

The Origins and Language
of
Central Pennsylvania Witchcraft



DEPARTURE FOR THE SABBAT,
by Boutet de Monvel
(Paris Salon, 1880)

An Address By

HENRY W. SHOEMAKER
(Vice-President of Pennsylvania Folk-Lore Society)

At meeting of The Woman's Study Club, Montgomery, Pa.

APRIL 8, 1927

With some witchcraft survivals collected by Clinton
County, Pa. School Children.

Northeastern
Pennsylvania
—
G. S. McClintock
COLLECTION

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THE LITTLE HECHS,
From a Painting by Wiertz, in Brussels Museum

The Origins and Language of Central Pennsylvania Witchcraft

PART I

AS A SMALL BOY in Clinton County, Pa., your speaker always enjoyed hearing old John Q. Dyce's tales of the witchcraft or hechicery beliefs of the early pioneers of Central Pennsylvania. Mr. Dyce was an old-time hunter, trapper, prospector and raftman, and had travelled over much of mountainous Pennsylvania during a long and adventurous career. He stated that at an early day all of the barns in Clinton and Lycoming Counties were decorated with cabalistic signs over the doors and on the gables, such as inverted numerals, foreign words, half-moons, stars, hands and horseshoes, and a hag-stone, with a hole through it was tied to the wooden latch of the horse-stables to prevent the witches coming in at night, or the horses being "heched" into the stables from their work in the fields. He said that the belief in witchcraft was equally prevalent among the pioneers of British origins, namely, Quakers, Ulster Scots and Welsh, as with those of Continental origins. He had many stories to relate of pow-wowing against sickness in later days, but was especially fond of telling of the old women of earlier times who were accused of being witches, some of whom were still living when he was a boy in Wayne Township, Clinton County, Pa. Though "Pow-wow" is an Indian term, meaning a "big talk" or "conference," Mr. Dyce claimed that the white settlers brought with them the belief in witchcraft, charms and spells to Central Pennsylvania and it was quickly adopted by the imitative Indians, just as they absorbed, re-cast and re-created the music which they heard from the pioneer pipers, fiddlers and harpers of the frontiers. Jacob S. Quiggle, a former pilot of rafts on the West Branch of the Susquehanna River, born October 17, 1821, and about ten years older than John Q. Dyce, was also an authority on witchcraft days. It was a great pleasure and privilege to listen to this venerable outdoorsman tell of the pioneer days in Clinton County, and his acquaintance with the famous figures in Colonial

history had been a wide one. He knew Peter Couvenhoven and Peter Pentz, the Rangers, and as a lad had listened to them for hours telling stories of the Great Runaway, of Red Jacket and Cornplanter, and saw Michael Grove, better known as "Hawkeye the Scout," a younger brother of the indomitable Lieut. Peter Grove, the greatest of border Indian fighters and hunters, who was drowned when his pole-boat overturned while crossing the river near Dunnsburg in 1802.

At Pine Station, near the Quigley home, it was spelled that way for a time, although the name was originally Quaglia in the Piedmontese Alps, where this ancient family of Waldensians originated, there lived an aged woman called Granny Jung or Young. She had long been suspected of being a witch, but on one occasion when she was seen walking in the direction of the Quigley residence, young Jacob's mother, in order to make a test, placed a new broom under the front door-step, saying, "If Granny Young is a witch she will never be able to walk over that broomstick." The children hid behind a corner of the house, watching breathlessly as the supposed witch drew near. When she approached the door-step the aged woman halted and, reaching down, pulled out the broom by the handle. "Why, here is a brand new besom; I wonder what it was doing there," she said in Pennsylvania Dutch as she handed it to Mrs. Quigley, who was standing in the door to meet her. Granny McGill, another old woman living nearby, was also suspected of being a witch or hechs, and to possess a copy of the Black Book, the alleged seventh and ninth books of Moses, bound in black leather, and printed on black parchment, said to be the dictionary of the black art, though few could fathom its long sentences in alternate High German and Latin.

For a long time the Quigley cows gave bloody milk and Mrs. McGill was supposed to have heched or bewitched the unfortunate animals. As antidote some of the milk of the affected cows was to be cooked in a pan before the fire, and when it congealed, to cut the sign of the cross on it with a silver knife, at the same time reciting some lines of the hechicabala or witch formula. This was done, and a few minutes later Granny McGill rushed in, saying that hot lard had spilled and burned her hand badly, and asking Mrs. Quigley if she had some remedy to ease the pain. Needless to say, there was no more blood detected in the milk from the

Quigley cows after that convincing episode. At a later period the Quigley horses had their manes and tails tied into knots every night, and in the morning would be in a white lather from nervous excitement from being ridden all night by the witches. This was cured by brading the animals' manes and tails with corn husks, after which the hechs did not possess the power to ride or tamper with them. When the churn would not produce butter, the hechs held responsible was corrected by heating the filings of a hot horse-shoe and dropping them into the churn, which caused fiery splinters to run into the hechs' hand, or by putting a silver coin into the churn, which would keep the hechs away. Sometimes the hechs was not bested so easily. Once when Granny Myers, a noted Clinton County witch, caught a certain young woman in the act of dropping a sizzling hot horse-shoe into the churn, she struck her a smart smack on the hip, shouting "I put the spell on you." The girl found on removing her clothing that she had the brand of a horse-shoe on her, and it became very painful, and several months elapsed before it healed, but she always had the mark of a horse-shoe on her back. In order to save the bread from sogginess by witches' meddling, the dough before being baked was marked with the sign of the cross. There was a ceremony known as "burning out the hechs" or "killing the hechs," performed by groups of exasperated hunters whose guns failed to shoot or dogs refused to run deer or bears, after which the suspected witch sometimes died. It consisted of drawing a picture of the suspected hechs and shooting it with silver bullets. Sometimes the witch would help the hunters to secure game. Three boys once told Granny Myers that they were desirous of killing a deer. She told them to go to the graveyard and secure a screw from a coffin, and bury it in the woods, which they did. Then they were to wait behind a tree until the game appeared, but not to shoot the first deer, or the second, but to fire at the third. First two handsome does passed by the tree, which they did not molest; then out strode a stag with such an enormous rack of antlers that the frightened boys threw down their guns and ran home, telling their folks that they had met the old deil himself in the woods. If met on the highway or mountain path, care was always taken to pass the hechs on the right hand. Spinning wheels were sometimes bewitched so that they would not go round, but a small sprig of mountain ash tied to one of the spokes

would compel the hechs to let it alone. When anyone went on a journey they usually wore a sprig of mountain ash to defeat the witches.

One of the most remarkable cases of witchcraft described by late Mr. Quiggle was that of a gaunt she-wolf which conducted a long series of depredations to the settlers' flocks, driving away and scattering the cattle, hogs and sheep in all parts of the Bald Eagle mountain, and causing many animals to fall off cliffs into Kearns Run, Henry Run and McElhattan Creek, where they were killed or drowned. From its unusual size the Quigley family concluded that it was a spook wolf, especially as when shot at at close quarters, the bullets never took effect. George Wilson, a Revolutionary soldier, who resided in Wayne Township and had made a study of spook wolves and other forms of demonology and witchcraft, stated that the wolf could only be brought down with a silver bullet. George Quigley, Jacob's father, procured a piece of pure silver by melting down some family heirlooms which his ancestors had brought from the North of Ireland, and moulded into a bullet, and with the proper "pow-wow-ing," which consisted of reciting Dutch and Indian couplets, loaded it in George Wilson's Revolutionary flint-lock. A neighboring old woman, Granny Crispin, was suspected of being the "wolf" because of her leanness, her grim, thin mouth, and long, narrow eyes, and all interested awaited developments from the hunt. Late one afternoon Wilson "spotted" a huge skinny wolf skulking along the edge of an old field. He fired and struck the wolf in the left fore leg. The animal fell, but got up and, staggering badly, disappeared into the woods. Not long after Granny Crispin appeared at the Quigley home, her left arm dangling helplessly and suffering great pain. "Oh, help me," she moaned, "and bind up my arm, I slipped on the goose-grass in the yard, and my bones being brittle, the arm snapped like a pipe-stem." The sympathetic Quigley's put the old dame's arm in splints and assisted her home, but never again was the gaunt cattle-stampeding spook wolf seen or heard tell of.

In order to properly grasp the origins of some of the quaintest of these old world beliefs which reached Pennsylvania from the hordes of Continental Europeans, the Palatines, Alsatians, Huguenots, Waldensians, Moravians, Hebrews, Romanies, German Jews, Spaniards and Portuguese who came to Pennsylvania during

the first three-quarters of the 18th century, mostly by way of the seaports of Holland, one must compare them with the language and folk lore of mother countries. The student is amazed at the similarity of some of them to the witch stories of the Portuguese mountain people, one of the many dark races represented in that strange racial blend known today as the "Pennsylvania Dutch." One of these legends which seems to clearly reveal the Latin basis of much of Pennsylvania sorcery is well worth quoting in full.

It is in John La Touche's "Travels in Portugal," who says: "I have long held a theory, that wherever the Romans have left permanent marks of their stay, there the superstitions have the peculiar gloomy stamp of the legendary mysteries of ancient Italy. If this is true anywhere, it must be true in Portugal, where these people have left their vestiges not only in the language, which is nearer to Latin than any other known tongue, but even in the manner of cultivating the soil, which, to this day, is done in accordance with the precepts of Cato and Columella.

"The type of Latin legend to which I refer, is that well-known and most grisly and hideous of all ghost stories, the tale of the soldier in Petronius Arbiter. Now the belief in the "Lobis-homen" is very prevalent in parts of Northern Portugal. It is the legend of the Loup-garou-Wehrwolf, the periodical transformation of human beings into wolves, with all the savage instincts of that animal. It is a superstition whose existence in many countries has been too well investigated to need further description from me; suffice it to say, that nowhere is this belief invested with so many peculiar and gloomy circumstances as in Portugal.

"I began to sound the farmer on the subject of folk-lore and popular superstitions rather cautiously, for people are apt to be reticent in talking of these matters to strangers, but the farmer was not shy at all.

"'Yes,' he said; 'he had known some strange things to happen, and in that very neighborhood, too.'

"Would he tell me what?"

"'Well, he would,' he said, 'and with great pleasure.'

"'We are all good Christians here, and ought not to fear the malice of the evil spirit; nevertheless, we know that power is given him sometimes to work mischief in some mysterious manner, which all the priests put together do not understand. In proof of

this, I will tell you of an event that happened not twenty years ago; and, moreover, I was myself a witness of what I am going to relate, for I was then a young man, living at a farm near Cabrasam, among the mountains of the Estrica, which is, as you know, as wild a country as any in Portugal.

"The farmer with whom I served was a young man, and his wife a young woman. He had just come on to the farm. Two or three other men besides myself worked with him, but there was no other woman in the place than his wife. Now, she being about to give birth to a child, desired to get another woman into the house, to do such work as she would shortly not be able to perform herself. So the master went about the country to engage a woman. For some reason or other, he could not succeed. As time passed, he sent me to the nearest town, Ponte de Lima, with directions to inquire along the way, and engage the very first likely looking young woman I should meet with.

"I started next morning before daylight, and I had not gone more than a mile on the road before I saw, sitting by the wayside, one of the queerest looking girls my eyes ever fell on. She was wrapped up, head and all, in a brown cloak, such as we never see in this part of the country. The sun had just risen, and she was stretching out her hands as if to warm them in its rays. The oddest thing about her was that her hair was cut close to her head, like a man's. Now, this is common enough with our women when they get old and do not care to be troubled with long hair; but for a young and handsome girl like her to be "chamorra" (bobbed-haired) was a thing I have never seen before or since. So I stood still and stared at her, like a fool as I was.

"Well, Santinho," (literally 'Little Saint'—a common form of address among the peasantry, from one stranger to another), said the girl, "you are wondering to see me warm my hands in the sunbeams?"

"I think you could get warm quicker," I answered, "if you went on your way, instead of sitting still in this cold wind."

"And what if I am tired, as well as cold?" she said, sharply.

"Have you been travelling all the night?"

"Indeed, I have," said the girl, "and many a one before that."

"Then you come from a long way off?"

"I come from Tarouca, in the mountains of Beira, and that is a long journey from here."

"And if it is not a secret, what have you come so far from home for?"

"No secret at all," she replied. "My name is Joanna, and I am looking for a place as a servant at a farm. Do you know anyone who requires one?"

"Now, it struck me here was the very thing I was looking for—a strong, hearty-looking girl, who wished to be a servant; so I told her I was out with the object of engaging such a person as herself, and if she would come with me to my master's, she might find the place she wanted. The girl expressed her readiness, and we started homewards.

"I left her outside the house while I went in. The farmer did not much like the idea of having so strange a being for a servant; but his wife, hearing that she was a "chamorra," insisted upon engaging her—for we have a saying that "chamorras" make the best of workers.

"Very soon after this the child was born, and the new girl took the mistress' place—cooked for us and so forth.

"Now, the newly-born infant was a remarkably fine and healthy one. Everybody said so, except one old woman,—a neighbor—who was thought to be a "wise woman." This person looked rather put out the moment she saw the child, and said it was bewitched. The father and mother laughed heartily at this, seeing how well the child looked. Then the woman said she was mistaken if the child had not the devil's mark somewhere on its skin; and, sure enough, so it had—a mark on its shoulder, exactly as if the pattern of a small crescent or half moon had been pricked upon the skin with a pin. Then we all began to get frightened, but the woman said there was no cause for alarm, except during the time of the new moon, and then the child must be watched all the night through.

"When the old woman passed out of the house, the new servant was sitting on the floor with her brown cloak pulled right over her face, and though the old woman spoke to her, she made her no answer, pretending to be asleep.

"Nothing particular occurred for some months. The servant, Joana, was very useful in the house, and both master and mistress congratulated themselves on having engaged a "chamorra" to

work. However, we, her fellow-servants, did not much like her. She was very sharp in her speech; and whenever she was angry, her eyes, which were long and narrow in shape, seemed almost to emit fire and gave her a terribly savage aspect. However, when not out of temper, she was a handsome girl. She seldom spoke much, but she very soon got into the confidence of her master and mistress, and one day, when the latter mentioned to her what had been told her by the old woman, she said:

"Ah, yes! I have known it a long time, but I was afraid to tell you. Children with that mark grow into lobis-homens before they get to be sixteen unless something is done to stop it."

"And what can be done?" said my mistress.

"You must cover the evil mark with the blood of a white pigeon, strip the child naked, and lay it on a blanket on the mountain side the very first time the moon rises in the heavens after midnight. Then the moon will draw the mark up through the blood, just as she draws the waters of the sea up at full tide, and the child will be saved."

"The farmer and his wife agreed to do this, to save their child from becoming a lobis-homens, and it happening to be a new moon late in the night, a day or two afterwards, the needful preparations were made, and when the night came, the child was laid out on the mountain side near the house, while the moon was still below the horizon. This done, we all returned to the house, for it was essential that no eye should be upon the child until the moon had risen. The farmer began to be uneasy, thinking that there might be wolves near, but the man reassured him, saying that a wolf had not been seen in the neighborhood for many years. Nevertheless, he loaded his gun, putting into it, for want of other ammunition, five or six rusty nails.

"He had hardly done so when, to our horror, we heard the most piercing screams from where the child was lying. In an instant we had all rushed out—the screams increasing as we neared the spot. At this very instant the moon rose, and we saw a huge brown wolf standing over the body of the child, its fangs bloody and its eyes looking like fire. Seeing us come up he slunk off, but the farmer fired at him before he could reach the wood close by, and he fell and rolled over. I ran up to finish him with the heavy stick which I had in my hand, but I could only give him one stroke before he rose to his feet and made off. The blow was

a heavy one, and struck him on the foreleg, and he went off into the wood, howling and limping.

"We found the poor child quite dead; its throat was frightfully torn by the wolf's teeth, and the blanket was soaked with blood.

"Now, it was noticed almost immediately that the girl, Joana, had not been seen since the child had been put out, nor was she in the house when we got back. Then for the first time did the truth flash upon us—the woman had been an accursed lobis-homen, and had murdered the child, and in wounding the wolf we had in truth wounded the girl who had assumed his form. The next morning we followed the traces of the wounded wolf, and, inside the wood, not ten paces from where he had been seen to enter it, we found Joana lying on the ground covered with blood. She immediately began to explain to us that she had crept into the wood when we had left the child, fearing that some mischief might happen to him; that she had heard screams and had run towards the child in the darkness; that just as she was getting to the outside of the wood the moon rose, she saw us coming, saw the wolf run toward her, heard the gun fired, immediately felt herself to be wounded in the side, and fell to the ground, where she had lain ever since.

"Of course, we knew that these were lies suggested by the devil, so we sent for the priest, but before he came she had died. They buried her where she lay, and the "wise woman," who came to look at her, said she had the mark of the lobis-homen on her breast quite plain, and was evidently a servant of the Evil One. The woman said that if she had seen the girl's eyes she could have told at once what she was, for the lobis-homen all get have the long, narrow eyes and savage look of the wolf. She also explained to us that if a lobis-homen can murder and drink the blood of a newly-born child, the enchantment ceases, and they are lobis-homen no longer."

"And what did the priest say?" I asked.

"He said," replied the farmer, "that we were fools to have anything to do with a woman from Tarouca, for it was a nest of witches and warlocks."

"And you are quite sure this girl was a real "lobis-homen"?"

"I never doubted it for a moment. Did I not see Joana's own eyes in the wolf, as he turned round when I struck him?"

How can I doubt? Besides,' said the farmer, after a pause, 'there was the mark of a heavy blow on her right arm—exactly where I struck the wolf. She never accounted for that.'

The scene of the above might have been laid in the Central Pennsylvania mountains, as it is a perfect picture of our legendary background, and becomes local to the Keystone State by merely changing the basic language of the narrative. Mr. Quiggle told of a rafting trip with his brother Richard when they stopped for the night at a log tavern near the mouth of West Mahantango. Jacob retired early, while his brother remained in the lobby talking with the landlady. He was no sooner in bed than the haps were torn off the bed by unseen hands, and the young man was compelled to spend half the time running after the elusive "kivers" and reciting his best Dutch and Indian incantations. At last, some time after midnight, when his brother and the landlady, attracted by the racket, came to the room, he put on his clothes and left the tavern. He told the landlady when she urged them to remain that the house was surely "heched." A comparatively recent case of Pennsylvania "hechery" occurred in Penn's Valley, Centre County, about thirty-five years ago, shortly after the tragic death of the outlaw, Cyrus Etlinger. As it was claimed that being a murderer and the son of a Jewish peddler, he should not be buried in consecrated ground, his body was interred in an oak grove back of the village of Motz's Bank. Soon a shaggy black wolf similar to the "luhin" or graveyard haunting wolf of the old Huguenot mythology was seen running in and out of the grove and became the terror of the neighborhood. Silver bullets were contemplated to bring it down, until someone in the community caused the outlaw's body to be re-interred in the graveyard of St. Paul's Chapel across the valley, which was done with proper incantations to propitiate the slighted spirit, after which the mysterious black wolf was seen no more.

Several years ago the venerable Henry Meyer (1840-1925), of Rebersburg, Pa., a linguist and former Superintendent of Schools of Centre County, presented the writer with a collection of "witch books" which he had collected during a period of many years in Brush Valley. These are small leather-bound copy books handed down from one local wise woman or hechs to another, containing written instructions as to how to pow-wow and practice the alleged black art. One of these books was found by Mr.

Meyer in the abandoned log cabin of a supposed witch near Rebersburg, about 1840, and others were given to him by the old pow-wow women or their relatives on their death-beds. They are partly written in Pennsylvania Dutch, liberally interspersed with words of other Continental origins, English, with Latin and cabalistic words and phrases, and crude signs and hieroglyphics like Greek or Egyptian characters. Even with the passing of years pow-wowling, the modern form of Pennsylvania witchcraft, is still practiced, not only in the remoter mountains and valleys, but in the larger towns of the State. A celebrated "witch trial" was held in Reading, Pa., a city of over a hundred thousand population, only a couple of years ago, where it was difficult to get the witnesses to express themselves in anything but Pennsylvania Dutch. But to bring the matter strictly down to date, as it were, one has but to read the following article, clipped, headlines and all, from the New York American:

YORK, PA., WITCH ASKS AID OF POLICE

By Universal Service.

York, Pa., Nov. 26, 1926. This town is in the throes of a revival of Salem days when witches were burned at the stake, according to Margaret Peters.

Mrs. Peters, who is forty-two, applied for police protection because, she said, she had been singled out as an undesirable and had been warned that "witches do not live long here."

It all resulted from the death seven weeks ago of a child named Raymond Sechrist, whose parents are ardent believers in the power of magic.

Little Raymond had been ill two weeks before his mother took him to a Mrs. Furst for treatment. Mrs. Furst, describing the illness as "rest taken away," "pow-wow'd" over the child in an endeavor to bring back the "rest."

There seems to be two kinds of heches at work in the mountains, evil and benign, those who cast spells and those who remove them. In other words "it takes a hechs to catch a hechs."

Now, as to the origin of the words "hechs," and "heched" and "hechicery" so frequently mentioned in this paper. They are

the common terms for witchcraft and are used by English-speaking as well as the Dutch-speaking mountaineers of Pennsylvania, just as they all use the Gaelic word "deil" for devil. Hechs is a word of combined Spanish, Portuguese and German roots, and evidently seemed the most suitable form to convey the meaning of a spell-casting old woman of the hills. In short, the language of Pennsylvania witchcraft insures the perpetuation of archaic words that otherwise would perish which link the common people of the Keystone State with quaint, archaic origins overseas. A complete glossary of Pennsylvania witchcraft terms, according to the late Prof. Meyer, would include Elizabethan English, Latin, North Italian, French, modern Greek, Lenni-Lenape, Indian, She-kener, Spanish, Portugese, Gaelic, High German and Pennsylvania Dutch, and other words not intelligible to the average modern philologist. In the general run of daily intercourse among the Pennsylvania backwoods people the speech in the English speaking valleys is of the type familiar in the mountains of West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, being the language of the same families whose bolder and more adventurous members "trekked" from Pennsylvania to the Valley of Virginia, thence across the mountains to the West, while in other sections Pennsylvania Dutch is still spoken, as the common language or "Esperanto" of the descendants of a score of Continental nationalities who fled to the Rhineland and Switzerland before coming to Pennsylvania, and who later have had some aboriginal admixtures. The direct language survivals of these peoples of lost or submerged nationalities remains today to the largest extent in the terminology of the hechicery or witchcraft. The fact that Pennsylvania sorcery will not down is the strongest hope for the future identification by language of the medley of races who flooded Colonial Pennsylvania and has made the State the mother of the composite American.

PART II

WITCHCRAFT SURVIVALS

Collected from Old People of Neighborhood
by Pupils of Mrs. Marie Chatham Phillips,
McElhattan, Clinton County, Pa.,
April, 1927.

Witch Story

Once upon a time there was a witch and she had three little babies, and so one night when she put them to bed she jabbed a pin in their heads and when they died and she would say "I knew they would die," she would see thirteen little hands.

MILDRED C. THOMAS, 9 years.

April 26, 1927.

A Witch Story

It was in the year of 1612 in the time of believing in witches.

There lived a family and they were farmers and they kept a hired girl. It was said that she was a witch. But the people did not believe it and yet they did. So one day they started to build a barn. Every time the men would start to work a black cat would come around and get in their way, when they were sawing or using an ax or wood measuring. So one day some of the men said if she did it again the next day they would cut her paw off.

So the next day they went to work. Of course she came out to the barn and while they were measuring with a string the cat put her paw out and caught it and wouldn't let it go. So finally one man got tired of it and took an axe and cut her paw off. So that day when they went to dinner the girl had her hand all wrapped up. They asked her what was the matter and she said that they had cut her hand off. They all asked her how they could do that and she told them. So they believed the girl was a witch. But she never bothered them again.

JEAN WAGNER, 10 years.

Betsy Whiteeyes and Other Witches

Years ago, long after witchcraft had died out in Massachusetts, there lived in the West Branch Valley of Pennsylvania, an old, old woman, by the name of "Betsy" Whiteeyes.

All her neighbors were sore afraid of her, as she was reputed to be a witch.

Anyway, the following stories were told of her:

John said: "One night the good housewife had her risings set for baking bread for which she had never been known to fail, when in comes Betsy Whiteeyes, who was always jealous of Mrs. John's light, white loaves. 'Hum, you won't bake tomorrow,' and with these words she gave three stirs with the wooden spoon and sure enough, Mrs. John had to go without bread until the spell was removed."

Jake said: "Betsy was of a queer disposition, quarrelsome, and when they were on the 'outs,' as he terms it, all his cattle died."

H—— tells that one night when one of his horses jumped into a barbed-wire fence and nearly bled to death, he ran to Betsy, and she, with a shovel of hot coals, pow-wowed and the horse was saved.

C——said that Betsy was accustomed to using a little book on witchcraft: One day during her absence the boys got the book out of a teapot (which was only used when the family had company) and proceeded with the incantation. When, to their surprise, numbers of deer ran huddled together, with tongues hanging out, from the woods onto the green. Very much frightened, they called Betsy, and when told what mischief they had performed, she immediately removed the spell, loosed them and they ran back to their homes in the wilds. All these characters previously mentioned were accused singly, at one time or other, of being able to pow-wow, bewitch, or hechs. A late story is told of how P—— L—— was called to the bedside of our dying judge, ——, to pow-wow for him, and after several fruitless efforts, remarked

that the judge had too heavy a curse hanging over
count of the many souls he had sentenced to serve time as
he was unable to "loose" him.

All these and many other thrilling stories might be told of
these venerable men, if we had time to go into Pennsylvania witch-
craft thoroughly, today.

April 25, 1927.

RAE PHILLIPS, 10 years.

A Witchcraft Story

There is a lady who lives across from my aunt. She wished
my aunt would be paralyzed and her wish came true.

There were three doctors who could not help her. Someone
thought it was wished on her. So they sent for Mr. B—— and
he came down to my aunt's house and pow-wowed her three times.
Then he told her to take a cloth and dig a hole in the ground and
bury the cloth where this woman would walk over it three times.
Then he said if she didn't want to speak to this woman on the
street when she met her, she should spit on her three fingers and
wipe it on her dress, then she was supposed to turn her back and
walk into the house. When she did this three times the woman
never talked to her again.

And she has never been sick since Mr. B—— pow-wowed
her.

April 25, 1927.

EDITH MILLER, 10 years.

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Jake said: "Betsy was of a queer disposition, quarrelsome and when they were on the 'outs,' as he terms it, all his cattle died."

H—— tells that one night when one of his horses jumped into a barbed-wire fence and nearly bled to death, he ran to Betsy and she, with a shovel of hot coals, pow-wowed and the horse was saved.

C—— said that Betsy was accustomed to using a little book on witchcraft: One day during her absence the boys got the book out of a teapot (which was only used when the family had company) and proceeded with the incantation. When, to their surprise, numbers of deer ran huddled together, with tongues hanging out, from the woods onto the green. Very much frightened, they called Betsy, and when told what mischief they had performed she immediately removed the spell, loosed them and they ran back to their homes in the wilds. All these characters previously mentioned were accused singly, at one time or other, of being able to pow-wow, bewitch, or hechs. A late story is told of how P—— was called to the bedside of our dying judge. —, a pow-wow for him, and after several fruitless efforts, remained

that the judge had too heavy a curse hanging over him, on account of the many souls he had sentenced to serve time and that he was unable to "loose" him.

All these and many other thrilling stories might be told of these venerable men, if we had time to go into Pennsylvania witchcraft thoroughly, today.

RAE PHILLIPS, 10 years.

April 25, 1927.

A Witchcraft Story

There is a lady who lives across from my aunt. She wished my aunt would be paralyzed and her wish came true.

There were three doctors who could not help her. Someone thought it was wished on her. So they sent for Mr. B—— and he came down to my aunt's house and pow-wowed her three times. Then he told her to take a cloth and dig a hole in the ground and bury the cloth where this woman would walk over it three times. Then he said if she didn't want to speak to this woman on the street when she met her, she should spit on her three fingers and wipe it on her dress, then she was supposed to turn her back and walk into the house. When she did this three times the woman never talked to her again.

And she has never been sick since Mr. B—— pow-wowed her.

EDITH MILLER, 10 years.

April 25, 1927.

A Witchcraft

Once upon a time there was an old house that an old witch lived in. One time three boys went to the house to play hide-go-seek. When they were in the house the witch came and turned them into a cow, horse and a pig. She told them as soon as they would leave they would be turned back into boys again. So they went out and never went back to the old house.

FRANCES McCLOSKEY, aged 10 years.

April 25, 1927.

A Witchcraft Story

Back in the year 1625 people believed in witches. Once upon a time there was a family of three boys. Every day the oldest boy would be so tired he could hardly walk. At night an old witch came out and put a bridle on the boy and rode him off. One night his people told him if she did it again he was to grab the bridle, put it on the old witch and ride her to a blacksmith shop, get horseshoes on her hands and feet. So that night he rode her away to the blacksmith shop and got shoes put on her. The witch's name was Sally. The next day they heard "Sally" was sick. The people called the doctor to come to Sally's house. When the Dr. came and she saw him, she crawled under the covers. He pulled them off of her again and saw she had horseshoes on her hands and feet. Sally never played witch again.

RHEA WAGNER, aged 13 years.

Written April 25, 1927.

A Bewitched Baby

Once upon a time an old woman put a spell on a little baby. It was sickly and did not grow, so one day a man told the woman whose child was sick to buy the baby a new pair of shoes and put them on and take the baby to church, and when the old woman saw the baby and the new shoes she was paralyzed and could not move from her place. All she could do was scream, and so the man asked her if she would take the spell off the baby and she said she would, and when they took the shoes off the baby she done something to take the spell off the baby. The baby then grew strong and well.

EDITH RALL, aged 14 years.

April 25, 1927.

HECHS FORMULAS

Wan die milch beruntreut ist das es weder rahm noch butter geben will so geh zu gunt beerenkrount und sprich ehe du das krount abbricht und fahre scherbenweis mit der hand. So nimm das krount und sprich folgende worte:

"Gunt reben Christus hat dir gnade geben, der hat erschaffen die wolten und bring mir die milch wieder nuer das weine und jeder das seine im namen des Faters, Sohn und Heiliger Geist. Dan brich das krount und gieb es der kuh nut salz zu fressen so giebt es wieder rahm und butter.

Wenn ein kind zu viel schreut, so lege ihm die hand auf den mund und sage folgende worte dreimal:

"Ob lieber Herr Jesus Christ
Der du am kreuz gestorben bist
In Deinem Namen hilf dieses kind,
In dieser stund geschwind.

Jesus hilft die kinder alle und so solft du in seinen geholfen sein. Jesus Christus von Nazaret."

Copied from a Berks County "Hechsbuch," at Womelsdorf, by Dr. Wall Stephen, Reading, Pa., June, 1927.

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Copied from a Berks County "Hechsbuch," at Womelsdorf, by Dr. Walker Lewis Stephen, Reading, Pa., June, 1927.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem of the existence of solutions of the system of equations (1) for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β . It is shown that the system has solutions for all values of the parameters α and β if and only if the condition $\alpha + \beta > 1$ is satisfied. In the case when this condition is not satisfied, the system has no solutions.

2. In the second part of the paper, the problem of the uniqueness of solutions of the system (1) is considered. It is shown that the system has a unique solution for all values of the parameters α and β if and only if the condition $\alpha + \beta > 1$ is satisfied. In the case when this condition is not satisfied, the system has no solutions.

3. In the third part of the paper, the problem of the stability of solutions of the system (1) is considered. It is shown that the system has stable solutions for all values of the parameters α and β if and only if the condition $\alpha + \beta > 1$ is satisfied. In the case when this condition is not satisfied, the system has no solutions.