza ?

Edited by  
J. WILLIAM FREY

KATZ—cat BETT—bed NIX—nothing KOPP—head HUND—dog TSWEE—two IVVER—over WASSER—water

## The Conestoga Wagon Teamsters

By H. C. FREY

The author has collected various odds and ends (from correspondence and interviews with descendants of eastern Pennsylvania wagoners) pertaining either directly or remotely to the Conestoga wagon and its wagoners, and adds them here in the belief that they may be found either valuable or entertaining.

Julius F. Sachse in his *Wayside Inns*, 1912, has the following to say about Conestoga wagoners throughout the country: "This hardy class of men, brought forth by the times in which they lived, formed a clan, as it were, by themselves, the same as the Lancaster County Germans, and became particularly fitted for their occupation. The majority of this class were honest, industrious, and trustworthy, and noted for their endurance. Although all were addicted to the constant use of whiskey, they rarely came so much under its baneful influence that it interfered with their vocation. There were exceptions to this rule, however."

Before the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals existed, a cruel teamster would sometimes hitch his "laziest" horse opposite the saddle horse and tie the horse's jaw to the end of the wagon tongue with a rope so that the horse had to pull or break his jaw.

The stogy shoe got its name from Conestoga wagoners. It was the kind of shoe they wore. Webster's New International Dictionary definition follows: "Stogy (see Conestoga wagon) a stout, coarse boot or shoe—a brogan."

"Old Stick in the Mud" is questionable in its derivation, but history tells us that Abraham Witmer, who built a wooden covered bridge over the Conestoga Creek near Lancaster in 1788, frequently called a wagoner who by-passed his toll bridge—when he became mired crossing the creek—an "Old Stick in the Mud."

Dr. Rush, writing in 1789, says: "A large, strong wagon (the ship of inland commerce), covered with a linen cloth, is an essential part of the furniture of a German farm. In this wagon, drawn by four or five horses of a peculiar breed, they convey to market, over the roughest roads, 2,000 and 3,000 pounds weight of the produce of their farms. In the months of September and October it is no uncommon thing to meet in one day fifty or one hundred of these wagons on their way to Philadelphia."

The Philadelphia-Lancaster turnpike, formerly the old Lancaster Road, was

called the Conestoga Road because it was the favored route of the great Conestoga freighters. In "An Account of the European Settlements in America," published in London in 1757, the writer, Edmund Burke, in speaking of Philadelphia, says: "Besides the quantity of all kinds of produce which is brought down the rivers of this province—the Delaware and Schuylkill—the Dutch employ between eight and nine thousand wagons, drawn each by four horses, in bringing the produce of their farms to this market."



Much of so-called history is nothing but a narration of deeds of a few prominent men—kings, generals, and statesmen; of wars, battles and conquests, without deep inquiry into the character and conditions of the people and circumstances which can account for the success or failure of its leaders. As a result such history is necessarily one-sided and imperfect, if not entirely false. The men who guided the Conestoga wagon through the valleys and over the mountains of our new country were the product of circumstances and their lives should not be subjected to the ridicule sometimes imposed upon them. It is true, they danced to the tune of the devil's instrument, "a fiddle," they played with the devil's tools, "a deck of cards," and they engaged in bar-room fights for the fun of it. They neither drew thousands of spectators to these events, nor did they receive a million dollars for a single fisticuff performance. They fought because they were that kind of men.

H. L. Fischer describes the Conestoga Wagoner fully in his thirty-some stanza poem "Wagoning" in 1888. A few stanzas are here given:

### Wagoning

*There were two classes of these men,—  
Men of renown, not well agreed;  
"Militia-men" drove narrow threads,  
Four horses and plain red Dutch beds,  
And always carried "grub" and feed;  
Because they carried feed and "grub"  
They bore the brunt of many a "rub."*

*The "Regulars" were haughty men,  
Since five or six they always drove  
With broad-thread wheels and English  
beds,*

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## Widder Mammi Gans

In THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH-MAN for May 19, 1949, we ran a number of those excellent Mammi Gans Buch rhymes by John Birmelin. One was, of course, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," the first stanza of which goes like this:

*Die Mary hot en scheefli katt,  
Des waur so weiss wie schnee;  
Un wu die Mary ganga iss,  
Waur's froo far mit tsu gee.*

Mrs. G. A. Heckman, Mt. Joy, Pa., sends us these additional verses:

*Die Mary hot en hundli katt,  
Sei schwans waur katts ge-bobbed;  
Un immer wu die Mary waur,  
Iss es hundli nooch gedappt.*

*Die Mary iss tsum butcher ganga,  
Far wascht gemacht aus sei;  
So ball die Mary beim butcher waur,  
Waur's hundli aw debei.*

*Sell iss far en hundli gaur ken blatz,  
Sell weess doch yeeder mann!  
Far datt warra die wascht fei gemacht,  
Un en hund aw dann un wann!!*

*They bore their proud and lofty heads,  
And always thought themselves above  
The homespun, plain, Militia-men,  
Who wagoned only now and then.*

*O'er mountain-heights and valleys deep,  
Still, slowly on and on they move.  
Along their tedious, rugged way—  
Some eighty furlongs in a day—  
Their stalwart strength and faith  
they prove,  
And oft' to their extreme delight,  
Some old-time tavern looms to a sight.*

*There, custom always called a halt;  
To water, rest, and take a drink;  
And, not unlikely, while they stopped,  
A jig was danced, or horses swapped;  
And so, perchance, a broken link,  
The smith was hurried to renew,  
Or tighten up a loosened shoe.*

*Meantime, the jolly wagoners stood  
And swaggered 'round the old-time  
bar—  
The latticed nook, the landlord's throne,  
Where he presided, all alone,  
And smoked his cheap cigar,  
And reckoned up the tippler's bill  
For whiskey, at a "fip" a gill.*

*There never was a rougher set,  
Or class of men upon the earth,  
Than wagoners of the Reg'lar line—  
Nor jollier when in their wine,  
Around a blazing bar-room hearth.  
How did they fiddle, dance and sing?  
How did the old-time bar-rooms ring?*

*They sat in all the different ways  
That men could sit, or ever sat;  
They told of all their jolly days,  
And spat in all the different ways  
That men could spit, or ever spat;  
They talked of horses and their  
strength,  
And spun their yarns at endless length.*

*Ten wagoners in a bar-room,—well,  
Say, twenty feet by scant sixteen;  
A ten-plate stove, that weighed a ton,  
Stood in a wooden-box-spittoon—  
Which was, of course, not very  
clean—  
'Mid clouds of cheap tobacco-smoke,  
Thick, dark, and strong enough to  
choke.*

*Reflections of their memory hangs  
And lingers 'round us like the air;  
They haunt us in our waking dreams  
And, often, in our sleep, it seems  
As if again, we see them, there;  
But stern realities arise  
While moisture gathers in our eyes.*

## Die Piknik Tseit Iss Widder Do!

Do iss en schee gedicht, as fiela yawra tserick gschriwva waur beim Hans Christian, un wu aw rei geschickt iss bei da Mrs. Kensie N. Yoder, Redden, Pa. Sawgt die Yodern in ierem brief: "This is one of Dr. Kensie Yoder's favorite poems."

*Die piknik tseit iss widder do,  
Ich wott, es geebt recht fiel;  
Deel leit, die sawga woll es weer  
Nix wie en kinner-schpiel.  
Far mei deel, ich gleich arrik guut,  
Die pikniks uff em barrig;  
S macht mier no ken unnerschitt,  
Eb's flax iss adder warrig.*

*Ich weess woll guut, s gebt deel leit,  
Die sin a wennich dumm;  
Un kenna net grooss acta datt,  
Sie sin tsu schteif un grumm.  
Un weil sie so busch-gnipplisch sin,  
Drum heessa sie es letz,  
Wann yunga leit blessinglich sin,  
Un geen an soicha bletz.*

*Die yunga leit, die wolla gschpass,  
Uff ee adder annerer weeg;  
Die pikniks sin die rechta bletz,  
Sell iss gaur ken mistake.  
Datt gebt's aw schur ken schlechlichkeit,  
Siss alles schee un recht;  
Drum wa ich bees wann ebber secht,  
Die gnick-gnacks weern schlecht!*

*Was sicht mar schmarta buuva datt,  
Deel grooss un deel glee;  
Die meed sin aw bei chuppy do,  
Was sin die doch so schee!  
Die machen alles lusdich sei,  
Was sin sie so gedrei!  
Un wann's ans Copenhagen geet,  
Draw sin sie aw debei.*

*Sell schpiela gleichen sie so guut,  
Die buuva avver aw;  
Siss gewiss en rechter gschpass,  
Far yuscht tsu denka draw.  
Der buu, dar schpringt markwardich schtarrik,  
Un fangt des meedel schee;  
Was no gebt, sawg ich eich net garn—  
Sell duun ier all ferschtee!*

*Des sin gewiss die rechta schports,  
Far unser yunga leit;  
War net so secht, ferlosst eich druff,  
Dar iss net gans recht gscheid.  
Endwedders iss er ab im kopp,  
Adder hot en weeches harn;  
Er kummt noch in des narra-haus,  
Sell glaww-ich schur tsu garn.  
Die leit sin all yuscht eemol yung,  
Drum geb na iera chance!  
Die gschpass sin aw net arrik deier,  
Es koschdt sie yo ken bens.  
Un wann sie alt warra in da welt,  
Un duun en guutes warrig;  
So denken sie doch immer noch  
An die pikniks uff em barrig.*

Muhlenberg College

der 29sch Mei, 1874

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# The Dutch in Word and Song

Edited by J. William Frey

In *THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN* for June 2, 1949, we noted that a "Pennsylvania Dutch Theme" was followed in both the yearbook and the Commencement exercises at the Manheim Township High School, Lancaster County, this year. The Lancaster *NEW ERA* is printing all six of the commencement speeches given on graduation night, May 28. The first article was Harold Street's talk on "Early History of the Pennsylvania Dutch." We reproduce here, in part, the second article by John Ford:

## Pennsylvania Dutch Influences on Speech

IF SOMEONE WERE TO PICK UP a paper and notice the headlines in bold face type; "300,000 People Changing the English Language," his curiosity probably would be aroused to a fairly high pitch, and in trying to discover the facts behind this gradual but definite alteration of the English, he would uncover some extremely interesting information. Although no newspaper is likely to bring the fact forward in this manner, it has been estimated that there are at least 300,000 people in the United States who speak Pennsylvania Dutch, a language that has affected the English more than most people realize.

Here in Lancaster County, we can readily discern this effect; however, this strange dialect language isn't limited to Lancaster County or even to Pennsylvania. It is spoken as far west as Oregon, as far south as North Carolina, and as far north as Ontario, Canada. Since we have neither the time nor adequate material available to take a complete inventory of our vocabulary to determine how much we have borrowed from Pennsylvania Dutch, we must content ourselves with a few isolated examples which will follow later. First, some background.

THE DIALECT which most nearly corresponds to Pennsylvania Dutch, is spoken in the eastern half of the Rhenish Palatinate of the Upper Rhine regions of South Germany. Thus, it actually may trace its origin to the old High German of Wurtemberg. It is heavier and thicker than the High German and tends to simplify pronunciation as much as possible.

For instance, parrot, "der Pappagei" in Hochdeutsch is pronounced "bob-bagoy" in Pennsylvania Dutch, the p's thickening themselves to b's. Likewise in pronouncing English words, a Pennsylvania Dutchman will say "mudder" for mother, "fadder" for father, and "odder" for other. It isn't that he has a thick tongue or is lazy in his enunciation; he and his people have always had to work hard and long and have had very little time to devote to the implantation and cultivation of any flowery rhetoric into their speech.

Many of their words are onomatopoeic in sound and express more accurately the idea the person is trying to convey than the English. Which do you think is more expressive: squirm or rootch; sprinkle or spritz; clumsy or doplich; confused or verhootted? And which would give you a lower impression of an object, if it was dirty and greasy or if it were schmutzig?

Many of us assume a rather patronizing attitude toward such quaint expressions as "Throw the horse over the fence some hay," or "He has it so in his back" and are inclined to ridicule the people who use them.

We smile when a Pennsylvania Dutchman in talking of his wages remarks that he gets \$6 a day if he "eats himself" and \$5 a day if his boss eats him, meaning of course that he is paid more if he furnishes his own meals. Again we are amused, if in trying to say that his vacation is over, he tells us his "off" is "all."



SO IT MAY BE; however, we have failed to consider some of the many expressions we use daily, never dreaming that they are derived from Pennsylvania Dutch. Jacob has dandruff on his suit; so he says to a friend, "Brush me off." His friend wonders what Jacob would like to be brushed off, whereupon Jake says, "Brush my clothes off," further confusing and alarming his friend who is somewhat prejudiced against indecent exposure.

If we are writing an article about an organization, we write it up; if we want to remember something, we write it down. An outsider would be led to believe that we go through a series of gymnastics while writing.

Many of us when we are relieved to get rid of something say "We're glad to get shut of it," and this is certainly Pennsylvania Dutch. If we are putting on our new clothes for some festive affair, we dress up. This also presents a rather ludicrous situation when considered in a literal sense. We get the picture of a person dressing himself while suspended in mid-air or any number of other equally ridiculous mental images depending entirely

upon the scope of our imagination.

We needn't be ashamed of the oddities in our speech; however, since we find ourselves living in glass houses in this respect, we should be careful about throwing stones of ridicule at others who perhaps revert to those idioms more frequently than we and will continue to do so because Pennsylvania Dutch might last a century or more.

Eventually it may die out as a spoken language and become a thing of the past, but it is doubtful that its effects on the English language will ever die. Possibly centuries from now, people will still be referring to "those awful Dutchmen and the abominable way they butcher the king's English." This is their opinion, and they have a perfect right to it.

If we choose to believe we are improving upon the English under the same principle, we have a right to our opinion. At any rate the skeptics must admit that Pennsylvania Dutch has had a very definite influence on our speech.

—JOHN FORD, JR.

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## FREY'S PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH GRAMMAR

### LESSON SEVEN

More of more than one!

Have fun learning those plurals of nouns in Pennsylvania Dutch last week? I do hope you have memorized every last one of them—that's the only way they'll stick! But what about the sentences you wrote? Well, here's about what they should look like:  
1. Em John sei familia wuunt in Redden. 2. Er hot fimf kinner. 3. Er hot drei buuva  
4. Der John hot aw en schwescher un fier brieder. 5. Em John sei brieder sin net deheem allaweil. 6. Sie schaffa in Lengeschder. 7. Da eldra iera kinner, die buuva un meed, geena heem em Sunndawg. 8. Die mannsleit un die weibsleit in Redden schwetza Pennsylvawisch Deitsch. 9. Em John sei dechder sin die Mary un die Lizzie. 10. Em John sei fraw iera dawdi liebt die katza net!  
Did you get that last one? It was, to be sure, the hardest one of the lot—that business of em John sei fraw iera dawdi "John's wife's father." Good old *DATIVE CASE* again!

### Some Plurals That Are Different

We have in Pennsylvania Dutch many nouns which show that a thing is small in size, tiny, wee. Usually these end in the sound *-cha*, or *-li*. In English there are only a few such words, as for instance: *Lambkin*, *kitchenette*—the ending *-kin* or *-ette* shows smallness of size. In Pennsylvania Dutch, words ending in *-cha* simply add an *-r* for the plural; words ending in *-li* simply add an *-n* in the plural, as below:

Singular	Plural
s kindcha little child	die kindchar little children
s hundli little dog	die hundlin little dogs

Add these additional words to your vocabulary and then try reading and translating the little story below:

der bauer farmer	ee one
der bull, plural die bulla bull	far far
der eesel mule	gans whole
s feld, pl. die felder field	gleicha like
der gaul, pl. die geil horse	grooss big, large
s haus, pl. die heiser house	gut good, well
der hund dog	hen have
die kuu, pl. die kie cow	im (short for in em) in the
s leeva life	in in, into
die scheier, pl. die scheiera barn	odder or
der schtall, pl. die schtell stable	pawr few
all all	schwats black
aw also	sie they
arrik very	tsimlich pretty, fairly
brau brown	weiss white

### En Bauer in Pennsylvawni

En bauer wuunt in Pennsylvawni. Er hot en fraw un sivva (7) kinner. Der bauer un die fraw sin die eldra. Die eldra hen fier buuva un drei meed. Sell iss em bauer sei familia. Der bauer iss en mannskarl, un die fraw iss en weibsmensch. Sie schwetza Pennsylvawisch Deitsch. All die mannsleit un weibsleit in Pennsylvawni schwetza Deitsch. Die kinner, die buuva un meed, schwetza Deitsch tsimlich gut. Die eldra schwetza arrik gut.

Da mammi iera dechder sin all deheem. Sie schaffa far die mammi, un die brieder schaffa far der dawdi. Die meed sin im haus, die buuva sin in da felder. Die kinner gleicha die eldra, die brieder gleicha die schweschedera un die gans familia iss froo (happy).

S haus iss grooss un die scheier iss aw tsimlich grooss. Der bauer hot twsee geil, twsee eesel, ee bull, en pawr kie, en hund, un fier odder fimf katza. Der hund un die katza sin im haus, die kie un die geil un die eesel sin in da schtell. Ee gaul iss weiss, ee kuu iss brau, un der bull iss schwats.

Die mammi iss froo un em bauer sei familia iss froo. Sell is s leeva in Pennsylvawni. Watch next week's *Lesson Eight* for more reading—and a bit more grammar perhaps!

## THE EARLY BIRD . . . .

Get your list of Pennsylvania Dutch DOINGS, events, picnics, festivals, plays, exhibits, suppers, spellings, fersammlings—in fact, ANY activity your group or your community is engaged in having to do with Pennsylvania Dutch—we repeat: get this list to us EARLY! It should be in our hands *no later than TWO WEEKS before the date set for the activity!* THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN is written up and sent to the printer plenty of time in advance so if we have the news on what your group is doing two weeks in advance, we can give it a good plug in our list of coming events on page four of the paper.

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—THE EDITORS

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