

"The Redmens' Trail"

by

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The Redman's Trail

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In the migration from the Bering Straits to what is now Germantown the red men halted in a desirable spot or locality and in twenty-five or fifty years a small nation developed members of which scattered in various directions, calling themselves tribes or branches of the nation or people they had left at the central station or halting place. This nation would have a name of its own.

This process was repeated many times before the Delaware was reached; thus sprang up the various nations of red men, each of which may have consisted of many tribes, bearing different names:—Shawnee, Sioux, etc.

The Lenni Lenapes (We are the people) had nearly fifty branches scattered throughout Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania (eastern part), New Jersey and lower New York. Representatives or chiefs from the branches or tribes would sometimes meet in council at a central point, to discuss and pass upon matters that pertained to the welfare of the entire nation. They met with Wm. Penn at the "Treaty Oak," at Pennsbury Manor and other places to make treaties, to renew or mend them. It is recorded of Penn that "he attended at Philadelphia in 1701 a great Indian treaty with forty Indian chiefs who came from many nations (or tribes) to settle the friendship. The same year he had also a great Indian council at Pennsbury Mansion, to take leave of him and to renew covenants, etc."

It is on record that as late as the middle of the eighteenth century colonies of Indians were often seen passing through Germantown and camping out in Logan's wood (along the Wingohocking) and others in the nearby fields or meadows. "They would make their huts and stay a whole year at a time, and make and sell baskets, ladles and tolerably good fiddles. They would shoot birds and young squirrels there with their bows and arrows. Their huts were made of four upright saplings, with crotch limbs on top. The sides and tops were of cedar bushes and branches. In these they lived in the severest winters; their fire was on the ground and in the middle of the area. At that time wild birds would pass over in flocks of a mile in length; and it was very common to shoot twenty or thirty at one shot. Then they caught rabbits and squirrels in snares."

If that was true of 1750 or near that date, after the white man had been here seventy years, what hunting and fishing there must have been a century or more before!

Encampments

Printed records, traditions and our personal knowledge of the Trail and the condition of the streams that crossed it sixty or more years ago warrant us in saying there were tribal encampments at the ford of the Tacony, one on the ground above where the old Townsend-Roberts' mill stood (now Lambert street), one along

the Wingohocking just below the Trail, another on the upper Wissahickon, near where the Indian Trail running west (now Germantown avenue) crossed it; one at the Falls of the Wissahickon and one at Rising Sun. The central or chief of this group of encampments was the one on the Wingohocking.

This was an ideal spot for a village, a clear, fish-filled stream ran through a broad meadow with hills on either side; part of these was woodland including the Logan's woods (now Wister's) which were extensive before Fisher's and Duy's lanes and the railroad were cut through them. Near the Indian rocks (near one of which now stands the World's War monument) were two gushing springs of water which furnished drinking water for the villagers, while the stream, woods and the hills beyond would supply fish and game in abundance. The open spaces on the hilltops were ample for the women to raise cereals and vegetables for their people while the meadows yielded an abundance of herbs for medicinal purposes.

Along the the Wingohocking

The center of the village was at the spring (later known as Brandy Spring); opposite the Indian Rock was erected the council house and in front of this was an open space where war, corn and other dances would be held, and where the large gatherings of the tribe took place.

On either side of the council house were "long houses" run on the community principle. The interior of each house was divided into compartments at intervals of six or eight feet, leaving each chamber entirely open, like a stall, upon the passageway or hall, which ran through the center of the house from end to end. Between each four compartments (now known as apartments), two on each side, was a fire-pit in the center of the hall, used in common by the occupants. Thus a house with six fires would contain twenty-four apartments, and would accommodate as many families, unless some of the apartments were reserved for storage purposes.

Raised bunks were constructed around the three sides of each stall or apartment for beds, and the floor was slightly above the level of the ground. From the roof-poles were suspended strings of maize in the ear, the husks braided together; also strings of dried squash and beans. Each house, as a rule was occupied by related families, those at the side of the council house by chiefs; the mothers being sisters, own and collateral, who, with their children belonged to the same gens or clan, while their husbands, the fathers of these children, belonged to other gentes, consequently, the gens or clan of the mother predominated in numbers in the household, descent being in the female line.

Whatever was taken in the hunt or raised by cultivation by any member of the household was for the common benefit. Provision was held as com-

mon stock within the household. They had but one cooked meal each day, a dinner. Each household, in the matter of the management of their food was under the care of a matron. When the daily meal had been cooked at the several fires the matron was summoned. It was her duty to divide the food from the kettle to the several families within the house according to their needs. What remained was put aside to await the further direction of the matron.

This was the way in which the Indians lived, the kind of communism they practiced until the long house finally disappeared under the influence of the whites. To this methodical and economical household communism the Indians undoubtedly owe their tribal unity, their faculty of confederating for defense and offense, their military strength and their political influence.

John Bartram, the pioneer horticulturist, in an account of a trip he took in 1743 gives a description of one of these long houses, in which he was entertained. It was the official house of the tribe, besides being a community home, and as his experience will throw additional light on how the dwellers on the Wingohocking conducted themselves before the white man came, we here reproduce part of his statement.

"They showed us where to lay our luggage and repose ourselves during our stay with them which was in the two end apartments of this large house. The Indians that came with us were placed over against us. This cabin is about eighty feet long and seventeen broad, the common passage (the grand hall) six feet wide, and the apartments on each side five feet, raised a foot above the passage by a young sapling hewed square, and fitted with joists that go from it to the back of the house. On these joists they lay large pieces of bark, and on extraordinary occasions spread mats made of rushes which favor we had. On these floors they sit or lie down, every one as he wills. The apartments are divided from each other by boards or bark, six or seven feet long from the lower floor to the upper, on which they put their lumber. All the sides and roof of the cabin are made of bark, bound first to the poles set in the ground, and bent round on the top, or set flat for the roof as we set our rafters. Over each fireplace they have a hole to let out the smoke, which in rainy weather they cover with a piece of bark, and this they can easily reach with a pole to perch it on one side or quite cover the hole."

These were the forerunners of the apartment houses that now stand on the Redman's Trail today, with their grand hall to turn around in; on either side are bunks for the white supplacers of the region to crawl into, who, like their Indian predecessors have to come out into the grand hall to turn around. It is told of one white squaw that she went into her kitchenette and with difficulty closed the door. She

stood while eating a dinner and the expansion caused by the meal made it impossible to open the door wide enough for her to get out. Like the Indians they should cook and eat their meals in the grand hall.

The village consisted of more than "long houses," for smaller huts, wigwams and teepees were conveniently placed in the meadow and woods from the old Trail to what became Fisher's Hollow. A well trodden path ran through the length of the village.

Views of Home Life

It might be of interest to students of Germantown history to speak at length of the home life of our predecessors on the Redman's Trail, but we must confine ourselves to but a few events and scenes leaving to the imagination of the readers to fill in the gaps. One writer said: "Their marriages are short and authentic; for after 'tis resolved upon by both parties the woman sends her intended husband a kettle of boiled venison or bear, and he in lieu thereof, beaver or other skins and so their nuptial rites are concluded without other ceremony.

That would be a fine custom to renew! It would be jolly fun to see some of the damsels of today carrying a kettle of venison or bear to the door of the sunlight, or moonlight, or starlight of their hearts and getting those expensive skins or furs in return.

Another picture is not so pleasing but methinks, in some cases it is just as real: "In winter the huts of the Lenapes were rather uncomfortable, no matter how picturesque they might be, but probably they afforded as nice lodgings as those of the English gypsies. The interior of the cabin was stained and dingy with smoke that could find no regular outlet, and it was so pungent and acrid as to cause much inflammation of the eyes and blindness in old age. The fleas (Mer-cy!) and other vermin were bad, and the children were noisy and unruly beyond parallel, raising a pandemonium in each lodge, which the shrill shrieking of the she-cat-like squaws added to without controlling it."

Still another vivid picture is drawn of a lodge on a winter night, lighted up by the uncertain flicker of resinous flame that sent flashes through the dingy canopy of smoke, a bronze group encircling the fire, cooking, eating, gambling or amusing themselves with idle chaff; grizzled old warriors, scarred with the marks of repeated battles; shrivelled squaws, hideous with toil and hardship endured for half a century; young warriors with a record to make, vain, boastful, obstreperous; giddy girls, gay with paint, ochre, wampum and braid; restless children, pel mell with restless dogs.

It should be remembered that in a village such as we are visiting on the old Indian Trail, with its circle of small tents and "long houses," that there were social grades and upper and lower sections of the village. In the well ventilated "long houses" there would not be smoke, acrid atmosphere and fleas that were found in the closed huts or cabins. The tools of the Lenapes were crude and poor, strictly those of the stone age, for they had no knowledge of any metal save a little copper for ornaments. Yet they handled them with great skill and neatness.

James Logan and Wingohocking

Just below this village was the spot where James Logan built his home and called it Stenton. He was, and still is, one of the outstanding figures in Pennsylvania history. He was Penn's business manager and secretary for forty years, secretary of the Province, Commissioner of Property, President of Council and Chief Justice of Pennsylvania.

He was very friendly with the Indians and they placed implicit trust in him. Scores of Indians would visit him at the same time, camping around his mansion, in the meadow across the stream and on the site of the very village whose name we will reveal in our next chapter. We write this paragraph for the benefit of newcomers to Germantown. Tradition says that while James Logan and Chief Wingohocking of the Lenapes were standing on the bank of the beautiful stream below the mansion that wound through the estate, the chief proposed to Logan that they exchange their names, for he loved his white friend and this was the Indian method of showing it. Logan told him the law would make it difficult to give up his name, but said, "Do thou, chief, take mine, and give thine to this stream which passes through my fields, and when I have passed away and while the earth shall endure, it shall flow and bear thy name." It now flows under ground and Belfield avenue runs with, but not over it.

Years after this one of Wingohocking's descendants bearing the name of Logan (Toh-gah-ju-te) was among those slain by the Paxton Rangers and Tedyuscung is also supposed to have descended from him. We shall say more about "Tedy" later.

Genesee

Within the memory of the writer the Wingohocking Valley was a run of beautiful landscape; no sewer ran through it then; in some places its level was ten to twenty feet lower than it is today. Before dams were thrown across it, Duy's lane and other thoroughfares were built over it and filling in took place; it must have been a wild, romantic vale.

Coming to it in its primeval beauty the Lenapes were justified in calling the village they planted in its center Genesee (Gennis-he-go) meaning "The Beautiful Valley." The giving of such a name to the place is an indication that they appreciated the beauties of nature.

This appreciation they manifested by climbing the hills on the western side of the vale at the even hour, and as the sun descended below the horizon in the west they would bow themselves in adoration before it and worship the Great Spirit of the vale and hills, and of the sky, the sun being one manifestation of that spirit that was held in awe by many of them and which caused them to descend the hill again in a meditative and worshipful mood. As one of these crossed the stream on a fallen tree he paused a moment to admire the reflection of his well-proportioned form in the clear water below. As he walked along the creek-side path he noticed on the other side of the stream that a young brave had bowed down and was woo-

ing his dusky mate.

As he entered one of the chief's houses he was greeted by a group who were sitting near the front entrance, among them being several visitors from distant nations, who had come with messages from their chiefs. When he had seated himself he told of his visit to the top of the hill and the object of that visit. This led to a discussion of the Great Spirit, worship, creation and the origin of their people.

In the Beginning

A Lenape said there were different views held by his people, of their origin. Some claimed they came out of a cave in the earth, like the woodchuck and the chipmunk; some thought they sprang from a snail that was transformed into a human being and taught to hunt by a kind Manitou, after which it was received into the lodge of a beaver and married the beaver's favorite daughter. These were probably the evolutionists of their day.

By another group it was believed, that a woman was discovered hovering in mid-air above the watery waste of chaos, she had fallen or had been expelled from heaven, and there was no earth to offer her a resting place. The tortoise, however, rose from the depths and put his broad, shield-like back at her service, and she descended upon it and made it her abode, for its dome-like oval resembled the emergence of dry land from the water of the deluge. The tortoise slept upon the deep, and round the margin of his shell the barnacles gathered, the scum of the sea collected, and the floating fragments of the shredded sea weed accumulated until the dry land grew apace, and by and by there was all the broad expanse of island which now constitutes North America.

The woman, weary of watching, worn out with her sighs for her loneliness dropped off into a tranquil slumber, and in that sleep she dreamed of a spirit who came to her from her last home in the skies, and of that dream the fruits were sons and daughters, from whom have descended the human race. Other legends were mentioned showing different views of creation, one of which was that the Great Spirit in the form a gigantic bird descended upon the face of the waters, and brooded there until the earth arose, upon which plants, animals and men were created.

An Indian Lullaby

When this expounder of the view held by different groups ceased speaking the voice of a woman was heard coming from under a tree a little distance from the entrance to the house. She was singing a lullaby to her fretting baby girl, who was fastened to a board that was lying in a swing. She had dismissed the "medicine man" faker, who wanted to pow-wow the kiddie, and had given it a soothing draught made by herself from herbs she had gathered with her own hands. The words of the lullaby were:

O, close your bright eyes, brown child of the forest,
And enter the dreamland, for you're tired of play,
Draw down the dark curtain with long silken fringes,

An-na-moosh (a dog) will attend on your mystical way.

Chorus—
Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, brown little papoose,
O, can you not see if you give the alarm,
Zawan (their dog), beside you, is willing and eager
To guard and defend you, and keep you from harm?

Wind-rocked and fur-lined, covered o'er with bright blanket.
Your cradle is swung 'neath the wide-spreading trees,
Where the singing of birds and chatter of squirrels
Will lull you to rest 'midst the hum of wild bees.

Your father is hunting to bring home the bearskin,
While mother plaits baskets of various hue,
Na-ko-mis (grandmother) is weaving large mats of wild rushes
And Nounee (her little brother) sends arrows so swift and so true.

It was a pleasing picture to see this young mother under the trees singing and swinging the little red-skin lassie into slumber and dreamland while her neighbors were chatting in groups short distances away.

Still Another View

After the lullaby was ended the group inside the entrance resumed their discussion, when Wawinges, one of the visitors from a distance, said that his people (the Ojibwas) believed there was a "Creator of All Things." "This Great Mystery understood all things. He had no eyes, yet he could see. He had no ears, yet he could hear. He had a body but he could not be seen.

"When the earth was first made, the Creator of All Things placed it under the water. The fish were first created. Therefore Crawfish was sent down to bring up a little earth. He brought up mud in his claws. Immediately it spread out and the earth appeared above the water. Then the Great Mystery made man. He made the Ojibwas.

"He gave them laws, but the people did not follow the laws. Therefore many troubles came, so that the Creator could not rest. Therefore the Creator made tobacco. Then men could become quiet and rest. Afterwards he made women, but at first they were like wood. So he directed a chief to teach them how to move, and how to cook, and to sew skins.

"Now when the animals met the Ojibwas, they ridiculed them. For these men had no fur, and no wool, and no feathers to protect them from the storms, or rain, or the hot sun. The Ojibwas were sad because of this. Then the Creator gave them bows and arrows, and taught them how these things should be used. He told them that the flesh of the animals was good for food and their skins for covering. Thus the animals were punished. The Creator taught them also how to draw fire from two pieces of wood, one flat and the other pointed; thus they learned to cook their food. The Creator taught them also to honor the bones of their relatives; and so long as they lived, to bring

them food.

"Now in those days the animals took part in the councils of men. They gave advice to men, being wiser. (Some are to this day.) Each animal took a special care of Ojibwas. Therefore the Indians respect the animals which gave good advice to their ancestors, and this aids them even today in time of need.

"The Creator also made the moon and the stars. Both were to give life and light to all on earth. Moon forgot the sacred bathing, therefore he is pale and weak, giving but little light to man. But Sun gives light to all. Sun often stops on her trail to give more time to the Indians when they are hunting, or fighting their enemies. Moon does not, but always pursues his wife over the sky trail. Yet he can never catch up with her. (It will be noticed that the Indian places the moon in the masculine class and the sun in the feminine. The whites reverse that. The Mongolian ancestors of the Indians use tools, and read and write backward, according to our way of thinking.)

"The mounds in the Ojibwas' country are the camping places of the Spirit sent down by the Creator to visit the Indians. This spirit taught the men how to cook their food and to cure their wounds. He is still highly honored."

The Fat Woman's Fall

For a short time after Wawinges had spoken there was silence in the group, evidently the statement was percolating through the brains of his auditors. Then Dewendons, another visitor, belonging to the Senecas, told how his people had come upon the face of the earth.

"The Senecas were the People of the Pheasants. They were the first people in the world. At first they lived in the earth. Now, in the Earth-land, they had many vines. Then at last one vine grew up through a hole in the Earth-plain, far above their heads. One of their young men at once went up the vine until he came out on the Earth-plain. He came out on the flat country, on the bank of a river, just where the Seneca village now stands (centuries ago). He looked all about him. The Earth-plain was very beautiful. There were many animals there. He killed one with his bow and arrow, and found it good for food.

"Then the young man returned to his people under the ground. He told them all he had seen. They held a council, and then they began to climb up the vine to the Earth-plain. Some of the chiefs and the young warriors and many of the women went up. Then came a very fat woman. The chiefs said, 'Do not go up.' But she did and the vine broke. The Senecas were very sorry about this. Because no more could go up, the tribe on the Earth-plain is not very large. And no man could return to his village in the ground. Therefore the Senecas built their village on the banks of the river. But the rest of the people remained under ground."

When the fat woman fell with the

vine and struck the floor of the Earth-land it must have caused an awful shock to the bowels of the earth—and the earth tremors that we now feel at different times must be reverberations of that fall and shock.

Others spoke about the worship of the Sun and of the Great Spirit who moved among the trees and through the valleys but whom they could not see or understand, indicating an out-reaching of the heart after the Infinite. Such gatherings at the twilight hour when the voice of nature was beginning to be heard after the noise of the day had subsided, were the only schools or theological seminaries that these aborigines attended, and, if their views of creation and the Creator were a little obscure or confused—the cause may be found in the multitudinous legends and myths that were passed from mouth to mouth, some of these in Genesee, on the banks of the Wingohocking adjoining the old "Redman's Trail."

A Great Change

It was very seldom, judging from our information, that the Indian woman took part in these discussions or in other religious exercises. Conditions have changed since then. We recall hearing of a squaw in one of the western reservations who was a backbiting gossip, delighting in setting neighbor against neighbor by carrying tales back and forth, using vile language and indulging in practices that were lowering, being a bad example to all in the village.

After an absence of several months a mission worker returned to the reservation and was amazed at the change that had taken place in this mischief-maker. She found her visiting the sick, helping the other women and children of the reservation in any possible way she could, always speaking a kind word about one neighbor to another, and she also looked different.

The worker expressed her surprise and pleasure at the great change that had taken place and asked how it had come about. "Oh," said the changed woman, "you know what I was; a tangled up skein of thread, no good to anyone, only harmful. But Jesus, formerly of Galilee, but now of the whole wide world, came along and touched the tangle out of the skein and straightened out my life; and touched into it a love for my neighbors and a desire to undo the harm I have done by doing things worthwhile." And this woman who had obtained a proper conception of the Great Spirit may be a descendant of the mother who sang the lullaby to her little brown lassie on the edge of the old Redman's Trail.

Wingohocking Valley

At the foot of Church Lane Hill is the Wingohocking Valley which derived its name from the stream that flowed through its center. To the southeast was a stretch of meadowland known at one time as Mehl's meadow. Through this ran Peale's lane, named for Charles Wilson Peale, the well-known artist, collector of wild and other animals, and who manufactured gas in Independence Hall.

He lived at Belfield, which rose above the valley and when Wingohocking creek was put underground, the culvert was built under Peale's lane and its name

was then changed to Belfield avenue.

Before the sewer was built and the houses erected on the east of it, Mehl's meadow was a beautiful spot. At its head on the Old Trail stood a row of large willow trees under which George Washington, when living in Germantown, would sit and view the beautiful landscape below, which included the old "Rock House"—still standing—that is built upon a rock then washed by the waters of the Wingohocking. This was the old Shoemaker farm house and it is said that William Penn preached here upon several occasions, for Brother Shoemaker (Shumacher) was a Quaker.

On the southwest side of this meadow now stands the Wingohocking station of the Reading Railroad, surrounded by a grove of stately beech trees and fine shrubbery.

The Wingohocking creek crossed the Trail under a long brown bridge just east of the present railroad bridge. We recall this bridge and that it was built quite low. One day, toward evening, during a heavy thunder storm, the dam that was then located at what is now Cheltenham avenue and Morton street, and which received the water from Kelley's dam and of a stream that ran down what is now Morton street, gave way and the liberated waters carried away chicken houses, stables, sheds and the Armat street bridge. After the bridge was carried away the driver for Robert Steel, of Cedar Park Farm, who had driven to the station to meet Harry Steel, son of Robert, started to cross where he supposed the bridge was and both he and young Steel, together with the two horses, perished. The next morning the bodies of these and also those of some cows were found among the wreckage that had piled up at Church lane bridge which had held fast when everything else seemed to have given away.

An Ancient Mill

Near this bridge on Hancock street, now Baynton, stands an old mill known for years as the Roberts Mill and which has been confused by some writers with the old Townsend-Roberts mill, a mile or so farther back on the Old Trail. This was used by Spencer Roberts and his sons as a grist mill while they continued to use the older one at Mill Creek and after the latter was abandoned.

At the outbreak of the Civil War Major Oscar Roberts, brother of Mrs. F. V. Hoyt, John T. and Enoch T. Roberts, was in charge. He left this position to enter the army the old mill was disposed of by the Roberts, and has since been used as a shoddy mill and a storeroom for an oil company.

Just how old the structure is we have been unable to learn, but as it stood near the line where the railroad was built in 1832 the lower windows on the west and north sides were bricked up when the filling was made for the railroad embankment and that arches were built to allow the waters of Honey Run to pass under the embankment into the Wingohocking indicates that it was there then, and was possibly an old structure at that date.

This mill is an old Germantown relic that has been overlooked by writers and students of Germantown history. To the writer it is interesting, being probably the only remaining mill in this old borough that was run by water power. The water that ran it was brought from Honey run through a sluiceway and wooden channel from Cumberland and Armat streets, running over the sites of the power house of Wilson & Gardner's sand

yard and Jones' lumber yard. Possibly the cause of its abandonment by the Roberts was the scarcity of water and the close proximity of Stokes' steam grist mill, of which we will speak later.

Busy Smoky Hollow

Passing under the railroad bridge we hiked through the center of the largest group of mills in Germantown. These include Hamil's yarn mills, Woods & Logan's quilt mill, Smith's Belting Works, Brown's Continental Mills and Blaisdell's pencil factory. A history of these plants would make a long and instructive story, but we will have to pass them with the statement that some results of their presence here have been the bringing of millions of dollars to Germantown, the establishing of hundreds of homes, the making of many fortunes and the quickening of the financial and business interests of Germantown.

At the rear of the property at the corner of Germantown road and the Old Trail is a driveway through which you see the parish house and the cathedral-like structure of St. Luke's P. E. Church. In the tower of this church is a chime of sweet toned bells which ring the gospel message into the ears of church goers and others on the Old Trail. The chimes are the delight and pride of the neighborhood.

The driveway was given to the holders of property abutting on it by the Wayne family, who had a ground rent indenture upon a property 125x500 feet at Germantown road and the Trail.

Wilson Woods recently presented us with the original ground rent contract, written on two sheets—or blankets—of buckskin parchment, each about one yard square, containing 2592 square inches and fifteen red seals. They would make dandy floor coverings.

Mr. Woods, who was one of the holders, told us that the property with the ground rent contract was divided into sections and that all the contracts, with one exception were bought up. The exception is running around loose somewhere.

Mr. Woods also positively declared that the last fire to which the old engine or pump—Shagrag—now in the Mutual Fire Insurance building, responded, was in or near this driveway, and not on the west side as some have declared; and Wilson ought to know.

A Site with a History

Two hundred and forty-seven years ago Richard Townsend, the first recorded settler of Germantown, built the first water power grist mill in Philadelphia county. This was the one we have mentioned and later known as the Roberts' Mill.

One hundred and fifty-five years later, or ninety-two years ago—May 11, 1838—the cornerstone was laid on the Old Trail of the first steam grist mill in Pennsylvania on the site now occupied by Seminole Hall, 45 Church lane.

Wyndam H. Stokes, for many years president of the Mutual Fire Insurance company and active in other enterprises, including the building of Stokes' Block, was the owner of the mill and laid the cornerstone in which was placed a bottle that was discovered when the building was demolished fifty-one years later, which when opened yielded a fund of interesting data, including shipplasters of various denominations, statements by John F. Watson and Charles F. Ashmead, names of mechanics engaged in the erection of the building, ware scale in those

days, market prices of commodities, names of churches in the Township, names of Township officials, with the exception of Jacob C. Bockius as clerk, and other items of interest. The population at that time was 5,500.

On the top of this mill was placed the old rooster weathervane that had formerly crowned the Reformed Church, just over the back fence. This rooster is now on display in the relic case of the Market Square Church.

The upper floor of this mill was fitted up as a hall and used by various organizations for meetings. It was known as Stokes' Hall. Among those who used it were the Millerites or Second Adventists, who had set a day in 1844 for the second epiphany to take place. Many were attracted to their meetings, including Freddy Axe, a storekeeper at the corner of the Trail, of whom we will write later. It is said that crowds would gather outside the hall while the meetings were in progress and often made it uncomfortable for those within.

The old mill with its hall was bought in 1886 by Seminole Tribe, No. 30, of the Improved Order of Red Men and a good picture of it now hangs in the lodge room of the present building.

In 1889 the Tribe demolished the old building and erected the present structure which is known as Seminole Hall, in which numerous lodges of other organizations meet. It is quite appropriate that this Tribe of Red Men should have their wigwam on the Old Redman's Trail. This hall is located a few yards from Market Square which we will consider in the next chapter.

Horse Stealing

The group of Indians that sat inside the long house not only exchanged views on the origin of their people but told of their experiences in hunting, horse stealing and conflicts with members of distant tribes. Nearly all of them had engaged in expeditions to increase their stock of horses at the expense of others.

Some of these expeditions had provoked wars that had resulted in many casualties among their people. In fact the people of one of the visitors in the group had warred against the very tribe of which he was a guest; but peace had come and they were enabled to exchange views on the cause of the conflicts, which briefly stated, were horse stealing, squaw kidnapping and reprisals.

From Grinnel's interpretation and other sources we glean the record of several of these raids which must have taken place in the Wingohocking Valley before the war of 1600, of which we will speak later.

Signals and Strategy

After a season of feasting the people had retired to their various abodes. All the noise of the village had died away; even the wolves had ceased their howling and the dogs slept; only the creek kept up its murmur.

The moon, which was already high in the heavens when the sun had set, was now dropping toward the western horizon. The stars were glowing and the lodges cast black shadows that reached a long distance. It was the middle of the night. In front of the lodges were tied horses, a few lying down but most of them standing with their legs a little spread apart. All were alike asleep. It was very still, and the soft murmur of the wa-

ter on the stones now seemed loud, yet it was not always the same, for sometimes it grew clearer and more distinct, and again seemed to die away and almost to cease.

The time went by, and now there came from the creek once or twice another sound, as if two stones had been knocked together. It was very faint, hardly to be heard; but if the splashing of water had been joined to this faint click, it might have been thought that some one was crossing the stream, walking through the creek, displacing the stones as he went.

The noise was not repeated, but a little later there was something at the edge of the cut bank above the stream that had not been there before—a dark object in the shadow of the low sage brush that might have been a round black stone.

Some time passed, and suddenly a man's form appeared erect above the bank, and with a half dozen quick, noiseless steps moved into the black shadow of one of the lodges. A moments later, a second form appeared, and then likewise disappeared. There was another interval, and then two men walked out into the light and passed quietly along the line of the lodges and long houses. They did not try to hide themselves, but walked steadily along disappearing for a moment, and then coming out again into the moonlight and if anyone had seen them, he might have thought that two men of the camp

or village were returning late to their homes.

At length one of them seemed to have reached his lodge, and the other walked on a little further alone; and then he, too, disappeared in the shadow, and did not step again into the moonlight.

And now behind two of the lodges in the village, before which were tied swift running horses, were crouching two young men waiting, watching, listening to see if all was quiet. The moon was sinking, the shadows were growing longer, the light all about was dimmer, but it was still clear moonlight, and one could see a long way.

Chief Sinasta

Sinasta (the leader of the party) waited for a little time with his ear close to the lodge skins. He could hear the regular breathing of the sleepers within. Once or twice he rose to his feet, about to step around into the light in front of the lodge, but some slight sound from within warned him to wait. At length he rose, and, knife in hand, walked quickly to the horses and stooped down; but at that moment he heard a long sigh, a rustle of robes and in an instant and without a sound he again vanished behind the lodge. A soft step was heard within, the door was thrown open, and a man stepped out into the light.

Sinasta was lying on the ground in the black shadow. He held his knife between his teeth, his bow in his left hand, and a sheaf of arrows in his right. There, within a few feet of him, stood an enemy unconscious of danger. It would be easy to shoot an arrow through him, scalp him and then disappear in the darkness. He wanted to kill this man, and as he lay there it was hard for him to resist the

desire. But he remembered that he was the leader of a war party, and had told his young men that they were to take horses and not to kill enemies, unless they should be discovered and it should become necessary. It would not be right for him to do something that he had told his followers not to do. Besides, to kill this man might bring some of his party into danger.

The man would yell, people would rush out of their lodges to see what had happened and some of Sinasta's young men might be caught. So Sinasta lay there and waited. The man yawned, stretched himself, and stood for a few moments looking up and down the valley. Then he re-entered the lodge and lay down, drawing his robe over him and soon his regular breathing told that he slept.

A Clean Get-Away

Now Sinasta quickly arose, slipped his bow and arrows into their case, and stepping around in front of the lodges, cut loose two of the horses there and led them up the stream toward the beech timber near the trail. He walked on the side of the horses away from the lodge, stooping low so as to be out of sight, and the animals looked like two loose horses walking away from the camp. In the edge of the timber he met his companion, who had also taken two horses. They led the animals through the beeches, across the trail, up the stream a little farther, passing the rocks near where Kelly's dam was afterward built and out into the open fields above.

Mounting here they rode for a mile or so, till they reached a ravine near the trail (York Road) running north. In this ravine was a large band of loose horses collected from the neighborhood and herded by five

young men. Sinasta said to them: "It is well, my brothers, let us go." In a moment all were mounted. The horses were started, at first slowly, but in a short time they were being hurried along at their very best speed, and before morning they were many miles away.

It was in this way, explained those who were grouped inside the entrance to the long house, that the members of a war party entered the enemy's camp when they had set out bent only on securing plunder, horse-stealing being the principal feature.

At another time this same Sinasta entered a camp and waiting for some little time, watching a party of gamblers who were playing "hands" in a lodge before which was tied a horse which he greatly desired to take. At length, when he supposed all the players were deeply interested, he stepped forward to cut loose the animal, but just as he was about to do so the door-flap was lifted and two men came out and walked off a little to one side and behind the lodge. Sinasta was just stooping to cut the rope as he saw the flap lifting. He stood up and walked directly up to the entrance, passing close to the men who had come out, and who took him for some one belonging to the encampment about to enter the lodge and take part in the gambling. He lifted the flap as if to enter, and then letting it fall, slipped around the lodge and out of sight.

Waiting until the two men had returned he hurried around in front

again, cut loose the horse, led it away from the lodge, mounted and rode off. He was hardly on its back before the loss was discovered, but he made good his escape.

Penetrating thus into the very midst of the enemy's camp required not a little nerve. The successful horse-taker must be cool and ready in emergency, as well as daring. There was always a fair probability that the warrior would be discovered, for in such a large camp, such as Genesee, there was usually someone moving about, or if not, the dogs were likely to bark. If a man was recognized as a stranger, he had to act quickly to save his life. It can, therefore, be readily understood that these expeditions were full of excitement and danger.

Retaliation

Ogontz was the head chief of Genesee, a man of tact but high spirited, and he and his subordinate chiefs felt the disgrace and loss inflicted upon the camp by the acts of Sinasta and his companions, representatives of their enemies from beyond the northern branch of the Susquehanna, in these night raids upon the village. The loss of several of the best horses in the encampment intensified their desire for revenge.

Yana (Bear), one of the underchiefs felt the sting keenly as his favorite mount was one of those taken in the last raid. In council it was decided to make counter-raids in their enemies' territory and Yana asked that he might lead the first raiding party. This party was made up of the bravest and best riders in the tribe and they started north with the determination not to return except with horses, squaws and perhaps scalps, taken from their foes.

For two days they rode and then forded the river near where they knew the enemy was encamped. Leaving the horses with two of the party they climbed a hill from which a view of the camp could be obtained and there they waited and planned for the raid that night. Some were assigned

to take three or four squaws from the most prominent tepees while the others were to gather all the horses they could get away with and hasten back to where they had left their own ponies.

A Big Success

Yana and a companion drew near to the encampment where festivities were being held and decided that they must get into the camp at once. It was proposed that they should imitate the sportive young men of the camp, that one should chase the other into the circle of lodges or tepees, and that then they should wrestle, separate and then hide. The plan was carried out. They crept as near the tepees as they dared and then springing to their feet, raced over the open space. They did not run directly toward the camp, but drew near the tepees gradually, and at length they darted between two of them and into the circle, and then the pursuer with a shout caught the other, and they struggled and rolled on the ground.

Parting again, they ran on, and for some time raced about the camp, imitating the play of the boys and young men, trying to get an idea as to where the best horses were. Near one of the

tepees, they saw a pen in which were three fine horses, one of which Yana recognized as his own, and they determined to take them first.

When most of the people had gone to their tents, the fires had died down and the camp was more quiet, the two Lenapes stole to the pen and made a hole in the side as noiselessly as possible. Two of the horses were secured without any difficulty but the third was wild and made so much noise that the owner, a chief, came out of the tepee to see what caused the disturbance and lost his life and scalp for so doing.

The horses were led to a place beyond the last tepee and Yana and his comrade returned for more plunder. Passing a tent where a group of their foes were gambling near a fire they lay down and watched the game through an opening made by a raised flap of the tent. Yana's companion became so interested in the game that he began to bet with Yana on the results and lost every time.

Finally, not being able to control his anger any longer, he called the man who held the bone outside and after taking him beyond the range of light caused by the fire, he chided him for making him lose and took his life and scalp, causing Yana to drag him away and they hastily mounted the horses they had secured and rode rapidly to the rendezvous where they found the balance of the party with several horses, three squaws and a scalp as fruits of the night's adventure.

Two of them reported that one of the squaws had been taken from a tepee where a scalped man lay outside, possibly the owner of the horses that Yana had taken. The tent was probably raided while Yana and his comrade were betting on the gambling a short distance away.

The party were soon mounted, re-forded the river and were a long distance from the encampment before the work of the raiders was discovered. They suspected who were responsible for their losses and decided that the Lenni Lenapes over whom Ogontz presided should suffer severely for their audacious acts.

A Warm Reception

In less than two days Yana and his band were received at Genesee with jubilation not only because they had returned in safety with fruits of the raid, but because they had wiped out the disgrace and chagrin that had resulted from the raids upon their own home village. These are but a few of the episodes in the records of Genesee on the Wingohocking, across which the old Redman's Trail ran.

It is well to recall that there were no newspapers, railroads and others wife are talked of in these days of news-spreading devices that are common in these days, therefore, the return of a raiding party with plunder was talked about longer in those days by the villagers than the stealing of a million dollars and another man's rush and worry.

War Clouds

Amidst the jubiliations over the safe return of the raiding party under Yana, Chief Ogontz and his advisers sat in council and debated what would be the outcome of the raid. They knew the disposition of Black Fox (Inali), the chief of the tribe that had been aided and presumed that he would not calmly submit to the stealing of his horses and the wife of one of his junior chiefs and that a speedy revenge would be planned and attempted.

Just what form this would take was a question that was carefully considered but all seemed to agree that it would be on a large scale; possibly an attempt to annihilate the village and its people would be made and that speedily, while the blood of their foes was hot.

Feverish Preparations

Scouts were sent out with instructions to get a line on the activities of Black Fox and his warriors and report at once if preparations for war were started; at the same time Ogontz ordered his own flint workers to increase the implements as rapidly as possible.

In four or five days one of the scouts returned with the information that Black Fox was mustering and instructing his fighting force and that the entire camp was gathering war implements, provisions and other necessities of a warpath venture. Scalp and war dances were held while he was reconnoitering and that the entire people seemed to be worked up into a frenzy for war.

This report, confirming the views of Ogontz and his chiefs, increased the activities of the Geneseeans for the defense of their village and led the chiefs to plan how best to meet the attacks made by codes or methods used by various chiefs. One of these methods was to surround the village and wait till all were asleep and then steal into huts and lodges and do their bloody work as swiftly as possible before an alarm could be given. Another method was to attack the center of the village if it was a long one (such as Genesee), and while in the midst of festivities overcome the leaders and then clean out the village by dividing forces and destroying both wings at the same time or by keeping their forces together destroy one wing and then repeating with the other.

Knowing the methods used by Black Fox in other campaigns Ogontz decided that he would use the last plan and that an attempt would be made to take the center of the village, where the council chamber and chiefs' houses were situated, by an attack in the rear, over the hill, now Belfield farm, and up the ravine leading from Wister's Hollow. His men were drilled to resist such an attack but provision was also made to meet assaults from other directions. By signals agreed upon groups would be called from different points to the center of attack.

It was also planned to have the council fire blazing and dances take place in front of the Council house that the attackers might be led to believe that their presence was unsuspected. Instructions were given to the squaws of the village as to what

to do if certain emergencies arose, and when an attack was made they must hasten to the lower part of the village and in the event of defeat they were to flee southward toward the camp at Rising Sun.

The Great Battle of 1600

Three days after the first scout reported another rode hurriedly into camp and reported to Ogontz that Black Fox had forded the Susquehanna with fully 500 mounted and well armed warriors and many pack-horses carrying provisions and additional war implements and were all headed toward Genesee. It was late in the afternoon when he arrived and he expressed the opinion that they would make an attack upon the village the night of the following day.

Black Fox and his chiefs had decided upon a massed central attack, the location and details of the surroundings of Genesee being well known to some of them, but they realized that complete success would depend in a large measure upon their ability to make a surprise attack while the Lenapes were off their guard. They understood that in peaceful times there were but few important events in the life of a camp like Genesee and that jubilation over a successful raid would take different forms for several days and nights.

Feeling that so much depended on the element of surprise in their expedition, scouts or outriders were sent ahead and beyond their flanks, but the Lenape scouts eluded them. When they halted for rest and food after leaving the Susquehanna many miles in the rear two of the warriors were bitten by rattlesnakes and after proper treatment they were left behind to care for themselves until the return of the war party, for Black Fox felt the need of every man in the company.

Indian Strategy

When they arrived within about four miles of Genesee they halted, divided their horses into droves of 100 each

and picketed each drove some distance apart covering a line of nearly two miles, that, if they were discovered the size of the force would not be known and if defeated only one drove would be captured. Two Indians were left in charge of each drove.

The plan was to start at sunset and reach Genesee an hour or so later. All these details were discovered by a daring Lenape who enclosed himself in the bark of a tree stump about eight feet high, and guessing where they would halt stood perfectly still for over an hour, being taken for the stump of a tree with an uneven top. With care he moved away but one warrior in the brush thought he saw something move and walked around the trees and his bark outfit, looking for the moving object before rejoining his companions. The Lenape finally worked himself to a place of safety near where his well drilled horse was lying down and speeded to the camp where he told Chief Ogontz what he had discovered.

After learning the location of the droves of horses Ogontz selected ten of his braves and told them to keep themselves in readiness to ride out to the western-most drove if they saw the

battle was going in favor of the Lenapes, overcome the guards and bring the horses into camp. Ogontz feeling that he had outguessed Black Fox so far in his plans, felt that he could continue to do so when the attack was made and was confident that the fight would result in their favor. This confidence he imported to his chiefs and men and they awaited the hour of attack with a feeling of restrained assurance at the same time realizing that some of them would bite the dust before victory was won. Some of the thoughtful ones watched the sun as it sank below the western horizon with the question in their minds, "Would the Great Spirit be on their side in the conflict that was just ahead?"

As the night shades lowered the women and children made their way to the lower end of the camp, some perhaps, with fear in their hearts, while others wished they might take their place in the line of battle and cover themselves with glory. The council and other fires were kindled by the reserves and a little dancing indulged in while they kept their eyes on their weapons of war lying nearby.

The warriors took their assigned places at the front, some behind large horse-hide shields, carried by one of their comrades, from behind which at least three could shoot and at the same time be partially protected from the flying arrows of their foes. It should be remembered that powder was unknown to the Indians at this time.

The Fatal Attack

The braves had hardly taken their positions before they became aware of the near presence of other humans, instinct, well-known signs and manifestations told them that their foes were at hand and they prepared themselves for the impact. The enemy not having come in contact with sentries, were convinced that their presence was not known by the Lenapes and as they heard the sound of dance and song in the valley below they threw aside their customary caution and advanced in large groups until they

were in the midst of Belfield farm—now the site of LaSalle College—just beyond the ridge that overlooked the camp.

Just at this moment certain sounds were heard, and a group of Lenapes ran out from the right wing of their line and set fire to piles of brush along what is now known as Belfield woods (Boy Scout Camp Grounds); at the same time all fires in the village were extinguished. The light in the rear of the Lenapes was thus removed while the blazing piles of brush in the rear of the Susquehannas made of them easy targets for the arrows of the defenders.

With a yell storms of arrows were shot at the invaders as the shield bearers pushed forward toward the foe. After the first shock of surprise had passed the invaders, realizing that they were in a trap, let loose a terrific yell, which expressed rage, venom and determination to sell their lives as dearly as possible. They returned the arrow fusillade of their foes with one equally as bitter but not as effective, for the Lenapes were protected by their shields.

Then led by their chiefs they gripped their bone daggers and stone hatchets and charged the defenders;

these came from behind their shields and met the invaders' onslaught with similar weapons and the bloody hand-to-hand fight was on. Parrying and lunging, retreating and then dashing forward again the bitter contest waged for many minutes and many fell on each side.

One duel of unusual interest took place over near the burning brush between Yona and Sinasta, the young raiding chiefs who were largely responsible for the battle that was now raging. They fought ferociously, realizing that it was a fight to a finish. As they yelled and lunged at each other and turned aside the thrusts and strokes aimed at them, others became interested in the duel and some from each side seemed to be transfixed at the ferocity and skill of the combatants. Finally Yona by a swift spring to the right was enabled to bring his hatchet down upon the lifted arm of his opponent, knocking the dagger from his hand and then with a lightning-like thrust set his own knife into the vitals of Sinasta. With another rapid stroke he removed the scalp of the fallen one and with a triumphant yell waved it above his head.

The Retreat

This started the retreat which proved to be a costly one, for in spite of the loss of many of their comrades the Lenapes fought with a fury that amazed the invaders and caused them to leave the field in haste, followed by the arrows and yells of the victors. When the retreating warriors reached the old Redman's Trail, near where Richard Townsend later built his mill, they came in contact with a contingent from the encampment on the Tacony, they having received a late message of the expected attack. Here many others met their death, dying on the Old Trail.

They pushed on toward their horses but when those who remained who owned the western-most drove reached the place where they had been picketed they found the bodies of the two braves left in charge, but the horses were on their way to Genesee. They then hurried to the next group, and all who had escaped the slaughter were soon mounted and riding rapidly toward the Susquehanna.

Among those wounded was Black Fox, and he expired as they neared the river, after he had requested that his body be wrapped in his war blanket, weighted with heavy stones and placed in a deep spot in the river. His request was complied with. Shortly after the return of the defeated warriors, they broke camp and moved about forty miles north.

After the Battle

That night was a busy one in Genesee; their own wounded were brought in and cared for; the dead were gathered together and counted. It was found that victory had been secured at a heavy cost and the exultation over the successful outcome of the battle was mingled with sorrow for the slain ones and their kin. In such a battle much war material was used on both sides. J. F. Watson in his Annals says: "The quantity of Indian arrowheads, spears and hatchets, all of flint and stone and attached to wooden or withe handles, still ploughed up in the fields is great. I have seen some of a heap of two hundred together, in a circle of the size of a bushel; some of them, strange to say,

are those from chalk beds, and not at all like the flint of our part of the country." Possibly some of these were among those that were brought from beyond the Susquehanna by the invaders.

If such large numbers were ploughed up on the battlefield over two hundred years after the battle, how many there must have been lying around the day after the contest took place!

The bodies of the invaders were gathered, large pyres were built on the field of battle, the torch applied, and as the odor and smoke from the burning piles swept over Genesee, the grief of those who were mourning the loss of kin was assuaged.

The day following the burning of the bodies of the foe the funeral of the Geneseeans was held. It was a mournful procession that passed through the encampment and out onto the Old Trail, turning west and slowly moving toward the burying ground which was located at what is now Schoolhouse lane and Wissahickon avenue. The bodies were buried in a sitting posture which explains the short length of the "mounds" that were visible until recent years. War implements and other articles were buried with the fallen warriors.

Some of the mounds were evidently leveled by the Hessians during the Germantown campaign of 1777 or 177 years after the Indian battle.

The late E. W. Clark built his home, "Cloverly," on part of this ground in 1859 and lived there until his death in 1904. The house and stable were torn plan to have guides escort visitors over historic Germantown next summer, while Major Allen spoke of the plans under way to boom the town down and the lot given to the city by the children of Mr. Clark, for a rest park, in memory of their father. It is now known as "Cloverly Park."

In a letter to the writer of this sketch, Herbert L. Clark, one of the sons, said: "I understand that in digging the foundations for the house and stable a number of bullets were found, being relics of the Battle of Germantown, and also a number of Indian arrowheads. I do not remember ever having heard from my father of any Indian burials in the rear."

The letter of Mr. Clark indicates that the missiles of death of the red man of 1600 and the white man of 1777 mingled in the old Indian burial ground on the Redman's Trail. Next week, the victory parade on the Old Trail.

Note

In response to queries, we wish to repeat what we said at the beginning of the sketch, that the North American Indians, of which the Lenni Lenapes were a branch, were of a different race than were the Mayas, the Zapotecs, the Toltecs and the Aztecs, who succeeded each other in South and Central America and in Mexico. Some of the latter may have mingled with the North American race near the Rio Grande which may explain some of the customs they had in common. But a comparison of the Mayans and the Indians who roamed over what became the United States, indicate that they did not have a common ancestry. The same may be said of the Eskimos.

Chapter Seven

Victory Celebration

A few days after the burial of the braves, scouts brought to Chief Ogontz the information that their foes were moving their village farther north, thus indicating that they had learned a lesson and that there would be no further attempts in the near future to renew the attack upon the Lenapes of Genesee. When this news reached the ears of the people a movement was started among the younger braves to celebrate the victory and soon the entire village got behind the plan; then in council the matter was discussed and plans formulated to make the demonstration as imposing and meaningful as possible.

When the plans and days were decided upon invitations were sent to the neighboring tribes of Lenapes to attend and participate in the celebration which might continue several days. We have looked in vain for a copy of the invitations sent out. They may have been delivered verbally and would doubtless include an account of the battle and victory, including the losses on both sides, the migration north of the invaders and a partial statement of what would be attempted in the festivities. Each encampment was requested to send its athletes, orators, singers, paraphernalia, costumes, etc., for dances, parade and other events of the celebration.

Demonstration Parade

It must be remembered that street parades and mummers' antics were not original with the whites of this land, for the Indians who preceded them for centuries made use of these features in their feasts and other festivities. If the "New Year's Mummers" were to read carefully the records of Indian celebrations they would discover some stunts that, if pulled off on Broad street, would amaze and please the spectators. This is a source of information that mummers have evidently neglected.

About noon of the first day of the celebration contingents from the Rising Sun, Wissahickon and Chestnut Hill encampments had assembled at the cross trails (Main street and School lane), while those from Tacony, Frankford Creek and several from farther east

gathered at the other cross trails (York road and Church lane). The plan was to march over the Central or Church lane section of the "Old Trail," pass each other, and then form at the Wingohocking (Belfield avenue), for the general parade through the village. This major parade was to be led by the warriors who had been in the battle, headed by Ogontz and his staff.

The start was made by each section so that the head of each section would pass each other at the junction of the village street and the Old Trail where the fighting warriors and other Geneseeans were lined up along the trail. It was a great collection of Indian ponies, Indian costumes with their beaded work and hand painted designs, and Indian blankets with their primitive patterns. The features and bodies of the braves were figured and disfigured in the latest style with paint, ochre and oil. There may have been a Peale or an Oakley among them, but their work was not put into a permanent form; hence it disappeared at the next bath.

The feathers used in the war bonnets spoke of the death of thousands of birds and wild fowl, while some of the

costumes were completely covered with brilliant colored ones which made dazzling spectacles when the sun shone upon them. Makisinikewinini (Moccasin Maker), led the section from Tacony. "Mak" was a tall, athletic looking chief, with bonnet and feather streamers of huge proportions. He rode his richly caparisoned steed with majestic dignity, which indicated that he appreciated the position he held. His staff was composed of chiefs who had distinguished themselves either in war, diplomacy or the hunt. They were mounted on horses that seemed to understand the importance of the occasion for they held their heads high.

The section coming from the west was commanded by Songitche, meaning stronghearted, and he looked his name. He was from the camp of the Lower Wissahickon and a braver, stronger hearted chief had never appeared among his people than he. Songitche's staff was also composed of famously brave warriors.

As the leaders of the two sections came opposite each other they gave the famous tomahawk salute. At this time they were dignity personified. No commanders of vast armies were more military in their bearing than were these chiefs as they rode on the Redman's Trail in 1600. The members of the staffs also saluted. Their salute included a raising of the body as a rider today would rise in his stirrups.

Notable Features

There was a large number of horsemen in the parade in addition to many groups afoot. After the salutations of the chiefs were over some marvelous feats were performed by the horsemen as they came opposite the Geneseeans, who were watching with much interest the processions, passing in each direction, as they waited to fall in line to lead the parade through the village.

Two horsemen were seen doing the spin around their horses' bodies, trying hard to beat their rival in speed. How they controlled themselves and kept from striking their heads on the ground is a mystery. This feat was greeted with shouts of approval from the spectators. One young fellow stood upright on his horse's head. The animal had evidently been trained to this act for it held its neck rigid while continuing to walk. This stunt was also vigorously approved. We would like to see some of the riding mummers with their top hats and dinky whips, try to pull off such stunts on New Year's Day or Hallowe'en. If they were compelled to there would be few riding marshals and bombastic aides.

Nearly all of the riders turned around and rode with their faces toward their horses' tails. One or two balanced themselves on their sterns and spun around like tops. One supple rider thus balanced himself and then put his right leg around his neck, but when he tried to put his other leg around, he lost his balance and slid off his horse's back, causing those who were watching to think an injury was in store for him; but, as usual, he landed on his feet like a cat. We would like to see a stout society dame try that feat on the floor. There certainly would be a puffing which would exceed that of "Old Ironsides." Of course there were scores of other tricks performed; the foregoing were the unusual ones recorded. If a couple had only worn top hats and dinky coats they would have caused a laugh a mile long, and perhaps a riot.

The marchers were not inferior to the riders in the acts they performed. We recall seeing some of the mummer

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handsprings, flip-flops, etc., but the paraders on Redman's Trail would have scorned doing such kindergarten movements. Hopping on one hand was a common feat. One ran and turned a double front air-springs, landing in front of the chief's squaws as gracefully as a cat, much to their pleasure. Features of one group of young warriors were reproductions of hand to hand conflicts they had engaged in with notable foes. There were several tom-tom and singing groups among the visitors, while many scalps were displayed on spears.

We have written at length of this parade on the Old Trail because it was a brilliant pageant, exceeding in spectacular features the Meschianza of 1778 and was many times larger and of more importance than the political turnouts in later years, with their cheap torches, oil cloth capes and sixteen cent caps. Some of these were led by good old "Sam" Loeb, who when he wanted his men to do the wheel on the Old Trail, would bellow out in a stentorian tone, "Cum roundt like a gate, cum!"

We have also been careful to note some of the features of the parade that, if it

should ever be produced by the residents and Indians of the trail of the present day, they will have pen pictures of part of it to start with.

Parading Through Genesee

By the time the different sections headed by Makisinikewinini and Songitche had returned to the junction of the trail and lane that ran through Genesee, the Geneseean horsemen were mounted and ready to lead the visitors through the village. The addition of one hundred or more horses, as a result of the battle, to the village's stock made this company a formidable one and it was with a proud look that Ogontz rode to the head of it, after inviting the leading visiting chiefs to fall in with his staff.

We wish we could present to the readers of this sketch pictures of this procession as it passed through the beautiful Wingohocking valley. There were no cross roads, bridges, dumps or quarries to impede the progress of the paraders or to mar the beauty of the surroundings. At each tepee and house there were trophies of the war path, the hunt and of industry in the form of implements, skins, baskets, mats and blankets. The display of skins was a rich one.

How the people did shout and yell as their braves rode by, some with their first laurels and scalps of victory! These shouts were answered by the triumphant yells of the visitors who vied with each other as groups, in noise making. The valley has since witnessed large picnic parties, steeplechasing groups, tablet unveiling demonstrations and streams of automobiles, but methinks, they would have to go some and then more too, to get within hailing distance of the victory celebration of 1600.

After the home riders had passed through the village they returned to the center through a lane lined on both sides with visitors who yelled themselves hoarse as they unstintingly acclaimed the victorious legion. If there were any envy or jealousy in their hearts toward the victors it was not manifested during this day of days in the history of Genesee; instead comradeship, unrestrained cordiality and admiration prevailed.

Other Features

After the victors had saluted and re-passed Ogontz and his staff, who had stationed themselves on their horses opposite the big rock at the curve of the stream, which gave them a view up and down the valley, they dispersed, and, with the visitors, stationed themselves on the wooded hillsides near the council square where other events were to take place. The hills on each side of the valley at this point, with a level surface in the center, which was used as an arena, made a natural outside theatre.

We cannot describe all the events that took place during the afternoon. Space forbids. The horse bucking, short horse dashes, in which success depended altogether on a quick getaway, and daring bare-back riding won the approval of the crowd. The feats performed in the parade were repeated, some in competition, as the different encampments had champions for nearly all events.

An interesting feature was the contest among the bowmen, first at targets from different positions of the body and distances, and then the vertical shooting. This was done from a ring drawn in the center of the arena, about nine feet in diameter. The bowmen would stand or kneel in this circle and shoot into the air, the object being to have the arrow return as near to the center as possible. This required keen judgment in the turning of the arrow and the velocity of the wind. The brave who won this was Awinita (Young Deer), of the Lower Wisahickon camp, whose three arrows all fell within the circle, one very near the center.

There were also wrestling and running contests, some of the latter being hurdles, in which the agile forms of the Indians were displayed to fine advantage.

As Yana's victory over Sinasta had been talked about quite freely among the people a request was made that the contest be re-enacted by Yana and one who had witnessed it. The request was complied with, Yana using the same weapons he used in the battle and his opponent using Sinasta's, which had been preserved. The contest was purposely prolonged, Sinasta's substitute being a quick and seasoned fighter. As the fight progressed the spectators drew as near to the arena as they were allowed, and as Yana made his tiger-like springs and fatal thrust and the substitute (who was a good actor) fell to the ground, a tumultuous uproar followed and Yana was acclaimed a worthy champion of his race.

Eats or Refreshments

After these events the visitors scattered to the various lodges and houses where they had been invited to stay. The visiting chiefs were the guests of Chief Ogontz and his staff. The evening meal was served in the council chamber, the committee in charge of the affair being Gonwasongiven, Nakasgonam, Nehewitsin, and Zelogelas. These were not Welshwomen, as the names might indicate, but the wives and daughters of the leading chiefs.

The wife of Ogontz wore her hair quite neatly arranged, with small braids on each side of her head, while several ornaments dangled from her ears. She wore a jacket or skirt made of buckskin ornamented with rows of small shells and around her neck were two or three strings of beads.

Ganonkwenon, the youngest waitress, was amazingly attired. Her hair was wrapped around a corncob that stood upright on

her head. She wore a corsage made of transparent material, while her skirt and moccasins were dyed scarlet. She wore armlets covered with shells and a band around her forehead was similarly ornamented. They performed their duties gracefully and won the admiration and approval of the distinguished guests. We fail to find a menu card of the occasion among our Indian relics. We had intended to speak in this chapter of the dances which took place in the evening but will have to defer it to the next chapter.

Chapter Eight

Dancing

Some worth while data could have been written about the arrow game, with at least a dozen entries, the object being to shoot as many arrows in the air as possible before the first one touched the ground. The majority had six to their credit, two had seven, but the winner was Salili (Squirrel), who had nine in the air and another in his bow when the first one came down. This game called for quickness and accuracy of action. Many other games were entered into with zest during the celebration, but we have not the space to describe all of them.

Dancing entered into the recreation, amusement, religious ceremonies and celebrations of not only the Lenni Lenapes, but of all the tribes of the North American Indians, and in all of them both vocal and instrumental music were introduced.

One writer said: "These dances consist of about four different steps which constitute the different steps which constitute all the different varieties, but the figure and forms of these scenes are very numerous and produced by the most violent jumps and contortions accompanied by the songs and beat of the drum, which are given in exact time with their motions. It has been said by some travelers that the Indian has neither harmony nor melody in his music, but I am unwilling to subscribe to such an assertion, although I grant for the most part of their vocal exercises there is a total absence of what the musical world would call melody; their songs being made up chiefly of a sort of violent chant of harsh and jarring gutturals, of yelps and barks and screams, which are given out in perfect time, not only method (but with harmony) in their madness." There are times, too, when the Indian lies down by his fireside with his drum in his hand, which he lightly and most imperceptibly touches over as he accompanies it with his stifled voice of dulcet sounds that might come from the most tender and delicate female."

The Indians seemed to have dances for everything: before and after war-path experiences, after a hunt, harvest dances, and some just for amusement. Through it worship was offered, appeals made to the Great Spirit, and visitors and strangers were honored and entertained by the dance.

"Instead of the 'giddy maze' of the hugging spin, the lemon squeeze, the turkey trot, and other white men's classics, enlivened by the cheering smile and reciprocating clinch of half-robed and silken beauty, the In-

dian performs his rounds with jumps and starts and yells, much to the satisfaction of his own exclusive self and infinite amusement of the gentler sex, who are always onlookers, but seldom allowed so great a pleasure or so signal an honor as that of joining with their lords in this or any other entertainment."

Still White Women Dance

In one aspect of dancing the white men of today imitate their red men predecessors, for they now dance upon nearly all occasions. When Germantown observed the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Germantown a Colonial ball had a prominent place on the program during which some of the general committee distinguished themselves by the grace with which they danced the minuet and the Virginia reel.

When Fourth of July celebrations are held, various kinds of dancing are introduced, at banquets and ordinary suppers the floor is very often cleared and dancing indulged in, but these dances are tame in comparison with those that took place in Genesee on the Old Redman's Trail in 1600.

We recall a street dance that took place here in Germantown some moons since which differed somewhat from those that took place on the banks of the Wingohocking. We presume that one of the things that would have amazed an Indian woman had she looked over the shoulders of the spectators was when two white squaws, one a grandmother, with four story heels, started the moon dance together because the white bucks were not brave enough to offer their assistance. We repeat, how tame were these dances in comparison with those that took place in Genesee after the hour of refreshments and rest had expired! Several of these it is our purpose to describe.

The Corn Dance

Corn was esteemed among the Indians as a kind of divine grain, a special gift of the Great Spirit, and in their race language they called it Mon-da-men, or the Spirit's grain, for they believed that the first stalk of corn came down from the sky in full tassel as an answer to the prayer of a young hero at the end of his manhood's fast. This gift was so needful to man that every year when the harvest of corn was ripe—not dry—a Thanksgiving Feast was held, at which the tribe held its sacred Dance of the Corn, one of the most beautiful of their dances.

When the ear was full grown the women who raised the corn would for several days take ears to the Mystery Men in the Council Chamber and they would decide whether the corn was ripe or not, the women not being permitted to open the husks. When it was decided that the corn was fully ripe, invitations would be sent to all the tribe to gather on a certain day, witness the dance and partake of the corn feast, which would last for several days, when nearly all the corn would be consumed, only enough being left for the next season's planting. All these preliminaries had been performed and the first of the corn dances was to be held on the night of the "Victory Celebration."

A framework or bower was made of four poles ornamented with ears and stalks of corn—four was the sacred number. Under this bower a fire was built, and over the fire a kettle hung, suspended from the crossing of the poles and filled with the first green corn that was to be offered to the Great Spirit. While the water was boiling, four Mystery Men, their bodies painted white, and each bearing a stalk of corn in one hand and a mystic rattle in the other, danced around the pot singing songs of thanksgiving; and a circle of chosen warriors also with stalks of corn in their hands danced in an extended circle outside, singing the song of Thanksgiving (which was particularly appropriate at this time). The rest of the people were spectators.

While the dancing continued, wooden bowls with horn spoons were laid out on the ground from which the people were to feast. When the Mystery Men decided the corn was sufficiently boiled, the dancing and singing were stopped, the kettle was taken down, the ears were removed and laid on a little framework of sticks built over the fire. Then the dancing began again and continued while the corn was thus being consumed. When nothing but ashes remained, these were offered to the Great Spirit. The fire itself was removed, and the ashes were buried, so that no creature should use them.

A new fire was quickly started to boil the corn for the tribe and visitors on the very spot where the old one had been and the next kettle of corn was soon cooking. The first to partake of the feast were the chiefs, the Mystery Men and the warriors; and then the whole people were served. There was no merrier time in the year than the Feast of the Corn of Thanksgiving. It was quite appropriate that this dance and feast should be part of the Victory Celebration. When the invitations to the feast were sent out upon ordinary occasion it was stated that the people should come with empty stomachs.

Welcome and Other Dances

The corn dance was followed by the welcome dance, which was given in honor of the visitors in camp and, out of respect to the persons to whom they expressed this welcome, the musicians and all members of the encampment rose to their feet and stood while it was being danced.

There was at first a lament for those who died in the battle but it ended in a gay and lively and cheerful step, while they are announcing that the friends to whom they were directing it were received into the places that were left vacant.

Then there was the warrior's dance accompanied by the war song, one of the verses being:

I am proud of being at home!
I am proud, O Yana I am proud.

I am at home—my enemy run
I am proud, I am proud, O Yana!
There were several other dances before the scalp dance took place, which was the closing event of the evening. This was danced on at least ten nights following the battle.

Scalping

Scalping a dead enemy was a peculiarity of the North American Indian and was practiced by all tribes. We have found no satisfactory explanation of the beginning of this practice among this people. Various guesses have been made and statements printed about how chiefs and others are ranked according to the number of scalps they could display which explains why on certain days scalp poles were raised above wigwams that contained the number of scalps the owners had taken.

The scalp consisted of that part of the skin of the head covering the bump of esteem and no other part of the skin was considered as part of the scalp although other parts were removed to ornament war implements, garments and horses' bridles. The Indians have been charged with brutality for scalping people, but none were intentionally scalped while living, although some who had been stunned or had fainted have been known to have lost their scalps and fully recovered from the effect.

When the warriors went on the warpath it was expected they would return with scalps and they were closely scrutinized upon their return to see if they carried these trophies of victory. It will thus be understood why an Indian would risk a great deal to secure the scalp of a man he may have shot at a distance and why women were scalped, there being no difference in the appearance of the scalps of the sexes. Our opinion of the origin of the habit of scalping is that among the Mongolians the queue was considered the sign of nationality, of dignity and in some was an expression of a certain religious faith and that it was considered a disgrace to lose it. These views were strictly held and the queues jealously guarded by all Chinese until recent years.

The North American Indians being descendants of the Mongolians, as we explained in the first chapter, thought to disgrace their enemies by removing their queues and keeping them intact by taking the skin with them. After centuries had passed the original meaning would be lost and they would only be considered as trophies of war. Still, in some tribes, after the scalps had been exhibited in the dance and otherwise, and the warriors had gotten all the glory they could from them, they were carefully buried, because they had a superstitious fear that the spirits of the owners would trouble them unless they did so.

The fact is that a great many mysterious forms among the Indians are made clear by the acceptance of the Mongolian descent idea and a study of the yellow man's history and habits.

The Scalp Dance

The scalp dance in Genesee following the other dances was distinctly the "Victory Celebration" event of the evening. The Great Spirit had been thanked for corn, the guests had been welcomed and entertained and now victory was to be brought forth

and acclaimed. This dance was always danced by the light of torches just before retiring for the night.

The warriors came into the circle of light, delivering themselves of the most extravagant boasts of their wonderful skill, strength and bravery in battle, while they brandished their war weapons in their hands. A number of young women had been selected to aid (although they did not actually join in the dance) and stepping into the center of the ring of light they held up the scalps that had recently been taken, while the warriors jumped around in a circle brandishing their weapons, and barking and yelping in the most frightful manner, all jumping on both feet at the same time with a simultaneous stamp and blow and thrust of their weapons, with which it would seem as if they were actually cutting and carving each other to pieces.

During these frantic leaps and yells and thrusts every man distorted his face to the utmost of his muscles, darting about his glaring eyeballs and snapping his teeth and actually breathing through his inflated nostrils the hissing death of battle, living over again the hot, frenzied excitement of the hand to hand conflict. No description that we can write will convey more than a feeble outline of the frightful effects of these scenes enacted, on the borders of the Old Redman's Trail, in the dead and darkness of night, which

was broken by the glaring light of their blazing torches.

Such scenes if witnessed by the nerve-racked people of today would play greater havoc with over-wrought hearts and brains than earthquakes, floods and other calamities that come so often near us. No wonder the large assemblage that witnessed the dance that night, near the very spot where the battle had taken place but a few nights before, were impressively quiet, for they recalled that but a few yards away was the blood-soaked ground, and the ashes of the bodies of those who had fallen in the fray.

This dance closed one of the most memorable days in the history of Genesee and the villagers and their guests retired wondering what the morrow would bring forth.

Chapter Nine

The Sun Dance

In the previous chapter we spoke of the corn, welcome, scalp and other dances that were performed at night by the Geneseeans and their guests. There was one dance that could only be danced when the sun was shining and that was the sun dance, sometimes called the pipe or calumet dance. There were certain preparations for this dance which we will not stop to describe and other activities that could not be undertaken until this dance had been given in honor of the sun—one manifestation of the Great Spirit.

This sacred ceremony was only used upon great occasions—to strengthen peace, or to declare war, to honor some important person or invited guests, or to make public supplications, or rejoicing. The Mystery Men, who were very often the healers and priests of the tribe, used it in their incantations. The dance this day was performed in honor of the guests and for public rejoicing. The pipe or calumet used was especially prepared for the occasion, having a large stem which was elaborately decorated with

red feathers and curious engravings. If the occasion was to seal a peace compact, white feathers would have been used.

Large colored mats made of rushes were spread in the shade of large trees at the side of the valley to serve as a carpet, and each of the selected warriors set upon one of these his manitou—a snake, a bird, some animal, or other object of which he had dreamed in his sleep and which was now his special protector. In this he put his trust for success in the hunt, in fishing or war. Near his manitou, and at his right he placed his pipe and spread his weapons around it—his war club, his tomahawk, his quiver, and bow and arrow.

When all had been arranged and the hour for the dance had arrived, chosen singers took their places in the shade of the trees. They were the selected men and women who had the best voices and who sang in perfect accord. The spectators then came and took the less important places, each as he arrived, saluting the manitou by inhaling smoke and then puffing it forth from his mouth upon it, offering smoke as an incense.

After this, the one who was to begin the dance appeared in the midst and danced alone. Sometimes he held his pipe toward the sun, as if offering the smoke; sometimes he inclined it to the earth; sometimes he spread his feathers as if for it to fly; sometimes he offered it to the spectators for them to smoke. All of this was in cadence, and this was the first scene of the dance.

The second scene was a combat, to the sound of a drum, which accompanied the song and harmonized quite well. Then by motions he invited a warrior to pick up a weapon lying on the mat and they went through various struggles. The only defense the dancer had was the calumet. The

harmony of it all was perfect. The third scene consisted of a recital by the holder of the pipe of the battles he had fought and the victories he had won, naming the hostile nation and the foe. When the recital was finished the chief, who presided, presented the warrior with a gift, a beautiful beaver robe or some other precious thing. The calumet was then passed to another and then to others who recited their exploits and received gifts with thanks. After the dance the pipe was presented to the ranking visiting chief.

We have presented these incidents in the various phases of Indian life, that the readers might form an idea of what was constantly transpiring on the Old Redman's Trail before the White man came and the locality became the habitat of another race. The Wingohocking valley on both sides of the trail was, undoubtedly, an Indian center for centuries. When a complete history of this locality is written it will not begin with 1683 or 1684, when the whites came up the Western trail (Germantown road), but will begin with events that transpired several centuries earlier than those we have described in this sketch; those earlier events will, sooner or later, come to light. It must be remembered that after an Indian village had been located at a certain spot for several years it would be moved to another location, perhaps nearby, perhaps to a distance, and, after nature had covered the beaten paths with verdure or trees, and the wastes and defacements of the place had been entirely obliterated, the same tribe, or another perhaps, would occupy the site again.

Before we leave Genesee to take up the story of the Old Trail we wish to speak of a few more of the events that transpired during the evening of the day that the sun dance was

held.

The Ghost Dance

It is well to remind the reader that all the dancing and other exercises of the celebration were not held in or near the council lodge; gatherings were held in different parts of the village. The spiritualists (so called) of those days seemed to be a little brighter than the spiritualists of today and apparently produced results, as an abridged account of a seance or dance that took place in Genesee during the victory demonstration indicates.

The sacred pole around which the excited people danced was erected a little distance from the lodges. Around this pole a ring of men, women, boys and girls—about one hundred in all—were dancing. The dancers held each other's hands, and were all jumping madly, whirling to the left about the pole, keeping time to a mournful crooning song, that sometimes rose to a shriek as the women gave way to the stress of their feelings. There was nothing of the slow and precise treading which ordinarily marks the time of the Indian religious dance.

Some of the dancers had thrown off their upper clothing and all were gasping excitedly; a few who had been dancing for a considerable length of time were seemingly completely crazed, with their tongues lolling from their mouths. Occasionally a poor creature, overcome by the fatigue of the exciting dance, would

fall out of the ring, which was immediately closed up, and the circling to the left continued, the dancers paying no attention to the fallen one.

Finally a middle-aged woman fell out of the circle and rolled to some distance. She was picked up by the shoulders by two Indians, whose peculiar garb indicated they were in charge of affairs, and who dragged her to a tepee nearby in which sat Wapika (skillful), the head of the sect, gorgeously appareled and Wowashi (a worker), his assistant and announcer. The woman, still in a swoon, was laid at Wapika's feet and Wowashi in a loud voice announced that she was in a trance and communicating with the ghosts, upon which announcement the dance ceased, so that the dancers might hear the message from the spirit world. Wapika performed certain incantations, then leaned over and put his ear to the woman's lips.

Chapter 9 (Continued)

He spoke in a low voice to his assistant, Wowashi, who repeated to the listening multitude the message which Wapika pretended to receive from the unconscious woman. Wapika had all the tricks of the present day fake spiritualist. Knowing the people intimately he knew all about the dead relatives of the woman who had fainted and he made a tremendous impression on his audience by giving them personal messages from the Indian ghosts, who announced without an exception that they had assisted in winning the battle of Genesee. The records of Genesee seem to indicate that Wapika and his staff had the present day mediums beaten to a frazzle in ghostology.

An Experience in Ghost Land

Wowashi, the herald, told a group of visitors the following story after the ghost dance had ceased for the night.

The young wife of a chief's son died and the young man was so sorrowful he could not sleep. Early one morning he put on his fine clothes and started off. He walked all day and all night. He went through the woods a long distance, and then to a valley. The trees were very thick, but he could hear voices far away. At last he saw light through the trees

and then came to a wide, flat stone on the edge of the lake. Now all the time this young man had been walking in the Death Trail. He saw lodges and people on the other side of the lake. He could see them moving around. So he shouted, "Come over and get me." But they did not seem to hear him. Upon the lake a little canoe was being paddled about by one man, and all the shore was grassy. The chief's son shouted a long while but no one answered him. At last he whispered to himself, "Why don't they hear me?" At once a person across the lake said, "Someone is shouting." When he whispered they heard him. The voice said also, "Someone has come up from Dreamland. Go and bring him over." When the chief's son reached the other side of the lake, he saw his wife. He was very happy to see her again. People asked him to sit down. They gave him something to eat, but his wife said, "Don't eat that. If you eat that you will never get back." So he did not eat it.

Then his wife said, "You had better not stay here long. Let us go right away." So they were taken back in the same canoe. It is called ghost's-canoe and it is the only one on the lake. They landed at the broad, flat rock where the chief's son had stood calling. It is called ghost's rock, and is at the very end of the Death Trail. Then they started down the trail, through the valley and through the valley and through the tick woods. The second night they reached the chief's house. The chief's son told his wife to stay outside. He went inside and said to his father, "I have brought my wife back." The chief said, "Why don't you bring her in?"

The chief laid down a nice mat with fur robes on it for the young wife. The young man went out to with her, they could only see him, get his wife, but when he came in but when he came very close, they saw a deep shadow following him. When his wife sat down and they put a martin skin robe around her, it hung about the shadow just as if a person were sitting there. When she ate, they saw only the spoon moving up and down, but not the shadow of her hands. It looked very strange to them. Afterward the chief's son died and the ghosts of both of them went back to ghost's land.

Can the mediums of today beat that? Doesn't it appear as if Wowashi had a long one on them? The whole subject seems to us like a foodless meal and a Christless-Christianity. Still there are at the present time some who prefer that sort of thing to the real article.

Chapter Ten

Recessional Begins

If we had the space and time it would be interesting to tell of the preparations for and the return from hunting expeditions, and some of the thrilling incidents of the hunt. Also the games of the young folks of Genesee, some of which took place in the beautiful Wakefield valley through which Ogontz avenue now runs. We might also write a worth-while chap-

ter on the dispensing of justice in the village and some of the interesting cases brought before the chiefs.

A few years after the events of 1600 the Swedish and Dutch settlers came and "took up" part of the Indians' land, paying for it in rum, smallpox and other commodities and the Red man began to sink and recede, so that the old Redman's Trail was used less by the Indians and more by the white settlers who had started farming along the Schuylkill river and Frankford creek and who

used the trail to get from one section to the other, crossing what is now Germanown in doing so.

The Indians broke up into smaller groups and started their recession to the west from which they had originally come. They did not establish many more villages the size of Genesee.

Watson, when in a meditative mood, wrote: "A person fully alive to the facts which in this new land still environ him wherever he goes, can hardly ride along the highway, or traverse our fields or woods, without feeling the constant intrusion of thoughts like these: Here lately prowled the beasts of prey; there crowded the interminable woodland shade, through that cripple browsed the deer, in that rude cluster of rocks and roots was sheltered the American rattlesnake; on these sun-side hills of golden grain crackled the growing maize of the tawny Aborigines. Where we stand, perchance to pause, rest the ashes of a chief, or of his family; and where we have chosen our sites for our habitations, may have been the selected spots on which were butted the now departed lineage of many generations. On yon trail seen in the distant view, climbing the remote hill (Church lane), may have been the very path first tracked from

time immemorial by the roving Indians themselves; on the very spot where Washington, Jefferson and others transacted the affairs of State of the young Republic there may have been lighted the council fires of wary Sachems, and there may have pealed the rude eloquence of Tamanend himself, and of the Shingas, Tedyuscunds and Glikicans, of their primitive and undebauched age. In short, on these topics, an instructed mind, formed and disciplined to Shenstone's muse, could not be idle."

"But oft, in contemplation led

O'er the long vista that has fled,
Would draw from meditative lore
The shadows of the scene before!"

Imagination at Work

While the writer was sitting near the site of Genesee there came romping from the past words of a declamation he gave in a literary meeting many years ago. With the change of a few names and the abbreviation of statements and illustrations a word picture of the recession of the Red man may be obtained.

Wrapped in the mantle of imagination the writer stands near the site of Genesee. He looks down the stormy tide of time and views the wrecks of ages and empires. He stands with indescribable emotions upon the crumbling fragments of grandeur, where the halls of science, of wisdom, of eloquence, of art and of military training stood. He thinks of Greece with her great minds that dominated the world. But Greece fell from her lofty position into mental darkness. He thinks of how Rome rose on the ruins of Greece and waved her victorious sceptre over a conquered world; of the Caesars, of Virgil, Cicero and legions of others who made the empire the mighty force in the world that it was—but the Goth and Vandal came and prostrated her glory forever. Carthage, with her mighty Hannibal arose but was crushed and receded into the shadow of defeat and despair. He thinks of France and Napoleon and how they made the world tremble. Napoleon was greater than Hannibal, the Caesars and Alexander. But where is Napoleon Bonaparte? He fell from the throne of the Czars, on which he seated himself in Moscow, and died a prisoner at St. Helena.

The advance of knowledge or mind, military and financial power, reached

America. On the ruins of an Indian empire a great republic arose to illuminate the world. But where are the Aborigines of the western world? A pilgrim bark deeply freighted, from the East, came darkening on their shores. They yielded not their empire tamely, but they could not stand against the sons of light. With slow and solitary steps they took up their mournful march to the west, and yielded, with broken hearts, their native hills and vales to another race. Before the victorious advance of mind, they have been driven from their native haunts to the sunset side of their land.

The great flood of time will roll on until the Aborigines are swept from the face of the earth forever. Ere long, not one lone trace of them will remain save the mausoleum of the warrior and the page on which his exploits are recorded. The last child of the forest will climb his native mountain to view the setting sun of Indian glory; there shall he bend his knee the last time, to the sun as he sinks behind his lonely cottage and worships the Great Spirit of the waters and the genius of storm and darkness.

Our Country and Town

Where the council fires blazed, the tall temple dedicated to God now glitters in the setting sun; and the river, once unrippled but by the Indian canoe, is now crowded with crafts of war, of pleasure and commerce. The ploughshare hath passed over the bones of the Redman's ancestors, and the golden harvest waves over their tombs. The advance of mind hath been to them the march to the grave. When ages shall have passed away, and some youth shall ask his aged sire where the wigwam stood, he shall point to some flourishing city on the banks of the stream where once the Indian hunter bathed and viewed his manly limbs; or to a suburban boulevard, covered with rushing machines that pass over the spot where the Red man fought, danced and died.

By wisdom, industry and valor, the Republic of the United States has arisen to stand against the world. The forest has fallen before her hardy sons; the yelling savage has been tamed and educated, and some made rich. Her government is superior to any in the world, and her country suffers not in comparison with any on the globe. Germantown and her environs are richly diversified with ancient hills, dales and valleys, where Spring walks to strew the earth with flowers, romantic and beautifully sublime. Here are beautiful streams, smoothly gliding through green meadows and historic woodlands and gorges, where the home-folk and tourist delight to hum, "I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills," as the sparkling waters dash down the flowery hillsides and spread a thousand rainbows to the setting sun.

It was in these scenes of poetry and romance that the Indian hunter once stood and gazed at his image. It was in these scenes that he heard the Great Spirit in the tempest, and saw him in the clouds. It was on the banks of the lonely stream that he bowed down in adoration before the setting sun. Alas! it was here that he read his doom in the evening skies and dropped a tear upon his country's tomb. But the council fire has been extinguished, and the war dance no longer echoes along the hills. In those beautiful scenes of poetry, the Indian lover no longer bows down and wooes his dusky mate. They have retired before the advance of mind, as the shades of night before the brilliant luminary of the day.

The experience of Greece, Rome,

Mongolia, Carthage and other peoples seems to indicate that there is a tide in the affairs of empires as there is in the affairs of individuals. The advance of mind seems to attain a certain height and then returns again to darkness and impotence. The sun of science sets on one shore to rise again in a happier clime. But, our country, ere thou shall lie prostrate beneath the foot of tyranny and ignorance these hands shall have moulded into dust, and these eyes, which have seen thy glory, closed forever! The warlike sons of Indian glory sleep in their country's tomb, but that fate is not decreed for those who now tread where the wigwam stood and the council fires blazed because American glory has but just dawned.

Sowing and Reaping

So long as William Penn lived and dealt with the makers of the old Redman's Trail the relationship between the white settler and the Indians was apparently satisfactory, he being held in high esteem. He recognized the rights of the natives to the land and dealt with them on that basis and our research leads us to say that no conflict between the two races ever took place on or near the Old Trail.

The very opposite of Penn's policy is found in the dealings of some of the later proprietors with the Indians after his death. The most conspicuous example was in the "long walk" or "walking purchase" of 1737, which led Pennsylvania nearer to the rupture with the natives that resulted in the frontier war a few years later.

Thomas Penn, a descendant of William, was managing proprietor of Pennsylvania at the time of the "long walk," and he is blamed for the transaction and its deplorable results. An old deed of 1686, itself of doubtful authenticity, was produced which conveyed to William Penn certain lands in Eastern Pennsylvania for the distance that a man could walk in a day and a half. In 1686 this would have meant about thirty miles, but fast walkers were advertised for, the agent offering five pounds to the greatest walker for one day. James Yeates and Edward Marshall responded and in 1737, in a path prepared for them, more than doubled the distance that was expected by the Indians.

Thus the boundary of the alleged purchase was extended to include some coveted lands within the fork of the Delaware and Lehigh Rivers, then occupied by the Lenape Indians; These realized the iniquity of the proceedings and refused to move from their homes. Then heaping insult upon injury the executive authorities of the Province called in the Iroquois masters of the Lenapes.

By bribing and cajoling these overlords the authorities succeeded, in 1742, in persuading them to order the subject tribe to abandon its old home. This the submissive Lenapes did, but in their breasts smoldered from this time forward a fire that in a few years later was to sweep the Pennsylvania border.

Some years later in a conference held at Easton, Tedyuscund, the Lenape Chief, boldly declared against the swindle. Stamping his foot upon the ground, he told Governor Denny:

"This very ground that is under me was my land and inheritance and it was taken from me by fraud. When I say this ground, I mean all the land between Tohickon Creek and Wyoming on the Susquehanna (and Tedyuscund explained his accusation with definite and unmistakable precision). When one man had formerly liberty to purchase lands and he took the deeds from the Indians for it, and then dies, and after his death his

children forge a deed like the true one, with the same Indian names to it, and thereby take land from the Indians which they never sold, this is fraud. Also, when one king has land beyond the river and another king has land on the other side, both bounded by rivers, mountains and springs, which cannot be moved; and the proprietors, greedy to purchase lands, buy of one king what belongs to another, this likewise is fraud."

The fact was indisputable; the French fanned the flame of discontent and furnished arms, and the Lenapes or Delawares went to war, harassing the frontier settlements and doing many deeds of blood, culminating in the Wyoming Valley massacre. Out of this conflict grew the quest for Indian blood movement and the organization of the Paxson Rangers, of which we will speak later.

A peace was patched up and the Lenapes fought for the Americans in the Revolution, but their doom was sealed. They moved west, joined the Shawnees, the Miamis, the Munniers, the Wyandots and Iroquois; went farther west to Missouri, to Kansas, to the Indian Territory. Today the tribe has ceased to exist as a tribe; a few scouts and, perhaps, several millionaires with white wives are the sole survivors of this representative and leading tribe of the great Algonkin race, who made the Redman's Trail, founded Genesee, fished in the Wisconsin, Wingohocking and the Tacony, leaving in Germantown when their recession began, the dust and war implements of many of their members.

Before leaving the Indian section of this sketch we must speak of some of their visits to the Trail and Germantown. A short time since we saw a large iron kettle on a crane, in which was cooked food for some of the visiting Red men.

Chapter Eleven

Red Visitors

Some writers have declared that the Indians were rude, would peep into the doors and windows of white settlers, and if they could not see through the parchment windows they would push their fingers through them and then do some squinting or rude "rubber-necking." Westcott, the historian, differs with these writers as a couple of extracts from his works indicate: "The Indian was in certain external aspects the most pliant and complaisant of mankind. He had on all occasions that docile acquiescence in the whims and oddities of strangers which is the quintessence of politeness. An Indian who resented being stared at and gaped at by the town mob complained to his interpreter: 'We have,' said he, 'as much curiosity as your people, and when you come into our towns we wish for opportunities of looking at you; but for this purpose we hide ourselves behind bushes where you are to pass, and never intrude ourselves into your company.'

"The missionaries, when working among them fancied they were making converts at once of the entire population, but afterwards realized that they had mistaken for conviction what was simply courtesy, unwillingness to deny and contradict. Instinctive self-control helped the Indian to maintain this courteous exterior upon all occasions. The self-respect of the Indian, one of his strongest qualities, made him considerate and respectful to the feelings of others. His code of honor was rigid to punctiliousness and he exacted the same deference to himself which he so willingly yielded to others. He liked popularity and made sacrifices to secure it. He was hospitable to a fault, and really charitable and generous to distress and suffering." Then follow illustrations of these traits. These qualities existed in the normal Red Man but there were those out of whom these rich endowments had been burned

by the white man's booze, and who would slink away as do human derelicts of today.

The Paxton Rangers

As early as 1725, James Logan, of Germantown, deplored the events which were transpiring up-State that eventually resulted in the massacre of the Conestoga Indians, and which drove many of them to seek protection in Philadelphia, crossing and recrossing the old Redman's Trail. It appears that men of certain nationalities would squat on the land of these Indians of Lancaster county, who had become Moravians, and when efforts were made to compel them to pull up stakes and quit the land, the squatters stirred up ill-feeling and prejudice against them which resulted in many of the Indians being killed, including women and children. Reprisals followed, which were greatly magnified in the reports scattered abroad and the men of Lancaster county formed themselves into a body with headquarters at Paxton, for the purpose of "wiping out" the Indians. They began to be referred to as the "Paxton Rangers," or the "Paxton Boys," a number of whom entered Lancaster and brutally murdered many Indian men and women who sought the protection of the officials of the town, being placed in the prison of the place for safety.

Many of the Conestogas fled toward Philadelphia pursued by fully three hundred of the Rangers who came as far as Germantown in their quest for blood, where they were met by a committee headed by Benjamin Franklin who persuaded them to desist from their revengeful and blood shedding purpose.

Some of the Rangers were possibly not in sympathy with the decision to return for they "shot up" Germantown including the rooster on the weather vane on the Reformed Church (now Market Square Presbyterian) at what was then the corner of the Indian Trail and Germantown pike. The rooster, with bullet holes in its ribs is still in the present Church edifice. This event will be one of those that will be reproduced in pageantry in connection with the celebration of the 200th Anniversary of the Church, two years hence.

The murder of the Conestoga Indians by the Rangers was described by Susanna Wright, of Lancaster county, as follows: "The cruel murder of these poor Indians has affected and discomposed my mind beyond what I can express! We had known the greater part of them from children; had been always intimate with them. Three or four of the women were sensible and civilized, and the Indian children used to play with ours and oblige them all they could. We had many endearing recollections of them and the manner of effecting the brutal enormity so affected us that we had to beg visitors to forbear to speak of it. But it was still the subject with everybody.

Wrote Watson: "No good succeeded to the actors (Rangers). They were well remembered by old Mr. Wright, long a member of the assembly from Columbia. He used to tell at Charles Norris', where he stayed in session time that he survived nearly the whole of them, and that they generally came to untimely or suffering deaths!"

In passing it should be stated that the Conestogas were a branch of the Lenni Lenapes and possibly had their origin on or near the Old Redman's Trail. Through the brutality of the Rangers they were practically annihilated.

Indian at Germantown Academy

It is written that Isaac Still was an Indian of good education, a leader of the few remaining Lenapes in and around Germantown. He was a Christian man of fine morals and much good sense; and was therefore employed as agent and interpreter, in French as well as English, in many important missions to distant Indians; he was said to have traveled farther over the surface of our country to the unknown wilds of the West than any other individual. "His journal of observations was deemed important, and was therefore taken down by some one for publication; but where it is now, is not

known." For a considerable time he dwelt with his family, in wigwam style, on a part of Logan's place (Stenton), once called the Indian field, the site of Genesee; their only son, Joshua, in the meantime, was educated at the Germantown Academy, located on the old Redman's Trail at Greene street, of which we will write later.

Items from Watson's Annals

We have already spoken of the large number of Indians who encamped on the grounds of James Logan at Stenton. Watson says that fully 200 were there at one time; some of these would stay for months. Logan wrote Penn that the Lenapes should be retained or encouraged to remain in the vicinity of Philadelphia as they would be useful if the Iroquois should attack the town.

He also speaks of a company of 25 or 30 Delaware Indians being hunted and dwelling on the low grounds of Philip Kelly's Manufactory grounds (now Chelton avenue and Morton street). "There was then a wood there through all the low ground (down to Church lane), which now forms his meadow ground and mill race course. Some of the old Indians died and were buried in Concord Burying Ground, adjoining Mr. Duval's place. After these were dead the younger Indians all moved off in a body. Indian Ben, among them, was celebrated as a great fiddler, and everybody was familiar with Indian Isaac."

Mr. Watson also says that at the house of Reuben Haines (Wyck), at Main street and Walnut lane, a chief and twenty of his Indians had been sheltered and entertained. The writer looked the place over carefully, some time ago, but found no Indian relics nor any mention of the event in the annals of Wyck, compiled by C. W. Haines; but we did find Chief Patrick.

Another item tells of Anthony Johnson, who, when a boy, saw nearly 200 Indians at one time on the present John Johnson's place, in a woods in the hollow adjoining the wheelwright's shop. They would remain there a week at a time, to make and sell baskets, ladders, fiddles, and other articles. He used to remain hours with them and see their feats of agility. They would go over fences without touching them, in nearly a horizontal attitude, and yet alight on their nimble feet. They would also do much at shooting of marks. One Edward Keimer imitated them so closely as to execute all their exploits. Beavers and beaver dams had often been seen by Johnson.

"Old people have told me that the visits of Indians were so frequent as to excite but little surprise; their squaws and children generally accompanied them. On such occasions they went abroad in the street, and would anywhere stop to shoot at marks, of small coins set on top of posts. They took what they could hit with their arrows.

"On the 6th of 6 mo. 1749, there was at the State house an assemblage of 260 Indians, of eleven tribes, assembled there to make a treaty with the Governor. The place was extremely crowded; and Canaswitigo, a chief, made a long speech. (The name is probably that of a woman, which explains the long speech.) There were other Indians about the city at the same time, making together probably four or five hundred Indians at one time. The same Indians remained several days at Logan's place, in his beech woods." These beech woods were probably in Mehl's meadow near where the Wingohocking Station of the Reading R. R. now stands. The beech trees around the station are doubtless the offspring of those that the Indians camped under. They would thus be camping a few yards from the Old Redman's Trail and not far from the site of Genesee.

In the year 1736 there were a hundred Indians of the Six Nations at Stenton farm—Logan's place—who had come on treaty matters. After staying two days they went to the city and completed the treaty.

Indians at Market Square

A majority of the Indians who visited the city, the capital of the Province would pass

through Germantown, because they wanted to call upon James Logan, their friend and secretary to Penn, and his business manager. These Indians would stop at the Market Square where they were very often fed by the citizens. In the cellar of one of the buildings fronting the square is a large kettle on a long crane, in which Dr. Ashmead used to cook food for the Indians who were in the square opposite his house. There were outside cellar steps which made it easy to carry the kettle from the fire when the food was cooked. It is quite probable that many Indians visited that cellar, watched the steaming pot, and would carry it up the steps when it was ready to serve. A table is in existence that was used in the square to eat from.

The territory covered by Germantown was without doubt, the scene of many Indian conflicts judging by the number of war implements found here. John Wagner, who lives in his ancestral home, "Four Oaks" at the Western end of the trail has possibly the best collection of arrow heads in Philadelphia. Other war implements are in his possession.

The creeks and streets in this vicinity that bear Indian names are quite numerous. We recall from twenty to twenty-five such names.

It is very appropriate that a tribe of the Improved Order of Red Men should be located on the Old Trail. Their camping ground is in Seminole Hall, 45 Church lane. This tribe includes among its membership some of Germantown's well known business men and scholars. This concludes the Indian section of this sketch.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Richard Townsend

"An easy task it is to tread
The path the multitude will take;
But independence dares the stake
If but by fair conviction led."

So thought Richard Townsend, the first white man recorded to walk, live, build and do business on the old Redman's Trail.

A word of explanation about the turns in the Old Trail belongs here. The Tacony creek at the eastern end of Green lane was fordable, more so than for some distance above and below, hence the Old Trail would naturally lead to this spot. The trail from this ford to the ford of Rock Run creek at Kenilworth (Fern) was nearly straight. It then made a slight turn, running in nearly a straight line to the ford of the eastern branch of the Wingohocking (Mill Creek), where Richard Townsend built his mill. It is thought the trail passed over the site of the De Benneville mansion, which stood on Old York Road opposite what is now Spencer street, which would make Greene and Church lanes a continuous thoroughfare.

The trail made a sharp turn at the Townsend ford, curving around several hills on either side of the Township line (Wister street), and then ran in a straight line for a short distance, then turning at Boyer street, and then ran in a straight line to the ford of the western branch of the Wingohocking (end of Morton and Heiskell streets), when it again turned west and ran around a hill a little northwest of the present Church lane, across the eastern end of the site of the Continental Mills and crossed what is now Germantown avenue, after following the course of the present East School lane, and then on to the Wissahickon over what is now Schoolhouse lane.

Critics and Topography

An examination of "Holmes Map of the Province of Pennsylvania," with names of original purchasers from William Penn, made in 1681, or two years before the German township was settled, will show the size of the lots with names of owners on the west and east of the lines of the German township.

The space allotted to the German township is blank with the exception of the name "Jacob Vanderwall and Company." Some writers and talkers would exclude all outside of the township lines—Stenton and Wissahickon avenues—from Germantown history. This would omit the records and history of Stenton, Wakefield, Belfield, Harper's Hollow, Buckleberry Mills, Rittenhousetown, the

Wissahickon Mills and settlements, Kelpius and the Wissahickon Hermits, the western end of Schoolhouse lane and lots of other places and data that put Germantown first in many ways.

These critics would separate from Germantown history such families as the Logan, Fisher, Wister, Peale, Harper, Townsend, Rittenhouse, and many others for they all lived outside the township lines. They would take from us the ground of our boast that in Germantown was built the first mill in America, that here were first printed in America goods by the then new block process; indeed, when the present writer stated a few years ago that Richard Townsend was the original Germantown settler of record, one of these critics was really and truly going to smite us on the wrist and another stated that Townsend was not a Germantowner because he did not make the German township the center of his activities, despite the fact that at least two of his children attended the School of Daniel Pastorius, one of his daughters married a member of the Germantown Friends Meeting and that he himself was active in the erection of its meeting house, contributing to the building fund. One of these self-appointed critics questioned the authenticity of the map we referred to, but the map has not yet been disproved.

How stupid such critics are! Germantown is larger than the German township. We make these statements as a preliminary to the one that the Old Redman's Trail was and is a Germantown highway from the Tacony to the Wissahickon. We said in a previous chapter that the Old Trail was used by settlers on either side of the German township, before the German-Dutch settlers trekked up what became Germantown road.

We are fully satisfied in our own mind that these settlers decided to make the center of their settlement at Market Square because the two Indian trails crossed there.

Townsend and Penn

The most valuable lot in the Bristol township section (East Germantown) was that owned by Richard Townsend, miller, friend and partner of William Penn, because on it was the best water-power site in the township and the Old Trail ran through it from York road to Wister street. This must have been known to Penn and Townsend when the latter bargained for it in England.

In the Telegraph of January and February of 1928 there appeared a biographical sketch of Richard Townsend in several sections, by the present writer; extracts from this we wish to use in this chapter as part of the record of the Old Trail.

Richard Townsend was to us, a short time ago, but a name without a personality and only known as a name belonging to a person who built or owned the old Roberts mill on Church lane; but after digging deep into musty records there emerged a character that stood foursquare with the rugged qualities of the pioneer, and the humility of the Quaker minister, with an intense interest in the religious, educational and material development of the country in which he had decided to settle and raise his family.

He was born in 1643 in Gloucestershire in the Midlands of England, of which Leicester is the center. We know very little of his early life or at what age he became a Quaker. He married Ann Hutchins, May 25, 1677. He moved to London and there presumably, met William Penn, with whom he became intimate. When Penn announced that he intended to leave for America and invited others to go with him, Townsend decided to be one of the party arranging to take his wife Ann and daughter Hannah with him.

We would like the readers of the Telegraph to know something about the character of this white settler on the Old Trail and as a person reveals himself or character by what he writes—for instance, checks, business letters, love letters, etc.—

"He that writeth much

Hath much character."

which is in line with—

"He that willeth much

Hath much to will."

Read a person's love letters or compromising notes and you will get a fair line on his character.

We wish to allow Richard Townsend to re-

veal himself, as he does, in a statement he wrote, about 1727, and called—

Richard Townsend's Testimony

"Whereas, King Charles II in the year 1681, was pleased to grant this province to William Penn and his heirs forever; which act seemed to be an act of Providence to many religious, good people; and the proprietor, William Penn, being one of the people called Quakers, and in good esteem among them and others, many were inclined to embark along with him for the settlement of this place.

"To that end, in the year 1682, several ships being provided, I found a concern on my mind to embark with them, with my wife and child; and about the end of the sixth month, having settled my affairs in London, where I dwelt, I went on board the Welcome, Robert Greenway, commander, in company with my worthy friend, William Penn, whose good conversation was very advantageous to all the company. His singular care was manifested in contributing to the necessities of many who were sick on board, of smallpox, of whom as many as thirty died. (What a loss!) After a prosperous passage of two months, having had in that time many good meetings on board, we arrived there.

Arrival in Philadelphia

"At our arrival we found it a wilderness; the chief inhabitants were Indians, and some Swedes, who received us in a friendly manner, and, though there was a great number of us, the good hand of Providence was seen in a particular manner; in that provisions were found for us by the Swedes and Indians, at very reasonable rates, as well as brought from divers other parts that were inhabited before.

"Our first concern was to keep up and maintain our religious worship, and in order thereunto, we had several meetings in the houses of the inhabitants; and one boarded meeting house was set up (the place of the bank meeting), where the city was to be, near the Delaware, and where we had very comfortable meetings; and after our meetings were over we assisted each other in building little houses for our shelter; (meaning such as the cave and cabins).

"After some time I set up a mill on Chester Creek, which I brought ready framed from London, which served for grinding corn and sawing of boards; and was of great use to us. Besides, I, with John Tittery, made a net and caught great quantities of fish, which supplied ourselves and many others; so that although 3000 persons came in the first year, we had no lack. We could buy a deer for two shillings, and a large turkey for one shilling, and Indian corn for two and a half shillings per bushel. The Indians to us were very civil and loving.

Settles on the Old Trail

"As soon as the German township was laid out (not settled, see map), I settled my tract of land, which was about a mile from thence (Main street), where I set up a barn and corn mill, which was very useful to the country round. But there were few houses, people generally brought their corn upon their backs, many miles. I remember one man had a bull, so gentle that he used to bring the corn on his back.

"In this location, separated from any provision market, we found flesh meat very scarce and on one occasion we were supplied by a very particular Providence, to wit:

A Classic Deer Story

"As I was in the meadow, mowing grass, a young deer came and looked on me while I continued mowing. Finding him to continue looking on, I laid down my scythe and went toward him, when he went off a little way. I returned again to the mowing and the deer again to his observation. So that several times I left my work to go toward him and he as often gently retreated. At last when going toward him, and not regarding his steps, while keeping an eye on me, he struck forcibly against the trunk of a tree and stunned himself so much as to fall, when I sprang upon him and fettered his legs. From thence I carried him home to my house, a quarter of a mile, where he

was killed, to the great benefit of my family. I could relate several other acts of Providence of this kind.

"Being now in the 84th year of my age, and the 46th of my residence in this country, I can do no less than return praises to the Almighty for the great increase and abundance which I have witnessed. My spirit is engaged to supplicate the continuance thereof; and as the parents have been blessed may the same mercies continue on their offspring to the end of time: that it may be so is the hearty desire of their ancient and loving friend,

Richard Townsend."

Germantown was fortunate in having such a character as this for its first recorded white settler and business man.

His Other Activities

After setting up the mill on Chester creek it is easy to imagine Townsend and Penn, riding up the Indian Trail, now Old York road, and, upon reaching the cross, or Old Redman's Trail, turning west and soon reaching a natural watershed and reservoir, about one-third of a mile from York Road, where it was decided to erect their grist and saw mill, for Penn furnished some of the cash needed to erect and furnish the mill. We have often wondered if the Indians assisted in the erection of the mill and other buildings, for Townsend in several statements speaks of their care and usefulness.

Whoever built the walls did a good job, for, nearly two hundred years later the writer when a lad, used to play in the mill (then known as Roberts' old mill), and the walls were then substantial ones; it was a joy to clamber over the old wheel. The mill stood at what is now Church lane and Lambert street, while the house stood about one square to the east near the corner of what is now Church lane and Opal street.

Mr. Townsend lived here for many years and the Redman's Trail became known as Townsend's Mill road and the settlement that grew up was known as Buckleberry Mills. Here Townsend raised his family, which included five or more children, one of them, James, being born on the "Welcome" while she lay in the Delaware River.

Richard Townsend was one of the founders of the Abington Friends Meeting and the records of that meeting reveal his activities and the historical characters who were associated with him. One of the entries reads: "This meeting having taken into consideration ye loss that Richard Townsend hath sustained by reason of a great flood, and it being recommended to ye monthly meeting, do therefore appoint two funds belonging to each particular meeting, to collect a subscription for his assistance."

In our search for data we discovered that Richard Townsend died three times—in 1714, 1734 and 1737. The registry of deaths in the Race street meeting, to which he had transferred his membership after his family grew up and married, contains these entries: 1732—1-30 Richard Townsend, 1733—1-15, Ann Townsend,

the widow of Rich'd Townsend.

This would make four dates upon which he died, if we accept as true all that is written. Without doubt the correct date is 1732, which would make him 89 years of age when he passed away. We saw his will which is on file in City Hall and what little property he possessed he left to his wife and five living children. His wife was evidently ill when he died for his will was not probated until after her death. Mrs. Isaac Cook, his eldest child, probated it in 1733.

This condensed record of the first white

settler on the Redman's Trail reveals him as a God-fearing man, a friend of the Indian, a lover of his fellowman, with a sterling character, one of which Germantown may be justly proud.

Note:—The writer appreciates the many words of commendation that have reached him of the Indian feature of the Old Trail. One of these came in a letter from the eastern part of Connecticut in which it was stated that the different chapters had been passed on to an Indian living nearby who enjoyed them hugely.

Chapter Thirteen

Graveyards on the Trails

Graves and graveyards may be found along the highways of history, therefore it may not be inappropriate at this time to speak of those along the Old Trail, and thus relieve ourselves of the necessity of stopping at them when we take a hike of observation along the trail a little later.

Not far from the Tacony end of the trail was Maplewood, formerly the old Price plantation, containing about two hundred acres and running from Second or Mascher street to Crescentville road. In the farm yard was an old springhouse; near this was a huge sycamore tree, under the wide spreading branches of which were three ancient gravestones, the oldest was made of hard white stone, while the other two were of dark polished soapstone. Upon our visit they nearly touched each other but were in a fair state of preservation. Sitting on a peach basket, stooping low, and finally sprawling on the grass with pad and pencil in hand we deciphered the messages of the stones as follows:

For the
Memory For
Elizabeth Price
Who Died
August the 2 st
1697

(Front)

For
The Memory
of Reiss
Price, who
Died July
the 17th Day
1702
Aged 23 years

(Back)

These are the first
That in dust i say
God's Sabbath Day
To wit Seventh Day
In faith they Dy'd
Here side by side remain
Till Christ shall come
To raise them up again.

(Front)

For
The Memory
of John
Price, Who
Died June the
11th Day 1702
Aged 20 years

(Back)

This young man was much
with (since) indeed
That of his own and
Brother's death conclude
Say, Dear Brother
Know well do I
'Will not be long
Before we both will die.

It will be observed that only five weeks elapsed between the deaths of the brothers. The scroll work and borders on them indicated careful workmanship. Before leaving we helped in plumbing the stones.

Champlot's Dog Heaven

Between Second and Fifth streets was the Fox estate, known as Champlot, of which we will later give more detail. This was the home of Charles P. Fox and his sister Mary. It is said that Miss Fox had a plot on her grounds shaded by a large tree, in which she buried seven pet dogs to which she erected stones to mark

the spot on which their names were inscribed.

Perhaps the dogs were more faithful than some of her friends and that these stones were erected to the memory of faithfulness. There comes to us out of the past a verse which ran somewhat like this:

Old dog Tray, ever faithful
Grief never drove him away,
He is gentle, he is kind,
And you'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog
'Tray."

At De Benneville's

At the corner of the Old Trail and York road and adjoining the homestead of the family is the De Benneville burial ground, a narrow but very deep strip of ground running back to Broad street. It is enclosed by a stone wall, upon the top of the front part being an iron fence.

Here are interred numerous members of this ancient family, upon the headstones of some of these may be found interesting inscriptions, among them being:

In memory of
Esther Bertolet De Benneville
Widow of Dr. George De Benneville
Senior

Died March 7th, 1795

A twin stone alongside of this reads:

In memory of

Dr. George De Benneville, Senior
Died March 19th, 1795

It will be noticed by the dates that the wife died first. How then could she be the doctor's widow?

Several others died since that year but we think there must have been some earlier burials. Annie De B. Mears, authoress of "Old York Road," is buried in the front section of the grounds with other members of her family.

The bodies of General Agnew and Lieut.-Col. Bird, two British officers who were killed at the Battle of Germantown were reinterred here. They were at first buried in Hood's, or Lower End Cemetery, Germantown, but were afterwards removed to the York road cemetery because of fear that the graves might be desecrated, owing to the bitter feeling against the victors in Germantown.

It is safe to presume that the bodies were brought over the Old Redman's Trail. On a heavy granite slab near the grave of Mrs. Mears is the following informative inscription:

I. S. H.

Here lie the remains
of

General James Tanner Agnew
A British Officer
Who was killed at Germantown
on the 4th of October, 1777

and of
Lieutenant-Colonel John Bird
A British Officer

Who died in Germantown on or about the 4th of October, 1777.

The bodies of the above officers were removed from the Lower Burial Grounds, Germantown, by the order of General Howe, and placed in this cemetery with the consent of

Dr. George De Benneville
in May 1778.

Requiescat in Pace.

This stone was erected to their

memory by his Britannic Majesty's Government.

October 4th, 1903

Or 126 years after the battle. It is safe to presume the British Government had good proof of the removal of the bodies before taking such action. Where they were first buried in Hood's cemetery is marked by a stone.

Chapter Thirteen

A Nameful Highway

We would like very much to learn what name the Indians gave to the Old Trail, but so far not a hint has come under our observation to indicate it had a name. Neither do we find that the Green lane end had any other name from the time it was again opened up—it had possibly become overgrown—through the plantation of Thomas Griffith in 1794.

Griffith owned one hundred acres beyond the Fox estate. He built a home on what is now Adams road and around this building sprang up Grubbtown (named for the Grubb family), which was later changed to Crescentville. Green lane was in use before the above date from York road to what is now Fifth street and possibly to Mascher. Woods lined this lane, which fact evidently suggested the name.

Church Lane Section

The Church lane section of the trail was different. Its experience seems to correspond to that of some society women of today—it changed its name often. Several other parties owned the Townsend mill after Mr. Townsend retired, before it was purchased by John Lukens and the lane began to be called Lukens' Mill road and is so designated on the Germantown battle map. Church lane is also used on the map and in some of the reports. This was owing to the increasing importance of the Reformed Church at the Market Square end of the lane.

It was later known as Mill road, then changed in 1845 to Mill street, and a number of deeds of property along the thoroughfare contains that name. When City Councils restored former names to Germantown streets Mill street again became Church lane. May it remain that always unless they change it to the Redman's Trail.

During the period it was known as Mill street a turnpike company was organized to take over the street and make a pike of it. It was organized in 1853 under the name of the Germantown and Branchtown Turnpike Co., with the following officers: president, Spencer Roberts; treasurer, Wyndam H. Stokes; managers, Spencer Roberts, Jos. T. Mears, Bennett Medary, Charles H. Shoemaker and Wyndam H. Stokes.

It was voted to macadamize the roadbed, instead of planking it, as originally suggested, and a contract was awarded to Benjamin Jenkins for \$5300. The roadway was to be forty feet wide, twenty feet of it in the borough limits to be stoned.

The officers of the company and officials of the Borough had a number of disputes over sidewalks and the roadbed, it being asserted that only broken stone covered with dirt was used. Finally the Borough Council passed an ordinance forbidding the company to erect toll gates

within the Borough limits. One was erected just across the Borough line at Mill and Wister streets.

The enterprise was a failure, for the Germantown Telegraph referring to it in December, 1854, as the Branchtown pike, said it was never fit to travel on since it was built. It continued to exist through the sixties with slim receipts and then ceased to function. Thus another name was added to the central section of the Old Trail.

Schoolhouse Lane Section

The western end of the Old Trail runs from Main street to the Wissahickon creek on Ridge road. It, too, has been known by various names, the oldest, possibly, that of Robeson's Mill road or Robeson's road to Germantown. This was due to the Robeson family having a saw mill near the mouth of the Wissahickon, built about 1697. Other names applied to the lane by Germantown residents were Ashmead's road, Bensall's lane, Schoolhouse lane, School lane and King street.

The last named, we understand, was the only one given officially to it, but that name fell into disuse during the Revolution, and because of the growing prominence of the Public School (now Germantown Academy), the thoroughfare became generally known as Schoolhouse lane, and all titles to properties on the lane bear that name, which at first was but a term of designation. The day may come when Green, Church and Schoolhouse lanes will be dropped and the name Indian Trail or Redman's Road will be given to this highway from the Tacony to the Wissahickon.

When the Wissahickon Mystics wished to hold a meeting in Germantown or Philadelphia they would don their white robes and walk in Indian file out Schoolhouse lane. We presume that John Kelpius would be the file leader.

The Trail and The Battle

The Old Trail figured largely in the Battle of Germantown. In Washington's general order of March, and of the battle, Generals Smallwood and Forman were to march down Old York Road to Church lane "which leads through the enemy's encampment to Germantown Markethouse;" they were to attack the enemy's right wing in flank and rear.

It must be remembered that the Old Trail from York road to Wissahickon was occupied by the British prior to the battle. The Hessians were huddled on the Schoolhouse lane end of the trail while the English and other troops encamped at Market Square and along Church lane or Luken's Mill road. The records seem to indicate that a large group was encamped on what was later known as Boyer's farm from Chew street to Wister street (Township line).

After the battle of the Brandywine and prior to the occupation of Philadelphia by the British, Washington and his army encamped on the tableland from the Old Trail to Indian Queen lane. On a huge stone, near the filtration plant at Queen lane is a bronze tablet bearing the following inscription:

"The main Continental Army commanded by General George Washington, encamped on this and adja-

cent ground from August 1 to 8 and from September 12 to 14, 1777 before and immediately after the battle of Brandywine. Erected in 1895 by the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the Revolution to perpetuate the memory of the encampment." Around

the stone and tablet are grouped five cannons. The troops possibly did not think that their next encounter with the enemy would be at or near this very spot.

But it was so, for on October 4th, or about three weeks after they broke camp, the American troops under General Armstrong came down the Ridge, a short distance away, drove the Hessians from their redoubt and compelled them to cross Wissahickon creek, ascend the heights by possibly Gypsy lane, join their comrades on the tableland, and with them hurry out the Old Trail toward Germantown. A tablet commemorating this phase of the battle of Germantown, may be seen at Wissahickon and Lincoln drives—not far away—which is inscribed as follows:

"On the morning of the Battle of Germantown, October 4, 1777, the Pennsylvania militia, under General John Armstrong, occupying the high ground on the west side of the creek, opposite this point, engaged in a skirmish with the left wing of the British forces, in command of Lieutenant General Knyphausen who occupied the high ground on the east side along Schoolhouse lane. Erected by the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the Revolution, 1907."

Schoolhouse Lane

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint:

And those who know thee, know all words are faint!"

We presume when Hannah More penned the above lines that she had no thought of the Redman's Trail, but they express the writer's feelings so accurately about the western end of the trail that we place them at the head of this chapter that the reader may understand at the very beginning that it is beyond the power of the writer to pen a picture that will adequately disclose the beauty and charms of this very ancient highway.

On the sites of Indian encampments, Hessian huts, farmhouses, brush and bogs have arisen homes that display the very best products of the architect's brain and the craftsman's skill. Some of these are surrounded by extensive grounds that equal in beauty the frequently pictured homesteads of other lands.

We cannot pause in our hike to even mention all the notable structures and spots on the borders but will select one here and there that may be of special interest to the greatest number of readers and hikers.

How clean and fresh the asphalted street appears as we turn our backs upon busy Germantown road! It is in quite a different condition than when Washington used it during his different visits and residences here. It is recorded that when he left Germantown to go toward Carlisle, to join the western expedition, it was intended to have him escorted by a troop of horse from Philadelphia, he, wishing to shun the parade, went off in a single seated phaeton, drawn by four fine gray horses out of the School lane, and up the rugged back road off the

township line, so as to escape their notice and attention."

Hicksite Friends' Meeting

A little west of the National Bank's rear yard are the grounds and meeting house of the Hicksite Friends. The wall in front of the grounds is worthy of notice. Curves were made in it to allow room for the expansion of the maple trees on the inside. It is easy to imagine that baseball players conceived their idea of pitching a curved ball when looking at this curved wall. In a corner to the left is the wee little burying ground that was mentioned in a previous chapter. The meeting house presents a neat and attractive appearance from the Trail. The hikers will notice the benches under the front porch. A brief sketch of this society was furnished us by one of its members, from which we glean the following:

Previous to the separation in 1827 of the Society of Friends all worshipped together at Germantown road and Coulter street which meeting house was organized in 1683. The followers of Brother Hicks organized a society and elected for trustees Abraham Deaves, Joseph Livezey, Samuel Mason, Jesse Walton, Robert Paiste, Samuel A. Griscom and Chalkey Gillingham.

In 1829 they purchased a site for a building, which was added to in 1853. The original building was a small brown plastered one. The room was divided, one side for men and the other for women with an upstairs gallery. In 1853 the present meeting house was built. Part of the money used for this purpose was a ground rent of \$500 left by Abraham Deaves and a mortgage of \$600 left by Joseph Livezey.

The board of trustees at this time consisted of John Rowlett, Jonathan Rittenhouse, William Dorsey, Robert Evans and Peter Wright. (It is said the latter had a mortgage on the property and that John Rittenhouse would not worship there while such a mortgage was on the place and would pass the meeting house on his way to Frankford where they did not have a mortgage. It is also said that he refused to look at portraits of his grandchildren which had been put on glass for window use claiming it was vanity and should not be encouraged).

This board of trustees was succeeded by Jonathan Jones, Joseph Fussell, Amos Hillborn, Samuel N. Longstreth, Howard W. Lloyd and Thomas H. Shoemaker.

In 1916 alterations and additions were made. The present attractive social room with its large fireplace and well-equipped kitchen were among the improvements with rooms on the second floor for first-day school classes.

The First-day school (Sunday School) among Friends was started here about 1870 by Edith Atlee and created much talk as it was a great innovation. Thomas H. Shoemaker, a much respected Germantown man of today, was a member of the class.

In addition to the meeting house and social rooms they conduct a day school in a fine stone building on Greene street, the meeting house and schoolhouse lots adjoining.

Some of the old families connected with this meeting were Jonathan and Naomi Rittenhouse, the last who wore the plain dress. Jonathan was a large man, six feet three inches tall, and powerful. It is said the brim of his hat was

large enough to shelter two besides himself.

James Laws, who introduced growing of grapes under glass, was a member here. Benjamin Leedom, with long snowy locks and who loved to drive a high-strung horse, was a member of prominence.

Dr. Charles Noble, also a great horseman; Samuel Nice, the undertaker; Samuel Mason, the skating pedestrian; Thomas Livezey, Joshua Jenkins, Peter Wright, founder of the shipping firm of Peter Wright and Sons; Samuel and Rachel Townsend were members.

Among the important visitors and speakers at the meeting we note Lucretia Mott, Deborah Wharton, and Dr. Nathan Shoemaker. During the Civil War frequently a collection would be taken up after meeting for the freedmen of the South. Hikers are invited to visit the social rooms and rest themselves on the social benches under the attractive front porch.

Stout Ones

At the east corner of the Trail and Greene street is a Colonial dwelling occupied by Dr. Cameron and later by the Wrights, that harmonizes very well with its surroundings. On this site once stood a little frame cottage where lived Betsy Dougherty, who was so large that after her death her coffin was passed through the second story window causing great excitement in the neighborhood. Methinks she is the patron saint of the Stout Dames Society of Germantown.

Germantown Academy

On the opposite corner are the grounds and buildings of the Germantown Academy, one of the best-known educational institutions of the east. At the corner entrance to the grounds the trustees of the Academy and the Site and Relic Society of Germantown erected, several years ago, a tablet which bears the following inscription:

Germantown Academy—Founded December 6, 1759, by citizens of Germantown and vicinity as the Germantown Union School, chartered 1784 as the Public School of Germantown. Used as a hospital after the Battle, October 4, 1777. Offered to the Congress as a place for its meetings, 1793. George Washington was a patron of the school. Here in 1825 Lafayette was received.

From this schoolhouse, this section of the Trail received its present name of Schoolhouse lane. The main building standing near the center of the grounds is one of the oldest buildings in Germantown having been built in 1760-61. A two story stone building with an attic surmounted by a slim but tall belfry, topped by a British crown above a weather vane, it tells its own story of the period in which it was erected while the deeply worn stone steps confirm its age.

The outer walls are covered with class stone tablets suitably inscribed, some so highly polished that they are readable only from certain angles, while over some of these have grown ivy, planted by class members.

The small structures on either side of the school building were originally built as homes for the principals but are now used for other purposes. The gymnasium building along the Greene street front is a more modern structure but harmonizes very nicely with the older ones.

In the rear is the athletic field, recently enlarged, which was used during the World War as a drill ground by the "Minute Men" of Germantown. It is said that several British soldiers, victims of the battle are buried here.

The Academy is in possession of a number of interesting relics, while the minutes of the trustees' meetings and other records covering 170 years are a storehouse of valuable historical data.

The Academy's membership rolls contain the names of many who have achieved success and distinction in various walks of life. Custis, stepson of Washington, and Bolivar, son of the South American liberator, were students here. Their relatives accomplished great tasks for their countries, but friends of the old Academy take great pride, and justly so, in the accomplishments of its students. They have won fame for themselves and their alma mater in civil, professional and military pursuits.

Much bordering on the romantic and dramatic, is wrapped up in the history of this ancient institution which may be found by the student who will read the two or three histories of the school in print and the numerous articles on file in several of our libraries.

Even the old bell in the steeple has its romance. This originally weighed 284 pounds and was brought to Philadelphia in 1774 in the tea ship Polly, but was not allowed to land by the aroused citizens of this city. The cargo, including the bell, was carried back to England, where it remained until the war was over, when in 1784, it was again brought over and put into place. In 1834 this bell was recast, new metal being added which increased its weight to 310 pounds.

We are not certain whether or not it was this bell or its predecessor that Brother Dove, the first principal, would send out a hand truck—in broad daylight—with a lantern and several pupils to pick up tardy scholars. When such were found the bell would be rung to notify the neighbors that the lost were found.

The Dove Cote

Adjoining the Academy grounds on the Trail is an interesting three story building known to some as the Dave-Herman-Chancellor-Alburger house. There are those who call it the "Dove Cote." Much has been written about this house and its builder, which may be found in histories of Germantown and Philadelphia. Charles F. Jenkins in his Guide Book of Germantown says:

"130 Schoolhouse lane was built about 1766 by David J. Dove, who had been a teacher at the Academy. Not getting along with the trustees, he aimed to set up a rival school on the property immediately adjoining. This plan was not successful, and Dove soon went back to the city.

"In 1793 the house was occupied by the Rev. Frederick Herman, the German teacher at the Academy. At that time Washington occupied rooms in the house from November 1 to 10 when on account of the yellow fever, the officers of the national government were located in Germantown. The Rev. Herman supplied the breakfasts and suppers, but the dinners were sent in from the King of Prussia Tavern. The house has been altered somewhat. Important cabinet meetings were held at this house by Washington and members of his cabinet. In the garden in the rear is an immense horse-chestnut tree said to have been planted by Washington."

In the rear was a fine orchard where the Chancellor pear was developed by William Chancellor, who owned and occupied the place. His son, Wharton, built and developed "Fairworth" of which

we will write later.

During the Battle of Germantown this house was occupied by "John Miller, Esq., a respectable gentleman and magistrate." From a diary that he kept we extract the following items which deal with the Old Trail:

October 4 (or 5), 1777—Returned to Germantown this morning from the city and found that a hot engagement had occurred between the two armies at Germantown. My wife was alone, up two pairs of stairs, when a cannon ball passed through a window very near her. (This must have been fired by the Americans at Mt. Airy. Perhaps they were gunning for doves.)

October 6 (or 5) - Great numbers came up from the city to satisfy their curiosity respecting the battle of Germantown.

October 7 - Several were executed for desertion and others were flogged for offenses. An aide of General Knyphausen (one Copinhouse) robbed me of a map of Pennsylvania and otherwise behaved unlike a gentleman. In the evening a great number of Highlanders were encamped up-town and the following morning were again moved off.

In addition to those already mentioned many important persons lived in this house, among them being James Grimshaw Scott and his father, who occupied it for nearly twelve months. After a lapse of over 150 years this building was again used for what it was originally built—school purposes. About twelve years ago the trustees of the Academy secured it for primary and kindergarten classes and the sounds which occasionally reach the exterior from the interior indicate that the old "Dove Cote" is frequented by other animated nature than cooing doves.

It is now known as Kershaw Hall in honor of Dr. William Kershaw, headmaster emeritus of the Academy.

During the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Germantown there was reproduced in the room in Kershaw Hall where Washington met with his cabinet the meeting where a communication was received from the trustees of the Academy offering the use of the main building to the Government for Congress to hold its sessions there. This meeting of the Cabinet was re-enacted over and over again on the afternoon of October 4, 1927, in a dignified manner, much to the edification and satisfaction of those who crowded the room each time the cabinet met.

Edward L. Elliott as President Washington, acted his part so well that the visitors assumed an attitude of respect toward him as he left the room.

The members of the Cabinet present were: Thomas Jefferson, impersonated by Robert D. Driggs, Jr.; Alexander Hamilton, by William J. Lundgren; Edward Randolph, by Bradford Hull; Henry Knox, by Thomas J. Funley, Jr.; these played their parts splendidly.

The Skidoo Stone

Had we been treated by those to whom we applied for information about the Old Trail as we treated a tourist at the "Skidoo" Stone in front of the "Dove Cote", we would be minus some information we now possess. It happened thus:

One day as we were hurrying back the Trail to catch a trolley at Wayne Avenue for the baseball park, a tourist with a guide book in his hand stopped us near Greene street and asked where the Army was. We pointed it out to him and told him several things about it, while we hurried on. He tagged after us asking

questions in rapid succession, first looking at his guide book, then at the buildings, then at us, while we were thinking of the game.

He lagged behind and hindered us. We asked him if he had seen the Morris house and other places of interest on Germantown road, thinking to turn him back. He said he had. Finally we reached the sidewalk of the "Dove Cote" property, where some one had providentially marked "23" on the first flagstone of the walk.

"This, we said," is the famous Skidoo Stone. Have you read about it in your guide book?" "No," said he, putting one foot on the stone and starting to turn the pages of his book. "Read," said we "and be thrilled with the story."

Then we rushed for the trolley car. As we reached the crown of the hill, near the Fairfax Apartments we looked back and saw our pupil still holding the stone in place by standing upon it while he vigorously turned the leaves of his book, searching for that wonderful story. Sure, it was too bad, but we did not wish to miss that game with our favorite pitcher in the box, and it "warn't" long before we were watching a Philadelphia player skidooing around the bases for a three-bagger.

We wonder how many readers know the story of the Skidoo Stone.

Chapter Fifteen

Trees on the Trail

Among the charms of the Old Redman's Trail are its trees; and we gladly change from cemeteries to trees, for the former speak of death while the latter speak of abounding life. "Only God can make or create a tree," while at the gate of the cemetery we are confronted with the fact that the wages of sin against the Creator is death.

It will be a pleasure therefore to wander for a little time with the readers of this sketch among the trees of this ancient thoroughfare, consider their beauty and girth, and breathe in some of the air that has been purified by their leaves and made fragrant by their blooms.

Green Lane Section

Some of the finest specimens of Chestnut, Beech and Oak trees we recall seeing in Germantown were along the Green lane section of the trail, but nearly all of them have disappeared as a result of the blight and building operations. There were some tall, massive Chestnuts in the grounds of Kenilworth, the home of the Kanés at Fern Rock. How ghostlike they appeared after the blight had done its deadly work! The same unyielding enemy laid its devastating grip upon some giants in "Grange Farm" woods opposite Kenilworth and the beauty of that section of the trail was marred. Fox's, Fisher's and Boyer's woods were also practically temporarily ruined by the same giant killer.

There are still some fine specimens of Oak, Beech, Cherry and Poplar in "Brookwood" and in Fisher's Park, at the eastern end of the trail. Possibly one of the finest collections of Beech trees in this district was that in the grounds of Kenilworth but they were leveled to the ground to make way for new streets and grade changes. We passed there as they lay on the ground, and it had the appearance of a battlefield of giants

where all had fallen. Many fine Oaks fell with them and as the lane was widened and merged into an extension of Godfrey avenue scores of massive and beautiful trees that lined the old lane were destroyed.

Sycamores

The tree that is known by many names—Plane, Buttonball, Sycamore and Buttonwood—is represented on the trail by three notable specimens and others. The little Price graveyard near the Tacony was under the spreading branches of a giant Sycamore. Doubtless it owed its massive growth to the nearby spring that was covered by an old style springhouse. The graves, the spring and the tree were not very far apart.

The second one on the trail is at Musgrave street in the grounds of the Foulke and Long Institute. This is a growing tree and in a few years may be the largest member of its family in town, measuring as it does now, over sixteen feet in girth. The best known one of the three is that at Market Square with a girth of about thirteen feet. Its top has been removed by wire fiends, but in spite of this and other abuses it still expands; as do two others near the Reading Railroad bridge and another with a peculiar division of trunk near Wingohocking station.

Church Lane Section

There were several fine Elms near the Branchtown Hotel and in the yard of the Townsend-Godfrey-Spencer house. Across the street from the latter was a row of Black Walnuts in front of the Spencer Roberts homestead. The fruit of these trees was the special delight of us youngsters in the days of Auld Lang Syne.

At 723 Church lane resides Thomas G. Parris. In his yard is a purple Beech that makes an effective shade for his house. We will speak more of this place later.

Opposite are the grounds of the Jewish Foster Home which contain a good sized Sweet Gum tree, copper Beeches and Horsechestnuts. Adjoining these grounds are those of the Little Sisters of the Poor in the front part of which stands a row of eight Gingkos and a fine Horsechestnut.

Opposite these grounds in the yard of Dr. Walter Mendelsohn may be seen two of the five known members of the Sophora Japonica, or Pagoda, the sacred tree of Japan. One of these has an expansion of six and a half feet and the other six feet ten. These trees bloom in August. There is also a weeping Beech near the house. In the rear is a tall, graceful Himalayan Pine with an expansion of nine and a quarter feet. In the front yard is a fine specimen of the Cryptomeria, or Japan Cedar, which was first introduced into this country in 1846.

Adjoining Dr. Mendelsohn's on the west is the homestead of Francis J. Stokes, who is intensely interested in arboriculture. In the rear of the dwelling is a beautiful sunken garden near which are some trees that are in the giant class. Two Tulip Poplars have an expansion of eleven feet six and twelve feet. Near these stands a Pin or Hybrid Oak with a girth of thirteen feet nine, and not far away

is one of the largest trees on the lane with a circumference of over fourteen feet.

Two Sweet Gum trees were measured. The largest took nine and a half feet of tape to encircle it while the other was over nine feet around. In the side yard stands a rare English maple and in the front yard are three very fine Hollies, an American Linden and several other worthy members of the tree fraternity.

Next door to Mr. Stokes' is the Foulke and Long Institute and in its yard is one of the largest Sycamore trees on the lane and near this are two American Beeches and a Horsechestnut that are worthy of special mention.

At the west corner of Musgrave street and the trail is the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. N. Allen, the grounds of which are a delight to the eye. At the upper front corner stands a stately and well proportioned Horsechestnut. At the rear corner is a giant Ash that measures over twelve feet. It is a majestic tree with impressive, huge branches. In the center of the lawn is one of the most symmetrical Ash trees we recall having seen, tall and straight with a girth of over eleven feet. There is also a fine Copper Beech on the east side of the dwelling. Right near the west side of the house is a fine specimen of the rare Sweet Buckeye (*esculus pavia*) with five bright painted blades on its leaf stem. It is the first of this species we recall having seen.

Across the trail are the homesteads of T. B. Stork and Morris R. Bockius, the grounds of which are filled with rare specimens of evergreens, superb Horsechestnuts, Maples and Poplars. The shrubbery in these properties are worthy of note.

Adjoining Mr. Bockius' place is that of Mrs. J. M. Whitall, at the last corner of Magnolia avenue. These grounds also contain a fine collection of trees, among them being two noble specimens of the mossy-cup Oak, on either side of the front driveway. These are highly prized by the owner, being given to her as a wedding gift. The most notable tree in these grounds is the giant Gingko which stands in the midst of the lawn. It has a girth of over twelve feet, possibly the second largest in this country, the largest being farther back on the trail.

Other rare specimens of various members of the tree cult may be seen in the yards of the estates of B. H. Shoemaker, 3rd, Edward W. Smith, John B. Henkels, Jr., Miss Lloyd and others. Most of these are on Church lane hill that received a boom when the railroad was built nearly one hundred years ago, at which time some of these giant trees were probably planted.

Chapter Fifteen

The Western Section

We can but briefly mention the beautiful and unusual trees along what is known as the Schoolhouse lane section of the Old Trail. Notice the group of Gingkos in the yard of the National Bank and the fine American Linden in the yard opposite; also the fine Silver Maples and other trees between these and Greene

street. Along this section of the Trail are many rare specimens of the Magnolias, those in the yards of Dr. W. J. Campbell and W. G. Warden (Red Gate) are worthy of special mention. A number of young ones have recently been planted, which in a few years will enhance the beauty of the Trail.

A Japanese Maple garbed in brilliant red invites attention, as do also the peculiarly formed Cherry and a gnarled neighbor in the grounds of the Germantown Academy. The wide spreading English Oak in the yard of R. B. Haines is a valuable asset of the property, while in Dr. Rhoades' yard at 152 is a large *Sophora Japonica*, possibly the largest in this section of the country.

Around the older homesteads from Wayne to Wissahickon avenues the Silver Maple predominates, but in the yards of the newer homes a variety of rare trees and shrubs have been planted, which in years to come will make of this section a competitor for tree honors of the Old Trail. Some fine Dogwoods are now entitled to blue ribbons while the Silver Birch in Cloverly Park is a landmark of the neighborhood.

West of Wissahickon Avenue

In the yard of the Jewish Foster Home for children on the south corner of the Trail (formerly the Warden homestead), are several Dogwoods and Japanese Maples which harmonize with the tile roofs of the mansion, making a colorful picture. On the west corner is "Torworth," the old Strawbridge homestead, now the site of Alden Park Manor and the Cambridge Apartments. The grounds surrounding these were filled with notable trees. The long drive to the mansion was lined on either side with massive Maples. The finest Maple we recall seeing in Germantown was in the rear of the mansion and must have had a girth of over fifteen feet.

A row of giant Tulip Poplars is a feature of the rear garden. Along the trail front were many large Pines, Spruces and Hemlocks. One of the Pines had a girth of eight feet while a Hemlock measured eleven feet, the largest we have put a tape around.

In the grounds of "Cerne," the Mason homestead, opposite "Torworth" are many splendid trees and some rare shrubbery. In the rear is a giant among the Beeches, that are still numerous along the Trail, and alone would make this highway worthy of a visit by tree admirers. The "Cerne" Beech has a girth of about thirteen feet and has a spread of fully ninety feet. At "Pinehurst" the grounds of the Penn Charter School, are a pair of Beeches, the larger of which measures about fourteen feet.

The Willow Oak is an interesting member of the Oak tribe of which Germantown can boast of but few specimens. Near the front line of "Cerne" is a magnificent one, trimmed high, straight and stately with a girth of over fourteen feet. Adjoining "Cerne" is the athletic field of the Germantown Friends' School, and near the Trail front is another attractive Willow Oak with an expansion of nearly thirteen feet. It is still young and an expanding future is doubtless its portion.

In the grounds of the various es-

tates beyond "Torworth" and "Pinehurst" on both sides of the trail are fine specimens of Beeches, Oaks, Black Cherry, Poplars and Evergreens. In F. R. Strawbridge's grounds are stumps of huge Chestnuts and a giant Poplar, while in Mrs. Dougherty's grounds are some massive Black Cherries.

Moses Brown's Arboretum

In the properties of Moses Brown known as "Netherfield" and Roxborough" is one of the finest collections of rare trees in this section of the country, among these are many giants. There are a number of large Sassafras, graceful Horsechestnuts, a rare Varnish tree, a splendid Yew, a marvelous Copper Beech, possibly the largest European Linden in this country and the largest Gingko in this land with an expansion of about fifteen feet, it is a majestic structure—one of which Germantown should be proud.

There is also a rare *Cryptomeria Japonica* of unusual size, a Mount Atlas Cedar, a large Kentucky coffee tree, several Oriental Spruces, a Turkey Oak with an expansion of ten feet four. There may be seen a fine Hornbeam tree (Ironwood) and some large Hemlocks, Boxwoods, and a valuable collection of Boxbushes. We have mentioned but a few of the many rare trees on this estate.

Opposite this estate are the grounds of Col. Louis Kolb, which contains some fine trees, including a giant Paulownia, with huge low branches, that stands near the front wall. This tree has possibly the largest girth of any of its tribe in Germantown and is, therefore, entitled to the name "Chief Paulownia."

Beyond these estates are others which contain many notable trees. In front of Samuel Wagner's home is a huge Tulip Poplar with a girth of nearly twenty feet. In the rear is "Four Oaks," the old Wagner homestead which is surrounded by old, massive trees. Standing on the sidewalk on the opposite side of the Trail is possibly the largest street tree in town. It is a princely Elm with an expansion of over fourteen feet. Adjoining Mr. Wagner's place is "Springmead," the home of Mrs. Denniston. In her front yard is a Citrus Japonica, which blooms and bears fruit. Farther along the Trail in the Merrick, Milne and other properties may be seen fine specimens of Oaks, Elms, Beeches and Evergreens.

Those who are acquainted with the Old Redman's Trail will understand the inadequacy of this description of the trees along its borders. Those not acquainted with the Trail should hike it from end to end and learn from personal observation the arboreal-cultural beauty of this ancient highway.

Chapter Sixteen

The Trail's Writers

"Rising with Aurora's light
The muse invoked sits down to write:

Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails
To scratch your head and bite your nails."

That may be all right for writers

of fiction, but when writing of what transpired on an ancient highway we must dig up facts and then use the condenser to make them fit into the space allotted to this sketch.

It is not surprising that a thoroughfare with such a history as that attached to the Redman's Trail, should produce writers of history and other subjects. We will mention several, but there must be many more who were inspired to write of things they knew about concerning the trail and its people; possibly this material is stowed away in trunks, cabinets, Bibles or other books and may eventually come to light and may get into print. A family scrap book came into possession of the writer some time since. This contained a number of little sketches written by members of the family and some printed items about themselves and their friends. Some time we may find a scrap book about the Old Trail; when we do we will share its contents with others.

We will not mention the writers in chronological order, but as they occurred to us as we hiked from the Tacony to the Wissahickon.

Elisha Kent Kane and Others

Sidney G. Fisher, a Pennsylvania historian, was a cousin of Maud and James Logan Fisher, owners of "Brookwood," and an adjoining estate, situated at the Tacony, Green lane and City Line. He did some of his writing while visiting his cousins on the Old Trails. We will write of the homesteads mentioned in later chapters.

In 1845 Judge John K. Kane built "Kenilworth," at Fern Rock Station on the Old Trail. It was a splendid estate. Massive stone posts at the lower entrance, a stone lodge at the upper one, mighty Oak, Chestnut and Beech trees in the grounds through which ran Rock Run creek. Prior to acquiring this property Judge Kane and his family lived at "Rensselaer," farther back on the and here Elisha Kent Kane, the famous explorer and writer was reared and to "Kenilworth" he returned, after his harsh and historical trip to the Arctic regions in search of Dr. Franklin, with broken health to write his "Arctic Explorations," for the first year's sales receiving \$65,000.

He died in Havana not long afterward. His body was brought to Philadelphia and lay in state in Independence Hall. His funeral which was a military and civic one was one of the largest ever held in the city.

Across the Trail at the upper end of "Kenilworth" was the old Green Lane School, which had as a pupil, Owen Wister, the novelist, whose home, "Butler Place," was just across Old York road, the rear of it running for a considerable distance along the Church lane section of the Old Trail. His grandmother, Fanny Kemble, a brilliant actress, married Hon. Pierce Butler, who built the place or remodeled it; and their daughter, Sarah, married Dr. Owen J. Wister, father of the novelist. Mrs. Butler wrote several charming books about life in the neighborhood of the Old Trail and a book of poems that revealed her inner life. Her literary gift was transmitted to her daughter, Sarah, who, also was a writer of distinction and through her to the celebrated novelist through

whom it has descended to his daughter, Marian Channing Wister, a poetess of rare vision and literary excellence. All of these resided on an estate that abutted on the Old Trail.

Historians

We cannot speak too highly of Annie De Benneville Mears, the author of "The Old York Road, and Its Early Associations of History and Biography," covering the period from 1670 to 1870, and published in 1890. It is one of the most valuable works on local history in the writer's library. She spent much time in examining titles to properties and family records. It is to be deplored that more copies were not printed.

Mrs. Mears was active in community and Church work, giving the land upon which the "House of Prayer" stands. She was even willing to be a sponsor at the christening of the writer. Her grave adjoins that of the British officers—killed at the Battle of Germantown—in the De Benneville Burial Grounds.

We have spoken of Richard Townsend and reprinted his testimony, which reveals him as a man possessing a rare literary mind and ability.

Thomas Godfrey, who later lived in the Townsend homestead, and invented while living there the mariner's quadrant, wrote several scientific treatises while residing on the Old Trail.

The Zell property which ran from the Old Trail at 723 to Locust avenue, contained two dwellings, the one nearest Locust avenue being known as "Heartease." This was occupied for years by Hannah Ann Zell, the historian and antiquarian, who was active in the old Germantown Historical Library and later in the Site and Relic Society. The other dwelling was occupied by her brother, Thomas Ellwood Zell, a big genial man, author of Zell's Popular Encyclopedia and other works. It was a joy to have this man drop into our office. We have in our possession the old silver-plated nameplate which adorned the front gate for many years.

Several years ago we were hiking from Narberth to Manayunk, when we came to the Friends' Meeting in Lower Merion. Entering the well-kept grounds through an entrance guarded by massive gates, we passed through a smaller gateway in a wall to the burial section of the grounds, and to our right saw a marble slab in the wall on which was inscribed, "Zell Row." Walking along the row and reading the names as we walked we came to that of "Hannah Ann Zell," and by her side was her big brother, "Thos. Ellwood Zell." Thus for the first time we learned where our old neighbors were sleeping side by side, in a beautiful, quiet spot, till the resurrection morn.

Several years ago the front section of the property came into the possession of Thomas G. Parris, and almost immediately, after taking up his residence there, something began to stir within him; it was the Redman's Trail literary spirit that was generated in the Red Men's Society of Genesee and which has hovered over the Old Trail ever since. As soon as it entered Dr. Parris' system he started to write sketches

about Germantown and is likely to continue to do so for the next seventy-five years.

Longevity on the Trail

A little west of the Zells on the opposite side of the Trail was the home of Mrs. Emma B. Stork, who died several years ago in the 102nd year of her age, leaving behind some choice poetic and prose selections. She wrote a number of religious books and was a regular contributor to the Lutheran Observer. Her mind was keen to the last, but her body was racked with rheumatic pains which compelled her to do her latter-day writing propped up in bed.

Mrs. Stork was interested in missions, supporting for ten or more years two missionaries in Guntur, India, and paying the running expenses of a church which was built through her generosity.

Thomas Godfrey

At the present terminal of Limekiln pike, where it merges into the old Redman's Trail stands the House of Prayer, of which we may speak more fully in a later chapter. In front of the Church edifice on the Old Trail side is the tomb of the Barclay family with a peculiar monument. This was moved from Laurel Hill Cemetery to its present position during the rectorship of Rev. George Bringhurst with the understanding that certain provisions were to be made for the Church.

Farther north on the trail near the old terminal of Limekiln pike was the family burial plot of the Godfreys where several members of the family were interred, including Thomas Godfrey, inventor of the mariner's quadrant. J. F. Watson, the annalist, had these bodies removed to Laurel Hill Cemetery. After being disinterred they were placed in the old Roberts mill overnight. Not knowing the bodies were there a member of the Roberts family visited the mill about dark for some purpose and came in contact with one of the grinning skulls. Several things happened at once—a yell, a shaking of his whole body, a general hair raising and a leap for the door. When we knew him some years after he was quite bald. Is fright the cause of bare-footedness on top?

We are inclined to think this incident gave to the mill the reputation of being haunted, for, whenever any of us youngsters got tired of playing in the mill and wanted the others to go home, all we had to do was to yell, "See the ghost!" and they would come trembling out of the windows and doorways like a drove of frightened rats and make a beeline up the Old Trail as fast as their shaking limbs would allow.

Market Square Necropolis

The largest graveyard on the Old Trail is at Market Square which was formerly on the line of the old part of the trail that ran past the northern end of the square. A wall and fence now separate the rear of the yard from the side yard of the writer of this sketch. Here, then, is the source of inspiration to write about the dead past that it may be quickened into life.

It was first opened by members of the Church of the Reformed Congregation whose edifice stood on the site of the present Market Square

Presbyterian Church, which is a continuation of the Reformed organization, the latter being organized in 1732. It is probable that burials began in this ancient cemetery about that date. As a sketch of this graveyard appeared in these columns within two years we will repeat but a few statements that appeared in that sketch.

There are 350 lot owners and more than 50 vacant lots. Among the lot owners are some of the leading early families of Germantown. Several preachers of the Reformed Church are buried here, also soldiers of the Revolutionary and Civil Wars.

There are possibly more epitaphs on the stones in this cemetery than in any other in Germantown, some peculiar, some very fine; visitors could spend a couple of interesting hours here gathering historic and other data from these stones.

The one nearest the entrance reads: "Mary Good, born January 23, 1787, in her 85th year. 'Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven.' " Do any readers know of another person or persons who were born in their 85th year?

A couple of large maple trees along the main path gripped several headstones, lifted them from their original positions, growing around them and partly hiding the inscriptions. Part of another stone can be seen nearby buried in the uncovered root of one of the trees. On one of these stones the following inscription appears:

"In memory of Henry Lenhart who departed this life, August 7, 1830. Aged 45 years, 6 months and 5 days. Affections sore long time I bore Physicians were in vain, 'Till God did hear me mourn And ease me of my pain."

Upon another nearby is inscribed: "And I heard a voice from heaven saying, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

New fences with wired tops have been erected which have kept out desecrators of this historic "God's Acre." A commendable movement was started some time since to renovate this sacred field. S. H. Claire is doing prodigious work to further the project.

In view of the fact that so many Civil War soldiers are buried in this yard it is very appropriate that the G. A. R. monument should stand at its entrance.

Hicksite Friends

Just west of Germantown road on the Old Trail are the grounds and buildings of the Hicksite Friends. In a peaceful corner of the yard in front of the meeting house is a little cemetery with markers for fourteen graves. On the stones are inscribed the family names of Atherton, Parvin, Speakman, Simons, Lamb, Hampton and Rittenhouse. Some of the inscriptions follow:

"Christiana L. Hampton and her son Isaac."

"William C. Lamb, died 8th mo. 18th, 1852, aged 22 years and 6 mo. He sleeps in Jesus."

"S. Rittenhouse, 73 years, 11 months, 19 days.

Mother thou art

Sleeping here,
To wait for those who
Love the dear."

The brush and vines have been cleared from the corner and it now looks very neat.

It is said that several of the soldiers who fell in the Battle of Germantown were buried in the grounds of the Germantown Academy—just beyond the Friends Meeting—possibly those who died in the school house while it was being used for a hospital.

Indian Mounds and Pets

When writing of the battle of Genesee an account was given of the burial of the Lenape Indians who had fallen in the fight, in the Indian burial ground, at the east corner of the Old Trail and Wissahickon avenue, later the site of E. W. Clark's homestead and now partly covered by Cloverly Park, the gift of the Clark family to the city. Just how many of the Aborigines were buried here we have no data at hand to determine, but we are satisfied that it was an extensive field, for many mounds could be seen until building operations obliterated them.

Just west of Wissahickon avenue is "Cerne," the homestead of the Mason family of which we will speak again. On the rear lawn is an interesting spot that could properly be called "Dog-heaven," for here are interred a number of family pets as indicated by a row of marble stones lying flat on the green sward, inscribed as follows:

"Callida, died May 8, 1896, aged 7 years."

"Bippo, died July 28, 1891."

"Mouche, died August 2, 1893."

"Fly, died July 11, 1888, aged 14 years."

"Cherry and Dickey," (canaries).

"Polly, aged 20," (a parrot).

A very nice way of recalling the friendship of pets. Possibly "Old Dog Tray" was played or chanted at the burials.

Horse-heaven

Just beyond "Cerne" is Pinehurst, formerly the homestead of the Wain family, now the property of the Penn Charter School. The Misses Wain had a cemetery for animals on their place surrounded by evergreens and other trees and the remains of many poor beasts are resting in this Old Redman's Trail Horse-heaven.

The Misses Wain were kind hearted ladies, their sympathy extending to dumb animals of all kinds. If they heard of maimed or overworked horses they would buy them and turn them into their pastures to recuperate. Owners of broken down horses in the neighborhood, especially Pukaskitown, knowing this, would harness their crippled horses to a heavy load, drive past the Wain place, shout at and whip the poor animals, which would bring a protest from the sympathetic ladies, and a sale at a fancy price would follow, adding another to the population of their horse paradise.

Some time since the writer visited this spot to ascertain if stones had been erected to the memory of any of the departed animals. None were found, but two were seen leaning against a nearby beech tree. No inscription being found on the front they were pulled over to see if some mark could be found on the back.

Again he was disappointed, but

found a handkerchief behind one which had possibly been left there by a mourner.

At Either End

At Raven Hill, the Weightman estate, near the western end of the Old Trail, was given to the Sisters of the Assumption for school purposes, by Mrs. Frederic Penfield, daughter of Mr. Weightman. A cemetery has been opened for members of the order.

At the rear of "Trinity Chapel" at the Tacony Creek end of the Old Trail are the graves of a very few of those who attended service in this mission of the "Old Oxford Church." Thus at both ends of the Old Trail are graveyards connected with religious organizations.

A study of the stones in these cemeteries along the Old Trail will yield the student a lot of historical data.

Other Writers

Frank J. Firth, who wrote several books on Church history and polity, among them being "Christian Unity in Effort," received his inspiration and wrote his books on Church lane hill. He was not only a thinker and writer but a broad minded philanthropist as well. He was a liberal contributor to institutions outside of his own denomination.

From Mr. Firth's home it was quite easy to look across the Wingohocking Valley and see perched on a hill the home of Herbert Welsh, Indian rights advocate, artist, hiker and writer. He has written several books and many pamphlets on subjects that engaged his attention and interest. His grounds run down to the Old Redman's Trail.

Another man who resided on Church lane was Edward Armstrong, M. A., a member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, who edited, with additional notes by himself, the "Correspondence Between William Penn and James Logan and Others," from the original letter in possession of the Logan family, with notes by Deborah Logan. These covered the period from 1700 to 1750. These letters contain a clearer and more copious description of the state of public affairs, during the period in which they were written, than is to be found in any other existing document.

They were written for and published by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania in several columns. One of these with 450 pages is before us as we write this note.

Dr. N. H. Keyser lived for a number of years at 33 Church lane; while living there he gathered the material for and wrote his section of "History of Old Germantown," and some other sketches. Midway between Mr. Welsh's and Dr. Keyser's former home is the domicile of the writer of this sketch. All of these were seized by the spirit that hovers over the Old Trail and were led whithersoever it willed.

Nearly opposite Dr. Keyser's home was the rear entrance to the dwelling in which was born Louisa M. Alcott, the woman that New England claims as its great authoress. The same spirit that seized the other writers captured her and her family and went with them when they moved to the land of steady habits

and mountain laurel.

On the West Side

Just west of Germantown road lived R. Robinson Scott, a prolific writer on horticultural subjects and publisher of "The Philadelphia Florist and Horticultural Journal," and the discoverer of the fern *Asplenium Ebnennides*, or the Scott Fern.

At the corner of the Trail and Wayne avenue is the former home of William H. Scott, who compiled for several years books of unique designs which were much sought after. He was a member of the firm of Allen, Lane and Scott, railroad and legal printers and was prominent in church, mission and welfare work.

Nearly opposite the site of the Indian mounds is the Campbell homestead. Dr. William J. Campbell, president of the City History Society, has written several historical sketches, and is the owner of a number of copies of first editions of works of distinction. Miss Jane Campbell, his sister, was historian of the Site and Relic and other societies for long periods. She wrote extensively of Germantown history and had possibly the best collection of Germantown pictures, clippings and other data about local affairs to be found anywhere. This collection was methodically and neatly arranged in over eighty scrap books. They are now in possession of her nephew.

These brief allusions to some of the writers along the trail are sufficient to show the reader that the Old Trail produced those who wrote history as well as being the center of worthwhile historical happenings.

It was our purpose to write of the institutions on the Trail; a chapter on the educational feature of the old thoroughfare would doubtless be of interest to some readers, but we will speak of these as we come to them while we describe a hike from the Tacony to the Wissahickon and thus break into what might become a monotonous description of estates and families.

The hike will start next week.

Chapter Seventeen

Hiking the Trail

Writing about old homesteads is a pleasant pastime but the results are unsatisfactory, for while it is quite easy to jot down dates and incidents connected with certain properties, it is beyond the power of the writer to convey to the mind of the reader the charms and spirit that hover around and above them. Little family happenings which seem too trivial to mention are still the things that turn a property into a home. The Redman's Trail, more perhaps, than any other thoroughfare in Germantown, was and is still lined with such homes.

Crescentville alias Grubbtown

Crescentville, at the end of the Trail, is one of the oldest settlements in Pennsylvania, and was at one time a very busy place. Huge mills were located here run by water power. These and most of the quaint old houses are now in ruin but several antiquated buildings still remain.

The place was formerly called Grubbtown, deriving that name from a prominent resident by the name of Grubb. The mills were known as the Crescent Mills and had a star and crescent on their weathervane. From that fact the place began to be called Crescentville and that is now its official name. Asylum Pike,

Adams Road and Crescentville Road merge at the bridge at the center of the old village.

Up the road, just beyond the old mill, is a monument without an inscription, standing upon a boat-shaped rock. The monument was erected to memorialize the deeds of the fifty-five men who entered the Union Army from Crescentville during the Civil War. The base was hauled from Delaware county by a team of twelve or thirteen horses.

Not far from the monument are the public school and the old mansion of Thomas Griffith, the owner of the plantation upon which Crescentville was built.

Peter Moran, the well known artist, lived in Crescentville at different times. T. J. Rice, when writing about the artist, said:

"I know that he had many sketches that he made in and around the village. At an exhibition of paintings held at the

Art Club some years ago he exhibited a picture entitled 'Scene Near Naples.' I knew it at once. It was made in Crescentville, looking down the road from the Soldiers' Monument. There were three pairs of tall stone houses in the distance, and coming up the road was a shepherd driving a flock of sheep. He saw me looking at the picture and inquired if I knew the place. 'Yes,' and then he told me he had passed many happy days there, and went on to say: 'I had that drawing of a man and sheep and thought it would work into a picture.'

"Mr. Moran had a sense of humor. At one of his class days the ladies were talking about having a good memory. One of the ladies inquired of Mr. Moran what were the earliest events in his life that he could remember. Mr. Moran said: 'When I was six months old and in the cradle a woman living nearby visited the house and said to my mother, "How is Peter this morning?"'

There are those who say the name of the stream that flows through this historic place is not Tacony but Takonyi, the name of the tribe of Indians of which Ogontz (not of Genesee) was chief, but whatever its real name may be it was a delightful privilege to ramble along its banks. The stream and its banks have recently been added to the park system of Philadelphia.

The locality is rich in local history, and was one of great natural beauty and a very appropriate place to begin a hike over the Old Trail from the Takonyi to the Wissahickon.

Directly opposite Green lane on the Crescentville Road is a stone chapel that is known as "Trinity Chapel, Crescentville, Parish of Trinity Church, Oxford."

The old Oxford Church is a couple of miles up the Old Oxford Pike, now known as Rising Sun avenue, and is possibly the oldest Episcopal Church in Northern Philadelphia. There are some curious epitaphs in the cemetery adjoining the church.

DELIGHTFUL BROOKWOOD

(Continued from last week)

At the northwest corner of Crescentville road and the Trail is the beginning of the baronial-like Fisher estate. Nearly ninety years ago Charles Henry Fisher secured part of the Griffith plantation and built a residence upon it, which was at the time of the hike occupied by his daughter, Maud. Farm after farm was added to the estate until it comprised 500 acres spreading over City Line into Montgomery county and extending along the Tacony to the grounds of the Curtis Country Club near Cheltenham. Another residence was built upon the estate by James Logan Fisher, a son of Charles

Henry, and was occupied by him.

The estate was one of the finest suburban places in this part of the state. There was a rare combination of woodland, meadows, gardens and farmland with field lawns of rare beauty. The woods were filled with laurel, dogwood and wild flowers and the numerous paths running through them opened up vistas of wild beauty that enchanted the wanderer.

The brook flowing through the woods—which we presume suggested the name of the estate, Brookwood—was a clear rippling one, as it glistened and scintillated through the wooded dell presented a picture that was charming and fascinating. The dell was filled with spring flowers when the hike was made, some of which were being picked by a group of neighbors, who seemed to be happily at home in the grounds.

The lodge was midway between Crescentville road and Mascher street and was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. James F. Hamill. The Hamill family had been connected with Brookwood from the beginning.

In November, 1856, a balloon that had passed over this locality several times came down so low over Brookwood that people on the ground were enabled to talk to those in the balloon. One of the men in the balloon leaned over the side of the basket and gave three cheers for Buchanan (it was during a political campaign). As he drew in his head his jaws were sunken and he appeared ten years older to his fellow balloonists. He explained that he had lost his teeth and they were 700 feet above the ground.

The owner of the teeth went to Brookwood later and made a search for his teeth, being assisted by employees of the place, but the teeth were not found. Perchance they kept on working after reaching the ground and worked their way into the brook. The owner of the teeth wanted to pay those who assisted him in the search but Mr. Fisher objected, stating that his men were paid enough by him and did not need any tips.

Opposite Brookwood on the Trail was "Maplewood," later known as the Dickson farm. This was the old Price Plantation and contained about 100 acres. At its center was an interesting group of old buildings, some of which were in ruin. For a long period it was the country residence of John M. Dickson and was cared for by the Montgomery family some of whom taught school in Germantown. It was afterwards owned by the Presbyterian Hospital and farmed by Brunner Boyer—a nephew of John W. Boyer who taught the writer how to farm on the Boyer Farm that ran from Wister to Chew streets on the Old Trail—with whom we had a pleasant visit. In the farm yard were the old Price grave-stones. The farm has been divided for building operations.

Champlost

On the south side of the Trail running from Mascher street to the North Penn Railroad was the Fox estate, an extensive property, with much woodland, part of which is now Fisher's Park. It was a beautiful country seat, containing two dwellings on what is now Fifth street and a number of massive trees. It was known as "Champlost" and is now memorialized by an avenue bearing that name and which passes through the old estate.

"Champlost" was the residence of James Portens. In 1722 it became his property, and by his will in 1743 went to Joseph Fox. In 1782 his son, Joseph M. Fox, succeeded to the property, and

on his death, in 1784, it was inherited by his next brother, George, who held it until his death in 1828, when it went to the late Charles P. Fox and his sister, Mary, who resided there until their death some years ago. It contained about 200 acres.

"In 1757 George Fox was a member of the Society of Political Inquiry, and in 1800 he represented the city in the Assembly. On his travels abroad he was a long time in France and there, in 1780, at the dinner table of Count de Champlost, at his chateau, was seized with illness. He was removed at once to Paris, and after a time died, as was supposed, and was consigned to the care of the Capuchins to be buried; a little warmth in his hands being perceptible led to the application of restoratives, by which he was revived. On his return home he gave his estate the name of the place that he had cause to remember."

We spoke in a previous chapter of Miss Mary Fox's cemetery for dogs. All the landmarks on the old estate have been obliterated and hundreds of modern dwellings cover the acres of Champlost.

Historic Kenilworth

Opposite Champlost on the Old Trail is a live spring, the waters of which have slaked the thirst of many who have passed over the Trail, both red and white. Near this was "Rennselliier," an old homestead which was built in 1770 by Nathan Whitman. The place was occupied at different times by Dr. J. K. Mitchell, Judge J. K. Kane (before he built Kenilworth), and Dr. White.

Just beyond this at the railroad is Kenilworth. We have spoken of the giant trees that were felled several years ago on the Green lane front of this property. In 1845 Judge John K. Kane built his residence near the present Fern Rock station and resided there until his death in 1858. Ten acres of the Silver Pine Farm, part of the De Benneville estate were purchased by Judge Kane which gave him a front on the Green lane section of the Trail. Two driveways led from the house to the Trail at the entrances of which were a lodge and massive stone posts, which spoke to the passerby of the glory of the place. It is now used as a boarding or apartment house and is known as Kenilworth Inn.

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, son of the judge, spent the last year of his life at this place upon his return from the Arctic regions where he went in search of Sir John Franklin. He died at Havana of paralysis, February, 1857. His body was interred in the family vault at Laurel Hill.

Great changes have taken place in this neighborhood. Rock Run Creek has been sewerred: the lane has been lowered twenty or more feet and now passes under the railroad and merges into Godfrey avenue which eventually will be an

important highway between Germantown and Rising Sun avenue. Between the railroad and Old York road is the old Green Lane School of pleasant memories; nearly opposite this is the Hebrew Orphans' Home, and at York road is the De Benneville burial ground, which adjoined the mansion that at the time of the hike was in ruin. Many interesting things could be written about the De Benneville family and house, but space forbids.

Ancient Branchtown

The business center of Bristol township was Branchtown, at the intersection of the two trails, now York road and Green lane, and here history was made. The old general store and postoffice was

located just below Green lane and here was the general exchange of gossip for generations. We know but one proprietor of this store, Henry S. Rorer, a fellow member with the writer of the Board of Managers of the local Y. M. C. A. He was a jovial, big-hearted man, and passed into gloryland while the writer was stationed in New England.

The Branchtown Hotel, which still stands, was also a popular resort, not only for the inhabitants of this ancient town but for long distance travelers over the old road to New York. The present building was erected about 1790 by Joseph Spencer, on land purchased from Thomas Godfrey, Sr. About twenty acres were in the purchase. The new section of Limekiln pike passed through this property. It is said that this hotel was a great resort for sleighing parties, and the host, Jonathan Childs, was always ready to furnish good entertainment to all who patronized him.

Just above the hotel on York road was a landmark for many years known as the Indian Rock, which projected itself over the other trail for centuries but which the turnpike company had removed when they widened the roadbed, despite the protest of nearby residents.

Many well known North Philadelphia families lived in this section during Colonial and Revolutionary periods. It played an important part in the Germantown campaign, before, during and after the battle. Why was it called Branchtown? We know not. Do you?

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The Hike Continued

When we write of the eastern end of the Church Lane section of the Old Trail there arise visions of what it was over sixty years ago and not what it is in these changing and bustling times, for this section of the Trail was the way to school in the days of "Auld Lang Syne." In those days stood the old houses that were in the Buckleberry Mills settlement from Wister street to Finian Hill. In the hollow that still exists, the old Townsend-Roberts mill, unused which we youngsters used as a playhouse. The old Roberts mansion stood on the hill in the rear, and just below this across the pike, stood the old Spence house, formerly the Townsend-Godfrey place, at the corner of the Old Trail and the old terminal of Limekiln pike. At that time Mill creek ran under a rattling wooden bridge, upon which we would stand and watch the fish as they rushed hither and yon in the clear water below.

Then we would walk in the shadow of the high retaining wall along "Butler Place" that had been erected when the old Mill road was cut through the rising ground, and which extended from Finian Hill to beyond the present Ogontz avenue.

Now every time we go through the ancient lane we miss some old landmark that has disappeared to make way for new streets or rows upon rows of modern dwellings. Only one of the old Buckleberry Mills houses remains and that is in the hollow, nearly opposite where the old mill stood and is a substantial structure, occupied at present by a teamster.

Under a number of the new dwellings are garages that shelter motor cars which have replaced the bull and "get-up" teams that used to bring grain to the mill to be ground into flour and meal. When we try to do a bit of hiking now we sometimes wish the old "get-ups" were back on the job and that the motor vehicles were in paradise where they couldn't

throw dust into the faces of hikers.

The old retaining wall has disappeared and a long row of houses has been built on its site. The lowering of the grade of the Old Trail has, apparently, had the effect of raising the House of Prayer a little nearer to the skies.

House of Prayer

This church stands at the junction of the Old Trail of the present terminal of Limekiln pike and presents an entirely different appearance today from what it did when the writer as a lad attended its Sunday School over sixty years ago. The place is of peculiar interest to us for it was here that Bishop Stevens confirmed Elizabeth Brewin Phillips, the mother of the writer, and it was here that several of her children were baptized by the Rev. Richard N. Thomas.

The parish was organized in 1860 but meetings had been held in the neighborhood by those interested in the project for three years prior to that date.

The gift of a piece of ground had been conveyed to the Society for the "Advancement of Christianity of the Protestant Episcopal Church," in 1858, by Anne De Benneville Mears, on which the church was built in 1862. It had been intended as a memorial to her great-grandfather, "George De Benneville, who had been received by baptism when an infant, into the folds of the church. The good Queen Anne, his sponsor, had the care of his early years, the mother dying soon after he saw the light of day. He died March 20, 1793, a man of universal esteem through life and lamented in death." Thus wrote Mrs. Mears of her ancestor.

The church has had eleven factors, the first being Rev. T. Gardiner Littell, who served five years. Rev. George Bringhurst served for 27 years, and the Rev. H. G. G. Vincent from 1911 to 1921. While the last was on his way to visit the sick in a hospital he was struck by an automobile and was killed. Rev. H. W. Gernand has been rector for the past eight or nine years.

Prior to the organizing of the parish the meetings were in charge of Rev. B. Wister Morris, assistant at St. Luke's, Germantown, who afterwards became bishop of Oregon. The church at the present time is in a flourishing condition and with a large influx of new families into the neighborhood, promises to become a very large and strong parish.

Historic Section

After passing the House of Prayer and the rows of houses that have been erected on the "Butler Place" and the Spencer farm, we reach the site of the Townsend house and mill, the first erected in what is now North Philadelphia; the mill was demolished in 1873 and a house that stood on the old site, stood until a few years ago. Near here occurred some of the heavy fighting during the Battle of Germantown, the ground being soaked with the blood of American and British soldiers.

At the corner of the Trail and Township line (now Wister street) stood the old brown toll gate house where politicians would gather 60 or 70 years ago to "chew the rag" over the merits and failures of their respective leaders; we think the locality was Democratic at that time for the toll gate was but a square away from Irishtown, the capital of East Germantown, and nearly all Emerald Islanders were Democratic in the days of Auld Lang Syne.

Irishtown was built on part of the Boyer farm that extended from Wister to Chew street along the trail and to the line of the present Price street on the

north, adjoining the Haines farm. On this farm (Boyer's) it was the privilege of the writer to work during vacations; it was here he learned bareback riding, cattle raising and acquired an appetite for fruit—for there were several fine orchards on the farm.

Church Lane Hill

When Germantown awakened from its long sleep, about 1830, and began to build factories and homes, and then a railroad from the city, Church Lane Hill and its surroundings were developed as a residential section and became to Germantown what the Main Line and Chestnut Hill are to Philadelphia today—the home of the select or elite. This eminence over which Locust avenue and the Old Trail run was known in those days as Kelley's Hill and is so designated on the map of the battlefield, although the Kelley brothers did not come into possession of it until 25 years after the battle.

The hikers will notice the old fashioned mansions, with their square towers and cupolas as they pass over this section of the old Trail; some are on the street level while others are perched on high terraces being nearly hidden by trees and shrubbery.

In these mansions much worth-while biographical material could be gathered, for here resided many old time Germantown families bearing the names of Evans, Goodhue, Smith Wharton, Allen, Morgan, Kimber, Shoemaker, Dewees, Lloyd, Farr, Scott, Kennedy, D'Invillier, Merrick, Zell, Firth, Brown, Hoyt, Whitall, Bacon, Bockius, Stork, Datz, Spencer, Stokes and others.

Some of these mansions or sites are now occupied by the Gonzaga Memorial Asylum, St. Joseph's Asylum, Home of the Good Shepherd, Jewish Foster Home, Little Sisters of the Poor and the Foulke and Long Institute. We have already spoken of the giant and beautiful trees in this locality, while rare shrubbery and flowers abound. This hill overlooks the Wingohocking Valley in which was located Genesee, the Indian village of which Ogontz was chief.

Chapter Nineteen

MARKET SQUARE

We have now reached Market Square on our present hike. We mentioned in a preceding chapter the old route of the Trail that followed a course from the Wingohocking ford near the present railroad bridge to the west, which brought it to the Germantown road trail over the present East School lane. We wrote of the Indian parade turning here during the celebration of the victory at the battle of Genesee in 1600; we mentioned the shooting up of the old rooster on the weathervane of the Reformed Church by the Paxson Rangers and of the Indians camping here and being fed while on their way from up-state to "Penn's Green Towne." We also gave a brief account of the cemetery in the rear of the church.

But there is a lot of other interesting data connected with Market Square, some of which we will have to omit. Because of the crossroads (Indian Trails) this was the center of Germantown from the beginning. At first it was known as "The Green." It is only about one half a square long and an eighth of a square deep; therefore it is not a square, but a green. In the early days of the settlement a market shed was erected at the west corner and adjoining this stood the firehouse where "Old Shag-rag" was kept. At the Church lane end was the old log

prison whose end could be lifted by several men and the prisoners invited to come out and have something while indulging in a game of cards or quoits. Near this building were the stocks for unruly persons—we should have some now. In the center of the green were the public scales, placed there by Thomas Armat, who lived opposite. The Soldiers' Monument now occupies the site of the scales.

Some Colonialisms

For many years Market Square was one of the chief Colonial centers in America, and increased in importance after the Revolution. New England had its greens surrounded by frame churches and wooden mansions; the Southland had its greens or courts around which stood wooden and brick structures with a style of architecture that differed greatly from that of New England. Most of these centers have degenerated or disappeared entirely.

Germantown's green was surrounded by substantial stone structures, some of which are with us today, several of them being among the finest specimens of colonial architecture in the country. Those that have disappeared have been replaced by the massive structures of financial institutions, which make this part of the Old Trail as important as it ever was. A complete story of some of these buildings and their occupants would fill the space allotted for the entire square.

We would call the attention of tourists and hikers to the door knockers and other brass features on the doors of the buildings surrounding the green; also to the ornate iron railings and gates, some of which are gems of the ironworker's art. Because of their lowly positions the foot-scrappers should not be overlooked, but carefully noted, while the dormer windows, doors and doorways are worthy of careful study.

The Religious Features

It will take eternity to reveal the amount of good that has resulted from the efforts put forth by religious workers around the "green." On Market Square Church the Site and Relic Society placed some years since a bronze tablet inscribed as follows:

"The Church of the German Reformed Congregation of Germantown was erected on this site in 1733. Here Count Zinzendorf preached his first sermon in America, December 31, 1741. Here the British army quartered a Virginian battalion captured in the Battle of Germantown. Here George Washington worshipped when President of the United States and while a resident of Germantown. The old (stone) building was replaced in 1839 by one (brick) which made way for the present (stone) structure in 1888. In 1856 the congregation united with the Fourth Presbytery of Philadelphia as the Market Square Presbyterian Church."

The church was organized about 1726 as a Dutch Reformed Church and for over two hundred years an active organization has been at work propagating the gospel and transforming lives. Preachers of unusual ability have ministered here.

From the balcony of the De La Plaine house that stood at the north end of the "Green," George Whitefield, the world evangelist, preached to large crowds that gathered in the square November 27, 1739. An extract from the "Life of Whitefield," published in 1889 shows the effect of his preaching:

"He was so thronged with anxious inquirers that he had not time to write a letter to his friends: 'They follow me wherever I go, as they did in London.

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On November 27th, (1739), he preached for nearly two hours to over 6000 hearers in Germantown, from a balcony, with such melting power 'great numbers wept most profusely. It was a real time of refreshing.' Here he enjoyed sweet communion with many souls of different nations and professions. Here, too, he found the Germans translating his Journal into High Dutch. On his return to Philadelphia, he found a crowd waiting around his door to hear the word of life. He prayed and spoke to them. 'Many wept bitterly.'

"The effects produced about this time by the preaching of Mr. Whitefield were truly astonishing. Numbers of all denominations, and many who had no connection with any denomination were brought to inquire, with utmost earnestness, what they should do to be saved."

William Penn preached in the Ashmead house, the site of which is now occupied by the Saving Fund building, and, as he was a preacher with unction and power, results must have followed his discourses.

St. Luke's Church was organized in the Armat house, now occupied by Glyndon Priestman, and for several years held meetings there, in the Reformed Church and in the building now occupied by the Y. W. C. A.

We are uncertain whether Trinity Lutheran Church was organized in the latter building, but they met there for some time. Just think of the streams for good that have flowed from these efforts made around the "Green."

At the south end of the square are stores and apartments that occupy the site upon which stood a general merchandise store conducted by "Freddy" Axe, a "character" in his day. Being of a nervous disposition the boys of the neighborhood would often irritate him with their pranks. They would open his door and ask out loud, "Freddy, how much are your tupenny mackerel apiece." Freddy would dart after them in his effort to give them mackerel on the head.

When the Millerites flourished here they met in the old Stokes' Hall, just below on the Trail, a definite date was set for the Second Epiphany. "Freddy" accepted their teachings and dates. When the date set was near at hand, he gave away his stock, bought ascension robes and with others took a position at his end of the "Green" and waited to be taken up. They waited in vain, for they were foolishly mistaken and disappointed as all others will be who set dates for an event to take place they know nothing about, thus bringing discredit upon an important doctrine of the Bible and Church. They were narrow in their study and interpretation of the scriptures and suffered as a consequence, in 1844.

Freddy restocked his store and resumed his business, a more thoughtful and we hope a more restful and better man.

Glancing Around

Suppose we stand for a moment or so on the pavement of the Morris house opposite Church lane. This house is one of the finest specimens of Colonial architecture in the country and was built in 1772 by David Deshler and occupied after the Battle of Germantown by General Howe, commander of the British forces who moved up from Stenton, and who was visited during this occupancy by Prince Henry Williams of the Royal Navy, afterwards William IV, of England. One can readily imagine the gaiety and military splendor that were present here during that period.

During the yellow fever epidemic in 1793, when Philadelphia was the national

capital, the seat of government was moved to Germantown to escape the scourge. President Washington and his family made this house their home while the fever raged, and thus made of it the executive mansion (White House) of the United States. He again occupied it as a summer home in 1794, at a rental of over \$200. We think President Hoover could look farther and fail to find a better place to spend a summer than here.

The spot on which we are now standing is the same on which Washington stood when waiting for his horse to be brought that he might take a gallop down the Old Redman's Trail. When he arose in the morning and drew aside the curtain, he would look down the Trail near which the Battle of Germantown was lost.

Take a look through that little wicket gate at the south side of the house and you will get a glimpse of a garden and grounds that are marvelously beautiful. Rare plants are there, and a lawn that is green and restful. Some of those massive trees you see around the grounds were doubtless standing when Washington occupied the place.

Across the lower end of the "Green" is the boarding house branch of the Germantown Y. W. C. A. For years this was the headquarters of this important work in Germantown, all departments meeting here prior to the erection, at Vernon Park, of the present main building. In 1917, Mrs. William L. McLean, then president of the association, had this Market Square building renovated and changed into a home as a memorial to her sister, Mary, and it is now known as the "Mary Warden Harkness House." It is a solid, fine old building with attractive windows, doorway, foot scrapers and door knockers. It has been the home of many notable persons and during the period that Germantown was the nation's seat of government, was the treasury building of the United States. Thick vaults with heavy iron doors were built, in which was stored the nation's cash.

The building was used for five years by St. Luke's Church for services and other parish purposes and Trinity Lutheran Church met here for nearly a year before their present edifice was completed. This building was also used as a private school at several different periods.

In the early part of May of this year (1930) a fire broke out in this building, doing considerable damage to the interior and causing the inmates to flee in their usual scant apparel, but it never feazed the old treasure vaults in the basement.

Church and Churchyard Ghost

Adjoining this building is the plant of the Market Square Church, of which Rev. M. B. Gurley is minister. In a case just inside the auditorium are the angel trumpeters that ornamented the organ of the old edifice, the rooster from the old weathervane and other relics.

The Civil War Soldier Memorial that stands on the "Green" opposite the entrance to the church was erected in 1883, just two hundred years after the settlement of the town. The monument was erected largely through the efforts of General Louis Wagner, an elder of the church and teacher of the large adult Bible class.

To accommodate this class an extension was built to the parish building in the rear. A peculiar feature of this addition is that it is built on piers over a number of graves and the old stones may still be seen in an undisturbed state. In this addition and adjoining rooms suppers were sometimes served.

One evening a young fellow who was

courting a young Church lane lassie, the backyard of whose home abutted upon the churchyard, was making a short cut across the cemetery from East School lane in his anxiety to reach the side of his fair one, with flowers in his hand and a scented handkerchief in his pocket.

As he reached the elevated classroom he saw something that froze the warm blood coursing through his young veins and which drew from him a yell that could not be equaled by any of the braves in the Red Men's Hall, just over the fence.

What he saw appeared to him like a white-robed apparition rushing toward him over the tops of the old gravestones under the building; but what he really saw was the end of a white tablecloth that a woman was shaking from a window or doorway at the back part of the building.

He dropped the flowers intended for the young lassie, started at full speed down the cemetery path, knocking over a gravestone in his frightened and mad rush, bounded over the fence near the Continental Mills and out the alley to Lena street, leaving behind on the barbed wire that topped the fence a slice of his nicely creased pantaloons.

Did he call upon the Church lane lassie that evening? No. Did he ever again use the short cut across the cemetery? Never. And all because he, like Conan Doyle, misinterpreted what he saw.

Ancient Homesteads

The oldest building on the Trail is the ancient parsonage that fronts on East School lane (the old route of the Trail), now the central section of Mr. Mathieu's—the art dealer—building which for many years was the residence of James S. Jones. Several additions were made to the original structure, the front being changed from School lane to the "Green." The first floors of the sections or additions are on different levels, making of it one of the most complicated buildings in the town. At one time a partition wall was built through the house on the line of the present church property, cutting into rooms and leaving some without entrances except through windows by way of the roof.

This partition also made curious passageways in the cellar making it easy to presume that the building was a hiding place from the Indians or a refuge for slaves when an underground work was carried on preceding the Civil War.

The property was owned by the Tromberger, Armat and Stokes families before it was secured by James S. Jones. The deeds of the property make interesting reading for the researcher. Mr. Mathieu has transformed the front facing the Square, bringing it into harmony

with its surroundings. His show window is one of the best in Germantown and makes a beautiful picture across the "Green."

Opposite this building on School lane stood for many years a neat cottage surrounded by trees and flowers, that was known as "The Pines." The ice manufacturing plant now stands on the site.

We will consider in another chapter the corner sites occupied now by the Mutual Fire Company, National Bank and Saving Fund.

Adjoining the Saving Fund building is the Armat House, 5450 Germantown avenue—directly opposite the Soldiers' Monument. It is one of the most interesting buildings in Germantown; built about 1770 it was owned and occupied by Thomas Armat, builder of "Loudoun" on Negley's Hill, donor of the ground upon

which St. Luke's Church is built, a public spirited citizen of no mean repute. Here St. Luke's Parish was organized and other important meetings were held. For over one hundred years it was the home of physicians. In recent years the first floor has been changed for commercial purposes, but the Colonial aspect has been retained. Notice the doorways, the dormer and other windows.

The interior is still more interesting; the neat, old-fashioned woodwork, the old time doors, the fireplaces and closets, all speak of careful workmanship. In the cellar is a large fireplace with crane and kettle, and near this is a doorway leading into a dungeon under the side yard. Massive rocks are used for the ceiling of this underground stronghold.

Some years ago when Dr. John Hedges occupied this house the present writer had published a description of this house, the art treasures it contained, noting the peculiarities of each room, including the one known as the "Minister's Room," which contained a mahogany bedstead with huge posts that nearly reached the ceiling.

Between the Armat and Morris houses is the residence of Dr. Wilson Whitaker, a hipped-roof house with a stately front; but the painting does not harmonize with the other buildings surrounding the Green. Below the Morris house are the Colonial residences of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Roop and Dr. Wister.

The writer is still of the opinion that the Y. W. C. A., the Armat and Morris houses should be marked for the benefit of strangers, if only with small engraved plates containing the leading facts of their history. It would be a fine act for St. Luke's parish to mark the birthplace of their organization.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Financial and Fire

The real character of Germantown is expressed more clearly at the corners of Germantown road and Schoolhouse lane (the two trails) than at any other cross roads in the old borough.

The "Green" at one corner with its dignified beauty, the Mutual Fire Insurance Company, the National Bank and the Saving Fund buildings, artistic and substantial, at the others, homes of organizations as strong and massive as the structures, manned by corps of officials and workers that are the last word in integrity, make a combination of qualities that is expressive of a typical Germantown character; a character of staunchness that cannot be excelled in the whole wide world.

We spoke of the "Green" in a previous chapter and it would be an easy matter to fill several columns with a record of the site and doings of each institution on the other corners but we must condense them into one chapter—not an easy task.

Mutual Fire Insurance Company

The north corner of East School lane, opposite the "Green," is an interesting spot, for on it much that enters into Germantown history transpired. It was part of what is known as the original "No. 10 lot toward Bristol," and extended east to the township line (now Wister street), the eastern boundary being opposite Richard Townsend's lot across the line. The Redman's Trail would thus run alongside or through the entire length of the lot.

The original purchaser of part of the lot from the Frankfort Company was James De La Plaine, the son of a French Huguenot and a man held in high repute in the new settlement. About 1692 he

built upon the lot what was known for many years as the "De La Plaine House," a three-story stone structure with a hip roof. Many of the older residents of Germantown remember it quite well. In a former chapter we spoke of George Whitehead, the world-renowned evangelist, preaching from its side balcony to 6,000 people in the square. This was before the Market shed and fire engine house were built.

This house remained in the family for many years, for, during the Revolution, James De La Plaine's granddaughter and her husband, Joseph Ferree ("Squire") resided here. Ferree was active in the cause of the Revolution and his cellar was used by the Government as a repository for salt, saltpetre and lead. From this fact it is thought that we get the name of "salt cellars" for our table salt repositories.

During the Battle of Germantown a number of persons used this cellar as a refuge from bullets and cannon balls. Several interesting incidents that occurred during and after the battle at this place are in print. Read them.

Rev. B. W. Morris, curate at St. Luke's who was active in the movement that resulted in the organization of the House of Prayer parish, and who became Bishop of Oregon, resided in this house. The lower part was later changed into three stores.

The writer has a peculiar brass key that was used in the entrance door of the house years before its demolition in 1885 by the Mutual Fire Insurance Company who had purchased the site upon which to erect their much needed building, moving into it early in 1886.

This company was organized eighty-seven years ago, June, 1843, in the office of Wyndam H. Stokes, who built the steam grist mill on the Old Trail and "Stokes Block," and who became its first secretary and treasurer, continuing to hold those offices till 1870, the year of his death.

The incorporators and first managers were men of high repute in the community and such men have always been sought for board membership. The charter that was granted by the Legislature is very explicit in its provisions for the safeguarding of the interests of the policy holders and restricts the operations of the company to Bucks, Montgomery and Philadelphia counties. These limitations like those of the banks of Niagara, are its strength.

For ten years the company occupied rented offices but the business of the company increased to such an extent that it seemed advisable to secure permanent headquarters. Therefore a lot was purchased at Germantown road and Armat street upon which a building was erected in 1853 and which was occupied until their removal in 1886 to their present artistic structure on the Trail.

The first policy was written June 29, 1843, for Samuel Harvey, President of the National Bank of Germantown, who lived where the Town Hall now stands. It was upon a house and kitchen for \$3,000. At that time inspectors were sent out to inspect the properties to be insured, take measurements and report back to the office. During 1843 153 policies were written.

The first policy that Charles H. Weiss, the present vice-president, wrote was No. 9376, February 24, 1873, or over 57 years ago.

The number of the last policy issued (July 16, 1930) was 139,903. There are over 45,000 policies in force at this writing, covering risks of \$78,675,925. These figures indicate the number of persons who are interested in this particular corner of the Old Trail.

Officiary of the Company

Since its organization the following men have served the company as president: Henry S. Mallery, Benjamin Lehman, Spencer Roberts, Jabez Gates, Charles W. Otto, William H. Emhardt, Joseph Fling and William H. Emhardt, Jr.

Just step inside the building and in the corner at your right you will see the old fire pump that was worked by man power and which could throw a heavy stream of water fifty feet; the water for its reservoir being passed in leather pails along lines of men, one of these pails being kept in the home of each fireman and carried by him to the place of the fire. It was built in London by Newsham and Rag which fact possibly suggested the name "Shagrag" (or Shamrag) by which it was known. It was imported in 1764.

Step inside the president's office and meet Mr. Emhardt, who has been connected with the company as clerk, assistant secretary, vice-president and president successively, since 1895, being president for the past nineteen years. In addition to attending to the affairs of this company Mr. Emhardt takes time to serve as an officer or director in political, welfare, civic and religious organizations too numerous to mention. He was chairman of the committee that arranged for the successful observance of the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Germantown.

In the office to the left of the entrance is Mr. Weiss who has been connected with the company for over 57 years, filling the offices of secretary, treasurer and vice-president. Mr. Weiss is interested in Germantown history and has a

lot of historical data tucked away in his head and desk. The group of pleasing but dignified ladies at the desks and tables may speak for themselves.

In the second story of this building are located the offices of the Funeral Benefit Association of the United States which enrolls thousands of members. The Germantown Historical Library was formerly located on this floor.

National Bank of Germantown

Opposite the Mutual Fire building on the west corner of the trails, stands the massive granite building of the National Bank. This corner is an historic site. Here must have been erected one of the first buildings in the German Township, which gave place to the large stone hip-roofed structure built by either Charles or Hans George Bensell about 1727 and which stood there for about 140 years. During this time it was used as a private dwelling, then a boarding house in which, it is said, Generals Washington, Knox and Greene slept, not during the Battle. Afterwards it was turned into a store that was kept by Stephen Boisbrun, whose daughter was librarian of the original Germantown Library, which was located in the building. The library ceased functioning about 1842. This building was also occupied for a short time, in 1798, by the Bank of the United States, of which Thomas Dunlap who lived on the western end of the Trail, was the last president.

Other merchants who were in business here after Boisbrun were William Van Horn, Frederick Brownholtz, Fred R. Rittenhouse and Joseph Vanderslice, the last being the owner when the National Bank secured the site.

This bank is a giant among its fellows and has played a large part in the development of Germantown. It was organized

in 1814, hence is now (1930) 116 years of age. On its one hundredth anniversary a sixty-two page book was issued, giving a record of its work and pictures of various officials and buildings. Copies of this may be found in the libraries.

The bank started business in a building that stood on a lot now occupied by the western section of the present building. From there it moved to a building just below East Penn street, now occupied by Seifken's Market and Harry Wetherstine, the antique dealer. It moved from there to its present home in 1868.

Its first president was Samuel Harvey and its first cashier John Fanning Watson, the famous annalist, both of whom filled their respective positions for thirty-four years.

We pause here to say a word about Mr. Watson, the man to whom Germantown is indebted historically more than to any other who has taken up a pen to record the doings of this old town. He was accurate and is quoted more than any other Germantown writer. We feel safe in quoting him without an apology or a fear that his statements will be questioned. He lived over the bank offices, below Penn street and it must have been there where a greater part of his observations were recorded.

As cashier he would come in contact with the leading people of the vicinity and as he was not crowded as the cashiers of today are, he would have time to converse about past and passing events and it seemed to be his habit to make a record of what he had learned. Some of the older visitors to the bank would be those who had lived in Colonial days and through the Revolution and they would relate incidents that came under their observation, which Mr. Watson would record. It would be a fine thing for bank officials and others to put in—or have put in—a journal the worthwhile things that come to them in various ways. Today they may seem trivial, but in years to come they would be of priceless value.

Men of the highest integrity have been successors of these first and accurate officials and the directorate of the bank has been filled by members of the leading families of Germantown, including the Bensell, Ashmead and Rittenhouse families, who at different times owned the site upon which the bank building now stands.

Step inside the building during business hours and a glance around will show what a busy place it is. It must be so to take care of the interests of its many depositors and their millions of dollars of deposits.

The visitor is impressed with the security of the place. Armed guards and massive vault doors increase one's respect for the institution, while the courtesy displayed by the officials cannot be excelled.

Walter Williams, the president, has been officially connected with the bank for twenty-four years and president since 1912. He is a member of one of Germantown's oldest families and is therefore interested in the history of the place in addition to being a top-notch financier.

John C. Knox left an official position in a city bank in 1912 to accept the cashiership of the Germantown National and the progress made by the institution since then speaks well for the judgment of those who brought about the change. Gentlemanly courtesy is one of Mr. Knox's leading traits. Two extensions

have been made to the building and another is now in process of erection. There is a successful savings department among its activities. The career and success of this Gibraltar among banks have been like the history of the Redman's Trail on whose corner it stands—mighty interesting.

Saving Fund Society

On the south corner of the Trail stands the handsome building of the Saving Fund Society of Germantown. The building occupies the sites of the Tillner-Ashmead-Bensell-Schaeffer houses, each having a history of its own. The Tillner house is supposed to have been the first stone dwelling erected on Germantown road.

Prominent people sprang from the Ashmead family who lived here, including Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett and William Lehman Bartlett, husband of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. This family was among the original settlers of Cheltenham Township, possibly giving it the name of their inactive place in England. We get the name of our Cheltenham avenue from this source. Ashmead street and place memorialize this family's name.

In the Ashmead house Count Zinzendorf organized the first Moravian school in this country in May, 1742. It was later moved to Bethlehem and is now a well known and extensively patronized educational institution.

The corner property passed from the Ashmead to the Bensell family and was again secured by the Ashmeads. William Penn preached here several times. The Workingmen's Club with their library occupied the corner building for a short period, hence each corner of the Trail has been the home of a library.

The fact that members of the Bensell and Ashmead families owned at different times this and the property on the bank corner has led to several errors getting into print concerning the houses standing on these sites.

A man who lived in Dr. Ashmead's house, when fleeing from the British during the Battle of Germantown, received a shot in his boot and was not aware of it until he stopped riding some miles away.

The New Owners

In 1881-2 the Saving Fund Society secured possession of the property, tore down the old corner building and erected part of the present imposing granite building on the site. This was occupied April 1, 1883. It was enlarged in 1904, the society's jubilee year. This institution is one of the most substantial in Philadelphia. It was organized in the spring of 1854 and started business in a room of the Mutual Fire Company on the north corner of Armat street. In 1855 it moved next door where it functioned until 1869, when it moved temporarily into the Walker Hall building, where it continued business until its new building—afterwards Trower's restaurant—above Cheltenham avenue was finished. While here, fifty-seven years ago, the writer became a depositor, and has been one ever since and has not lost a wink of sleep during those years through fear of losing a penny of his deposit.

The society has been manned by some of Germantown's best known and most reliable men, some of whom it was our privilege to have as personal friends, including Charles A. Spiegel and John Cooper. The tragic death of the former on Old York road some years ago was a shock to his friends, the effect of which is still present.

Since its organization the society has been entrusted with deposits of over \$190,000,000. At present, July, 1930 it

has 38,400 depositors; deposits of over \$25,000,000, and is still climbing.

It has built an addition in the rear and is now putting up a new building on the Germantown avenue front. Good management, including judicious advertising in standard publications, such as the Telegraph, and courtesy on the part of the staff have been important factors in the Saving Fund's success.

The present officers are Arthur W. Jones, president; H. T. Montgomery, vice-president; William N. Price, secretary-treasurer; Howard H. Hewett, assistant secretary-treasurer. In addition to these there are a dozen or so of prominent and reliable men on the board with George Wharton Pepper as solicitor.

Notes

The officials of these Redman's Trail financial institutions are men of integrity, a fact that gives greater strength to them than all other factors we have mentioned. The total number of policy holders and depositors in these institutions on the Trail is fully 100,000. It is safe to say that many of these policies and accounts represent families of three or four, making a total number directly interested in these Old Trail organizations of fully 125,000 or more than reside in the Twenty-second Ward. Truly this Market Square section of the Trail is not only a worthy one historically but one of financial centered interest.

To non-resident readers of the Telegraph it is but fair to state that these Market Square institutions are but three of the sixteen financial concerns or branches that are doing business in the Twenty-second ward, in addition to many building and loan associations.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Greene Street to Wissahickon Avenue

"Many ghosts, and forms of fright
Have started from their graves tonight;
They have driven sleep from my eyes
away."

Opposite the "Dove Cote" are the Greystone apartments and boarding house, a large Colonial style building with wide porches and airy rooms. Within this square of the Old Trail are over a score of refined homes in some of which there is much worthwhile biographical and other historical data most of which will be passed for want of space.

No. 156 is the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Haines, a very good example of New England Colonial style of architecture. In the rear garden is a sundial with a stile which contains the numerals that indicate the time of day when the sun shines. This is the only dial thus constructed that has come under the writer's observation. Near this is an English oak tree with an unusual spread of branches and leaves large enough to be used for fans. Mr. Haines takes great pride in the fig and other fruit trees in the grounds.

Adjoining this property is a lot containing twin brick cottages occupied by H. C. Wood and Thomas Wistar and their families. These three houses stand on the site of the old Coulter farmhouse and barn, which was occupied by several well known families, including John B. Wood who owned it for some time. The writer recalls Mr. Wood as an active fellow member of the local Y. M. C. A. Board of Managers in the days of long ago.

When this house was torn down in 1893 the brick houses referred to were built. The H. C. Wood mentioned above is a son of John B. Wood. The former very kindly wrote us about the property and

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afterwards showed us the old "Shagrag" fire house in his yard and other articles of interest. Several extracts from his letter follow:

"This house (No. 164) and No. 166 together occupy the lot where the Coulter house formerly stood. It was directly on the street with no front lot whatever, the high steps that led up to the front door (from each direction, I think) being actually on part of the side walk. All my life my home has been right here, or at No. 156 next door, where Mr. Haines' family now live.

"The fire engine house is still in our backyard where it was placed after being hauled from Market Square, but my father had the steeple removed from it about forty years ago for fear my brothers and I would fall from it.

"The old stone wall between our lot and No. 156 is quite the oldest thing in the immediate neighborhood, and it is my impression that it dates back to Revolutionary times."

Since writing that letter Mr. Wood built a garage in his yard which caused such a congestion that it seemed wise to remove the old fire engine building and the building was demolished October 22, 1922, when the owner very kindly gave to the present writer parts of the well preserved framework of the center of the roof over the spot where the steeple stood.

This building was nearly ninety years old when demolished, for, at a meeting of the Fellowship Fire Engine Company held at the home of Abraham Schrack on August 29, 1833, "the building committee reported that they had sold the old engine house for \$14, and contracted for a new one which will cost \$95."

This new house is the one seen in the familiar picture of Market Square of "Ye Olden Times," standing alongside of the market shed at the upper end of the square. This house passed to the Fellowship Hose Company, and when they abandoned it in 1850 for the Armat street house, it was sold or given to Paschall H. Coulter, who hired "Joe" Ladley, a well known teamster of the town, to haul it back to his place on the old Trail where it could be seen for over 70 years. It was thus built on the Trail, traveled back the Trail, later did service on the Trail as a tool and play house, was demolished on the Trail. Some of it went up in smoke on the Trail while the balance is still stored on the Trail. The part that traveled back to the Market Square block shows how the parts were pinned together, indicating careful workmanship in a \$95 building, while the wrought iron nails that went with it were "toughness itself."

Ghostland

The site of the Coulter farm and farmhouse, which was part of the original "lot No. 9 toward the Schuylkill," furnished several interesting items for the annals of Germantown, including the Hessian encampment, which we will mention later, and a real ghost, the story of which has been a puzzle to the writer for some years.

There seems to be a connection between this ghost and an old cherry bookcase that was part of the furnishings of the old Coulter house, according to the testimony of residents in the vicinity that the writer personally heard them give.

We have always been skeptical about ghosts, but those who furnished us with the information about this Redman's Trail ghost are so sensible and trustworthy that our skepticism has become a bit wobbly and now we hardly know

where we "are at."

When the cherry bookcase referred to was in an adjoining building to the one in which it is located at present, doors and windows would rattle and other strange noises were heard. Upon its removal to its present abode these manifestations followed it.

One night after the parents of the home had retired they heard the canes and umbrellas in the hallway stand rattle with a great clatter, so much so that one of them called their son by name whom they thought had just returned home, asking why he was making so much noise. But there was no answer; the son did not come in until nearly an hour later.

The lady of the house had arranged to have a representative of a sewing machine firm come and make some adjustments of parts of a new machine and explain how to use them, but was called away at the hour agreed upon. The representative called, made the adjustments and returned to the office. The lady of the house upon her return phoned to the office to explain why she was not there and to make another date for instructions, expressing her regrets that no member of the family was there to meet her when she called.

The representative replied that the lady's husband was there and stood watching her as she made the adjustments, with his elbow on the cherry bookcase and seemed very much interested in what she was doing to the machine. She said he had black hair and wore a red coat. "Why," said the lady of the house, "my husband has been out of town all day and he does not answer to your description."

At another time the lady of the house was talking to a visitor in the hallway near the doorway of the room where the bookcase stood. The visitor kept looking past the lady of the house and remarked to someone later that she did not understand why the lady did not introduce her husband who was standing in the doorway just behind her. This reached the ear of the lady and when they met again she asked about the man who was standing in the doorway, telling the former visitor that her husband was not home at the time. The visitor described the man as having black hair and as wearing a red coat.

While the lady of the house was telling us about this red-coated visitor we were sitting near the bookcase and our eyes grew larger and whiter as they became fixed upon the old tragic heirloom. At the same time we became a Quaker, for our limbs did quake a bit and there was a persimmon-like sensation around the roots of our hair. But we saw nothing unusual. Nevertheless we made a hasty departure.

One day as one of the domestics was dressing in her room on the second floor she thought she heard someone in the hallway and tried to close the door, which was partly open, but there seemed to be a pressure against the door which prevented her from closing it. But when she looked through the opening no one could be seen.

Some time later another domestic was found in a dead faint in the upper hallway and the lady of the house supposing her to be in an epileptic fit sent for her doctor who lived nearby—and whom we knew—who, when he came and turned up the eyelid of the woman declared it was not epilepsy but a shock that had been superinduced by fright.

When the woman recovered consciousness she said while she was sweeping an awful face appeared over her shoulder which caused her to faint away.

We have made these detailed statements with the hope that they will be read by someone who can give a satisfactory explanation of these strange doings on the old Coulter farm. We have unraveled several difficult tangles in our time, but we must confess that this one has us stumped.

We told these things to a man who lives near where they transpired and he said that they might explain a strange circumstance that members of his family witnessed in his yard early one morning. A nude figure was seen rolling in the grass under the trees and then suddenly disappeared. We asked him: "Do ghosts disrobe and take dew baths?"

Years before this the Scott family lived in one of the houses on the Trail between the National Bank and the Friends' Meeting, about a square from the Coulter farmhouse. This house had quite a steep roof. It is on record that one of the features of the household was a family ghost, which seemed to be on familiar terms with all the members. One night while it was climbing the back roof it slipped and crashed through the window in the shed roof, nearly frightening the heart out of little Jimmie. It and Jimmie were close friends and it was a charming sight on a clear day to see little Jimmie and his sister walking hand in hand back the Old Trail with the ghost following them, acting as a sort of guard, keeping a very close watch o'er them. But, when they would arrive opposite the Coulter place the ghost would invariably disappear. We have failed to learn how the Scott ghost dressed, but have often wondered if there was any connection between this and the one that showed itself at the Coulter place.

A Mongolian Sundial

Just beyond the site of the old Coulter house is Wayne avenue—formerly Old Plank road. On the east corner stands the former home of the late William H. Scott, one of Germantown's leading welfare workers and philanthropists. Opposite this is the stately Fairfax apartment house built on the site of Samuel Mason's homestead.

Crossing the avenue the Eastern headquarters of the China Inland Mission is soon reached. Here much business is transacted and returned missionaries rest. It is a roomy building and was at the time of the hike in charge of the Rev. (Chief) Roger B. Whittlesey, who spent much time in China, where the aborigines and makers of the Redman's Trail came from.

Mr. Whittlesey had in his possession a Chinese or Mongolian pocket sundial with a compass in the center and enough information in Chinese characters to fill a column.

By request of a couple of residents of the Trail Mr. Whittlesey sent to China for several of these and they are now doing service on the Trail, two at the home of the writer. Recently a returned missionary wrote for us an interpretation and explanation of the characters on the dial, of which the following is a part:

"The compass is largely used in geomancy to find the luckiest site for a grave, or the most auspicious position for a house, especially for

the main entrance.

"According to Chinese philosophy that which has no limits (the First Cause) gave birth to the great limits. The great limits gave birth to the male and female principles in nature. The male and female principles gave birth to the eight diagrams. The eight diagrams gave birth to all things.

"The eight diagrams are printed on the face of the compass, next to the magnetic needle. Next to the diagrams are eight arithmetical designs of which the sum of any two opposites is always ten. Next to these are the four cardinal points of the compass; and the spaces between these points are divided and subdivided and named according to the twelve Horary Brands and the ten celestial stems, etc." Then follow the stems in Chinese.

Around the dial are the twelve Horary characters in Chinese and numerous other characters. The dial plate can be raised and lowered and there are twelve grooves on the lower surface, one for each month that the support is placed in and which will enable a person to get the exact sun-time at any season of the year, thus making these pocket dials more accurate than the stationery ones in our gardens. There are twenty-four solar terms, as used in China, printed alongside the grooves, with an explanation in Chinese opposite.

To one acquainted with Chinese this compass contains lots of information and has to be seen to be appreciated. When closed the entire affair measures three inches in width, six in length and one-half an inch in depth, and can easily be slipped into an upper coat pocket. It should be remembered that the manufacturers of these and the makers of the Redman's Trail sprang from the same stock.

Hessians

All along this section of the Trail the Hessian division of the British forces were encamped prior to the Battle of Germantown in 1777.

Watson said of them; "A large body of Hessians were huddled in Ashmead's fields out the School lane, near the woods; their huts were constructed of the rails from fences set up at an angle of forty-five degrees, resting on a crossbeam center; over these were laid straw and grass sod—they were close and warm.

"Those for the officers had wicker doors with a glass light and interwoven with plaited straw; they also had chimneys made of grass sod. They, no doubt, had purchased so to pass the winter, but the battle broke up their plans. One of the Hessians afterwards became Washington's coachman."

A British magazine of 1786 says that there was then a transfer made at the Bank of England of £471,000 (\$2,355,000) to Mr. Van Otten on account of the Landgrave of Hesse for so much due for Hessian soldiers lost in the American war, at £30 a head, thus making the total number lost to be about 15,000 men.

References to the Hessians from other sources will be of interest and quite appropriate here. During the Battle of Germantown "General Armstrong was engaged with the

Hessians near the Schuylkill," and drove them away from their huts.

"While the British were here the Chaplain of the Hessians preached in the German churches, and two remained in this country after the war. One of them, the Rev. Mr. Schaeffer, took the Lutheran Church in Germantown." We wonder if those who stayed behind were listed among the lost at £30 per head.

"The Hessian prisoners taken at Trenton, according to a witness, were fine, hearty looking men, well clad, with large knapsacks and spatterdashes on legs. Their looks were satisfied."

These were the sort of men that encamped on the Old Trail from Moses Brown's place to Wayne avenue.

Miss Jane Campbell, the historian, who lived in this section of the Trail, in a letter said:

"Where I live east of Wissahickon avenue near Morris street, I heard when we first built our house over thirty-four years ago (now over forty) that the ground had been farmland. We also were told that during the Revolution British troops were encamped on this same ground. Confirmation of this tradition or statement has been furnished by the fact that shortly after we came two English pennies were dug up in our vegetable garden, antedating the Revolution—the date on one is 1767."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

At Township Line

The stately homes on every hand
How beautiful they stand;
Amidst their tall ancestral trees
Along this pleasant Trail.

As we have hiked over the Trail from Germantown road to Wissahickon avenue (old Township Line) all must have been impressed with the beauty of the yards on either side. It has taken a long time to bring some of them to their present idealistic condition. Choice plants, rare shrubbery and trees have been used without stint; massive trees abound. The arboricultural and horticultural features of this ancient highway are its outstanding charms. We wrote of rare trees in a previous chapter.

From Germantown road to Wissahickon avenue we knew of but five homesteads that had names. They were "Boxwood," "Mapleshade," "Longland," "Selma" and "Cloverly," the last two on the corners of the avenue, while beyond the avenue all of the estates, we believe, had names, but strange to say, none of them suggest Indian origin. An Indian Trail without Indian names, how strange!

The balance of this sketch of the Redman's Trail will be, in the main, a description and brief history of these estates. Since the data for this sketch was gathered there has been a change of ownership of several of these properties, also some deaths.

Selma

On the north corner of the Trail and avenue was "Selma," better known as the Ketterlinus place. This was the largest estate on the Trail east of Wissahickon avenue. The house stood far back from the road and had the appearance of an English manor.

The leading features of this property were its large and well kept lawns, stately, evergreens and greenhouses.

Judge Porter built the house in 1860.

Eugene Kitterlinus, head of the Kitterlinus Lithographic Company, bought the property in 1866. He died in 1886. "Selma" was afterwards occupied by Mrs. Robert Wilson, daughter of Mr. Kitterlinus and her daughter, Mrs. Wigton and family. Miss K. W. Kitterlinus also resided there. This property is now the site of several large apartment houses.

Cloverly Park

On the east corner of the Trail is Cloverly Park, a memorial to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Clark, whose home once stood here.

At the center of the park stands a concrete rest pavilion, with an opening in the roof under which is a fountain. Surrounding this pavilion are a number of fine specimens of trees, including a giant beech and some very large maples. We noticed but two evergreens in the park. The pavilion stands on the site of the former Clark residence.

Herbert L. Clark, a son of E. W. Clark, founder of the banking firm of E. W. Clark & Company, very kindly furnished us with the following data about the old homestead:

"My father bought the place in 1859 from J. Edgar Thompson and Ann Coulter. It was then an open field of five and a half acres in extent, containing, I believe, but one or two trees. He immediately started building his house and stable and added a number of trees, which since then, as you know, have grown to be fine specimens.

"I understand that in digging the foundations for the house and stable a number of bullets were found, being relics of the Battle of Germantown, and also a number of Indian arrowheads.

"My father lived in this house until the time of his death in 1904, and after his death my mother lived there until her death in 1908. By this time all of her children were married and had their own properties, but they had become so closely associated with the house and the place that they did not like to see anybody else living in it. Hence their decision not to sell or rent but to tear down the house and stable and build a memorial to mark the site of the house and create that part of it fronting on Schoolhouse lane and Wissahickon avenue into a park. This was done in 1911.

"Just before this time, however, the lower half of the place (on Wissahickon avenue) had been sold to the Friends' School of Germantown for a girls' athletic field.

"This brief sketch is all that I can give you of the history of the place. We hope very much that the community will enjoy the privileges of the park and that when they use it they will remember that it is given in memory of a man whose heartstrings were firmly embedded in the community."

The digging up of the Indian arrowheads seems to confirm the statement made in previous chapters that there were Indian mounds or a cemetery along the Trail, reaching possibly to Wissahickon avenue. It is probable that these arrowheads thus unearthed were buried with the Indians, possibly those killed in the Battle of Genesee in 1600, the custom among the aborigines being to bury bows, arrows and other instruments with the dead.

Notable Cricketers

The Clark mansion was the birthplace or residence of three of America's well known cricket players, Edward W., Jr., Percy H. and Herbert L. Clark. They not only became famous in this country but won international fame by playing

with distinction in international matches in this and other lands. These with Edw. N. Wright, Jr., J. L. Ketterlinus, Mr. Valentine, H. C. Wood, Henry W. Brown and his two sons and other players constitute a list of residents of the Trail who brought distinction to this ancient thoroughfare and led many visiting players to visit the Trail, either as guests or sightseers.

An English team—we think it was Lord Hawke's—while being shown the western end of the Trail agreed in declaring that it was the "most English-like road" they had seen in this country.

Warden Estate

Across the avenue from Cloverly Park, on the south corner of the Trail is the Hebrew Sheltering Arms for Infants. This was formerly the W. G. Warden homestead, which included properties previously owned by the Misses Connor, E. N. Wright, Sr., and the Ashmead family.

The building is a large brick one erected in 1883. It is an imposing structure, has large porches, a tiled peaked roof and a many cornered tower. Shrubbery prevents a good view of the lower part of the building and grounds from the highways. Here Mr. Warden reared his well known family and here he died in 1895.

While living here Mr. Warden acquired considerable property in the neighborhood, opened and developed Queen Lane Manor, and, with the as-

sistance of his family, has changed the character of the neighborhood below his estate. The handsome Nurses' House of the Germantown Hospital is a memorial to Mr. Warden, erected by his widow.

Some years ago the property was conveyed by W. G. Warden, Jr., executor of the estate of Sarah W. Warden, to the Queen Lane Manor Land Company for \$85,000, the amount at which it was assessed. At that time it was announced that the site would be used for an operation of suburban dwellings.

These plans seemed to have fallen through for the next year the property was sold to the Hebrew Sheltering Home, since which time hundreds of infants have been cared for. Hikers as they pass will observe scores of cradles, cots and other nursery paraphernalia on the lawn with many infants and numerous nurses who are kept busy attending to the needs of their charges. As we watched them one day we were reminded of the woman who lived in a shoe, who had so many children she hardly knew what to do.

We were told there was a sundial on the building and we walked up the driveway and began a search for the dial. Soon heads began to appear at windows and one who appeared to be in charge saluted us with "With what do you want?" and we detected a suspicious look in her eyes, indicating that she and others thought the dial hunter was looking for an easy way to get into the building.

We told her what we were after, but she evidently did not know what a vertical sun dial was and pointed to a design in the brickwork and asked if that was the object of our quest. We left without finding the dial, but we still have in our mind a picture of the kiddies and "kots."

If William Penn was correct when he said the Indians evidently descended from the "Lost Ten Tribes of Israel" then the Israelites are coming back to the Trail made by the ancestors, for on the Trail are located the "Jewish Orphanage," the "Jewish Foster Home" and

the "Hebrew Sheltering Home," one on each section of the Trail.

Lovely Cerne

Adjoining the Sheltering Home on the Trail is "Cerne," the homestead of the Misses Mason. The whole place has a "homey" appearance. Standing back from the Trail on a deep and wide lot, almost hidden by trees and shrubbery with greenhouses, conservatory, springhouse and garage in close proximity, it suggests again that it is indeed a homelike homestead with several unique features.

The house is built of gray stone, with slate roof and chapel porch entrance. Its semi-gothic or mullioned windows produce a very substantial appearance. The porch is enclosed with heavy glass sash, each side being banked with potted plants.

As one stands and looks through the wide hall—which extends from the front to the rear of the house—into the rear conservatory, banked with ferns and other plants, the word "homey" again forces itself upon the mind of the visitor.

There are numerous fine trees scattered over the grounds, which extend from the Trail to Coulter street in the rear. These were planted by Moses Brown. Among these are two giant beeches, a huge magnolia, a rare cypripedium and a large willow oak. There is also some rare shrubbery along the front driveway. Several years ago the Misses Mason donated a number of valuable plants to the Fairmount Park Commission, which were placed in Horticultural Hall.

Moses Brown, Sr., built the house. Benjamin Perkins lived there for a while and then the property was secured by the Mason family, manufacturers of "Mason's Shoe Polish."

Up-to-Date Athletics

Adjoining "Cerne" on the west is the athletic field of the Coulter Street Friends' School. This lot was formerly owned by T. Wistar Brown. We have not been able to learn positively whether a residence stood on this place at one time or not but the splendid spruce, willow, oak and other trees on the place lead us to think they were planted for residential purposes. Perhaps it was part of the Oakley estate.

The lot became overgrown with brush and for years presented an unkempt appearance. When the Friends' School secured the property some years ago a great change soon took place. It was cleared of brush and useless trees, graded and laid out for outdoor sports and now, instead of being a deserted spot, is one live place, where instead of weeds, muscles and health are developed and boys are prepared to win cups and other prizes for the glory of the school and town.

Oak Road and Oakley

The next estate to this was formerly known as "Oakley." On it was a square frame mansion built by Peter Wright, founder of the old shipping firm of Peter Wright and Sons. This was occupied by three generations of the Wrights, E. N. Wright, Jr., being born there.

Henry W. Brown built in front of where the old mansion stood, a large modern brick dwelling and there he resides. He also opened Oak road through the property from the Trail to Coulter street. On the east of Oak road stands what was formerly the home of Miss Johnson, a relative of the Wrights. It is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George Harr's, the latter a daughter of Henry

W. Brown, whose home is directly opposite. The style of the building is Gothic, with gables toward the Trail. This and the homes of R. D. and Theodore Brown front on Oak road. The Brown family through their skill at cricket brought distinction to the Trail and to the city. Several dwellings have recently been constructed on this property fronting the Trail.

Edward ("Ned") N. Wright, Jr., who later lived on West Chelton avenue, talked very interestingly of his old home and neighbors and afterwards wrote us a letter of which the following is a part:

"Since our talk the other evening regarding the historical events relating to old Schoolhouse lane, several things have come to my mind which were not mentioned when I saw you at that time.

"I well remember on numerous occasions hearing my father tell of School lane being in olden times called 'the lane leading from Robeson's Mill over to Germantown'—then only a dirt lane. After the schoolhouse was built—now the Germantown Academy—it was dignified by the name of Schoolhouse lane.

"The place called 'Blythewood' was built by my uncle, Louis D. Senat, who sold it to Stephen Morris, who afterward sold it to Joseph S. Lovering, Jr.

"Our old homestead 'Oakley' was directly opposite and was built by my grandfather, Peter Wright, in the year 1845, and upon his death in 1856, was purchased by my father, E. N. Wright. In 1905 I sold the property to Henry W. Brown. He tore down the old house and constructed a new one near the site of the old house.

"The place adjoining 'Blythewood,' now occupied by Frederic Strawbridge, was, sixty or seventy years ago, owned and occupied by a family named Chancellor and was known for many years as the old Chancellor place. I well remember when they lived there. They sold to Samuel V. Merrick, who was the father of William H. Merrick, who for many years lived farther back the lane. Samuel V. Merrick in turn sold to Justus Strawbridge, the original head of Strawbridge and Clothier firm, my father negotiating the purchase and sale for them, being an intimate friend of both. The place was afterwards bought by Fred. Strawbridge, a son of Justus Strawbridge.

"Regarding the old William Butcher Steel Works, now known as Midvale—Mr. Butcher was an intimate friend of Philip S. Justice, who at one time owned 'Woodside' (of which we will write later), Mr. Butcher making his home with Mr. Justice. Mr. Butcher used to drive down to his works every morning, and many a time I have seen him going down there, while on my way to school at the Germantown Academy.

"As I recollect it, Mr. Butcher sold his old works to a small syndicate, of which E. W. Clark, the banker, and William Sellers, of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, (also E. N. Wright) were prominent members. They afterwards sold to William J. Harrah and upon his death the property reverted to his son, Charles J. Harrah, who named it Midvale, the present owners purchasing from Charles J. Harrah.

"This in a general way, is the history of the William Butcher Steel Works, but as regards details of the several changes I would not myself care to be quoted, although so far as Mr. Butcher's connection with it, I speak by the book." This record was inspired by several questions

that the present writer put to Mr. Wright about "Midvale."

Mr. Wright failed to mention in his letter that Mr. Butcher was an Englishman and that when he disposed of his steel plant he decided to return to England. His lease of "Woodside" not having expired, he had several applications for it, and curiously enough, one of the applicants was named Hogg and another Bullock. As usual the Hogg "got there" while the Butcher sent the Bullock elsewhere to find summer pasture.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

The Pines and Shenley

West of the school grounds in one enclosure are The Pines, the home of T. Howey Dougherty and Shenley, the former home of Harold M. Sill, brother-in-law of Mr. Dougherty, a fine pair of Queen Anne cottages with tastefully arranged surroundings. Several large beech and black cherry trees give character to the lawn. The fact that there are so many fine beeches along the Trail would lead one to suppose that at least one of the estates would be called the Beeches, Beechland or Beechwood, but we have failed to find this splendid tree family thus honored.

We understood that John Craig had a race course on this and adjoining land, owning and training a stable of fine horses.

Netherfield the Ancient

Adjoining Shenley is Netherfield, formerly known as the Jeremiah Brown place but now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Moses Brown, Jr. It is the oldest house on this end of the trail, having been built in 1779.

Its style is southern colored roughcast stone, the body being painted Colonial buff, while the trimmings are white. It has a semi-circular porch in front and presents a fine stately appearance from the Trail.

Being built before the city plans were adopted the old homestead law forbids the cutting into this property within thirty feet of the house, hence his old beautiful landmark will be preserved for some years to come.

The grounds surrounding this house have an unusual selection of rare trees and shrubbery, while the home garden, that cannot be seen from the Trail—being hidden by shrubbery—is an Edenic acre with an amazing collection of flowers that bewilders one while passing along the many walks of this fragrant acre for the first time. The writer has enjoyed this privilege several times.

A squirrel house, rest arbors, mosses of rose bushes, beds of rare plants and others of old fashioned flowers are features of the garden that tempt the visitor to wear out his welcome.

Near the garden is a very old summer house that Mr. Brown has had renovated in which he entertains groups of children who visit this lovely homestead. In the rear of the garden is the truck farm, equipped with the latest devices for cultivating and watering the large vegetable patches which show their appreciation of this care by producing bumper crops. Many varieties of birds abound in these inviting grounds.

Mr. Brown talked very interestingly of Netherfield, stating that when they were clearing a stream in the rear of the place near what is now Midvale avenue, thick clumps of laurel bushes were uncovered and numerous Indian implements

used for cooking, hunting and war purposes were found, which indicated that it was the site of an ancient Indian village. This stream ran down to the Schuylkill and its course may still be seen on the north side of Midvale avenue near Thirty-fifth street. Indians very seldom encamped under trees owing to the fear of one falling during a storm, and a group of large laurels on the banks of a stream near the river would be an ideal place for an encampment.

Near this spot a massive chestnut tree that had been killed by the blight was cut down and when removing the root they found the huge tree had grown on the fallen trunk of another large tree. When they had dug down about four feet at the root of the fallen one a large brass button with the letter "P" on it was found and alongside of it was an old fashioned bayonet. As this ground was part of that covered by the encampment of the American army before and after the battle of the Brandywine it is possible that one of the American heroes who were wounded in the battle, died and was buried here.

Netherfield mansion is bountifully supplied with relics and works of art and is one of Germantown's valuable assets.

Roxborough

The property next to Netherfield, known as Roxborough, is also owned by Mr. Brown. The house was built in 1781, two years after Netherfield and is the second oldest house on the western end of the Trail. It is a quaint frame building with a low roof and peculiar dormer windows and two wings, just as peculiar. The house is painted Colonial yellow with white trimmings. It is said to have been built by Richard M. Morris and has been owned and occupied by Dr. Caspar Wistar, for whom the Wistaria vine was named. Moses Brown, Sr., Thomas Wistar Brown, and a Dr. Tiedman, of South Carolina, who, some say, used to drive a four-in-hand. Bishop Rhinelander, of the Episcopal Church, lived here six or seven summers. It is now occupied by Samuel R. Rosenbaum and his family.

It was Dr. Caspar Wistar who called this part of the Trail the Montpelier of America, being the healthiest region about Philadelphia. The wings of the old house were built by Dr. Wistar. The doctor was much interested in arbor- and horticulture and many rare trees and plants were introduced by him to this ancient estate, many of which remain to this day and are a source of joy and pride to Germantown tree lovers.

We wrote at length of some of these in a previous chapter of this sketch and would advise a re-reading of that chapter. The giants Ginkgo, European Linden, Yew and Copper Beech cannot be excelled in the land.

The grounds of Netherfield and Roxborough contain one of the most valuable arboretums in this country and Mr. Brown is to be congratulated upon the possession of properties that have taken so many years to bring them to their present highly prized condition.

Carstair's Homestead

On the west side of Roxborough is Cedar lane, a private thoroughfare that runs to Coulter street. Adjoining the lane on the west at the corner of Henry street is the home of Daniel H. Carstairs. It is one of the latest buildings erected on the Trail, being built in 1914 or just one hundred and thirty-three years after its next door neighbor.

The house is a very simple and sober

example of the modern type. The Trail front, with its gable windows is symmetrical without being formal, and has a massive, yet picturesque appearance. Its beauty would have been enhanced had it been built on a terrace. The white rail fence in front gives it a real suburban appearance. Perhaps the best view of the building is from Henry street, a winding thoroughfare running from Midvale avenue to the Trail, where the

increased elevation changes the aspect of the building. The grounds have been tastefully arranged with shrubbery, evergreens and other plants.

About midway between Wissahickon avenue and the Reading Railroad is a sharp bend in the Trail which makes it conform to those of the drive and creek in the Wissahickon gorge to the northwest. We have an impression that the original Trail descended into the vale near this point and continued to the Wissahickon Creek below, passing through the properties which it is our purpose to mention in this chapter. Possibly it branched off a little farther down the Trail.

The eastern entrance to Netherfield is at this bend or elbow, and the estates whose names follow are on the outside of the forearm section of the Old Trail.

At the bend on the north side of the Trail is "Red Gate," the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Gray Warden. The entrance to this estate is through a fine stone gateway with a red gate, hence the name.

To the right of the gateway is a neat lodge with an old style well and fixtures in front. As the hiker stands at the gate he will see much select shrubbery and many rare flower plants, including a number of rhododendrons. The magnolias in the spring make a glorious showing.

The style of the house is Queen Anne, constructed of stone, brick and wood with a red-tiled roof and a large conservatory on the left.

The place has been occupied by J. Kimball, a railroad president, Mayor Richard Vaux and others. A cottage in the rear, was hurriedly built to accommodate a family wishing to get away from the city while a fever epidemic was raging. Mr. Warden, the present occupant, is son of the late W. G. Warden, a Standard Oil magnate, who built the mansion at Wissahickon avenue and the Trail.

Malvern

West of Red Gate is Malvern, one of the prettiest estates bordering the Trail. The present owner is Colonel Louis J. Kolb.

The residence, which stands far back from the Trail, was built, it is said, by Samuel Welsh, whose daughter married Judge Wilbank. The style of the structure is "Classic Revival" and from the Trail it has the appearance of a gem in beautiful settings.

The hiker will notice that the tree doctor has been at work on the place using a knife, saw, cement and even tin in an effort to preserve the old sentinels on the lawn. Indeed among the notable features of the western end of the Trail, are the chains, bolts, paint and cement used to preserve trees which constitute one of the leading charms of this ancient Trail.

Near the wall of Malvern is a mas-

sive Paulownia, possibly the largest in Germantown, with huge low branches, making of it a landmark in the neighborhood. In the rear of this is a large poplar from the trunk of which seems to have grown a good sized maple tree. The gardens of Malvern sustain the reputation of the Trail of being a choice horticultural thoroughfare.

Glenwood

The next estate west is Glenwood known for many years as the Harrison place. The old homestead building standing in the center of the grounds near the Trail is a square mansard-roof structure. It was owned by Dr. J. K. Mitchell, father of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and Mrs. Geo. L. Harrison.

Dr. Hotchin when writing of Glenwood, said: "It is a summer residence and a neat porter's lodge introduces a way to it. The fence is similar to that on the old Merrick place (Torworth). John Walter, editor of the London Times, when on a visit to this country, rode out the Trail to see its much heralded beauties but his English egotism was unmoved until he saw the iron fence in front of Torworth, when he alighted and measured it as a pattern for use in his own country, and when he drew near to the Harrison neighborhood, and saw the glorious view to be had from there, he called his son's attention to the hills and cried out, "Barkshire!"—the views here reminding him of that beautiful English district.

Some years ago Glenwood was sold by former Provost C. C. Harrison, of the University of Pennsylvania and son of George L. Harrison, to Sydney E. Hutchinson who made great changes to the property. The trees, grounds and mansion were renovated and the house was occupied by his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Morgan.

A new villa was built at the rear of the grounds near the Wissahickon woods and this was occupied in the summer by Mr and Mrs. Hutchinson, the latter a daughter of E. T. Stotesbury.

In another chapter of this sketch we wrote of the trees on this place and hikers should note them carefully, especially the rows of hemlocks that line a driveway covered with white sand and gravel.

An expensive tennis court was built in the rear of the villa; much rock and dirt had to be removed from the hillside to obtain the level space for the court. Mrs. Hutchinson was fond of the place and of outdoors and had much shrubbery, trees and flowers planted around the grounds which transformed it into a worth-while arboretum. A large flower garden and a deep dell were features of the estate.

When the Henry Avenue Bridge was planned to cross the Wissahickon gorge the approaches to it it would pass through Glenwood. To protect his interest Colonel Kolb bought the property at a fancy price to protect his interests; soon the glories of Glenwood will be but a memory.

Adjoining Glenwood is Springmead, the home of Mrs. Edward E. Denniston. It stands below the level of the Trail. It is a high-roofed house, homelike and refined, stand-

ing near the Trail, with a deep declining lawn and rear yard that runs into a charming dell containing a spring and brook. It is one of the newer houses on the Trail.

Miss Margaret D. Denniston served for many months in France as a nurse during the World War. Upon her return she was married to Ernest Kershaw at Petit Manor, Maine.

Samuel T. Wagner's Home

Next door to Mrs. Denniston's is the home of Samuel T. Wagner, built on a portion of the old Wagner estate. The building is a neat cottage-like structure, with a sundial at its rear, on the trunk of a tree. In front of the building is a massive tulip poplar tree, a king among its kindred with a girth of over nineteen feet. The rugged bark, evenly divided into ridges on its immense girth speaks of its age; still time has dealt gently with its springtime beauty. A view of this tree when in bloom was worth a trip back the Trail. This fine old tree should be memorialized by having the home called "The Poplar."

Four Oaks and Museum

The Wagner estate, known as Four Oaks, is one of the oldest on the Trail and has been owned by one family longer than any of its neighbors.

The present owner is John Wagner who is the sixth generation to own the property. The residence reached by a private lane at the western border of the grounds, is in a valley or dell, a continuation of that in the rear of Glenwood and Springmead.

John Wagner, ancestor of the present John, bought the place in 1784 at the time of a yellow fever epidemic in the city. The old barn on the place was built in 1772 and is the oldest building on the western end of the Trail.

In addition to the four large oak trees near the house, from which the place derives its name, there is a wooded dale in the rear of the buildings that adds to the picturesqueness of this ancient homestead.

John Wagner, Jr., the present owner, is a collector of curios and has gathered together, with the assistance of his brother Worrell, one of the finest collections of old prints, guns, swords, canes, arrowheads and other Indian relics, souvenirs of different wars, china, glassware and various other articles that is has been the privilege of the writer to examine. The collection of firearms is a remarkable one, while that of stuffed birds is amazing.

Mr. Wagner has a neat, well-stocked workshop adjoining his second story office and has tastefully and methodically arranged his collections in different rooms and hallways of his residence, thus transforming it into a combination home and museum, and making of it one of the outstanding assets of the Old Trail. Two sun dials grace the grounds. In recent years a bungalow has been built between the homes of Samuel and John Wagner by their sister, Mrs. Thomas Evans.

Roslyn Manor

Over the western border line of Four Oaks is Roslyn Manor, the residence of the Milne family, a massive stone building with a square tower finished to resemble a Turkish minaret.

Everything about the place suggests bigness. A big porch surrounds the manor-like building, one of the biggest in this section of the country, big lawns run into a big vale, big woodlands are in the rear, and big outbuildings. Big

people on the inside and big things on the outside. Many big trees surround the mansion while others have been started on their way to bigness.

We were told by someone connected with the estate that there was a sundial somewhere on the place and we had a jolly good time searching for it, which ended in finding an out-of-commission pedestal that had been used to support a bird bath. Our informant told us he knew it was used for something.

Thomas W. Smith built the original house. Archibald Campbell, a Manayunk manufacturer, bought and enlarged it. The property once belonged to Benjamin Morgan a blacksmith, who married Miss Levering, a daughter of the first settler of Roxborough and therefore a relative of our former ancient townsmen, Dr. Levering and Henry Bruner.

The woodland and hillside view from the manor at the sunset hour is transcendently beautiful. Even the glories and beauties of the place are big.

Ellersleigh

Adjoining the manor's lower reaches and at the corner of Gypsy lane is Ellersleigh, formerly the home of W. Worrell Wagner, a beautifully situated homestead, with a homey come-in appearance.

The original house was built by James C. Kempton. He sold it to Ellis Yarnall who enlarged it and sold to Charles C. Harrison, then provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and it was by him transferred to Mr. Wagner.

The style of the house is that known as the American farmhouse, and with its bewitching woodland, background and beautiful lawn rolling into a small valley in front and well placed evergreens, make a picture over which not only artists but common folk may justly rave.

On Gypsy lane, at the lower end of the estate is a double Queen Anne style cottage where reside the gardenner and other employees of the place. This cottage adjoins the Wissahickon woods, which at this point contain a large group of fine beech trees.

At the Trail entrance is a stately poplar tree, while a row of tall Norway maples makes a dividing line between this and the Milne estate. Gypsy lane is the only thoroughfare on the north side of the Trail to the Wissahickon drive and gorge.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Upon our last visit to this end of the Trail we found but few changes. The birds sang and chirped just as joyously, the trees looked as majestic and proud in their beautiful green garbs, while the shrubby flowers and lawns were quite as fetching as in the days of yore.

How observing some folks are. While talking to a resident of the Trail we asked about a property across the Trail and he was uncertain whether it had a wall in front or not.

In this chapter we purpose to speak of the properties on the south side of the Trail from Henry avenue to the railroad beyond Gypsy lane. A peculiar feature of these properties is that all have been used for other than residential purposes.

Birthplace of a Famous School

At the southwest corner of Henry avenue, opposite Glenwood, was a vacant lot when these notes were first jotted down. This was owned by the Warden estate. On the Trail front of this lot was a thick stone wall with massive stone pillars and gates at the former entrance. These and a row of huge maple trees

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along the front and a clump of hydrangea bushes in the center of the lot told the story of residential splendor of the past. On this lot once stood a large mansion owned by Dr. William Ashton.

Chapter Twenty-eight

The End of the Trail

"Rippling along in meditative mood, Sweet Wissahickon, through the scented wood:

Skirted by hills, and by the blest retreat,

And quiet wood that does thy fame repeat."

It is said of some preachers who do not know when and where to stop that they have pretty good trackage and equipment but mighty poor terminal facilities.

This is not true of the Old Redman's Trail, for its terminal is rich in historical lore, beautifully entrancing in its transcendent grandeur, while its legends are fantastically romantic—the Wissahickon—known as the Switzerland of America.

Standing at the Trail and Gypsy lane with the face turned westward a view of "Hilltop," the estate of Richard Norris, the last one on the north side of the Trail, is obtained. The estate is bounded by the Wissahickon woods, Gypsy lane, the Trail and the Reading Railroad.

The ground sinks into a dale and then rises again toward the woods at the edge of which the square mansard-roofed mansion stands. The near view would lead one to suppose he was fifty miles up-State for a typical farm scene is the dale with its growing corn, beans and other vegetables, adjoining a pasture. Birds were there aplenty to assist the gardener in his work and to cheer the hikers with their songs and familiar calls.

At this point the grandeur of the tree feature of the Wissahickon is seen, the tree tops below having the appearance of an undulating lawn with rising banks of green on the farther side of the gorge.

From this vantage point may be seen the large chemical works of the Powers, Weightman and Rosengarten Company, part of East Falls, the Schuylkill with its many pleasure seekers, the upper reaches of Fairmount Park and the charming hills on the western side of the Schuylkill.

At the sunset hour the surroundings take on an entrancing splendor and as the sun sinks behind the hills the colorful effect is superb.

The peculiar note of the late bird is heard as he passes swiftly over, while the chorus of the insects in trees and grass begins. It is the witching hour and one is led to wrap closely around him the mantle of imagination and allow the events of centuries to pass before him.

The Redmen

For centuries these were the native hills, valley and streams of many, very many red men. Here were their encampments, with wigwams and tepees on the hillsides and in the canyon below. They would climb this very hill to get a glimpse of the setting sun as it sank below the horizon across the valley, and then would bow down in adoration and worship the Great Spirit of

light, of the skies, water and hills.

Down in the valley below and up the gorge the Indian hunter would gaze at his reflected image in the undefiled streams. It was here that the Indian lover would bow himself and woo his dusky mate. Yes, it was here that he heard the Great Spirit in the storm and saw Him in the lightning of the clouds. Down in the valley below, on the banks of the river, or up the Wissahickon canyon, the council fires blazed, and doubtless the war dance and other dances took place as described at Genesee in the opening chapter of this sketch. Here they defended themselves when attacked by other tribes. Here they prepared for hunting trips for, in the neighborhood many arrowheads and other weapons have been found, some of which now adorn the homes along the Trail.

At the highest point of the Wissahickon is "Lover's Leap," which tradition says was the scene of a tragedy in the family of Chief Tedyuscung. The chief looked with disfavor upon the suitor with whom his daughter was enamored, and notified the tribe that if they were discovered in each other's company they should suffer death. One summer afternoon they clandestinely met at this spot, and upon finding they were discovered, they embraced each other and leaped to death. Their crushed bodies lay at the base of the cliff locked in each other's arms. An illegible inscription is on the face of the rock which was supposedly chiseled by John Kelpius, the leader of the Wissahickon hermits.

Referring to this spot in his lengthy poem on the Wissahickon, E. R. Rush says:

A fairy legend is with thee allied,
Where a young Indian girl had
lived and died;

She, crossed in love, oh! bitter tale
to hear,

And when her lonely wail had
rent the air;

Yet, where, oh! where she sought
a welcome grave,

Sad Wissahickon, in thy sombre
wave,

Remorseless stream, she found a
tomb in thee,

Unhappy in a day of joy and glee,
Leaping from yonder rock into
the stream,

She plunged headlong—free'd from
life's fevered dream;

There was no other hope for her
but death,

No other cure—but his consuming
breath;

Poor child of sorrow, and of care
and gloom,

Like many others, who have
craved the tomb.

On Indian or Council Rock is now an heroic figure of Tedyuscung, the chief of the Leni Lenapes, erected by the late Charles W. Henry. The chief is bedecked in his war trappings, in a crouching position, and with hand-shaded eyes gazes upon one of the most picturesque stretches of the Wissahickon Valley. The figure is poised upon a marble pedestal. Here it is said the old chieftain who had been baptized by the Moravians and given the name of "Honest John," stood in 1768 and took his last look upon the lands of his fathers, before the remnant of the tribe of which he was the head were compelled to seek a new location in the distant West. We wrote

of him in one of the early chapters of this sketch.

Kelpius and the Hermits

Prior to this farewell view John Kelpius and his company of mystics, later known as the Wissahickon Mystics or "hermits," came and dug caves in hillsides across the stream from Gypsy lane, burrowing into the rocks on the west side of the creek to secure substantial abiding places.

This method of burrowing for a home is said to have developed the present name of that region, which at first was Rocksburrow, then Roxburrow, afterward changed to Roxborough and now for short Roxboro. It is safe to presume that these mystics would march in single file over the Redman's Trail, being lost in the imagination of their own goodness and other people's worldliness.

They later built houses, and the monastery at the foot of Kitchen's lane, but began to degenerate when they started to use the black art, divining with a rod and practicing the tricks of the spiritualists.

Ancient Mills

Then the white man began to use the waters of the Wissahickon for power to run mills which were erected along its banks, the foundations of some still remaining.

Numerous grist mills sprang up, and then a few paper mills and finally cotton and woolen mills. The first paper mill in the country was built here. The locations of these mills explain why groups of ancient houses stood for years along the old Township line, now Wissahickon avenue.

Revolutionary Period

Time marched on and the residents of this region, with many other Colonists revolted against the unjust conduct of George III, and his government, who sent over British and Hessian troops to uphold their authority. The Hessians built a redoubt on the tableland yonder just above the caves of the mystics, and as was their custom elsewhere, preyed on the residents of the Ridge, and the mill owners and their employees along the creek, while their British allies were encamped on this very spot where we are now standing, and spreading out along the Trail. When the American troops came down the Ridge early in the morning of October 4, 1777, they drove the Hessians from their redoubt and compelled them to cross the creek and move in this direction, possibly up Gypsy lane. Joining the British here they then hurried out the Trail toward Germantown. There is a tablet on the drive below commemorating this event.

A few weeks prior to this event the main Continental Army camped on this tableland before and after the unfortunate battle of the Brandywine. A tablet to memorialize this encampment was placed at Queen lane and Fox street by the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Added to the Park

Time continued to speed on; mills along the stream began to be abandoned, their work being done more expeditiously by steam plants erected in other parts of the town. The old walls crumbled and but few

of the foundations remain.

The city then reached out and added to its great park domain the Wissahickon Valley from the Ridge to City Line, a distance of four miles, thus retaining for the use of the public what is considered the finest drive and breathing spot owned by any city in the world.

The bridal path is a charming quiet footway that can hardly be duplicated in any city. A bridge is now being built across the drive and creek to connect the sections on either side of the stream.

The caves are interesting, the rocks are massive and the bridges grand! The span over the Valley of the Walnut lane bridge is one of the highest and longest concrete spans in the world while the Henry avenue span now being built will excel this in altitude and length.

Botanists find this section a rich field for research work, while many birds consider themselves part of the public and make themselves at home here.

We have been looking over a set of Wissahickon views and feel more proud of being a Germantowner than ever before, for fascinating Wissahickon is within our borders.

Conclusion

Several illustrated volumes have been published which tell of the history and charms of this marvelous playground and we would advise readers of this sketch to read at least one of them. Those who can should visit the gorge often. We realize there are some readers who cannot do this very readily, distance preventing them, and we are sorry that lack of space prevents us from giving a more detailed description of this wonderful spot. Still it would pay to use a vacation to see its charms and the other wonders of Fairmount Park.

Many interesting gatherings have taken place along the drive. The picnic grounds are always in demand during the summer months and some fine meets and parades have been held by the Wissahickon Riders and Drivers Association along the drive, that, fortunately is closed to the dust-throwing auto juggernauts.

We started our hike amidst the beautiful surroundings of the Tacony, now a public park and it is quite fitting that it ends amid the charms of the Wissahickon, also a public park.

Five miles or more we have hiked together viewing the charms of one of the most interesting and historic highways in the world. We have allowed our minds to run back over three and a quarter centuries and have shown how the Old Redman's Trail has many times been drenched with human blood. Today we are at peace and enjoying the beauties of peace. There is no place where this is more manifest than at the beginning and end and throughout the course of this ancient highway from the Tacony to the Wissahickon.

We wish to thank those who by verbal utterance or letter during the past ten months have expressed appreciation of this sketch of "The Redman's Trail."

The End.

"The Redmens' Trail"

by
Edward B. Phillips

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Arranged by A.C.C.

The Redman's Trail

BY EDWARD B. PHILLIPS

In the migration from the Bering Straits to what is now Germantown the red men halted in a desirable spot or locality and in twenty-five or fifty years a small nation developed members of which scattered in various directions, calling themselves tribes or branches of the nation or people they had left at the central station or halting place. This nation would have a name of its own.

This process was repeated many times before the Delaware was reached; thus sprang up the various nations of red men, each of which may have consisted of many tribes, bearing different names:—Shawnee, Sioux, etc.

The Lenni Lenapes (We are the people) had nearly fifty branches scattered throughout Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania (eastern part), New Jersey and lower New York. Representatives or chiefs from the branches or tribes would sometimes meet in council at a central point, to discuss and pass upon matters that pertained to the welfare of the entire nation. They met with Wm. Penn at the "Treaty Oak," at Pennsbury Manor and other places to make treaties, to renew or mend them. It is recorded of Penn that "he attended at Philadelphia in 1701 a great Indian treaty with forty Indian chiefs who came from many nations (or tribes) to settle the friendship. The same year he had also a great Indian council at Pennsbury Mansion, to take leave of him and to renew covenants, etc."

It is on record that as late as the middle of the eighteenth century colonies of Indians were often seen passing through Germantown and camping out in Logan's wood (along the Wingohocking) and others in the nearby fields or meadows. "They would make their huts and stay a whole year at a time, and make and sell baskets, ladles and tolerably good fiddles. They would shoot birds and young squirrels there with their bows and arrows. Their huts were made of four upright saplings, with crotch limbs on top. The sides and tops were of cedar bushes and branches. In these they lived in the severest winters; their fire was on the ground and in the middle of the area. At that time wild birds would pass over in flocks of a mile in length; and it was very common to shoot twenty or thirty at one shot. Then they caught rabbits and squirrels in snares."

If that was true of 1750 or near that date, after the white man had been here seventy years, what hunting and fishing there must have been a century or more before!

Encampments

Printed records, traditions and our personal knowledge of the Trail and the condition of the streams that crossed it sixty or more years ago warrant us in saying there were tribal encampments at the ford of the Tacony, one on the ground above where the old Townsend-Roberts' mill stood (now Lambert street), one along

the Wingohocking just below the Trail, another on the upper Wissahickon, near where the Indian Trail running west (now Germantown avenue) crossed it; one at the Falls of the Wissahickon and one at Rising Sun. The central or chief of this group of encampments was the one on the Wingohocking.

This was an ideal spot for a village, a clear, fish-filled stream ran through a broad meadow with hills on either side; part of these was woodland including the Logan's woods (now Wister's) which were extensive before Fisher's and Duy's lanes and the railroad were cut through them. Near the Indian rocks (near one of which now stands the World's War monument) were two gushing springs of water which furnished drinking water for the villagers, while the stream, woods and the hills beyond would supply fish and game in abundance. The open spaces on the hilltops were ample for the women to raise cereals and vegetables for their people while the meadows yielded an abundance of herbs for medicinal purposes.

Along the the Wingohocking

The center of the village was at the spring (later known as Brandy

Spring); opposite the Indian Rock was erected the council house and in front of this was an open space where war, corn and other dances would be held, and where the large gatherings of the tribe took place.

On either side of the council house were "long houses" run on the community principle. The interior of each house was divided into compartments at intervals of six or eight feet, leaving each chamber entirely open, like a stall, upon the passageway or hall, which ran through the center of the house from end to end. Between each four compartments (now known as apartments), two on each side, was a fire-pit in the center of the hall, used in common by the occupants. Thus a house with six fires would contain twenty-four apartments, and would accommodate as many families, unless some of the apartments were reserved for storage purposes.

Raised bunks were constructed around the three sides of each stall or apartment for beds, and the floor was slightly above the level of the ground. From the roof-poles were suspended strings of maize in the ear, the husks braided together; also strings of dried squash and beans. Each house, as a rule was occupied by related families, those at the side of the council house by chiefs; the mothers being sisters, own and collateral, who, with their children belonged to the same gens or clan, while their husbands, the fathers of these children, belonged to other gentes, consequently, the gens or clan of the mother predominated in numbers in the household, descent being in the female line.

Whatever was taken in the hunt or raised by cultivation by any member of the household was for the common benefit. Provision was held as com-

mon stock within the household. They had but one cooked meal each day, a dinner. Each household, in the matter of the management of their food was under the care of a matron. When the daily meal had been cooked at the several fires the matron was summoned. It was her duty to divide the food from the kettle to the several families within the house according to their needs. What remained was put aside to await the further direction of the matron.

This was the way in which the Indians lived, the kind of communism they practiced until the long house finally disappeared under the influence of the whites. To this methodical and economical household communism the Indians undoubtedly owe their tribal unity, their faculty of confederating for defense and offense, their military strength and their political influence.

John Bartram, the pioneer horticulturist, in an account of a trip he took in 1743 gives a description of one of these long houses, in which he was entertained. It was the official house of the tribe, besides being a community home, and as his experience will throw additional light on how the dwellers on the Wingohocking conducted themselves before the white man came, we here reproduce part of his statement.

"They showed us where to lay our luggage and repose ourselves during our stay with them which was in the two end apartments of this large house. The Indians that came with us were placed over against us. This cabin is about eighty feet long and seventeen broad, the common passage (the grand hall) six feet wide, and the apartments on each side five feet, raised a foot above the passage by a young sapling hewed square, and fitted with joists that go from it to the back of the house. On these joists they lay large pieces of bark, and on extraordinary occasions spread mats made of rushes which favor we had. On these floors they sit or lie down, every one as he wills. The apartments are divided from each other by boards or bark, six or seven feet long from the lower floor to the upper, on which they put their lumber. All the sides and roof of the cabin are made of bark, bound first to the poles set in the ground, and bent round on the top, or set flat for the roof as we set our rafters. Over each fireplace they have a hole to let out the smoke, which in rainy weather they cover with a piece of bark, and this they can easily reach with a pole to perch it on one side or quite cover the hole."

These were the forerunners of the apartment houses that now stand on the Redman's Trail today, with their grand hall to turn around in; on either side are bunks for the white supplanners of the region to crawl into, who, like their Indian predecessors have to come out into the grand hall to turn around. It is told of one white squaw that she went into her kitchenette and with difficulty closed the door. She

stood while eating a dinner and the expansion caused by the meal made it impossible to open the door wide enough for her to get out. Like the Indians they should cook and eat their meals in the grand hall.

The village consisted of more than "long houses," for smaller huts, wigwams and teepees were conveniently placed in the meadow and woods from the old Trail to what became Fisher's Hollow. A well trodden path ran through the length of the village.

Views of Home Life

It might be of interest to students of Germantown history to speak at length of the home life of our predecessors on the Redman's Trail, but we must confine ourselves to but a few events and scenes leaving to the imagination of the readers to fill in the gaps. One writer said: "Their marriages are short and authentic; for after 'tis resolved upon by both parties the woman sends her intended husband a kettle of boiled venison or bear, and he in lieu thereof, beaver or other skins and so their nuptial rites are concluded without other ceremony.

That would be a fine custom to renew! It would be jolly fun to see some of the damsels of today carrying a kettle of venison or bear to the door of the sunlight, or moonlight, or starlight of their hearts and getting those expensive skins or furs in return.

Another picture is not so pleasing but methinks, in some cases it is just as real: "In winter the huts of the Lenapes were rather uncomfortable, no matter how picturesque they might be, but probably they afforded as nice lodgings as those of the English gypsies. The interior of the cabin was stained and dingy with smoke that could find no regular outlet, and it was so pungent and acrid as to cause much inflammation of the eyes and blindness in old age. The fleas (Mercy!) and other vermin were bad, and the children were noisy and unruly beyond parallel, raising a pandemonium in each lodge, which the shrill shrieking of the she-cat-like squaws added to without controlling it."

Still another vivid picture is drawn of a lodge on a winter night, lighted up by the uncertain flicker of resinous flame that sent flashes through the dingy canopy of smoke, a bronze group encircling the fire, cooking, eating, gambling or amusing themselves with idle chaff; grizzled old warriors, scarred with the marks of repeated battles; shrivelled squaws, hideous with toil and hardship endured for half a century; young warriors with a record to make, vain, boastful, obstreperous; giddy girls, gay with paint, ochre, wampum and braid; restless children, pel mell with restless dogs.

It should be remembered that in a village such as we are visiting on the old Indian Trail, with its circle of small tents and "long houses," that there were social grades and upper and lower sections of the village. In the well ventilated "long houses" there would not be smoke, acrid atmosphere and fleas that were found in the closed huts or cabins. The tools of the Lenapes were crude and poor, strictly those of the stone age, for they had no knowledge of any metal save a little copper for ornaments. Yet they handled them with great skill and neatness.

James Logan and Wingohocking

Just below this village was the spot where James Logan built his home and called it Stenton. He was, and still is, one of the outstanding figures in Pennsylvania history. He was Penn's business manager and secretary for forty years, secretary of the Province, Commissioner of Property, President of Council and Chief Justice of Pennsylvania.

He was very friendly with the Indians and they placed implicit trust in him. Scores of Indians would visit him at the same time, camping around his mansion, in the meadow across the stream and on the site of the very village whose name we will reveal in our next chapter. We write this paragraph for the benefit of newcomers to Germantown. Tradition says that while James Logan and Chief Wingohocking of the Lenapes were standing on the bank of the beautiful stream below the mansion that wound through the estate, the chief proposed to Logan that they exchange their names, for he loved his white friend and this was the Indian method of showing it. Logan told him the law would make it difficult to give up his name, but said, "Do thou, chief, take mine, and give thine to this stream which passes through my fields, and when I have passed away and while the earth shall endure, it shall flow and bear thy name." It now flows under ground and Belfield avenue runs with, but not over it.

Years after this one of Wingohocking's descendants bearing the name of Logan (Toh-gah-ju-te) was among those slain by the Paxton Rangers and Tedyuscung is also supposed to have descended from him. We shall say more about "Tedy" later.

Genesee

Within the memory of the writer the Wingohocking Valley was a run of beautiful landscape; no sewer ran through it then; in some places its level was ten to twenty feet lower than it is today. Before dams were thrown across it, Duy's lane and other thoroughfares were built over it and filling in took place; it must have been a wild, romantic vale.

Coming to it in its primeval beauty the Lenapes were justified in calling the village they planted in its center Genesee (Gennis-he-go) meaning "The Beautiful Valley." The giving of such a name to the place is an indication that they appreciated the beauties of nature.

This appreciation they manifested by climbing the hills on the western side of the vale at the even hour, and as the sun descended below the horizon in the west they would bow themselves in adoration before it and worship the Great Spirit of the vale and hills and of the sky, the sun being one manifestation of that spirit that was held in awe by many of them and which caused them to descend the hill again in a meditative and worshipful mood. As one of these crossed the stream on a fallen tree he paused a moment to admire the reflection of his well-proportioned form in the clear water below. As he walked along the creek-side path he noticed on the other side of the stream that a young brave had bowed down and was woo-

ing his dusky mate.

As he entered one of the chiefs' houses he was greeted by a group who were sitting near the front entrance, among them being several visitors from distant nations, who had come with messages from their chiefs. When he had seated himself he told of his visit to the top of the hill and the object of that visit. This led to a discussion of the Great Spirit, worship, creation and the origin of their people.

In the Beginning

A Lenape said there were different views held by his people, of their origin. Some claimed they came out of a cave in the earth, like the woodchuck and the chipmunk; some thought they sprang from a snail that was transformed into a human being and taught to hunt by a kind Manitou, after which it was received into the lodge of a beaver and married the beaver's favorite daughter. These were probably the evolutionists of their day.

By another group it was believed that a woman was discovered hovering in mid-air above the watery waste of chaos, she had fallen or had been expelled from heaven, and there was no earth to offer her a resting place. The tortoise, however, rose from the depths and put his broad, shield-like back at her service, and she descended upon it and made it her abode, for its dome-like oval resembled the emergence of dry land from the water of the deluge. The tortoise slept upon the deep, and round the margin of his shell the barnacles gathered, the scum of the sea collected, and the floating fragments of the shredded sea weed accumulated until the dry land grew apace, and by and by there was all the broad expanse of island which now constitutes North America.

The woman, weary of watching, worn out with her sighs for her loneliness dropped off into a tranquil slumber, and in that sleep she dreamed of a spirit who came to her from her last home in the skies, and of that dream the fruits were sons and daughters, from whom have descended the human race. Other legends were mentioned showing different views of creation, one of which was that the Great Spirit in the form a gigantic bird descended upon the face of the waters, and brooded there until the earth arose, upon which plants, animals and men were created.

An Indian Lullaby

When this expounder of the view held by different groups ceased speaking the voice of a woman was heard coming from under a tree a little distance from the entrance to the house. She was singing a lullaby to her fretting baby girl, who was fastened to a board that was lying in a swing. She had dismissed the "medicine man" faker, who wanted to pow-wow the kiddie, and had given it a soothing draught made by herself from herbs she had gathered with her own hands. The words of the lullaby were:

O, close your bright eyes, brown child of the forest,
And enter the dreamland, for you're tired of play,
Draw down the dark curtain with long silken fringes.

An-na-moosh (a dog) will attend on your mystical way.

Chorus—
Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, brown little papoose,
O, can you not see if you give the alarm,
Zawan (their dog), beside you, is willing and eager
To guard and defend you, and keep you from harm?

Wind-rocked and fur-lined, covered o'er with bright blanket.
Your cradle is swung 'neath the wide-spreading trees,
Where the singing of birds and chatter of squirrels
Will lull you to rest 'midst the hum of wild bees.

Your father is hunting to bring home the bearskin,
While mother plaits baskets of various hue,
Na-ko-mis (grandmother) is weaving large mats of wild rushes
And Nounce (her little brother) sends arrows so swift and so true.

It was a pleasing picture to see this young mother under the trees singing and swinging the little red-skin lassie into slumber and dreamland while her neighbors were chatting in groups short distances away.

Still Another View

After the lullaby was ended the group inside the entrance resumed their discussion, when Wawinges, one of the visitors from a distance, said that his people (the Ojibwas) believed there was a "Creator of All Things." "This Great Mystery understood all things. He had no eyes, yet he could see. He had no ears, yet he could hear. He had a body but it could not be seen.

"When the earth was first made, the Creator of All Things placed it under the water. The fish were first created. Therefore Crawfish was sent down to bring up a little earth. He brought up mud in his claws. Immediately it spread out and the earth appeared above the water. Then the Great Mystery made man. He made the Ojibwas.

"He gave them laws, but the people did not follow the laws. Therefore many troubles came, so that the Creator could not rest. Therefore the Creator made tobacco. Then men could become quiet and rest. Afterwards he made women, but at first they were like wood. So he directed a chief to teach them how to move, and how to cook, and to sew skins.

"Now when the animals met the Ojibwas, they ridiculed them. For these men had no fur, and no wool, and no feathers to protect them from the storms, or rain, or the hot sun. The Ojibwas were sad because of this. Then the Creator gave them bows and arrows, and taught them how these things should be used. He told them that the flesh of the animals was good for food and their skins for covering. Thus the animals were punished. The Creator taught them also how to draw fire from two pieces of wood, one flat and the other pointed; thus they learned to cook their food. The Creator taught them also to honor the bones of their relatives; and so long as they lived, to bring

them food.

"Now in those days the animals took part in the councils of men. They gave advice to men, being wiser. (Some are to this day.) Each animal took a special care of Ojibwas. Therefore the Indians respect the animals which gave good advice to their ancestors, and this aids them even today in time of need.

"The Creator also made the moon and the stars. Both were to give life and light to all on earth. Moon forgot the sacred bathing, therefore he is pale and weak, giving but little light to man. But Sun gives light to all. Sun often stops on her trail to give more time to the Indians when they are hunting, or fighting their enemies. Moon does not, but always pursues his wife over the sky trail. Yet he can never catch up with her. (It will be noticed that the Indian places the moon in the masculine class and the sun in the feminine. The whites reverse that. The Mongolian ancestors of the Indians use tools, and read and write backward, according to our way of thinking.)

"The mounds in the Ojibwas' country are the camping places of the Spirit sent down by the Creator to visit the Indians. This spirit taught the men how to cook their food and to cure their wounds. He is still highly honored."

The Fat Woman's Fall

For a short time after Wawinges had spoken there was silence in the group, evidently the statement was percolating through the brains of his auditors. Then Dewendons, another visitor, belonging to the Senecas, told how his people had come upon the face of the earth.

"The Senecas were the People of the Pheasants. They were the first people in the world. At first they lived in the earth. Now, in the Earth-land, they had many vines. Then at last one vine grew up through a hole in the Earth-plain, far above their heads. One of their young men at once went up the vine until he came out on the Earth-plain. He came out on the flat country, on the bank of a river, just where the Seneca village now stands (centuries ago). He looked all about him. The Earth-plain was very beautiful. There were many animals there. He killed one with his bow and arrow, and found it good for food.

"Then the young man returned to his people under the ground. He told them all he had seen. They held a council, and then they began to climb up the vine to the Earth-plain. Some of the chiefs and the young warriors and many of the women went up. Then came a very fat woman. The chiefs said, 'Do not go up.' But she did and the vine broke. The Senecas were very sorry about this. Because no more could go up, the tribe on the Earth-plain is not very large. And no man could return to his village in the ground. Therefore the Senecas built their village on the banks of the river. But the rest of the people remained under ground."

When the fat woman fell with the

vine and struck the floor of the Earth-land it must have caused an awful shock to the bowels of the earth—and the earth tremors that we now feel at different times must be reverberations of that fall and shock.

Others spoke about the worship of the Sun and of the Great Spirit who moved among the trees and through the valleys but whom they could not see or understand, indicating an out-reaching of the heart after the Infinite. Such gatherings at the twilight hour when the voice of nature was beginning to be heard after the noise of the day had subsided, were the only schools or theological seminaries that these aborigines attended, and, if their views of creation and the Creator were a little obscure or confused—the cause may be found in the multitudinous legends and myths that were passed from mouth to mouth, some of these in Genesee, on the banks of the Wingohocking adjoining the old "Redman's Trail."

A Great Change

It was very seldom, judging from our information, that the Indian woman took part in these discussions or in other religious exercises. Conditions have changed since then. We recall hearing of a squaw in one of the western reservations who was a back-biting gossip, delighting in setting neighbor against neighbor by carrying tales back and forth, using vile language and indulging in practices that were lowering, being a bad example to all in the village.

After an absence of several months a mission worker returned to the reservation and was amazed at the change that had taken place in this mischief-maker. She found her visiting the sick, helping the other women and children of the reservation in any possible way she could, always speaking a kind word about one neighbor to another, and she also looked different.

The worker expressed her surprise and pleasure at the great change that had taken place and asked how it had come about. "Oh," said the changed woman, "you know what I was; a tangled up skein of thread, no good to anyone, only harmful. Put Jesus, formerly of Galilee, but now of the whole wide world, came along and touched the tangle out of the skein and straightened out my life; and touched into it a love for my neighbors and a desire to undo the harm I have done by doing things worthwhile." And this woman who had obtained a proper conception of the Great Spirit may be a descendant of the mother who sang the lullaby to her little brown lassie on the edge of the old Redman's Trail.

Wingohocking Valley

At the foot of Church Lane Hill is the Wingohocking Valley which derived its name from the stream that flowed through its center. To the southeast was a stretch of meadowland known at one time as Mehl's meadow. Through this ran Peale's lane, named for Charles Wilson Peale, the well-known artist, collector of wild and other animals, and who manufactured gas in Independence Hall.

He lived at Belfield, which rose above the valley and when Wingohocking creek was put underground, the culvert was built under Peale's lane and its name

was then changed to Belfield avenue.

Before the sewer was built and the houses erected on the east of it, Mehl's meadow was a beautiful spot. At its head on the Old Trail stood a row of large willow trees under which George Washington, when living in Germantown, would sit and view the beautiful landscape below, which included the old "Rock House"—still standing—that is built upon a rock then washed by the waters of the Wingohocking. This was the old Shoemaker farm house and it is said that William Penn preached here upon several occasions, for Brother Shoemaker (Shumacher) was a Quaker.

On the southwest side of this meadow now stands the Wingohocking station of the Reading Railroad, surrounded by a grove of stately beech trees and fine shrubbery.

The Wingohocking creek crossed the Trail under a long brown bridge just east of the present railroad bridge. We recall this bridge and that it was built quite low. One day, toward evening, during a heavy thunder storm, the dam that was then located at what is now Chelton avenue and Morton street, and which received the water from Kelley's dam and of a stream that ran down what is now Morton street, gave way and the liberated waters carried away chicken houses, stables, sheds and the Armat street bridge. After the bridge was carried away the driver for Robert Steel, of Cedar Park Farm, who had driven to the station to meet Harry Steel, son of Robert, started to cross where he supposed the bridge was and both he and young Steel, together with the two horses, perished. The next morning the bodies of these and also those of some cows were found among the wreckage that had piled up at Church lane bridge which had held fast when everything else seemed to have given away.

An Ancient Mill

Near this bridge on Hancock street, now Baynton, stands an old mill known for years as the Roberts Mill and which has been confused by some writers with the old Townsend-Roberts mill, a mile or so farther back on the Old Trail. This was used by Spencer Roberts and his sons as a grist mill while they continued to use the older one at Mill Creek and after the latter was abandoned.

At the outbreak of the Civil War Major Oscar Roberts, brother of Mrs. F. V. Hoyt, John T. and Enoch T. Roberts, was in charge. He left this position to enter the army the old mill was disposed of by the Roberts, and has since been used as a shoddy mill and a storehouse for an oil company.

Just how old the structure is we have been unable to learn, but as it stood near the line where the railroad was built in 1832 the lower windows on the west and north sides were bricked up when the filling was made for the railroad embankment and that arches were built to allow the waters of Honey Run to pass under the embankment into the Wingohocking indicates that it was there then, and was possibly an old structure at that date.

This mill is an old Germantown relic that has been overlooked by writers and students of Germantown history. To the writer it is interesting, being probably the only remaining mill in this old borough that was run by water power. The water that ran it was brought from Honey run through a sluiceway and wooden channel from Cumberland and Armat streets, running over the sites of the power house of Wilson & Gardner's sand

yard and Jones' lumber yard. Possibly the cause of its abandonment by the Roberts was the scarcity of water and the close proximity of Stokes' steam grist mill, of which we will speak later.

Busy Smoky Hollow

Passing under the railroad bridge we hiked through the center of the largest group of mills in Germantown. These include Hamil's yarn mills, Woods & Logan's quilt mill, Smith's Belting Works, Brown's Continental Mills and Blaisdell's pencil factory. A history of these plants would make a long and instructive story, but we will have to pass them with the statement that some results of their presence here have been the bringing of millions of dollars to Germantown, the establishing of hundreds of homes, the making of many fortunes and the quickening of the financial and business interests of Germantown.

At the rear of the property at the corner of Germantown road and the Old Trail is a driveway through which you see the parish house and the cathedral-like structure of St. Luke's P. E. Church. In the tower of this church is a chime of sweet toned bells which ring the gospel message into the ears of church goers and others on the Old Trail. The chimes are the delight and pride of the neighborhood.

The driveway was given to the holders of property abutting on it by the Wayne family, who had a ground rent indenture upon a property 125x500 feet at Germantown road and the Trail.

Wilson Woods recently presented us with the original ground rent contract, written on two sheets—or blankets—of buckskin parchment, each about one yard square, containing 2592 square inches and fifteen red seals. They would make dandy floor coverings.

Mr. Woods, who was one of the holders, told us that the property with the ground rent contract was divided into sections and that all the contracts, with one exception were bought up. The exception is running around loose somewhere.

Mr. Woods also positively declared that the last fire to which the old engine or pump—Shagrag—now in the Mutual Fire Insurance building, responded, was in or near this driveway, and not on the west side as some have declared; and Wilson ought to know.

A Site with a History

Two hundred and forty-seven years ago Richard Townsend, the first recorded settler of Germantown, built the first water power grist mill in Philadelphia county. This was the one we have mentioned and later known as the Roberts' Mill.

One hundred and fifty-five years later, or ninety-two years ago—May 11, 1838—the cornerstone was laid on the Old Trail of the first steam grist mill in Pennsylvania on the site now occupied by Seminole Hall, 45 Church lane.

Wyndam H. Stokes, for many years president of the Mutual Fire Insurance company and active in other enterprises, including the building of Stokes' Block, was the owner of the mill and laid the cornerstone in which was placed a bottle that was discovered when the building was demolished fifty-one years later, which when opened yielded a fund of interesting data, including shiplasters of various denominations, statements by John F. Watson and Charles F. Ashmead, names of mechanics engaged in the erection of the building, ware scale in those

days, market prices of commodities, names of churches in the Township, names of Township officials, with the exception of Jacob C. Bockius as clerk, and other items of interest. The population at that time was 5,500.

On the top of this mill was placed the old rooster weathervane that had formerly crowned the Reformed Church, just over the back fence. This rooster is now on display in the relic case of the Market Square Church.

The upper floor of this mill was fitted up as a hall and used by various organizations for meetings. It was known as Stokes' Hall. Among those who used it were the Millerites or Second Adventists, who had set a day in 1844 for the second epiphany to take place. Many were attracted to their meetings, including Freddy Axe, a storekeeper at the corner of the Trail, of whom we will write later. It is said that crowds would gather outside the hall while the meetings were in progress and often made it uncomfortable for those within.

The old mill with its hall was bought in 1886 by Seminole Tribe, No. 30, of the Improved Order of Red Men and a good picture of it now hangs in the lodge room of the present building.

In 1889 the Tribe demolished the old building and erected the present structure which is known as Seminole Hall, in which numerous lodges of other organizations meet. It is quite appropriate that this Tribe of Red Men should have their wigwam on the Old Redman's Trail. This hall is located a few yards from Market Square which we will consider in the next chapter.

Horse Stealing

The group of Indians that sat inside the long house not only exchanged views on the origin of their people but told of their experiences in hunting, horse stealing and conflicts with members of distant tribes. Nearly all of them had engaged in expeditions to increase their stock of horses at the expense of others.

Some of these expeditions had provoked wars that had resulted in many casualties among their people. In fact the people of one of the visitors in the group had warred against the very tribe of which he was a guest; but peace had come and they were enabled to exchange views on the cause of the conflicts, which, briefly stated, were horse stealing, squaw kidnapping and reprisals.

From Grinnel's interpretation and other sources we glean the record of several of these raids which must have taken place in the Wingohocking Valley before the war of 1600, of which we will speak later.

Signals and Strategy

After a season of feasting the people had retired to their various abodes. All the noise of the village had died away; even the wolves had ceased their howling and the dogs slept; only the creek kept up its murmur.

The moon, which was already high in the heavens when the sun had set, was now dropping toward the western horizon. The stars were glowing and the lodges cast black shadows that reached a long distance. It was the middle of the night. In front of the lodges were tied horses, a few lying down but most of them standing with their legs a little spread apart. All were alike asleep. It was very still, and the soft murmur of the wa-

ter on the stones now seemed loud, yet it was not always the same, for sometimes it grew clearer and more distinct, and again seemed to die away and almost to cease.

The time went by, and now there came from the creek once or twice another sound, as if two stones had been knocked together. It was very faint, hardly to be heard; but if the splashing of water had been joined to this faint click, it might have been thought that some one was crossing the stream, walking through the creek, displacing the stones as he went.

The noise was not repeated, but a little later there was something at the edge of the cut bank above the stream that had not been there before—a dark object in the shadow of the low sage brush that might have been a round black stone.

Some time passed, and suddenly a man's form appeared erect above the bank, and with a half dozen quick, noiseless steps moved into the black shadow of one of the lodges. A moments later, a second form appeared, and then likewise disappeared. There was another interval, and then two men walked out into the light and passed quietly along the line of the lodges and long houses. They did not try to hide themselves, but walked steadily along disappearing for a moment, and then coming out again into the moonlight and if anyone had seen them, he might have thought that two men of the camp

or village were returning late to their homes.

At length one of them seemed to have reached his lodge, and the other walked on a little further alone; and then he, too, disappeared in the shadow, and did not step again into the moonlight.

And now behind two of the lodges in the village, before which were tied swift running horses, were crouching two young men waiting, watching, listening to see if all was quiet. The moon was sinking, the shadows were growing longer, the light all about was dimmer, but it was still clear moonlight, and one could see a long way.

Chief Sinasta

Sinasta (the leader of the party) waited for a little time with his ear close to the lodge skins. He could hear the regular breathing of the sleepers within. Once or twice he rose to his feet, about to step around into the light in front of the lodge, but some slight sound from within warned him to wait. At length he rose, and, knife in hand, walked quickly to the horses and stooped down; but at that moment he heard a long sigh, a rustle of robes and in an instant and without a sound he again vanished behind the lodge. A soft step was heard within, the door was thrown open, and a man stepped out into the light.

Sinasta was lying on the ground in the black shadow. He held his knife between his teeth, his bow in his left hand, and a sheaf of arrows in his right. There, within a few feet of him, stood an enemy unconscious of danger. It would be easy to shoot an arrow through him, scalp him and then disappear in the darkness. He wanted to kill this man, and as he lay there it was hard for him to resist the

desire. But he remembered that he was the leader of a war party, and had told his young men that they were to take horses and not to kill enemies, unless they should be discovered and it should become necessary. It would not be right for him to do something that he had told his followers not to do. Besides, to kill this man might bring some of his party into danger.

The man would yell, people would rush out of their lodges to see what had happened and some of Sinasta's young men might be caught. So Sinasta lay there and waited. The man yawned, stretched himself, and stood for a few moments looking up and down the valley. Then he re-entered the lodge and lay down, drawing his robe over him and soon his regular breathing told that he slept.

A Clean Get-Away

Now Sinasta quickly arose, slipped his bow and arrows into their case, and stepping around in front of the lodges, cut loose two of the horses there and led them up the stream toward the beech timber near the trail. He walked on the side of the horses away from the lodge, stooping low so as to be out of sight, and the animals looked like two loose horses walking away from the camp. In the edge of the timber he met his companion, who had also taken two horses. They led the animals through the beeches, across the trail, up the stream a little farther, passing the rocks near where Kelly's dam was afterward built and out into the open fields above.

Mounting here they rode for a mile or so, till they reached a ravine near the trail (York Road) running north. In this ravine was a large band of loose horses collected from the neighborhood and herded by five or six

young men. Sinasta said to them: "It is well, my brothers, let us go." In a moment all were mounted. The horses were started, at first slowly, but in a short time they were being hurried along at their very best speed, and before morning they were many miles away.

It was in this way, explained those who were grouped inside the entrance to the long house, that the members of a war party entered the enemy's camp when they had set out bent only on securing plunder, horse-stealing being the principal feature.

At another time this same Sinasta entered a camp and waiting for some little time, watching a party of gamblers who were playing "hands" in a lodge before which was tied a horse which he greatly desired to take. At length, when he supposed all the players were deeply interested, he stepped forward to cut loose the animal, but just as he was about to do so the door-flap was lifted and two men came out and walked off a little to one side and behind the lodge. Sinasta was just stooping to cut the rope as he saw the flap lifting. He stood up and walked directly up to the entrance, passing close to the men who had come out, and who took him for some one belonging to the encampment about to enter the lodge and take part in the gambling. He lifted the flap as if to enter, and then letting it fall, slipped around the lodge and out of sight.

Waiting until the two men had returned he hurried around in front

again, cut loose the horse, led it away from the lodge, mounted and rode off. He was hardly on its back before the loss was discovered, but he made good his escape.

Penetrating thus into the very midst of the enemy's camp required not a little nerve. The successful horse-taker must be cool and ready in emergency, as well as daring. There was always a fair probability that the warrior would be discovered, for in such a large camp, such as Genesee, there was usually someone moving about, or if not, the dogs were likely to bark. If a man was recognized as a stranger, he had to act quickly to save his life. It can, therefore, be readily understood that these expeditions were full of excitement and danger.

Retaliation

Ogontz was the head chief of Genesee, a man of tact but high spirited, and he and his subordinate chiefs felt the disgrace and loss inflicted upon the camp by the acts of Sinasta and his companions, representatives of their enemies from beyond the northern branch of the Susquehanna, in these night raids upon the village. The loss of several of the best horses in the encampment intensified their desire for revenge.

Yana (Bear), one of the under-chiefs felt the sting keenly, as his favorite mount was one of those taken in the last raid. In council it was decided to make counter-raids in their enemies' territory and Yana asked that he might lead the first raiding party. This party was made up of the bravest and best riders in the tribe and they started north with the determination not to return except with horses, squaws and perhaps scalps, taken from their foes.

For two days they rode and then forded the river near where they knew the enemy was encamped. Leaving the horses with two of the party they climbed a hill from which a view of the camp could be obtained and there they waited and planned for the raid that night. Some were assigned

to take three or four squaws from the most prominent tepees while the others were to gather all the horses they could get away with and hasten back to where they had left their own ponies.

A Big Success

Yana and a companion drew near to the encampment where festivities were being held and decided that they must get into the camp at once. It was proposed that they should imitate the sportive young men of the camp, that one should chase the other into the circle of lodges or tepees, and that then they should wrestle, separate and then hide. The plan was carried out. They crept as near the tepees as they dared and then springing to their feet, raced over the open space. They did not run directly toward the camp, but drew near the tepees gradually, and at length they darted between two of them and into the circle, and then the pursuer with a shout caught the other, and they struggled and rolled on the ground.

Parting again, they ran on, and for some time raced about the camp, imitating the play of the boys and young men, trying to get an idea as to where the best horses were. Near one of the

tepees, they saw a pen in which were three fine horses, one of which Yana recognized as his own, and they determined to take them first.

When most of the people had gone to their tents, the fires had died down and the camp was more quiet, the two Lenapes stole to the pen and made a hole in the side as noiselessly as possible. Two of the horses were secured without any difficulty but the third was wild and made so much noise that the owner, a chief, came out of the tepee to see what caused the disturbance and lost his life and scalp for so doing.

The horses were led to a place beyond the last tepee and Yana and his comrade returned for more plunder. Passing a tent where a group of their foes were gambling near a fire they lay down and watched the game through an opening made by a raised flap of the tent. Yana's companion became so interested in the game that he began to bet with Yana on the results and lost every time.

Finally, not being able to control his anger any longer, he called the man who held the bone outside and after taking him beyond the range of light caused by the fire, he chided him for making him lose and took his life and scalp, causing Yana to drag him away and they hastily mounted the horses they had secured and rode rapidly to the rendezvous where they found the balance of the party with several horses, three squaws and a scalp as fruits of the night's adventure.

Two of them reported that one of the squaws had been taken from a tepee where a scalped man lay outside, possibly the owner of the horses that Yana had taken. The tent was probably raided while Yana and his comrade were betting on the gambling a short distance away.

The party were soon mounted, re-forded the river and were a long distance from the encampment before the work of the raiders was discovered. They suspected who were responsible for their losses and decided that the Leni Lenapes over whom Ogontz presided should suffer severely for their audacious acts.

A Warm Reception

In less than two days Yana and his band were received at Genesee with jubilation not only because they had returned in safety with fruits of the raid, but because they had wiped out the disgrace and chagrin that had resulted from the raids upon their own home village. These are but a few of the episodes in the records of Genesee on the Wingohocking, across which the old Redman's Trail ran.

It is well to recall that there were no newspapers, railroads and others wife are talked of in these days of news-spreading devices that are common in these days, therefore, the return of a raiding party with plunder was talked about longer in those days by the villagers than the stealing of a million dollars and another man's rush and worry.

War Clouds

Amidst the jubilation over the safe return of the raiding party under Yona, Chief Ogontz and his advisers sat in council and debated what would be the outcome of the raid. They knew the disposition of Black Fox (Inali), the chief of the tribe that had been raided and presumed that he would not calmly submit to the stealing of his horses and the wife of one of his junior chiefs and that a speedy revenge would be planned and attempted.

Just what form this would take was a question that was carefully considered but all seemed to agree that it would be on a large scale; possibly an attempt to annihilate the village and its people would be made and that speedily, while the blood of their foes was hot.

Feverish Preparations

Scouts were sent out with instructions to get a line on the activities of Black Fox and his warriors and report at once if preparations for war were started; at the same time Ogontz ordered his own flint workers to increase the implements as rapidly as possible.

In four or five days one of the scouts returned with the information that Black Fox was mustering and instructing his fighting force and that the entire camp was gathering war implements, provisions and other necessities of a warpath venture. Scalp and war dances were held while he was reconnoitering and that the entire people seemed to be worked up into a frenzy for war.

This report, confirming the views of Ogontz and his chiefs, increased the activities of the Genesecans for the defense of their village and led the chiefs to plan how best to meet the attacks made by codes or methods used by various chiefs. One of these methods was to surround the village and wait till all were asleep and then steal into huts and lodges and do their bloody work as swiftly as possible before an alarm could be given. Another method was to attack the center of the village if it was a long one (such as Genesee), and while in the midst of festivities overcome the leaders and then clean out the village by dividing forces and destroying both wings at the same time or by keeping their forces together destroy one wing and then repeating with the other.

Knowing the methods used by Black Fox in other campaigns Ogontz decided that he would use the last plan and that an attempt would be made to take the center of the village, where the council chamber and chiefs' houses were situated, by an attack in the rear, over the hill, now Belfield farm, and up the ravine leading from Wister's Hollow. His men were drilled to resist such an attack but provision was also made to meet assaults from other directions. By signals agreed upon groups would be called from different points to the center of attack.

It was also planned to have the council fire blazing and dances take place in front of the Council house that the attackers might be led to believe that their presence was unsuspected. Instructions were given to the squaws of the village as to what

to do if certain emergencies arose, and when an attack was made they must hasten to the lower part of the village and in the event of defeat they were to flee southward toward the camp at Rising Sun.

The Great Battle of 1600

Three days after the first scout reported another rode hurriedly into camp and reported to Ogontz that Black Fox had forded the Susquehanna with fully 500 mounted and well armed warriors and many pack-horses carrying provisions and additional war implements and were all headed toward Genesee. It was late in the afternoon when he arrived and he expressed the opinion that they would make an attack upon the village the night of the following day.

Black Fox and his chiefs had decided upon a massed central attack, the location and details of the surroundings of Genesee being well known to some of them, but they realized that complete success would depend in a large measure upon their ability to make a surprise attack while the Lenapes were off their guard. They understood that in peaceful times there were but few important events in the life of a camp like Genesee and that jubilation over a successful raid would take different forms for several days and nights.

Feeling that so much depended on the element of surprise in their expedition, scouts or outriders were sent ahead and beyond their flanks, but the Lenape scouts eluded them. When they halted for rest and food after leaving the Susquehanna many miles in the rear two of the warriors were bitten by rattlesnakes and after proper treatment they were left behind to care for themselves until the return of the war party, for Black Fox felt the need of every man in the company.

Indian Strategy

When they arrived within about four miles of Genesee they halted, divided their horses into droves of 100 each

and picketed each drove some distance apart covering a line of nearly two miles, that, if they were discovered the size of the force would not be known and if defeated only one drove would be captured. Two Indians were left in charge of each drove.

The plan was to start at sunset and reach Genesee an hour or so later. All these details were discovered by a daring Lenape who enclosed himself in the bark of a tree stump about eight feet high, and guessing where they would halt stood perfectly still for over an hour, being taken for the stump of a tree with an uneven top. With care he moved away but one warrior in the brush thought he saw something move and walked around the trees and his bark outfit, looking for the moving object before rejoining his companions. The Lenape finally worked himself to a place of safety near where his well drilled horse was lying down and speeded to the camp where he told Chief Ogontz what he had discovered.

After learning the location of the droves of horses Ogontz selected ten of his braves and told them to keep themselves in readiness to ride out to the western-most drove if they saw the

battle was going in favor of the Lenapes, overcome the guards and bring the horses into camp. Ogontz feeling that he had outguessed Black Fox so far in his plans, felt that he could continue to do so when the attack was made and was confident that the fight would result in their favor. This confidence he imported to his chiefs and men and they awaited the hour of attack with a feeling of restrained assurance at the same time realizing that some of them would bite the dust before victory was won. Some of the thoughtful ones watched the sun as it sank below the western horizon with the question in their minds, "Would the Great Spirit be on their side in the conflict that was just ahead?"

As the night shades lowered the women and children made their way to the lower end of the camp, some perhaps, with fear in their hearts, while others wished they might take their place in the line of battle and cover themselves with glory. The council and other fires were kindled by the reserves and a little dancing indulged in while they kept their eyes on their weapons of war lying nearby.

The warriors took their assigned places at the front, some behind large horse-hide shields, carried by one of their comrades, from behind which at least three could shoot and at the same time be partially protected from the flying arrows of their foes. It should be remembered that powder was unknown to the Indians at this time.

The Fatal Attack

The braves had hardly taken their positions before they became aware of the near presence of other humans, instinct, well-known signs and manifestations told them that their foes were at hand and they prepared themselves for the impact. The enemy not having come in contact with sentries, were convinced that their presence was not known by the Lenapes and as they heard the sound of dance and song in the valley below they threw aside their customary caution and advanced in large groups until they

were in the midst of Belfield farm—now the site of LaSalle College—just beyond the ridge that overlooked the camp.

Just at this moment certain sounds were heard, and a group of Lenapes ran out from the right wing of their line and set fire to piles of brush along what is now known as Belfield woods (Boy Scout Camp Grounds); at the same time all fires in the village were extinguished. The light in the rear of the Lenapes was thus removed while the blazing piles of brush in the rear of the Susquehannas made of them easy targets for the arrows of the defenders.

With a yell storms of arrows were shot at the invaders as the shield bearers pushed forward toward the foe. After the first shock of surprise had passed the invaders, realizing that they were in a trap, let loose a terrific yell, which expressed rage, venom and determination to sell their lives as dearly as possible. They returned the arrow fusillade of their foes with one equally as bitter but not as effective, for the Lenapes were protected by their shields.

Then led by their chiefs they gripped their bone daggers and stone hatchets and charged the defenders;

these came from behind their shields and met the invaders' onslaught with similar weapons and the bloody hand-to-hand fight was on. Parrying and lunging, retreating and then dashing forward again the bitter contest waged for many minutes and many fell on each side.

One duel of unusual interest took place over near the burning brush between Yona and Sinasta, the young raiding chiefs who were largely responsible for the battle that was now raging. They fought ferociously, realizing that it was a fight to a finish. As they yelled and lunged at each other and turned aside the thrusts and strokes aimed at them, others became interested in the duel and some from each side seemed to be transfixed at the ferocity and skill of the combatants. Finally Yona by a swift spring to the right was enabled to bring his hatchet down upon the lifted arm of his opponent, knocking the dagger from his hand and then, with a lightning-like thrust set his own knife into the vitals of Sinasta. With another rapid stroke he removed the scalp of the fallen one and with a triumphant yell waved it above his head.

The Retreat

This started the retreat which proved to be a costly one, for in spite of the loss of many of their comrades the Lenapes fought with a fury that amazed the invaders and caused them to leave the field in haste, followed by the arrows and yells of the victors. When the retreating warriors reached the old Redman's Trail, near where Richard Townsend later built his mill, they came in contact with a contingent from the encampment on the Tacony, they having received a late message of the expected attack. Here many others met their death, dying on the Old Trail.

They pushed on toward their horses but when those who remained who owned the western-most drove reached the place where they had been picketed they found the bodies of the two braves left in charge, but the horses were on their way to Genesee. They then hurried to the next group, and all who had escaped the slaughter were soon mounted and riding rapidly toward the Susquehanna.

Among those wounded was Black Fox, and he expired as they neared the river, after he had requested that his body be wrapped in his war blanket, weighted with heavy stones and placed in a deep spot in the river. His request was complied with. Shortly after the return of the defeated warriors, they broke camp and moved about forty miles north.

After the Battle

That night was a busy one in Genesee; their own wounded were brought in and cared for; the dead were gathered together and counted. It was found that victory had been secured at a heavy cost and the exultation over the successful outcome of the battle was mingled with sorrow for the slain ones and their kin. In such a battle much war material was used on both sides. J. F. Watson in his Annals says: "The quantity of Indian arrowheads, spears and hatchets, all of flint and stone and attached to wooden or wite handles, still ploughed up in the fields is great. I have seen some of a heap of two hundred together, in a circle of the size of a bushel; some of them, strange to say,

are those from chalk beds, and not at all like the flint of our part of the country." Possibly some of these were among those that were brought from beyond the Susquehanna by the invaders.

If such large numbers were ploughed up on the battlefield over two hundred years after the battle, how many there must have been lying around the day after the contest took place!

The bodies of the invaders were gathered, large pyres were built on the field of battle, the torch applied, and as the odor and smoke from the burning piles swept over Genesee, the grief of those who were mourning the loss of kin was assuaged.

The day following the burning of the bodies of the foe the funeral of the Geneseeans was held. It was a mournful procession that passed through the encampment and out onto the Old Trail, turning west and slowly moving toward the burying-ground which was located at what is now Schoolhouse lane and Wissahickon avenue. The bodies were buried in a sitting posture which explains the short length of the "mounds" that were visible until recent years. War implements and other articles were buried with the fallen warriors.

Some of the mounds were evidently leveled by the Hessians during the Germantown campaign of 1777 or 1778 years after the Indian battle.

The late E. W. Clark built his home, "Cloverly," on part of this ground in 1859 and lived there until his death in 1904. The house and stable were torn plan to have guides escort visitors over historic Germantown next summer, while Major Allen spoke of the plans under way to boom the town down and the lot given to the city by the children of Mr. Clark, for a rest park, in memory of their father. It is now known as "Cloverly Park."

In a letter to the writer of this sketch, Herbert L. Clark, one of the sons, said: "I understand that in digging the foundations for the house and stable a number of bullets were found, being relics of the Battle of Germantown, and also a number of Indian arrowheads. I do not remember ever having heard from my father of any Indian burials in the rear."

The letter of Mr. Clark indicates that the missiles of death of the red man of 1600 and the white man of 1777 mingled in the old Indian burial ground on the Redman's Trail. Next week, the victory parade on the Old Trail.

Note

In response to queries, we wish to repeat what we said at the beginning of the sketch, that the North American Indians, of which the Lenape Lenapes were a branch, were of a different race than were the Mayas, the Zapotecs, the Toltecs and the Aztecs, who succeeded each other in South and Central America and in Mexico. Some of the latter may have mingled with the North American race near the Rio Grande which may explain some of the customs they had in common. But a comparison of the Mayans and the Indians who roamed over what became the United States, indicate that they did not have a common ancestry. The same may be said of the Eskimos.

Victory Celebration

A few days after the burial of the braves, scouts brought to Chief Ogontz the information that their foes were moving their village farther north, thus indicating that they had learned a lesson and that there would be no further attempts in the near future to renew the attack upon the Lenapes of Genesee. When this news reached the ears of the people a movement was started among the younger braves to celebrate the victory and soon the entire village got behind the plan; then in council the matter was discussed and plans formulated to make the demonstration as imposing and meaningful as possible.

When the plans and days were decided upon invitations were sent to the neighboring tribes of Lenapes to attend and participate in the celebration which might continue several days. We have looked in vain for a copy of the invitations sent out. They may have been delivered verbally and would doubtless include an account of the battle and victory, including the losses on both sides, the migration north of the invaders and a partial statement of what would be attempted in the festivities. Each encampment was requested to send its athletes, orators, singers, paraphernalia, costumes, etc., for dances, parade and other events of the celebration.

Demonstration Parade

It must be remembered that street parades and mummers' antics were not original with the whites of this land, for the Indians who preceded them for centuries made use of these features in their feasts and other festivities. If the "New Year's Mummers" were to read carefully the records of Indian celebrations they would discover some stunts that, if pulled off on Broad street, would amaze and please the spectators. This is a source of information that mummers have evidently neglected.

About noon of the first day of the the celebration contingents from the Rising Sun, Wissahickon and Chestnut Hill encampments had assembled at the cross trails (Main street and School lane), while those from Tacony, Frankford Creek and several from farther east

gathered at the other cross trails (York road and Church lane). The plan was to march over the Central or Church lane section of the "Old Trail," pass each other, and then form at the Wingohocking (Belfield avenue), for the general parade through the village. This major parade was to be led by the warriors who had been in the battle, headed by Ogontz and his staff.

The start was made by each section so that the head of each section would pass each other at the junction of the village street and the Old Trail where the fighting warriors and other Geneseeans were lined up along the trail. It was a great collection of Indian ponies, Indian costumes with their beaded work and hand painted designs, and Indian blankets with their primitive patterns. The features and bodies of the braves were figured and disfigured in the latest style with paint, ochre and oil. There may have been a Peale or an Oakley among them, but their work was not put into a permanent form; hence it disappeared at the next bath.

The feathers used in the war bonnets spoke of the death of thousands of birds and wild fowl, while some of the

costumes were completely covered with brilliant colored ones which made dazzling spectacles when the sun shone upon them. Makisinikewinini (Moccasin Maker), led the section from Tacony. "Mak" was a tall, athletic looking chief, with bonnet and feather streamers of huge proportions. He rode his richly caparisoned steed with majestic dignity, which indicated that he appreciated the position he held. His staff was composed of chiefs who had distinguished themselves either in war, diplomacy or the hunt. They were mounted on horses that seemed to understand the importance of the occasion for they held their heads high.

The section coming from the west was commanded by Songitche, meaning stronghearted, and he looked his name. He was from the camp of the Lower Wissahickon and a braver, stronger hearted chief had never appeared among his people than he. Songitche's staff was also composed of famously brave warriors.

As the leaders of the two sections came opposite each other they gave the famous tomahawk salute. At this time they were dignity personified. No commanders of vast armies were more military in their bearing than were these chiefs as they rode on the Redman's Trail in 1600. The members of the staffs also saluted. Their salute included a raising of the body as a rider today would rise in his stirrups.

Notable Features

There was a large number of horsemen in the parade in addition to many groups afoot. After the salutations of the chiefs were over some marvelous feats were performed by the horsemen as they came opposite the Geneseeans, who were watching with much interest the processions, passing in each direction, as they waited to fall in line to lead the parade through the village.

Two horsemen were seen doing the spin around their horses' bodies, trying hard to beat their rival in speed. How they controlled themselves and kept from striking their heads on the ground is a mystery. This feat was greeted with shouts of approval from the spectators. One young fellow stood upright on his horse's head. The animal had evidently been trained to this act for it held its neck rigid while continuing to walk. This stunt was also vigorously approved. We would like to see some of the riding mummers with their top hats and dinky whips, try to pull off such stunts on New Year's Day or Hallowe'en. If they were compelled to there would be few riding marshals and bombastic aides.

Nearly all of the riders turned around and rode with their faces toward their horses' tails. One or two balanced themselves on their sterns and spun around like tops. One supple rider thus balanced himself and then put his right leg around his neck, but when he tried to put his other leg around, he lost his balance and slid off his horse's back, causing those who were watching to think an injury was in store for him; but, as usual, he landed on his feet like a cat. We would like to see a stout society dame try that feat on the floor. There certainly would be a puffing which would exceed that of "Old Ironsides." Of course there were scores of other tricks performed; the foregoing were the unusual ones recorded. If a couple had only worn top hats and dinky coats they would have caused a laugh a mile long, and perhaps a riot.

The marchers were not inferior to the riders in the acts they performed. We recall seeing some of the mummer paraders turning the cartwheel and doing

handsprings, flip-flops, etc., but the paraders on Redman's Trail would have scorned doing such kindergarten movements. Hopping on one hand was a common feat. One ran and turned a double front air-spring, landing in front of the chief's squaws as gracefully as a cat, much to their pleasure. Features of one group of young warriors were reproductions of hand to hand conflicts they had engaged in with notable foes. There were several tom-tom and singing groups among the visitors, while many scalps were displayed on spears.

We have written at length of this parade on the Old Trail because it was a brilliant pageant, exceeding in spectacular features the Meschianza of 1778 and was many times larger and of more importance than the political turnouts in later years, with their cheap torches, oil cloth capes and sixteen cent caps. Some of these were led by good old "Sam" Loeb, who when he wanted his men to do the wheel on the Old Trail, would bellow out in a stentorian tone, "Cum roundt like a gate, cum!"

We have also been careful to note some of the features of the parade that, if it

should ever be produced by the residents and Indians of the trail of the present day, they will have pen pictures of part of it to start with.

Parading Through Genesee

By the time the different sections headed by Makisinikewinini and Songitche had returned to the junction of the trail and lane that ran through Genesee, the Geneseean horsemen were mounted and ready to lead the visitors through the village. The addition of one hundred or more horses, as a result of the battle, to the village's stock made this company a formidable one and it was with a proud look that Ogontz rode to the head of it, after inviting the leading visiting chiefs to fall in with his staff.

We wish we could present to the readers of this sketch pictures of this procession as it passed through the beautiful Wingohocking valley. There were no cross roads, bridges, dumps or quarries to impede the progress of the paraders or to mar the beauty of the surroundings. At each tepee and house there were trophies of the war path, the hunt and of industry in the form of implements, skins, baskets, mats and blankets. The display of skins was a rich one.

How the people did shout and yell as their braves rode by, some with their first laurels and scalps of victory! These shouts were answered by the triumphant yells of the visitors who vied with each other as groups, in noise making. The valley has since witnessed large picnic parties, steeplechasing groups, tablet unveiling demonstrations and streams of automobiles, but methinks, they would have to go some and then more too, to get within hailing distance of the victory celebration of 1600.

After the home riders had passed through the village they returned to the center through a lane lined on both sides with visitors who yelled themselves hoarse as they unstintingly acclaimed the victorious legion. If there were any envy or jealousy in their hearts toward the victors it was not manifested during this day of days in the history of Genesee; instead comradeship, unrestrained cordiality and admiration prevailed.

Other Features

After the victors had saluted and re-passed Ogontz and his staff, who had stationed themselves on their horses opposite the big rock at the curve of the stream, which gave them a view up and down the valley, they dispersed, and, with the visitors, stationed themselves on the wooded hillside near the council square where other events were to take place. The hills on each side of the valley at this point, with a level surface in the center, which was used as an arena, made a natural outside theatre.

We cannot describe all the events that took place during the afternoon. Space forbids. The horse bucking, short horse dashes, in which success depended altogether on a quick getaway, and daring bare-back riding won the approval of the crowd. The feats performed in the parade were repeated, some in competition, as the different encampments had champions for nearly all events.

An interesting feature was the contest among the bowmen, first at targets from different positions of the body and distances, and then the vertical shooting. This was done from a ring drawn in the center of the arena, about nine feet in diameter. The bowmen would stand or kneel in this circle and shoot into the air, the object being to have the arrow return as near to the center as possible. This required keen judgment in the turning of the arrow and the velocity of the wind. The brave who won this was Awinita (Young Deer), of the Lower Wisahickon camp, whose three arrows all fell within the circle, one very near the center.

There were also wrestling and running contests, some of the latter being hurdles, in which the agile forms of the Indians were displayed to fine advantage.

As Yana's victory over Sinasta had been talked about quite freely among the people a request was made that the contest be re-enacted by Yana and one who had witnessed it. The request was complied with, Yana using the same weapons he used in the battle and his opponent using Sinasta's, which had been preserved. The contest was purposely prolonged, Sinasta's substitute being a quick and seasoned fighter. As the fight progressed the spectators drew as near to the arena as they were allowed, and as Yana made his tiger-like springs and fatal thrust and the substitute (who was a good actor) fell to the ground, a tumultuous uproar followed and Yana was acclaimed a worthy champion of his race.

Eats or Refreshments

After these events the visitors scattered to the various lodges and houses where they had been invited to stay. The visiting chiefs were the guests of Chief Ogontz and his staff. The evening meal was served in the council chamber, the committee in charge of the affair being Gonwasongiven, Nakasgonam, Nehewitsin, and Zelogelas. These were not Welshwomen, as the names might indicate, but the wives and daughters of the leading chiefs.

The wife of Ogontz wore her hair quite neatly arranged, with small braids on each side of her head, while several ornaments dangled from her ears. She wore a jacket or skirt made of buckskin ornamented with rows of small shells and around her neck were two or three strings of beads.

Ganonkwenon, the youngest waitress, was amazingly attired. Her hair was wrapped around a corncob that stood upright on

her head. She wore a corsage made of transparent material, while her skirt and moccasins were dyed scarlet. She wore armlets covered with shells and a band around her forehead was similarly ornamented. They performed their duties gracefully and won the admiration and approval of the distinguished guests. We fail to find a menu card of the occasion among our Indian relics. We had intended to speak in this chapter of the dances which took place in the evening but will have to defer it to the next chapter.

Chapter Eight

Dancing

Some worth while data could have been written about the arrow game, with at least a dozen entries, the object being to shoot as many arrows in the air as possible before the first one touched the ground. The majority had six to their credit, two had seven, but the winner was Salili (Squirrel), who had nine in the air and another in his bow when the first one came down. This game called for quickness and accuracy of action. Many other games were entered into with zest during the celebration, but we have not the space to describe all of them.

Dancing entered into the recreation, amusement, religious ceremonies and celebrations of not only the Lenni Lenapes, but of all the tribes of the North American Indians, and in all of them both vocal and instrumental music were introduced.

One writer said: "These dances consist of about four different steps which constitute the different steps which constitute all the different varieties, but the figure and forms of these scenes are very numerous and produced by the most violent jumps and contortions accompanied by the songs and beat of the drum, which are given in exact time with their motions. It has been said by some travelers that the Indian has neither harmony nor melody in his music, but I am unwilling to subscribe to such an assertion, although I grant for the most part of their vocal exercises there is a total absence of what the musical world would call melody; their songs being made up chiefly of a sort of violent chant of harsh and jarring gutturals, of yelps and barks and screams, which are given out in perfect time, not only method (but with harmony) in their madness." There are times, too, when the Indian lies down by his fireside with his drum in his hand, which he lightly and most imperceptibly touches over as he accompanies it with his stifled voice of dulcet sounds that might come from the most tender and delicate female."

The Indians seemed to have dances for everything: before and after war-path experiences, after a hunt, harvest dances, and some just for amusement. Through it worship was offered, appeals made to the Great Spirit, and visitors and strangers were honored and entertained by the dance.

"Instead of the 'giddy maze' of the hugging spin, the lemon squeeze, the turkey trot, and other white men's classics, enlivened by the cheering smile and reciprocating clench of half-robed and silken beauty, the In-

dian performs his rounds with jumps and starts and yells, much to the satisfaction of his own exclusive self and infinite amusement of the gentler sex, who are always onlookers, but seldom allowed so great a pleasure or so signal an honor as that of joining with their lords in this or any other entertainment."

Still White Women Dance

In one aspect of dancing the white men of today imitate their red men predecessors, for they now dance upon nearly all occasions. When Germantown observed the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Germantown a Colonial ball had a prominent place on the program during which some of the general committee distinguished themselves by the grace with which they danced the minuet and the Virginia reel.

When Fourth of July celebrations are held, various kinds of dancing are introduced, at banquets and ordinary suppers the floor is very often cleared and dancing indulged in, but these dances are tame in comparison with those that took place in Genesee on the Old Redman's Trail in 1600.

We recall a street dance that took place here in Germantown some moons since which differed somewhat from those that took place on the banks of the Wingohocking. We presume that one of the things that would have amazed an Indian woman had she looked over the shoulders of the spectators was when two white squaws, one a grandmother, with four story heels, started the moon dance together because the white bucks were not brave enough to offer their assistance. We repeat, how tame were these dances in comparison with those that took place in Genesee after the hour of refreshments and rest had expired! Several of these it is our purpose to describe.

The Corn Dance

Corn was esteemed among the Indians as a kind of divine grain, a special gift of the Great Spirit, and in their race language they called it Mon-da-men, or the Spirit's grain, for they believed that the first stalk of corn came down from the sky in full tassel as an answer to the prayer of a young hero at the end of his manhood's fast. This gift was so needful to man that every year when the harvest of corn was ripe—not dry—a Thanksgiving Feast was held, at which the tribe held its sacred Dance of the Corn, one of the most beautiful of their dances.

When the ear was full grown the women who raised the corn would for several days take ears to the Mystery Men in the Council Chamber and they would decide whether the corn was ripe or not, the women not being permitted to open the husks. When it was decided that the corn was fully ripe, invitations would be sent to all the tribe to gather on a certain day, witness the dance and partake of the corn feast, which would last for several days, when nearly all the corn would be consumed, only enough being left for the next season's planting. All these preliminaries had been performed and the first of the corn dances was to be held on the night of the "Victory Celebration."

Chapter 8—Continued

A framework or bower was made of four poles ornamented with ears and stalks of corn—four was the sacred number. Under this bower a fire was built, and over the fire a kettle hung, suspended from the crossing of the poles and filled with the first green corn that was to be offered to the Great Spirit. While the water was boiling, four Mystery Men, their bodies painted white, and each bearing a stalk of corn in one hand and a mystic rattle in the other, danced around the pot singing songs of thanksgiving; and a circle of chosen warriors also with stalks of corn in their hands danced in an extended circle outside, singing the song of Thanksgiving (which was particularly appropriate at this time). The rest of the people were spectators.

While the dancing continued, wooden bowls with horn spoons were laid out on the ground from which the people were to feast. When the Mystery Men decided the corn was sufficiently boiled, the dancing and singing were stopped, the kettle was taken down, the ears were removed and laid on a little framework of sticks built over the fire. Then the dancing began again and continued while the corn was thus being consumed. When nothing but ashes remained, these were offered to the Great Spirit. The fire itself was removed, and the ashes were buried, so that no creature should use them.

A new fire was quickly started to boil the corn for the tribe and visitors on the very spot where the old one had been and the next kettle of corn was soon cooking. The first to partake of the feast were the chiefs, the Mystery Men and the warriors; and then the whole people were served. There was no merrier time in the year than the Feast of the Corn of Thanksgiving. It was quite appropriate that this dance and feast should be part of the Victory Celebration. When the invitations to the feast were sent out upon ordinary occasion it was stated that the people should come with empty stomachs.

Welcome and Other Dances

The corn dance was followed by the welcome dance, which was given in honor of the visitors in camp and, out of respect to the persons to whom they expressed this welcome, the musicians and all members of the encampment rose to their feet and stood while it was being danced.

There was at first a lament for those who died in the battle but it ended in a gay and lively and cheerful step, while they are announcing that the friends to whom they were directing it were received into the places that were left vacant.

Then there was the warrior's dance accompanied by the war song, one of the verses being:

I am proud of being at home!
I am proud, O Yana I am proud.

I am at home—my enemy run
I am proud, I am proud, O Yana!
There were several other dances before the scalp dance took place, which was the closing event of the evening. This was danced on at least ten nights following the battle.

Scalping

Scalping a dead enemy was a peculiarity of the North American Indian and was practiced by all tribes. We have found no satisfactory explanation of the beginning of this practice among this people. Various guesses have been made and statements printed about how chiefs and others are ranked according to the number of scalps they could display which explains why on certain days scalp poles were raised above wigwams that contained the number of scalps the owners had taken.

The scalp consisted of that part of the skin of the head covering the bump of esteem and no other part of the skin was considered as part of the scalp although other parts were removed to ornament war implements, garments and horses' bridles. The Indians have been charged with brutality for scalping people, but none were intentionally scalped while living, although some who had been stunned or had fainted have been known to have lost their scalps and fully recovered from the effect.

When the warriors went on the warpath it was expected they would return with scalps and they were closely scrutinized upon their return to see if they carried these trophies of victory. It will thus be understood why an Indian would risk a great deal to secure the scalp of a man he may have shot at a distance and why women were scalped, there being no difference in the appearance of the scalps of the sexes. Our opinion of the origin of the habit of scalping is that among the Mongolians the queue was considered the sign of nationality, of dignity and in some was an expression of a certain religious faith and that it was considered a disgrace to lose it. These views were strictly held and the queues jealously guarded by all Chinese until recent years.

The North American Indians being descendants of the Mongolians, as we explained in the first chapter, thought to disgrace their enemies by removing their queues and keeping them intact by taking the skin with them. After centuries had passed the original meaning would be lost and they would only be considered as trophies of war. Still, in some tribes, after the scalps had been exhibited in the dance and otherwise, and the warriors had gotten all the glory they could from them, they were carefully buried, because they had a superstitious fear that the spirits of the owners would trouble them unless they did so.

The fact is that a great many mysterious forms among the Indians are made clear by the acceptance of the Mongolian descent idea and a study of the yellow man's history and habits.

The Scalp Dance

The scalp dance in Genesee following the other dances was distinctly the "Victory Celebration" event of the evening. The Great Spirit had been thanked for corn, the guests had been welcomed and entertained and now victory was to be brought forth

and acclaimed. This dance was always danced by the light of torches just before retiring for the night.

The warriors came into the circle of light, delivering themselves of the most extravagant boasts of their wonderful skill, strength and bravery in battle, while they brandished their war weapons in their hands. A number of young women had been selected to aid (although they did not actually join in the dance) and stepping into the center of the ring of light they held up the scalps that had recently been taken, while the warriors jumped around in a circle brandishing their weapons, and barking and yelping in the most frightful manner, all jumping on both feet at the same time with a simultaneous stamp and blow and thrust of their weapons, with which it would seem as if they were actually cutting and carving each other to pieces.

During these frantic leaps and yells and thrusts every man distorted his face to the utmost of his muscles, darting about his glaring eyeballs and snapping his teeth and actually breathing through his inflated nostrils the hissing death of battle, living over again the hot, frenzied excitement of the hand to hand conflict. No description that we can write will convey more than a feeble outline of the frightful effects of these scenes enacted, on the borders of the Old Redman's Trail, in the dead and darkness of night, which

was broken by the glaring light of their blazing torches.

Such scenes if witnessed by the nerve-racked people of today would play greater havoc with over-wrought hearts and brains than earthquakes, floods and other calamities that come so often near us. No wonder the large assemblage that witnessed the dance that night, near the very spot where the battle had taken place but a few nights before, were impressively quiet, for they recalled that but a few yards away was the blood-soaked ground, and the ashes of the bodies of those who had fallen in the fray.

This dance closed one of the most memorable days in the history of Genesee and the villagers and their guests retired wondering what the morrow would bring forth.

Chapter Nine

The Sun Dance

In the previous chapter we spoke of the corn, welcome, scalp and other dances that were performed at night by the Geneseeans and their guests. There was one dance that could only be danced when the sun was shining and that was the sun dance, sometimes called the pipe or calumet dance. There were certain preparations for this dance which we will not stop to describe and other activities that could not be undertaken until this dance had been given in honor of the sun—one manifestation of the Great Spirit.

This sacred ceremony was only used upon great occasions—to strengthen peace, or to declare war, to honor some important person or invited guests, or to make public supplications, or rejoicing. The Mystery Men, who were very often the healers and priests of the tribe, used it in their incantations. The dance this day was performed in honor of the guests and for public rejoicing. The pipe or calumet used was especially prepared for the occasion, having a large stem which was elaborately decorated with