



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



*Publications of the Historical
Society of Schuylkill County*

Historical Society of Schuylkill County

US 16809.10

Harvard College Library



FROM THE
BRIGHT LEGACY.

One half the income from this Legacy, which was received in 1880 under the will of

JONATHAN BROWN BRIGHT

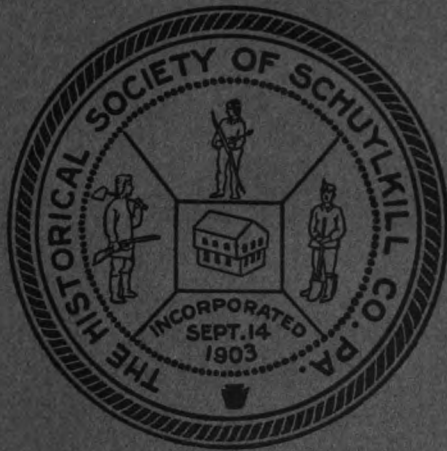
of Waltham, Massachusetts, is to be expended for books for the College Library. The other half of the income is devoted to scholarships in Harvard University for the benefit of descendants of

HENRY BRIGHT, JR.,

who died at Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1686. In the absence of such descendants, other persons are eligible to the scholarships. The will requires that this announcement shall be made in every book added to the Library under its provisions.

US 16809.10

PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF
SCHUYLKILL COUNTY



TALES OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

BY THE HON. D. C. HENNING

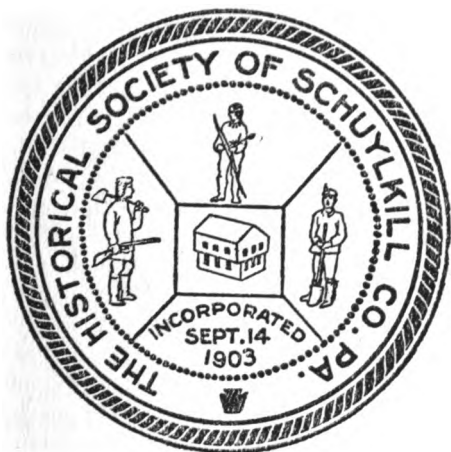
VOLUME III

1911
DAILY REPUBLICAN BOOK ROOMS
POTTSVILLE, PA.



D C Reming

PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF
SCHUYLKILL COUNTY



TALES OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

BY THE HON. D. C. HENNING

VOLUME III

1911
Daily Republican Book Rooms
Pottsville, Pa.

US 16809.10



Bright fund

18-2
9-0

Biographical Sketch of the Author.

The Hon. David C. Henning was born near Lewisburg, Union County, Pennsylvania, on November 2, 1847. He was a son of David and Margaret (Eilert) Henning, and was descended from a line of German ancestry that came to the province of Pennsylvania early in its history and settled in the Tulpehocken region while it was a part of Lancaster County.

He passed his youth in the rugged pursuits incident to farm life in those days; his early education was obtained in the public schools of his locality and at Lewisburg Academy. He later entered Bucknell University (then known as the University of Lewisburg), where he remained for one year. He then began teaching school at the age of seventeen, and in August, 1868, was made principal of the High School at Pine Grove, Schuylkill County, at a time when, as he was wont to express it, he "was but a beardless boy," not yet having reached his majority. Here he established for himself that reputation for thoroughness and scholarly attainments which has characterized his whole life. He resigned this position March 29, 1870, and registered as a law student in the office of Hon. Lin. Bartholomew, one of the most distinguished members of the Schuylkill County Bar. He was admitted to the Bar, April 2, 1872, and at once entered upon a large, varied and lucrative practice.

When the Riot War, which Ellis in his History of the United States says was the most important event in President Hayes' administration, broke out in 1877, Mr. Henning was appointed a Major on the staff of General J. K. Siegfried and served in that capacity throughout the campaign. From 1883 to 1888 he was Captain of Company F, 4th Regiment, Pennsylvania National Guard, the successors to the Washington Artillerists of "First Defender" fame.

Hon. Cyrus L. Pershing, having resigned as President Judge of the Courts of Schuylkill County, the Republican Convention in June, 1899, nominated Mr. Henning for the

vacant judgeship. Thereupon he was appointed by Governor Stone to fill the vacancy, by Commission dated August 5, 1899, but was defeated at the ensuing election.

He was united in marriage on May 29, 1880, to Isabel Atkins, a daughter of the late Charles M. Atkins. Her death preceded his by a few years. Of this union one child, Miss Nannie A. Henning, survives. He died January 6, 1908, and was interred in the family burial plot at Lewisburg.

Judge Henning was an able lawyer, a deep student of Blackstone, and had a remarkable knowledge of the Common Law. These attainments were recognized by his appointment by the Court as a member of the Committee to examine applicants for admission to the local Bar, on which he served during his whole career as a lawyer and of which he was president at the time of his death.

But law was not the only phase of education in which he excelled, for no man in the community was deeper versed in literature than Judge Henning. He took delight in studying the English classics from the Anglo Saxon period down, and his office became a centre of discussion of literary subjects and tastes. He was always a ready speaker and as time went on his services were liberally sought to act as toast master at semi-public and social functions, and to introduce political speakers and lecturers.

He was greatly interested in all public movements and to his efforts mainly was due the erection of the Soldiers' Monument in Garfield Square, Pottsville, dedicated October 5, 1891, with General Horace Porter as orator of the day.

But what has most endeared his memory to the people of Schuylkill County are his "Tales of the Blue Mountain", published in the Pottsville Miners' Journal during the years 1896 and '97.

These were largely in the nature of "Twice Told Tales", being a recital of abstracts from old records, interspersed with Folk Lore and traditions of the region presented in such an engaging manner as to kindle a lively interest in the community. No one could have been better qualified for this task than he; his deep research into local history, his familiarity with the "Pennsylvania Dutch" dialect and character, enabled him to add the

charm of local color to history and tradition. The lively interest in historical research and discussion that they kindled, culminated in the formation of the "Historical Society of Schuylkill County", of which he was one of the organizers and which he served as president from its inception to the time of his death. The society, as a slight memorial to the genius that called it into being, presents this collection of his local writings as the third volume of its publications.

Presentation of Tales of the Blue Mountains.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF SCHUYLKILL COUNTY.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Permit me to present to this Society a complete but crude copy of all of the published Tales of the Blue Mountains.

It is not meant to imply that they are a contribution to the perfect literature either of this society or of the county generally. The author is neither a book maker nor is he a book writer; and, further, these papers were never revised, re-edited, nor even proof read by the author. Indeed, in some cases one would be begun at say 5, 6, or 7 o'clock, P. M., finished by 10 or 11 o'clock and would appear in the papers the next morning. But they are presented because they contain many historical facts relating to the early history of our country, which had not been known to our people during the last three or four generations.

No living man could have unearthed these facts as belonging to this county until Fort Lebanon (afterwards William) and Franklin and other forts were located. This was done by the State Commission and its work published in 1895. It was after then and only then that we could gather the meaning of such names and phrases as "Long Run", "The gap where the Schuylkill flows through", "the home of the Finchers", and many others, such as Fort Lebanon, Fort William, Fort Franklin. All these places were regarded as myths, or at least as not being in Schuylkill County, or as unknown. The locating of these forts opened an abounding ante-revolutionary war history in that territory, now comprising the County of Schuylkill. Not nearly all of it has yet been written,

Then, too, the author claims that he has partially withdrawn the curtain that for so long a time veiled the ancient romance, tradition and folk-lore of this region. Indeed, he has been informed by divers persons that these latter enter considerably into the interest of the whole; and here the author will say, that all of these latter have their basis, the subject matter of not one of them is the creation of his own mind. No, not even the R— fatted steer which was the transformed farmer himself, who while standing in his stall and there sold by his wife would upon being driven across the mountain run away from the herder and come home as the farmer and would share the plunder with his wife. This was related to the author while seated by the side of the relator on a rail pile near the site of Fort Lebanon, and almost under the shadow of a public school house. He believed it because his grandfather had told him so. He would not believe such a thing possible now for the reason that the charm, the 6th and 7th books of Moses were, many, many years ago buried in the heart of the Blue Mountains, and no man may know the place of their sepulture. And so with Paul Heim. A descendant of his, after reading the author's paper on him, verified the facts. So with the Wolves' Feast and the lone Indian on the Blue Mountain, The Devil's Den, The Streaming Haired Indian Maid and Spirit. An illustration will be found in the "Journal" of June 26, 1896, which is included in the presented volume. In that one of the informants acknowledges the faithfulness of the printed story as he had related it to the author and as it had been given to him by an old resident.

And now to the confessional: After these tales seemed fairly well established the author became a sort of dumping ground for the young, but more especially the old, from far and near. Much of the dump had to be cast aside. In some cases a single story or romance, or whatever it may be called, had three or four different authorities or persons to round out the complete story. Not wishing to quote any of them nor all of them, and not wishing to father them as a novelist, he resorted to the harmless and pious fraud of making a composite in the form of the Ancient Lady with the brazen-clasped book, candle and fireside. The

author flatters himself that in this, if in no other, he was successful; not with all of course. He was never asked the direct impertinent question as to who she was; but frequently some remarked the good fortune of the author in having such an excellent friend, and that in their round of acquaintances they could not learn the identity of this clever old lady in question.

When these tales were begun it was contemplated to write only the first one, and this at the request of the editor of the "Miner's Journal", simply as a matter of news that there had been located in this county and along its borders some half dozen French and Indian war forts, then unknown to everybody. It was only after reading "Frontier Forts" and having been introduced to the Pennsylvania Archives and Colonial Records, where he found much local history, that he was lured on to the writing of his numerous chapters.

Nor were all the subjects suggested by the author himself. The "Medicine Spring" was suggested by the late Hon. William L. Torbert; the "Walking Purchase", by the late Hon. James Ryon; the "Devil's Den", by a citizen of the township wherein it is located; "The Spangenberg", and "Count Zingendorf Itineraries", by a clergyman; the "Be-witched Horseman", by the late Dr. Hugh N. Coxe; and there may be some others.

And now with all their imperfections, let the author say a word for them, for they speak not unless they are read. The author full well knows that he lays himself open to the charge of egotism, but this he most emphatically disavows and he relies on the charity and confidence of his hearers for an acquittal of the charges. They being the children of his fancy and research, they ought not be thrust out without a word from him. These papers were very popular from the beginning to the end; as they grew in numbers they grew in interest and popularity, when once fairly established.

The "Journal" came to the author and requested that when a new subject was about to be taken up they should know it, so as to enable them to publish the fact in advance. When the morning for publication arrived they would have 1000, 2000 and 3000 extra orders for that number. They

are the first historical papers ever published that contain the recorded history of this county in ante-revolutionary war times. They lifted the little that was known up out of the uncertain realms of tradition to the high plane of record history, and added much to it. They placed this county in its proper place in the ranks of the older counties, in deeds of sacrifice and heroism, in the building up of our Commonwealth and in the turning of its sylvan wilderness into a fruitful field. They are the first papers written of this county which rely on the Penna. Archives for the truth.

One of these folk tales fell into the hands of the late W. W. Newell, of Cambridge, Mass. He was the Secretary of the American Folk-Lore Society, whose membership comprises citizens from all over the world. He was also the Editor of the American Folk-Lore Journal, a quarterly which is republished in Göttingen and Leipsic in various languages. He wrote for some others, and two more were sent him. He then devoted two pages to their favorable criticism. Of the "Bewitched Horseman" he says, "This belongs to that class of tales of which Rip Van Winkle is a diluted article." This criticism the author does not agree with, because he thinks far more of Rip Van Winkle; but the critic, had he known it, might have said that the bewitched horseman comes direct from the people as brought down by the ancient Schuylkill peasantry, whereas Irving borrowed, as he himself acknowledges, from the old German legend of Peter Klaus, which was in print and long known. If the reader will take the trouble to look over the "Noted Names of Fiction" in the back part of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, under the head of Peter Klaus, he will find the legend explained.

The editor finds in it also a likeness to Berger's Lenon, translated by Sir Walter Scott as "William and Helen". Thereupon the author was elected a member of the Folk-Lore Society. The author is informed that a number of them were republished in western papers. He does not know it, however, but New Jersey and New York papers did publish them and sent copies to the author. Historians have advised their publication in book form, saying that pure history is dry, but being intermingled with Indian

tragedy and superstition, that this would form a good basis for the tradition and folk-lore which they contain.

Thomas Carlisle has since the writing of *Rip Van Winkle* made this remark in an appropriate place in his writings, "Your Epimenides Peter Klaus," since named "*Rip Van Winkle*." This German legend is faithfully recorded in the "Library of Choice Literature", by Shepperd and Gibbon, in Vol. IV., on page 357. The book is so ancient that it has lost the name of its author. It was used in a class reading exercise in some of our public schools.

The author has a private drawer filled with letters from historians, the intellectual, the intelligent and the ignorant, thanking him for thus entertaining them. Probably his greatest delight was when the farmer, the mechanic, the day laborer and even people who he thought did not read anything, would come to him to express their thanks for unveiling to them the heroism, the deeds, the sacrifices, the superstitions and the early life of our pioneer settlers; for peopling these well known streams and valleys with a brave, hardy, simple, superstitious people who had actually lived, but they had never known it. A fear now arises that the carrying of this subject any farther might result in trespass on the confidence and charity which have been heretofore invoked.

This will be a digression but is not unfitting to the matter in hand. When the author first came to reside here in 1870, he having been reared under some of these antiquarian influences, he was told that one Jerry Reed used to speak of a Neyman massacre here in town. Upon making inquiry even among intelligence, he was quietly informed that it was all a myth, grandmothers talk, etc., and that there was nothing in it. Indeed he was abashed, felt that he had been quelled, and spoke of it no more. After his schooling in the Penna. Archives he was no longer abashed, and if you will turn to the number of the *Journal* of January 8, 1897, you will find one of the most completely proved Indian massacres in the history of early Pennsylvania, and which occurred so late as August, 1780, and on a Sunday. The highest evidence attainable in our State witnesses it—The Penna. Archives, wherein are recorded the evidences of th U. S. Judge, James Wilson,—Levan, a Provisional Com-

missioner, and Captain Dennis Leary, the Commander of a company of marines encamped just below Mt. Carbon. And in this way the massacre of Henry Neyman and his family, who lived on what is now Mauch Chunk Street, within a hundred yards west of the Pottsville Hospital, has been preserved to history. This was the modern myth, the old grandmother; and yet at that time, in 1870, it had occurred only 90 years before. These self same wiseacres probably had no doubt that Jonah had swallowed the whale some three or four thousand years ago, but they would not believe the commonplace old burgher whose ancestry lived here before the massacre occurred. No, this was not an Indian country. The New England reader and the New England history don't tell us so. Rather believe in New England ignorance than in a Pennsylvania burgher.

This is cited only to show how little the people knew that history of our town which was assured to them by the highest testimony in the commonwealth. Nobody is to be blamed for this. The facts are contained only in the first series of the Pennsylvania Archives and Colonial Records. These are extremely dry reading unless you have a purpose in view. More than this, there are probably not half a dozen full sets in the county, and probably these are never removed from the shelf except to be carried from the home of their deceased owner to the home of the legatee where they will again begin a period of rest, for they are dry reading. When, however, they are once brought into lively action with the present they are the jewels of the antiquarian and historian. So little is known of the value of these books (the series comprises 29 volumes) by many who own this dry reading, that the following instance will be given, which occurred within two years at an executor's sale of an old squire's estate in Berks County. A full set of 29 volumes was brought out of the barn, the hay mow probably, and put up for sale. Nobody bid, so an Allentown book sharp bid 45 cents, and the whole lot were struck down to him. It is supposed they were in good condition, for the probabilities are that the squire could not read and they were dry reading to others.

These are the conditions of this gift: That the society shall not republish them during the life time of the

author without his consent; that at no time shall they be taken away from the library for a period of more than three days; that until the society shall have a place for them under lock and key, the author will hold them duly wrapped and marked for the society as in escrow or will hand them to some person who can safely keep them; and that the society will bind the loose copies into the volume.

The author's aim is to perpetuate "The Tales of the Blue Mountains," if the society deem them proper for perpetuation, in the hope that this or some future generation will do these themes and many other kindred themes that justice which they inspire and demand.

For, be it understood that these themes—history, romance, tradition and folk-lore—are by no means exhausted by these papers. There is hardly a finer and more fruitful field than this in our state. Within a year a prominent member of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, himself a historian and antiquarian, expressed a willingness to exchange his region with all its national history of the Pemanite war and the horrible Indian massacres for our's, if such were possible. This locality abounds in these interesting themes and it only awaits the harvester and the gleaner.

There are three numbers that are still lying in manuscript and notes for a few others. They were withheld at the time for book publication, which was then designed and not even yet entirely abandoned.

In respect to the Folk-Lore Tales the following, taken from the columns of the Miner's Journal of April 3, 1898, is subjoined:

"The 'Journal of American Folk-Lore' is the official organ of the American Folk-Lore Society and is edited by William W. Newell, of Cambridge, Mass., who is also the secretary of the society. It is published at Boston and New York, at Göttingen and at Leipsic, Germany. It occupies the shelves of all the great libraries of both continents and has among its subscribers people from all civilized countries. It is a recognized authority and critic on the folk-lore of all nations. The following appears in the April quarterly number over the signature of the editor and as it is of local interest to our readers we give it entire. It is a splendid

introduction of our local author to the reading world, and it will be most useful as a fore-runner of the publication of the Tales, heretofore appearing in the Miners' Journal and a number of others still in manuscript.

"Tales of the Blue Mountains in Pennsylvania.—Under this title, Mr. D. C. Henning, of Pottsville, Pa., has published in the Miners' Journal, of Pottsville, a number of traditional and historical narratives relating to the region of the Blue Mountains, a series which has attracted much interest. In 1755 the colonial authorities established as many as forty forts and blockhouses along the Blue Mountains, from the Susquehanna to the Delaware. These were occupied for a number of years by colonial troops, and for many years formed a frontier, within which took place Indian forays. This line of forts was recently made known by a committee of the Pennsylvania legislature, and an examination of the colonial records made by Mr. Henning brought to light much historical matter of interest. The southern boundary line of Schuylkill county is the Blue Mountain range, and here were situated seven of the forts. It would seem that the hills formed the point of attachment of many Old World traditional stories concerning fairies regarded as mountain dwellers, and that these ideas have lingered until the recollection of persons still living, or only lately deceased.

In the Miners' Journal, of March 26, 1897, is printed a tale, apparently of German origin, possessing such characteristics. A youth of the name of Siegfried, having paid a visit to his promised bride, rather singularly called Chriemhilt, crossed the mountains during a thunder storm and disappeared. Sixty-five years, a month and a fortnight later, the bride, now grown an old woman and still unmarried, received a visit from this lover, who appeared on horseback, still wearing the costume habitual in the time when he had been lost to knowledge. This interview took place, according to the tale, in the presence of children. The old woman afterwards explained that she had been accosted by her lover, who was under the impression that he had remained only a few hours in the mountains with the spirits, whose splendid palaces and golden streets he described, and who were able to pass at will and in a moment from one end of the mountains to the other. The

woman refused to accompany him, and one of the spirits of the mountain appeared, who claimed the suitor as his captive. At the prayer of Chriemhilt, however, he consented that after her death the prisoner should be released, and reunion effected in heaven. Such is the folk-tale, obtained from the relation of one of the children present at the advent of the suitor, and who in after years narrated the incident.

The story belongs to that class of tales of which the story of Rip Van Winkle is a diluted example; the fair youth, marriageable and therefore an especial object of attraction to fairies, is carried away to the earthly paradise, in which he himself does not become old, and where three hundred years go by as a simple day. The return of the bride reminds one of the tale on which is based Burger's ballad of Lenore, (this is one of the leading classics in German literature. It is translated into English by Sir Walter Scott, under the title of William and Helen) ; but in the latter case it is the excessive grief of the girl that brings back from the grave the lover, who, as in the present case, is bound by a promise, but who is really dead, and not, as in the Pennsylvanian story, merely a captive of fairies. The tale shows that instruction even respecting European folklore might have been derived from the tales of Pennsylvanian Germans, had these been garnered in season; and it will be highly interesting, and a part of the mental history of the settlement in America, if even fragments can be disinterred.

Another story, related in the same paper of March 26, 1897, is of a historical character, dealing with the carrying off by Indians, in 1755, of Regina Hartman and her sister Barbara. The story, of a highly romantic character, shows how much interest the scenery of the region may derive from its historical associations, if these are adequately set forth. For the anger of the Indians the writer gives a partial explanation in a trick practiced on them by the successors of William Penn.

"He could not know that some of these purchases, known as 'walking purchases' had created great dissatisfaction in the minds of these simple and originally honest folk, as for example, when, in consideration of some guns, gun-

powder, flints, clothes, blankets and meal, the white purchaser should have a certain belt of land to extend in length the distance a man could walk in a day; they did not contemplate that the purchasers could ransack the country to find the fastest runner known, and that he would cover a distance of nearly a hundred miles, instead of pursuing the Indians' lazier pace, which would probably cover only twenty or thirty miles."

Among the early German settlers lingered in full force a belief in witch-craft and magic. It was believed that the sixth and seventh books of Moses, imaginary works, to which were ascribed supernatural virtues, were buried somewhere in the Blue Mountains. A certain Paul Heym, living near Fort Lebanon, about 1755, was supposed to possess the ability of transforming himself into various shapes. When hard pressed by Indian pursuers, he escaped by changing himself into a stump, and under the form of a wild-cat was able to visit an Indian Council and overhear the plans formed; from an arrow the beast received a wound in the paw, which afterward appeared on the arm of the wizard. When he left his house, Heym was in the habit of protecting by charm, written on a piece of paper, and regarded as also a protection against lightning. The words are preserved:—

In Namen Gottes Geh' ich aus;
Die Vater wahr' mir dieses Haus;
Der Sohn mit seiner Lieb dabei,
Dies Haus bewahr' in all Treu;
Und Heil'ger Geist, lass nicht heran,
Ein Sach das dies Haus-Schaden kanu.

It will be seen that there still seem to linger in the memory of living persons survivals of the once abundant folk-lore of the Blue Mountains, and that these relics are well worth preserving and bringing into permanent form, a task which is contemplated by Mr. Henning."

APPENDIX.

If it fall to the lot of the author to revise and re-edit these papers, which may in time occur, he would in one, at least, if not more instances, change the course or direction of certain points from others just a quadrant; for strange

as it may appear, although he has lived on Centre Street in Pottsville nearly forty years, his first impulse is to look due west for south.

While he might not expunge the narration of "Regina Hartman, the German Captive", for the reason that it has been a cherished local tradition among us for probably a century, and its truth generally acknowledged beyond the confines of our county, he would say there was a Regina Hartman, she was not the Regina the German captive of whom the Rev. Henry Melchoir Muehlenburg wrote to the *Hallische Nachrichten* in 1765, and upon which our tradition is based, and that Orwigsburg is not the locus of the massacre and captivity of which he wrote. He did not mention name nor location in his letter. It remained for that excellent Pennsylvania Historian, Captain H. M. Richards, to solve this mystery nearly one hundred and fifty years old. He has solved it conclusively and incontrovertibly to the entire satisfaction of every Pennsylvania historian; and not by tradition at all; but wholly on the full contents of Dr. Muhlenberg's *Hallische* letter and by the Penna. Archives. By way of an apology for robbing us of our cherished tradition, in a letter to the writer dated August 15, 1902, Captain Richards has made clear that Regina, the German captive, was Regina Leininger, whose captivity grew out of the massacre of the Le Roy and Leininger families, which occurred October 16, 1750, as stated in history.

That massacre took place in Buffalo Valley, Limestone Township, Union County, on a farm now partly owned by Prof. D. P. Stapleton, the Superintendent of Public Schools of that county; but which has always been known as the Judge Isaac Steuber farm. It is near the town of New Berlin, in Snyder County, and is located near Penn's Creek. Indeed, the massacre is known as the "Penn's Creek Massacre." The Le Roy house stood on the bank of a rivulet called Sweitzer's Run, so named because the Le Roy's were Swiss. They were known frequently by the name "King." The Leininger house was but a half mile away. The site of this massacre is but five miles away from the place where the author was born, and he had heard and read of it since childhood. The result of the massacre in that section was

some 19 killed and 10 prisoners. In the Le Roy family the father was killed, the son wounded and taken prisoner with his sister Marie, and a girl staying with them. In the Leininger family the father and the son, 20 years old, were killed, and Barbara Leininger and her younger sister, Regina, were taken prisoners. There is no mention of a Le Roy mother, but Mother Leininger escaped by having gone to the mill. She then removed to Stouchstown, Berks County, whence she went to Carlisle and recognized her daughter Regina, in the pathetic manner recounted in the "Tale".

The Indian bands had rejoined each other some miles westward of the scene of their tragedies, scalps, stolen horses and their prisoners, 10 in number, were divided among them. Barbara and Marie fell to the lot of one Galasko, who went with his band to Kittanning. Regina fell to the lot of a band who went to New York and Ohio. Barbara and Marie escaped the Indians at Nustinguin, Ohio, in 1759. They came to Pittsburg, "in the night", as they express it in their narrative, "of the last day of March and the first day of April." They then came east to Lancaster, where their lengthy narrative of the massacre, captivity, life in captivity and escape was reduced to writing by the commissioners, thence to Philadelphia, thence to Lancaster, where they stayed. Nothing further is known of them excepting, that Barbara's mother then lived within probably 30 miles of Lancaster and yet it is not known that they ever met each other. That narrative is seconded in Vol. IV., page 401, 2nd series of Penna. Archives. The narrative was printed by a Philadelphia firm and the girls traveled the country selling them at 6 pence each. Regina rejoined her mother at Carlisle as heretofore stated.

It seems unnecessary to say that this case forms the most unique and most remarkable instance of massacre, captivity, captive life and subsequent recognition and identification in all American history. Father Muhlenburg says in his letter that Regina told him that during every day of her captivity she would, accompanied by a fellow captive, a little girl, go to some lonely place under the trees, fall on her knees and repeat the German prayers and hymns her mother had taught her in childhood, and, even though she had forgotten her native language, yet the words of these she

could repeat. You will recall that when at Carlisle, she had grown into a tall stately Indian squaw, 19 years old. That after all other means of recognition had failed, that at the suggestion of Col. Bequet, the mother repeated only the first line of a German hymn, "Allein und doch nicht ganz allein bin Ich", when the daughter sprang into the mother's arms.

The pathetic history contained in Dr. Muhlenburg's letter has in its time awakened the sympathy and drawn the tears from the people of both sides the Atlantic Ocean. Surely, as Rev. Mr. Muehlenburg says, "The finger of God was there." Yes, just so surely as it fixed the places of the planets and traced in the realms of space the orbits of the earth, the moon and of the miriads of the stars in the heavens.

Tradition must give way to recorded history. The author having honestly walked in the paths of tradition he was himself misled thereby, as he now believes, and that he misled others. Having since learned the truth, it is a pleasurable duty to him to make this correction so soon after discovering it. This is his apology for this lengthy explanation.

"Truth crushed to earth will surely rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers."

D. C. HENNING.

Pottsville, Pa., August 16, 1907.

The German Settler and Farmer of the Early Days, Along the Blue Mountains.*

“Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

“Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke.
How jocund did they drive their team afield
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!”

In the early 1850's it was the writer's privilege to visit occasionally an aged couple who lived in a tenement house on a neighbor's premises near his father's farm, in Buffalo Valley, near Lewisburgh, Union County, on the banks of the West Branch of the Susquehanna River. This couple were then above four score years of age. Their home was in an open field and then already a very ancient log house, one story and an attic high, with old apple and cherry trees standing irregularly about the garden. There was a stable or other house appurtenant thereto. Nearby was a primitive graveyard, which is now being ploughed over. It could be recognized by the names on head and foot stones of mountain stone; neither marble or granite was there. It was said that it contained the remains of some of the earliest settlers in that valley who lived there in 1760 and since. Sassafras trees were its only ornament. And how well I remember that none of us, fond as we were of the succulent bark of its roots, would ever touch the bark that grew upon this sacred ground.

You might go there at any time of the day (for you would be afraid to go at night) and you would find Mammy Rohrback sitting on the right hand of the open grate in which burned a wood fire, and on the left hand “Pap” Rohr-

*This paper was found in the author's desk after his death, and it was thought an appropriate introduction to the Tales proper.

back, each smoking a pipe, each seated in a hickory rocking chair, probably of their own making, and rocking and smoking, saying little, if anything, to each other. There they sat and rocked themselves into everlasting sleep during my early boyhood. They were almost centenarians and had emigrated in their young manhood and womanhood from the Blue Mountain country. They often spoke of their early life among the Blue Mountains and of that life as handed down to them by their forebears. It has also been the privilege of the writer to know some others who emigrated from the Blue Mountain section many years ago, as also to know and have communication with others who are to the manner born and who still live there, filling in great measure the lives of those who have gone before.

From such facts as we have been able to glean let us explore the life of a typical early settler, who chose to make himself a husbandman, a tiller of the willing soil. Let us transport ourselves back to the period when the early German took up his abode on the south side of the base of the Blue Mountain and a little later when the overflow of population drove him into the heart of the Indian country—say from 1750 up to the beginning of the 19th century. He would locate on a tract of land of one hundred or several hundred acres, which he had applied for through colonial or state authority, and with the consent sometimes of the Indian, the original owner. He would arrive there with his wife and his young family in a one-horse cart or wagon on which he carried all his earthly stores. He would in a day or so build himself a shelter with twigs, bark and other material. He would then fell some trees, dovetail them, make his mortar bed and would build a hut or cabin of probably one story and an attic in height, chink it in with pebbles and mortar, roof it with bark, and in a short time he moved into his domicile. Some of these cabins are standing to this day, doing service as out-house, lumber room or smoke house.

He would then cut a clearing for farming purposes. He even learned from the Indian to girdle trees so that he might at once raise corn and other cereals before cutting off the timber. He would build a barn, corn crib, pig sty, and shedding for shelter of his implements and

cattle during the storms and in the winter. The turtle-back bake oven must not be neglected; nor the bench for his bee hives. He would plant an orchard with apple, peach, pear and plum trees, set out his vines, and would soon reap from nature its material benefits. The forests would supply him to great extent in meat and the streams with fish. Gradually his arable acres grew, his barn and crib would be enlarged to hold his increased crops. But, however, large the family might grow, the house was the last to be considered in his world of improvement. It usually lasted throughout his generation, and it would generally remain for his posterity to erect a more pretentious home. His kitchen would serve as sitting room and parlor and was frequently a sleeping room. The open hearth with its log fire would be the most cheerful spot in his entire domain. The other room was a sleeping and store room and the attic furnished sleeping apartments for the younger members of the family. Egress and regress was accomplished by the use of a ladder.

Sometimes these log huts were built with an overhang, with loopholes in the side walls and in the extended floors of the overhang these would serve as a protection against the attacks of the foe,—the wild Indian, wolves and panthers. There was such a house near Wadesville in ancient days, occupied by the ancestry of a numerous posterity now living in Pottsville, who early one morning saw the tracks of a panther in the fresh snow, showing that the beast had laid his forepaws on the window sill and after gazing about him withdrew to his lair. His tracks were his undoing, for they were followed and he was killed in his den. Probably the only ornaments that bedecked his inner walls was a copy of the "Heavenly Letter", or its counterpart, the "Letter of Protection"; these would preserve him and his family from harm and ill luck. His hut was usually built near a never failing spring, or on the banks of some mountain rill.

You must not think his life was monotonous or of the humdrum order. His varied work from season to season, from the early morning into the late evening, with the fruits thereof was his constant delight. Idleness or listlessness were to him unknown, and then in the evening it

was a pleasure to walk probably five or six miles to a neighbor for a frolic. These consisted in snitzing parties, apple butter boilings, quilting parties, and the like, to be followed by a hoe-down, bloomsock, husking bees with the red ear penalties duly exacted; and to a greater or lesser extent liquid refreshments of mountain dew or home made wine and beer were served. Their songs were so arranged that at certain strains all the men were bound to kiss all the girls and thus it went on until the early chanticleer would announce the coming of day.

“Whooh!” says the owl, “I wish ’twere night
That I might fly to my heart’s delight,
I’ll tell you the very best way,
Is to court all night and work next day.

She who will my true love be,
Come and sit beside of me,
Give her a kiss and let her go,
Never, never stay till the roosters crow.”

“Juniper tree, juniper tree,
I love her and she loves me.”

His farming implements were primitive indeed. His team frequently consisted of a pair of oxen, or a horse and an ox went together. He had no corn planters, nor mowers or reapers or harvesters, no sulky harrows or plows, no threshing machines; all his work was done by main strength without the aid of machinery. The writer can recall the first introduction of the mower and reaper as an infraction on the rights of the humble toiler who regarded his work by hand as his birth right. Everything was done as is said by hand; planting and sowing, mowing grass was done with the old dutch scythe, this had a broad blade; to sharpen it, it was not ground on the grindstone, but was dengeled on the dengelstock. This was a miniature anvil about three or four inches in length and but a quarter of an inch in thickness at the surface, others an inch. It was fastened to a log, or preferably, a stump, by means of a spike, under some shade tree, where the farmer would sit and hammer the thin blade to a sharp edge. The mower would carry an ox horn fastened by means of a hook to

his girdle or in the top of his trousers and keep it half filled with water. This was his Koompf, in which to carry his whetstone and keep it damp for temporarily sharpening the edge when it would grow dull. Even the reaping cradle was not yet born—the sickle was the harvester of wheat, rye, oats, flax and barley. The hay was raked by hand in the style which Maud Muller adopted during her short term of quiet courtship with the judge. Threshing was done with the flail and with the horse and the scriptural ox which treadeth out the corn.

Probably the greatest fete days of the year was butchering time. This would usually take place late in November. The neighbors of both sexes were invited. The men would usually tread over the frost covered roads or fields and would arrive at about four o'clock in the morning, when they would find huge log fires already burning in the hearth of the cellar and in the front of the turtle back having large iron and copper kettles filled with water coming to a boil. This was for the purpose of scalding the skins of the animals after they were killed, so as to easily effect the removal of the bristles. When at the highest boiling point the water would be poured into a huge hogshead with top removed and tilted to an angle of about 45 degrees. Then this hogshead was placed near the sty, with a four or six winged gallows standing nearby. The executioner would then have the animals driven into the foreground of the sty, leap the fence, grab his victim by the ears, and in less time than I can tell it, the life blood of his victim was fast ebbing away. The carcass was quickly grasped, by a two handled hook, in the snout, dragged to the hot bath, was well soused therein and then turned over to the bristle scrapers, while the executioner and his confederates caught other victims, who received like treatment. The bristle scrapers having finished their work, the carcass was then stretched on a board, the tendons of the hind feet separated from the bone, a stretching stick inserted and then the carcass was suspended on the gallows head downward. Now came the work of the hog anatomist, and when he had completed his work there were lying on separate piles and on a clean white cloth those distinct parts that would become sausage, wurst

(pudding), hams, shoulders, side meat (bacon), **steak and chops**; also those portions that would enter into "zitterly", or pigs feet, which was afterwards soused.

By this time the women, who have completed their housework at home, are arriving, and all sit down to breakfast. Then comes meat cutting for sausage and wurst and pudding and then the sausage and wurst mixing and kneeding after the farmer's six bladed choppers have done their work. But the sausage must not yet be mixed finally, for the beef is not quite ready. Meanwhile the butcher and his assistants have gone to the barn, have selected a fat bullock, driven him into a shed where stands a gallows over him (unknown to him) ready to suspend his carcass. The youngest nimrod loads his rifle with ball and a half charge of powder, aims at the forehead a few inches above the eyes and the bullet lays his victim low on the ground without a struggle. He is quickly butchered and those parts entering into the sausage are transported to the cellar when the interesting process of sausage making is mainly going on. When the cut up meat is properly mixed and with the proper quantities of salt, pepper and coriander seed are kneaded into it, it is placed in a stuffer, an open vertically placed box, say a foot or foot and a half high, about six inches square with a tin spout at the bottom; a piston operated by a lever squeezes it into the skins held ready to receive it, and there is your sausage, and the same process for wurst.

The hams and shoulders, side meat and portions of the beef are put into barrels or standards, covered with brine and are left from four to six weeks. The sausage and beef for drying and the wursts are at once removed to the smoke house. Green hickory chips are brought and a slow, smoky fire is built underneath the horizontal poles on which the bundles are hung and they then go through a process of smoking, after which they are removed and hung along the rafters of the garret. The pickeled meat then undergoes the same process of smoking and the pieces are usually covered with vermin-proof white linen stuffs, and thus preserved for use during the coming year. Great stress is laid upon this meat supply as it is the farmer's staple for the ensuing year.

Night has now come on and after a little sparking among the younger and the indulgence of a little gossip and a sip or two from the "Schnatz Betz", which may be translated into English by the name of "Bookswasser" or into more modern English, Rye Whiskey, all would go home delighted and each freighted with as much sausage and fresh meat as they could carry. Often from three to four thousand pounds of meat would thus be prepared for a single family.

His winter life, while not so arduous, still had its many duties. This afforded ample time to get through with his threshing and cleaning the wheat and cereals from the chaff, which was accomplished by means of shoveling and leaving the high winds of fall and winter blow the chaff away; chopping wood for the hearth or fence rails, or probably logging for some prospective building; fox and wolf and bear hunting, not so much for sport as to rid the forests of these enemies of the barn and chicken coop; shelling corn, taking care of the stock and fattening cattle for the butcher's market. The boys and girls had no school to go to. In the evening he would sit about his open hearth fire with his family and would smoke his pipe, drink cider or something stronger, eat apples and nuts and sometimes would read a few passages out of the only book in his possession, the brazen clasped old German bible, and always living up to the precept, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise."

When heavy snows would fall the roads had to be broken to the neighbors, to the church, to the store, and to the mill. When the snows had melted and spring came again, fences were repaired, stones were picked from the surface of the fields to be sown, the corn stubbles must be ploughed down, the field put in oats late in March or early in April, the sod must be ploughed down for corn and potatoes, which should be planted when the earth has grown warm, say from the 8th of May on during that month. He must, earlier in the year, sow his grain field with clover so as to get a crop the following year. Early gardening is done in April and all kinds of vegetables planted. The prudent gardener will plant plenty of parsnips. He will let them grow during the summer and will leave them in the

ground all winter. When he digs his garden in the spring he will have the most luscious bulb that grows. Unless the parsnip is allowed to freeze and thaw in the ground it is hardly entitled to the name. Then comes the cultivation of potatoes and corn until the haying season again arrives.

But during this season he has his frolics. When, for instance, the farmer proposes to erect a large barn or some other building, he will dig his excavations and lay his foundation walls late in the fall or early in the spring, and will then prepare the sills, joists, studding rafters and place them near the foundation walls; then he "I-lauds" (invites) his friends and neighbors to come to the "Curb-blocking" (raising), and with their united strength and labor the whole skeleton is erected. Meanwhile the hostess has invited her lady friends to come and help prepare the feast, especially the young belles, as their beaux are sure to be there to show their athletic feats and their agility, their fearlessness of dangers, while the girls' hearts go pit-a-pat at the supposed danger. There is no danger for them, for have they not climbed the tallest trees after bees and squirrels, and have they not crept over the deep precipice for eagles' nests and fox lairs? When all is done, the fair ones have set a table groaning with the weight of good things set before them. Here will be found Metzel soup, Hamburg sausage, wurst, sauer krout, potatoes, snitz und knep, innumerable kinds of pie, cakes, cider and apples, apple butter, smeer case, all kinds of jams and jellies, all blent in mass on the same table and at the same time; and it is left for the swain to choose whether he will eat the entire bill of fare downward or upward. It is practically all the same with him, as he will eat of everything that is there.

Meanwhile the younger fry have laid the threshing floor and have converted it into a dancing hall. They have the girls quietly repair there, and then the fun begins, while the older gossips wash the dishes and put things to rights and the older men are leisurely smoking their pipes and discussing the crops and the wrongs which King George the III. is heaping upon them. A circle is now formed on the barn floor and Daphnis and Chloe are the performers. The question at issue is which can dance the other down. Daphnis had husbanded his strength for this feat and finally

the graceful Chloe must yield the palm and kiss to him. Then would come Buceph and Sallage, but she was too much for the heavily set German whose heart was so great that it almost wearied him to carry it thumping in his breast; and Sallage, the victor, had likewise a great good heart and while she need not do it, yet she walked up to him and deliberately kissed him, much to his chagrin and derision of the lookers-on. Then came Hans and Hilda, Wolfgang and Elizabeth, and all the others in their turn until all of them had a round of hoedown; then the waltz, the contra-dance, the attempt at the minuet, until supper time. This was soon over, and they were at it again until the voice of the chanticleer came for the third time, when each knight would take his girl home. Future ties were reckoned from the date of such events, and the outcome was not infrequently marriage.

And this brings us to an important and unique feature of the German's life. Parents would not permit hasty marriages and few marriages took place except with parental consent of both parties. They must court long enough to know each other. Then too her parents know that Hans is fleisch (industrious) and not betrunken; his parents must know that Theresa is a good house keeper, whether she can cook, sew, milk the cows, and whether she is cleanly about her work and loves to work, and that she is not "high-minded". After this the parents would consult and determine on the setting out that each would give. Wedding presents were almost unknown, especially from strangers. The banns would then be announced from the pulpit, then the neighbors and friends were Igelauda (invited) for a day certain to be at the house of the bride's parents to witness the ceremony; then followed the roast dinner in great proportions, then the barn floor was cleared and "on with the dance, let joy be unconfined" was the watchword; the rooster again serving as the clock. If in good circumstances, on the following morning the groom and the bride mount their horses, the groomsmen and bridesmaids doing the same, and all would depart on their honeymoon trip. The writer distinctly recalls how his grandmother, who in her early life lived near Lebanon, not far from the Blue Mountains, who died in 1871 high in the eighties, related to him in

his youth, that she was a bridesmaid and that the whole wedding party on the day following mounted their steeds, rode to Kaercherstettle, now Hamburg, over the road to Pottsville and Sunbury, doubtless the "Great road", and thence to Lewisburg and through Buffalo Valley along the west branch of the Susquehanna; that on their return they related how that they found a town being started in the forests of the Blue Mountains. That town is now the borough of Pottsville.

The homecoming was the "Infare". But woe betide that home coming, although a sumptuous dinner awaited them. But when night came all the scene became an inferno incarnate. Braying mules, tin pan drum corps, and horse fiddles made the air and the temper of the bride and groom furious. Sometimes peace might be purchased with a barrel of cider or its equivalent in spirits.

All folly and fun are now set aside. The young groom now finds himself in an entirely different world. He no longer associates nearly so intimately with his young unmarried friends. He takes his place alongside of the staid husbandman, and if he be not so wise as they he must pretend to be and strive to be. At assemblies he is no longer the happy-go-lucky swain. He sits with his elders and smokes with them. If they look solemn and serious, so does he, and when he does associate with his former unmarried friends, he does so with an air of seriousness that palls upon their light hearts, and they either join his rank or gradually drift away from him, with probably no regrets on either side. And even so it is with the bride. The matrons of whom she would tire in a minute or two in her single days, are now her constant companions. She tries to outvie them in the seriousness of her station, and so she will continue to grow in grace and favor until she has about her an interesting family of children and she will in turn lead her younger friends into the paths of usefulness and peace, and so on ad infinitum.

The writer will now enter upon a subject with which he has great familiarity, and he fears no challenge when he asserts that there was a bond of sympathy and love among these early palatines that is not excelled, if equalled, by any secret oath-bound society on earth. Their environment in

the Palatines were practically the same, and every one had the like cause to emigrate from the Fatherland, king-ridden, prince-ridden, and priest-ridden—the desolation of war in which they had neither personal or political interest. It was practically serfdom, jail or emigration. This important and universal cause made them brethren when they settled on our shores. Their common defense against wild beasts of the forests, and against the murderous Indian savage, who laid their homes in ashes and tomahawked their families, wove a bond of brotherhood between them that could not be severed.

In distress or in sickness, their sympathy is deep and sincere. If accident befall in harvest time the neighbors would harvest the grain or plow the land. In case of sickness they would ever lend a helping hand and all the neighborhood would watch and wait for signs of restored health, and in case of death men, though miles away, would but whisper and all the air and the flocks would seem to become hushed. Men would watch by night and matrons would go and take charge of the house until the funeral was over. All would go, the women to the house, the men, for there was not room enough, would assemble at the barn or in the front dooryard. All would go to the graveyard and all would return to the ill-fated house and would remain to eat a dinner that was ready for them, prepared by the neighborly matrons. No lolling, no laughter, no loud talking, all was solemn and serious, and many a lesson would the old and the young rustic carry home with him as a guidance for his own life. That house would be held as sacred as a sanctuary for many months, for had not God visited that house.

In his daily life he was greatly aided by the teachings of his forbears. He would cut down trees for posts and certain other material only at certain times in certain seasons. There is some material truth in this owing to the sap. His corn must be passed through a bottomless earthen crock before planting, so as to protect it from devastation by grub worms and the wary crow. If the cock crows in the kitchen door, visitors will come on that day. If a quail lays an egg in a hen's nest, it must be "fershmissa", it must be thrown at right angles over the roof of the house to pro-

tect it from fire and lightning. Ancient buildings, when no longer in use, must be torn down, otherwise they will become "spooked", and he might as well try to sweep back the ocean as to get rid of a real spook after he has once established himself and has acquired a reputation. If while starting on a far journey, he must return for something he has forgotten, he must, in order to rid himself of the dire consequences, mark a cross in the centre of the road at the point of turning, with the toe of his right boot. If there comes a tap at the window in the dark hours of the nightly storm while he is speaking on some doleful or sorrowful subject, he will immediately cease and go to bed. He is a careful observer of the holy Sabbath day. There was once a very wicked man who lived in the Blue Mountain region many, many years ago, who was duly punished for hauling in hay on a Sabbath, because he wished to preserve it from the coming storm. He had the habit of using profane language too. He hitched up his horses and hauled in a couple loads and then the rain and the lightening came. The latter played around his field and finally a bolt struck a hay-cock and burnt it up. This made him furious and then he uttered this sacreligious thought: "Dunner Vetter! Do mag nau en Blitz runner kumma mir de Schire wegbrenna mit so en verdammte Geschicht as wie des is", which in English would read something like this: "Thunder and lightning, now let a bolt of lightning strike my barn and burn it down under such damned conditions." No sooner said than done, a bolt came straight down into the barn and burned it quickly to the ground. In utter consternation he looked about him and then casting eyes heavenward, as if appealing to Thor the thunder God, exclaimed: "Dare one say nothing at all under such circumstances?" His experience was ever a great detriment to Sunday labor. It is but justice to say that the close and literal teachings of Holy writ taught him to revere the Sabbath day and keep it holy. The "Cloffier" was hushed, only sacred hymns were sung; if you whistled at all it was a sacred tune; the fiddle hung unstrung on the wall, and you might almost say that the tuneful cat was immersed in the water bucket until Monday morning.

They led a simple life; their wants were few and easily

supplied. But there would come a time when the wants would increase in this primitive life. The farmer's son after he grew to be about 18 or 19 years of age and could take his father's place at the head of the hired hands, became of some consequence. He would want to go out into society and then he could with good grace call on his father for a horse that he might call his own and a saddle and bridle. He would also now want his first pair of calf skin boots for Sunday wear; he was no longer content with his heavy kip leather brogans. His clothes would now at least have to be cut by a tailor and no longer by his mother. It was long however before he had the hardihood to go to a barber to have his hair cut, if even there were any. This could readily and artistically be done at home.

It must, however, not be thought that this simple people were not brave. They were indeed brave as lions, there were no better Indian fighters than these, their superiors as soldiers in the War of the Revolution were not known, and they served in every rank from private soldier to general. From the country of Quebec to the Carolinas the Pennsylvania soldier made himself felt by his prowess; and so, even to the present day, you will find the little flag floating over his tomb in every cemetery from the Gulf to the Susquehanna and the Delaware.

They had their rough-and-readys too. It is true they were not known as prize fighters, but they fought just as viciously, that is, the rougher element. No batallion was complete unless the neighboring bullies had it out with claimants of superiority. They fought not for revenge or for money but for the pure love of fighting and of showing their prowess.

The country vendue was always a great battle field for these bellicose tyros. An aged man, nearly fifty years ago, who had in his youth, at about 1800, lived along the Blue Mountains, told the writer that when a boy he attended a vendue. A boisterous fellow went about roaring and seeking whom he might devour. He was an Irishman, and insulted almost every person he met. He finally selected a fellow, a German, who understood something of the manly art. He followed him nearly the whole day bantering and insulting him. Finally his dutch got up and he said, "Well

if you must fight, I guess I'll have to accommodate you." At it they went, after stripping the waist to the skin. The Irishman seemed to be quicker and first seemed to have the advantage, but the German gathered himself together and struck his opponent between the eyes and fractured his skull with his fist, and in a few moments he lay dead at his feet. The coroner was present and immediately empaneled a jury, who found that the victim came by his death from his own folly, and the victor went home a happy and released man.

The German farmer is a cosmopolitan, when he sits at the table he makes no discrimination. His man servant and his maid servant are seated by him and all of them eat of the same dishes at the same table and at the same time. There is no caste as to race, color, or previous condition. If the stranger enters his gates just before meal time, he is invited to the board. If he come in the night time, he is invited to shelter, lodging and breakfast, with no charge. The news that the roamer will give him will be his ample recompense. In the earlier days he cared little for public life or political life. He would vote his convictions and return to the privacy of his home. He has changed somewhat in this respect in later days, often to his disadvantage.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin, to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
To read their history in a nation's eyes.
Their lot forbade, nor circumscribed alone,
Their growing virtues but their crimes confine;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy to mankind.

He was, as we have intimated, usually a pious man. He observed literally the fast days, save lent. There came to him, the Oashtera, Himmelfertag, Caarh Freitag, Pingstha. He watched as carefully for Marie to cross the mountain as for an eclipse, and indeed it was claimed that certain persons had actually seen her in her flight. The national Thanksgiving and Christtag, Neu Yohr, had to be shot in.

In old age he would become almost a constant reader

of the "Shrift". He ruled his children with the use of the rod as a scriptural injunction, but he was very proud of them, especially if they were fleisich and strong. His passions and his prejudices were strong. He had a great contempt for the Yankees, and one of the elements of his aversion to the public school system was the bringing of the Yankee schoolmaster to teach, which for the lack of other material was frequently the case. I give for illustration the following, related to me by Jeremiah Focht, once the proprietor of the old Merchant's Hotel at Pottsville. The incident occurred when he was but a stripling (he died recently over eighty years of age at Landingville, this county), and was living on his father's farm, near Hamburg, Berks County. His grandfather, who likewise made his home there, was pottering around the hay field. They espied a hard looking, travel worn, elderly man, approaching along the highway. As he came nearer, his grandfather, who had served in the Revolutionary War, seized a pitchfork and made a rush for the stranger and would doubtless have seriously wounded him or killed him if they had not taken him off; he was then almost in second childhood, and said that it was his purpose to kill the Ferdommt Hessian, and indeed it transpired that he was a Hessian and had served under Kupyhausen. It took them a long while before he would become reconciled to him.

He rarely left a will at his decease, he would make his own distribution when he would arrive near the sunset of his life. He would divide his land and his savings among his children, holding a reservation in the deed for his homestead, that he should be kept there during his life and decently buried, as part of the consideration for the purchase. This was usually carried out filially and sacredly, although a few cases have come to the knowledge of the writer, where under pretense of weak-mindedness most brutal advantage was taken.

I must not omit a most useful and interesting custom that prevailed in communities extending for more than a dozen miles around. When the flax was broken and hackled, and the wool of the sheep was cleansed and prepared, then came spinning time. This was not the hard and tiresome task that you may imagine, but even this was turned into

pleasure. The women of the entire community would assemble to the number of dozens and hold a spinning and weaving party. The gossips would spin and chatter away the entire day and by evening there were the woolen and linen cloths from which to make garments for summer and winter. When the day was done the beaux would make their appearance and then would come the dance on the barn floor, bloomsoch, booksage, the owl, etc., until the wee small hours, when the sterner sex would each pick a spinning wheel, as well as a spinster, and depart for their homes. Sheep washings and sheep shearings all had their concomitant kissing games.

The primitive and unassuming life of the German farmer of the Blue Mountains is fast fading away and is but sparsely handed down by tradition. His language was not that of the country; his ignorance of the world beyond his horizon did not bring him prominently forward, and he was content to live in the even tenor of his way. He filled an important though unobtrusive function in the rapid growth and development of his adopted state, and he loved the structure he helped to build. I have never yet heard of a well-settled Pennsylvania German farmer, who left his adopted state, to return and live again in the Fatherland. He fought and bled and suffered and died for our liberties. It is true that for many years he was backward in falling into our national spirit of advancement. He was wedded to his own language, and to the idea that the higher education and the knowledge of literature were not compatible with successful cultivation of the soil—the acme of perfection in human effort.

The late Judge Albright one time told the writer that one reason for the backwardness of our early German in attaining an English education or even to learn to speak the language was this, (he said it half jocularly yet half truthfully): That among our early immigrants there were but few preachers but quite a number of teachers, many of these being unprincipled men, and that as they could not teach English they led our forefathers to believe that our Saviour spoke in the German language, and that it would be sinful to use any other. The Yankee schoolmaster did not impress him favorably. His dishonesty, from his point

of view entered into a by word and a common adage, that when he would arrive here his only stock and store was a rope halter, that at the close of his school he would steal a horse and use the halter in leading or riding him back home. This popular prejudice has almost passed away. Today his sons are among the highest in the learned professions. They are among our most successful business men and contractors. Their blood courses in the veins of some of our leading statesmen, our governors, and men in high places; they have led our armies to victory; they have become masters and producers of the ancient and modern history of the world; their intellect has traveled the starry heavens and has stood on the surface of the fixed planets; their intellect with their rugged industry continually places them in the ranks of those who lead the thought of the world.

The Pennsylvania German farmer lived not in vain. He impressed his stamp on the character of our people that is indelible, and he unthinkingly planted for himself a monument that will endure forever.

THE SCHUYLKILL COUNTY FORTS OF THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR OF 1756.

How many people are there in Schuylkill County who have even attained middle or old age, who know its early history? How many of us, when a spirit of patriotism has seized us, feel that we must travel far away from our native heath and into some older section if we wish to view the scenes of camp, of bivouac, of deadly fray or of battle in the days that tried men's souls? How few there be who know that this region was the very center of the theater of war long before even the birth of Liberty in the city of brotherly love.

In all the wars of the country there was none that presented the long line of battle that was formed along the Blue Mountains in the French and Indian war of 1756. A cordon of forts was then built from the Maryland line to the Delaware River in the northeastern part of our State. The chain of forts from Harrisburg and Rockville along this mountain

to the Delaware numbered more than twenty-five. All of these forts were manned during the years 1756 to nearly 1760, and the entire line was patrolled almost daily, as well as protection being given to the farmers living along both sides of the mountain. They were all properly manned and officered with sturdy citizen soldiers who feared no foe. They were regularly inspected, and the reports and returns of the condition of the forts and their garrisons as well as of the forays, campaigns and battles were regularly made.

THE SCHUYLKILL FORTS.

Of these forts three were located in this county and three within a mile or two south of the county line at the eastern base of the Blue Mountains. The most important of these six forts was Fort Lebanon (later known as Fort William), located a mile and a quarter directly east of Auburn, on the farm now owned by Lewis Marburger. Its dimensions were one hundred feet square, it held a magazine and in every respect was equipped as a fort. Its garrison was commanded for a long time by Captain Jacob Morgan, who had under him a lieutenant and about 58 enlisted men. The reports show many Indian massacres and many scouting campaigns through our mountains and valleys as well as skirmishes and battles with the Indians. Their protection extended as far north as the Long Run Valley, in which there had then already settled many farmers.

The second in importance was Fort Henry, on the south base of Blue Mountain, south of Pinegrove. This garrison was commanded by Captain Busse and mustered a company of infantry. The third in importance, Fort Northhill, was located along the Rehrersburg road across the Blue Mountain at the southern base. This was also for a long time under the command of Captain Morgan, who placed in immediate command a lieutenant or ensign, his residence being at Fort Lebanon. This was an important post and made much history in those perilous times. Indian forays were frequent and many people on both sides of the mountain fell a prey to the fierce tomahawk of the Indian. Then comes, fourth, Fort Franklin, located on the farm now owned by J. W. Kistler, in West Penn township, near the station on the Lizard Creek Railroad, called West Penn. The fort was

named after Benjamin Franklin, who in that day was in high command as to the disposition of our forces on the frontier. It was an important post and was manned by an officer and a company of men. Many thrilling incidents occurred here and its protection reached many citizens who had already made their homes in the very heart of the Indian country. Fifth, Fort Everett, located on the south side of Blue Mountain, just across from Fort Franklin. Last, but probably not least, comes Fort Deitrich, located on the Rehrersburg road and on the very top of the Blue Mountain. This was more properly a block house, but rendered great service as an outpost and point of reconnoissance. It stood within a hundred yards and to the north of the present hotel stand of Henry Nein.

As a matter of course the greater part of the history of these forts passed away with the lives of the actors in that drama, but enough remains among the archives and the colonial records to show that all of them played a most prominent part in the protection of the citizens and in the prevention of Indian incursions into the more thickly populated portions of Pennsylvania. And surely they had their share in the victory for the colonial troops in that merciless war. Who knows what the end might have been if the French and Indians had then been successful?

MARK THE SPOTS.

A project is on foot to erect a monument on the site of these forts by a state appropriation. This should by all means be done and every child should be taught the true story of these historic places. Surely Schuylkill county may be proud of her history and her people may well claim a share of the anti revolutionary glory that so many of our older counties boast. These places should not be allowed to be lost to our people, but whether the state takes the matter in hand or not, it should be our pleasure and duty to see that these hallowed spots be cared for and their location be marked and known for all time. If the story of individual heroism, sacrifice and perilous adventure of these early days and at our very homes could now be written they would not fall short of those which have entered into song and story and history and which go so far in making us a nation of land loving patriots.

PATHETIC STORY OF TWO LITTLE GIRLS WHO WERE INDIAN CAPTIVES.

In the article of yesterday on the subject of Schuylkill's forts on the Blue Mountains during the French and Indian War of 1756, it should have been stated that the cellar excavations may still be seen, and the exact locations of the forts named have been fixed on the ground by a State Commission, the membership of which was made up of the following gentlemen of Pennsylvania, all of them well-known as men of superior knowledge of the early history of Pennsylvania, and who take a just pride in her record, viz: Messrs. John M. Buckalew, of Columbia county; Sheldon Reynolds, Wilkes-Barre; Henry M. M. Richards, Reading; J. Gilfillan Weiser, of Snyder county; and George Dallas, of Westmoreland county.

The following true tale is from the pen of Rev. Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg in the *Halische Nachrichten* (p. 1029), who was then a Lutheran minister of the gospel in Montgomery county and a missionary in the field which probably extended north of the Blue Mountains. Where in the tales of any history is there one more pathetic or one in which the very finger of God seems more visible than in this?

John Hartman and his wife and family had emigrated to this country from Rentlingen and settled on the frontier in the northern part of Lebanon county, near the Schuylkill line. "The Indians fell upon them October 16, 1755, killed the husband, one of the sons, and carried off two small daughters into captivity, whilst the widow and the other son were absent. On her return she found the house in ashes and her family either dead or lost to her. Whereupon she fled to the interior settlement at Tulpehocken and remained there. The sequel to this occurrence is exceedingly interesting. The two girls were taken away. It was never known what became of Barbara, the elder, but Regina, and another little girl, two years old, were given to an old Indian woman who treated them very harshly. In the absence of her son, who supplied them with food, she drove the children into the woods to gather herbs to eat, and when they failed to get enough beat them cruelly. So they lived until Regina was about 19 years of

age and the other girl 11. Her mother was a good Christian woman, and had taught her daughters their prayers, together with many texts from the Scriptures, and their beautiful German hymns, much of which clung to her memory during all these years of captivity.

At last, in the Providence of God, Colonel Boquet brought the Indians under subjection in 1764, and obliged them to give up their captives. More than 400 of these unfortunate beings were gathered together at Carlisle, amongst them, the two girls, and notices were sent all over the country, for those who had lost friends and relatives, of the fact. Parents and husbands came in some instances hundreds of miles in the hope of recovering those they had lost, the widow being one of the number. There were many joyful scenes but many sad ones. So many changes had taken place, that, in many instances, recognition seemed impossible. This was the case with the widow. She went up and down the long line but, in the young women who stood before her, dressed in Indian costume, she failed to recognize the little girls she had lost.

As she stood gazing and weeping, Colonel Bonquet compassionately suggested that she do something which might recall the past to her children. She could think of nothing but a hymn which was formerly a favorite with the little ones :

“Alone yet not alone am I,
 Though in this solitude so drear ;
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
 He comes the very hour to cheer ;
I am with Him, and He with me,
 E’en here alone I cannot be.”

She commenced singing in German, but had barely completed two lines, whereupon Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing also and threw her arms around her mother. They both wept for joy and the Colonel gave the daughter over to her mother. But the other girl had no parents, they having probably been murdered. She clung to Regina and begged to be taken home with her. Poor as was the widow she could not resist the appeal and the three departed together.”

Shakespeare's restoration of Marina and Thaisa to Pericles required living witnesses to circumstantial and positive facts, but in this case it would seem that God's Providence alone restored the child to the mother. Shakespeare wrote fiction—Muhlenberg wrote truth. Here surely the old moral can have its sway.

May 14, 1896.

D. C. HENNING.

FORT LEBANON AND ITS BUILDER, CAPT.
JACOB MORGAN.

Fort Lebanon was located just midway between Auburn and Pine Dale, along an old and primitive provincial road which is now the public highway and is near Pine Creek, then called Bohundy Creek. It stood on the north side of the road between the school house and the road leading to Port Clinton, just opposite a large oak tree now standing. It was built in December, 1755, by Captain Jacob Morgan and his men. In February, 1756, Governor Morris wrote to Colonel George Washington mentioning the fact that the fort was built in the forks of the Schuylkill.

As Capt. Morgan was a man of most excellent character and was for a time practically the military governor and protector of Schuylkill County, it may be interesting to know more of the man, and this brief sketch of his life is therefore given. It may be likewise interesting to know how he looked at the critical situation here after a massacre and burning of buildings by the Indians, presumably at or about Schuylkill Haven and Auburn, in 1756. His report to Lieutenant-Governor William Denny, of this State, upon this subject, is also given. The following extracts are from "Frontier Forts," and Pennsylvania Archives, Vol. 2.

Captain Jacob Morgan was born in the district or Shire of Caernarvon, in the northern part of Wales, in 1716, and emigrated with his father, Thomas Morgan, to Pennsylvania some time previous to 1730. In connection with a colony of Welsh people they migrated up the Schuylkill Valley from Philadelphia to the mouth of the French creek, and thence along its waters and beyond until they reached the headwaters of the Conestoga creek, in Caerharvon township,

of Berks County, where they settled. The tract of land taken up by Thomas Morgan was in the vicinity of the present Morgantown, which was laid out by Jacob in 1770 and named after the family. At the outbreak of the Revolution, although nearly 60 years of age, he at once became very prominent, and retained this position until his death. In June, 1776, he was re-elected to represent Berks County as a delegate to the Provincial Conference, and in July following as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention. In 1777, upon the creation of that office, he was appointed Lieutenant of the county, being selected from a number of prominent and influential citizens. He filled this office with great credit until his resignation in December, 1780. He officiated as a judge of the county for the years 1768, 1769, 1772 and from 1774 to 1777, also as a Justice of the Peace for the southern district of Berks County, which included Caerharvon township from 1777 to 1791. He was a man of great courage, and a most distinguished citizen of his adopted country and State. He died at Morgantown on November 11, 1792, at the age of 76 years, and was buried in the graveyard of St. Thomas Episcopal Church of that place. He left two sons, Jacob and Benjamin, and three daughters, Sarah, (married to ——— Jenkins); Mary (married to Nicholas Hudson); and Rebecca (married to John Price), an attorney at Reading."

CAPTAIN MORGAN'S REPORT.

Following is the report of Captain Jacob Morgan to Governor Denny:

"Fort Lebanon, Nov. 4th, 1756.

Hon'd Sir:—Yesterday morning at break of Day, one of ye neighbors discovered a Fire at a distance from him; he went to ye top of another mountain to take a better Observation, and made a full Discovery of Fire, and supposed it to be about 7 miles off, at the House of John Finsher; he came and informed me of it; I immediately detached a party of 10 men (we being but 22 in the Fort) to the place where they saw the Fire, at the said Finsher's House, it being nigh Schulkill and the Men anxious to see the Enemy, if there, they ran through the Water and the Bushes to the Fire, where to their disappointment saw none of them, but the

House, Barn, and other outhouses all in Flames, together with a Considerable quantity of Corn; they saw a great many tracks and followed them, came back to the House of Philip Culmore, thinking to send from thence to alarm the other Inhabitants to be on their Guard, but instead of that found the said Culmore's Wife and Daughter and Son-in-Law all just kill'd and Scalped; there is likewise missing out of the same House Martin Fell's Wife and Child about 1 year old and another Boy about 7 years of age; the said Martin Fell was Him that was kill'd, it was just done when the Scouts came there, and they seeing the Scouts ran off. The Scouts divided in 2 partys, one to some other Houses nigh at hand, the other to the Fort, (it being within a mile of the Fort) to inform me; I immediately went out with the Scout again, (and left in the Fort no more than 6 men), but could not make any discovery, but brought all the families to the Fort, where now I believe we are upwards of 60 Women and Children that are fled here for refuge, at 12 of the clock at night I rec'd an Express from Lieutenant Humphries, commander of the Fort of Northkill, who inform'd me that the same Day about 11 o'clock in the forenoon (about a Half a mile from his Fort) as he was returning from his Scout, came upon a Body of Indians to the Number of 20 at the House of Nicholas Long, where they had killed two old men and taken another captive, and doubtless would have killed all the Family, they being 9 children in the House, the Lieut's party tho' seven in number, fired upon the Indians and thought they killed 2 they dropping down and started up again, one held his Hand (as they imagined) over his Wound, and they all run off making a hallowing Noise; we got a Blanket and a Gun which he that was shot dropt in his Flight. The Lieut. had one man shot through the right Arm and the right side, but hopes not mortal, and he had four Shotts through his Own Cloathes. I this day went out with a party to bury the dead nigh here; we are all in high spirits here; if it would please his Honour to order a Reinforcement at both Forts, I doubt not but we should soon have an Opertunity of Revenging the loss, from

Honour'd Sir

Your most Humble Serv't to Command,

JACOB MORGAN.

FORT LEBANON THE SCENE OF MASSACRE.

HOW THE SETTLED COUNTRY WAS AROUSED AT THE PERIL OF SCHUYLKILL SETTLERS—THE FIRST PUBLIC ROAD THROUGH POTTSVILLE.

In 1756 Fort Lebanon was the centre of warlike operations and in constant communication with the colonial authorities. How the people in the lower valley waited for news, and with bated breath listened to the tales of horror and of war among our early settlers may in some measure be conceived from the following extracts, taken from the Pennsylvania archives. With what a fearless and steady hand the brave Captain Morgan nourished and guarded, and rocked in its cradle, the infancy of Schuylkill County in the midst of the savage foe, may well be gathered from these few stray leaves of history that yet remain. And with what we read of his sterling worth and character, what a haven of safety he must have seemed, and was to these sturdy people whose industry led them into the endless forests inhabited only by wild beasts and the yet more dangerous barbarous savage foe. Captain Morgan was a regularly commissioned Captain of Colonial troops. His commission was dated December 5, 1755. His men were sworn in for three years.

“The express to Col. Weiser, then in Philadelphia, conveying news from Fort Lebanon, passed through Reading and of course told the news, leaving, at the same time, a letter from James Read, Esq., who chanced to be absent at Lancaster. Upon his return he likewise writes to the Governor giving him an account of the occurrences at Fort Lebanon. He says, “What I can gather from a Person who was near Fort Lebanon, (where Captain Morgan is Station'd) at the Burial of the People kill'd thereabouts is, That on Wednesday last, about noon, a Party of Savages came to the farm of one Jacob Finsher about Six miles from that Fort and set Fire to his House, Barn, and Barracks of Corn and Hay; upon first notice whereof, Captain Morgan detach'd ten men from his Fort, and soon after followed with a few more, who, as they were returning

from their Pursuit, not having met any Enemy, found Finsher's Barn, &c., consumed, and at Martin Fell's House, about a mile from the Fort, found Martin and his Wife's Sister and her Mother scalp'd, the young woman being not quite dead, but insensible, and Stuck in the Throat as Butcher's kill a Pig; she soon died, and was buried with the others. Martin's Wife and two Children, one about a Twelve month, the other about Seven years old, were carried off Captives. By a Gentleman who left Fort Lebanon yesterday afternoon, I hear that Sixty Women and Children have fled into it for Refuge, and several Families have come further into the Settlements, with their Household Goods and Stock." (Penn. Arch. III, 2. 36.)

"On June 24th, 1757, Captain Morgan, writes:

"On Wednesday last we were alarmed by one of the neighbors that came to the Fort, and acquainted us that one Jno. Bushby had seen an Indian at his house, (which was about 3 miles from Fort Lebanon). I immediately went out with a party of men to the place where we found the tracts of three, but could not see any of them.

"Yesterday morning about 8 of the clock, the son of one Adam Drum, (whom the Indians had killed the night before in Allemingle, and took the Son Captive) found an opportunity to make his Escape, and came to the Fort; he inform'd me that the Indians (8 in number) had got a quantity of Liquor out of his Father's House, and came to a Hill about 7 miles from the Fort, where they got a dancing and made themselves drunk, he took the opportunity and escaped to the Fort, the Indians followed him near a mile and a-half whom our men afterwards tract'd; so as soon as the young man came I sent out a party to the place where the man left them, but when they came there they only found an old pair of Mogasins, and a Deer Skin whom they had left, but the Indians were fled; they tract'd them as far as they could but night coming, obliged them to return home. I have this Day sent out a Party to intercept them in the way, to the Gap of the second Mountain, (where Schuylkill comes through) being the place which I often found where they retreat back; the men will range about 2 days." (Penn. Arch., III, p. 190).

In the early days, as civilization advanced westward through this section, the Blue Mountains were known as the first mountain, and Sharp and what we call the Second Mountain, were known as the Second Mountain. The gap referred to is the one just south of Pottsville which, in a little later day, was known as Tuscarora gap, and these mountains were known as the Tuscarora mountains. The commission which laid out the Provincial road from Ellis Hughes' saw mill (a point below the Seven Stars Hotel) through what is now Pottsville to Fort Augusta, (now Sunbury), in 1770, give these mountains and gap the latter names.

The pen must be pardoned for a little further digression. This road ran along the Eastern bank of the Schuylkill to a point opposite to about where Lauer's Brewery used to stand, where it crossed over and then crossed *Norwagan* Creek at about East Norwegian street. It was the main thoroughfare from Philadelphia, and in fact all the eastern country, to the Suquehanna region and all the central and northwestern country. The Bull's Head road is a part of this old province road. The object of this road is set forth, in the proceeding to be, "to afford the most advantageous route for carrying on a Trade with the Northern and Western Indians, and likewise be the means of bringing all the produce of the rich lands lying on or near those extensive and navigable waters (Susquehanna river) at a cheap rate to the City of Philadelphia. thereby greatly conducing to enhance the value of these lands, encourage the settlement and improvement of the back country and promote the commercial interests of the city and province."

D. C. H.

DESCRIPTION OF FORT LEBANON.

Today's installment of the early history of what is now Schuylkill county is made up of excerpts from the "Pennsylvania Archives" and "Frontier Forts." The interested reader will want to follow the facts as herein given as clearly as the thrilling tales that have preceded and will follow, since every fragment of the whole story should be treasured in the pleasurable pastime of memorizing the whole. First of all, today, is given a description of Fort Lebanon :

Fort Lebanon, about 24 miles from Guadenbütten (Fort Allen at Weissport,) in the line to Shamokin, (Sunbury).

Fort 100 Foot Square.

Stockades 14 Foot high.

House within built 30 by 20 with a large store room.

A spring within.

A magazine 12 Foot Square.

On a Barren not much Timber about it.

100 Families protected by it within the new Purchase.

Built in three weeks. Something considerable given by neighbors toward it (Penna. Archives ii p. 665.) A Large and important Fort."

Inspection Report by Commissary James Young during a tour of inspection.

"June 21, 1756.—Accordingly, we set out for Fort Lebanon (from Northkill) ; all the way from Northkill to Lebanon is an exceeding bad road, very stony and mountainous. About 6 miles from Northkill, we crossed the North Mountain, where we met Capt. Morgan's Lieut. with 10 men ranging the woods between the mountain and Fort Lebanon; we passed by two plantations, the rest of the country is chiefly Barren Hills; at noon we came to Fort Lebanon, which is situated in a Plain, on one side is a plantation, on the other is a Barren, pretty clear of woods all round, only a few trees about 50 yards from the Fort, which I desired might be cut down. This Fort is a square of abt 100 feet, well staccoded with good bastians, on one side of which is a good wall piece, within is a good guard house for the People, and two other large houses built by the Country People who have taken refuge here being in all now 6 families. The Fort is a little too much crowded on that acct; I acquainted Capt. Morgan that the Sergeant at Northkill did not do his duty, and I believed it would be for the good of the Service to have a commissioned officer there, on which he ordered his Lieutenant, and two more men to go and take post there, and sent with him 4 lbs. powder and 10 lbs. lead, Provincial arms and ammun'tn; 28 good muskets, 10 wanting repair, 9 rounds of powder and lead, 4 lbs. powder and 24 lb. lead, no cartooch boxes, 40 Blankets, 1 axe, 1 wall Price. By Capt. Morgans journal it appears he sends a Party to range the woods 4 or 5 times a week,

and Guard the Inhabitants at their Labor. At 1 P. M. I mustered the people and examined the certificates of Inlistment which appear in the Muster Roll, after which I ordered the men to fire at a mark 15 of 28 hit within 2 feet of the center at the distance of 80 yards. Provisions here; Flower and Rum for a month. The Commissary sends them money to purchase meat as they want it."

On February 5, 1758, Adj't Kern reports at Fort "Lebanon" now changed to "William" Capt. Morgan, Lieut. Humphries, Ensign Harry, and 50 men, 30 Province guns, 75 lbs. powder, 80 lbs. lead, 14 days provisions, 12 cartridges and Jonas Seeley as Commissary of the Station."

Inspection Report of Col. James Burd.

"Friday, Feby 24th 1758 sett out (from Reading) for Fort William, arrived at Peter Rodermils at 2 P. M. 15 miles from Reading, it snowed and blowed so prodigiously I stayed there all night, 25th Saturday, March 13 this morning, the snow deep, for Fort William at 12 M. D. here was Lieut. Humphries and Ensign Harry, ordered a Review of the Garrison at 2 P. M.; at 2 P. M. received the Garrison and found 53 good men, difficient in Dissipline, stores 3 quarter casks of powder, 150 lbs. of lead, 400 flints 56 blankets no arms fit for use, no kettles nor tools, nor drum, 2 months Provisions. Here I found a target erected the company to shoot at the mark, sett them the Example myself by wheeling around & firing by the word of Command. I shott a bullott into the Centre of the mark the size of a dollar, distance 100 yards. Some of them shot tolerable bad, most of their ames are very bad. Ordered Capt. Morgan to continue to pattroll to Northkill and Allemingle (Fort Franklin)." The Penna. Gazette of September 1, 1757, says, "We hear from Berks County, that several Indians have lately been seen around Fort Lebanon; and that on Sunday the 21st of August, the house and barn of Peter Seneclcke were burnt, and three of his children carried off, himself, wife and one child being from home at the time. This was done within ten miles of the Fort."

Daily routine life at Fort Lebanon.

Capt. Jacob Morgans Monthly Journal for July 1757. "July the 1st sent a Corporall with 11 men on a scout to Clingaman Hausebaubh's, at Allemingle, who staid all night;

Sent Sergeant Mathews to Reading with several men to be Qualified and be supplied with necessaries.

2d The Scout returned from Allemingle, and reported they had made no discovery of the Enemy.

3d Sent a party to range to Allemingle same day came a scout from Northkill Fort & returned again the same day, bringing no news.

4th Our men returned to Allemingle and reported that some of the Inhabitants that were afraid, near the Mountain, were removing downwards; Sergeant Mathews returned with the man from Reading, the rest guarding the Fort.

5th 6th & 7th Was exceeding heavy rain, & the water very high.

8th Being a day of Humiliation we appl'd ourselves thereto.

9th Rainy weather we could not scout.

10th I sent out a party to range to Allemingle; this day Sergeant Matthews returned from Col. Weiser's, with orders for me to station 10 men in Windsor township and to keep 10 men in readiness to go to Easton.

* * * * *

July 15th. Being all day very heavy rain and the creeks so high that Schuylkill rose perpendicular fifteen feet in about nine hours time, being considerable higher than ever was known in these parts, the guards could not return and we remained in the Fort, with only 80 men to guard." After this fashion the Journal continues throughout the month. The diary for this single month is the only one preserved.

MARVELOUS STORIES OF SORCERY AND WITCH-CRAFT.

HOW MR. HEIM TERRORIZED THE SAVAGES AND HOW A BAND OF TORTURERS WAS ANNIHILATED AND A WOMAN SAVED.

Some years ago a prominent State official at Harrisburg who was largely instrumental in having the Pennsylvania Archives printed and published, stated to the writer that up to the time of their publication they had been kept

in open barrels and boxes and in loose bundles in the cellar of one of the public buildings at Harrisburg, and that they had lain there such a length of time that the menials about the public buildings no longer knew what they were and regarded them as rubbish fit only for destruction; that many of them were trampled and destroyed and eventually their place of repose was made an ash-pit from which it was difficult to resurrect them, and in this way they were rescued in a most imperfect condition. Hence, however sparsely the early history of the Province may have been put in writing, even the little that was so preserved met the ruthless hand of neglect and destruction.

Men like Capt. Morgan wrote little. Instead of writing history, they made history. Their work and their sacrifice in many instances can not be known from the individual thing they did, but must be gathered from the whole. The work of these individuals went to make up a grand whole, and to view and appreciate their glory, we must look to the structure as a whole, having but a few glimmerings of their share in any particular part. Considering these facts it is matter of congratulation that even so much remains—enough to make established history based upon the record, requiring neither tradition nor the dramatic or heroic pen of the novelist or poet to invest this region with all the romance of Indian tragedy and warfare.

Nor did the Blue Mountain region fall behind the noted Catskills in the super-natural and the unearthly. The demons who presided over Rip Van Winkle's orgies had their peers in these mountains. The impenetrable wilds of these mountains were invested with all kinds of sorcery and witchcraft, and there were not a few fortunate, or possibly ill-fated, men and women in these mountains who possessed wonderful supernatural powers over their fellow man, the source and secret of which lay mainly in the possession, and a knowledge of the uses, of the sixth and seventh book of Moses. It was through this secret and powerful agency that old man Heim was said to be able to transform any Indian, bent on havoc or mischief, into any animal or serpent he chose, and this power gave him full immunity from the depredations of the savage. Heim lived on the plantation next to Fort Lebanon in a blockhouse still stand-

ing, and it is an old tradition in the community that to rid one's self of a troublesome Indian he needed only to mention Heim's name and the Indian would run away.

Heim did not always rely on the super-natural agencies for his protection, but he had constantly his wits about him. It is related of him, and from good authority even at this late day, that the Indians, owing to their great fear of him, determined that he must be done away with, and they therefore selected the most cunning in murder-craft to kill him. One day while he was plowing in the field, with his rifle slung over his shoulder, and with both eyes open, he noticed a peculiar bush at the end of his clearing towards which he was approaching. A careful study of the situation, while plodding along in his furrows, convinced him that this particular bush was not placed in that particular part of the clearing by the hand of Nature. He turned the stubborn glebe seemingly carelessly along until he reached a point within his rifle range, and being to the leewards of his horse drew bead on the bush and fired. The death yell of despair floated on the morning air, and the most cunning of all his tribe lay dead at his feet.

An elderly gentleman, prominent in professional and business circles, resident in Pottsville, but whose ancestry lived at Schuylkill Haven ever since the early days, related to the writer within a few days past a tradition, of the truth of which there can be no doubt, of one of the first settlers in that section. The husband and father of the family cut out a clearing at that point in Schuylkill Haven on the west side of the tracks of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad below the Cressona crossing, now covered with ashes from the locomotives. He erected a dwelling and other houses and had commenced to build and nearly completed a mill. Old citizens living thereabouts may still recall the old race course. A band of Indians descended upon them through the gap and killed the father and as they supposed all of the children, and took the mother into captivity. One of the children, a young girl of about sixteen years of age, who had been scalped and left for dead, revived shortly after the Indians had left the place and observed that they had fled in the direction of Pinegrove.

Weltering in her blood and knowing that her only ref-

uge lay in gaining Fort Lebanon, she arrived there in the night time and related the horrible story. Captain Morgan's Scouts soon set out in quest of the foe, nor were they destined to disappointment, for after having gone some miles to the westward they discovered the camp fire of the Indians. Stealthily approaching from various directions upon them, they found the foe, probable because the poor woman could not keep up with them in the march, had determined upon a ceremonial human sacrifice. She had been bound to a tree and the faggots being almost ready for lighting and their demonical ceremonies being nearly ended, when at a preconcerted signal the scouts fell upon them and in the surprise and confusion despatched the entire band of fifteen warriors. The woman was released and soon again folded to her breast, under the friendly shelter of Fort Lebanon, her bleeding little heroine whose love for her mother had sustained her in her perilous adventures.

The super-natural having crept into this paper it is deemed proper that a word or two more should be said about it, in order that the fears of lonely travellers over these mountains may be allayed and even set at rest forever. The writer has it from good authority that the last of these awful and mysterious volumes was destroyed many years ago, and sorcery and witchcraft is no longer believed to exist there, and for that reason. But many of the denizens of these wilds, and some in the reclaimed portions and living under the shadow of the school houses, have no doubt that these awful mysterious forces held full sway in the dim ages of the past and the many uncanny nooks and caves are silent monitors to them to tread softly for they are on, if not sacred, yet consecrated, ground.

Sympathy still runs deep for poor unfortunate Mr. N., who lived and died in the Blue Mountains long ago, who was possessed of an evil spirit wrought out of these sombre looking volumes by a woman learned in the arts they taught and inspired. For days and months and years, he was doomed to walk back and forth in his orchard until it was so worn that it was pointed out for many years after his death as "N— Walk". Nor was this curse removed from him until the death of the old witch, who had thus charmed his life. Happily he lived a free and untrammelled life after death

had allayed the force of her magic. Then, too, they have not forgotten old Mrs. R., whose power derived from these books was simply marvelous. Among other performances was this :

It was often noticed that her husband would disappear at intervals for several days at a time. Then on a sudden he would again be seen in his wonted place and pursuing his customary employment. The secret was however eventually unravelled. It was discovered that during these intervals of the absence of the husband there would be stalled in the barn a fine large fatted ox, sometimes a beautiful white, sometimes a glossy black, then again a dun. The butchers from across the mountains would be invited to purchase and after the shining gold was well stowed away in the left foot stocking securely sealed into the cellar wall with a stone slab, first having been spat upon on the inner side, the butcher would drive off his ox. Invariable, however, when they would reach a certain point near the top of the Blue Mountains, the ox would run away into the thicket and nothing more would ever be seen or heard of him, and on that same evening the return of Mr. R. would always be heralded to the neighbors. That the old woman would, in this wise and for the purpose of worldly gain, transform her husband into the fatted ox was not only one of the wonders and beliefs of that day, but there are still those whose reverence for the ancient departed who related and believed it, makes them believe it even at the present day. Who would expunge from Shakespeare the little fairies and the witches who control the destinies of so many of his people. Who would willingly part with the memory of the banshee, the bogy and the other super-natural agencies that transplanted so many of our youthful hours into the land of enchantment. Far be it from the design of this paper to steal away from those early scenes one jot or tittle of the magic charms that still environ the Blue Mountains with a halo of romance and enchantment.

“Many a fathom dark and deep,
I have laid the book to sleep;
Ethereal fires around it glowing—
Ethereal music ever flowing—

The sacred pledge of Heaven
All things severe,
Each in his sphere,
Save man for whom 'twas given ;
Lend thy hand and then shalt spy
Things ne'er seen by Mortal Eye."

May 19, 1896.

THE GRAVE OF HEIM'S INDIAN—HOW THE
FINCHERS WERE DESTROYED BY
THE SAVAGES.

The writer of these papers will perform, and with very great pleasure, a duty to History. The two Indian Tales that appeared in yesterday's paper, were as therein stated, traditional purely, and whilst he believed in these cases the truth of tradition, knowing the reliability of its source, yet tradition fortified by the record is considered in and out of the courts of law of much higher value. It is, therefore, extremely satisfactory to the writer, as it will doubtless be to the reader, to be able to say that corroborative evidence of nearly every fact related does exist, and the fact that so much is corroborated by extraneous facts goes far to establish the truth of the whole. In the Heim case there has been shown to the writer an official State map of the Heim plantation showing the burial place of a solitary Indian, marked on the ground.

In the Schuylkill Haven case we have the most satisfactory kind of evidence. It will be remembered that in Capt. Morgan's letter of November 4, 1756, published in these papers on Saturday last, he states the fact that John Finscher's property had been burnt by the Indians and that a number of persons had been massacred, but none of the Finscher family being among the number. The sequel will show that the Finschers suffered from another and later Indian foray, and in a more terrible manner. For indeed this was the very family of whom the tale of yesterday was related, although at that time it was not known to the writer. Tradition located it immediately west of the railroad tracks in West Schuylkill Haven. This morning Preston

Miller, Esq., the Engineer and Land Surveyor of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, produced an ancient draft of the land lying along the western bend of the Schuylkill at Schuylkill Haven, showing that the lands were then at the time the draft was made, owned by Daniel Bartolet, Ludwig Boyer, Jacob Bittle, George Kuehm, Abraham Boyer and others. On the back of this draft appears a writing of ancient appearance and in the handwriting of the surveyor who made the draft, and which is as follows: "The above several tracts are one survey—Warrant to John Finsher, dated 5 March 1750, and surveyed 7 December 1781, and returned 3 December 1784, for 255 Acres and allowances, (as far as I can ascertain in 1838). There was a survey made on the ground for Finscher Warrant much earlier than 1781, *but Finsher having been killed by the Indians on his land, and his family destroyed and chased away*, it was left until after the close of the Indian War—and then in 1781 re-surveyed—Patented to Martin Dreibelbis (Treipelbis) on the 14th December 1784—see Patent Book No. 3, Page 169."

History must therefore record the events related occurred to John Finscher and his family.

May 20, 1896.

"REGINA THE CAPTIVE.

HARTMAN'S SETTLED.

The interest in our historical publications concerning the Blue Mountains and the people who lived in the locality in those terrible times, when there was no safety outside of a fortification and when the farmer tilled the soil with one hand on the plow and the other on a rifle, is growing among the people. The following letter and Captain Henning's reply will serve to show that the greatest interest is taken by people who can contribute some little in confirmation of the points brought out by our historian:

Friedensburg, Pa., May 20, 1896.

Editor Journal: In your paper of May 15th, under the heading of "Tales of the Blue Mountain," it says that John Hartman settled on the frontier in the northern part of Lebanon county, near the Schuylkill line.

I have a book called "Regina, the German Captive," written by the Rev. R. Weiser in 1856. He was then president of the Central College, of Iowa. He says he got the facts from the Rev. H. Melchoir Muhlenberg's "Hallische Nachrichten," and the rest from his grandmother, who was acquainted with Mrs. Hartman and Regina. The way he speaks, her acquaintance must have been made after the restoration of Regina. This book says that he settled at a place near where Orwigsburg now stands and that he went to that part of the country in search of some relatives by the name of Shoener. It does not say whether he found them or not, but settled down anyhow. Now which location is likely to be the true one?

I am much interested in your Blue Mountain Tales.
Yours respectfully,

Cora M. Ney.

CAPTAIN HENNING'S REPLY.

Having been shown Miss Ney's letter the writer has made search for data as to the home of Regina Hartman and he is satisfied that the Rev. Weiser is correct in saying that her home was in Schuylkill County, but how near or far away from Orwigsburg is not now known to him. A letter of which the following is a copy, doubtless refers to the tragedy which made her a captive, and this locates her home north of the Blue Mountain and as a matter of course in Schuylkill County. The key to her exact location would seem to lie in establishing the location of Lawrence Hout's place just south of the mountain, which can in all probability be done. The "first mountain" referred to in the letter is the Blue Mountain. The letter is published in Provincial Records, n. p. 258, and is as follows:

October 31st, 1755.

"To the Rev. Mr. Kurtz and friends, at Tulpehocken.

This morning, very early, between 4 and 5 o'clock, Adam Rees, an inhabitant over the first mountain about six miles from Lawrence Hout's, who lives on this side of the mountain, came to my home and declared that yesterday between 11 and 12 o'clock, he heard three guns fired towards the plantation of his neighbor, Henry Hartman, which made him suspect that something more than ordinary had

happened there. Whereupon he took his gun and went over to Hartman's house, being about a quarter of a mile off, and found him lying dead upon his face; his head scalped, but saw nobody else. He thereupon made the best of his way through the woods to the inhabitants on this side of the mountain, to inform them of what had happened. He informs me that he had been to Adam Reed's, Esq., and related the whole affair to him, and that Reed is raising men to go over the mountain in quest of the murderers.

Your very humble servant and most hearty friend,
Wm. Parsons."

Moreover as the Rev. Weiser had the benefit of communication with other persons who knew the family well, as well as such knowledge as the Rev. M. H. Muhlenberg could give him, and as his book, "Regina, the Captive", is a standard, it is entitled to full credence. Muhlenberg in his narrative, may not have paid as much attention to the locality as to the substance. Todd's Sunday School Teacher relates the same story, but does not give the locality.

Since writing the above the writer has found from other records that Adam Reed lived in Hanover township, Lancaster (now Lebanon) county, and according to this letter he must have lived not very far from Lawrence Hout's. Whilst this would still leave the Hartman home north of the Blue Mountains, yet it may be far enough to the west to be in Lebanon. If in Schuylkill it would be likely to be in the the neighborhood of Suedburg.

FORT FRANKLIN IN SCHUYLKILL COUNTY— ITS EXACT LOCATION.

Having established the existence and location of Fort Lebanon in our very midst, its importance as a frontier station and its history written in the blood of patriots, let us pass to Fort Franklin, which was located in West Penn Township, Schuylkill County, on what is known as the Bolich farm, now owned by J. W. Kistler, near a station on the Lizard Creek, or Schuylkill and Lehigh Railroad. Its site is along and within one-half mile of the mouth of a small mountain stream that flows into Lizard Creek, distant

from Snydersville three-fourths of a mile, on the north and one mile from the base of the Blue Mountains. It stood on the road that crosses the mountain to Lynnport, and but a few rods from the main road leading from Fort Allen (Weissport) to Fort Lebanon (Auburn).

FROM "FRONTIER FORTS."

Continuing along the base of the Blue Mountains, for about nineteen miles from Fort Lebanon, we reach the next garrison at Fort Franklin. The fort is of especial interest from the fact that it was one of those erected by order of Benjamin Franklin. Immediately after the massacre at Gnadenhutten (Weissport) in November, 1755, Franklin accompanied by James Hamilton, later Governor of Pennsylvania, set out for the scene of operations to arrange for the defense of that part of the Province. They were at Bethlehem on January 14, 1756, where sundry preparations were made and orders given. Captain Wayne was directed to build a fort at Gnadenhutten, and another company raised, under Captain Charles Foulk, to aid him in the work. On January 25th, this fort was in a fair state of completion, the flag was hoisted in the midst of a general discharge of musketry and swivels, and the name of Fort Allen was given it by Mr. Franklin, who was present in person. He immediately sent Capt. Foulk "to build another, between this and Schuylkill Fort, which I hope will be finished (as Trexler is to join him) in a week or ten days." (Col. Rec., VII., p. 16.)

This tells us definitely when and by whom the station under consideration was erected. It was undoubtedly finished during the early part of February, 1756, and, when completed, was named Fort Franklin after Benjamin Franklin, even then a distinguished man and actively engaged in caring for the welfare of his adopted Province.

The first reference we have to Fort Franklin is in the Postscript of a letter from William Edmunds to Secretary R. Peters, written June 14th, 1756, in which he speaks of enclosing the copy of a letter sent there, which unfortunately is not extant. (Penn. Arch. ii, p. 669.)

It is occasionally referred to as the Fort above Allenmangle "because of its location immediately across the

mountain from Albany Township of Berks County. The name Allenmangle or Albany means "All Wants," and was given because of the arid condition of part of the land.

Commissary James Young, while on his tour of inspection, visited Fort Franklin. The following account is taken from his journal:—

Fort above Alleminga,—at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 P. M. (June 21st, 1756) we sett out with the former Escort & 2 of Cap't Morgan's Comp'y (from Fort Lebanon) for the Fort above Alleminga, Commanded by Lieu't Ingle (of Capt. Morgan's Company, who was relieved by Lieu't Sam'l Humphreys); at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 we got there, it is Ab't 19 miles N. E. from Fort Lebanon, the road a Narrow Path very Hilly and Swampy; ab't half way we came thro' a very thick and dangerous Pine Swamp; very few Plantations on this Road, most of them Deserted, and the houses burnt down; $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile to the Westward of this Fort is good Plantation, the people retires to the Fort every Night. This Fort stands ab't a mile from the North Mountain; only two Plantations near it. This Fort is a square ab't 40 foot, very ill stocaded, with 2 Logg houses at Opposite Corners for Bastians, all very unfit for Defence; the Stocades are very open in many Places, it stands on the Bank of a Creek, the Woods clear for 120 yards; Lieu't Ranges towards Fort Lebanon and Fort Allen ab't 4 times a week; Much Thunder, Lightning, and Rain all Night. Provincial Stores; 28 G'd Muskets, 8 wants Repair, 19 Cartooch Boxes, 8 lb Powder, 24 lb Lead & 12 Rounds for 36 men, 36 Blankets, 1 Axe, 1 Adse, 1 Auger, 2 Plains, 1 Hammer, 2 Shovels, 9 Small Tin Kettles.

June 22d—At 6 A. M. I ordered the People to fire at a mark; not above 4 in 25 hit the tree at a Distance of 85 yards; at 7, Mustered them, found 25 Present, 2 Sick, 2 Absent on Furlough, 2 Sent to Reading with a Prisoner, and 5 at Fort Allen on Duty. Provisions, One Cask of Beef Exceedingly bad, Flower and Rum for 3 Weeks. At 8 A. M. We Sett out for Fort Allen, at Gnadenhutten.

* * * * (Penn. Arch. ii, p. 677.)

In his journal under date of November 5, 1756, Col. Weiser makes mention of a warning which had been given him of a proposed attack of the Minisink Indians on Eas-

ton and the capture of Gov. Denny, who was there in conference with Teedyuscung. It was reported that the Minisink Tribe was very much averse to peace with the English, and, that if Teedyuscung showed any inclination to treat with their enemy, they proposed to kill both him and the Governor, lay waste Easton and then destroy Bethlehem, thus making themselves masters of the whole country. Col. Weiser immediately sent an express to Lieut. Engle, at Fort Franklin, to come with a detachment of 20 men, including a Sergeant, in all possible speed, to reinforce the Town Guard during the time His Honor, the Governor, should stay in Easton." (Penn. Arch., iii, p. 32).

"Col. Weiser wrote November 24, 1756, after the conference with the Indians at Easton was over. He was then at Fort Allen. He says:

"I took my leave of them (certain Indians) and they of me very candidly; Capt. Arnd sent an Escort with me of twenty men to Fort Franklin, where we arrived at three O'Clock in the afternoon, it being about fourteen miles distant from Fort Allen. I saw that the Fort was not Tenable, and the House not finished for the Soldiers, and that it would not be of any Service to the Inhabitant Part, there being a great Mountain between them. I ordered Lieu't Engin to Evacuate it, and come to the South Side of the Hill himself with Nineteen men at John Ebert's Esq'r and the rest being Sixteen men more, at John Eckenroad, both places being about three miles distant from each other, and both in the Township of Linn, Northampton (Lehigh) county, until otherwise ordered.

23rd. Left Fort Franklin. The Lieut., with Ten men, escorted me as far as Probst's, about Eight mile, where I discharged him, and arrived at Reading that evening". (Penn. Arch., iii, p. 68).

Whether the garrison was entirely removed at once, or whether, as is more likely, it was still occupied, after a fashion, by some of Capt. Wetterholt's men, we cannot positively say. It is certain, however, that it was more and more neglected if not actually abandoned. To such an extent was true that the remaining settlers, for some remained, felt obliged to present the following petition, which was read in the Provincial Council on Saturday, May 7th, 1757:

To the Honorable William Denny, Esq'r, Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Province of Pennsylvania, and Counties of New Castle, Kent & Sussex, on Delaware, &c.

The Petition of George Gilbert, Adam Spittleman, Henry Hauptman, Casper Langeberger, Nicholas Kind, George Merte, Henry Norbeck, the widow Mark Grist, deceased, (which said Grist and Krammer have lost their Lives in the Defence of their Country last fall) Wm. Ball, Philip Annes, Jacob Leisser, Willm Weigand, Anthony Krum, Philip School, Jacob Keim, John Frist, Philip Kirsbaum, William Gable, John Wissemmer, Scheffer & George Sprecker all Inhabitants of Berks County (now Schuylkill), within four miles and about Fort Franklin, over the blue Mountains :

Most Humbly Sheweth—

That your Petitioners are informed that Fort Franklin aforesaid is to be removed to this side of the said mountains and a considerable way into Albany Township ;

That if in Case the said Fort to be Removed your Petitioners will be Obliged to Desert their Plantations, for their Lives and Estates will then lye at Stake, and a greater part of this Province will lye waste and your Petitioners humbly conceives that it would be the Safest way to have the said Fort continued & rebuilt, as it is very much out of order and Repair.

Therefore your Petitioners humbly prays your Honour to take the Premises in Consideration and issue such orders as will Prevent the Removal of the said Fort and order a Suffi't Number of Men in it, and to grant your Petitioners such other relief as to you in your Wisdom shall Mete, and your Petitioners, as in Duty bound will Ever Pray for your Eternal Welfare.

Signed at the Request and behalf of all the Petitioners.

George Gilbert,
Adam Spittlemeyer."

(Penn. Arch., iii, p. 153.)

HISTORY OF THE FORT AT DIETRICH SNYDER'S. ITS COMMANDING POSITION.

The history of the fort at Dietrich Snyder's makes an interesting chapter in our Indian serial. Readers will closely follow the following extract from "Frontier Forts," as there may be some additional tales, which will be like other truths herein told—stranger than fiction—given in connection with this particular place of defence and safety:

"Of the fort at Dietrich Snyder's, there is no mention made in the old records. It is, however, properly given on the Historical Map of Pennsylvania. In reality it was no fort, but merely a settler's log house, used as a lookout station. It will be re-called that no gap exists in the mountains between the Swatara Gap and the Schuylkill Gap. Whilst the enemy generally made use of these natural passages, they also, not infrequently, crossed directly over the mountains, especially when they could take advantage of a roadway leading over them. Such was the case in this instance. Not far distant from the locality of Fort Northkill is a road leading over the mountain to Pottsville, the only one in that vicinity. On this road, at the top of the Blue Mountains, on one of its most conspicuous points, Dietrich Snyder had built for himself a one-story log house, about 20x40 feet. From this a view of the surrounding country could be had, and the approach of marauding parties of savages, easily discovered by the trail of burning farm houses in their tracks, reported at once to the commander at Fort Northkill which stood but a mile and a half, or two miles, below them. Then again this building, properly garrisoned, commanded the road over the mountains. Its advantages were so great that it is hardly likely they would have been overlooked, and we have good reason to presume that the soldiers occupied the house. To corroborate this fact Mr. D. B. Brunner was told in 1879, by Mr. Jonathan Goodman, of Strausstown, an old gentleman thoroughly familiar with the place, that a fort was located there. Mr. Henry Brobst, of Rehrersburg, a gentleman 73 years old, also well acquainted with the vicinity, informed me that, upon the death of Dietrich Snyder his wife still remained in the old house. She lived to be 115 years old. Upon her death the property was

sold to Mr. Miller, who tore down the old building and erected a new hotel, now owned by Mr. Harry Nine, which is still standing. The old block house stood a short hundred yards directly north of the hotel. Mr. Brobst was acquainted with Mrs. Snyder and frequently saw the old building. Mrs. Jos. Potteiger, of Strausstown, 65 years old, corroborated Mr. Brobst's statement, and added that the house was boarded inside and not plastered."

THE LIFE AND SERVICE OF CONRAD WEISER, A PROVINCIAL HERO.

Fort Henry, which was located just south of the Schuylkill line, near the base of the Blue Mountains, on the Shamokin road leading to Tulpehocken and Reading, was one of the three most important forts in the whole line of the fortifications along the Blue Mountains, the three being Forts Henry, Lebanon and Allen. Henry was really the most important, as it was mainly the Headquarters of Col. Conrad Weiser, who commanded a number of the garrisons occupying these forts. It was his battalion that manned all the forts on the Schuylkill frontier and those immediately east and west of this line. Fort Henry and the military operations in its district fill many pages of the history of these troublous times, and as the name of Conrad Weiser enters so largely into this history and as we rely very much on his reports and writings, it may be interesting to the reader to know something of the man before proceeding farther with the design of these papers.

Among the different classes of the early settlers we can readily point out one or more who were distinguished far above their fellows, as men of superior mind and force, and who naturally became leaders of their own peculiar people and, later, in the general body politic. The Quakers had their Penn; the Moravian their Zimmerdorf; the Scotch-Irish their Doddridge; the Lutherans their Muhlenberg; the Reformed their Schlatter; the lesser sects their Christopher Sauer, but all of them, although the Pennsylvania German more especially, had Conrad Weiser. He was a man of good education, was honest and straight-

forward, knew only fair dealing and as a diplomatist he has probably never been equalled, in this State, either before or since. The following anecdote has been related of Conrad Weiser, and it dates back to his own times; whilst it may not be true yet it very aptly illustrates his facility in reading Indian character and in reaching the Indian's heart.

The Isle of Que is located at Selin's Grove and was at one time owned by Conrad Weiser. Shikellimy, the chief, referred to in this anecdote, was the Viceroy of the six Nations, whose jurisdiction originally extended from Onondagua in New York to the Chesapeake Bay. His seat of government was on the Miller farm, about three miles north of Lewisburg on the West Branch of the Susquehanna. One day Shikellimy came to him and said, "I had a glorious dream; I dreamed that Tarachawagon (Weiser) had presented me with a rifle." Conrad knew that the Indian's heart coveted his new trusty gun with which he was loath to part, but he was quick to know that personal consideration must give way to the Indian's exaction when it comes in this mysterious way. He, of course, handed the weapon over to his dusky friend, having his own ideas as to the wish which was probably father to the dream. A few days later they met and then it happened that Weiser had had a dream also and upon being asked by the Indian to reveal it to him, he said, "I dreamed that Shikellimy presented me with the large and beautiful Island nestled in the Susquehanna River between Shamokin and the mouth of the Mahanoy (Penn's) Creek." The nonplused Chief at once deeded over to him the Isle of Que, but taking him aside he said to him in a confidential tone, "Conrad, let us never dream again."

Conrad Weiser was born at Aftaedt, Wurtemberg, November 2nd, 1696, and came to America with his parents and a number of Palatines in 1710, under the auspices of Queen Anne. In those days, let me say parenthetically, England feared that she would be too greatly depopulated by emigration to the American Colonies, and desiring that the Colonies should be peopled by nationalities who would not favor either the French or the Spaniards they sent out their heralds through the Palatinates of Germany painting in glowing colors the free life in America and issuing to them the "Golden Book" with the Queen's vignette on the

title page in which a perfect paradise was painted. In a year or two the emigration from Germany increased from a nominal number to thirty-two thousand. They settled in a body on Livingston Manor, Columbia County, New York, where they remained some time. While living there young Weiser became acquainted with an Indian Chief, named Quagnant, who, taking a fancy to the lad, induced his father to permit him to live with him. He lived with the chief about eight months and during this time learned the English language very thoroughly and it proved to be of great service to him and to his country in after life. He was seven-teen years of age when he left the wigwam of the dusky chief.

In 1723, this German settlement, feeling aggrieved at their treatment by the authorities of New York, accepted the invitation of Governor Keith to come to Pennsylvania. So cutting out a road to the banks of the North Branch of the Susquehanna, they embarked in their canoes and floated down to Sunbury, thence down the main river to the mouth of the Swatara, thence they poled their canoes up this stream to the Tulpehocken country which they then settled, and they and their descendants have lived in this garden ever since. Having married in the meantime, Conrad Weiser took up a tract of land in Heidelberg township, Lancaster, now Berks, County and began farming. His fluency in the Mohawk language recommended him to the Proprietary Governors, and at the special request of the Deputies of the Six Nations, who met in Conference with Governor Gordon in 1732, he was appointed by the latter interpreter for the Confederation.

From this time on he was largely identified with the history of the Province in all matters relating to the Indians; he was sent to them on many missions, and was present and took an active part in all the treaties that were made during his time and which he could attend. He served as a Justice of the Peace for several years, and during the French and Indian wars was commissioned a colonel. A few years before his death he removed to Reading, and while on a visit to his farm in Heidelberg township, in July 1760, he died and was buried in the family graveyard at Womelsdorf. He was over sixty-three years of age, and left sons and daugh-

ters whose posterity is legion and may be found in many parts of the United States, and always among the good and thrifty people of the communities in which they live. Many well-known citizens of this county spring from this stock.

The life and services of Conrad Weiser are not known to the people of this State as they should be. Why this is so one can hardly say. That he was withal a modest and retiring man is true and would therefore not write or have himself written up is, therefore, also true, but if you take up the records which show the development of the interior of the State, from 1730 to 1760, (and these records furnish the data from which the history of the Province is taken and written), you will find that there is no name used with the frequency or in the important relations as that of Conrad Weiser. Whether in high matters of State, in many instances representing the Province and all its people, or whether to plan the safety of a citizen or of a community, or to determine a policy of war or peace, you will always find Conrad Weiser in the very heart of the action or the deliberation. Yet in all this public service in which the peace and safety and welfare of the Province—yea, its very life, sometimes—entered into the balance, his judgment was never at fault, his suggestions always adopted and acted upon, his advice always sought and taken. We never find one blot or blemish, not even a breath of suspicion of his capacity or honesty in his high emprises, no, not even fear, although he knew that he was the most distinguished mark for the shaft of the savage in the entire Province.

Every child that reaches the spelling book learns of the Penns. Why should not Weiser's name be just as well known? While posterity will ever cherish the name of Lincoln, yet history will not allow the names of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan to perish even though they were contemporaneous actors with Lincoln. Pennsylvania owes a duty, not to posterity alone, but to manhood.

“His life was gentle, and the elements
So Mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man'.”

May 26, 1896.

NEARBY PLACES WHERE THE INDIAN PITCHED HIS TENT AND DRIED ACORNS.

POTTSVILLE, MOUNT CARBON AND INDIAN RUN AND WHAT THEY WERE TO THE DUSKY SAVAGE—TIMELY THOUGHTS ABOUT MEMORIAL DAY.

It was the purpose of the writer to immediately follow the brief sketch of Conrad Weiser's life with the history of Forts Henry and Northkill, but he has concluded that a short digression may not be amiss at this time, especially as he does not wish to leave the immediate vicinity of Pottsville without making a few notes. It may here be permitted to repeat that the name "Schuylkill" is Dutch, and that its meaning is "Hidden Creek." Many will ask why is it hidden to any greater extent than any other Creek? Others would naturally look to its source for the reason of its name.

The mouth of the Schuylkill was discovered by the Dutch navigators, those who followed after Henry Hudson, (who was also in the Dutch service) who had discovered the Delaware Bay, and who thought it probably an outlet through the continent thereby making a short route from Western Europe to China. The Dutch passed and repassed its mouth several times without observing it, and therefore when they did observe it, they called it a Hidden Creek. The Indian name of the Schuylkill was "Manaiung," and it is perpetuated in but a single locality, Manayunk, and here, in a corrupted form. The meaning of the word is mother. Ontelaunee means daughter. Hence, the Indian Creek of that name which flows into the Schuylkill in Berks County, is called Maiden Creek.

The Indians who made eastern Pennsylvania their permanent home were the Delaware tribe, although later many of the six nations roamed through these wilds and some even made their homes here. After a terrible war with the Six Nations and which almost exterminated the Delaware Indian, they became a part of the Six Nations, being the seventh in that great tribe in which the Iroquois, the most fierce and warlike, dominated. The remnant of the Delaware tribe, which at present numbers but a few hundred,

now live in Canada along the Thames River, northwardly from Detroit.

In the vicinity of Pottsville one of the largest Indian settlements was probably the one located on the farm now of Edward Peale, Esq., and extending to Landingville. The lowlands there furnished them with fine plantations for raising corn, and the white oak and hickory furnished a great source of supplies. Of all nuts the acorn from the white oak was probably the most generally used. The Indians would gather them when they fell and placing them in porous cloths or sacks, would hang them in the chimney, if they had one, or in the loft of the tent, until they were thoroughly dried and smoked, when they were supposed to have lost their bitter taste and were to them the equal of the shellbark or the chestnut which were not so plentiful or so easy to get.

That portion of Pottsville between Centre and Railroad and East Market and Callowhill (now Race) streets, was pointed out to the inhabitants of eighty years ago as an Indian settlement. The remains of their rude huts could still be seen, and in digging the foundations for buildings many articles of the household would be found. The ground now covered by the reservoir in the Charles Baber cemetery was another point which was handed down as an Indian settlement, and at a time yet in the recollection of many there stood the original white oaks, and the ancient clearing of undergrowth and the remains of dwellings could still be seen. Probably the most important site of Indian habitation hereabouts is that at the head waters of the Indian Run that flows into the west branch south of West Woods. Here were still to be seen the majestic white oaks in the midst of which there bubbled out of the surface the most beautiful and the largest spring in this neighborhood. Here, too, were the evidences of habitation and such other interesting remains as would seem to bear testimony that the place was one of extraordinary importance. Indeed the very fact the early settlers gave this stream so pronounced an Indian name would seem to indicate that they wished to lay great stress upon it and to have posterity ever know of its early associations. Evidences of an ancient burying ground may still be seen in this locality, and it is related that up to a time within this century it was the custom of small Indian bands

to visit this spot to view the graves of their ancestors and to perform certain religious rites.

Those who looked upon this spot seventy-five years ago say it was remarkable for the beauty of its surroundings; that it was just such a spot as not only the Indian but almost any sort of man would select upon which to build his temple and to worship there the God of his fathers. Who knows but that this may have been a seat high in the estimation of the red man who came here to commune with the Great Manitou, and to join with all the mighty host of mankind, save the atheist alone, in praising a God who reigned over them and to ask Him to teach them to hold fast to that faith which shall be the Salvation of the immortal soul in a glorious hereafter.

“Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far in the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud topp'd hill, an humble heaven;
Some safer world, in depths of wood embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste;
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold;
To be, content his natural desire.
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

Mount Carbon, the beautiful and picturesque spot, jutting out almost over the Schuylkill and almost perpendicularly, at a height of over five hundred feet, must have been a favorite resort of the Indian. If not for motives of worship, it must still have seemed a beautiful place to him, its peak overlooking an expanse of country of more than twenty miles eastward and as far westward, and commanding all the country southward to the Blue Mountains. From this point he might signal to as many bands of followers a score of miles away. At this point could be determined the result of the foray, far beyond the Blue Mountains by the signals from its tops. The camp fires of friends and enemies could be noted and their language communicated with ease to the

top of the Broad Mountain and thence into all of their interior settlements. Ancient steps hewn in stone or carefully laid, show that its summit was a point of interest accustomed to be gained. Whether these were placed there by the Indians is not known, nor is it certain that their agile feet required such forethought and care. We do know however, that they were cared for and much in use by an early generation of men and women, a nobler than whom never trod on Liberty's Soil. They erected on the mountain an altar of Liberty and surmounted it with the starry flag of the free. There they would worship at Liberty's shrine. They were the fathers whose sons in 1861 sprang to arms ere yet the re-echoing notes of Sumter's guns had died away out of these mountains. And so long as Liberty required a living wall to shield her from traitors' arms, so long they stood there—not all of them, for many fell—but others came from these same hills and stood in their places. And when all was over they brought home rich laurels plucked from every battlefield of that war and laid them away with the treasures of their fathers. A grateful country's blessings follow after them far beyond the grave.

In a few days their tombstones will again be bathed with tears—tears of love, tears of sorrow and tears of remembrance—and their hallowed resting places will be covered over with the beautiful floral offerings of the young and the old, all holding them in grateful memory. These were the fruits of the lessons that were taught by the pioneers of Schuylkill County when they unfurled the stary banner of the Free from the top of Mount Carbon. Their foot-prints may in the course of time fade away and be lost forever, but the work of their hands and of their hearts will never perish from the face of the earth. May 27, 1896.

FORT HENRY THE MOST IMPORTANT BETWEEN THE SUSQUEHANNA AND LEHIGH.

Continuing the extracts from "Frontier Forts" we herewith give the location and history of Fort Henry:

"Following the plan of defence which had been laid out, the next fort along the mountains was placed some fourteen miles to the East of Fort Swatara, and called Fort Henry.

Sometimes it is mentioned as Busse's Fort, from the name of its Command Officer. It was the most important fort between the Lehigh and Susquehanna Rivers, owing to the fact that it was about equally distant from each, and also because it was on the main road to Shamokin (Sunbury) and protected the most populous portion of the entire region. It lay near no village, nor any prominent stream from which it might derive a name or location; neither did it stand at any Gap in the mountain, of which none exists between Swatara Gap and that at Port Clinton, so that it could not be named or located with reference to any such pass. It did, however, practically command the connecting roads between Swatara or Tolihaio Gap, and the numerous settlements near it, as the savages were obliged to come through the former to reach the latter. It is, therefore, occasionally referred to as "Fort Henry at Tolihaio," using the name "Tolihaio" in a general sense to apply to the surrounding country, not necessarily right at Tolihaio or Swatara Gap itself. This subject has already been discussed and is only mentioned at this time to impress upon the reader the fact that no matter what may be said of Fort Henry, or under what conditions the name "Fort Henry" may be used, it invariably refers to the one now under discussion. It is also called, sometimes, the "Fort at Dietrich Six's" or "at Six's," because the murders which took place at the outbreak of hostilities, near Dietrich Six's house, had much to do with the selection of its site on his farm.

The history of Fort Henry is very appropriately introduced by this letter of Conrad Weiser, written Nov. 1755, to Governor Morris (Frontier Forts) :—

"Honored Sir.

On my Return from Philadelphia I met in the township of Amity, in Berks county, the first news of our cruel Enemy having invaded the Country this Side of the Blue Mountainis, to witt, Bethel and Tulpehocken. I left Papers as they were in the Messengers Hands, and hasted to Reading, where the Alarm and Confusion was very great. I was obliged to stay that Night and part of the next Day, to witt, the 17th of this Instant, and sot out for Heidelberg, where I arrived that Evening. Soon after, my sons Philip and Frederick arrived from the Pursuit of the Indians, and gave

me the following Relation, to witt, that on Saturday last about 4 of the Clock, in the Afternoon, as some men from Tulpehacon were going to Dietrich Six's Place under the Hill on Shamokin Road to be on watch appointed there, they were fired upon by the Indians, but none hurt nor killed. (Our People were but six in Number, the rest being behind). Upon which our People ran towards the Watch-house which was but one-half a mile off, and the Indians persued them, and killed and scalped several of them. A bold, Stout Indian came up with one Christopher Ury, who turned about and shot the Indian right through the Breast. The Indian dropt down dead, but was dragged out of the way by his companions. (He was found next day and scalped by our People). The Indians divided themselves in two Parties. Some came this Way to meet the Rest that was going to the Watch, and killed some of them, so that six of our men were killed that Day, and a few Wounded. The Night following the Enemy attacked the House of Thos. Bower, on Swatara Creek. They came to the House in the Dark night, and one of them put his Fire Arm through the window and shot a Shoemaker (that was at Work) dead upon the spot. The People being extremely Surprised at this Sudden attack, defended themselves by firing out of the windows at the Indians. The Fire alarmed a neighbor who came with two or three more Men; they fired by the way and made a great noise, scared the Indians away from Bower's House, after they had set fire to it, but by Thomas Bower's Diligence and Conduct was timely put out again. So Thos. Bower, with his Family, went off that Night to his Neighbour Daniel Schneider who came to his assistance. By 8 of ye Clock Parties came up from Tulpenhacon & Heidelberg. The first Party saw four Indians running off. They had some Prisoners whom they scalped immediately, three children lay scalped, yet alive, one died since, the other two are like to do well. Another Party found a woman just expired, with a male Child on her side, both killed and Scalped. The Woman lay upon her Face, my son Frederick turned her about to see who she might have been and to his and his Companions Surprise they found a Babe of about 14 Days old under her, raped up in a little Cushion, his nose quite flat, which was set right by Frederick, and life was yet

in it, and recovered again. Our People came up with two Parties of Indians that Day, but they hardly got sight of them. The Indians Ran off Immediately. Either our People did not care to fight them if they could avoid it, or (which is most likely) the Indians were alarmed first by the loud noise of our People coming, because no order was observed. Upon the whole, there is about 15 killed of our People, Including Men, Women and Children, and the Enemy not beat but scared off. Several Houses and Barns are Burned; I have no true account how many. We are in a Dismal Situation, some of this Murder has been committed in Tulpehocken Township. The People left their Plantation to within 6 or 7 miles from my House (located at the present town of Womelsdorf) against another attack.

Guns and Ammunition is very much wanted here. My sons have been obliged to part with most of that, that was sent up for the use of the Indians. I pray your Honour will be pleased, if it lies in your Power, to send us up a Quantity upon Condition. I must stand my Ground or my neighbours will go away, and leave their Habitations to be destroyed by the Enemy or our own People. This is enough of such melancholy Account for this Time. I beg leave to Conclude, who am, Sir

Your very obedient

Conrad Weiser.

Heidelberg, in Berks County, November 19th, 1755.

P. S.—I am creditably informed just now that one Wolf, a Single Man, killed an Indian the same Time when Ury killed the Other, but the Body is not found yet. The Poor Young Man since died of his Wound through his Belly.

To Governor Morris:

(Penn. Arch., ii, p. 103.)

THE POINT OF ROCKS.

“Thou alabaster relic! while I hold
My hand upon thy sculptured margin thrown,
Let me recall the scenes thou could’st unfold,
Might’st thou relate the changes thou hast known,
For thou were primitive in thy formation,
Launched from the Almighty’s hand at the Creation.

Yet thou wert present when the stars and skies
And worlds unnumbered rolled into their places ;
When God from chaos bade the spheres arise,
And fixed the blazing sun upon its basis,
And with his finger on the bounds of space
Marked out each planet's everlasting race."

How proudly does the citizen of New York and New Jersey point to the palisades along the Hudson River as one of nature's most beautiful exhibitions of its approach to studied art! They are famed in history, in song and in story. Their grandeur has been dwelt upon by the most graphic as well as the most celebrated writers in America, and were then no other reasons, even these associations alone would lend them a charm and would command an awe and respect apart from that which arrests and attracts the eye as they stand there and seem to say to the mighty wave that rolls at their feet, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." How readily does the imagination take unto itself wings and roam through the realms of enchantment and see here the walls that surround and protect the temples of the great race of genii who must live beyond! But the eye looks in vain for that temple or those castles that would show the abiding place of these giants of air. It would seem that all the glory which at one time had surrounded them had been stamped with the fatal word, "Ichabod," and that there remain simply these outposts to mark the spot where once had stood their habitations now long since, like their own fallen spirits, vanished away.

But come ye who would again look upon the castle of the genii, and who would stand upon the sacred threshold of their temple; ye who would with the great and pious Horam, the Son of Asmar, penetrate through the cloud of realism and materialism, who would unbind the fetters of mortality and would for awhile stand upon the sacred scenes of enchantment in the very home of the genii of the mountain. Their castellated walls stand on the very top of the highest mountain in all that land. Their proud turrets are so strongly built that the shotted modern artillery would be but as the slingshot to the iron clad fort. Their tall minarets stand out against the northern sky commanding a view of mountain scenery more than a hundred miles away—yet a thous-

and, if the eye could so far reach—surrounded for many miles to the north and the south, to the east and the west with a garden of mountains and of narrow valleys, watered with rills and rivulets which wind their sinuous courses through vale and pass until they reach the broader channels which carry them off to the great sea ; standing there in solitude and alone, no work of art, no habitation of man, nothing to mar the stamp of nature, there stands this ancient pile. There it has stood ever since the day when it was commanded “Let there be light, and there was light.” As it was then, so is it now and so will the hand of nature and of man leave it forever.

Men have journeyed hundreds of miles to see this spot, this handicraft of nature—the only one of its sort—and has seemed to the eye of the traveller, in approaching it, but a weary waste is instantly transformed into a beautiful Nature’s garden when his eye beholds this grand and magnificent structure standing in its midst and on the mountain top commanding the entire scene, and to which this garden seems a beautiful appurtenance. Indeed, it requires not the wild play of fancy to picture to your mind a most magnificent castle, high in walls and towers and turrets, larger and greater in its proportions in area than probably any either standing or in ruins along the romantic Rhine, but there it stands silent, majestic and alone—a magnificent castle, built not only without the sound of hammer, as Solomon’s temple, but without the hand of man. Here Nature alone was the craftsman and the great Architect of the Universe the designer.

Where then is this place which this pen has endeavored thus feebly to describe?

On the Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, about six miles west of Pinegrove, and about ten miles southwest of Fort Henry, you pass over a high bridge spanning diagonally a deep gap through the Second Mountain, thence you enter a narrow valley lying between Second and Sharp Mountains, and about two miles west of this gap and looking to the northward you behold this ancient temple of nature. You look in wonder and amazement and you think for the moment that surely the train will stop at this important point, but the engineer’s respect for the time table bids him

but cast a hasty glance at this, to him familiar, pile, and with a salute from his engine whistle he passes swiftly along leaving the castle and your thoughts far behind. But these papers are not designed to describe the bounteous gifts of nature which have been planted into Schuylkill County so profusely, therefore let us to the early associations that surround this spot.

The fertile valley of the Swatara southeast of the Blue Mountains, which are but four miles away, was a favorite habitation for the Indian. These mountains were his sylvan hunting grounds. When the white man came and planted this valley the Indian retreated beyond the Blue Mountains to the north of the Kittatinny and the Broad, but they did not close the gateways to the paths that led away from the home of their fathers in this beautiful valley. Nor were they closed until after these Indian highways were traced in the blood of the poor innocent settlers who had made their home and habitation there. If the scenes of murder and bloodshed in this valley could be described and the horrors of the march into captivity over these Indian paths could be related, a book of woe would not contain them all. The Indian path that led from this valley followed the Swatara to Suedburg, thence up the small branch to the High Bridge, thence across Sharp Mountain over a sort of pass or depression hard by the "Point of Rocks", as this natural temple is now called, and on across valleys and through passes to Shamokin, now Sunbury.

"Point of Rocks" was a favorite Indian resort, as was shown by evidences still existing there when visited by the white man. That it was a seat or coigne of vantage from which operations were directed was then yet shown by the evidences on the ground and by its traditions at that time. From the top of one of these turrets you can with the naked eye see the gaps through the Blue Mountains as well as the valleys that lie between and beyond, as also far to the westward to the wide pass through which the broad Susquehanna rolls majestically onward to the sea. Here it was the custom of the Indians to light their watch fires as signals to the bands who were on the foray or the hunt through the many valleys which this point commanded. Here the signals were lighted that directed and commanded the con-

certed attacks on the long frontier on a single day at scores of different places thirty to fifty miles apart. How natural would it therefore be that the blood-thirsty savage, having satisfied his thirst, taken up all the spoil he could carry and with his corded captives repair to this spot, the seat of their concerted operations, and here to carry on the ceremonies and festivities which always followed the successful foray. Here probably, too, has the poor captive run the gauntlet or has even rendered that greater sacrifice, his own life in torture at the stake.

William Rank, Esq., then an elderly gentleman and resident of Jonestown, about eight or ten miles south of "Point of Rocks," in the early part of this century writes in a private letter describing the early scenes in this locality. His letter is so highly authoritative that it appears in history. He describes this point as being four miles north of the Cascades in the Swatara (which in themselves were wonderful and beautiful) and on the summit of Sharp Mountain, and as being a beautiful ledge of rock, projections resembling very strikingly, at a distance, a group of houses; and that from the top of one of them, if you stand up there, you have a view of the Susquehanna Gap and Swatara Gap, where these streams, the former in majesty rolls its way, and the latter sinuously steals through an opening in the Blue Mountains. That the Indian path led nearby the base of "Point of Rocks" and that the Indians were "wont to build signal fires here; sort of telegraph—for which Morse has a substitute." That the Indian would make such a spot his home would not for a moment be considered. He wanted low, arable land, nut trees and running and spring water. No, he would make this his hunting lodge, his rendezvous and headquarters in foray and war; his tabernacle or seat of government in time of peace, perhaps. Nor should we wonder at this when we recall that the people from whom we sprang once selected the highest hill for their legislative hall, the tallest and probably the most fierce of their number as their king, and the deepest and darkest cavern for their courts of justice.

Indeed there are descendants living in our very midst who need turn back but a couple of centuries for the last named instance of a branch of government. Let us but

look at the history of the Westphalian Courts, the Holy Vehm, and we will find that even Princes in unlimited monarchies up to within a few centuries were bound by the judgments of such courts, authorized by no law or constitution, but handed down from the barbarous ages of their land. Nor should we marvel that such a picturesque spot would be selected as the scene of the ceremonies, to them sacred. Transplant if you please, this majestic pile to the top of Mt. Nebo and how soon you would point out the very spot on which Moses stood when he viewed the promised land; or on Mt. Sinai and how readily we would lay our hand on the rock upon which the laws transmitted to Moses were inscribed and the pedestal from which they were taught; or upon the blessed mountain from which the sermon of light was preached, how eagerly would we gaze upon this pulpit as being the spot from which it emanated. Let us look at this interesting spot from a more modern standpoint.

Who will, after seeing this natural curiosity, not say, that if it stood within ten miles of the City of Philadelphia, that every man and woman and child in that city would go to see it, go to its very base and climb up to its very top. Every visitor to the city, whether he came from the summit of Mt. Blanc, or the ranges of the Himalaya, would be taken there and shown this wonder. Poets would sing of it, history would record its associations, and the novelist would surround it with tales of splendor and romance that would make our "Point of Rocks" the wonder and pride of the world. Yet here it is, standing almost in our very midst, all its atmosphere and surroundings filled with early scenes of our country's infancy, and whilst it has a lasting place in the memory of those who view it, yet it is practically unknown to the outer world.

We are told that in the early days people would drive many miles and walk over precipitous paths to view this spot. Now the railroad car will carry you within a mile of it.

The day will come when much will be made of this picturesque ancient home of the Genii of the Mountains.

June 1, 1896.

LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF DANIEL DIEBERT, A PIONEER SETTLER IN SCHUYLKILL.

A somewhat curious and interesting little volume was placed in the writer's hands by August Knecht, Esq., yesterday, entitled "Life and Experiences of Daniel Deibert, from his youth to his old age," and published at Schuylkill Haven in 1884. It was doubtless intended for his descendants and collateral kin. It is in fact an autobiography, as also a compilation of contemporaneous events and the traditions that were handed down to his time. He was born in 1802 and died within a few years, at a very old age. He relates the fact that his father, John Deibert, was born near Schuylkill Haven at the old homestead, the Peale farm, in 1777, and that his grandfather, Wilhelm Deibert, who was born in Wittenburg, Germany, and emigrated to America with his father when but three years of age, who settled in Bern township, Berks county.

The family later on came to North Manheim township, Schuylkill county, and in 1744 his grandfather and his grand-uncle, Michael, bought three hundred acres of land in partnership and after dividing it his ancestor owned the Peale farm and his grand-uncle, the Filbert farm. He states that they were the first settlers in Schuylkill county and, so far as the writer at present knows, he does not think that this claim can be successfully disputed. Indeed, this is the earliest record of a residence in this county that appears anywhere.

Of course, at that time the Indian had not yet declared open war against the white man, yet his treachery and his covetous disposition were well known, and they must have been fearless men indeed to have thus settled among savage people far away from any hope of succor in case of distress.

Whilst the Indians were then troublesome they could still for awhile appease them by sharing their venison and bear's meat with them, but this became a constant expectation among them. Nor was this condition a very onerous one as it was the fact that deer and bear were very plentiful, as were also the wolf and the wild cat and catamount which added not a trifle to the dangers of the chase.

It is related in this book that the grandfather, Wilhelm,

related to the biographer many perilous adventures with the Indians, how they molested them, how at one time the entire family were driven by the Indians to the south of the Blue Mountains, how they buried their farming implements at a point across the river, and how they lost the place of sepulture until after the excavation was made for the Schuylkill Canal, when the implements were again restored to them, and some other traditions which will be noted.

But the writer deplors the fact that the aged gentleman's memory was not well jogged and the knowledge of tradition which he must have possessed was not subjected to the art preservative before death sealed his lips forever.

It is, however, a great satisfaction to discover, that his family tradition shows that the earliest Deibert was a neighbor to the Hartman family, whose daughter, Regina, was the heroine of the most wonderful story of captivity and recovery in the annals of history, an account of which appeared in a preceding paper. This little volume relates the story in a manner very similar to that given by the Rev. Henry M. Muhlenburg, with the exception that herein the residence is stated as being on the very site of the present town of Orwigsburg and that they were neighbors of his grandfather's family. He does not give the Christian names of any of them, as he had probably forgotten them.

In this connection it may be added that since the relation, in these papers, of the story of "Regina the Captive," the writer of these papers has been favored with the book containing the history of this heroine, through the kindness of Miss Cora M. Ney, of Friedensburg, Pa., and he finds the story a most thrilling and interesting one. These few facts may be noted. After taking the girls, Barbara, the elder sister, and Regina, the younger, and a little girl named Smith, captive, the Indians started with them and their plunder for their homes in New York, striking out north-westwardly to the North Branch of the Susquehanna, thence along that river to their journey's end. On the second day Barbara grew very ill and could go no farther, and then in the very presence of the two little girls, an Indian sank his tomahawk into her brain, took her scalp and left her dead body lie in the path, where later on a party of hunters found

it, and after it was identified by the heart-broken mother it was decently interred.

The poor girls walked all the way barefoot, save such covering as they made for their feet from Barbara's garments. Sometimes through snow and always through forests. Regina being the elder and stronger, would at times carry her little friend. Regina, when she was brought to her home, recalled it, and as soon as she saw it, cried out "Washoch, Washoch," (the green tree) recognizing the great pine tree that stood in the door and under which she had played in childhood and which had remained green in her memory during all those years of captivity.

Christian, her younger brother, later on married Susan Smith, the younger captive, and they reared a large family of children. Regina lived to a ripe old age, but remained a spinster. She was a devout Christian and devoted herself to her mother as long as she lived, and to charity and the teaching and training of the young ever after. She was always known as the "Indian Maiden." The Indians named her "Sawquehanna", a white lily. Little Susan being short in stature and of dark complexion was named "Kno-loska", meaning a short legged bear.

The Deibert traditions go further and relate the Finscher massacre at Schuylkill Haven, heretofore related in these papers. He also speaks of the burning of their houses. It is also therein stated that near the site of the George Adams boat yard there had stood in the early days a small log mill which was burned down and destroyed by the Indians. That the Indians visited the home of Martin Werner, who lived near Landingville on the farm owned in 1884 by Daniel Heim, and took a young woman, Martin Werner's sister, captive.

It is also therein stated that after the Indians had removed their habitations from the valley they made frequent incursions and would steal and destroy the crops, etc., and that during his early life strolling Indian bands would still travel through this community.

Doubtless this landmark, this connecting link between the early past and the present generation had a fund of knowledge that would fill a most interesting volume if it had been nurtured and garnered by the historian. Many of

the descendants of William Deibert still live in this community, honored and respected by all who know them. Surely their title to American citizenship may be said to be in fee simple to them and their heirs forever, for their enjoyment of that right goes back to a "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

June 2, 1896.

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS EXISTING IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD IN 1755.

To show still further the state of affairs along the Blue Mountains and the necessity of building Fort Henry and stationing a garrison there, the following documents were addressed to the Governor, dated November 24th, 1755, taken from Pennsylvania Archives II, p. 511:

Honoured Sir:

We the Subscribers hereof, being met together to think on means how to withstand our cruel Indian Enemy, thought fit to acquaint your Honour of the Miserable Condition the Back Inhabitants of these parts in:

(1st) Since the last cruel murder committed by the Enemy, most of the People of Tulpenhacon have left their Habitation; Those in Heidelberg moves their Effects. Bethel Township is entirely deserted.

(2d) There is no Order among the people; one cries one Thing and another another Thing. They want to force us to make a Law, that they should have a Reward for every Indian which they kill; They demanded such a Law of us, with their Guns Cocked, pointing it towards us.

(3) The People are so incensed, not only against our cruel Enemy the Indians, but also (we beg leave to inform your Honour) against the Governor and Assembly, that we are afeared they will go down in a Body to Philadelphia and commit the vilest Outrages. They say they will rather be hanged than to be butchered by the Indians, as some of their Neighbors have been lately, and the Poverty that some are in is very great.

(4) Yesterday we sent out about Seventy men to the mountains to take Possession of several Houses, and to

range the Woods along the mountain in Berks County, on the west Side of Schuylkill. The same Number are sent to the back Parts of Lancaster (Lebanon) County, we Promised them two Shillings a Day, two Pounds of Bread, two Pound of Beoff, and a Jill of Rum a Day, and Ammunition, and that for forty Days, or till we shall receive your Honour's Order. We persuaded ourselves Your Honour will not leave us in the Lurch; We must have done such a Thing or else leave our Habitation. If no more, and all this would do, we and others of the Freeholders have been Obligated to promise them a Reward of four Pistoles for every Enemy Indian man they should kill. Many Things more we could mention but we don't care to Trouble your Honour Farther, (do therefore conclude, and beg leave to subscribe ourselves,

Honoured Sir
your very humble Servants,
Conrad Weiser,
Emanuel Carpenter,
Adam Simon Kuhn.

P. S.—I cannot forbear to acquaint your Honor of a certain Circumstance of the late unhappy Affair: One—Kobel, with his wife and eight children, the eldest about fourteen Years and the youngest fourteen Days, was flying before the Enemy, he was carrying one, and his wife and Boy another of the Children, when they were fired upon by two Indians very nigh, but hit only the Man upon his Breast, though not Dangerously. They, the Indians, then came with their Tomahawks, knocked the woman down but not dead. They intended to kill the Man, but his Gun (though out of order so that he could not fire) kept them off. The Woman recovered so farr, and seated herself upon a Stump, with her Babe in her Arms, and gave it Suck, and the Indians driving the children together, and spoke to them in High Dutch, be still we won't hurt you. Then they struck a Hatchet into the Woman's Head, and she fell upon her face with her Babe under her, and the Indians trod on her neck and tore off her scalp. The Children then run, four of them were scalped, among which was a Girl of Eleven Years of Age, who related the whole Story; of the Scalped, two are alive and like to do well. The Rest of the Children

ran into the Bushes and the Indians after them, but our People coming near to them, and hallowed and made noise; The Indians Ran, and the Rest of the Children were saved. They ran within a Yard by a Woman that lay behind an Old Log, with two Children; there was about Seven or Eight of the Enemy.

I am,

Honoured Sir,
your obedient,

C. Weiser.

I intend to send a wagon down to Philadelphia for blankets and other Necessaries for the People, on their Guard under the mountain, and I hope it will be then in your Honours Power to supply us. (Penn. Arch., ii, p. 551.)

The Governor was fully aroused by these horrible atrocities and endeavored to perform his whole duty.

STORY OF DERRY CHURCH.

Has it not often occurred to you that you are far more familiar with the early history of Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York than with that of your own State? This may not be the case with every individual reader of these papers, but it may be safely assumed to be true of the many. What is the reason? Let us see if this is not it: Up to within comparatively a few years ago such things as a spelling book, a school reader, a school history or a geography were not known to be written or printed in Pennsylvania. The New England author, the New England printer and the Yankee engraver made our books for us. And that a spirit of patriotism prevailed a great portion of the text was most commendable; the subject matter was in nearly every case taken from occurrences in the New England country. Thus our juvenile minds at an age when most susceptible, especially as to those things that appeal to our emotions or our sympathies were filled with tales of New England adventure and New England history, and, as the many details of the early history of those States were familiarly known to those local writers they became the text of the books they wrote, which were de-

voured by us at a time when they would take deep root and become almost a part of us.

Take the pictures those books contained. The prowess of the early settlers is shown by the portrayal of the Yankee farmer, hatless and coatless and with his sleeves rolled up to the elbows, pitchfork in hand and with a retreating red coat or Indian in the back ground, rather than by the lithe form of the Pennsylvanian rifleman dressed in Lincoln green and whose march across their own Yankeedom, through the forests of Maine, and whose heroic battles not alone on Bunker Hill but also on the heights of Abraham gave him a physique and a martial presence—an air of sovereignty in man—that would be inspiring to all posterity. Then too, we have the illustrations representing the Puritan going to church armed and arrows lodging all about him, and similar scenes at the church door, all true, there is no doubt of it; yet we do not know where the church was nor who comprised its membership. The picture-maker, knowing that the Puritan kept his Sabbath Day holy and that Cromwell had taught him to fight, always finds a convenient place for him not only to lend life to the scene but to be the prominent actor therein. Always the Puritan. Just as if no others went to church, or if they did, that they could wield the sword of the flesh as well as that of the spirit. Thus as we grow older and things present engross our minds when the thought of early sacrifice and individual heroism comes into play, we immediately draw upon that reservoir of information we stored away in our youth, perforce, and swiftly gliding over our own scenes we revel in those of lands far away from us.

Had Pennsylvania had in its midst the early schoolmaster who wrote our school books, an author of the "Green Mountain Boys," a Cooper and an Irving, and not only the wise sayings of "Poor Richard" and a few others that met only the eyes of mature years, the local pen would find a field on these subjects only in fiction. If the Yankee schoolmaster wanted historical substance located by metes and bounds, with real living heroes as actors for his church scene, with a fighting parson whose meekness and humility before the Divine Master were equalled only by his bravery and his heroic fortitude, whose congregation had been

thinned out by the massacre of more than thirty staunch neighbors, nineteen of them on one spot, whose parishioners had been taken captive, and of those remaining, who had to do their farm chores only half handed, for the rifle required the other half, why did he nor for instance visit the little church of Derry, only a short distance south of the Blue Mountains and there gather the truth of history? If he had done so the story of Derry church would be imbedded in the memory of millions of people all over the land who would be only too glad to hand it down to posterity.

Derry Church was located probably a dozen miles west of Lebanon. It was the nearest western neighbor to the Tulpehocken Church save only the Bethel Moravian Mission which was near Fort Swatara, south of Pinegrove. Fort Manada was near Derry. These forts formed a part of the cordon of Blue Mountain Forts. The Reverend John Elder was the parson. He held a colonel's commission and with Colonel Weiser was in command of those fortifications from the Susquehanna to the Lehigh. He was born in Scotland and died on his farm, near Harrisburg, in 1792, at the age of eighty-six years, in the language of history, "beloved in life and much lamented by his survivors." But let history tell the story:

"This township being more towards the interior, was not so much exposed as the more northern townships, to the incursions of the Indians. Nevertheless, the barbarous savages penetrated into the more sparsely settled parts, and committed several murders and effected abductions. June 19, 1757, nineteen persons were killed in a mill on the Quiptopahilla Creek; and on the 8th of September, 1757, one boy and a girl were taken from Donegal township, a few miles south of Derry. About the same time, one Danner and his son, Christian Danner, a lad of twelve years, had gone out into the Conewago hills to cut down some trees; after felling one, and while the father was cutting a log, he was shot and scalped by an Indian, and Christian, the son, was taken captive—carried off to Canada, where he was kept several years, till the close of the war—when he made his escape from them. Another young lad, named Steger, was, while cutting some hoop-poles, surprised by

three Indians, and taken captive; but fortunately, after remaining some months with the Indians, made his escape."

"Jacob and Henry Bowman, brothers, both young men, were taken by some Indians, who tied them in a secluded place, in the thickets, and proceeded, as was supposed, to the Conestoga Indians, with a view, when returning from thence, to take them to Canada; but in the interim, a Mr. Shally returned from Lancaster to Lebanon, and they perceiving him, called him, who immediately went to the place where they were tied, and unloosened them, and they returned to their parents, residing in the vicinity of the present Palmyra. So much were the inhabitants constantly alarmed, that during the Indian troubles, the men attended church with loaded guns, and other defensive weapons. Their pastor, the Rev. Elder, who ministered to their spiritual wants, and counselled them in those perilous times, had then charge of a congregation in Derry. It is said of him, he was doubly armed; first by faith in the certain protection of an all-ruling Providence; second in his gun, which he had often with him in the pulpit; for he was an unerring marksman."

It may be here added, that the Rev. John Elder, a Scotchman, was the first clergyman settled west of the Conewago hills, towards Susquehanna—he preached fifty-six years in the Paxton church, about two miles from Harrisburg, and for many years in Derry. He wielded the sword of the flesh, though clothed with the helmet of salvation, as well as the sword of the spirit; for he held for several years a colonel's commission in the provincial service, commanding the stockade and block houses that extended from the Susquehanna to the Delaware, at Easton. It is said, as above intimated, that he often carried his rifle into the pulpit, and his congregation were prepared in the same way against the attacks from the Indians. About the year 1756 the church was surrounded by the savages so closely that, as was afterwards learned from an escaped prisoner, the rifles in the church were counted by the Indians, but as there appeared to be too many of them, the savages went off without molesting the congregation. In the year following, the congregation (at Paxton) was attacked after they had dispersed, and two or three were killed and others wounded.

Here's the church, the parson, the congregation and the savage Indian foe, and there is present all that which proves and illustrates courage and sacrifice, a burning religious faith and a devotion to the cause of salvation, and to the country that would furnish a text for all the enlightened and God-fearing world, and every word of it history.

June 4, 1896.

MASSACRE OF THE FINCHERS AND OTHERS IN THIS LOCALITY.

In one of the earlier papers the writer related a traditional tale of the murder of a husband and father, the scalping of a daughter and the captivity and subsequent restoration of the mother, and as they were located near the old mill race at Schuylkill Haven, he in a later paper ventured the belief that the name of this family must have been Fincher. But in this he has since found that he is in error, although it is the fact that even a more atrocious massacre took place at the locality then identified by warrant as the home of John Fincher, and the Fincher family were the victims.

The story of the massacre of John Fincher and his family at Schuylkill Haven, at a point where the Reading shops now stand, is related in Rupp's history and is also recorded in "Frontier Forts". The following extracts from the latter describe not only this possible massacre but others in that neighborhood and farther away towards the Blue Mountains.

John Fincher Finney, Esq., the Manager of the Miners' Journal, and Joel McDonnell, Esq., of Palo Alto, are lineal descendants of the Fincher family. This murder still lives in their family traditions.

STORY OF THE MASSACRES.

"The editor of the Gazette of June 24, says: 'We have advice from Fort Henry, in Berks County (Bethel Township) that two children of Lawrence Dieppel, who lives about two miles from said fort, are missing, and thought to be carried off by the Indians, as one of their hats has been found, and several Indian tracks seen.' In relation to this

statement the editor adds on July 1st, 'we learn that one of Lawrence Dieppel's children, mentioned in our last to be carried off, has been found cruelly murdered and scalped, a boy about four years, and that the other, also a boy, eight years old, was missing'."

On November 19, 1756, Col. Weiser writes to Governor Denny that the Indians had made another incursion into Berks County, killed and scalped two married women and a lad fourteen years of age, wounded two children of about four years of age, and carried off two more. One of the wounded was scalped and likely to die, and the other had two cuts on her forehead, given by an Indian who had attempted to scalp her but did not succeed. There were eight men of Fort Henry, posted in different neighbor's houses, about one mile and a half off, when they heard noise of the gun's firing, immediately went towards it but came too late. The Pennsylvania Gazette of December 9, also says they had heard of a woman who had been missing from Heidelberg Township for three weeks past, and was supposed to have been carried off by the savages.

Again in the issue of July, 1757, the Penn'a Gazette gives this extract from a letter dated Heidelberg, July 9th: "Yesterday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, between Valentine Herchelroar's and Tobias Bickell's, four Indians killed two children; one of about four years, the other five; they at the same time scalped a young woman of about sixteen; but, with proper care, she is likely to live and do well.

A woman was terribly cut with a tomahawk, but not scalped—her life is despaired of. Three children were carried off prisoners. One Christian Schrenk's wife, being among the rest, bravely defended herself and children, for awhile; wresting the gun out of the Indian's hand who assaulted her, also his tomahawk, and threw them away; and afterwards was obliged to save her own life—two of her children were taken captive in the meantime. In this house were also twenty women and children, who had fled from their own habitations, to take shelter; the men belonging to them were about one-half mile off picking cherries—they came as quick as possible and went in pursuit of the Indians, but to no purpose, the Indians had concealed themselves."

In August, 1757, people were murdered in Bern Township, and others carried off. At Tulpehocken a man named Lebenguth, and his wife, were killed and scalped. On October 4, 1758, a letter from Fort Henry says, "The first of October, the Indians burnt a house on Swatara, killed one man, and three are missing. The boys were found tied to a tree and were released. We are alarmed in the fort almost every night by a terrible barking of dogs; there are certainly some Indians about us." (Penna. Gazette, Oct. 19, 1758.) On Sept. 9, 1763, a letter from Reading says:—"A few of the Rangers who had encamped in Berks County, were apprised of the approach of Indians by their outscouts; the Indians advanced cautiously to take them by surprise; when near, with savage yells they rushed forward, but the Rangers, spring on their feet, shot the three in front; the rest fled into a thicket and escaped. The Indians were armed with guns and provided with ammunition. These Indians, it is supposed by some, had been on their way from Moravian Indians, in Northampton County, to the Big Island. Runners were sent to the different parties of Rangers with information, and others sent in pursuit of those who fled." (Rupp, p. 77.)

During the same month, eight well armed Indians came to the house of John Fincher, a Quaker, residing north of the Blue Mountains, in Berks county, about twenty-four miles from Reading, and within three-quarters of a mile of a party of six men of Captain Kerns' company of Rangers commanded by Ensign Scheffer. At the approach of the Indians John Fincher, his wife, two sons and daughter, immediately went to the door and asked them to enter in and eat, expressing the hope that they came as friends and entreated them to spare their lives. To this entreaty the Indians turned a deaf ear. Both parents and two sons were deliberately murdered on the spot. The daughter was missing after the departure of the Indians, and it was supposed from the cries heard by the neighbors that she was also slain.

A young lad, who lived with Fincher, made his escape and notified Ensign Scheffer, who instantly went in pursuit of these cold-blooded assassins. He pursued them to the house of one Miller, where he found four children murdered, the Indians having carried two others with them.

Miller and his wife, being at work in the field, saved their lives by flight. Mr. Miller himself was pursued nearly one mile by an Indian, who fired at him twice in hot pursuit. Ensign Scheffer and his squad continued after the savages, overtook them and fired upon them. The Indians returned the fire, and a sharp but short conflict ensued, when the enemy fled, leaving behind them Millers two children and part of the plunder they had taken.

These barbarous Indians had scalped all the persons they murdered, except an infant about two weeks old, whose head they had dashed against the wall, to which the brains and clotted blood adhered as a silent witness of their cruelty.

The consequence of this massacre was the desertion of all the settlements beyond the Blue Mountains.

A few days after these atrocious murders, the house of Frantz Hubler, in Bern Township, eighteen miles from Reading, was attacked by surprise. Hubler was wounded, his wife and three of his children were carried off, and three other of his children scalped alive, two of them died shortly afterwards.

On Sept. 10, 1763, five Indians entered the house of Philip Marttoff, in Berks County, at the base of the Blue Mountains, murdered and scalped his wife, two sons and two daughters, burnt the house and barn, the stacks of hay and grain, and destroyed everything of any value. Marttoff was absent from home, and one daughter escaped at the time of the murder by running and secreting herself in a thicket. The father and daughter were left in abject misery." (Rupp, p. 78.)

MORE TRIALS OF THE EARLY SETTLERS—THE FAMILY OF JOHN FRANTZ.

In 1757 while these troubles visited the surroundings of Fort Henry it was garrisoned by Captain Busse and Captain Weiser (probably the Colonel's son as he had two sons in the service) who had in their two companies eighty-nine enlisted men. The other officers were Adjutant Kern and Ensigns Beedle and Craighead. The inspection report showed ninety-two Provincial muskets, twenty-six men with

their own arms, powder, no lead and cartridges, and the Messrs. Weiser acted as commissaries of the station. A young French officer was captured near this Fort, who had commanded a company of Indians, but having lost his command and after traveling the country around Pinegrove for several days, he was found on the mountains in a half starved condition. He was evidently willing to tell what he knew, but as no one could understand his language he was sent to Philadelphia, where he seems to have been lost sight of.

The following two tales are given as additional instances of the trying times of the early settlers in this section of the Blue Mountain. They are taken from the Pennsylvania Gazette and the Hallische Nachrichten, published at the time of the occurrences. The Gazette of June, 1758, gives the following account of the case of the family of John Frantz. Mention is also made of it in the report of Capt. Christian Busse in Penna. Archives, Vol. III, p. 425, and it is also related in "Frontier Forts." The descendants of the family verify the facts by tradition.

TRYING ORDEAL OF MR. FRANTZ.

"At the time this murder was committed, Mr. Frantz was out at work; his neighbors having heard the firing of guns by the Indians immediately repaired to the house of Frantz; on their way they apprised him of the report—when they arrived at the house they found Mrs. Frantz dead (having been killed by the Indians because she was rather infirm and sickly, and so unable to travel), and all the children gone; they then pursued the Indians some distance, but all in vain. The children were taken and kept captives for several years.

A few years after this horrible affair, all of them, except one of the youngest, were exchanged. The oldest of them, a lad of twelve or thirteen years of age, at the time when captured, related the tragical scene of his mother being tomahawked and shamefully treated. Him they compelled to carry the youngest.

The anxious father having received two of his children as from the dead, still sighed for the one that was not. Whenever he heard of children being exchanged he mounted

his horse to see whether, among the captured, was not his dear little one. On one occasion he paid a man forty pounds to restore his child, who had reported that he knew where it was. To another he paid a hundred dollars, and himself went to Canada in search of the lost one—but, to his sorrow, never could trace his child. A parent can realize his feelings—they cannot be described.”

The Rev. Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, D. D., in the *Hallische Nachrichten*, tells the soul stirring story of Frederick Reichelsderfer, whose two grown daughters had attended a course of instruction under him, in the Catechism, and been solemnly admitted by confirmation to the communion of the Ev. Lutheran Church, in New Hanover, Montgomery county.

“This man afterwards went with his family some distance into the interior, to a tract of land which he had purchased in Albany township, Berks county. When the war with the Indians broke out, he removed his family to his former residence, and occasionally returned to his farm, to attend to his grain and cattle. On one occasion he went accompanied by his two daughters, to spend a few days there, and bring away some wheat. On Friday evening, after the wagon had been loaded, and everything was ready for their return on the morrow, his daughters complained that they felt anxious and dejected, and were impressed with the idea that they were soon to die. They requested their father to unite with them in singing the familiar German funeral hymn :

“Wie Weiss Wie Nahe Meine Ende?”

(“Who knows how near my end may be?”)

after which they commended themselves to God in prayer, and retired to rest.

The light of the succeeding morn beamed upon them, and all was yet well. Whilst the daughters were attending to the dairy, cheered with the joyful hope of soon greeting their friends and being out of danger, the father went to the field for the horses to prepare for their departure home. As he was passing through the field he suddenly saw two

Indians, armed with rifles, tomahawks and scalping knives, making towards him at full speed. The sight so terrified him that he lost all self command, and stood motionless and silent. When they were about twenty yards from him, he suddenly, and with all his strength, exclaimed, "Lord, Jesus, living and dying, I am there!" Scarcely had the Indians heard the words "Lord Jesus", which they probably knew as the white man's name of the Great Spirit, when they stopped short, and uttered a hideous yell.

The man ran with almost supernatural strength into the dense forest, and by taking a serpentine course, the Indians lost sight of him, and relinquished the pursuit. He hastened to an adjoining farm, where two German families resided, for assistance, but, on approaching near it, he heard the dying groans of the families, who were falling beneath the murderous tomahawks of some other Indians.

Having providentially not been observed by them, he hastened back to learn the fate of his daughters. But, alas! on arriving within sight, he found his home and barn enveloped with flames. Finding that the Indians had possession here he hastened to another adjoining farm for help. Returning, armed with several men he found the house reduced to ashes, and the Indians gone. His eldest daughter had been entirely burnt up, a few remains only of her body being found. And, awful to relate, the younger daughter, though her scalp had been cut from her head and her body horribly mangled from head to foot with the tomahawk, was yet living. "The poor women," says Muhlenberg, "was able to state all the circumstances of the dreadful scene." After having done so she requested her father to stoop down to her that she might give him a parting kiss; and then go to her dear Saviour; and after she impressed her dying lips upon his cheek, she yielded her spirit into the hands of that Redeemer, who, though his judgments are often unsearchable, and his ways past finding out, has nevertheless said, "I am the resurrection and the life, if any man believe in me, though he die yet shall he live."—(Frontier Forts of Pennsylvania.)

INDIAN CUSTOMS AND LIFE.

The writer has often been asked as to various Indian customs, manner of living, as to their implements, whether the skins were worn "green", how fish were caught, etc. As the subject may be interesting, not alone to the youthful but to the reader of maturer years, this paper will be devoted to the answer of these questions and such others as may in the view of the writer arise in the inquiring mind.

They measured time by "moons." They had rites and ceremonies not unlike those of the ancient Jewish race, and some other reasons, which will not here be related, it was thought by early scientists that they sprang from the original ten tribes of Israel. They offered their first fruits; they had a kind of feast of tabernacles; they were said to lay their altar of twelve stones; their mourning continued a year and their customs of women were in many respects the same. Their justice was purely pecuniary accompanied with feasts; the amount of wampum to be paid was measured by the gravity of the offence and even murder was atoned in this way. They rarely had brawls; these and kindred crimes came only with the introduction of the "civilized" fire water. They would pay double for the killing of a woman.

Probably one of the most important of the mechanical arts to them was the tanning of hides and skins. We can hardly imagine how they would think this problem out, but they did it and in a most simple way and to a high degree of perfection. There is no buckskin like that of Indian tanning. They would take the hide when damp or wet and lay it on a smooth stone, probably a lapstone, and would gather it in narrow folds, just as narrow as they could hold between the thumb and forefinger, and then pound it with another smooth stone and thus go thoroughly and repeatedly over the whole hide until, you might say, the life was beaten out of it; it was then stretched on sticks and placed over a smouldering fire of wood and leaves for a time and the tanning process was completed.

Their chief gardening was the raising of corn and melons. They ate the roots of Tawkee, a poisonous plant that grew in the meadows and swamps; the roots grew to the thickness of a sapling; they destroyed the poison by baking.

They would dig a trench, place them in and cover the roots with earth and over them would build a fire until thoroughly baked and they would then taste not unlike potatoes. Whortleberries were a common diet; they would dry or parch them in the sun. Katniss, a root found in wet ground, about the size of a fist, tasting somewhat like potatoes, was much used. Hohniss, resembling potatoes, were eaten boiled instead of bread. The dried seed of the Tawkee were also relished. The nut from the white oak, and such other edible nuts as were found, were a common diet. The streams and the chase of course furnished them largely with what they ate. Their kettles and boilers were made of clay mixed with white sand or quartz, or of different kinds of potstone. Many of them were made closed at the top with a hole on two sides at the top through which they would thrust a stick, and in this way it was held over the fire. These were usually ornamented and very cleverly made. They would burn them some, though not much, as they could be cut with a knife. Their stone tomahawks and axes were of little use in cutting down trees.

When they wished to cut down a tree out of which to get a log from which to make their canoe, they did not cut it down but they got the log nevertheless. They would build a great fire at the roots of the tree and burn it off. They would prevent that portion of the tree they wished to preserve from burning by making a swab of rags tied to a pole and kept constantly wet with which they would swab all that part exposed to the fire that they did not wish to burn. Having the log they would in like manner burn out the "dug out" and then finish and smooth their work with their hatchets, sharp flints and shells. Their knives were made of sharp pieces of flint or quartz or of a piece of sharpened bone. Their stone arrow-heads were made of flint or quartz, and their fish-hooks were made of the claws of birds and of animals. Stone and even wooden pestles were used to pound or grind their corn. The old Dutch wind-mill was to them a great wonder and it was hard to make them understand that the momentum was caused by other means than by the work of the great spirit. It is claimed that in very early days they made pipes of copper, but those known were made of clay, potstone and a serpentine stone.

They made their ropes, bridles and twine for nets, etc., out of a wild weed which grows in abundance in old corn fields and known as Indian hemp. The Swedes found these ropes more desirable when used in water than their own hempen ropes. Indian women made their thread and strings from the same material, dyeing them to suit their fancy; the process of manufacture was primitive indeed, as the filaments were rolled with the hand on the bare thigh. Their sole domestic animal was the dog. Their tombs were frequently covered over with a pile of stones as a precaution against marauding animals.

Logan's wife, who was a Mohican, and the daughter-in-law of Shikellimy, and therefore an Indian woman of some caste, buried her little four-year-old daughter at Shamokin in a roughly made coffin, made probably by herself, as she borrowed the nails for it from a white family. She placed in the coffin with the corpse a blanket, several pairs of moccasins, buckskin for new ones, needle and thread, a kettle, two hatchets to cut kindling wood, flint and steel, so that on arriving in the new country she could go to house-keeping. She was also beautifully painted and was furnished a supply of bear's meat, corn and a calabash. After the funeral she brought to sister "Mack" a Moravian nun, and who had given her Christian comfort, a quart tin cup, saying: "This had been her daughter's, and she should keep it in remembrance of her." The woman asked sister "Mack" whether her little daughter would go to the Christian's God. She seemed greatly comforted when sister "Mack" said "yes."

Where did this idea of immortality spring from which had this deep lodgment in the breast of the savage, who had never heard of the Christian God? Is not after all, Nature the great teacher of immortality, and when men say there is no hereafter, is it not but the voice of depraved nature? Nature bereft of those concomitant elements with which it was originally sent forth from the hand of the Creator, and has therefore become an anomaly, a malformation as it were. If these poor people would make this preparation for their new country, this sacrifice, then immortality was to them a verity, a state of being of which they felt that they knew. Had they not present before them the same

argument that the great logician, the Apostle Paul, used more than eighteen hundred years ago? May be they did not express it as forcibly as he, but were the reasons not the same? Did they not live and act his very Epistle thousands and thousands of years before him save only that the way was not pointed out to them. Their goal was the same save that they would enjoy theirs with the habiliments of this life; their hope was the same, their preparation was as zealously made and as carefully as they knew. For them no Redeemer had died. Their faith must lie in their hope and their hope must rely solely upon the performance by *them* alone of those conditions which *they* knew. If these untutored children of nature knew that they were immortal, and lived toward that immortality as they understood it, what a lesson it teaches to the enlightenment of the close of the nineteenth century.

FORT LEBANON, CONTINUED.

“What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap;
In dews that Heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.”

“What's hallowed ground? tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground.”

A ten minutes walk from the station of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Auburn, on the public road leading to the Centre turnpike at Pine Dale, and you stand on the site of old Fort Lebanon. The part that was enclosed by the stockade, which was a hundred feet square, forms now a part of a public road, a field and an untilled portion of another field. The spring which was enclosed within the stockade still bubbles forth from out the ground though probably in far less

volume than when its watershed was shaded and protected by the forest primeval, and before the little cuticles and surface veins which drank in the dews and rains, were severed and broken by the plough of the husbandman. Here under the grateful shade of the majestic old white oak which stands like a silent sentinel over this hallowed ground, the traveller may sit down and rest, and slake his thirst out of the same wellspring that refreshed the old war heroes whose castle stood here in the dark long ago. Looking to the southward towards the historic Blue Mountains there still stand a few surviving hickorys and oaks which, if they had tongues to speak, could tell volumes of tales far more interesting than the pen may now write. Here at our feet flows Pine Creek but then revelling in its Indian appellation "Bohundy". Its serpentine course now winds through field and meadow, then again through a tangled wildwood until it reaches the northern base of the Blue Mountains where it empties its liquid burthen into the Schuylkill. Here, doubtless, the Indian was wont to stray, spear in hand, which under the guidance of an eye as quick as that of the fish hawk, leaped into ripple and pool and brought forth its finny prey for the delectation of his squaw and pappoose.

Here later on Captain Morgan's men laved their weary and miry limbs after their return from the long range up beyond "the second mountain where the Schuylkill flows through", purling and singing a merry tune then as it does now, little recking of the scenes that were being enacted around it. Far off to the left, over and beyond the wide, rolling table-land lying between the forks of the Schuylkill stand aloft the high peaks of the Blue Mountains reaching up their pointed heads into the very clouds and in the still farther distance seeming to become a part of them; to the westward there looms up the continued range of an endless mountain, and to the northward the irregular foothills that enclose this beautiful vale. Here still lies the dark-colored mouldering earth bearing the print of the vegetable decay of these ancient battlements. Time with the aid of the plough has not yet effaced the depressions remaining from the underground excavations for the cellar-way and other substructures of this war-like edifice, while over all the sentinel white oak stretches out its wide spreading limbs as if

to gather beneath its wings the earthly remains of this once hospitable refuge for our sires of the Blue Mountains.

Look at this mighty monarch, no longer of the forest but of the vale. From the far off distance you will choose him as the king of his fellows, rearing his head above all the surrounding vale, his great trunk of nearly a dozen feet of girth, shooting out very trees for limbs. Straight he stands as the dressed soldier and of all who stood in this fort during those perilous summers and dreary winters, he, only, is left standing here alone. And do you ask, was he one of the garrison? Surely he was. Look at the first limb, then the second and the third, yes, nearly all of them; see how they bend downward, surely not of their own weight; nature inclines them upward and outward. The burden they bore in their youth made them weary, inclined their backs to bend with their load, and what wisdom so truthfully says of the tree may as aptly and as truthfully be said of the limb, "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined." What more natural than that this tree should be the lookout for the sentinel. It was far better than the port holes and commanding a greater view; one sentinel being able to keep the vigils of four from the stockades. He had all sides before him while the eye from the port hole had but one.

Doubtless the tree and the spring did more to commend the site than any other consideration. How eagerly would brave old Captain Morgan wait at the foot of this tree to hear the cry "All's well." How portentous to all who dwelt in this fort was the sound that should fall like its fruit from its branches. "The foe is come. I see smoke of his camp fire curling among that clump of pines on yonder hill. I see the flames of depredation leap up and light the sides of Second Mountain. I hear the death wail of the Finchers, the Semelackes, the Millers, yea and of a score of others. I hear the tramp of the foe but a mile away. Hark! that is the death cry of our neighbor. See the light that now discloses the silver sheen of the Schuylkill; all is desolation and ruin. I see the trail of blood leading up through the gap through which the Schuylkill flows and I hear the last wail of the captive, dying away in the mountain, as he casts one last lingering look upon the scenes of his home perhaps to be seen by him no more forever. Open wide the gates; here

come the widows, the fatherless, the wounded, the scalped, the almost lifeless who have left their dear ones lying cold and stiff under the tomahawk of the savage, the death cries still ringing in their ears—houseless, homeless, hopeless, all that was dear to them cruelly torn away from them and butchered—heartbroken, everything, all, all lost to them forever.”

Could this old oak but speak, what a tale he would tell!

But says the cold present, this is not enough. You said this was *hallowed* ground. See you yonder gothic structure, standing there unsullied by the touch of neighboring worldly edifices, grand and imposing stands it there. Sainly forms are standing in the colors of the rainbow in its windows. Over its high portals in letters of gold stand out in bold relief the word “Welcome,” the breathing of the deep toned organ from within commands a religious awe from all without, the solemn tones of the great bell in the high tower just underneath the yet higher steeple bids you come to watch and pray, to cast your burdens upon the Lord, to worship his holy name. This is the House of God. Here all are welcome. Here come the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the lame, the halt and the blind, all standing equal before the great Supreme Being to whom and to whose service this house is dedicated. Here “through long-drawn aisle and fretted vault” may the sorrow laden and the weary be comforted. Here worshipped our fathers—here will worship our posterity. This is sacred, hallowed ground, it is the House of God, for hath He not said, “where but two of ye shall gather together in my name there will I be in your midst also.” There are twenty-one such hallowed places of worship here in Pottsville and more than an hundred others in this county alone. They are the pride of our people, cherished and nurtured as no other spot in all the world; yet this harvest of churches springs from the little grain of mustard seed that was planted by Captain Morgan in the unbroken forest at Fort Lebanon.

On July 8, 1756, Captain Morgan wrote into his diary between data of Indian foray and war, “Being a day of humiliation we applied ourselves thereto.” This is the first record of concerted religious service ever held in Schuylkill county. In the midst of a cruel and relentless foe in the

heart of the wilderness; where the only other who could be present was God himself, these brave men for the time laid down their weapons of war and without the fear of foe or wild beast, yet surrounded by them, applied themselves in humiliation to the worship of the God of their fathers. Gentle reader, is this not a hallowed spot whose early scenes and associations should go straight to the heart of all of us? It was not alone the original seat of religious worship. It was the first seat of government in Schuylkill County. The Inspection reports show the fort to be located in "no township". Here was first administered the law, military law altogether, perhaps, nevertheless all the law that was administered in the county was here administered. The only organization was the military and Captain Morgan was the commander. He was the viceroy of all legal authority here. If there be a spot in Schuylkill county that should be honorably marked and remembered by us all, what other is it if not Fort Lebanon?

June 11, 1896.

NARRATIVE OF ETIENNE BRULE.

Delaware Bay was discovered by Hendrick Hudson in 1609, August 28th. The Dutch settled along its shores in 1623 and between that date and 1638 had purchased from the Indians the lower valley of the Schuylkill and had created a fort called "Beverrede", where an enormous trade in beaver skins was established. This was the earliest settlement in Pennsylvania. But history records that one other white man traversed through the entire State at a much earlier period to wit, in 1615. He was the first white man who ever set foot on Pennsylvania soil. In "McGinness' Olzmachson" the history of this adventure is given as will follow.

Whilst the story in itself most interesting, is not properly a "Blue Mountain Tale", yet as it explains the attitude of the native Indians of these parts it may be permissible. The Andastes named here were of the same tribe as the Delaware or Lenni-Lenape, the former being the mountain Indians, the latter the river Indians. They comprised what were known as the Algonquin race of Indians. The An-

dastes Indians were a warlike people and were almost annihilated by the Iroquois or Six Nations. The few who remained when the white man came were Christianized by the Moravians and Quakers and settled near the mouth of the Susquehanna. They were also known by the name of "Susquehannocks," and later were called Conestoga Indians.

In 1763 not long before the Conquest of the Indians by Colonel Boquet, the feeling of the people of Lancaster was so embittered against the Indians by reasons of some terrible massacres that had been committed there, that the authorities fearing that the lives of these few friendly Indians were in jeopardy, brought them into Lancaster and placed them in the jail as a means of their safety. The mob could not be controlled, however, and on the night of December 14th, 1763, all of them were taken from the jail and cruelly murdered. Thus perished the race forever. History records, "The manner of their taking off was one of the most atrocious events in the history of those bloody times, and equals, if not exceeds, any deed ever committed by the Indians." In history it is known as the "Paxton Massacre" and the perpetrators as the "Paxton Boys."

In a work entitled "Some Account of the Conduct of the Religious Society of Friends Towards the Indian Tribes," published in London, in 1844, is a frontispiece map entitled "Aboriginal America," which purports to give the location of the different tribes at the time of the first settlement of the country by the English Colonists. The Andastes are located on the head-waters of the Allegheny River, in Pennsylvania and New York, west of the Iroquois or Six Nations. But the work does not mention the tribe in its pages. If such is the fact, they must have been expelled from this locality by the Iroquois previous to the coming of the French into Canada in the Sixteenth Century, for the Jesuites who lived among the Iroquois do not mention them, if they called them Andastes, as Mr. Craig states. Confirmatory of this map, we refer to the history of the attack made on the Iroquois at Hurons, led by the redoubtable Champlain, with a few Frenchmen as allies in the summer of 1615. Parkman, in his *Pioneers of the French in the New World* quotes Champlain as saying: "There

cheering news, for an allied nation (i. e. with the Huron Nation) called Carontorans or Andastes had promised to join the Hurons in the enemy's country with 500 men * * * At the outlet of Lake Simcoe they all stopped to fish. (Allies did.) Here the intrepid Etienne Brule, at his own request, was sent with twelve Indians to hasten forward the 500 warriors. A dangerous venture, since his course must be through the borders of the Iroquois.

We leave Champlain to his adventures and pass on to trace the experience of Etienne and his party on their way to the Andastes.

Meanwhile Etienne Brule had found cause to rue the hour when he undertook his hazardous mission to the Carontonian allies. Three years passed before Champlain saw him. It was in the summer of 1618 that, reaching the Saint Louis, he there found the interpreter, his hands and his face marked with the traces of the ordeal he had passed. Brule then told him his story. He had gone, as already mentioned, with twelve Indians to hasten the march of the allies, who were to join the Hurons before the hostile town of the Onondagas. Crossing Lake Ontario, the party pushed onward with all speed, avoiding trails, threading the thickets, forests, and darkest swamps, for it was the land of the fierce and watchful Iroquois. They were well advanced on their way when they saw a small party of them crossing a meadow, set upon them, surprised them, killed four and took two prisoners, whom they led to Carontonan (the town of the Andastes), a palisaded town with a population of 800 warriors, or about 4,000 souls. The dwellings and defenses were like those of the Hurons, and the town seems to have stood at or near the upper waters of the Susquehanna. They were welcomed with feasts, dancing and an uproar of rejoicing. The 500 warriors prepared to depart so slowly that though the hostile town was but three days distant they found, on reaching it, that the besiegers (Champlain and his Hurons) were gone. Brule now returned with them to Carontonan and, with enterprise worthy his commander (Champlain), spent the winter in a tour of exploration. Descending a river, evidently the Susquehanna, he followed it to its junction with the sea, through territories of populous tribes, at war, the one with the other,

when, in the spring, he returned to Carontonan, five or six of the Indians offered to guide him towards his countrymen (the French at Montreal). Less fortunate than before, he encountered on the way a band of Iroquois, who rushing upon the party, scattered them through the woods. Brule ran like the rest.

The cries of pursuers and pursued died away in the distance; the forest was silent around him. He was lost in the shady labyrinth. For three or four days he wandered, helpless and famished, till at length he found an Indian footpath, and, choosing between starvation and the Iroquois, desperately followed it, to throw himself upon their mercy. He soon saw three Indians in the distance, laden with fish newly caught, and called to them in the Huron tongue, which was radically similar to that of the Iroquois. They stood amazed, then turned to fly, but Brule, gaunt with famine, flung down his weapons in token of friendship. They now drew near, listened to the story of his distress, lighted their pipes and smoked with him, then guided him to their village and gave him food. A crowd gathered about him. Whence do you come? Are you not of the Frenchmen, the men of iron, who make war on us? Brule answered that he was of a nation better than the French and fast friends of the Iroquois. His incredulous captors tied him to a tree, tore out his beard by handfuls and burned him with firebrands, while their chief vainly interposed in his behalf. He was a good Catholic and wore an *Agnus Dei* at his breast. One of his torturers asked what it was, and thrust out his hand to take it. "If you touch it," exclaimed Brule, "you and all your race will die!" The Indian persisted. The day was hot and one of those thunder gusts which often succeed the fierce heat of an American summer was rising against the sky. Brule pointed to the inky sky as tokens of the anger of his God. The storm broke, and, as the celestial artillery boomed over their darkening forests, the Iroquois were stricken with a superstitious terror. They all fled from the spot, leaving their victim still bound fast, until the chief, who had endeavored to protect him, returned, cut the cords, led him to his lodge and dressed his wounds; and when he wished to return to his countrymen, a party of Iroquois guided him four

days on his way. He reached the friendly Hurons in safety and joined them on their yearly descent to the French traders at Montreal.

FORT NORTHKILL.

Fort Northkill was located about midway between Forts Lebanon and Henry on the southeastern base of the Blue Mountains and along the public road leading from Pottsville to Rehrersburg. "Frontier Forts" thus treats of it:

"On Jan. 25th, 1756, Captain Jacob Morgan, in command of Fort Lebanon, above what is now Port Clinton, was ordered to leave twenty men at his fort and with the remaining thirty proceeded "to some convenient place about half way between that Fort and Fort—— at Tolihaio, and there to erect a Stoccado of about 400 foot square, where he is to leave 20 men under a Commiss'd officer and to return to Fort Lebanon, which he is to make his Headquarters and from that Stoccade & from fort Lebanon, his men are to Range and scour the woods both eastward and westward." (Penn. Arch., ii, p. 547.)

In choosing the ground for the stockade he is to take care that there is no hill near it which will overlook or command it, from whence an enemy might annoy the people within and also see that there is a spring or running stream of water either in the fort or at least within command of their guns. (Penn. Arch., ii, p. 548.)

The orders were duly carried out, and the stockade erected, but evidently with somewhat less care than should have been exercised. Commissary James Young, when making his tour of inspection in 1756, has this to say of its hope and appearance:

June 20th, at 2 P. M., sett out from Reading, Escorted by 5 men of the town, on horseback, for the Fort at Northkill; at ½ past 6, we came to the Fort, it is ab't 19 miles from Reading, the Road very hilly and thick of wood; the Fort is ab't 9 miles to the westw'd of Schuylkill, and Stand in a very thick Wood, on a small Rising Ground, half a mile from the Middle Northkill Creek; it is intended for a square ab't 32 ft. Each way, at East Corner, a half Basin,

of very little Service to Flank the Curtains, the Stocccades are very ill fixed in the Ground and open in many Places; within is a very bad Logg house for the people, it has no Chimney, and can afford but little shelter in bad weather; when I came here, the Serjant, who is Commander, was absent and gone to the next plantation, half a mile off, but soon came, when he had intelligence I was there; he told me he had 14 men Posted with him, all detached from Capt. Morgan's Comp'y, at Fort Lebanon, 5 of them were absent by his leave. vist. two he had let go to Reading for three days, one he had let go to his Own house, 10 miles off, and two more this afternoon, a few miles from the Fort, on their own business; there was but Eight men and the Serjant on Duty. I am of opinion there ought to be a Commiss'd Officer here, as the Serjant does not do his Duty, nor are the men under proper Command for want of a More Superior Officer; the woods are not Clear'd above 40 Yards from the Fort; I gave orders to Cut all down for 200 yds; I inquired the reason there was so little Powder & Lead here, the Serjant told me he had repeatedly requested more of Capt. Morgan, but to no purpose.

Provisions here, Flower and Rum, for 4 Weeks. Mr. Seely, of Reading, sends the Officer money to purchase meal as they want it.—Provincial Arms & Ammunition at North Kill Fort, vizt: 8 Gd. muskets, 4 Rounds of Powder & Lead, pr. man, 15 Blankets, 3 Axes.

The next day he left for Fort Lebanon, and upon his arrival they informed Captain Morgan that the Sergeant in Command at Northkill was derelict in his duty, and requested him to send a commissioned officer to relieve him, whereupon his Lieutenant was detailed for that purpose, and started for the post accompanied by two additional men taking with them 4 rounds of powder and 10 pounds of lead. (Penn. Arch. ii, p. 675-676.)

In July Col. Weiser directs Capt. Morgan to order "Six men to range from the little Fork on Northkill westward to the Emericks, and stay there if the people unite to work together in the Harvest, Six men to range Eastward on the same footing, Eight men to stay in the Fort." (Penn. Arch. ii, p. 696.)

From the foregoing we see that Fort Northkill was

built by the Government troops in the beginning of February, 1756. We have just read a description of its size and appearance. Not very extensive and hastily constructed, it was never intended for more than a station, which it was absolutely necessary to sustain between the two large forts. From the journal of its commanding officer, which will follow in full, we notice that in the summer of 1757 preparations were made for the erection of a more substantial place of defense. It is very doubtful whether the latter was ever constructed, for in the beginning of March, 1758, as we will see presently, the stockade was abandoned. The position, now determined, corresponds precisely with the description given above of the original, and nothing is known of any other in that locality. It is possible, of course, that the new fort may have been built beside the other, although there was barely room on the little elevation on which it stood for that. The new fort, again, may have only meant a general putting in order of the old, but I am inclined to believe that the project of its erection was abandoned after it had been commenced, and that we have only to deal with the original stockade.

!

INDIAN MASSACRES.

The historian of Schuylkill county, Daniel Rupp, who wrote in 1845, locates many Indian massacres in West Brunswick and Wayne townships in this county. The massacre of the two daughters of Frederick Richelderfer so pathetically told by the Rev. Henry Muhlenberg, and copied into a former paper, he locates in Schuylkill county, near Port Clinton.

On page 250 he says: "During the French and Indian war, the few scattering inhabitants, contiguous to the mountain, and the present boundary of Berks, were occasionally alarmed on account of the murders committed by the savages that were marauding through the southern portion of Schuylkill county (then Berks). The following account of massacres committed by the Indians, is here inserted, to show the situation of the pioneer settlers along the Blue Mountains:

In the early part of February, 1756, the Indians committed several cruel and barbarous murders in this township. On the 14th of February, 1756, the Indians came to the house of Frederick Reichelsderfer, shot two of his children, set his house and barn on fire, and burnt up all his grain and cattle. Thence they proceeded to the house of Jacob Gerhart, where they killed one man, two women and six children. Two children slipped under the bed, one of which was burned; the other escaped, and ran a mile to get to the people.

When the intelligence of this murder had reached Maxatany, many of the inhabitants of that township repaired to Albany to see what damage had been done; while on their way they received accounts of other murders. "When," says Jacob Levan, in a letter to Mr. Seeley, February 15, 1756, "I had got ready to go with my neighbors from Maxatany, to see what damage was done in Albany, three men, that had seen the shocking affair, came and told me that eleven were killed, eight of them burnt, and the other three found dead out of the fire. An old man was scalped, the two others, little girls, were not scalped.

On the 24th of March following, says the Pennsylvania Gazette, April 1, 1756, "ten wagons went to Allemaengle (Albany) to bring down a family with their effects; and as they were returning, about three miles below George Zeisloff's, were fired upon by a number of Indians from both sides of the road; upon which the wagoners left their wagons and ran into the woods, and the horses, frightened at the firing and terrible yelling of the Indians, ran down a hill and broke one of the wagons to pieces. That the enemy killed George Zeisloff and his wife, a lad of twenty, a boy of twelve, also a girl of fourteen years old, four of whom they scalped. That another girl was shot in the neck, and through the mouth, and scalped, notwithstanding all which she got off. That a boy was stabbed in three places, but the wounds were not thought to be mortal. That they killed two of the horses, and five are missing, with which it is thought the Indians carried off the most valuable goods that were in the wagons."

Some time in November, 1756, the Indians appeared again in this township, and carried off the wife of and three

children of Adam Burns—the youngest child was only four weeks old. In the month of June, 1757, the Indians murdered one Adam Trump—they took Trump's wife and his son, a lad nineteen years old, prisoners; but the woman escaped, though upon her flying, she was so closely pursued by one of the Indians, (of which there were seven), that he threw his tomahawk at her, and cut her badly in the neck. The instances of murder were both numerous and barbarous in this township."

As to Wayne township Mr. Rupp wrote: "The few scattering inhabitants of this region of country in 1755 to 1763, were greatly alarmed on account of the numerous murders committed by the savage Indians. The greater part, or all, had fled from their plantations into the more southern parts of Berks county. In October, 1755, the Indians were traversing this region of country, and committed several murders under circumstances of much cruelty. Mr. W. Parsons addressed a letter to the Rev. Kurtz, dated October, 1755, as follows:

"This morning, very early, between four and five o'clock, Adam Rees, an inhabitant over the first mountain, about six miles from Lawrence Hank's house, who lives on this side of the mountain, came to my house, and declared that yesterday, between eleven and twelve o'clock, he heard three guns fired toward the plantation of his neighbor, Henry Hartman, which made him suspect that something more than ordinary had happened there. Whereupon he took his gun and went over to Hartman's house, being about a quarter of a mile off, and found him lying dead upon his face; his head was scalped, but saw nobody else. He made, thereupon, the best of his way through the woods, to the inhabitants on this side of the mountain, to inform them of what had happened."

In another letter to Adam Reed, Mr. Parsons says:

Sir:—I wrote you yesterday, that I intended to be with you at the unhappy place, where Henry Hartman was murdered, but when I got to the top of the mountain, I met some men, who said they had seen two men lying dead and scalped, in the Shamokin road, about two or three miles from the place where we were; wherefore, we altered our course, being twenty-six in number, and went to the place,

and found the two men lying dead, about three hundred yards from each other, and all the skin scalped off their heads.

We got a grubbing hoe and spade, and dug a grave as well as we could, the ground being very stony, and buried them both in one grave, without taking off their clothes or examining at all their wounds; only we saw that a bullet had gone through the leg of one of them. I thought it best to bury them, to prevent their bodies from being torn to pieces by wild beasts. One of the men had a daughter with him that is yet missing; and the other man had a wife, and three or four children, that are also missing.

I shall be obliged to return home in a day or two, but hope to see you sometime about Christmas, and to find my unhappy countrymen somewhat relieved from this distressed condition. I can't help thinking that it would be well for a good number of the inhabitants to go next Monday, and help to bring the poor people's grain and corn to this side of the mountain—it will help to maintain them, which we must do, if they can't maintain themselves; and 'tis very likely those barbarous Indians will set fire to, and burn all, if it be not soon secured.

I am Sir, your very humble servant,

Wm. Parsons."

So greatly was Conrad Weiser alarmed for the safety of the inhabitants of this portion of Schuylkill County in the latter part of 1755 that he wrote the following letter to Governor Samuel Hunter Morris. When he speaks of the North side of the Kittidany mountains he refers to the lower valleys of what is now the lower tier of townships, West Brunswick, Manheim, Wayne, Washington and Pinegrove, all located north of what was then Albany, Heidelberg and Tulpehocken townships of Berks County. Indeed this section was presumably a part of these townships, although as will be remembered, Fort Lebanon was claimed as being in no township. Doubtless these incursions upon our people confirmed the belief that the French and Indian War in the Eastern part of Pennsylvania had actually begun, and which led to the building and hasty completion of the numerous forts along the Blue Mountains, especially

Forts Lebanon and Northkill, the former being completed in December of that year and the latter being built immediately after.

(From Penna. Archives, Vol. II, P. 453).

Conrad Weiser to Gov. Morris, 1755.

Heidelberg, Nov. the 2d, at Night, 1755.

Honored Sir:

I am going out Early next morning with a company of men, how many I can't tell as yet, to bring away the few and distressed familys on the north side of Kittidany while yet alive, (if there is yet alive such;) they crie aloud for assistance, and I shall give as my opinion to-morrow in public meeting of the township Heidleberg, and Tulpehockin, that they few that are alive and remaining there (the most part is come away) shall be forewarned to come to the South side of the hills, and we will Convey them to this side. If I don't go over the hills myself, I will see the men so far as the hills, and give such advise as I am able to do; there can be no force used, we are continually alarmed, and last night I received the account of Andw. Montour. Bell, Scarloady and others, wanting me to come up with my men to John Harris's ferry, and to Consult with them. I sent an account for my not coming with my son Samy, who set off by break of day this morning, with an Invitation to the Indians to come down to my House for Consultation. The same Message I had ventured to send by George Gabriel I send by Samy, a copy of which No. the very same I sent by George is here inclosed; when I received the letter from Harris's ferry, signed by several, among whom was Mr. J. Galbreath and Mr. Jas. Ellison, it was late in the night, I dispatch a Messenger after George, and he came back this morning; here inclosed, as said before, is his Er-rand; I hope to see my Son back again to-morrow night with Intelligence, that is one reason that I Can't go over the hills; my son Peter came up this Evening from Reading at the head of about fifteen men in order to accompany me over the hills, I shall let them go with the rest; had we but good regulation, with God's help, we Cou'd stand at our places of abode, but If the people fail, (which I am afeard they will, because some goes, some wont, some mocks, some pleads religion, and a great number of Cowards) I shall

think of myn and my familys preservation and quit my place, If I can get none to Stand by me to defend my own house. But I hope you will excuse this Hury, I have no Clerk now, and had no rest these several days nor nights hardly.

I am, Hond Sir,
Your obedient,

Conrad Weiser.

Governor Morris must have received these accounts with the most grave apprehensions. He hastened the building of the forts all along the Blue Mountains, and being probably more familiar with the operations on the French and Indian frontiers in the north and northwest he doubtless looked upon them as being of National importance. With this thought in his mind, he at once dispatched a circular to the Governors of all the neighboring Provinces, including Massachusetts and Virginia. The letter was dated November, 1755. In the same month he wrote lengthily to Col. George Washington, who wrote several letters in reply, all relating to plans and co-operation in the campaigns proposed as a means of defence in that warfare which these incursions and massacres portended. The following is a copy of the circular letter addressed to the several Governors:

(From II Pa. Arch 450.)

Gov. Morris to the Neighboring Governors, 1755.

Sir:

By the enclosed Intelligence you will see that the Indians have pass'd the Susquehana and laid waste the settlements, at a place called Tulpehockin, which was one of the best peopled and most fruitful parts of this Province, and lyes within about seventy miles of this city. The People, who are under no kind of Discipline, and mostly without arms, are flying before them and leaving the Country to their mercy. By the manner of ye attacks these savages have made upon the different parts of this Province, there is reason to believe their main body is more murderous than Scalping partys generally are, and as they destry Cattle & Horses and burn & destroy every thing before them, it seems to be their intention to disable us from furnishing Provision & ye expected Assistance in another Campaign

against Fort Duquesne, for which this Province was certainly most conveniently situated and best circumstanced, but will itself stand in need of the aid of the other Colonys, if these cruel ravages are suffered to go on, which I am much afraid the pacifick disposition of my Assembly will suffer them to do, as they have been now sitting a fortnight, without doing any thing to the purpose."

Here is material, located in our own county, to fill to the full a chapter of early history, not of Schuylkill county alone but of our country.

June 17, 1896.

INDIAN PATHS.

"The wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

The Indian paths through Schuylkill county must at all times have been important highways to the aborigines. The county lies in the watershed of the two great eastern rivers of the State, and being ramified by one of the main water avenues and its branches to the Delaware country it would naturally be traversed in the communications between the Northern and Western as well as most of the Susquehanna Indians with the Eastern or River Indians. Then, too, after the white man came, their communications continued with the lower Delaware country for a longer period than a hundred years. As much of our territory has remained uncultivated for so many years, these highways ought still to be well-known, but the engineers and the wood craftsmen of the early days in their zeal to run lines and erect monuments of ownership and possession evidently cared little, to perpetuate evidences of ownership in the ferocious savage whose merciless cruelty to the settlers left little of the sentimental, and all of resentment and hate, in the breast of the newcomer. Hence it is that there are well defined records of but a few of them left, and even tradition does not come to our rescue in this instance.

In order that the little knowledge of these avenues of communications that yet remains may not be totally buried in oblivion, the writer has set to work to gather the few

threads of the broken fabric that still remain, for the purpose of interweaving them into the varied discourses of these papers. That there existed an Indian path through what was formerly known as Tuscarora Gap, now better known hereabouts as the Schuylkill Gap, being the gap in the Sharp and Second Mountains just south of Pottsville, is well established in history. Captain Jacob Morgan reports, as heretofore related in another paper, that he will send a detachment to the gap in the Second Mountain "through which the Schuylkill flows," and that he has learned that the Indians are in the habit of retreating back to their own country through this gap, with their prisoners. (3 Pa. Arch, 190). We also have the journal of the sub-Commandant who was Col. Weiser's Ensign at Fort North-hill, for July 1st, 1757: (2 Pa. Arch. 161.) "Ser'j. Petr Smith ret'd with the Scout, and reported that when he came to Fort Lebanon, Captain Morgan sent a detachment under Ensign Harry to the Gap of the Schuylkill; and that on the 28th last past, (this was the same detachment that Capt. Morgan refers to) they ascended the mountains, and when they came on the other side, they found an encamping place of the Indians, which after Ensign Harry had surrounded with his party, he sent off Sergeant Smith with another party to lay in ambush on the Indian Path all night etc." This path evidently led down along the Schuylkill beyond Port Clinton and thence to Philadelphia. The writer has remarked somewhere in the Archives that Fort Lebanon's site was chosen with the view to its being near the Indian paths throughout the Gap. What was its northward course must be left to conjecture, save that as will appear *infra*, the path leading from the Swatara Valley to Shamokin intersected with another coming from an easterly (in this) direction at the head of Williams Valley in the western end of this County, and it is even conjectured that they were the same.

In making conjectures as to the probable route or course of these paths we may not always have the same point in view that the Indian had and it must be remembered, too, that the conditions were then very different. Many passes and gaps and the lowlands now dry and passable, were then impenetrable swamps. A map made by the late

Thomas J. Baird, an eminent land surveyor of the earlier days, dated in 1852, and drawn from surveys made in 1837, and perhaps earlier, locates an Indian path northward from the Swatara Valley, up along the Swatara river through the Talihao gap in the Blue Mountains, thence to the small stream over which the high bridge on the Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad is erected, thence up this stream to a point near Elwood Station, thence crossing the Second Mountain at Elwood and across the narrow valley to a gap in Sharp Mountain, thence northwardly along the western edge of DeHass swamp, thence across Stone Mountain still northwardly about a half mile east of Kalmia colliery into Williams Valley, at a point near the farm of Thomas Evans, Esq.; here the path is intersected by another from the eastwardly, and running parallel with the valley, westwardly towards the Susquehanna river to Shamokin now Sunbury. This is the path through which Andrew Lycan, his son John Lycan, John Revolt, Ludwig Shut and a negro man retreated after having been attacked on Lycan's improvement in Lykens Valley on March 7th, 1756, by sixteen or more Indians and killing three or more of them. The Lykens party were all wounded but all escaped. They were the first settlers in that valley.

The same map also shows another route or path which is designated as "formerly the old Sunbury road along the Indian path." This path led from Reading through Tulpehocken, thence across the Blue Mountains and crossing the Swatara at Pine Grove, thence northward through the gap in Sharp Mountain passing a little east of the Keffer tavern on Broad Mountain, thence down its northern slope into Pine Valley through what is now the town of Hegins, thence still down said Valley to a point where it crossed the Mahantongo Mountain and Valley to Shamokin now Sunbury. This path led near the site of Fort Henry at the southern base of Blue Mountain, and it was one of the causes that led to the building of the fort at that point. There was an Indian path still nearer the Susquehanna that led from the Lebanon Valley across the Blue Mountains at Cold Spring on the Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, thence across Sharp and Stoney Mountains to what is known as the Sand Spring, in Clark's Valley, and thence

north by west across Peters Mountain and Berrys Mountain to near the early improvement of Andrew Lycan before named, the first settler of Lykens Valley and after whom the valley is named, and thence by way of what is now Uniontown in Stone Valley, Dauphin County, to Shamokin, now Sunbury. This is supposed to be the path travelled over by Bishop Spangenberg in 1742 on his mission to the Indians at Shamokin and the West Branch Valley.* In the case of the Manhattan Coal Co. vs. Green, a Schuylkill County Supreme Court case, reported in 73 Penna. Reports, page 310, an old "Indian" sometimes called "Tory" path became an object of most careful research. A warrant was issued February 27, 1795, by the Commonwealth to Philip Meyer for a tract of land next to "Reeds" improvement, the site of Monterey or Mount Pleasant west of Minersville, and near Glendower colliery, "for four hundred acres of land on a branch of big Schuylkill, called Big Run (now known as the West West branch) adjoining lands surveyed on a warrant to John Hartman, down the said creek one mile near the tory path, Berks county." The contention was that the tory path referred to in the Hartman warrant was fifteen miles away along Broad Mountain, near Silver Creek, east of Pottsville.

The following extract is taken from the argument of Hons. Thomas R. Bannan and Francis W. Hughes, now both deceased, counsel for the defendant in error:

"Having thus satisfactorily established the location of the Philip Myer by the Big Run and by the John Hartman tract, it became further important to establish the location of what is called in the warrant the Tory path. The plaintiff produced evidence of the existence of some old paths crossing the mountain near the Philip Myer tract and more particularly of a very old path crossing the mountain to the east of the Big Run, and known as Indian Yob, or Indian Yow's path, but failed to show a path known distinctively as "the Tory path," while the defendants, by abundant testimony, established an old path known as the Tory path, distant about fifteen miles east from the Philip

*In Egle's Notes and Queries, First Series, Vol. I, the principal points along Bishop Spangenberg's route are identified. From this it appears that he may have taken the path by Elwood. People living in the Lykens Valley have the tradition that Andrew Lykens escaped by the Cold Spring path.—Secretary.

Myer tract. The course of this path was traced for many miles from the lower portion of Schuylkill county, up through the coal regions to the neighborhood of the town of Catawissa, and even the place where the Tories and Indians used to meet and trade together pointed out. Deceived by the Tory path, the defendants contended that the proper place to locate the Philip Myer warrant, would be near this path, (and not fifteen miles away), particularly as they found a large stream near this path, called Big Creek, and which they thought might mean "the Big Run" called for in the warrant." These facts bore the impress of probability and were somewhat calculated to throw doubt on the correctness of the plaintiff's location.

But the examination of the application for the Philip Myer warrant revealed a curious state of facts, and cleared up the difficulty at once. The application did not call for land "near the tow path." When the warrant was made out the clerk in the office (evidently not understanding what the applicant meant by "the tow path") described in the application except that instead of what seemed to be the tow path he transformed into the tory path. Had he been a German he might possibly have seen that what seemed tow path was in reality the Yoh path, the existence of which near the Philip Myer tract had been abundantly proved, and by no possibility, could it be tortured or twisted into the tory path. The existence of a tow-path in 1793 among the mountains of Schuylkill county, seemed, of course, ridiculous to the officer who issued the warrant, and so he changed it to the Tory path, a thing of which he had probably heard, and what he probably supposed the applicant meant. But the change was entirely unauthorized, and might have led to confusion but for the discovery of the Yoh path, which cleared up what seemed mysterious, and fixed the location of the Philip Myer beyond a doubt in the minds of the jury. It should be further recollected that the German letters "I" or "J" correspond to the English letter Y and that the word Yoh or Yow would be written as though spelled Joh or Jow. As the German J and I is made in the same way as the English T, it very naturally happened that what seemed in the English to be the Tow path, was in reality nothing more or less than the Yow or Yoh path. Even our

English capital Y's often resemble our I's and it takes now and then a very wise man to distinguish them."

Thomas J. Baird, the Land Surveyor already named in this paper, in his brief of title to the land in controversy in this case, makes the following reference to this path. His brief was prepared in the early portion of this century:

"The Phillip Myer Warrant calls for the John Hartman survey as an adjourner and near the Tory path on a branch of Big Schuylkill called Big Run. By the expression "Tory Path," I suppose is meant the old Indian paths crossing the country. There were a number of them from different sections of the lower country, across the mountains to the Susquehanna from below the Blue Mountains—The survey of the Philip Meyer survey as represented on the draft and from the age of the marks on the trees I believe to have been an old Indian path, and the same which goes on to the eastward through the Kunkle tracts on the heads of the Swatara and Shafer's creeks crossing the Sharp Mountain and the valley between the Sharp and Second Mountains at the summit between the Indian Run and Black Creek, known and called there The Indian Path, in the old surveys—These paths are said to have derived their names "Tory Paths" from the following circumstances. At the time of the Revolutionary War, many persons who were opposed to the War, and from religious principals averse to bearing arms, moved by the means of these paths, on pack horses, their goods and families to the valleys near the Susquehanna, where they hoped to be able to live in peace, and not be molested by the recruiting parties or Foraging parties of the Army or be drafted in the militia service.

There are a number of these old Indian paths crossing the country through Lycoming, Bradford, Center and Clearfield counties from the Susquehanna to the western waters—But I have never heard the term applied to them of "Tory Path" by the old settlers in those counties—It appears to have been used and applied to the paths from below the Blue Mountain from the Schuylkill and Delaware waters through Berks and Northampton Counties and by persons who had resided in these counties."

It is gratifying to note the added interest to the locality

heretofore mentioned in a former paper, at the headwaters of Indian Run. The path referred to as being fifteen miles away from the Philip Meyer Tract ran along Broad Mountain at Silver Creek and passed along the site of Frackville. There were doubtless many others in this county but the writer has no record knowledge of them, and the traditions of them that have come to his knowledge are so vague as not to entitle them to a notice here.

The Indian's Path has faded out of the landscape for all times. Doubtless it was the most enduring monument to mind or matter he left behind him. His parks and his walks have been destroyed by the hand of industry and laid waste to him forever. His trail even is obliterated from the face of his country. If we knew where they all were we would plant no monument to preserve them. His was but a mere passive part in the great drama of human life. He was not even an actor therein. His life was all a mere present to him save that glimmer of immortality that here and there shed its rays upon it. He left no art, no science, no teaching that enters into the capital stock in the rise and development of the human mind. His experience of a thousand years taught present humanity nothing; and soon the memory of his existence, like his trail, will have perished and will have vanished away from the face of the earth. Where he might once tread as a sovereign, king, owning his titles to the land in allodium, answerable to no man, he now skulks, not even as a citizen, tolerated only if he remain where it pleases the fancy of the Anglo-Saxon to place him. So passed away the ancient Philistine. So the God-favored Israelite. So in his turn the lordly Egyptian who needed but stretch forth his arm and the world were his slaves. Then came his conqueror, the Ancient Roman, great in science, learned in philosophy, mighty in arms, the sovereign of the world. Yet how soon it all vanished, and the ignorant heathen stood on his neck and reduced his temples and his science to ashes and ruin. From world sovereignty, when his splendor was destroyed, he abjectly sued that he might but retain his name and a shadow of his race in his ancient boot-shaped home beyond the Alps, with the Sea alone for his neighbor. So with Greece, whose doom was so closely sealed that her risen corpse after a thousand years

still smells of the grave clothes. And, says the pessimist, so of the great Anglo-Saxon, the world conqueror of to-day, when he looks forward to the time when the Fegee shall take soundings in the English Channel for the dome and the pillars of St. Paul's. But he is forgetful of the change of conditions. Living, fructifying Christianity is the foundation of government today, and not the dessicated skeleton of heathen idolatry. The human intellect is approaching the divine. To-day we command and control the elements to such a degree that if the pretensions thereto had been made not even so long ago as three hundred years we would have been drowned by Christians, as witches and wizards. the nearer we approach the knowledge of all created things the closer we come to truth which knows only perfect order.

Christianity has revealed to man his own sovereignty and it has inculcated in him those principles of self-preservation as made his government a part of himself, and as its teachings elevate him so will he elevate his government, until all the world shall rise up and say there is but one King over us, and He reigneth over all the Heavens and the Earth.

Note. The writer is indebted for important facts and data in the preparation of this paper to Messrs. Preston Miller, Land Surveyor for Phila. and Rdg. C. & I. Co., and A. B. Cochran and Son, Civil and Mining Engineers.

FORT NORTHKILL (Continued.)

"This (Fort Northkill) is one of the very few forts of which any trace exists. The cellar is still visible, although now nearly drifted full with forest leaves. This is unquestionably owing to its isolated location. Its site is about two miles distant from Strausstown, in Upper Tulpehocken township, Berks county, and about half a mile from one of the branches of the Northkill creek, from which it derives its name. It stood directly at the base of the mountains, and, even now, is still on the edge of the wood land. Its position, however, was good. It was a short distance from the main State road, and on slightly elevated ground which gave it a full view of the cultivated valley

lying all around it. A small stream of water issuing from a spring, was close to it. At the time of the Indian troubles, as now, the land was cultivated almost up to the fort, but even now, as then, its site stands on the edge of waste mountain land, and it is owing to its undisturbed conditions that some trace can still be seen. Mr. Jonathan Goodman, of Strausstown, a gentleman who in 1879 was nearly eighty years old, and who was born and lived all his life time in that neighborhood, remembers that, in his younger days the stockades were still in position and higher than the ceiling of a room, and that the form of the fort could still be seen (Indians of Berks County, D. B. Branner, p. 23). To this day the location of Fort Northkill is well known in and about Strausstown.

One of these encounters is related in a letter from Lieu. Humphreys, in command, to Col. Weiser:

Whilst it may have been a comparatively insignificant station, it was a most important one. We will see from its records that its garrison and officers were always most actively engaged. In fact they probably had more than their share of actual encounters with the savages. It would certainly be an ill-advised act not to erect a monument to mark the location of Fort Northkill. It should be placed on the site of the fort.

A number of these interesting occurrences are, fortunately, on record, and their perusal will add much to the interest which attaches itself to this fort.

Thursday, November 4th, 1876.
Fort above Northkill.

May it please the Colonel:

Yesterday we were alarmed by a Number of Indians, who came and took a Child away. Immediately upon hearing the News, I, with nine men, went in Pursuit of 'em, leaving a number of Farmers to guard the Fort 'till we should return. But we found nothing 'till this morning, we went out again; and, in our Return to the Fort, we were apprised of them by the firing of several Guns; when I ordered my men to make what speed they could. We ran till we were almost out of Breath, and, finding Nicholas Long's house attacked by the Indians, the farmers, who were with us to the Number of Twenty, deserted and fled;

leaving the Soldiers to fight. We stood in Battle with 'em for several minutes 'till there was about Sixty Guns discharged and, at length, we put the Indians to flight.

We have one Man wounded, and my Coat was shot through in four places. The Number of Indians was twenty. Our Number at first was 24, But they all deserted and fled except seven. Two old men were killed before we came, one of whom was Scalped. The Women & Children were in the Cellar and the House was on Fire; But we extinguished it and brought the Women and Children to the Fort. I desire the Colonel to send me a Reinforcement; for the men solemnly say they will not go out with the Farmers, as they deserted in the Battles and never fired a Gun. The Indians cryed the Halloo, during the Battle.

We have one of their Guns and a Blanket, which had two Holes with a Bullet in, and is Bloody. The Indians had all red Hats and red Blankets.

Sir,

This in Distress (wanting Re-inforcements) from

Yours to Command

Samuel Humphrey's.

May it please the Colonel to send by the Bearer, Adam Hayerling, as much Powder and Lead as you can spare. (Penn. Arch., iii, p. 28.)

Lieut. Humphreys also made his report to Capt. Morgan, who in turn, on Nov'r 4th writes to Gov. Denny, giving him details of occurrences around Fort Lebanon, and the account of the Fight at Northkill.

"At 12 of the clock at night I Rec'd an Express from Lieut. Humphreys, Commander at the Fort at Northkill, who inform'd me that the same Day about 11 o'clock in the Forenoon (about half a Mile from his Fort), as he was returning from his Scout, came upon a Body of Indians to the Number of 20 at the House of Nicholas Long, where they had killed 2 old Men and taken another Captive, and doubtless would have killed all the Family, they being 9 children in the House, the Lieut's party, tho' 7 in number, fired upon the Indians and thought they killed 2, they dropping down and started up again, one held his Hand (as they imagined) over his Wound, and they all ran off making

a Hallowing Noise; we got a Blanket and a Gun which he that was shot dropped on his flight. The Lieut. had one Man shot through the right arm and the right side, but hopes not mortal, & he had four Shotts through his own Cloaths. I this day went out with a party to bury the dead nigh here; we are all in high spirits here; if it would please his Honour to order Reinforcement at both Forts. doubt not but we should soon have an opportunity to Revenging the Loss." (Penn. Arch., iii, p. 30.)

It is gratifying to know that Lieut. Humphreys, was given a fair amount of credit for his gallant action. James Read, Esq., in writing Nov. 7th, to Gov. Denny, observes: "By Concurrent Accounts from several Persons, whose character will not suffer me to doubt what they tell me, I am persuaded that Mr. Humphreys behav'd in a most laudable Manner and manifested that calm courage and Presence of Mind which will ever gain an advantage over superior Numbers, whose leader is too precipitate and void of Discretion." (Penn. Arch., iii, p. 36.) Immediately upon receipt of this the Governor directs Capt. Morgan to "thank Lieutenant Humphrey and the men under him on my part for ye gallant Behavior in the later Action ag't the Indians." (Penn. Arch., ii, p. 39.)

A LEGEND OF THE NORTHKILL.

It was just as the twilight came on a beautiful Sabbath in the latter part of the month of June, 1760, when two persons might have been seen conversing in an earnest manner under the foliage of a wide spreading chestnut tree at the base of the sunny side of the Blue Mountains near the Northkill, a small mountain tributary to the Tulpohocken Creek. It would hardly require a second glance for even the casual observer to note that they were lovers and that there lay before and beyond them a beautiful life which to them seemed would never have ending. Every few moments would the young swain make a movement as if to mount the well caparisoned horse that stood patiently by his side cropping off here and there a tall timothy that seemed to have strayed away from its fellows in the enclosed field that skirted the lower mountain base, yet still he lingered.

At length, however, her drooping eyelashes told only too truly that the last farewell was being said, and in a moment her Siegfried had vaulted into the saddle, and with a parting salute he was seen no more, as the horse's swift gallop swept him under and onward through the green archway of mountain pine and chestnut.

A beautiful girl was she, of scarce twenty summers, with the appearance of that hardihood which mountain air and early backwoods life give to youth and health, yet withal, there was too an air of refinement that comes from gentle breeding, mental culture and a sweet Christian life. For not far away from her father's farm at the edge of which she now stood, could be seen among the pines of the lower valley the revered old Tulpehocken church, where, under the tutorship of the good father Kurtz, she had from early life imbibed the truths of Christian piety. As she peered still into the darkness of that verdant archway, well knowing that she could no longer see her lover but longing to gaze on the spot where she last saw him, her outline presented a model for the artist. A neatly chiseled face, fair and tinted with the ruddy color of life, just enough to show her Teutonic origin, of slender and graceful form, she seemed a very Chriemhild looking after her lover who was about to fight her brother's battles so that Gunther might have Brunhild, the Queen of Isenstein, for a wife. Yes, the ancient mythical Queen Chriemhild, with a love so mighty that when her brothers had slain her Siegfried she in turn slew them and their people, could not have holier or stronger love than dwelt in the bosom of this mountain maid.

But night was coming on, she must return home, and then to dream of him. Yes, she would dream of him. Of him, who was riding on his homeward journey—a long journey—but the moon was his lanthorn and God was his guidance. He would reach home in the early morning. He would with his workmen reap his harvests and in a month and a fortnight he would come again and they would sing their harvest home in the stately old church 'mid flowers and the sound of bridal bells. And then the glorious honeymoon would light them on their way ever after through life. Her Siegfried must come but once more, for, ever after that, whither he would go there would she go also. Happy Sieg-

fried! Little did he heed the inquiring cry of the night owls as he flew from tree to tree amazed, that so unusual sound and sight should be seen and heard in the wild and deep recesses of the Blue Mountains at such an unseemly hour. Nor did the answering howl of the wolf, or the shrill cry of the catamount arouse in his breast a feeling of fear, for had he not the pelts and the coats of their like as robes and rugs in the home to which he would bring the joy of his life. He would ride over these mountains a thousand nights to spend one day in the light of her love. Then too Seigfried had a brave heart within him; he had been the scout for Captain Morgan and Captain Busse and even for Colonel Weiser on more than one perilous Indian foray. He knew that it was manly to be brave and would he not brave all for his life and his love beyond the mountain.

A gaily-decked groom he was when mounted again on his horse and on his way to the harvest home, to his love, to his life that was across the Blue Mountains. His harvest was reaped and stored and his house and his barn were filled with plenty, and soon would his girl-wife come and reign over him and over all. For was he not hers and all that he had, was that not likewise hers. Thus reasoned he as his horse's quick pace brought him nearer and nearer that portion of the Blue Mountains from which, when he ascended, he could see her home nestled in the valley at his feet. He would stop there and would look over this, to him, promised land.

As he neared the Schuylkill dark clouds had gathered in the sky to the northward and westward of him, forked streaks of lightning played along the peaks and sides of the Second Mountain, and the deafening crack and the re-echoing rolling of thunder betokened to him the coming storm, so, stopping at an inn near by, he dismounted and awaited its passing over. It came, first in fitful gusts, then as if a cloud had burst right overhead and after some time in a steady downpour. A long, long, dreary afternoon was this to him; why should the fates thus stand between him and his love? The day wore away into the night and after the night was well nigh spent, the rain ceased, but left an almost impenetrable veil of darkness over all the earth. The destruction of the storm, though great, could not be

seen, it was so dark. Although the kindly host remonstrated with our hero, and reminded him of the dangerous ford in the Schuylkill just above its sharp turn at the first foot hill of the Blue Mountains, (a little below the site of Schuylkill Haven), yet he must press on and mounting his horse in haste his form was soon lost in the gloom of night. Soon after, the host heard the hollow unearthly cry of the loon at the ford, sounding as if in derision of the roar of the torrent and then again all save the torrent was still.

Neither the gallant rider nor horse ever returned.

Here the ancient lady, who narrated these events to the writer, bent forward her head and looked steadily downwards on the dying coals that were burning out in the open grate at her feet, and for the space of probably ten minutes seemed in the deepest reverie. As if her attention had been arrested by a hand laid upon her shoulder she awakened out of her reverie and resuming her former attitude, she continued:

“When I was a child, probably not over seven years of age, I lived in our happy home at the foot of the south side of the Blue Mountains. We children, and there were many of us, even at that early day, for it was about the year 1825, were wont to play in the beautiful groves of trees that were left standing as woodland along the farming country near the mountain. Many of these groves were cleared of underbrush making them most delightful playgrounds. We could go to one of these pleasure grounds at almost anytime if even our parents could not accompany us, for we but needed to express our wish to a very ancient lady who lived in our community and she would always accompany us as our protector or chaperon. Aunt Hilda was the favorite Goddess of us all. No mother or sister could exert one half the influence over us as could but the slightest wish of Aunt Hilda. She was a maiden lady and having no children of her own we were all of us her children. Her pale alabaster forehead was surmounted by a crown of glory in the profusion of her snow-white hair, in which there always sparkled a diamond which she wore there instead of on her finger, a firmly set though beautiful mouth and a face showing every outline of grace and beauty I can yet easily recall. Indeed, she was an angel and all of us thought so.

To her we went when in joy or in sorrow. She could rejoice with us as if she were a youth and one of us, and she could weep and pray with us in our sorrow until her very anguish would make us ashamed to cast a gloom over her with a relation of our woes.

“One of our favorite places for our amusements was just at the edge of the wood near the road that crossed the Blue Mountains and under the shade of a most umbrageous old chestnut which stood right at the edge of the wood. We were here one afternoon in the early part of August, 1825, all of us engaged in our sports and Aunt Hilda sitting nearer the trunk of the tree steadily gazing upwards in the road leading up the mountain. One of our number observed that our ancient friend seemed at one time to gaze more intently than usual and upon looking up the road espied a solitary horseman riding down the mountain road. This was not unusual and would not have attracted our attention particularly, had it not been that the appearance of the stranger’s dress was so quaint and peculiar. His horse was caparisoned with military trappings. The rider was dressed in drab-colored trunks and silver buckles and a beautiful lace trimmed blue coat with large gilt buttons. He wore a queue and his hair was powdered almost white, yet he seemed a man not over twenty-five years of age. His was a handsome face and although he did not dismount while I saw him yet he seemed straight and tall and looked my ideal of a soldier.

But oh, how quaint it seemed and how strange, too, that this young man should be decked out in such rich but old-fashioned apparel. All this seemed strange to us, more especially as after the stranger had stopped and had spoken a few words to Aunt Hilda, as if in inquiry she called us all about her and requested us all to repair to our homes and not to repeat what we had seen not tell any one of her whereabouts during that afternoon.

You may imagine we were not a little puzzled at all this, although we went home and obeyed her instructions implicitly.

“We never saw Aunt Hilda alive again. In a few days the ancient bell in the tower of our old church tolled away her eighty-five years and she was laid away in peace and

rest forever. Soon thereafter my people removed away from that community and I was a stranger there almost when I re-visited it some thirty years after. While there I met a person much older than myself who for the first time gave me the sequel to this occurrence which had so deeply impressed me in my childhood. The solitary horseman was indeed Chriemhild's Siegfried of 1760. And on the afternoon he came riding down the Blue Mountain side he was on his way to take his Chriemhild to their harvest home wedding. Although she was then over eighty-five years old yet her lover was just as I saw him, and just as she had seen him sixty-five years, a month and a fortnight before.

Aunt Hilda had been missed on the evening of the day of our play under the old chestnut tree and late in the night her friends and neighbors found her lying unconscious under its low bending branches. She was taken to her home and after skillful physicians had administered restoratives and warm applications her spirit revived and in a few hours she grew apparently very well. She then called to her side her friends and explained to them the circumstances of this peculiar occurrence. She reminded them of her early love and of which some of them yet had recollection. She then explained to them how her lover came upon her in the presence of the children under the old chestnut tree. How he had thought that he was but a few hours belated, and how he thought at first that this could not be his Chriemhild whom he had seen so young and fair and beautiful six weeks before. But she said that after she had pointed out to him all the changes that had taken place and had given him an account of her many years of weary waiting and watching for him it then dawned upon him that what had been to him but a few hours had been a lifetime really.

True to his love and true to her, he prayed that she might go with him to a holy man who should absolve him from the evil spirits that had held him in the mountains, and that she should even in her old age enter into the bond of wedlock with him. But all his importunities could not swerve her from her purpose—that they must live apart here on this earth and that their marriage must be solemnized in heaven, far away from the evil spirits that had en-

vironed him in the Blue Mountains. For she said he had told her all his experiences. That in fording the Schuylkill he and his horse had been snatched from the torrent by an unseen hand and had entered into the caves of the mountains, and that he had been presented to the Kings of the Genii who were attended by elves and fairies. That they had shown him their beautiful temples, their gardens, their parks and their walks. That their streets were laid in gold. That with the swiftness of the wind they could transport themselves from one end of the mountain to the other and that it was the Land of Eternal Youth; a land where time had no flight, the past and future as well as the present were always here.

After he had related to her all he had seen and they were still arranging for their future marriage in heaven, a great tall Genii came to them and said to them that Siegfried must away with him, but that she fell on her knees before him and implored and prayed that he might be spared to her for their marriage in Eternity, and that he answered her prayer and promised her to release her Siegfried from his power and that of his kindred Genii immediately upon her death and that then he should at once join her. After the friends who surrounded her had heard her relation of her peculiar experiences a heavenly smile lit up her beautiful face and she folded her hands gently across her breast and thus with a prayer on her lip she passed away from earth and joining with her Siegfried she entered the gates of Paradise forever."

June 23, 1896.

It is but due to some of the readers of these "Tales" to offer an explanation as to the legend that appeared in one of these papers, published on the 24th instant. A most highly respected gentleman, living near the first foot hills of these mountains, gave the writer the substance of the myth on Monday last, and stated that it had been related to him long ago by descendants of the early settlers and stating too, that it was a well-grounded ancient legend among them.

He also stated that the impression it had made upon him was so deep that he could never pass the cavernous

looking mountain, at the bend of the river south of Schuylkill Haven, but that the old legend would come uppermost in his mind. The writer thought this good proof of its worth, but fearing that his efforts at description might be at the expense of the "truth of the fiction," he requested his informant to write him after perusal which he did on June 24th instant, in these words:

"In reply to yours of yesterday, I have read and re-read your reproduction of the legend and can safely say, it has suffered nothing from your adjective pen. Upon the contrary you have woven about it a beautiful fringe of romance and have given it a most delightful tinge of seeming probability that must surely award it a place in every mind that delights in legendary tales," etc.

The writer has other assurances that he had been faithful and has not travelled out of bounds in its reproduction. It has not been the writer's design to essay the part of novelist, but simply to record some of the romance as well as some of the real history of this interesting and historic mountain. In fact he has here attempted only to relate a part of the history of its romance.

June 25, 1896.

THE SWATARA CREEK.

Since Greece could so early as four centuries before the Christian Era acknowledge its allegiance to the Roman Goddess of the Wood and the Chase, and since Pope could so late as nearly two centuries ago extend her former realm to Windsor Forest, we may without strain of authority or stretch of the imagination easily bring within the compass of her reign the rich and varied forests of America, more especially in the later centuries, since her ancient possessions were long ago so ruthlessly torn from her by the onward march of civilization and the increasing population whose allegiance to the God of Mammon and to the decrees of necessity have despoiled her Kingdoms and Estates. Where else but in our mountain wilds could she find undisputed sway for her high prerogatives. Alaric, after he had trampled Roman pride in the dust with his barbarous hordes, could not tolerate her in her original country, and in her

earlier refuge in what was then thought to be the impene-
trable Alps. Hannibal with his Carthagenian and more
northern nondescript army must have sought out her most
secret temples. Nor could such refuge as she may have
found in Greece be forever a solace to her, for the dreaded
Moslem would afford no asylum for her among those liquid
isles. Doubtless she and her buskined retinue of nymphs
sought out the more unfrequented forests of America where
she might hold her courts free and untrammled from the
barbarous hordes that in the early days swarmed over
Europe, and where later civilization would have dispoiled
her sylvan courts and had already destroyed her royal
chase. Yes, for many centuries the crescent and the golden
zone have shone out from the wilds of the occident. Here
she reared her children of the chase. They knew no other
life save that life which was theirs to come in immortality,
and this was still only a happier hunting ground."

"He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

Pope sang that while Diana and her nymphs were in
the chase at Windsor Forest that one of her train, a rural
nymph, Lodona by name, while in pursuit of a deer which
her dart had wounded, wandered far beyond the limits of
the forest and that Pan, who saw and loved, pursued her
with furious speed, and that when he was about to overtake
her she prayed to father Thames for aid, nor could Diana
help her injured maid. Faint and breathless she prayed
to Cynthia that she might repair to her native shades, "there
weep and murmur there." Thus saying she melted into tears
and dissolved away and became the silver stream named
after her the London river, that flows into the Thames and
there "forever murmurs and forever weeps."

The sylvan Goddess has many nymphs and all were
beautiful to behold. May they not have strayed through the
beautiful forests of our own Broad Mountain and may not
the insatiate Pan with flight as swift as the eagle have pur-
sued one of these doves and may she not have prayed to the
yet grander river that flows through the sylvan woods of
Penn and may not Cynthia have answered her prayer in

like manner only dissolving her into a silver stream a thousand times more beautiful, and which her children of the chase named Swatara, the stream of many cascades and falls. No queen of any land can wear upon her head a diadem so rich as that which bedecks her lofty brow.

Among the smaller streams of Pennsylvania the Swatara belongs to the nobility. It includes within the boundaries of its water shed at its source at once the richest mineral lands in America, and near its mouth the finest agricultural valleys in all the land. While its diversified topographical surroundings from its source to its mouth present a continued field of beauty and of wonder. The falls over which it casts its liquid burthen near its source and the beautiful cascades formed in its flow through the lower valley make it the most unique of all our streams. Its birth place, the great Broad Mountain, cone of the Kittatings and forming a portion of the Blue Mountain range, is the central topographical feature of the great anthracite coal region of America. On its broad summit it gives birth to the numerous sand springs whose tiny silvery streams converging while yet in the dense forests of oak, chestnut and pine that deck its brow form the head waters of this beautiful stream. The waters of these springs sing their tuneful lays of release from Mother Earth in a bubbling swell and so loth are the purifying sand particles to part with them that they follow them high up to the surface as if to withhold their escape but only to drop of their own weight again to the bottom, there to lie with their fellows while the waters pass away in beauty and in song on their way through woodland dell over falls and cataracts down the steep mountain side into the lower valleys and thence on to the great sea.

No stream can be more pure or happier in its birth than this. Its waters are pure and clear as crystal, and as they leap over the rocks in their efforts all to be foremost, the spray they shed over the verdure that grows along its banks is as pure and diamond-like as the gentle dews that fall from heaven. True, in later years the great coal traffic had sullied some portions of these waters, but the purifying influences of the soil over which it flows soon restore its rustine purity. On one of the branches of this stream are the Swatara falls, one of the most beautiful natural scenes

the eye ever beheld. While meandering along over rocks and stones through dense thickets and wood it reaches a ledge of conglomerate and other rock many feet in thickness, thence it takes a leap of probably sixty or seventy feet and plunges into an abyss below which it has worn out of the solid rock and again hides itself in the thicket almost obscured from the eye, but intoning a happy song as it dances away toward the deep valley below.

Then again as the main stream cuts its sinuous way through the narrow gorge of the Blue Mountains it again presents to the eye a most beautiful scene. Here it develops a succession of beautiful cascades as it flows over its terraced rocky bed, and with its fringe of pine and fern on its banks it presents a scene of grandeur to the eye that is in itself an inspiration and a charm. Thence it flows on as a stately river, watering the fertile meadows and again disclosing deep sharp bluffs where it has cut its way through the limestone rock until it reaches the great highway to the sea, the majestic Susquehanna.

The early history of the Swatara river is truly written in blood. Its watershed was inhabited by the Indian from its mouth to the foot of Broad Mountain near its source. It was more thickly populated down in the lower valleys where the lands were more arable than north of the Blue Mountains proper, yet our old inhabitants inform us that their forefathers traded with Indians at points as high up the stream as the postoffice hamlet of Swatara and that Indians had permanent homes along the stream at the base of the Broad Mountain. Relics of cooking utensils, spears, arrow heads and the like have up to within recent years been found in abundance. One of their great highways from Shamokin to Tulpehocken, Reading and Philadelphia led near and along the banks of the upper stream. Two great paths led from Shamokin and the Susquehanna country across the mountains and intersected with the Swatara at or near Suedburg, in this county, and opposite Cold Spring, in Lebanon county. The Indian was loth to give up the beautiful country lying in this valley south of the Blue Mountains, and he disputed its possession in many a stealthy, bloody conflict. For the protection of the early settlers in the southeastern part of what is now Schuylkill county, and

those in Lebanon county in this valley as well as to become a part of the cordon of the line of forts along the Blue Mountains for the protection of the general frontier during the French and Indian war of 1755, several forts were built in and about this valley in 1756, under the immediate supervision of Colonel Conrad Weiser, who acted under Benjamin Franklin, who at that time was the military representative of the Governor of the Province just as Washington represented Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, at that time. The names of these forts were, Swatara, Moravian Church, Blockhouse and Hess Blockhouse. The most important of these was Fort Swatara. The site of this fort is just three-quarters of a mile southwest of Inwood Station, which is at the southeast end of the Swatara gap through the Blue Mountain, and within a short distance of the Swatara river, and a few miles southeast of the Schuylkill county line, in Lebanon county. The point was known in those days as "Talehaio, where the Swehatara comes through the mountains." The following from Penna. Archives, Vol. ii, p. 552.

"Orders and Instructions to Frederick Smith, Esq., 1756, Sir:—Having appointed you Captain of a Company of foot to be paid and supplied, I think it necessary to give you the following orders and Instructions, according to the following establishment, viz., for your better government in the execution of the trust imposed in you: 1. You are as soon as possible to proceed with the Company under your Command to the gap at Talahaio, where the Swehatara comes through the mountains, and in some convenient place there you are to erect a fort of the form and dimensions herewith given you, unless you shall judge the stuccado, already erected there, conveniently placed in which case you will take possession of it, and make such additional works as you may think necessary to render it sufficiently strong and defenceable.

2. You are to leave at Swehatara a part of your company sufficient to maintain that post under one of your officers, and with the remainder of your company you are to proceed to the gap, where the river Monaday passes the mountains, and either take possession and strengthen the stuccado already erected there, or erect a new one as you

shall judge best, and then you are to return to the fort at Swehatara, which you are to make your headquarters, leaving twenty men under the command of a commissioned officer at the fort at Monaday, and relieving them from time to time, in part or in whole as you shall think proper."

From Penna. Archives, Vol. ii, p. 551. "Instructions to Adam Reed, 1756. Having appointed Captain Frederick Smith to take post with an Independent Company at the gap where Swehatara passes the mountain and to station a detachment of his company at Monaday, there will be no necessity of your continuing longer upon guard in that part of the frontier, you will therefore dismiss the men now employed in that service and deliver to Captain Smith such arms, accouterment tools, blankets and stores belonging to the province as have at any time come to your hands, taking his receipt for the same, which you are to transmit to me."

There seem to be no evidences remaining on the ground of the site of this fort, but its location is now well known. The farm on which it was located is now owned by Mrs. Elizabeth Shuey, but was owned at the time by one Peter Heydich, H. M. Richards, Esq., the writer of the history of the Blue Mountain forts in "Frontier Forts," relates the following incident as occurring at this fort, showing coolness and courage of the highest order as well as strategy and resource: "Peter Heydich, it is related, that on a certain occasion, the Indians appeared in great numbers and nearly all the neighbors being in their own houses—Heydich gave immediate notice to the people to resort to the fort, and in the meantime (having both fife and drum in the fort and could beat and fife well), took the drum and fife, marched himself into the woods or thicket, now beating the drum then blowing the fife; then and again gave the word of command, loud and distinct, as if it had been given to a large force—though he was the only one to obey orders—by this *Guerre de ruse*, slight of war, he managed to keep the savages away and collect his neighbors securely in the fort. *Noth Bricht Eisen.*

The history of Indian depredation and massacre at this point ante-dates the time of the building of the fort. It would seem from the letters of instructions to both Captain

Smith and Adam Reed that a stockade had been erected there at some period prior to the erection of the fort. Doubtless this stockade was erected as a rendezvous for Captain Reed and his troops and as a place of safety for the early settlers. A general Indian incursion took place in October, 1755, before the building of this fort, in which many other localities suffered most serious loss of life and property, as well as the people of this community. But the history of this foray may with propriety be given with the history of this fort, as its locality was a prominent object of attack.

After the defeat of the English and Provincial troops under General Braddock in Western Pennsylvania by the French and Indians, the Indians were greatly strengthened in the belief that they could annihilate the white English and German settlers of the East and especially those of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. As the news of this victory reached them they forgot all their treaties and remembered only their wrongs, and these were heightened and exaggerated by the evil influences of the French who sought to entrench themselves securely on American soil and to claim and own, if not all, at least the greater part of the Provinces. A concerted attack on the frontier along the Blue Mountains was planned and carried out by the Indians who sent their forces in various detachments from the South, the West and the North. The first outbreak came to some German residents on Penn creek, now Snyder county. From a letter written by John Harris to Governor Morris, dated at Paxton (at Harrisburg) October 20, 1755, (Provincial Records, N. p. 241), "By a person just arrived down our river, bring information of two men being murdered within five miles of George Gabriel's (in Penn's creek) four women carried off and there is one man wounded in three places, who escaped to Gabriel's, and it is imagined that all the inhabitants on Penn's creek and Little Mahahoney are killed or carried off, as most of them live much higher up, where the first murder was discovered.

The same writer, in a letter to the Governor, dated Oct. 28, 1755, says, "This is to acquaint you that on the 24th of October I arrived at Shamokin in order to protect our frontiers up that way, till they might make their escape from these cruel enemies and to learn the best intelligence I could.

The Indians on the West Branch of Susquehanna certainly killed our inhabitants on Mr. Penn's Creek. * * * I got information from Andrew Montom and others that there is a body of French with fifteen hundred Indians coming upon us, * * * and are now not many days march from this Province and Virginia, which are appointed to be attacked, * * * On the 25th of this instant, on my return with about forty men at Mr. Penn's Creek we were attacked by about twenty or thirty Indians—received their fire and about fifteen of our men and myself took to the trees and attacked the villians, killed four of them on the spot and lost but three men, retreating about half a mile through woods and crossing Susquehanna, one of whom was shot off his horse riding behind myself through the river. My horse before me was wounded, and falling in the river I was obliged to quit him and swim part of the way. Four of our men were drowned crossing the river, * * * . The inhabitants are abandoning their plantations, and we are in a dreadful situation. The night ensuing our attack, the Indians burnt all George Gabriel's houses, danced around them." (P. R. N., p. 247.)

At and previous to this time, Conrad Weiser wrote to Governor Morris of the alarming condition of affairs. On October 26, Conrad Weiser wrote from Heidelberg, Berks County, to James Reed, at 11 o'clock Sunday night, "the alarming news that the Indians had crossed the Susquehanna at Hunter's Mills (now Rockville, north of Harrisburg), and had killed a great many people." Col. John Elder, the Presbyterian minister at Paxton, (the pastor at Derry church, written in a former paper), wrote to a clergyman near Adam Reed's. Mr. Reed sent the news to Weiser, who further writes: "I have sent out to alarm the townships in this neighborhood and to meet me early in the morning at Peter Spycher's to consult together what to do and to make preparations to strand the enemy with the assistance of the Most High * * * For God's sake let us stand together, and do what we can, and trust to the hand of Providence. Perhaps we must in this neighborhood come to Reading; but I will send armed men to Susquehanna or as far as they can go for intelligence. Pray let Sammy (his son) have a copy of this or this draft for his honor, the Governor. I

have sent him about three hours ago, express to Philadelphia, and he lodges at my son Peter's; I pray beware of confusion, be calm, you and Mr. Seely, and act the part of fathers of the people. I know you are both able, but excuse me for giving this caution—time requires it." Many letters passed to and fro and great preparations were being made to meet the foe. Troubles arose too through misunderstandings and through fear that the Provincial authorities would not protect the people. Some of the skeptical threatened to shoot Conrad Weiser in Council, but he succeeded in allaying their fears and the following memorial was sent the Governor, Reading, October 31, 1755:

"May it please your Honor,

We have scarce strength left to write. We are forever employed and without clerks. We have within one hour received letters from Justice Forster, from Mr. James Galbraith and John Harris, by several messengers with the accounts that the people at Auchwich and Juniata are cut off and among others George Croghan. The date of Mr. Forster's letter is 29th inst., Mr. Galbraith's the 30th, but Harris' is, through confusion, not dated. We can not find clerks; we can not write ourselves anything of considerable length. We must therefore depend upon it that we shall be credited without sending copies; and the originals we must keep to convince the unhappily scrupulous of the truth of our accounts. We are all in an uproar—all in disorder—all willing to do and have little in our power. We have no authority—no commission—no officers practiced in war and without the commiseration of our friends in Philadelphia, who think themselves vastly safer than they are. If we are not immediately supported, we must not be sacrificed; and thereupon are determined to go down with all that will follow us to Philadelphia, and wait our fate with them. John Potts, Conrad Weiser, William Mangridge, Jonas Sealy, James Reed." At about this time the enemy reached the location of Fort Swatara, near the western boundary of Berks county. The following letter explains itself. The Henry Hartman spoken of lived in what is now the south-eastern part of Schuylkill county, October 31st, 1755.

To the Rev. Kurtz and all other friends. (John Nicholas Kurtz, pastor of the Tulpehocken Lutheran Church.)

This morning, very early, between 4 and 5 o'clock, Adam Rees, an inhabitant over the First Mountain (Blue Mountain) about six miles from Lawrence Houts', who lives on this side of the mountain, came to my house, and declared that yesterday, between 11 and 12 o'clock, he heard three guns fired toward the plantation of his neighbor, Henry Hartman, which made him suspect that something more than ordinary had happened there. Whereupon he took his gun and went over to Hartman's house, being about a quarter of a mile off, and found him lying dead upon his face, his head was scalped, but saw nobody else. He thereupon made the best of his way through the woods to the inhabitants on this side of the mountain to inform them of what had happened. He further informed me that he had been to Adam Reed's Esq., and related the whole of the affair to him and that Reed is raising men to go over the mountain in quest of the murderers. I am your very Humble Servant and most Hearty Friend, William Parsons."

A letter from William Parsons to Adam Reed.

Stony Kiln, November 1, 1755.

Sir.—I wrote you yesterday that I intended to be with you at the unhappy place, where Henry Hartman was murdered; but when I got to the top of the mountain I met some men who said they had seen the two men lying dead and scalped on the Shamokin road, about two or three miles from the place where we were; wherefore, we altered our course being twenty-six in number, and went to the place, and found the two men lying dead, about three hundred yards from each other, and all the skin scalped off their heads. We got a grubbing hoe and spade and dug a grave as well as we could, the ground being very stony, and buried them both in one grave, without taking off their clothes or examining at all their wounds; only we saw that a bullet had gone through the leg of one of them. I thought it best to bury them to prevent their bodies being torn to pieces by wild beasts. One of the men had a daughter with him that is yet missing; and the other man had a wife and three or four children, that are also missing. I shall be obliged to return home in a day or two, but hope to see you sometime about

Christmas, and to find my unhappy countrymen somewhat relieved from this distressed condition. I can't help thinking that it would be well for a good number of the inhabitants to go next Monday and help to bring the poor people's grain and corn to this side of the mountain—it will help to maintain them, which we must do, if they can't maintain themselves; and 'tis very likely these barbarous Indians will set fire to and burn all, if it be not soon secured.

I am, sir, your very humble servant, Wm. Parsons."

Rupp's history states: "In another part of the Secretary's narrative, he states that November 16th, 1755, a party of Indians crossed the Susquehanna, and fell upon the county of Berks, murdered thirteen people and burned a great number of houses, destroyed vast quantities of cattle, grain and fodder, and laid waste a large extent of country."

The following letter from Edward Biddle to his father will show the state of feeling a little later at Reading from this western and northern incursion.

November 16, 1755.

My Dearest Father: I'm in such horror and confusion I scarce know what I'm writing. The drum is beating to arms, within these two hours we have had different, though *too certain* accounts, all corroborating each other! And this moment is an express arrived and despatches news from Michael Reis's at Tulpehocken, eighteen miles from this town, who left about thirty of their people engaged with about an equal number of Indians, at said Reis's. This night we expect an attack. Truly alarming is our situation. The people exclaim against the Quakers and some are scarce restrained from burning the houses of those few who are in this town. Oh my country! My bleeding country!! I recommend myself wholly to the Divine God of armies. Give my dutiful love to my dearest mother, and my best love to my brother Jenny. I am honored sir your affectionate and obedient son."

P. S. Sunday 10 o'clock—I have rather lessened than exaggerated our melancholy account."

Peter Spycher writes on November 16th, 1755, to Conrad Weiser, at Philadelphia.

John Ansbach and Frederick Reed came to me and told

me the miserable circumstances of the people murdered this side of the mountain. Yesterday the Indians attacked the watch, killed and wounded him at Dietrich's Six's and in that neighborhood a great many in that night. This morning the people went out to see and about 10 o'clock came to Thomas Bowers' house, finding a man dead—killed with a gun shot. They soon heard a noise of firing guns; running to that place they saw four Indians sitting on children scalping them—three of the children are dead, two still living though scalped. Afterward our people went to the watchhouse of Dietrich, six miles away, where the Indians made the first attack. They found six dead bodies, four of them scalped. * * * The Indians have burnt all the improvements on four other plantations * * The people are fled to us from the hills; Peter Kyper and John Wise are the last. The archives contain the affidavit of "Capt. Jacob Morgan and the reports of others showing great depredations committed by the Indians in and near the valley of the Swatara and the taking of many lives at this time. Among them the wife and children of one named Cole, a shoemaker named Philip, one Casper Spiney, one named Beslinger, a child of Jacob Wolf, John Deinberger and Rudolph Candle. "That the whole country thereabouts desert their habitations and send away all their household goods. The horses and cattle are in the corn fields and everything in the utmost disorder and the people in despair, and that their houses and barns had been burned," etc.

At about this time and later on the Indians committed a number of the massacres around Fort Henry, Northkill, Lebanon, Franklin and Everett, many of which have been recounted in former papers. Other and later incursions and massacres took place in the valley of the Swatara, but a relation of them here will not be attempted at this time. Adjutant Kern reports for Fort Swatara on February 5, 1758, "Lieutenant Allen, with 33 men, 28 provincial muskets, 23 private guns, 10 lbs. powder, 10 lbs. lead, 2½ miscellaneous provisions and 14 cartridges." Inspector James Burd's Inspection Report reads as follows:

Sunday, Feb'y 19th, 1758.

"This day at 11 A. M. marched for Fort Swettarrow, got to Crawford's 14 miles from Hunter's Fort; here I stay

all night ; it rained hard ; 20th, Monday, marched this morning at 11 A. M. ; mett a sergeant, 12 men here, who marched with me back to Swettarrow ; this day it rained much ; gott to Swettarrow fort at 4 P. M. ; the roads extream bad, the soldiers march with great difficulty ; found Capt. Lieut. Allen and 38 men here per report ; this is 11 miles from Crawford's. 21st, Tuesday. Reviewed the garrison this morning at 10 A. M. and found 38 men, vis't, 21 belonging to Captain Lieut. Allen and 17 detached from Capt. Weiser's Company of Captain Allen's 14 men for three years, no province arms fitt for use, no kettles, nor blankets, 12 pound poudder and 25 pound lead, no poudder horns, pouches, nor cartrouch boxes, no tomahawks, 2 months provision, some soldiers at home and others hyred in their place which has been a custom here, the soldiers under no Discipline, Ordered a Sergeant and 12 men to be always out upon the scout from hence to Crawfords. Keeping the Blue Mountains, altering their routs, and a targett to be erected 6 inches thick in order to practice the soldiers in shooting. This day, 12 M. D, the country people came here ; I promise them to station an officer and 25 men at Robertson's mill ; this mill is situate in the centre between the forts Swettarrow and Hunter ; this gave the people content ; marched at 1 P. M. for Fort Henry."

Many traditions of the trials of the early settlers are handed down to us, and the memory of many of them will be forever kept green in the hearts of the descendants of those who mourned in this valley for the dear ones who were the sacrifice for that civilization which now sheds its effulgent rays into the darkest recesses of the aboriginal life which prevailed here for hundreds, yea perhaps thousands, of years. What a shifting of scenes this beautiful valley has beheld. It might be called a drama of human life. The first scene opened with nature alone for its argument. Peace and contentment were the central figures of the action. The scene changed with the advent of the pale brother who came from beyond the seat—a brother in name only, for both could not abide in the same place ; one had to eat the bitter bread of banishment. Might gave right, and distrust and hatred are the active figures on the boards. These must soon give way to revenge and then rage with fiendish fury drives all others

from the stage leaving only sorrow and desolation to bewail the fate of the beautiful valley. Then came Virtue, Thrift and Industry, they lifted the veil of sadness which hung as a funeral pall over this beautiful valley and ever since it has revelled in the full glory of Christian civilization. There is yet withal a fair virgin forest within this vale where the Divine Goddess may come and bathe her lithe limbs in the tears of that nymph whose dissolved being forever sings the death chant of that race of the children of nature who once owned and loved this precious pearl of the Blue Mountains.

High up on the very top of the Broad Mountain, at the head of the canyon down which the Upper Swatara flows has the lonely traveler, belated in the deep valley below, after the midhour of the night often seen a bright shining star seemingly fixed into a great rock on its summit, but no human foot has ever dared tread that ground to find its meaning. In earlier days it was said that it was the watch-fire built by the restless wandering spirits of the Indians who had sojourned in that valley and that here they are wont to dance again their scalp dance and to tie their imaginary victims to the stake and watch them slowly burn to ashes. But, wiser heads, and they seem to know, say it is the veritable Goddess and that the great light is her luminous crescent which she plants there and that here she and her buskined huntresses hold festivals and perform other sprite ceremonies in memory of that sister who fell here a victim in her release from the unholy touch of Paw, and that the unusual swelling of the floods that occur in this valley without apparent natural cause are naught else than the tears of her mourning surviving sisters of the chase.

WITCHCRAFT OF PAUL HEYM.

“There’s something in that ancient superstition,
Which, erring as it is, our fancy loves.”

It is not the purpose of the writer to enter upon a lengthy dissertation upon witchcraft, but rather to lead the reader back to ‘e ancient time,’ when knowledge was not so generously diffused and when even Christianity was surrounded by and environed in, a web of superstition that

made its votaries loyal alike to both. Probably one of the very last of the relics of barbarism toling to our advancing civilization is superstition. Indeed no man has yet said that it is not still a most potent factor in the beliefs and actions of many of the more ignorant of all countries. Nor is it confined to the ignorant alone, who of us can freely say that he does not even yet find a little of it in his own composition. Of course we disclaim it and pity the poor, unfortunate who pleads, or is found, guilty, but as a general thing we don't care much to talk about it as a personal trait. But when we consider that the highest civilization brought avowed superstition with it up to but two or three centuries ago, we ought not wonder that it was, and in some cases is yet a part of our very being. How was it in England so late as two or three centuries ago, for instance?

In the latter part of the sixteenth century, one Reginald Scot, a scholar trained at Oxford, wrote what was then thought a most remarkable book, entitled the "Discoverie of Witchcraft." This publication had for its principle object the rational education of the public and scholastic mind so as to put an end to the cruel persecution of witches. In his premises he stated "that there will be found among our WITCHES only two sorts; the one sort being such by imputation as so thought of by others, (and these are abused and not abusers), the other by acceptation, as being willing so to be accounted, and these being meer Coseuers." He worked out this thesis in a large number of books with great learning and acuteness, as is stated, and in a spirit of righteous indignation against the witchmongers. The first edition appeared in 1584, but no sooner had King James I. ascended the English throne than he ordered that the book be burned and all that could be found were so destroyed. Nor did any other writer make the attempt to enlighten the English mind, or indeed that of any other Nation, in this zealously guarded belief until Balthazar Bekker of the northern Netherlands nearly a hundred years later wrote his celebrated work entitled "Die Betooverde Wereld," or "The World Bewitched" in which he examined minutely the phenomena ascribed to spiritual agency, and exposed the absurdity of the beliefs regarding the power of Satan as had become a part of the Christian belief and doctrine. But even at that late age the

beliefs were yet so securely lodged in the scientific and Christian mind that Bekker was denounced and his office of the ministry was taken from him. Bekker died less than two hundred years ago. Nor need we cross seas to find how securely these beliefs remained up to within two centuries ago. We need but look at the Statute books of the early New England Provinces, and we need but read the history of the town of Salem, and other Christian communities in these Provinces to find how rigorously the laws punishing the recognized black art of witchcraft were executed. While great abuse flowed from these beliefs and our forefathers were led to do many things that we ought atone for and feel heartily ashamed of, yet it was not an unmixed evil. Many beautiful traditions have flowed from them and we may say, even blessings. Had not the witches of the Heath and the Cave cried out to Macbeth, one of the long line of Ancient Scottish Kings, "All hail! Macbeth! hail to thee Thane of Glamis!

All hail! Macbeth! hail to thee Thane of Cawdor!

All hail, Macbeth! thou Shalt be King hereafter.'

And again from the apparition "Laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born Shall harm Macbeth. * *

"Macbeth shall never venquish'd be, until Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane hill shall come against him."

If these had not played their part one of the grandest productions of the greatest literary genius of the world in all ages would never have become a part of our Literature. What though the Witches prophecy guided the poniard of death to the heart of Duncan the good and greatly beloved King, or betrayed the friend of his bosom and the sharer of his secret, to the cruel blow of the murderer, we forget even to pity these in the high action that goes on all about them, and all at the instigation of Hecate and her witches. And again, had it not been for the secret power that was invested in the possession of that awful volume hidden in Melrose Abbey by Michael Scot, in the thirteenth century, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel!" would never have been written; and from what we can gather from history it is reasonably safe to assume that if the great "Wizard of the

North" had never written the "Lay" his fame, if any, he would ever have acquired would be buried within the folds of a few dusty law briefs in some unknown vault of court records, for it was in the writing of this beautiful high-strung, yet simple ballad, that he discovered that literature and not the Law was his highway to fame. On the other hand he is today the dearest companion of every fireside in the enlightened world.

The offices of this wonderful book of Michael Scot were not dissimilar to those which other books and charms performed among the early settlers of Schuylkill county. And if the name of Michael Scot became so great on account of the powers he could wield with the aid of this book and such other learning as he received from the great savants of the East, that his name became so honored that his birth-place was claimed by not only his own country, Scotland, but also by Italy and Spain then it is not to be wondered at that the memory of any of our early settlers possessed of like powers should be guarded and the recollection of their functions and powers be religiously remembered and preserved. In a former paper the writer mentioned the fact that great and super-natural powers were invested in the possession and intelligent use of two books, known as the Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses. These books were known to exist in the early days among our settlers on the north side of the Blue Mountains. And a favored few were enabled to employ them for their uses. There existed, however, other charms in necromancy, whether they were a part of these books or belonged to a co-ordinate branch of the art of witchcraft is not now positively known.

The belief is current that these books and their co-equal charms now all lie buried somewhere in the Blue Mountains. There has never been a Ladye bright "to command her Sir William of Doleraine to ride forth in the night in quest of books of might. Nor have there been Branksome Halls and Towers that required their aid from the incursions of the Howards or the Percys, or even from our own native American Indians since their burial, and that may be the reason that no American wizard has immortalized them in ballad or story, and that they have been left to slumber in that grave where,

“Within it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night;
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be.”

But while these books and charms were still in the possession of those who knew their proper and useful functions and how to wield them for their purposes they performed most wonderful mysteries. No one was more capable of their use in the early days than Paul Heym of whom somewhat has already been written in an earlier paper. His supernatural power was the marvel of all the settlement and was widely known among the Indians who on this account greatly feared him. He lived but a short distance away from Fort Lebanon, (later known as Fort William), before, during and after the French and Indian War of 1755, and although his life was often threatened and in great peril from death at the hands of the savage yet he died a natural death and in the bosom of his family. He had not only powers of divination but the power to prevent harm to himself and his, and to transform himself into anything animate or inanimate that his fancy pleased. He could in this wise attend the Councils of the Indians unobserved, learn their secrets and intentions and convey them to the authorities who would prepare themselves accordingly. He could leave his home unprotected apparently yet no Indian durst molest it. He was accustomed to ride about the country on a little white mare and she, it is said, was possessed of strange powers and was likewise an object not alone of curiosity but of fear. Whenever he left his home and went away far enough to leave it without his personal protection he would weave a spell over it which made it proof against the attack of the marauding Indian as well as against lightning or any other cause of harm. He would write the words of the Holy Trinity on a square slip of paper about two inches square, thus:

“Im Namen Gottes Geh Ich aus;
Der Vater wahr mir dieses Haus;
Der Sohn mit seiner Lieb dabei
Das Haus bewahr in aller treu;
Und Heil'ger Geist, lass nicht heran,
Ein' sach dass dies Haus Schaden kann.”

A free and liberal translation of the words of this spell is as follows:

“In God’s name I do now go out;
The Father shield this House about;
The Son with all his Love thereto,
Defend the House with grace renewed;
And, Holy Ghost keep Thou alarm,
Whatever might this House do harm.”

With this paper in his hand he would walk around the house, beginning at the right of the entrance door and during the time he would walk around it the first time he would repeat the first two lines of the spell, the next two during the second round and the last two during the third walk around. Having done this he would stand facing the door and would in a solemn manner fold the paper into a triangle, repeating the triangular fold three times and would then place it in his left trousers pocket. The charm being now complete he would leave the door unbarred, mount his little white mare and proceed on his journey. The effect of this spell was that no Indian or foe, animal or man could approach the house from any direction nearer than a circle of one hundred feet. The moment he or it would step within the realm of this enchantment the foe would be transfixed, rooted to the ground and would remain there until Paul arrived when depending upon the circumstances the lift of the foe was the forfeit.

Many instances of his wonderful transformation are related, and, it is proper to say these relations are authentic and have been handed down from his own times. One day when weary of grubbing roots in his clearing he stopped to rest, but soon saw stealthily approaching him several Indians bent upon taking his life. Seeing his peril he immediately transformed himself into a stump. The Indians came to the spot but not being able to find him one burly warrior, sat down on the stump and remained there all the afternoon until nightfall watching for Pauls re-appearance but his watch was in vain. Paul afterwards in relating the incident, confessed that it was the most uncomfortable position he was ever in and he hoped never to undergo such a trial again. The Indian seemed to become heavier and heavier every mo-

ment until he became nearly exhausted. His friends and neighbors ever afterwards accounted for his bent form which seemed to have dated from that day, to the unusual exertion of holding the Indian for a half a day. On one occasion he attended a council of the savages in the form of a wildcat, approaching near enough to hear their conversation. It was in the night, and just as the council was concluding, one of the wary savages saw the glare of his eyeballs and quickly fired an arrow which he saw remained sticking in the left fore leg. It ran off thus wounded. On the next day Paul Heyn appeared at Fort Lebanon and announced to Captain Morgan the character of the trouble that was impending from the "Indians on the hill," but all of them observed that his left arm was bandaged over a fresh wound from an Indian's arrow. Many other instances of this man's supernatural powers are still related of him and are well authenticated as being contemporaneous beliefs of his own times.

Since the greater portion of the people of this section of country believed in the supernatural at that day, and when we consider the veneration all people have for their ancestry, some nations even to this day worshipping them as a part of their religion, it is not at all wonderful that these traditions should be handed down to us in their original dress, nor is it even wonderful if there be found among this posterity those who still believe the actual fact just as their forefathers believed it. Even so great an authority as David Hume, the great English historian, believed that the songs of Ossian were preserved intact in the memories of the people of the north of Scotland for more than fourteen centuries until they were committed to writing by James MacPherson, and during nearly all that time these were a barbarous people.

There is nothing now to be seen, in these peaceful vales about Fort Lebanon that would indicate the scenes of massacre and havoc that were enacted here a little less than one hundred and fifty years ago. Nor is there aught that would remind one of the supernatural agencies that were so often invoked here as a shield to the white dwellers in the heart of the Indian Country save only that which memory and ven-

eration for the sires of the Blue Mountains have sacredly kept as a tender plant in the hearts of its people.

“Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Happiest they of human race,
To whom God has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way,
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt or read to scorn.”

INDIAN RUN.

“This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that
beneath it
Leaped like the roe when he hears in the woodland the voice
of the huntsman.”

Standing on the summit of Sharp Mountain south of Westwood and about two and one-half miles southwest of Pottsville and looking toward the setting sun you have before you the entire valley of the Indian Run, a small mountain stream rising from a large spring located at the head of the valley about three miles westward of the west branch of the Schuylkill river into which it empties. A deep, narrow valley, scarcely a mile in width, enclosed on the north by the Sharp Mountain, on the south by the Forked Mountain and on the west by the table land lying between the two and forming the divide between the headwaters of Black Creek running westward and Indian Run, running eastward.

In the early days this was a thickly timbered valley, as the blackened and nearly decayed stumps of trees still mutely testify. Here and there still stands an original guarled oak or pine and an occasional gum not considered worth the cutting, as silent monitors of the ancient sylvan reign of nature. Nature's generous hand was profuse in lending her beauties to this little vale. The two guardian mountains seem to vie with each other in their symmetrical regularity of form and in their grand and lofty stateliness, and whilst one proudly folds the little stream to its breast, the other

generously nourishes it with copious springs that flow out of the side of its gentler slope.

The large beautiful spring which is the source of this charming little mountain stream has been spoken of in a former paper, but as the writer has gained some additional knowledge of the early association surrounding this spot, he has thought it proper to bring it more prominently before the reader.

In the broken geological formation of the Kittatinny country of which this forms a part, the springs while probably more numerous than on the level plains, are not generally nearly so large, especially as those found in limestone regions. This one is, however, one of the largest, if not the largest, in this region. It is located at the eastern side of the summit in the valley and so near it that if its opening were but a hundred yards further westward its waters would flow into the Susquehanna instead of the Schuylkill. About it on all sides are still to be seen scores of decaying stumps of large trees showing that its bosom was shielded from the sun's hot rays, and these must have formed in its immediate vicinity, a most beautiful spot for temporary or even permanent sojournment.

It is still within the recollection of our most ancient citizens that this valley abounded in all kinds of large and small game, and that the little brook was the natural home for that gamest of all the finny tribe, the speckled brook trout. Deer licks, bear pits and traps and snares for smaller game were the order of the day until the slaughter ended in practical extermination. Now and then the lonely hunter is confronted by a still more lonely wild turkey or pheasant or possibly their common enemy, the red fox. The larger game has long since disappeared.

The entire valley, save along its eastern end, along the banks of the Schuylkill, is an unbroken forest of younger growth of probably from fifty to seventy-five years. In the days of the original forest and before the surface was almost covered with the low undergrowth that now abounds this must have been a typical woodland vale, the natural home, for seasons at least, and hunting ground of the Indians.

In an earlier paper it is stated that the ancient inhabit-

ants still remember many evidences of the vicinity of the spring having been an ancient dwelling place of the Indians, and that many evidences still remain of Indian burial. It was likewise a place much frequented by them, as one of their principle highways passed along the western side of the spring. The course of this Indian path is still easily discernible and is well remembered by the older inhabitants as having always been so known.

The writer has higher evidence of its existence than mere tradition, however. On December 8, 1876, a warrant was issued by the Commonwealth to one Jacob Brickley for 215 acres of land in Berks county, being the land upon which this spring is located, and a survey was made thereon June 5th, 1787, and returned in October, 1796, and a patent issued therefor to Robert Kennedy, Solomon Stewart and John MacRea as tenants in common.

On this survey as then made appears an ancient Indian path, passing along the western bank of the spring and leading to Vergennesville, Berks county. On this site of the present Vergennesville there had been a large Indian village known to the natives by the name of Sacunk, meaning a junction of streams. The present Sacunk Creek forms a junction with Maiden Creek, then known as Ontalawnee by the Indians, at this point. This village was the home of many chiefs and was a principal base of Indian operations in the days when the frontier lay between it and Philadelphia.

This Indian path may still be followed across the Forked mountain, through another valley and thence across second mountain down into Panther Valley, running in a southeasterly direction. Northward its continuation is doubtless found in the path established by the testimony taken in a case decided by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and noted in a former paper, as being the one called for in a warrant and survey of the Philip Meyer tract, near Mount Pleasant. In that paper appears this quotation from the notes of Thomas I. Baird, a famous land surveyor, of seventy-five years ago: "There were a number of them (Indian Paths) from different sections of the lower country across the mountains to the Susquehanna from below the Blue Mountains. The survey of the Philip Meyer survey as

represented on the draft, and from the age of the marks on the trees I believe to have been an old Indian path, and the same which goes on to the eastward through the Kunkel tracts on the heads of the Swatara and Sheaffer's creeks crossing the Sharp Mountain and the valley between the Sharp and Second Mountain at the summit between Indian Run and Black Creek, known and called then the Indian path in the old surveys."

Since this was probably the most considerable spring on the entire route from Shamokin (now Sunbury,) to Verghennesville or Reading even, and as it was surrounded by famous hunting ground, and was, too, a place of comparative safety for many years after the white settlers lived in Eastern Pennsylvania, it need not occasion surprise if it was a most important point on the map of the Indian's country. This is virgin ground and here is doubtless a fruitful field for the Indian archaeologist. Other paths converge at this point which tradition tells us are Indian paths, adding still further proof to establish the importance of this rendezvous.

Tradition tells us that for many years after the Indians left this country for their new homes farther westward they were wont to return and visit this spot and in many ways showed a most sacred regard for it. May be this cooling spring, these tall mountains, this beautiful vale, this happy hunting ground of the past, is as vividly and perhaps more beautifully portrayed in the heart of Indian tradition at this day by those whose ancestry once owned them and lived and loved and hunted among them than it seemed to the aboriginal dweller here. What else but that these should have handed down to their posterity the natural beauties and the associations of this vale which was once a part of their very life. They may never visit this spot and if they did they would not now know it, yet to them it is a landmark that will never be obliterated so long at least as they shall revere and worship the glories of their fathers.

The ancient Israelite sat down beneath the willows of the Babylon and wept for Zion, who will say that if they had no written language the Hebrew of today would not know of the captivity of his ancestry. The Acadian outcast from a country not originally his own is a world wide and time enduring object of sympathy, and so long as the tenderest

chords of the human heart may be touched by a relation of human woes and sorrows so long will the human mind invent new means of sounding them from this fountain of emotion.

This spot then is not a place alone for the curious, the pleasure-seeker, nor even the relic hunter or archaeologist. What a world of thought and contemplation is here. What a speech in the very silence and stillness of this solitude. Here on this very spot gathered men who might have determined the fate of this nation. How much more or how little more help from the powerful bands of Indians in the early stages of the French and Indian wars might have turned the tide long before the evacuation of Fort Duquesne, and in a different direction. Here about these council fires were discussed the great subject matters of peace and war, not alone with the white settlers, but with other nations. Here doubtless were planned and counceled some of the desperate forays against the settlers along the Blue Mountains.

Here held they their jousts when the hunt was over. What a recounting of the chase after the elk and the deer! How eagerly would the youth listen to the tale of the old warrior who had tracked this bear or that catamount, now lying at their feet, to his lair, the hand to tooth and claw conflict, the hug of the one, the flying leap of the other, and then the death struggle. How another with fiendish delight would mimic the death cries of the helpless farmer, his wife and his children as the tomahawk crashed into the brain of the victim whose last earthly scenes were the Blue Mountains. How these mountains must perforce re-echo the fiendish yells of rage in the scalp dance, while the sigh of the dying captive is carried away by the requiem sighing of the pines.

Again, here roamed the Indian maid musing as to what ornament shall bedeck her brow to show her awaiting the espousals of a lover, or this happier one, singing the triumphs of the one who has already plighted his troth. Here under this tree sat the sorrowing ones weaving the chaplet of eglantines for the dead, and singing the death chant in wild runes upon their entry into the happy hunting grounds. And here, among these trees whose decayed pedestals still remain as a testimonial of the forest monarchs they once upbore, they held their canticos, fiend-like as they were, yet with

their hopes of Heaven cast and based upon them. And here after their scattered remnants had at last been driven out of the country east of the Blue Mountain they too cast themselves down and wept for that Zion they should never see more. A temporary home awaited them beyond the Alleghenies, but their goal they knew only too well was the Pacific Ocean and even there civilization headed them off, leaving the great Algonquin nation to fade out of existence in that land which God gave them to dwell in and its shadowy remnants to become mere offal of civilization.

Gentle Reader, turn away from the spring for a few moments and behold, a few paces to the westward, the Indian's path—the path that led from savage nature to civilization. It is not now well beaten down so that he may see his way clearly. The prickly briars have grown up in it, they would scratch his feet if he were to traverse it now. Then, too, huge trees have grown up in the way, they would make his path crooked. Heavy trees have fallen over this, too heavy that he can not remove them. The way is not clear, the grass is not even pressed down a little. Such were the homely metaphors of Indian Oratory when the white settlers had slighted or wronged them, and how often were they made bitterly to repent these wrongs, but the Indian Orator did not then know how soon his metaphor would become cold and stern reality as you see it here before you.

THE NEIMAN FAMILY.

“A tale of the times of old.”—Ossian.

Tradition has for many years claimed that a man named Neyman and his family were massacred in a house situate on the now vacant lot on Jackson and Mauch Chunk street, opposite the Pottsville Hospital, in the Borough of Pottsville at some time during or after the Revolutionary war. The writer has made inquiry as to this tradition of Charles Lord, Esq., now the oldest native born resident of this town, who is well satisfied from the information he received from the old inhabitants of the borough in the early years of his life of the truth of the tradition. He informs the writer that tradition fixed the time of the massacre during the time

of the Revolutionary war; that the father and several children were murdered and that one of the children was but a babe lying in its cradle and that an arrow was found driven through its body and left remaining there; that it occurred in a small log house which stood standing long after the occurrence; that the late Jeremiah Reed's father had lived in it with his family, to his knowledge, and that he had often visited the house in the early days of Pottsville, in the twenties of the century. Alexander Silliman, Esq., an honored resident of Philadelphia, but who spent his youth and early manhood in Pottsville and vicinity, has stated to the writer that in his early days this murder was frequently spoken of and taken by everybody as being true. He mentioned the name of the older of the victims and remembers well the house, and its location as being pointed out as the place where the murder took place. Whilst the writer personally knew the late Jeremiah Reed in his life time as being a very old man when he died, which was about the year 1877, he never had any personal communication with him on this subject, but he will quote a historical writer who had the opportunity and did confer with Mr. Reed upon this subject, says. During the Centennial year of 1876, a number of citizens of Pottsville requested George Chambers, Esq., then a prominent member of this Bar, to prepare and deliver a historical sketch of the town of Pottsville. This he delivered on July 4th of that year. From an authorized published copy of this address we may quote as follows:

“When the nineteenth century dawned upon the wilderness which covered the treasures of coal hidden in the hills of Schuylkill county, but a single dwelling had been reared by the hands of the white man upon the ground now embraced within the limits of Pottsville. At least such is the statement which the earliest traditions have given. This lonely home stood down in the valley near the point now occupied by the residence of Mr. George Lauer, (now the Hospital). The rude log walls were scarcely of sufficient strength to shelter its occupants from the winter storm and formed no protection from the attack of the more merciless Indian foe. The savage warriors rushed upon their victims and as the Neiman family sank down in death, the wooded

hills around the tenantless house were surrendered to the wild animals who had before possessed them. We are told that the murder of the Neiman family occurred after the Revolutionary war, but there seems to be no further reliable information as to the date of this crime."

The author of this sketch in speaking of the late Jeremiah Reed further says: "His parents both had been born not more than five miles south of this place, and had passed their lives as residents of their native county. Thus the younger Reed had ample opportunity to learn from his relatives the early history of the neighborhood. To his patient recital the writer of this sketch is indebted for many valuable facts relative to that history." The writer of the sketch further says that Jeremiah Reed was born in a log house built by his father about fifty yards east of the Lauer house and that Jeremiah was born in this house in the year 1800.

There is doubtless much more corroborative tradition upon this subject. Those people in this community knowing the origin of the tradition and many of the people through whom it has been handed down to the present have never had any doubt of its truth. The writer thinking it strange that so well authenticated massacre could not be found recorded in either the Archives, the Colonial Records or the Historical Journal, took occasion a few days ago to write upon the matter to his friend, Colonel W. H. Egle, State Librarian at Harrisburg, well knowing that he is probably more familiar with the archives and records than any other person now living. This was a fortunate strike for it opened the way to the officially recorded history of one of the most thrilling and tragic events that ever took place in this community. The reply to this letter is as follows:

State Library of Pennsylvania,
Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 22, 1896.

D. C. Henning, Esq.

My dear sir:—In reply to your inquiry I would beg leave to state that if you examine the Pennsylvania Archives, Vol. 8, Page 5-9, you will find a reference to the massacre of John Negman who "lived at the saw mill on the road from Reading to Shamokin, about three miles above Conrad Minnich's, and 33 from Reading, on Sunday, was with his

three young children, barbarously murdered by the Indians." This letter is dated August 30, 1780.

[This is printed in the Archives Negman, which is an error. The letter "g" should be a "y".]

With the best of good wishes, I beg to remain

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM H. EGLE,
State Librarian.

The portion in brackets of this letter doubtless explains why this record has lain in the books so long without being brought to the notice of the people of this community.

As was stated in a former paper the old province road that led from Philadelphia and Reading through this section to Shamokin, now Sunbury, was opened in 1780 and extended from Ellis Hughes' mill to Sunbury and followed the east bank of the Schuylkill up through Tuscarora gap to a point nearly opposite the place where the hospital now stands. There it crossed the river and at a short distance from its mouth crossed Norwegian Creek, thence westward over the road now known as the Bull's Head road. Ellis Hughes' saw mill stood near the river at a point near the former site of the small hotel building below the Seven Stars. At this place lived Conrad Minnich who is often mentioned in the archives. Some time in the year 1780 a military post was established in the gap, probably at the point recently occupied by the Mount Carbon rolling mill, for the protection of the inhabitants and the woodmen who were engaged in cutting timber in and about the gap, for masts with which to repair and re-equip the French navy, the ally of the Colonists in the war for the independence of the American colonies. A saw mill had been erected some years prior to 1780 at the mouth of Norwegian Creek on lands warranted to Balzar Gehr, as appears by records in the possession of A. B. Cochran and Son, shown the writer.

The place named Yarnal's in this correspondence doubtless refers to a point in Pine Valley near the present Site of Sacramento, as the old province road led along there, and one Mardecai Yarnall had a large tract of farming land surveyed to him on September 5th, 1769, on an application dated October 4, 1768, at this place. With these explana-

tions the reader will understand the following correspondence taken from the Penna. Archives, as noted.

From Penna. Archives, Vol. 8, 529.

Valentine Eckart to V. P. Moore, 1780.

Sir: Reading, August 30, 1780.

By accounts received here Monday last we are informed that one John Negman who lived at a saw mill on the road from Reading to Shamokin about three miles above Conrad Minnich's and 33 from Reading, on Sunday last was with his three young children, barbarously murdered by the Indians, a party of whom, five in number, had been seen on the same road near Yarnal's a few days before.

The day after the above murder a house and barn on little Schuylkill were burned by them but no persons killed.

These occurrences have alarmed the people so much in that neighborhood that many have already left it and wagons are going up in numbers to fetch off their effects; so that unless some speedy assistance can be given them, the whole settlement over the mountain will be evacuated.

On this occasion I have been applied to for ammunition some of which I gave them and Col. Lindermuth, I am told, has marched with a party to their relief; but as this may not be sufficient to quiet the apprehensions of the Inhabitants, I must beg the Orders of Council in what manner to proceed and would be glad to know by the bearer (who is sent express for the purpose) what measures are intended to be pursued for the protection of the inhabitants on the frontier in this and the neighbouring counties.

I am, Sir, with great Respect,
Your very humble servant

VALENTINE ECKART.

P. S. If the militia of Lancaster are not yet all marched it might perhaps be thought best to send us some part for our defence until something more effectual can be fallen upon.

The Honorable Wm. Moore, Esq."

Penna. Archives, Vol. 8, Page 531.

Capt. Dennis Leary to V. P. Moore, 1780.

Reading, Sept. 1st, 1780.

I think it my duty to inform you that on Sunday last I was alarmed with an account of an attack made by the

Indians at a house about a mile from my post on Schuylkill. I immediately marched thither with four men and buried the man of the house and two children who lay dead, and a little girl having been carried off by the Indians. The day following I went in pursuit of the enemy with ten men and was the same day joined by Capt. Balty and the next day by Colonel Linteman with about 50 men between them. With these we have scoured the woods 'till yesterday noon when we came down to Reading.

Since the first attack a house and barn have been burned on Little Schuylkill, and two horses taken, a little boy, son of one Shurr, is also missing since Tuesday last.

When we came down we left about sixty men at the different settlements for whose subsistence we are accountable.

I must therefore beg the assistance of Council in forwarding such supplies of men and provisions as will be necessary for defending the post where we are, at least, if not the rest of the frontier.

There is still a matter to be mentioned which seems a little extraordinary. On Sunday a man and his wife came to join us at the post and the man pretending to be a carpenter we received them. A few days after it was discovered that his name was not John Hamilton, (as he first called himself, but Neil Tye, and his wife sent me a message desiring I would take care of myself as he was determined to scalp me. On this I had them bro't to Reading where the man is now in Gaol.

I am, sir, with great respect
Your very humble servt.,

DENNIS LEARY,
Captain of Marines.

Penna. Archives, Vol. 8, page 541.

James Wilson to Mons. Holker, 1780.

“Sir :

I have this day received a letter from Captain Leary, the superintendent of the workmen who are employed in cutting masts up Schuylkill. He informs me that a body of Indians and Tories have lately made an incursion into that neighborhood, and have killed a man and two children within a mile of the place where he is stationed. He also

mentions that he has been frequently told that the Indians intended to take him and his party. A detachment of militia marched to that part of the country. They have been kept to secure the masts which have been cut for the use of the King's navy. The express, who came with Captain Leary's letter, tells me that a number of very fine masts are cut and ready to be hauled to the river. Many more may be procured if protection is afforded to the workmen. It is easy for the savages to render the masts useless by cutting or notching them. The same force that would protect the workmen will also protect the inhabitants of that part of the country. I know no other place where masts can be had without requiring larger guards than will be necessary at the place where Captain Leary is. It is of public consequence that the masts already cut should be secured and that more should be obtained.

I have not the least doubt but that the Minister Plenipotentiary of France will think it proper to apply on this occasion to Congress or to the Supreme Executive Council of this State for a force sufficient to accomplish those valuable purposes. I beg you will speedily make the necessary representation to his Excellency on this subject.

I have the honor to be with great esteem sir,

Your most obed't h'ble ser't,

JAMES WILSON.

[This letter was enclosed with letter of the Chevalier Luzerne, dated Sept. 6, 1780.]

Penna. Archives, Vol. 8, 542.

James Wilson to Mons. Holker.

"Sir:

The place where the workmen are employed in cutting masts is on Schuylkill, near the gap of the second mountain and about thirty-five miles above Reading, in Berks county. It is, I believe, the most advantageous pass for covering the frontiers of that part of Pennsylvania. A guard of sixty or eighty men would, I presume, be sufficient for the purpose.

I have the honor to be sir,

Your very h'ble ser't,

JAMES WILSON.

To the Honorable John Holker, Esquire.

Admiralty to Pres. Reed.

Penna. Archives, Vol. 8, page 542.

“Admiralty Office, 7th Septem., 1780.

The Board of Admiralty sometime in the spring of the present year, agreed with James Wilson, Esq., for masts for the navy of the United States, to be cut up the River Schuylkill, and consented that Captain Leary, of the Marines, should superintend the workmen who were to be employed in the business. On the 4th inst. the board received a letter from Captain Leary dated Reading, Sept. 1st, 1780, informing them that he was entirely interrupted in the important business they were pleased to direct him to perform near the Blue Mountains, by the inroads and depredations of the savages in that part. That he had represented these matters to the Council of this State, and hoped that the board would use their interest with them as well, that the defenceless inhabitants of the province might be protected, as to secure those parties work under his directions in that part of the country.

The board are informed that masts not only suitable for our ships, but those for our illustrious ally may be cut in that quarter, that in fact a number of very fine masts are cut and ready to be hauled to the river, that many more may be procured if protection should be afforded to the workmen. The same force that would protect the workmen would also protect the inhabitants in that part of the county and we believe that there is no other place where masts can be had without requiring larger guards than will be necessary at the place where Capt. Leary is. A company of fifty or sixty might be sufficient for that purpose. Sensible of the importance of procuring masts for the purposes mentioned, we do not doubt but that you will furnish a force sufficient for that protection of the workmen employed in this necessary business.

We have the honor to be with great respect,

Your Humble Servant,

FRA LEWIS,

By order.

To his Excellency the President, and Supreme Executive Council.

Penna. Archives, Vol. 8, p. 540.

Mr. Holker to M. Le ch. de la Luzerne, 1780.

Luzerne, 1780.

"Phila., Sept. 6, 1780.

"Sir:

I have the honor to send you enclosed the letter which Mr. Wilson wrote to me on the subject of the masts which I have determined to have cut at the head of the Schuylkill river. It is the only place on the continent where I can have them cut in size suitable for the King's ships, and (it is) my last resource. I counted upon this nevertheless, because the Indians have never approached within more than fifty miles of this part of Pennsylvania.

You know the importance of this object, it interests so greatly the tranquility of the United States, that I do not doubt but that you will take all the measures which your good sense may dictate to you to cause you to second my efforts and my researches in this part of His Majesty's service.

I am with respect,

Sir,

Your very humble and very obedient servant,

HOLKER.

P. S. This object is so pressing and it is so interesting to warn of the evils which too great delay might occasion, that I hope His Excellence might be so good as to excuse me, if I take the liberty of recommending this affair to him in the strongest manner."

(Translated from the French.)

Penna. Archives, Vol. 8, p. 545.

M. le ch. de la Luzerne to Pres. Read, 1780.

"Sir:

It is almost a month since a company, at the head of which is Mr. Wilson, made arrangements with Mr. Holker to furnish materials for the King's navy. The arrival of the maritime forces of His Majesty in these waters renders this aid very much more pressing, but as an escort hinders this gentleman, unfortunately, from keeping his engagement, permit me to join my requests to those of the admiralty bureau, and beg you to grant a guard of the militia to protect the workmen.

This request is, however, entirely subordinate to circumstances, you are more in position than any one else to judge if the state can grant it without inconvenience. I trust absolutely to what you may be pleased to decide in the affair, knowing too well your patriotism to doubt of success, if the thing is possible.

I embrace with eagerness this occasion to renew with you the sentiments of attachment and respect with which I have the honor to be

Sir

Your very humble and very obedient servant

Le ch. de la Luzerne."

(Translated from the French.)

Penna. Archives, Vol. 8, page 571.

Mons. Holker to Pres. Reed, 1780.

"Philadelphia, ye 23rd. September, 1780.

"Sir

As I shall depart in a few days for Rhode Island, and as I learn that the Hon. the General Assembly of this State are soon to break up, I take the liberty of requesting from your Excellency and Council an answer respecting the assistance and protection which the Hon. the Continental navy board, his Excellency, the Minister Plenipotentiary and myself have claimed, in order to procure some large masts from the head of Schuylkill for the use of the ships of the Continental, and the Royal navy. I most earnestly entreat your Excellency and Council, to remonstrate if necessary on this subject, to the general assembly, so as some measures may be adopted for the safety of the workmen, which I am informed the militia and inhabitants of the adjacent country are ready to afford, by taking post at one of the passages of the mountains, as it will effectually prevent the inroads of the Indians on their plantations. I hope your Excellency will condescend to favour me with an answer on this subject so as I may report the same to the Commander in Chief of his majesty's naval forces in Rhode Island on my arrival there.

I Remain with the highest Sentiments of Respect and attachment

Sir Your most obedient most humble servant

HOLKER,

Directed—His Excellency, Jos. Reed, Esqr., Presidt."

This correspondence establishes forever the truth of the ancient tradition that a terrible Indian massacre took place within the limits of the Borough of Pottsville during the Revolutionary War whereby an entire family was swept away by the savage fury of the red men of these forests. It also establishes the fact that this was indeed a perilous frontier in those days, and was the very center of operations for the protection of the inhabitants of interior, or eastern country. It is very interesting, too, to note, and it is certainly new to many of us, that Schuylkill county furnished the motive power in the navy of our country as well as the war for the Independence and establishment of our country as in the civil war for its unity and preservation.

This then is the story of the Neyman massacre at Pottsville. The details were doubtless buried with the dead, or had living burial in the forest. In the course of time, if it had no other basis to rest upon than tradition, it would vanish into thin air, but preserved as it is, by the highest kind of evidence known to the law, to wit, the ancient contemporaneous records of the reports and writings of those in charge of the affairs of the province at that time, it will live forever, and the tale will be told and the spot pointed out to every future generation of men and women that time will rear, within the confines of this, the lovely, the romantic City of the Mountains, the gateway to the Anthracite Coal Fields of America. The graves of this human tribute, this sacrifice to the opening and development of this section of country, the richest mineral land in the world, will be forever unknown. The storms of over a hundred winters have swept over them and have long since obliterated any mark or monument that decent respect for humanity doubtless raised up to them. But as time advances and retrospection grows, this spot will become sacred as a place of human sacrifice to a righteous cause, and be he stranger or to the masses born, no person will pass this spot, knowing its associations, but will linger to gaze upon it, and to bestow one thought upon the poor pioneer and his family, who here gave up their lives to the common cause of the subjugation of the forests and of turning a barren wilderness into a fruitful field.

MEDICINE SPRING.

“Behold a wonder! like fairy elves
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees
Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course.”—Milton.

In all the history of mankind, whether of civilized people or barbarous, we find that fountains or springs of water have always had a peculiar fascination and have attached to them a charm of association that compels more than a passing thought when brought to mind. So fast a hold do they take upon us that although other scenes of this life may have long since faded out of our memory, yet a cooling spring once well located in our mind its impress there will remain forever. If you were asked how many mountains or streams you have crossed or how many valleys you have traversed you would not be able to recall them, but if you will turn over the leaves of the days of your youth and manhood you will probably at once recall every spring you ever knew.

The spring has ever been the trysting place of the lover, the mute companion of the recluse and the hermit, the sacred shrine of the heart—weary and of the sorrow laden, and the place of holy or unholy, spell of superstition. Then too, the material wants that it has ever supplied to man must at all times have given it a firm footing in his memory and affections. In the earlier days of every land all roads or ways led to a spring. In the days of the heathen mythology of Greece and Rome, the fountain was held sacred in their religion. Their springs were consecrated to Gods and Goddesses, nymphs and heroes. The origin of the Pirenean spring at Corinth, as was taught, was that Pitene, one of Diana's Nymphs, shed such copious tears upon the death of her son whom the Goddess had slain that she was changed into this fountain. Near Pharae a fountain was dedicated to Apollo. There are still in existence fountains in that part of France once known as Britany to which people of all classes still repair for the benefits derived therefrom purely from religious and supersti-

tious influences, a charm that grew out of the darkest heathenism, probably thousands of years ago. To their votaries a pilgrimage to and a resort at these ancient fountains are duties as sacred, and these are so solemnly performed as are the pilgrimages of the Mohammedans to Mecca or as were the still more than dangerous and irksome visitation of the red cross Knight to the Holy Land.

Indeed, so firm a hold had the heathen belief in the sacred character of such fountains as had been dedicated to the religion of the heathen of all Europe, that the missionaries of Christianity could not dispel these associations from the mind of the convert, and therefore in order to overcome this obstacle in the way of the advancement of true religion, they used the very instrumentalities of the old to more effectually establish the new by dedicating these fountains to Saints and even to the Virgin Mary. There yet remain in many parts of Europe springs known by the names of the earlier Saints of Christianity. One of the earliest courtships recorded in sacred history took place at the Mesopotamian well when Rebekah fulfilled that which it was predicted should prove the woman who should become the wife of Isaac and the mother of Israel.

In ancient poetry, that nurse of history, that mirror of contemporaneous life, we find the sacred character of the fountain preserved in all ages of literature. In Spencer's "Fairy Queen", the Knight of the Red Cross was entirely healed in one night of the wounds he received from the terrible dragon, by having been immersed in that flood which he thus describes

"Of ancient time there was a spring well,
From which trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great virtues and for medicine good;
* * * * * it rightly hot
The well of life; ne yet his virtues had forgot;
For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinful crimes clean wash away;
Those that with sickness were infected sore,
It could recure; and aged long decay
Renew, as one were born that very day.

Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excel,
And the English Bath, and eke the German Spa;
Ne can Cephise nor Hebrus, match this well;
Into the same the Knight back overthrown fell."

The following is from an ancient play: (The writer gives credit to an "Ancient play" for this quotation, for the reason that Sir Walter Scott in quoting it so credits it. But it has been long since discovered that the great author was guilty of a pious and pardonable deception in thus confounding the paternity of some of the very beautiful sentiments that are contained in the introductory head lines of his chapters. He was himself their author. He frequently did it for the purpose, no doubt, of having an apparently antique frame about an ancient picture).

"There is something in that ancient superstition,
Which, erring as it is, our fancy loves
The spring that with its thousand crystal bubbles
Bursts from the bosom of some deserted rock
In secret solitude, may well be deemed
The haunt of something purer, more refin'd
And mightier than ourselves."

This from Robert Greene's "A Maiden's Dream":

"Me thought in slumber as I lay and dreamt
I saw a spring railed in with jeat,
From sunny shade or murmur quite exempt,
The glide whereof 'gainst weeping flints did beat;
And around about were leafless beeches set;
So dark it seemed night's mantle for to borrow,
And well to be the gloomy den of sorrow.

"About this spring in mourning robes of black,
Where sundry Nmyphs or Goddesses me thought,
That seemly sat in ranks just back to back.
On mossy benches nature there had wrought,
And 'cause the wind and spring no murmer brought,
They filled the air with such laments and groans,
That echo sighed out their heart-breaking moans."

The historian of English literature, Stopford A. Brooke, in his description of the wonderings of the poet Cynewulf, among the ancient Anglo-Saxon settlements in

England (700 A. D.) says: "There he might drink and rest, where, under the eaves of the mark, the native spring or well which served the township bubbled up, and which, lived in by a deity, was even yet worshipped."

Or this from Sir Walter Scott's "Monastery": "He cast the leathern brogue or buckskin from his right foot, planted himself in a firm posture, unsheathed his sword, and first looking around to collect his resolution he bowed three times deliberately towards the holly tree and as often to the little fountain, repeating at the same time, with a determined voice, the following rhyme:

Thrice to the holly brake,
Thrice to the well—
I bid thee awake,
White Maid of Avenel;
Noon gleams on the Lake—
Noon glows on the Fell—
Wake thee, O wake,
White Maid of Avenel!"

These lines were hardly uttered, when there stood the figure of a female clothed in white, within three steps of Halbert Glendinning."

"I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly."

Then, too, there was much in many of these springs that would add much strength to their magic force and would therefore create a superstitious awe in the minds of those whose lack of knowledge of the chemical analysis of their parts would leave no explanation of their peculiar properties other than those deducible from magic and superstition. That there were peculiar effects from the use of their waters all might know, but that these were produced by natural causes proud science may not have revealed to them.

The Indians like all other barbarous people were strong believers in magic. Nor indeed is this wonderful, for it has always been considered one of the very earliest growths of human thought. The human understanding however

low it may be, in the presence of all the wondrous works of nature and nature's laws, not understanding the true reasons, will assign reasons satisfactory to itself and these the most plausible yet the most mysterious, and hence it is that in the degree, that knowledge of created things advances, in a like degree does superstition fade away.

W. S. Phillips, in a book of legends published as lately as 1896, in writing of the traits in Indian character, says: "They are very superstitious people and have signs, and incantations for everything. Magic plays an important part in every Indian's every day life and is interwoven with his doings and those of his ancestors and of the magic personages described in the legends, &c."

Probably in no one human fallacy has man even enlightened man, been more fallible in belief than in magic and superstition. There is probably no stronger proof of this than an instance we may take from Sacred History. Nearly 1,100 years before the Christian Era, Saul, King of Israel, having been, as we are taught, in personal communication with the deity, although at this time rejected of him, destroyed all those persons who had familiar spirits and the wizards out of the land, yet, when the Lord answered him not, he sought out the Witch of Endor through whose power he called up the spirit of the dead Samuel. It foretold the death of himself and his sons in the battle of Gilboa on the following day, and this actually took place as so foretold.

But to the purpose—The Indian was a strong believer in magic. In a former paper it was stated as a historical fact and well sustained by tradition that an ancient resident of this vicinity had perfect immunity from harm from the Indians who sojourned hereabouts or who came here from other parts, out of their fear of his powers of magic. The medicine man was the Indians' magician. He was the doctor and the healer of their wounds and diseases. His knowledge of herbs and their healing properties would go far to implant the idea of super-natural power, and of course the limited knowledge of the uninitiated could not divine where the natural cause left off and the supernatural began and therefore all must be taken as magic. The Medicine Man would prepare for him a medicine bag. This was

sacred. It would heal his wounds and would prove a specific for disease. Natural enough, but the same Medicine Man, in order to insure the death of a certain foe whose murder he was about to adventure on, would draw the figure of a man to represent the foe and then would pierce it through the head with a thorn. This would insure the success of the enterprise. Doubtless through the Indians craft and prowess this often came true.

So with love, he needed but to manipulate that portion of the drawing in the location of the heart to compel reciprocity of feeling. Then, too, the other ceremonials sometimes of a demoniacal character would inspire the unlearned child of nature with the awe of the charm; and more than all, these ceremonials having been handed down for ages must needs even make the actors themselves believers.

The great ally of the Medicine Man was the medicine spring. Its waters would go far to show his supernatural powers.

Whilst the Greek and Roman may have consecrated their fountains to higher Gods and Goddesses, and may have made them far more imposing by the architectural structures which they usually erected about and over them, they could not have held them in more fervent and religious awe than did our aborigines of the American forests. They guarded them jealously, and around about them were found for many years after their departure many relics of visitation, sojournment and habitation. There are three of these springs in this region, according to tradition and there may probably be others. Cold Spring, in Lebanon county, between the Sharp and Second Mountains, the spring in Indian Run valley, and Indian Spring, but what was still within the recollection of the old inhabitants called "Medicine Spring", at Girard Manor, the home of Hon. Wm. L. Torbert.

Cold Spring is a beautiful fountain flowing out of the solid rock filling a walled cavity six or eight feet square and nearly as deep. The first settlers of the Lebanon Valley learned of its curative properties from the Indians who looked upon it as one of their sacred springs. One of their highways or Indian paths from Shamokin (now Sunbury) to Lebanon Valley and thence to Philadelphia led by this

ancient spring. It is situated near the foot of the two mountains, the valley proper at this point being less than a half mile in width, and it is still shaded by the trees that stood there when the Indians roamed these forests. It has been celebrated as a watering place during time immemorial and has been occasionally fitted out as a cure. Its waters flow into Stony Creek which empties into the Susquehanna at the town of Dauphin. It is about equidistant from Pinegrove and Harrisburg, about 20 miles away from each.

Indian Spring or "Medicine Spring" is located near the head of the beautiful and romantic valley of the Catawissa Creek, which flows westward into the North branch of the Susquehanna at the town of Catawissa. It is a large beautiful spring, its outlet is almost strong enough to drive a mill-wheel. Its waters are pure and healthful, holding a trace of magnesia. The mountains through whose rock fissures these waters are strained extend for miles and miles around, and their surface still retains the virgin soil of the ancient forests which are now being replaced by a younger growth. The explorer, (for such one may almost call himself among these mountain wilds), who stands at the top of these mountains at a height of nearly 2,000 feet above the sea, may readily feel that he is transplanted to the land of Morven of which Ossian sang. Mountains at every hand. A beautiful valley several miles in width lies at your feet. Here and there a spur extends its lofty peak out in the very midst of the valley as if it would span its entire width and then is veered aside or abruptly stops. Far to the right the lofty peaks of the Green mountain cut off the horizon with a jagged line of blue that seemingly just touches the clouds, and to the left as far as the eye may reach extend the more regular lofty lines of the north fork of the Broad Mountain. To the rear and the immediate right and left of you stand a very galaxy of mountains, all seeming to try to reach that point in the clouds which their extended lines have already attained, as far as the eye can reach. Nature has spread out her beauties before you with a lavish hand. The steep, rugged mountain sides so varied in form with their rocky terraces overlooking the tableland and lower valley lying at their feet, present a feast for the eye that makes it linger to behold. Here jut out

great gray rocks that seem to represent the ruins of some ancient temple, there a forest of trees, far reaching and wide, their tops looking as if they formed a canopy for the throne of Sylvanus, and you turn the ear to hear the pipes of the Satyr and weird songs of their woodland Nymphs. Were it not for the Manor palace and a few farm houses and fields that stud the beautiful valley at your feet, you would feel that here is indeed the home of Nature and the dwelling place of her Gods and lesser subjects.

This was the Indians home. These mountain ranges and hills and valleys were his hunting grounds. Here he held his lands, his streams and his free warren in allodium. He knew no tenure, for he held of no one. He knew not what was meant by estate, for it all belonged to him, to him and his people forever. But you say he sold it? Yes, he made his deed. But the grantees, the parties beneficiary, were taught and expounded it to others that a contract to be valid must have a good and sufficient consideration and that the parties should be able to contract. Let us examine the contract for the sale of this land in Catawissa Valley.

It was bought by Hon. Thomas Penn and Richard Penn, proprietaries of the Province of Pennsylvania, by a deed dated the 22nd day of August, A. D. 1749, and executed by 24 Indian chiefs who represented the following nations: Oneidas, Cayugas, Tuscaroras, Shamokins, Mohawks, Shawneese, Delawares, Onondaguas and Senecas, for \$2,500. This seems a large sum of money for those days, nearly 150 years ago. How many acres, do you ask are included in this purchase. You may make the calculation, here are the metes and bounds. You will have a better understanding of it if you will look at the map. About two-thirds of Dauphin county, about one-sixth of Northumberland county, a small portion of Montour county, a small portion of Lebanon county, all of Schuylkill county, all of Carbon county, a portion of Luzerne county, all of Monroe county and all of Pike county. There are many hundreds of single acres of land in Schuylkill county that could not be bought now for that sum.

But gentle reader, you must not rail at Thomas and Richard Penn. It was destined that the great Anglo-Saxon world conqueror should occupy this land, and our occupa-

tion of it was accomplished upon a basis far more fair and equitable than was ever contemplated by either Moses or Joshua when they occupied the land of the Canaanites. They took their cities and their plains by force, and smote the people with fire and sword. They were the chosen of the Lord who directed them to that land, while Richard and Thomas Penn were only Quakers who were looked upon as heretics by their more demonstrative Christian brethren of New England.

Many evidences of Indian art and workmanship have been found in this valley, especially about the location of Medicine Spring. Arrow heads, spear heads and knives of flint, tomahawks, axes and hammers of stone, tobacco pipes and jars of clay and pot stone and the like have been found, showing that the Sachem and others high in office sojourned here. Indian paths leading to the Susquehanna and towards the Blue Mountains proper were still well defined long after the occupation of the valley by the whites. Tradition tells us that this valley was the asylum for the Tories during the Revolutionary wars. Traces of what were called Tory paths still remain, and are used as land marks on many of the ancient maps of the lands in this valley.

As is the case in many other sections of the country formerly inhabited by the Indians, traditional stories are handed down to us of the existence of hidden mineral ores in this valley, formerly known to one or a few mysterious medicine men. More than one person supposed to be on friendly terms with a familiar spirit has attempted to divine their location, but with the exception of a knowing look or a mysterious silence both of which have aroused suspicion of some secret knowledge of their whereabouts, no progress has been made in this direction. In times past old men whose feet trembled on the brink of eternity were supposed to have derived some knowledge of their whereabouts, but the fear that such disclosures as they might make might involve association with his Satanic Majesty who is supposed to hold the keys to this wealth as a means of influencing and coercing the unwary avaricious right, has ever deterred timid mortals from going too far in unearthing this treasure. Such treasure ever seems to be an ignis fatuus, the nearer you seem to come to it the far-

ther away you will find yourself. Irving writes of a similar hidden treasure in the Catskills.

An ancient Indian is supposed to have actually pointed it out to the hardy Dutch adventurers of New Amsterdam. They even took large samples of it away from the spot as often as twice at least, but in both cases, in carrying the news and the samples across the seas the unfortunate prospectors were overwhelmed by the mighty ocean and found watery graves, and the treasure still remains unknown and unclaimed in the immortal Catskill mountains. The writer knows a beautiful little vale, not far away, in which men of this day and generation of geological knowledge and chemical analysis are still delving for the traditional treasure, thus vaguely located by what was little more than the instinct of the uneducated savage. It seems an infatuation that takes hold of some men, but then, when we come to think seriously upon it, do we not often see human effort even more illy directed and in every walk of life. We laugh at the treasure hunter, but let him who is and ever hath been free from like fallacy cast the first stone. Do not reach for the missile hastily for they are plentiful and easily gotten, but take the time to go way down into the bottom of your heart and then carefully ransack your memory, and then be honest with yourself, and then lay the missile aside.

Doubtless the reader gathers from this paper that Medicine Spring has been wholly relinquished to the Anglo-Saxon, but this impression he must not obtain. Medicine Spring is still under the guardianship of the blood of the Iroquois and the Lenni Lenape. The red men of that valley did not all flee before the arts of civilization. Some remained and their bones were laid away in the narrow wigwam with their fathers. Portions of their posterity remained to take care of their hallowed places and their descendents now in the full glory of American citizenship, break the glebe which their fathers trod while on the hunt and on the warpath, with the peaceful implements of the husbandman. To them, this spring, these beautiful groves, those tall mountains, speak a most eloquent language and like the magnet this spring draws them to its radiant bosom. Here communing with the scenes their

fathers loved, and hallowed by the religious associations that attended them here under the shadow of those mountains that shaded them, drinking the balm which healed them physically and spiritually, they look back into the spirit land away off in that southern hunting ground where their regenerate ancestry, in their heavenly trappings, still follow the royal chase, and from which no Anglo-Saxon foe, whether by fire or sword, or by beclouded deed of grant, may ever again dispossess them; but where their Great Manitou, their Sylvan God, ever holds them as within the hollow of his hand, within the peaceful confines of that Kingdom where the Indian's summer never dies, where his medicine fountains are ever flowing and where his cup of joy shall be forever full.

BOONE'S UPPERS.

“Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marveling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures happed by land or sea.
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak, and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight!
Time rolls his ceaseless course.”

Time rolls his ceaseless course, and with it brings such changes over the face of the country that if it were permitted to one of the settlers of “Boone's Uppers” to revisit the spot of his earthly days of the history of the land “beyond the Blue Mountains” he would not now know its location, and the hills and valleys, the fields and the streams would be as a strange country to him. Where he was wont to track the night-prowling panther or catamount to his lair or dig deep pitfalls for the unsuspecting bear he would now see fields of green waving corn or the brown furrows of the fallows; and where he sought the wild deer and the yet nobler elk in the grazing bottom lands he would find large towns peopled with a population enjoying the blessings of

the highest type of civilization. Even the wild Schuylkill whose rushing torrents awakened the echoes of the hills with a roaring sound that floated over the land high above the wild songs of the winds through the forests, would now expose to him only a blackened line of foreign deposit to show him that once in a while when the great flood time comes, it seeks again in vain to assume its ancient grandeur and volume. Even the hills and mountains which had so proudly proclaimed to him that they would remain as witnesses to his home forever have been so denuded of their virgin forests and have so yielded to the wants of civilization—robbed of their jutting crags and cliffs punctured and cut away so as to make a way for the great highways of travel and traffic—that they have lost to him all the means of identity. He would look in vain for those scenes and associations that made “Boone’s Uppers” a home to him and after exhausting his patience in the vain search for that comfort and familiar life that he thought still awaited him there, he would, as did the returned spirit of Idain, the ancient German parable, declare to the Angel Seralim “Bid the penance recommence, Alas! after the single hour I have endured on Earth, there seems to be but little terrible in a thousand fresh years of purgatory.”

Boone’s Uppers technically probably included those lands now the site of Schuylkill Haven and lying southward and eastward of the town, yet tradition says and it seems from recitals in ancient deeds that it included a large portion of the lands lying east and west of the Schuylkill south of Schuylkill Haven and north of the Blue Mountains. Old Fort Lebanon which was built by Captain Jacob Morgan, in 1755, under the direction of Benjamin Franklin, is located on these “Uppers” or within sight of them to the southward. This ancient fort and its surroundings are filled with historical ante-Revolutionary associations, which have been more fully described and recounted in former papers.

Probably one of the most ancient artificial landmarks of this section of country is the barn standing on the old Deibert farm, now owned by John A. Filbert, Esq., which by an inscription appearing on one of its foundation stones appears to have been erected in 1792. This section of

country is rich in Indian association and in folklore of the early days. The first white settlement north of the Blue Mountains was made here when in 1744 the two Deibert brothers located on this and the Edward Peale farm adjoining. Within a mile, and in sight of this point, is located the legend of the bewitched horseman who is the subject of a former paper. Here his love story and strange adventures in Genii are still the occasional theme around the hearth fire on wild and stormy nights.

With the thought that possibly the ancient friend, who favored the writer with a rehearsal of the story of the bewitched horseman, might have stored away in the recesses of her memory some other of the ancient traditions of this section of country, he visited her friendly home and having made known his errand she said to him that there had been in her earlier days a great deal of talk about the superstitions of this spot and that some of them had that semblance of truth from the character of the persons who were eye witnesses to facts and circumstances that in their day they were believed, and in fact there were those who thought it might betoken ill-luck and great misery to speak of them lightly, if at all. Those which came more readily to her mind she related as nearly as can be recounted in the following language. Inviting her guest nearer to the fire that was brightly burning in the grate, and turning down the lamp so that we sat in the reddish glare of the flames that snappingly sought their way into the chimney she began:

“On the north side of the Deibert farm and near the roadside may still be seen some of the original rocks that once formed what was known as the “Devil’s Corner” or the “Devil’s Retreat”. Here his Sulphurous Magnificence was wont to sit and ponder how he might keep pace with the civilization that was then planting the colors of its vanguard in these benighted mountains. How he might by spell and incantations fill the heart of the outraged savage with malignant hate and fury so that he would rush upon the defenseless homes of the poor homesick and toilworn Christian settlers and maim and slay them with a brutal savagery that would not even enter the heart of the most deadly of the wild animals of the forests. Here he sat, with his fallen angels as his cohorts about him in the year

1755, and casting his eyes to the eastward he saw but a few miles away a house of public worship which had but recently been built by the pious Germans who lived in this beautiful vale. It was the original "Red Church" on the old turnpike road near Pinedale. Here in the midst of the forest primeval, in the home of the savage and the wild beast, they had erected and consecrated to the cause of salvation through His death on the Cross, God's house. Here they could worship him according to the dictates of their own conscience. No prince and no potentate could say, "In my name and after my fashion shalt thou serve my God." Satan grew wrathful as he sat here with his cabinet about him, and the destruction of this temple would alone appease him. Did he himself destroy it? No, he must needs, as is so loftily portrayed in the poems of Milton, put it into the hearts of others to fight his battles. So he and his cohorts changed their forms and as spirits entered into the hearts of the furious savage and amid torch and fiendish yell the first Sanctuary that Christianity erected in Schuylkill county succumbed to the hunger of the flames that lighted up the forests of the Blue Mountains for miles around. That was his first and his only great victory, for soon the strong hands of these hardy Christian pioneers built them another church, where the old one had stood and on the same spot still stands its representative. The people grew stronger and clothed in the mail of faith and with the sword of the spirit they made war upon this stronghold of his satanic majesty and drove him out from amongst them and nothing now remains but a few of the rocks that one time formed his throne in this sylvan retreat. Those who have claimed to have a more intimate knowledge of the spiritual in this world even yet proclaim that at stated intervals he or some of his imps return to this spot, doubtless to inspire the heart of some luckless wight with an avenging spirit for the wrongs he suffered in a land where he had hoped to have supreme sway, but as often are they driven away.

Near this spot and still along this road at a point where it makes a turn is a flowing fountain which has for many years quenched the thirst for both traveling man and horse; it is a wierd looking spot, and was known as "Spook Hol-

low" or the "Ghost's Walk". In earlier days it was well known that fairies and ghosts peopled this spot, made it a sort of rendezvous wherefrom they would emerge in the night time to carry on the work which their master had assigned them to do. Who first discovered the shadowy people who inhabit this spot tradition does not tell us, but the earliest traditions people this spot with these semi-mundane spirits from time immemorial. They have for many years ranged a large territory thereabouts and every generation has held the place in the deepest awe especially during that period of life when the impressions that these personages make upon one are more easily made. Shadowy men on horseback have often been known to stop here and rest and refresh their jaded steeds from the toil of travel; bonneted women and streaming haired maidens in their white flowing robes have been seen to hold their incantations here. The most regular visitor was an Indian maiden buskined in a huntress' costume who was accustomed to visit this spring nightly for a long time after her people had been driven from the valley. Here she would keep her vigils from the mid-hour of the night until near the gray dawning when she would disappear. She would appear at stated periods when Venus would attain certain relations with her celestial companions.

She seemed to have no apparent purpose except to keep a watch as if waiting for some one, but upon the approach of mortal man, and but few dared it, she would flee away only to return when the coast was again clear.

It is said that a man, a stranger, who came along that way once upon a time, who having heard of this fairy visitor to the fountain, engaged to capture her and learn the occasion of her nocturnal periodical visits. He weaved a spell about the fountain, a process that took more than a month, and meanwhile he weaved a net of spiders' web. This he spread at a place she was accustomed to pass when fleeing from those who approached the spring. Having completed his arrangements he awaited her coming. She came at the accustomed hour and upon his approach she fled but when she came to the spot where the net was spread, she was caught in its toils and fell helpless to

the ground. She made no further attempt to flee, but lay there as if stunned.

The stranger then passed his hands before her eyes and they opened and she began to speak. He questioned her as to the meaning of these nightly visits when she told him that many years ago when she had her mortal being in this world she had separated from her lover at this spring, as he was about to start upon a great hunt that would keep him away for a long time but that he would return again to her at the end of ninety and nine sleeps. When the time for his return came she went to the spring to meet him but he did not come; she kept up her visits for many sleeps thereafter yet he came not. She then consulted the medicine man of her tribe, who by magic and incantation discovered that her brave, on the morning of the day of the ninety-ninth sleep had, when near the end of his homeward journey in the Tuscarora mountains, tracked a panther to his lair and wishing to present her with the skin he entered his den to give him battle, and that in the fury and struggle of the battle they had displaced the rocks so as to close the entrance; that having killed the panther but being unable to extract himself from the rock he perished in the mountain and that his spirit was still imprisoned there, and that the key to unlock his spirit would be revealed to her at this spring. The spot was only revealed to her after the death which soon followed and at certain seasons she could hear his cries but was powerless to aid him.

The stranger then offered to aid her in the release of the spirit of her lover, but said he, 'why did you not ask this aid of the many other persons whom your nocturnal visits have so terrified?' To this she replied that all who had appeared to her at the spring, just as he had until she had been caught in the spider's net, had seemed to her to be the panther who had sought the life of her lover. He then accompanied her up in the Tuscarora mountains climbing over steps made of rock to a rocky ledge on the top of the highest of these mountains where a high rocky crag overhung the Schuylkill, and here rising in high and majestic proportions over him, and pointing to a spot which had once been a cave in the mountain side, in a queenly and commanding tone of voice, she said, 'Pennamook'.

Behold here lies buried the spirit of my lover; he was brave and true in life and his spirit longs to be free to range with me through the whole universe of the spirit land! Lay hold thou mortal and roll the stone from his tomb away that the spirit of my beloved be free." The man obeyed her and with supernatural strength he removed the rocks until he came to a deep cave whence there issued a sound as of the flight of the night bird and when he looked about him the spirit of the Indian maid had flown and no one was there about him.

"Chagrined at the sudden disappearance of the spirit that had brought him to the mountain and for whom he had done this kindness, he came up out of the cave, and looked again about him, but he was alone. As the gray dawn was now advancing over the eastern mountain tops he plodded his weary way back to the spring where those who were aware of his departure with the spirit Indian maiden awaited him. To them he related the adventures which he had up in the mountains and the mysterious disappearance of the spirit lovers at the instant of the prisoner's release. The stranger seemed to have sustained a severe shock and after a few parting words he made them a silent adieu and disappeared in the forest and was never seen again."

"This occurred nearly a century and a-half ago" continued this ancient lady, "but the spirit of the Indian maiden has never since been seen at the spring. But up to this day, however," continued she, "you may see on dark nights a solitary lantern moving about the spring and the low meadows that are near it, as if it were carried by an unseen person; this, it is said, is the spirit of the stranger who lost some portion of the charm of his incantations at this spot and that he is still searching for it by the light of the lantern which he used while working his spell to entrap the Indian maiden's spirit while she kept her night vigils at the spring."

A huge book, whose lids were secured by two large brazen clasps was lying on a table near which this ancient lady was sitting, and as she prepared to open it for silent perusal the writer made his obeisance to her and bade her good night.

Kind and considerate reader :
If a very dear confiding ancient friend, one of the "few
all weak and withered of their force,"
Who "wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight," if one of these would
teach you these tales would you ask whether she
believes them to be true?
Verily you would not.

THE MURDER OF THE HARTMANS BY THE INDIANS AT ORWIGSBURG.

"Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures
and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of Woman's
devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines
of the forest."

Orwigsburg, located a few miles north of the Blue Mountains, and east of the Schuylkill river, was for many years the county seat of Schuylkill county, until the seat of justice was removed to Pottsville in 1851. It is located in the midst of the scenes of the earliest civilization in Schuylkill county, and its surroundings abound in historical incidents and associations of the latter Colonial days and of the irrepressible conflict between advancing civilization and the receding savagery of the barbarous Indian tribes of the eastern belt of this country. This section was for a number of years more than a frontier even; it was an outpost in the enemy's country.

The Penns did not purchase this territory until August 1749, when it was included in that portion known as the purchase of 1749, yet it had been settled as early as 1744. Fort Lebanon, which was built in 1755, was located about two miles southwest of the present town and Fort Franklin built in 1756, about 12 miles to the eastward. The town is now one of the prettiest in its location and surroundings, and one of the most modern in its architecture, in Eastern Pennsylvania.

On the northeastern outskirts of the town is located a large spring of pure water known as Beck's spring, flowing out of the shelly rock of a hillock which at this point forms a northern slope looking toward the second mountain which rears its high and unbroken crest for miles along this valley, its nearest point being scarce a mile away. There is now an open field of clover about this spring, and a fine clump of trees of smaller growth upon its banks and a tall old pine tree standing a few paces away are the only reminders of the original forest that once surrounded it. The remains of an ancient spring house still stand guard over the spot, but the only evidence of a dwelling near it is the partly filled in excavation which formed the cellar of an ancient dwelling that once stood there.

Here lived the first settler of the site of the present town of Orwigsburg, and here he died with the bullet of the marauding murderous savage Indian in his heart. He was a martyr to that cause which developed this country into the garden spot of the world. Let us turn back through the leaves of the early history of our country as related and recorded by the survivors of the family and by the Rev. Henry Melchoir Muhlenburg, one of the early pioneer christian standard bearers of the new world, and we shall find one of the most thrilling tales of sacrifice and of woe ever written in truth or fiction, and a deliverance which it would seem the finger of God alone could point out to the sorrow-laden and grief-stricken survivors of the horrible massacre that took place on this spot.

In the autumn of 1755, John Hartman and his interesting family, consisting of his wife, two sons and two daughters, dwelt here. They had left their native home in the German Palatinate near Reitlingen some ten years earlier, to build themselves a new home in the forests of the new world rather than to remain the victims of the cruel wars and campaigns that were being waged about them in none of which the people of their land had any concern save the fact that they inevitably resulted in the destruction of their homes and of their civil and political liberty.

Here some years before he had been advised to take up a tract of land by some friends, who having preceded

him in their emigration to this western world, had already established their homes southeast of the Blue Mountains. He had cleared some land, had built himself a home, and had surrounded himself with all the home comforts that sufficed for a happy life. So thoroughly were these people imbued with the faith of their church that although the nearest church of their denomination was 22 miles away and over an unbroken and lonely way across the Blue Mountains, at Tulpehocken, yet the family attended worship in this church monthly, devoting two days time for the journey. The wife and mother was a thorough christian woman and took especial charge of the religious training of her sons and daughters. Theirs was a happy christian home; good cheer reigned over the hearth-stone; and John Hartman was a brave man, having no fear of either the Indians who roamed the forests or the wild animals, whose numerous haunts were so near him, that he could hear them nightly on their foraging expeditions. More than one of these latter fell under the unerring aim of his deadly rifle. So brave and fearless was he that when cautioned by his more secure neighbors, who lived in better guarded settlements nearer the Blue Mountains, that he heeded not their warnings, but said that as he bore the Indians no ill-will nor would do them any harm, therefore he had no fear that they would do him or his any wrong. On the contrary he invited these wild men to his house and sheltered them and so well did they regard him that on their journeys to and from the Susquehanna country and Philadelphia they would turn out of their course to pay him a visit.

But John Hartman did not know their savage nature, nor could he know that there still rankled in their bosom the thought that William Penn and his successors had made their chiefs drunken and had thus cheated and taken advantage of them in the several purchases of land which they had made. He could not know that some of these purchases called "walking purchases" had created great dissatisfaction in the minds of these simple and originally honest folk, as for example, when in consideration of some guns, gun powder, flints, clothes, blankets and meal, the white purchasers should have a certain belt of land to ex-

tend in length the distance a man could walk in a day, they did not contemplate that the purchasers would ransack the country to find the fastest runner known and that he should cut across country and stop neither for meat nor drink, under a penalty, and should cover a distance of nearly a hundred miles instead of pursuing the Indian's lazier pace, which would probably cover only twenty or thirty miles. He did not know how the French had violated the treaty of Aix la Chapelle and how they had in July, 1755, with their Indian allies, slain the proud and incompetent Braddock, and massacred nearly all his army, on that fatal field near Fort Duquesne, and how this not only animated their courage, but with the recollections of their former wrongs, frenzied and infuriated them so, that all who were not French were their foes. In the very nature of things, John Hartman could not know that he was living on a volcano, as it were, whose eruption was close at hand, and whose destructive force must sweep him from the face of the earth.

The fatal day came, however. One morning in the month of September, 1755, the family were all seated at the breakfast table; the pious father looked proudly over his flock, then bowing his head and lifting up his heart unto God, said: 'Keep us, O Lord, this day from harm and danger; nevertheless, not our will, but Thine, be done.' After the fast was broken each went to his and her several employment. John Hartman and his eldest son, George, went to the fields to sow the last field with wheat. Mrs. Hartman and Christian, the youngest of the family, started off on one of the horses with a grist to the mill and to spend the day with Mrs. Swartz, the miller's wife, who was ill. (This mill stood a few miles away, and must have been either John Finscher's mill, later Dreibelbis', now the site of Schuylkill Haven, or the mill at Landingville, both of which were subsequently burned by the Indians.) Barbara, aged about 11 years, and Regina, aged about 9 years, remained at home to do the housework. The little girls prepared the noon-day meal and the glad re-echoing sounds of the dinner horn brought the father and son again to their humble home. Hardly had they been seated when the faithful dog, "Wasser", gave an ominous growl, and

the father knowing that this meant danger, instantly took down from its hooks his trusty rifle and opening the door he commanded the dog to be on his guard, when the latter sprang forth and seized an Indian by the throat and threw him to the ground. At the same instant a bullet sped through John Hartman's head and another through his heart and he fell a lifeless corpse on his own threshold. His son, scarcely realizing what it all meant, rushed to aid his father, but the cleaving tomahawk sped through his brain and he sank down on the body of his dead father. The faithful "Wasser" was next seized and despatched, and the little girls stood, chilled to the very soul with horror, alone, surrounded by 15 frenzied and furious painted Indian savages. In her fright Barbara rushed upstairs, but poor Regina could only remain fixed to the spot. Her cries of Herr Jesus! Herr Jesus! terrified and transfixed the foe for a few moments, but soon they turned their attention to the edibles, and when all in sight had been stowed away, two of them led their captive Barbara to the spring house and all its contents were required to satiate these human demons. Then they ransacked the house and tied the articles of clothing, blankets, etc., in huge bundles, seven in number, and removed them and the children away from the house a short distance along a fence to which they had bound a still younger captive girl, but three years old. Leaving the girls in charge of a guard, they then heaped up piles of flax and furniture on the floor of the house, applied the torch, then fired the barn and other out-buildings, and in a few moments the results of the industry and thrift of this pioneer family were laid in ashes, and with them and in the presence of the poor little captives were burned to ashes the bodies of their father and brother.

Alas! even the image of their dead father must be destroyed from the face of the earth and in their presence. They must pursue their path through the trackless forest with the thought ever in their minds that their poor mother could never again lay eyes upon his dead form; that no tender hand might close his eyes and lay him away in consecrated ground where the tears of the living might make companionship with the dead; that that which was mortal of their poor father might not even be encased in a tomb

out of which there might grow an enshrined spirituality that would become a companion to her throughout her after life that would have a nearer and holier presence in her forest home than all else in this world.

The injured Indian even revenged himself on the dog "Wasser" by casting him in the flames also.

Hemylaslu (the tigers claw) for such was the name of the chief of these demons, doubtless fearing to enter deeper into the settlements and being loaded with plunder, then ordered the homeward march, the march to death and captivity for the poor little captives. This was begun ere yet the flames had subsided, amid yells of the fiends, amid tears of sorrow-stricken innocence. Pottowasnos (the boat pusher), took the lead, his pace must now be theirs, for hundreds of miles there would come no rest for these little pilgrims, except in death, or at their journey's end which was far away up in central New York.

But the tragic drama of this scene is not yet out. A happy wife must at one fell glance be turned into lonely and despairing widowhood—a joyous mother must have her heart strings torn out in but a single moment—a prattling boy must awaken into a lonely world of orphanage. The shadow of death, clothed in its most terrible garb, sweeps off the boards all that is lovely, all that makes life worth the living, and places thereon only spectres of horror and despair. Sometimes the weary soul will ask, Has my prayer not the fervency to make it effectual? "Keep us this day from harm and danger." Alas! thou weary soul, thy prayer hath been answered unto thee. "Nevertheless, not ours, but thy will, be done."

"I thought but yesterday,
My will was one with God's dear will;
And that it would be sweet to say,
Whatever ill
My happy state should smite upon,
"Thy will, my God, be done!"

Now faint and sore afraid
Under my cross, heavy and rude,
My idols in the ashes laid,

Like ashes strewed,
The holy words my pale lips shun,
"O God, thy will be done!"

Pity my woes, O God,
And touch my will with thy warm breath;
Put in my trembling hand thy rod,
That quickens death;
That my dead faith may feel thy sun,
And say "Thy will be done."

After spending the day in comforting the sick, poor Mrs. Hartman and her son wended their way homeward, and when in sight of the farm, after emerging from the forest, the quick eye of young Christian, after gazing over the landscape, soon saw the change, and his question, "Why, Mother, where is our house?" brought upon the poor woman a full realization of what had occurred, and before her lay the smoking ruins of her once happy home. The evidences of the disposition of her husband and son were soon disclosed. But where, O! where were her poor helpless little girls? The pen is too feeble to write this chapter, nor shall it be essayed. Kind neighbors came, the trail was taken up and after all was known that could be learned they knew but too well that they had been borne into captivity. The agonies and the sufferings that would be theirs no one could know, none could even guess.

The neighbors at once rebuilt for the poor stricken woman her house and aided her in re-furnishing it and in getting new appliances for farming, and she and her son Christian remained there, gaining not only a livelihood, but she was enabled to build up in herself a purpose that she would rescue her children if God spared her life. Several months thereafter a party of hunters found, some miles away from her home, the dead body of a little girl, and supposing it to be that of one of her children she was taken to the place where she readily identified the corpse as being that of her daughter Barbara. A tomahawk had cleft through her skull. From the direction taken and the length of the march this must have been somewhere in Catawissa Valley. They made her a grave near the Indian path where the body was found lying, and there, under the

soughing pines, her requiem has been sung by the minstrels of the forests for nearly a century and a-half. To the poor mother it gave the comfort to know that she had been thus released from a life which to her seemed far worse than death.

But this, to her mind, made her poor darling, Regina, all the more lonely and miserable. Now must her efforts be redoubled to rescue her. But what could the poor woman do. Let us see. She saw Conrad Weiser, and enlisted him in her cause. Liwewise the Rev. Nicholas Kurtz, her pastor at Tulpehocken, and the Rev. Melchoir Muhlenburg, and probably all the officers and men at the various forts along the Blue Mountains. Then, too, she had an abiding faith in God and thus she waited. Early in the spring of 1763 she learned that a number of prisoners had been released by the Indians and were at Fort Pitt. She determined to make the journey to see if her daughter were among the number. She applied to a son of Conrad Weiser, who was now deceased, who informed her that if she would make her way alone to Falling Spring, now Chambersburg, she could there join a party of packers who would probably allow her to go with them to Pittsburg, then Fort Pitt. This she did and at Falling Spring she was made the guest of Benjamin Chambers, Esq., the founder of Chambersburg. She joined the party and accompanied them to Fort Pitt. Here she made the acquaintance of Colonel Henry Boquet, the provincial commander of the fort. He took a great interest in her because of her courage and her earnestness, but she learned nothing that would locate her daughter. In despair she returned, reaching her home many months after her departure, but still determined to keep up her search.

One day in 1764 her son Christian came to her and said he saw a stranger on a gray horse coming toward the house. She immediately came out to meet him. He informed her of the fact that Colonel Boquet had conquered the Indians, that the war was over, and that he had several hundred prisoners at Carlisle and had issued orders that those having relatives or friends who had been in captivity should come forward and identify their own if possible. This was cheering news to the poor widow, and saddling

two horses, she and Christian started at once for Carlisle. When she reached her journey's end, greatly tired, she was informed that she might inspect the captives on the following morning, in the building in which about two hundred of them were being detained. With a light but anxious heart she went to the rendezvous, but after looking at all of them singly and in every conceivable way she gave up the search when night-fall came, almost broken-hearted. She felt so certain that her daughter was not among them that she concluded to return home the next morning. O, thought she to herself, if it could only be possible that the beautiful tall Indian-looking girl upon whom her eyes first fell and whom she could not help keeping in her eye all day, if only she could be her daughter. But, no, she had tried to talk to her and had tried many other arts, but all the poor girl could do was to point back towards the mountains as if to say my home is beyond the mountains. Now she would go home, and for the first time broken-hearted.

Colonel Boquet, who was then at Carlisle, called upon her and entreated her to remain another day saying that he did not think she had exhausted all the means of identification. She finally was prevailed upon and remained. On the next morning the Colonel brought all the captives out and paraded them in the public square. The tallest in the front and the smallest in the rear. He invited the poor mother again to scrutinize them, but this again availed nothing. He then asked her whether she could recollect anything that she had taught her little girl that might have impressed her in her childhood. She could not in her anxiety and distress think of anything for the moment but after some thought she said to Col. Boquet that she had taught her little daughter a German hymn in her childhood which she could sing, and that she and her daughter had often sung it together but she would not like to sing it in such an assembly, nor did she think it would be to any purpose. He, however, prevailed upon her. The first line in German is as follows:

“Allein, und doch nicht ganz allein,”

The English rendition of the first verse is :

“Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so dear ;
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
He comes the very hour to cheer ;
I am with Him, and He with me,
E'en here alone I can not be.”

The Colonel then escorted the stricken mother to the head of the column and said, “Well, now, suppose you sing that hymn, start here at the head of the company and I will walk with you, and you shall sing the hymn that you and your daughter used to sing together ; and if she is here it will awaken the right chord. She has not forgotten those early songs. She took off her bonnet, abashed at the presence of English speaking folk, yet reassured by the good Colonel she commenced with a clear but tremulous voice :

“Allein, und doch nicht ganz allein,
Bin ich”—

The eyes of all were upon her. When she started the second line a shrill, sharp cry came from the lips of the blue-eyed tall Indian-looking girl whom the mother had so much admired and the next moment she was weeping in her mother's arms. She joined her mother in a few words of hymn, but they were both soon overcome with emotion. The bronzed veterans who had followed Col. Boquet through many a hard campaign and the people of Carlisle gathered around the overjoyed pair and when all was understood a shout of Hallelujah! rent the air as far as the human voice could reach, and tears of joy fell unrestrained by that multitude. The hand of Providence seemed to have wrought in their very midst and men hardened by almost every act of cruelty wept as children. Again must the pen assign to the soul of the reader the task of ending this chapter.

As the mother and daughter were about to leave the throng, there came another shrill cry from the rear of the column of captives, and a small Indian-looking girl came rushing up calling loudly for Sawquehanna, (this was Regina's Indian name) and then it was learned that this was

little Susan, the little captive who had been taken with Barbara and Regina nine years before. She must go where her Sawquehanna would go, and it was soon arranged that she should accompany Mrs. Hartman. Who will describe what were the feelings of that mother when she lay down upon her couch on the evening of that eventful day. What a happy ending to a search of over nine years. How small now seemed her sacrifices for this happy consummation. How closely did she nestle to the bosom of that father "who doeth all things well!" Regina could not fully comprehend all, and on her way homeward she would at times seem low-spirited. There must be yet a revelation to her. It came. When they reached the eminence on which the town now stands she saw the scenes of her early youth, her face lit up, and then she cried out, "Washock!" "Washock!" and clapped her hands for joy. "Washock", "the green tree", she recognized the old pine tree under which she and her poor sister had spent many happy hours in their early childhood. Then only, could the poor weary heart say that it had reached home at last.

The little girls had forgotten their knowledge of German as they were not permitted to speak it. Regina could remember a few words, but did not understand their meaning, but they soon became familiar with their mother tongue and then they told their horrible tale of the captivity. Much that has already been related in this narrative came from the lips of Regina. She related further that after journeying about an hour and a half little Susan, the three year old captive, fell down and could walk no further. The Indians stopped, one of them raised his tomahawk to dash it into her brain when the chief stopped him. Barbara and Regina had each been required to carry a bundle. Barbara was now required to carry Regina's also, and Regina to carry the little girl. This she did, at times having her walk some, until they halted at midnight. Barbara and Susan then slept, but Regina could only weep. In the morning they were provided with a breakfast of what had been stolen from the house and with some wild turkey which an Indian had shot. After breakfast they again started on their journey and tramped until noon going toward the north branch of the Susquehanna when they

again halted. The poor little girls feet became very sore, and after they had journeyed several days Barbara grew sick, and could walk no further. After a consultation an Indian walked up to her and in the presence of the other two little girls sank his tomahawk deep into her brain and laid the corpse alongside the Indian path. The little girls were given her clothing with which to cover their poor lacerated feet.

And then they traveled, Susan being carried much of the way by Regina over rocky and frosted ground, until they reached the Indians' home in central New York. Here the only good fortune that befell them was that they were not separated. They were given to an old Indian squaw as her children. She had a dissolute son who was supposed to be able to support her, but did not, so the lot fell to these two little girls. A hard taskmaster she was, committing nearly all the Indian cruelties except to take their lives. Regina was named Sawquehanna (the white lily), and Susan, whose surname was learned to be Smith, and whose parents had both been murdered on the morning of her captivity, was named Koloska, (the short-legged bear). So they lived, doing the work of both Indian man and woman, the slaves of a savage until the happy day of their release.

Both girls became pupils of the Rev. Mr. Kurtz at the Tulpehocken church and became devout christians. Susan became the wife of Christian and the mother of a large family, but Regina never gave her heart away, although she had many opportunities both in and out of captivity. She remained a single lady, and was always known in her neighborhood as the "Indian Maiden". She was a devout teacher of Christianity and after reaching an old age she was laid away with the bones of her sainted mother in the village churchyard at Tulpehocken. As a mirror of the character and the mental calibre of Regina Hartman it is interesting to know that she became a scholar in theology. She mastered Arudt's "True Christianity" so thoroughly that she could recite the whole book from memory. Arudt's "True Christianity" is one of the most truly philosophical treatises in the Christian religion of any age since the days of Origen. It is a text book not alone for the Protestant philosophical writer, but for the Catholic as well. The stu-

dent, whether man or woman, who could enter into this field of Christian doctrine, must have been endowed with a mind of unusual quality, especially when it is considered that over nine of her most precious years were spent in the darkest barbarism.

The town of Orwigsburg, as hamlet, village and town, has been in existence a much longer period than a hundred years, and many people have lived and died there, but among all of these, taken together, there could not be found an incident of joy or of sorrow that would descend as low, or run higher up, on the gamut of the emotions than the incidents that befell the life of Magdalena Swartz, who afterwards became the wife of John Hartman. She came from a land whose mountains and valleys, whose springs and rivers are filled with the romantic and realities of heathendom, of religious superstition and thralldom, of the traditions and history of political persecutions, nor yet does the history or fiction of these places parallel her life. Yet, with her daughter by her side, her comfort in her old age, and sustained and soothed an unfaltering trust in that God who had ever answered her prayer, she wended her pleasing way down through the declining years of her life a happy and contented, yea a sainted woman. The pious minister of the Gospel who attended her at her death bed exclaimed after he left her "that it was good to have been there. In her last benediction, charged her children to love God and keep his commandments; and then selecting the text that should form the theme of her own funeral sermon, she silently laid down her earthly loves, and her earthly cares, and her spirit peacefully entered into Paradise where there was waiting for her, in the companionship of the loved ones who had gone before, an eternity of bliss in a glorious immortality.

On a peaceful Sabbath afternoon in the Autumn of 1896, just as the sun reached the point in the western horizon where the crest of the Second Mountain would soon cut it off from view, two bronzed veterans of the war of the Rebellion seated themselves upon the banks of this fountain and after partaking of a cooling draft from its sparkling wave a third person related to them the story of John Hartman and his family. The story of the sacrifice,

the courage and the fortitude of the makers of this fair land accorded well with the trials and sacrifices of the preservers of this heritage. A halo of reminiscence and of sacred thought enveloped them and out of which they at length silently came with the thought that the wine of sacrifice could not have been poured in vain when it was poured to preserve that heritage which cost our forefathers and our early motherhood the fearful price they paid for it.

Note:—The writer has referred to the history of “Regina the Captive” in former papers, and has published the account given to Rev. Melchoir Muhlenburg, as also a shorter account given by Daniel Deibert. He has before him at this writing the history of “Regina, the German Captive” as written by the Rev. R. Weiser, who was the grandson of Mrs. Esther Weiser (a daughter-in-law of Conrad Weiser), who knew Mrs. Hartman and her daughter Regina, well, and to whom they related the facts contained in this narrative, and who in turn related them to her grandson, the writer of the history above referred to.

FINSCHER MASSACRE AT SCHUYLKILL HAVEN.

“I see the expressive leaves of Fate thrown wide,
Of future times I see the mighty tide;
And borne triumphant on the buoyant wave,
A godlike number of the great and brave.
The bright, wide ranks of Martyrs—here they rise;
Heroes and patriots move before my eyes;
These crowned with olive, those with laurel come,
Like the first fathers of immortal Rome.
Fly, Time, oh, lash thy fiery steeds away—
Roll rapid wheels, and bring the smiling day
When these blest States, another promised land,
Chosen and fostered by the Almighty hand
Supreme shall rise—their crowded shores shall be
The fixed abodes of empire and of liberty.”

Revolutionary War Poem.

A busy mart is now the junction of the West Branch of the river Schuylkill with the parent river. Here yet

remain the portions of the channel, the tow-path and berme banks of the Schuylkill Canal, which in its day was one of the great traffic highways from the Anthracite coal fields of Eastern Central Pennsylvania to tide water at Philadelphia. From about 1830 to 1880, this avenue of traffic was traversed by a fleet of from three hundred to a thousand transports daily, carrying the black diamonds, on their way from the subterraneous strata in which they were nursed from the vegetable germ into the rocky mineral through cycles of time measured only by ages, to the hearthstone of the civilized world. Even this costly structure had to give way to the increasing demands and to the onward march of science, and now instead of the blare of the boat horn and gentle ripple of the placid waters as they gave way to the blunt edge of the prow of the lazy-looking canal boat, are heard the shrill and almost unearthly whistle of the steam locomotive and the rumbling thunder of rushing train of cars a half mile in length, echoing and re-echoing, from the mountain sides as if an earthquake were upon us. Instead of forests of stately pine and widespreading oaks there now stand hundreds, yes you may say regiments, of cars, aligned along the banks of these streams as if in lines of battle, sometimes a dozen files in depth. The grass-covered shady nook of one hundred and fifty years ago is now the depository of ashes from the restless engine, or is converted into a railroad track; and off but a short distance on the higher ground stand the stately residence, the steeple crowned church and the humble cottage of that mass of humanity which make up the towns of Schuylkill Haven and Cressona.

One hundred and fifty years ago this was a primitive wilderness, untrodden, you may say, by the foot of the white man—the home of nature and her children, the Indian and the birds and wild beasts of the forest. This spot lies in what we call the Valley of the Schuylkill, yet at this point the Valley of the Schuylkill crosses, as it were, at right angles, another valley of yet greater length, being that valley which lies between the Blue Mountain proper and the Second Mountain, a valley of varying width, but well defined from the Delaware river near northeastern Pennsylvania to the Susquehanna and thence south easterly under

various names into Maryland, Virginia and Tennessee, all of these mountains forming the range of the Kittatinny or Blue Mountains. The Blue Mountains proper are just far enough away to make them most suggestive of their name, while the Second Mountain is so near that its lengthening shadow envelopes this spot long before the sun settles down into the far off western horizon. Immediately to the westward the lines of the Second Mountain and of the Sharp Mountain just beyond it are broken to let the waters of the main Schuylkill river release themselves from the great coal basin whose southern boundary line runs along the southern side of the crest of the latter mountain, for a distance of nearly seventy-five miles, the line passing this point not three miles away. This is a historic spot and may truly be said to have been a part of the "dark and bloody ground in the days that tried men's souls." In order that the writer may in this chapter relate all the ancient history of this spot that has come to his knowledge he will be at the expense of some repetition, as a portion of the facts that will appear herein formed the subject of a former paper.

So far as can be learned, from such historical data as is now at hand, the first settler of this immediate vicinity was John Finscher, a Quaker, who came here about the year 1750. His posterity is large and a portion of them still reside in this community. The fact that their ancestors were cruelly slain by savages somewhere in this region was well known to them, but the location of the tragedy was not known until a reference was made to the fact in a former number of these papers.

At the time of the outbreak of the French and Indian war, in 1755, there were a number of settlers in the community surrounding this place. For instance, we know that William Deibert and Michael Deibert had settled on the Peale and Filbert farms, a little over a mile south of Schuylkill Haven; that a family, named Heim, lived just west of Landingville; and a family, named Miller, a mile distant from the home of John Finscher. Then there were Phillip Culmore and Martin Fell, who lived nearer Fort Lebanon, Conrad Minnich, who lived up in the gap near where the Seven Stars hotel now stands, and "Emerich's," whose house

is still standing a short distance southeast of Schuylkill Haven. There were undoubtedly others not far away.

John Finscher was a miller and had evidently improved his property, and had erected a dwelling house and other buildings suitable for his purposes. In those days the mill was frequently the dwelling of the miller; whether the mill was then yet erected history does not record.

This spot was the scene of two Indian campaigns. The first is related by Captain Jacob Morgan, who was then in command of Fort Lebanon, located a half mile east of the present town of Auburn.

Let him tell his own story as contained in his report to Hon. William Denny, Provincial Governor of Pennsylvania, and recorded in Pennsylvania Archives, Vol. 3, page 30:

“Fort Lebanon, November Fourth, 1756.

Hon'd Sir:—Yesterday morning at break of Day, one of ye Neighbor's discovered a Fire at a distance from him; he went to ye top of another Mountain to take a better Observation, and made a full Discovery of Fire, and supposed it to be about 7 Miles off, at the House of John Finscher, he came and informed me of it; I immediately detach'd a party of 10 Men (we being but 22 Men in the Fort) to the place where they saw the Fire at the said Finscher's House, it being nigh Skulkill, and the Men anxious to see the Enemy if there, they ran through the Water and the Bushes to the Fire, where to their disappointment saw none of them, but the House, Barn and other outhouses all in Flames, together with a Considerable Quantity of Corn; they saw a great many tracks and followed them, and came back to the House of Phillip Culmore, thinking to send from thence to alarm the other Inhabitants to be on their Guard, but instead of that found the said Culmore's Wife and Daughter and Son-in-Law all just kill'd and Scalped there is likewise missing out of the same House Martin Fell's Wife and Child about 1 Year old, and another Boy, about 7 Years of Age, the said Martin Fell was Him that was kill'd, it was just done when the Scouts came there, and they seeing the Scouts ran off. The Scout divided in 2 partys, one to some other Houses nigh at Hand, and the other to the Fort, (it being within a Mile of the Fort) to inform me; I immedi-

ately went out with the Scout again, (and left in the Fort no more than 6 Men) but could not make any discovery, but brought all the Famileys to the Fort, where now I believe we are upward of 60 Women and Children that are fled here for refuge.

Honour'd Sir,

Your most Humble Servt to Command,
John Morgan.

Corroborative of this account, James Read, a lawyer, of Reading, and at the same time the Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of Berks County, writes to Governor Denny under date of Nov. 7th, 1756, See Penna. Archives, Vol. 3, page 36, among other things, as follows:

“What I can gather from a person who was near Fort Lebanon (where Captain Morgan is Station'd) at the Burial of the people killed thereabout is, that on Wednesday last, about noon, a Party of Savages came to the farm of one John Finscher, about Six miles from that Fort and set Fire to his House, Barn and Barracks of corn and Hay; upon First Notice whereof Captain Morgan detach'd ten Men from his Fort, and soon after followed with a few more, who as they were returning from their pursuit, not having met any enemy found Finscher's Barn, &c., Consumed and at Martin Fell's House, about a mile from the Fort, found Martin and his wife's sister and her Mother scalp'd, the young woman being not yet quite dead, but insensible, and stuck in the throat as Butcher's kill a Pig; she soon died and was buried with the others, Martin's wife, and the two Children, one about a twelve month, the other about seven years old were carried off Captives. By a gentleman who left Fort Lebanon yesterday I hear that sixty women and children have fled into it for refuge.”

James Read.”

History does not record how it was that John Finscher and his family escaped with their lives, yet we do know that they did escape this worse fate at this time, but only to be reserved for it at a future day when with more pleasant surroundings doubtless, and at a time when they had a better right of immunity from the savagery of the Indians, Life had grown all the more dear to them. Sometime after

this onslaught, which had caused what was known as the runaway of 1756 to the inhabitants "beyond the Blue Mountains", some of the pioneers returned again to their homes, and among them John Finscher. He rebuilt his improvements and doubtless dwelt in peace with all the world. Fired with that zeal which reaps its reward in the fruit of toil, he cleared his land and looked forward to that time when he might retire from toil, having the comforts of a home for himself and his family. But what ever may have been his hopes or his prospects he was not destined to enjoy them many years, for there was, after all his trials, still impending over him a fate that must bring him to the sacrifice for that cause which was sealed in the blood of thousands of just such pioneers before it was firmly established upon this western continent.

Knowing what we now know and looking at the situation from our standpoint, we would say that it was simply foolhardiness in a man thus risking his life and that of his people by living out beyond the line of fortifications well knowing a lurking foe was in the forest somewhere ever ready to strike a blow, and no man might know where it would come first. That there was danger there the very fact of the fortifications, the line of battle as it were—being there would clearly prove. Be that as it may, these brave men seemed to have no fear. And after all was it not because of the fact that these men were brave and could see no danger where we now see it, that an English civilization and not a French or a Spanish was planted into this fair land? Even if the sacrifice was great, it was better so.

The second scene of horror enacted on this spot came in the month of September, 1763. The historian, I. D. Rupp, on page 78 of his book entitled, "History of Berks County," gives the following account of the tragedy as taken from "Votes of Assembly," Vol. 5, page 285, recorded October, 1765.

"In the early part of September, 1763, in the afternoon, eight well armed Indians came to the house of John Finscher, a Quaker, residing north of the Blue Mountains, in Berks County, about twenty-four miles from Reading, and within three quarters of a mile of a party of six men of Captain Kern's company of Rangers, commanded by ensign

Scheffer. At the approach of the Indians, John Finscher, his wife, two sons and a daughter, immediately went to the door and asked them to enter in and eat, expressed their hopes that they came as friends, and entreated them to spare their lives. The Indians were deaf to the entreaties of Finscher. Both parents and two sons were deliberately murdered; their bodies were found on the spot. The daughter was missing after the departure of the Indians, and it was supposed from the cries that were heard by the neighbors, that she also was slain.

"A young lad, who lived with Finscher, made his escape, and notified ensign Scheffer, who instantly went in pursuit of these heartless, cold-blooded assassins. He pursued them to the house of one Millar, where he found four children murdered; the Indians having carried two others with them. Millar and his wife being at work in the field, saved their lives by flight. Mr. Millar himself was pursued near one mile by an Indian who fired at him twice while in hot pursuit. Scheffer and his party continued their pursuit and overtook the savages, firing upon them. The Indians returned the fire, and a sharp, short conflict ensued—the enemy fled, leaving behind them Millar's two children, and part of the plunder they had taken.

These barbarous Indians had scalped all the persons whom they had murdered, except an infant, about two weeks old, whose head they had dashed against the wall, where the brains with clotted blood on the wall was a witness of their cruelty. The consequence of this massacre was the desertion of all the settlements beyond the Blue Mountain.

A few days after these atrocious murders the house of Frantz Hubler, in Bern township, eighteen miles from Reading, was attacked by surprise—Hubler was wounded; his wife and three of his children were carried off, and three other of his children scalped alive; two of these shortly afterwards died.

Murder and cruelty marked the path of these Indians. From the many acts of savage ferocity committed in Berks county, may be noticed that on the 10th of September, 1763, when five of these Indians entered the house of Phillip Martloff, at the base of the Blue Mountain, murdered and scalped his wife, two sons and two daughters, burnt the

house and barn, the stacks of hay and grain, and destroyed everything of any value. Martloff was absent from home, and one daughter escaped at the time of the murder, by running and secreting herself in a thicket. The father was left in abject misery."

Doubtless John Finscher's son's life was spared, or one or more of the children may not have been at the scene of the massacre. The remnant of the family left this section and settled in Chester county, whence some of the descendants have since removed to this county. Thus ended the earthly career of John Finscher and that of the greater part of his family on this fatal spot.

The only monument that still remains as a token of his industry is the channel of the mill race which furnished the water power for his mill. His grave and those of his family are unknown. Doubtless among the Christian pioneers who first settled this valley, men who could not but realize that his fate and that of his family might at any moment be their own, had hearts just as tender as beat in any breast today, and the tears that fell upon the bier were the overflowings of brave hearts full of love and tenderness. Doubtless there is some grassy mound in the near vicinity that was hallowed by them and those who followed them, until the ravages of time erased them from living ken, just as they levelled the spot which they had enshrined in tears. But the memory of those pioneers will never fade. A grateful people will, as years and ages roll away, hold them in even a more sacred reverence than did those who followed them to the tomb. Posterity, which sees and enjoys the fruits of the sacrifice of the sires of our land, which realizes a heritage far beyond that which they had conceived, will more frequently as time advances draw aside the curtain to look back into the past into the very lives of those men, that they may the better see the present and look into futurity to realize the genius and the spirit of that which is greatest and noblest in this blessed land of ours. What need that we know which spot it is that holds their ashes when all this fair land was won for us by them? Coupled with this conquest and an outgrowth of that same indomitable will and spirit of liberty, are the free institutions of a government which makes us sovereigns in the land which

is our heritage, a covenant that not only runneth with the land, but whose benign influences on human government are felt in every form of government on the face of the earth thereby securing them to the humanity in general.

These graves, though unknown, are the footprints of the western march of civilization and christianity. That westward course was first seriously halted on the crest of the Blue Mountains. Here it planted its vanguard from 1736 until after the war of the Revolution. Swaying sometimes forward and again backwards during a period of fifty years, then taking new courage, it swept forward only to be hurled backward again from the crest of the Alleghanies, where sometime after the Revolutionary war it again took up its westward course, halting its lines in Ohio and Kentucky, and then gradually reaching out to the Mississippi. Thence leaving still its trail of pioneer graves, it advanced until it unfurled its standards on the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and thence it easily descended to the Pacific coast. Its first battles were fought along the Blue Mountains here in our very midst, when the shock of a single foray startled the whole nation. Now the closing scenes of that warfare, of that continuous battle, cause scarcely a ripple on the smooth surface of the daily life of our mighty government. It was but a few years before this era in our national life that Bishop Berkeley wrote:

“Westward the course of Empire takes its way,
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

As if haunted by some strange fatality John Finscher’s tract of land was left lie vacant until 1770, although other lands in that vicinity and less favorably located were taken up in the meanwhile. In the latter year it was taken up by a thrifty and progressive young German named Martin Dreibelbis. He had it surveyed to himself under a new warrant or claim, on December 7th, 1781, and received a patent for it December 14, 1784. Enrolled in Patent Book, No. 3, page 169.

The writer has before him a draft of a survey made on the original warrant to John Finscher, dated March 5th,

1750. The survey was made in 1838. This shows that the Finscher warrant embraced two hundred and fifty-five acres of land and allowances. It also shows that in 1838 the lines of the old Finscher warrant were then bounded on the east by the Schuylkill river, on the south by lands of Ludwig Boyer and Jacob Bittle, on the west by land of George Dress, and on the north by lands of Abraham Fight and James Boone. At this latter date the Finscher lands (later Dreibelbis), were owned by George Buchner, Jacob Bittle, Ludwig Boyer, Daniel Zerbey, Abraham Boyer, a Schuylkill Haven company, and the greater part by Daniel Bartolet. The surveyor has endorsed on the back of this draft the following: "The above is one whole survey—Warrant to John Fincher date 5 March, 1750, and surveyed 7 December, 1781, and patented December 3, 1784, for 255 A. allowances, (as far as I can understand in 1838) there was a survey made on the ground for Finscher warrant much earlier than 1781, but Finscher having been killed by the Indians on this land, and the family destroyed and chased away, it was left until after the close of the Indian war and then in 1781 Resurveyed—Patented to Martin Dreibelbis (Treipeltis) on the 14 of December, 1784. See Patent Book No. 3, page 169."

These details are given in particular so that they may serve as an assured reference in the future.

The energy of Martin Dreibelbis soon brought about order from the chaos in which he found things when he took up this devastated property. He erected improvements and among others built the house so long well known as a wayside inn along the old turnpike road and known as "Mackey's Tavern," which still remains standing. He built a mill on the site of the old Finscher mill and being near the head of raft navigation and on the old Province road which was just then being extended from Ellis Hughes' saw mill, just a mile above him in the gap, to Fort Augusta, now Sunbury, his place was one of importance. Dreibelbis' mill was for many years an important center for the people who lived north of the Blue Mountains. The owner was a most progressive man. He built houses and induced settlers to come and populate the place. He opened a store, built a blacksmith shop, erected saw mills and became the

owner of much land in the neighborhood. He employed many men in his various business enterprises. Then too the mill was built as a sort of block house or fort to which the settlers were accustomed to come in times of incursions by unfriendly Indians; and these took place until the close of the 18th century.

Many years ago the Anthracite Gazette published an account of an Indian scare that took place either before or during the Revolutionary War as related by a then old inhabitant. The article has been seen by persons still living, but the legend has been handed down to this day through the Dreibelbis family, many of whom still live in this vicinity. It seems that a family by the name of Reed had settled upon and cleared a farm along the old Province road near the site of the present town of Minersville, about four miles away from the mill. While the men were working in the fields one day a young son saw approaching far up the road what appeared from their feathers and gay deckings, to be a band of Indians in full war paint and feathers. He ran and gave the alarm, when all hands started to run for Dreibelbis' mill. All could run save an elderly lady, the grandmother. But one of the strongest seized her and throwing her over his back started off and brought up the rear of the terror stricken column. All of the party reached the mill in good time save him who was thus heavily burdened, and he reached it alone however, some time after. He explained that he had fallen beneath his burden and not being able to carry the poor old woman any farther he had deposited her in a small hollow space under a log in the west branch gap in the Sharp Mountain, and had covered her over carefully with leaves and then hastened on to the place of refuge. However, they were all thankful that so many of them had reached a place of safety and night coming on they awaited events. Judge of their astonishment when they learned on the following morning that the supposed Indians were Colonial or Revolutionary War troops, on their way from Fort Augusta at Sunbury, to re-inforce the line of the Blue Mountain forts, and that the feathers were but the gaudy plumes of the soldiers and the war paint but the colorings of their gay uniforms. The poor old lady was rescued from her plight and was probably

the least scared of the entire party. The frequency with which real causes for a runaway came in those days doubtless kept the settlers in such a state of terror that it took but slight cause of suspicion to create a panic among them. Whatever may have been their chagrin they were doubtless very glad to welcome the soldiers even though they had endured a night of terror at their approach. Tradition tells us though that this place of refuge was resorted to on a number of other occasions when it was the only hope of saving the lives and scalps of these frontier pioneers.

The fact that the Neuman family was massacred only four miles away on the North side of the Sharp Mountain, at the present site of Pottsville, in 1780, and the further fact that the government woodsmen who were engaged in cutting masts in the vicinity of the latter place at about the same time had to be protected in their work, from the onslaughts of savages, by Colonial troops, go to show that this was during those later years even a most perilous frontier.

The hardy pioneers of this settlement were as deeply imbued with the thought of the hidden treasures of this land as was ever the wildest buccaneer of the Spanish dain. As was the case in nearly every early settlement, wonderful stories were rife of the hidden treasure of these mountains and known only to the medicine men and the most shrewd of the Indians who lived in and roamed these forests.

Tradition tells us that so wild was this rage that men would at the risk of their lives spend days and weeks in the vain search for that treasure which they could never find. Yes, once they found it, but it was found in such a way as never to avail the finder anything.

Well founded tradition gives us the following: Some time after the new settlement was made in 1770, several of the white settlers learned from some Indians that there was in existence in a valley lying north of the Sharp Mountain a rich deposit of silver ore, but that the Indians would never reveal the spot. These white men taunted the Indians with their positive assertions that it was not true. At length the Indians, several only in number, to prove the truth of what they said, offered to lead two or three of the settlers to the spot, blindfolded, however, and would let them dig the precious ore themselves and reduce it after they would

reach home. This was agreed to. Accordingly, on a dark night the Indians came and blindfolded their white charge, and armed with a pick and a shovel and a bag they started off for the Eldorado of the Indian. They led these men a number of miles through the darkness of the night and the forest, thus blindfolded until they came to a spot near the foot of a mountain, where the parties were halted. The bodies of the white men were then stooped downward and securely kept in that position by the strong arms of the Indians, the pick and shovel were placed in their hands and they were directed to dig and shovel into the bag a small quantity of the ore when they were again securely blindfolded, resumed their upright positions and the homeward march was again taken up and over a different route from that taken in going to the spot.

When they reached their homes their neighbors anxiously awaited them. Then the blacksmith's hearth was brought into requisition, and by means of bellows and blow-pipes, the hardy treasure hunters reduced the mass and when all was cleared away, lo, there appeared the precious white metal they had risked so much to find. It was not much treasure for the quantity of ore was small, yet after it was hammered out in shape there was a piece of silver of the size of a half of dollar, enough to set the hearts of the settlers wild with dreams of sudden wealth. The tale is true and there were those living in this generation of men and women who often saw that piece of silver; its pedigree was well vouched for by all the old settlers in this section of country. The writer knew an old lady, now deceased, who often saw and had in her possession this piece of silver, and who knew its origin just as related, by indubitable proof.

When the excited settlers set about the task of finding the hidden treasure all were sure they would find it, but none succeeded. When those with eyes and could see failed to find it, the blind and the blindfolded were tried. So jealous were they of those who had been led to the spot by the Indians, and so fearful were they that they would find and would not reveal the place that they were watched night and day. But even these could not again tread the spot which in their blindness they had once trodden, even though to do so would, as they thought, enrich them far beyond the wildest dreams

of Aladdin when his lamp glowed in all its sudden power and glory. Even the fortune teller and the sooth-sayer were powerless, although thought to be infallible in all else. By common consent the spot was located in Indian Run Valley, which was a sacred place to the Indians of yore, but the search there was to no purpose. That generation of treasure hunters passed away and left this as one of their unfinished missions on this Earth, but other generations since then have taken up the search although probably with not as much vigor as of yore. And, gentle reader, but "tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon," the search continues even unto this day.

Alas, how vain after all, are all human efforts. If these early settlers had but looked about them, if they had forgotten the treasure they were after for the moment and had but looked beneath them in their travels over these mountains and through these valleys they might have possessed themselves of wealth unmeasured in its proportions and almost unlimited in its resources, and but for a trifling sum. The lands in which they sought this treasure are the richest and most valuable anthracite coal lands in the world.

The life and times of the pioneers of this settlement formed the theme for many a hearthstone tale in after generations, but in the active scenes, the changes of conditions and in the ever varying pursuits of their succeeding generations, the thread of the history of their romantic life has been broken and fragments only are left to give us an insight into their primitive sojournment here.

Bancroft tells us of some of the characteristics of the English settlers in Connecticut before the uprising of the Indians just preceding King Phillip's War. He says: "The minds of the English were appalled by the horrors of the impending conflict, and superstition indulged in its wildest inventions. At the time of the eclipse of the moon, you might have seen the figure of an Indian scalp imprinted on the centre of its dish. The perfect form of an Indian bow appeared in the sky. The sighing of the wind was the whistling of bullets. Some heard invisible troops of horses gallop through the air, while others found the prophecy of calamities in the howling of the wolves." So was it with this early folk. Surrounded as they were by hostile Indians,

subject to their secret incursions from any part of the unexplored forests both by day and by night. Hearing the fierce scream of the panther and the catamount almost at their very doors, the howl of the wolf in the mountains near by, must have kept these people in a state of terror indescribable. Then, too, they had brought with them from the German palatinates and from other parts of the old world all that stock of superstition that was then rife, not alone in the uneducated masses, but among those of higher mental force and attainments.

Considering these surroundings and the environments of these people there must have been present a courage and a power of endurance that is hard for us to understand. That superstition which was innate in our early settlers and was a part of their nature could after all operate only upon their fears and bring only imaginary woes upon them and their land, but there was a superstition in the mind and character of the Indian which went far to actuate him in the actual perpetration of wrong and outrage upon these people, and this operated not only upon their fear but upon their security as well. It will of course never be known in how many ways, signs and omens were manifested to the Indian of the impending fate that would soon overtake them but doubtless many things appeared to them as prophetic warnings of their utter annihilation, as day after day their braves fell in battle and year after year the white man's lines advanced forward and theirs receding towards the setting sun. Doubtless many a foray and incursion was but the outgrowth of the reading of the interpretation of dreams and visions which not only seemed true to them at the time, but proved to be true in a nearer future than they even anticipated.

The following is a historical instance. In volume 3, pages 735-741, inclusive, of Penna. Archives, is published the journal of John Hays beginning with the date of May 5th, 1760. The journal is lengthy and contains a daily account of an official visit paid by him and Christian Frederick Past, a Provincial Missionary, agent and spy, for the governors of the province for a number of years, to the several Indian tribes living along the north branch of the Susquehanna river through northern Pennsylvania and New

York. Their mission was among friendly and unfriendly Indians in the endeavor to bring about peace. They started from Bethlehem and went via Fort Allen to Wyoming, thence along the river until they reached Diahoga (Tioga), in northern Pennsylvania and but part way to their destination, although being in the Indian country practically all the way after leaving Fort Allen. When they came to Dihoga they had every cause for alarm not only for their project but for the safety of their own lives. The Indians had seen a vision and they were holding wild dances and were making sacrifices to appease the evident displeasure of their God. The following is the language of this primitive ambassador:

"The Monday June 2nd, We were Diverted with a strange Storey that they told us of the Indians of Dihoga. Seeing a vision in the Moon on May 29th, viz: that they saw 2 horses in the Moon, one Came from the East, the other from the West, and they fought a battle, and the Estrly horse prevailed and threw the other down and fell a top of him and the men appeared about one foot Long from the East and Drove all before them; the Indians were very much Grieved at this Strange sight, and wanted to Know our opinions of it, but we thought best to say nothing about it."

Doubtless even in that early day this vision was far more easy of interpretation by these men than were Pharaoh's dreams, but their prudence doubtless dictated their course. In their case the course of the pious Joseph would not have led to honor and renown, but to certain death. No vision of either religious or profane history was ever more prophetic and doubtless this and others of its kind went far to inflame the Indian heart and brain to the commission of the horrible acts of cruelty and death-dealing that followed for three years thereafter and then, after but a short period of peace, to be again taken up until they were driven beyond the confines of the State. The ambassadors of peace were not permitted to go farther into the Indian country and were reluctantly compelled to return home leaving their mission unaccomplished.

The antiquarian of the future in following the trail of civilization and of empire on its westward course through this continent will linger long among these mountains and

will here find a field for thought and of wonderment that will make a deep impression on his mind, and when he comes to record that onward march he will assign a lengthy page to the history that was made here on the scene of the first of a thousand battle grounds that mark the wake of the conquering and irrepressible campaign which lasted over a hundred years and the Heaven prospered and world-famed battle cry of whose legions was ever, Westward Ho!

THE INDIAN SPIRIT AND THE SONG OF THE SEVEN CORN MAIDENS.

“We are such stuff as dreams are made of.”

According to the literature of every nation every land was supposed at one time to have been peopled with giants, monster animals and reptiles, and by mythical people of every description. The thought seems to be the outgrowth of human nature especially during that period before the higher mental and moral attributes of man have been developed. We of this day know that when it is once implanted in the fertile soil of human nature how firm a hold it has and how hard it is to eradicate it.

The ancient Grecian lover of his still more ancient history must needs have read of the adventure of one of his great ancestors, Jason, who with his fifty followers sailed far into the Eastern seas to wrest from King Aetes and again from its keeper, the terrible dragon, the Golden Fleece. How, that to appease the King he must harness and yoke two bulls snorting with fire, and with feet of brass, and to plow with them a field and then sow it with dragon's teeth, and that when these ripened they endeavored to overthrow him. How, that when he had overcome these he had still the terrible dragon to overcome. All of which he accomplished by invoking the goddess Aphrodite to send Cupid to melt the heart of Medea, the King's daughter with love for Jason, whose supernatural powers enabled him to surmount these difficulties and to carry off the golden fleece to his people. The Argonatic legend recounting these adventures is the most ancient classic of Greek literature.

The Scandinavian Teutons of Mediaeval times had ever to sing of the prowess of their demi-god ancestry in their annihilation of the monster reptiles with wings and speaking tongues, that infested their lakes and forests. The Sagas of the Volsungs and the numerous Aedda found recorded on stones and the skins of animals and on other permanent substances, still testify to this. The earliest German classic, the "Nibelungenlied Lied" and still the greatest epic in that literature records the overthrow of the dragons of the Rhine by Siegfried the hero and lover. The most ancient volume of English literature, and with but two minor exceptions, the very earliest English writing now extant, is the great epic "Boewulf" which consists mainly in the portrayal of the high and mighty prowess of the hero after whom the poem is named, in slaughtering the monster dragon Grendel and its or his mother. There would be no literature or history of Boewulf if it were not for the fact that these perilous adventures were to be related by the scop, who wrote it.

How many hundred or thousand years our ancestors believed in these things probably no history will ever tell us, but it must have been a long time or we would not find human nature among an original or simple people at this late day a soil so fertile in the belief of the super-natural. We must not laugh at these myths and beliefs of our heathen ancestors. At least not so long as we celebrate the names of their deities in every day life as we still do. That day of the week which we call Tuesday, we name after their god, "Ty", the brave, the patron of war and of honor; Wednesday we name after their great all-father god "Wodin," the god of the air and the sky; Thursday, after "Thor", the thunder god, the strong god of fire; and Friday commemorates the goddess "Freya", the wife of Wodin, the mother of Thor, the spirit of air, the protector of children and ruler of the world of the dead.

With these and like observations on the subject of the super-natural and the unreal the writer sought to entertain his Ancient friend who has at various times so kindly entertained and enlightened him as he has already observed in several former numbers of these papers. He thought, too, that he might in this wise without arousing her suspicion lead her into a reminiscent and conversational mood and

direct her line of thought into the more weird field of superstition and the supernatural. In this he succeeded, and drawing her chair nearer her accustomed place at the open fire hearth, and closing her work basket she set it aside, holding still in her hand a long crocheting needle of tortoise shell which she gracefully waived about her as if it were a wand whose magic power might by a simple touch unlock the gates that shut away the unrecorded past and permit us to wander into those forbidden realms.

"I am a plain every day woman," said she "brought up under the most early influences and beliefs of the people, who live in the Blue Mountain region. Whatever may have been my beliefs in my earlier days under the tutorage of the people who lived about me, I have since imbibed more liberal views, although there are many things which seemed unreal then and that come under my observation which are inexplicable to me even at this day. However much my beliefs may have changed I can not however help thinking of those things which aroused our wonder and fear in the earlier days of those settlements.

When I was a child, there were still remaining in these mountains a remnant of the large droves of wolves that were wont to infest these forests, in earlier times. It was said that their numbers were reduced far more greatly from disease contracted from devouring the diseased carcasses of dead horses returned from the wars of the Revolution and 1812 than from any other cause. However, as the wolf family grew smaller he became more mythical and had imparted to him attributes which he never possessed in reality. Because of his marauding and ruthless nature he was more to be feared than the catamount or panther as these had their regular haunts where their presence might be always known, but the wolf was a tramp and might be ever present, especially in the night time. He was invested with wonderful and mysterious powers. He could cause the cows to refuse to milk. He could lead the swine astray, and he seemed at all times to be in league with the evil one. He was said to be presided over by an anomalous King, the great seven-horned beast, part wolf, part bear and part panther, but larger than any of these.

This leader would call them together and their concerted howls would presage the storm. He would bring them together after their foraging expeditions in the lower countries were ended, and then they would prepare the banquet on the mountain tops. The fog that we would see rising from and over the crest of the mountains was the steam pouring from their kettles as they were cooking the milk broth for their young. The fungus growths along old logs and stumps in their phosphorescent glow were the glaring eyeballs of these angry monsters. The howling winds of the forests carried their shouts of defiance at the efforts of man to dethrone them from their ancient demesne.

Nor did this king of beasts always remain in his mountain fastnesses, but more than once when the ungodly would meet in conspiracy to do wrong or were engaged in unholy pursuits, in the shadows of the night, he was seen to glare into the chamber, through some unshuttered window or unbarred doorway, or if such meeting were held in some forest nook then he might be seen crouching behind a rock or stump or in the overhanging branches of a tree, with the invariable result of ending the proceedings, and of causing the dispersing of such unlawful assemblages.

This beast exerted an influence over many and especially the younger people, more potent even than the command of a parent. He hastened many a footstep on its homeward way in the early evening, and he prevented many a night expedition that might otherwise have worked harm to others. I have not in recent years heard whether fancy still provides him a home in these mountains or no, but I have no doubt there are still many people living along these mountains who know of the fame of this wonderful beast that played so important a part in the fancy of the youth and the unlettered of ye olden time.

At so late a day as in my early youth when the fireside tale of the trials and sufferings of the earlier days were yet fresh in the minds of the children and grand-children of the victims, with here and there one of those latter still able to relate them first handed, many of these myths became so interwoven with actual history that many could not distinguish where the real history ended and the unreal and mythical began, so that frequently all was accepted as truth by

many of the willing ears that heard them. Although the years of discretion have taught those of us who survived these earlier days to distinguish the unreal from the true, yet I do not wish ever to forget the one without the other. And even to this day I never revisit these scenes without the thought first of the romance of these mountains before I think of their truthful history.

These mountains have harbored for many years another supernatural being, whose personality will remain with them forever. The very nature of his parentage must make this his home forever. The Indian "Wraith" or "Spirit" springs from a most natural and legitimate parentage. These streams must be dried, these forests must be cut down and destroyed and these everlasting mountains must be levelled down into the open plain before his death song may be sung. These cavernous mountains suggested his dwelling place. The countless ages of Indian habitation and sojournment conceived him. In these mountain fastnesses where the Indian might hold converse with nature—where he might be in nearer relation with the elements and therefore in a closer communion with his sylvan God, he would be expected to have his birth. Here, after the fertile valleys to the eastward had been settled by the white man, his paths and his forests destroyed, his hunting ground laid waste, he would brood over his misfortunes, over the inevitable fate that must then already have stared him in the face. Here, when imaginary and real wrongs had planted malice and murder in his heart, here must his war dance begin and here he first marked his trail in blood. From these peaks he cast the last glance at the only permanent home he ever had. To these scenes did his thoughts revert until the last remnants of his tribe found lonely graves in the far western lands which to them had been an unknown country.

These forbidding looking mountains were for more than fifty years the line between civilization and barbarism, between Christianity and heathendom. Nearly two generations were born and passed away looking upon the crests of these mountains as the line between day and night, light and darkness. What could be more natural than the growth of a feeling in the minds of these early settlers, that

all that lay beyond was mystery, enveloped in a cloud of conjecture and therefore of unrealism. And what more natural than that out of all these things should grow a mythical personality, a spirit of the mountains, whose realm would be its entire length and surroundings. The Rhine, the Black forest, the Hartz mountains and many other scenes in their fatherland were peopled with the mythical and the unreal. So, with all these associations, the dread and the fear, which these mountains so often inspired, for at times they seemed to give birth to the very demons in human form who destroyed their people and their homes, must have peopled these mountains with these spirits of air, the chief of which, and around which all others were as subsidiary, was the incarnation of the Indian traits of character as developed after he had become a master in cruelty and murder, the Indian "Wraith" or "Spirit" of the mountain.

Tradition tells us that in the early days after the Indians left this region, and before and after the cruel wars that they carried on through these mountain regions, they were wont to come here on visits to their former homes, and that they would rekindle their council fires in these mountains and would hold ceremonies in what seemed to be to them hallowed places. That they would visit the graves of those who had died in peace, or had fallen during their wars, and that they would worship their God spirit here, their Manitou or All-father. Doubtless the observation of such customs would play upon the imagination of these early settlers and would help create in their mind a supernatural presence among the scenes of their early trials and sufferings.

It can, therefore, be readily seen that in my early days these mountains were, to the minds of many of those, who then lived here, not only a land of wonderment but of awe, nor has this feeling entirely passed away, nor do I believe that it will ever pass away. Generation after generation will tell the tale with greater or less veneration as they may believe that they once were true or false, as the case may be.

The Indian spirit seems to have no particular home or habitation. All the mountain is his home. He was most frequently seen and heard about the old Indian graves, or along the ancient Indian paths. Sometimes his cries might

be heard in the valleys along the base of the mountains and near human habitations. To see him while on an adventure boded ill-luck. The hunter, if he would get a glimpse of him in the depths of the forest, would cease his quest for game, for in fear of this spirit, the game would remain in hiding. His cries in the night time boded evil, especially upon that person or that household that heard him. The whispering pine, the tree that was wont to relate to the aborigine his origin and his mythology, was his frequent companion and oft might he be seen or heard underneath its sheltering branches, as if holding converse with kindred spirits, that were supposed to give expression to their wild fancies in the voice of the times on the branches from which they sprung as they swayed to and fro in the wind or the tornado. When the dark clouds of the coming storm king lowered over these mountains then, with whoop and yell did he seem to mount the wind and ride it down from the mountain top into the valleys below and then careering over hill and dale he would guide it on its path of destruction and devastation. When the pestilence came then would he seem to stand far off and direct its course to the humble homes of the cottager whose ruthless hand had struck down his forests and his hiding places. Was there a murder committed in these mountain fastnesses or in the valleys that skirted these mountains, then the observant mountaineer would say, "Ah, that was to have been expected, did you not hear the cry of the Indian from yonder hill top just as the night bird was sounding his ho! ho! in the glen at the head of the valley that descends down the irregular sides of the mountains." What reckless wight could it be that would not refrain from the perils of these mountains when this infallible monitor of evil was abroad?

When that ceaseless war with his people which lasted more than a hundred years first opened upon these mountains then did he seem ever abroad. His whoops and his yells as he danced his spirit dances on the mountain tops and in the valleys rent the air and filled all the land with alarm, and after his children had revelled in their carnival of blood he would hide again for awhile as if satiated only to return for fresh levies of sacrifice and of spoil until the people were again driven from their smoking houses to a

refuge far away from the scenes of his death dealing vengeance. When the call to arms in 1776 brought out the mustering squadrons among the settlements how sat he enthroned in these mountains and laughed in his glee at the sight of the sorrows of the patriotic father, the heroic mother, the wife, the sweetheart, the brother and the sister at their partings with their loved ones never to be seen more by them upon this earth! Here would, as each battle was fought, be fresh occasion for him to sound the alarm of woe and desolation among the enemies of his race. "Ha! ha!" laughed he when the flower of the land, the ancient Pennsylvania line wavered at Long Island, at Brandywine, at Germantown, when there were no longer reserves to take the places of those who had fallen in death while forming a living wall to shield our liberty. "Ho! ho! !" would he laugh, when the sorrowing sons and daughters of liberty would bend over the tomb of one of those that these valleys contributed as a sacrifice on the altar of our country. And then came he during the war of 1812. His form was a terror to the people and his voice was a blight in the land.

He was not always thus, nor to all people. Tradition tells us that an ancient Indian, named the "Ranger", who remained living here in these mountains among the scenes of civilization, rather than follow after the unknown fate of his tribe, and who became very well known among the white people up to the time of his death, would frequently speak of the spirit of the mountain. This Indian would at times seclude himself in these mountains for so long a period that he would be supposed dead until hunger or inclination would bring him into the settlement again, there to remain only long enough to recuperate and then he would start again on his journeys through the mountains. On one occasion in the very early days of the settlements, the old Indian related how he had gone up into the mountain and had made himself a couch of some boughs and leaves under a great pine tree upon which he lay reclining for many hours. While lying there a sound of the rushing of winds awoke him from slumber; that after he had thoroughly awakened and upon looking around he found that he was not alone, but that the Indian spirit was seated not far away from him with his back turned towards him. He sat on a mossy stone

with his hands clasped about his knees upon which rested his chin, and thus he sat until nightfall when the pale horned moon was looking down upon them from her course in the higher western heavens.

Presently he heard the spirit voice as it called out, "Tell me, then, thou storm monarch, the tale of the Corn Maidens. Tell it to me that I may dream of it. My people are all fled from the corn valleys below, their remnants are scattered by the winds that blow over the western lake and prairie. Sing to me the song of the Corn Maidens, and how they came into the land of my people." "This was a whispering pine", said the Ranger, and it answered. The pine answered, "Why sing to you the song of the Corn Maidens, thou lonely spirit of the mountain? Your braves are no more, your women, the daughters of your tribe, plant no more the corn in the girdled forests, they weep for the unreturning brave. But I will sing for you the Corn Song that you may sing it to the winds that it may not be lost forever." Then the pine in a gentle, musical voice sang, and the wind seemed to keep a harmonious sound with the treble of its voice:

"Out of the East came Paigatuma of the all colored flowers, (God of the seasons) followed by his train, and he touched the plants with the refreshing breath of his flute, and his train disappeared in the mists of the morning. As they vanished Paigatuma turned to where, full in the light of the rising sun, stood the seven plants. Lithe and tall stood he there beside them like a far journeyer and said to the awed watchers:

"Lo, ye children of men and the Mother,
Ye Brothers of Seed,
Elder, younger
Behold the seed plants of all seeds!
The grass seeds ye planted, in secret,
Were seen of the stars and the regions,
Are shown in the forms of these tassels!
The plumes that ye planted beside them
Were felt in the far away spaces,
Are shown in the forms of their leaf blades!
But the seeds that ye see growing from them,
Is the gift of my seven bright maidens,

The stars of the house of my children!
Look well, that ye cherish their persons,
Nor change ye the gift of their being—
As fertile of flesh for all men
To the bearing of children for men
Lest ye lose them to seek them in vain!
Be ye brothers ye people, and people!
Be ye happy ye Priests of the Corn!
Lo! the seeds of all plants is born!”

Then spoke the ancient of the people of the Dew in the
place of Paigatuma :

“Behold the fulfillment of work ye began!
Ears fully gifted with fruitage of Kernels
By the warmth of our maidens
In embrace with your Rain youth;
The seed of their persons
All wrapped in soft garments
And draped with the hair
Of their full generation;
All proportioned and formed
By the touch of the Dew God;
Made complete and mature
By the touch of the Time God;
Ripened fully as food,
By the touch of the Fire God!
First, yet last of them all
Is the plant of the Middle—
With its seven-fold Kernels
And hues of the embers—
Is the corn of all regions,
The I-to-pa-nah-na-kwe!
Yet the earliest quickened
By the eldest Corn Maiden,
Is the Corn of the North land;
Made yellow by flame light—
The hue of the north sky,
Seen in winter or gloaming,—
Is the Strong Hlup-tsi-kwa-kwe!
Then the corn of the West land
By the next Sister quickened,—

Made blue by the smoke-light—
 Is hued like the ocean
 Or shadows of evening,—
 The rich Hli-a-kwa-kwe!
 Next the corn of the South land,
 By the third sister quickened,
 Is red, like the flowers
 And fruitage of Summer—
 Made so by the brand light—
 Is the sweet Shy Keya-na-kwe!
 Next the corn of the East land
 The fourth sister quickened,
 Is white, like the milk
 Which we drink in the morning
 Of life; like the light
 Of the dawning each morning—
 Made so by full fire-light—
 Is the pure K'o-ha-kua-kwe.
 Next the corn of the Zenith,
 The fifth sister quickened,
 Is streaked like the sky,
 With the clouds and the rain-bow—
 Made so by the spark light,
 Is the hard K'u-chu-a-kwe!
 And next is the corn of
 The dark lower regions
 The sixth sister quickened;
 Is black like the depths of
 The earth it emerged from—
 Made so by the heat-light—
 Is the soft Kwi-ni-kwa-kwe!
 Last as first is the mid-most
 Quickened first by the seventh
 Of all the Corn Maidens;
 Bearing grains of each color—
 Made so by the embers—
 And seed of them all.
 It is well brothers younger
 Dwell in peace by our firesides,
 Guard the seeds of our maidens,
 Each kind as ye see it,

Apart from the others,
And by lovingly toiling,
And by toiling and loving
Men win the full favor
And hearts of their maidens.
So, from year unto year
Shall ye win by your watching,
And power of beseeching,
And care for the corn flesh,
The favor and plenish
Of our seven Corn Maidens.
They shall dance for the increase
And strength of the corn-seed,
Of each grain making many—
Each grain that ye nourish
With new soil and water!
For long, ere ye found us,
We afar sought for water,
Drinking due from our father,
Like deer on the mountains!
And for long ere you found us
Ye wandered in hunger
Seeking seed of the grasses,
Like birds on the mesas.
Thus, 'tis well brothers younger,
That ye dwell by our firesides."

"Thus happily were our fathers joined to the People of the Dew, and the many houses on the hill were now builded together on the plain where first grew the corn plants abundantly; being prepared year after year by the beautiful custom of the ever young maidens, and attended faithfully by the labors of the people and the vigils of the fathers. This thou lonely spirit of the mountains is the song of the Corn Maidens. Tell it now to the winds for thy braves may no longer hear it. I have done, I have spoken."

Then the spirit silently withdrew and left the Ranger reclining there, but the pine spoke not a word to him. So the Ranger came down among his people and told of his vision and how he had heard the beautiful Corn Maidens' song. Many people visited this tree which is still left standing, but it spoke not to them; yet it may have spoken and

they may not have understood its language. An ominous tap at the window, for it was now grown far into the night, black darkness reigning without, caused the narrator to look up as if half in amazement, and then turning her large eyes upon her eager listener she remarked that whatever may have caused this tapping at the window, she would regard it as an omen for the termination of this discourse, and the writer after making his due obeisance to her, bade her good night.

PENN'S WALKING PURCHASE.

“What! sell land? Why not sell the sea, the air and the sky?”—Red Jacket.

As heretofore stated, one of the primary causes of the outbreak of the Indian war of 1755 was a belief that they had been cheated in some of the purchases that had been made of them of lands in Pennsylvania, especially of those known as the Indian Walk or Walking Purchases. Then, too, there was a belief that the names of their forefathers had been forged to some of the instruments called deeds of purchase. Among the early deeds delivered to William Penn, the descriptions were very vague and uncertain. The boundaries are in some instances defined as being two parallel streams emptying into the Delaware river and extending as far into the back country as a man may walk in two days. Whilst it was never alleged that the Senior Penn had abused the “walking” or “riding” clause, yet it was contended that his people had in his time forged some of these instruments. It seems that the original proprietary would purchase lands from one tribe or several tribes and would then re-purchase or acquire deeds for the same lands from other tribes and this at times created some confusion in the purchases, as well as misunderstanding as to who were the true owners.

Whilst there were many “Walking” purchases there is one that still bears that name in history, and since the difficulties that subsequently arose through these uncertain descriptions doubtless cost the pioneer settlers of the Blue Mountain regions in this section even, many lives, although

their lands hereabouts were not involved, it may be interesting to investigate this purchase and bring its history before the reader.

The following is a copy of the deed of Indian Purchase of August 25th, 1737, with its recitals: Pa. Archives, Vol. 1, P. 541. This is a deed of confirmation of the "Walking Purchase."

"We, Tushakomen, alias Tisheekunk, and Nootamis, alias Nutimus, two of the Sachems or Chiefs of the Delaware Indians, having almost three years ago, at Durham, begun a Treaty with our honorable Brethren John and Thomas Penn, and from thence another meeting was appointed to be at Pensbury, the next Spring following, to which we repaired with Lappawinzoe and several others of the Delaware Indians, at which Treaty several Deeds were produced and showed to us by our said Brethren, concerning several Tracts of Land which our Forefathers had, more than fifty years ago, Bargained and Sold unto our good Friend and Brother William Penn, the Father of the said John and Thomas Penn, and in particular one Deed from Mayhkeerickkishsho, Sayhopy and Taughhaughsey, the Chiefs or Kings of the Northern Indians on Delaware, who, for large Quantities of Goods delivered by the Agents of William Penn, to those Indian Chiefs, Did Bargain and Sell unto the said William Penn, All those Tract or Tracts of Land lying and being in the Province of Pennsylvania, Beginning upon a line formerly laid out from a Corner Spruce Tree, by the River Delaware, about Makeerickkitton, and from thence running along the ledge or foot of the Mountains, West North West to a corner White Oak marked with the letter P, Standing by the Indian Path that leadeth to an Indian Town called Playwickey, and from thence extending Westward to Neshameney Creek, from which said line the said Tract or Tracts thereby Granted, doth extend itself back into the Woods as far as a Man can go in one day and a half, and bounded on the Westerly Side with the creek called Neshameny, or the most Westerly branch thereof, So far as the said Branch doth extend, and from thence by line to the utmost extent of the said one day and a half's Journey, and from thence to the aforesaid River Delaware, and from thence down the Several Courses of the said River to the

first mentioned Spruce Tree. And all this did likewise appear to be true by William Biles and Joseph Wood, who upon their Affirmations, did solemnly declare that they well remembered the Treaty held between the Agents of William Penn and those Indians. But some of our Old Men being then Absent, We requested of our Brethren John Penn and Thomas Penn, that We might have more time to Consult with our People concerning the same, which request being granted us, We have, after more than two Years since the Treaty at Pensbury, now come to Philadelphia, together with our chief Sachems Monockyhickan, and several of our Old Men, and upon a further Treaty held upon the same subject, We Do Acknowledge Ourselves and every of Us, to be fully satisfied that the above described Tract or Tracts of Land were hereby Granted and Sold by the said Mayhkeerckkishsho, Sayhobby, and Taughhaughsey, unto the said William Penn and his Heirs, And for a further confirmation thereof, We, the said Nonockyhickan, Lappawinzoe, Tisheekunk, and Nutimus, Do, for ourselves and all other the Delaware Indians, fully, clearly and Absolutely Remise, Release, and forever Quit claim unto the said John Penn, Thomas Penn, and Richard Penn, All our Right, Title, Interest, and pretentions whatsoever of, in, or to the said Tract or Tracts of Land, and every Part and Parcel thereof, So that neither We, or any of us, or our Children, shall or may at any time hereafter, have Challenge, Claim, or Demand any Right, Title Interest, or pretentions whatsoever of, in, or to the said Tract or Tracts of Land, or any Part thereof, but of and from the same shall be excluded, and forever Debarred. And We do hereby further Agree, that the extent of the said Tract or Tracts of Land shall be forthwith Walked, Travelled, or gone over by Proper Persons to be appointed for that Purpose, According to the direction of the aforesaid Deed."

Although it was claimed by the proprietors that the original deed referred to in the above stated deed existed, and that it was dated August 25th, 1686, yet there is no record of such a deed. In volume 2, page 111, of Smith's Laws of Pennsylvania, there appears this note: "In this place should follow a deed alleged to have existed dated August 20th, 1686, for the Walking purchase, and which

occasioned much controversy and dissatisfaction among the Indians ; it is, however, referred to, included in, and confirmed by the deed of August, 1737. It is certain no such original deed was in existence at the treaty of Easton, in 1757."

In a book entitled "The Making of Virginia and Middle Colonies" there appears a tradition of this walk as given by Moses Marshal, then eighty years of age, a son of Edward Marshal, who performed the feat of walking the lines. He relates that his father told him that soon after William Penn's arrival in the country he purchased a tract of land from the Indians which was to be bounded by the Delaware river on the northeast and by the Neshaminy creek on the northwest and to extend as far back into the country as a man could walk in three days. Soon thereafter William Penn and several of the chiefs began to walk out the purchase.

They started at the mouth of the Neshaminy and went up the Delaware river. It was said by the old people that they walked a leisurely gait after the Indian fashion, sitting down to rest and refresh themselves, eat biscuit and cheese, drink a bottle of wine and smoke pipes of tobacco. After thus walking a day and a half during sight of sun they reached a spruce tree near the mouth of Baker's creek, when Penn, thinking this included as much land as he then wanted, had a line run across to the Neshamininy, leaving the remaining day and a half to be walked out when it would be needed.

In the year 1733, says the relater (but he should say in September, 1737) public notice was given that the remaining day and a half would be walked out, and that five hundred acres of land and five pounds in money would be given to the person who would walk the farthest during the limited time of the walk. By agreement three white men and three Delaware Indians were selected who were to walk in company if possible and see that the walk was fairly made. On September 20th the pedestrians met a little before sunrise at a marked chestnut tree below the Wrightstown meeting house, together with a large number of spectators whom curiosity and interest had brought to the spot. The walkers all stood, touching the tree with one hand, and as soon as the sun rose they all started at a brisk pace. In two

hours and a half they reached Red Hill in Bedminster, where one of the white walkers, Jennings, and two of the Indians gave out. The third Indian lay down to rest near the point at which the road at Easton forks, but on getting up he was unable to proceed. Marshall and Yeates pushed on, arriving at sunset on the north side of the Blue Mountain.

At sunrise on the next day they started again. While crossing a stream Yeates became faint and fell down, and Marshall turned back with him until help was found when he resumed his journey alone, arriving at noon on a spur of the Broad Mountain, the distance he covered being estimated at eighty-five miles from the starting point. He relates that they walked from sunrise until sunset without stopping, provisions previously prepared being furnished them along the line of the walk, which had been previously carefully marked out for the men as far as the Blue Mountains, and that persons also attended them along the line with relays of horses who furnished them with meat and drink and with strong liquors. Many Indians had collected on the top of the Blue Mountains in the expectation that the walk would end there. When they found that this point had already been passed before the first day's walk was over and that the walkers proposed to continue the remaining half day they became very angry and expostulated with the whites saying they had been cheated. He further states that when the Delawares were asked why they struck the English in 1756, their chief replied, "This very land is mine by inheritance and it was taken from me by fraud. Indians are not such fools as not to know when they are imposed upon, and not to bear it in remembrance."

That when he had agreed to sell to the old Proprietor, William Penn, by the courses of the river the younger Penns had it run by a straight course with the aid of a compass and in this manner taking double the quantity intended to be sold.

Yeates died within three hours and Jennings within three days after they had given out, and Marshall lived to a good old age.

Teedyuscung, the last of the great chiefs of the Delawares, often wrote to the Governors of the Province asking

that these wrongs be righted and it seemed to concern him much, especially as he was always solicitous of keeping on friendly terms with the English. At the treaty and conference held at Easton on November, 1756, this chief became eloquent at times upon this subject. In the midst of one of his addresses, made before the conference the Governor, Hon. William Denny, asked the chief what were the grievances of which he complained. (See 7 Co. Records, page 324.) He replied, "Brother, You have not so much knowledge of things done in this Commonwealth as others who have lived longer in it, being but lately come among us. I have not far to go for an instance; this very ground that is under me (striking it with his foot) was my land and inheritance and is taken from me by fraud. When I say this ground, I mean, all the land lying between Tohiccon creek and Wyoming on the Susquehanna river. I have not only been served so in this government, but the same thing has been done to me as to several tracts in New Jersey over the river. When I have sold lands fairly, I look upon them to be really sold. A bargain is a bargain. Though I have some times had nothing for the lands I have sold, but broken pipes or such trifles, yet when I have sold them tho' for such trifles I look upon the bargain as good. Yet I think I should not be ill used on this account by those very people who have had such an advantage in their purchases, nor be called a fool for it. Indians are not such fools as to bear this only in their minds. Those who have had the advantage should treat the Indians kindly on that account. Now, Brother, hear me: Supposing you had a pipe in your mouth smoking a little value, I come and take it from you; by and by when you see me again, you remember it and take a revenge; I had forgot and wonder at the cause, and ask you Brother, why have you done so? This makes me remember the injury I did you, and more careful for the future. Now although you have purchased our lands from our forefathers on so reasonable terms, yet now, at length, you will not allow us to cut a little wood to make a fire; nay, hinder us from hunting, the only means left us of getting a livelihood."

The Governor then asked him what he meant by fraud, having said his lands were taken from him by fraud, what he meant?

To which Teedyuscung replied, "When man had former liberty to purchase lands, and he took the deed from the Indians for it and then dies; after his death the children forge a deed like the true one, with the same Indian names to it, and thereby take lands from the Indians they never sold, this is a fraud. Also, when one King has land beyond the river, and another King has land on this side the river, 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 the other—this is likewise fraud."

The Governor then asked the chief whether he had ever been used in this manner. He answered, "Yes, I have been served so in this Province; all the land extending from the Tohiccon over the great mountain to Wyoming, has been taken from me by fraud; for when I had agreed to sell the land to the old Proprietary, by the course of the river, the young Proprietaries came and got it run by a straight course, by the Compas, and by that means took in double the quantity intended to be sold. So you desired me to be very particular I have told you the truth, and have opened my mind fully. I did not intend to speak thus, but I have done it at this time at your request; not that I desire now that you should purchase these lands, but that you should look into your own hearts, and consider what is right, and that do."

Brother hear me with patience, I am going to use a comparison in order to represent to you the better what we ought to do. When you choose a spot of ground for planting you first prepare the ground, then you put the seed into the earth, but if you don't take pains afterwards you will not obtain fruit. To instance, in the Indian corn which is mine (meaning a native plant of this country), I, as is customary, put seven grains in one hill, yet without further care it will come to nothing, though the ground be good; though at the beginning I take prudent steps yet if I neglect it afterwards, though it may grow up to stalks and leaves, and there may be the appearance of ears, there will be only leaves and cobs. In like manner in the present business,

though we have begun well, yet if we hereafter use not prudent means, we shall not have success answerable to our expectations. God that is above has furnished us both with powers and abilities. As for my own part I must confess to my shame, I have not made such improvements of the power given me as I ought, but as I look on you to be more highly favored from above than I am I would desire you that we join our endeavors to promote the good work, and that the cause of our uneasiness begun in the times of our forefathers, may be removed; and if you look into your hearts and act according to the abilities given you, you will know the grounds of our uneasiness in some measure from what I said before in the comparison of the fire; though I was but a boy, yet I would according to my abilities bring a few chips; so with regard to the corn; I can do but little; you may a great deal; therefore let all of us men, women and children assist in pulling up the weeds that nothing may hinder the corn from growing to perfection. When this is done though we may not live to enjoy the fruit ourselves, yet we should remember our children may live and enjoy the good fruit, and it is our duty to act for their good. I desire that you will attend to these few words, and I will, with all diligence, endeavor to tell you the truth; the great log you mentioned when kindled will make a great flame, but it will not kindle of itself nor continue flaming unless there be air and leaves, as well as coals to make it kindle. I desire we may use our utmost endeavors to make it kindle, though what I have told you may relate to matters disagreeable to you, yet if we exert ourselves and act according to the abilities given from above, the event will be agreeable and pleasing to ourselves and of service to our children. Brother; I take pains, therefore, and though you are a governor, do not put off these things from time to time as our forefathers did."

The Governor conferred with Conrad Weiser at this conference who informed him that this matter had been fully inquired into in 1742 by the Six Nations at a conference held in Philadelphia and it was then determined that the claims had no just foundation and that the chiefs of the Six Nations were angry at their wards, the Delawares, for making the complaints. Richard Peters, a member of the

Council, was also of opinion that the claims were not well founded. Additional presents were made the Indians at this time as a sort of peace offering although their claims were then not yet abandoned. At a council held on the 25th of January, 1757, Nicholas Scall, Surveyor General, was called in, and made a statement that he was present at the running of the line of the Walking purchase of the lands in the forks of the Delaware with respect to which the Proprietaries were, as he was informed, publicly charged with defrauding the Indians; that he had put down in writing what he remembered about it, and he requested that he might be examined thereto, which being done, he signed the paper and affirmed to the truth thereof before the Governor in Council and his affirmation was ordered to be entered on minutes of Council as follows, (see 7 Colonial Records, page 400):

“Nicholas Scall, of the City of Philadelphia, Surveyor, on his Solemn Affirmation according to Law saith, that he was present when James Yeates and Edward Marshal together with some Indians, walked one Day and an half back in the Woods, pursuant to a Grant of Land made by the Delaware Indians to the Honorable, the late Proprietary, William Penn, dec'd; that the said Day and an half's walk was begun at a Place near Wrightstown in the County of Bucks sometime in September, 1737, and continued from the Place aforesaid to some Distance beyond the Kittatinny Mountains; that he believes the whole Distance walked not to be more than Fifty-Five Statute Miles; that Benjamin Eastburn, Surveyor General, Timothy Smith, Sheriff of the said County of Bucks, and he, this Affirmant, attended at the said Day and an half's Walk, from the Beginning until the same was ended; that he well remembered that particular care was taken not to exceed the Time of the Day and an half, or eighteen Hours; that he, this Affirmant, then thought and still thinks the said Walk to be fairly performed, and believes that the said Walkers did not run or go out of a Walk at any Time, nor does he remember that those Indians who were present made any complaint of unfair practice; that Benjamin Eastburn and this Affirmant, with some others, lodged the night after the said walk was completed at an Indian Town called

Poakopohkunk, where there were many of the Delawares, among whom he well remembers there was one called Captain Harrison, a noted Man among the Indians; and this Affirmant saith, that he does not remember that the said Captain Harrison, or any other of the Indians, made any Complaint, or shewed the least Uneasiness at any thing that was done relating to the said Day and an half's Walk; and he verily believes, that if any Complaint had been made or Uneasiness shewn by the Indians concerning the said Walk, he must have heard and remembered it.

“Nichs. Scull.

Affirmed in Council, 25th January, 1757,

William Denny.”

After much blood had been shed by the Delaware Indians and other tribes who had joined them, on this and other accounts, and against the wishes of their King Teedyuscung, who could not control them all, the differences arising from these purchases were amicably settled so far as the King could settle them for his people, in 1762, when on June 28th of that year he made the following speech to Sir William Johnson of New York and to James Hamilton, then Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania, (See Pa. Arch., Vol. 4, page 85.)

Brother:—

What I now am about to say I had determined on, and intended to say yesterday before you spoke to me.

At a treaty held here about six years ago, I made a Complaint agst the Proprs & charged them with depriving us of our Lands by forgery and fraud, which we did at time when we were very much incensed against our Brothers, the English. This matter was afterwards, by our mutual consent, refer'd to the great King George over the Water, who directed you, Brother, to enquire into the Circumstances of the case and make a Report to him, that he might do what was just therein.

You have taken the Trouble to come here for this purpose, & many days have been spent in this affair. It now appears, by sundry old writings and papers, which have been shown by the propy Commissrs, & read at this conference, that the said charge of forgery was a mistake into

which mistakes we were led by the accounts we had received from our Ancestors concerning the Lands sold by Maykerikishe, Sahoppey & Tahaughsey to old Wm. Penn in the year 1686.

As to the Walk the prop'y Commr insist that it was reasonably performed, but we think otherwise, which Difference in opinion may happen without either of us being bad Men. But this is a matter that Brethren ought not to differ about, wherefore, being desirous of living in peace & friendship with our Bror; the Proprietaries, & the good People of Pennsylvania, we bury under Ground all controversies about Land, and are ready such of us are here to sign a Release for all the Lands in Dispute, & will endeavor to persuade the rest of our Brethren who are concerned to sign the same."

Thus ended this action of ejectment, the trial of which by wager of battle continued for seven years and the cost of which summed up many innocent human lives. The nearest approach to the divine in all the pleadings of record in this cause was made when the untutored savage spoke to the Christian in the manner just related. Indeed he spoke as a superior to an acknowledged inferior, confessing his wrong, justifying his adversary in his belief in his right, re-affirming his own but in the interest of peace and the public welfare according to his adversary what he thought an unlawful infraction of his right, and burying the causes of their differences under ground, so that they and their children might dwell together in peace and amity. It was with one or two exceptions the last speech he made, for in the spring of 1763 he passed away from the scenes he had loved so well to the sylvan hunting grounds in the everlasting home of his ancestors.

How many of those ancient Indian deeds could have been set aside by an appeal to the law courts of any civilized community, on the grounds of inadequacy of price, vagueness of description, lack of capacity to contract and for other reasons known to the law it is not our province to inquire. We do know, however, and the fact remains that whilst the Indian owned all of Pennsylvania until the first purchase was made in 1682 he owned not even enough after the year 1784, to make him a grave yard—just two

years more than a century from sovereign lord of the soil to be expelled from it an outcast. But he received the consideration nominated in the deed, you say. Let us not speak of that. Yet history tells us that no State treated with the Indians so equitably as did Pennsylvania.

When William conquered England the Saxon nobility lost their estates, and many of them, their lives because they were so high, and rich and arrogant; these lost their heritage, their birthright because they were so low, so poor and simple. However, let the poet and the philanthropist moralize. It is sufficient for these "Tales" that they relate the facts of history. One word more. If there be those who believe that a moral sense of responsibility and of right and wrong should be a pre-requisite to the ownership of land and to citizenship, let them but read the numerous heart utterances of Teedyuscung in his published speeches at the Council fire when he spoke to our Governors and Council and through them to the Throne of England and they will find a discernment between right and wrong and a temporizing and sympathetic feeling for the public weal that might serve as a golden example to the diplomacy of the ending of the nineteenth century of our christian civilization. He was called a King and appeared one, and was known among men as the "War trumpet." Much of the section of country known as the walking purchase was called the Minnisink Country and the Indians who had been removed therefrom to the Nescopoc, Shamokin and Wyoming region as also to the Allegheny country and Ohio, often revisited their ancient home and carried away many scalps of the innocent purchasers of the land from those whom the Indians claimed had cheated them out of it. The French could at all times make them ready allies by reminding them of their wrongs and by their offers of support in driving the English from their homes. The lamentable fate of Teedyuscung, their eloquent chief, soon thereafter gave new cause of grief among the Indians and of war against the English. The Six Nations having in their friendship for the whites aided them in sustaining their claim to the Walking purchase, soon thereafter arrayed themselves against the Colonists, and having but little regard for the Delawares, in fact being fearful that Teedyuscung might gain independence from them, a

number of them while on a visit to Teedyuscung at his home at Nescopeck on the Susquehanna, secretly slew him and did so under such circumstances as to enable them to make the Delawares believe that the English, whom he had so often befriended, had done the deed. This so exasperated them that the whole line of this frontier was again deluged in blood before they were driven so far away as to be unable to do the people of this section further harm.

With the death of this, the last of their long line of Kings, the Delaware tribe as a nation faded away and their existence in Pennsylvania as a great nation is fast becoming only a tradition among our people.

(Note.—Tohecon creek, spoken of by Teedyuscung, was the name of a small stream appearing on the Scull map of 1770, flowing eastward into the Delaware river at a point about fifteen miles south of Easton.)

THE KILLING OF MICHAEL NEY.*

Among the hitherto unrecorded terrible occurrences in the Tulpehocken region during the fall of 1755 is one told by Hon. D. C. Henning, of Pottsville, who received it from Daniel Ney, a resident of Summit Station, in Schuylkill County, and over eighty years of age at the time. Mr. Ney's great grandfather was one of the early settlers of the locality. His grandfather and granduncle Michael were both youths at the time when the incident occurred. One day, in the Fall, the two brothers drove to the woods, along the mountain, with a team and skeleton wagon, to take home a load of fire wood for the winter, which they had previously cut and prepared. Michael rode on one of the horses while his brother was seated on the wagon. When they reached the place for loading two Indians sprang out from the bushes and each attacked his intended victim. During the scuffle that ensued the Indian, who had attacked Michael, was being worsted, and the other who had attacked the relator's grandfather, seeing this, dealt his victim a stunning blow on the head knocking him insensible for the time; he then went to the assistance of the other and the two together killed Michael. Meanwhile the grandfather regained con-

sciousness, but, finding himself unable to do anything, feigned death. After the savages were satisfied that they had despatched Michael,, they turned their attention to the other, finding him, likewise dead, as they supposed, they concluded to hide the bodies.

They then scalped Michael, bound his hands and feet, stretched him on a pole, carried him away a little distance and buried him in some leaves. The other, as soon as their backs were turned in this rude obsequy to the dead, crept away and was soon on his feet running for his life towards home. So fearful was he that they had likewise killed all his people at home, and that the Indians might return to the house, that he hid himself away in some hay at the barn. After remaining there a long while he stole stealthily to the house, where, to his surprise and joy, he found the others all alive, but had a sad tale to tell them. The alarm was sounded, and the neighbors formed a posse, who found the body of Michael, but the Indians had fled. They followed their trail to the crest of the Blue Mountains, but the dangers attending the pursuit were too great for them to go any further. The wound inflicted on the survivor was a deep tomahawk cut on the head, but he was healed, lived to a ripe old age and left a large posterity behind him.

* (There appears to have been one chapter of Judge Henning's work referring to the killing of Michael Ney by Indians, that was not contained in the follos presented by him to the Historical Society of Schuykill County. The Society has as yet been unable to procure the full text of it, but herewith presents an extract therefrom, found in Volume 15 of the publications of the Pennsylvania German Society, printed in 1904. The Conrad Weiser papers give the date of this occurrence as December 10th, 1756.—Publication Committee)

Table of Contents.

Vol. III.

Biographical Sketch of the Author.....	3
Presentation of Tales of the Blue Mountain to the Historical Society of Schuylkill County. <i>How the Tales Came to be Written. Who Brought Material to the Author. The Conditions of the Presentation. The Author's Aim. The Regina Hartman Mystery</i>	6
The German Settler and Farmer of the Early Days Along the Blue Mountains From 1750 to the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century. <i>*How They Built Their Homes and Cleared Their Farms. Their Amusements. Their Crude Implements. Butchering Time. Their Life in Winter. Their Frolics, Courtship and Marriage. Neighborly Sympathy. Their Superstitions. Country Vendues. Entertaining Strangers. Their Religion. Spinning and Weaving Parties. Their Backwardness in Learning English. Their Impress on the Character of our People</i>	19
The Schuylkill County Forts of the French and Indian War of 1756. <i>Ignorance of Early History of This Section. The Chain of Forts From the Susquehanna to the Delaware. Those Located in Schuylkill. Fort Lebanon, (William), near Auburn. Fort Franklin, in West Penn. Fort Deitriech Snyder, on Top of Blue Mountain. Marking the Sites of Forts</i>	35
Pathetic Story of Two Little Girls Who Were Indian Captives. <i>Rev. Henry Melchoir Muehlenberg's Story of Regina Hartman</i>	38

Fort Lebanon And Its Builder, Cap. Jacob Morgan. <i>Its Location. Sketch of Captain Morgan. Morgan's Report</i>	40
Fort Lebanon, the Scene of Massacre. <i>An Indian In-cursion. Tuscarora Gap. The Provincial Road</i>	43
Description of Fort Lebanon. <i>Inspection Report. Daily Routine</i>	45
Marvelous Stories of Sorcery and Witchcraft. <i>How Ancient Documents Were Kept. Paul Heim's Supernatural Powers. How He Surprised a Stealthy Indian. An Indian Band Wiped Out. Possessed of an Evil Spirit. Transformed Into an Ox</i>	48
The Grave of Heim's Indian. How the Finchers Were Destroyed by the Savages.....	53
Regina the Captive. <i>Located in Lebanon County. Letters of Cora M. Ney, Captain D. C. Henning and Wm. Parsons</i>	54
Fort Franklin in Schuylkill County. Its Exact Location. <i>In West Penn Township. Plot by Indians to Kill Gov. Denny</i>	56
History of the Fort at Dietrich Snyder's. Its Com-manding Position	61
The Life and Service of Conrad Weiser, a Provincial Hero. <i>His Dream. A Great Public Servant</i>	62
Nearby Places Where the Indian Pitched His Tent and Dried Acorns. <i>Pottsville and Mount Carbon</i>	66
Fort Henry, the Most Important Between the Susque-hanna and Lehigh. <i>Letter of Conrad Weiser</i>	69
The Point of Rocks. <i>Located Six Miles West of Pine-grove. A Favorite Indian Resort. Indian Signal Fires</i>	72
Life and Experience of Daniel Deibert, a Pioneer Settler in Schuylkill. <i>Came Here in 1744. Regina Hartman Located near Orwigsburg</i>	78

The State of Affairs Existing in the Neighborhood in 1755. <i>Massacre of the Kobel Family</i>	81
Story of Derry Church. <i>Pennsylvania Slighted in Early Histories. Jacob and Henry Bowman. Rev. John Elder</i>	83
Massacre of the Finchers and Others, near <i>Schuylkill Haven</i>	87
More Trials of the Early Settlers. The Family of John Frantz. <i>Frederick Reichelsderfer</i>	90
Indian Customs and Life. <i>Their Ideas of Immortality</i>	94
Fort Lebanon, Continued. <i>Its Site. First Religious Service Held in the County</i>	97
Narrative of Etienne Brule. <i>The Attitude of the Indians</i>	101
Fort Northkill. <i>Its Location and Erection</i>	105
Indian Massacres. <i>Conrad Weiser's Letter to Gov. Morris. Gov. Morris' Letter to Neighboring Gov- ernors</i>	107
Indian Paths <i>Through Schuylkill County. Through Tuscarora Gap, William's Valley, Pine Valley, Cold Spring, Mount Pleasant, Catawissa, and Frackville</i>	113
Fort Northkill, continued, Near <i>Strausstown, Berks County. Battle With the Indians. Attack on Nich- olas Long's House</i>	120
A Legend of the Northkill. <i>Story of the Bewitched Horseman and Aunt Hilda</i>	123
The Swatara Creek. <i>Its History Written in Blood. Fort at Swatara Gap. How Peter Heydich Fright- ened the Indians. "For God's Sake Let Us Stand Together." Indian Attack on Dietrich Six's</i>	130
Witchcraft of Paul Heim. <i>The Discovery of Witch- craft. The Six and Seven Books of Moses. Heim's Home, near Fort Lebanon. Could Transform Himself Into an Animal</i>	143

Indian Run. <i>Its Great Spring. Indian Dwelling and Burial Place. Its Indian Path. Later Visits by Indians. Their Council Fires and Jousts.</i>	150
The Neiman Family. <i>Their Massacre near Pottsville Hospital. Tradition Relative Thereto. Military Post at Mount Carbon. Cutting Masts for French Navy</i>	155
Medicine Spring. <i>Springs as Gathering Places. Spring At Girard Manor. Evidences of Indian Art and Treasure</i>	166
Boone's Uppers. <i>Included Site of Fort Lebanon. Devil's Corner and Spook Hollow, near Schuylkill Haven. The Mysterious Indian Maiden.</i>	175
The Murder of the Hartmans by the Indians at Orwigsburg. <i>The Story of Regina Hartman, an Indian Captive. Restored to Her Mother.</i>	183
The Finscher Massacre at Schuylkill Haven. <i>Martin Dreibelbis. Searching for Treasure. Seeing Visions</i>	196
The Indian Spirit and the Song of the Seven Corn Maidens. <i>Ancient Myths. Spirits Haunting the Blue Mountain</i>	212
Penn's Walking Purchase. <i>How the Indian was Cheated</i>	224
The Killing of Michael Ney.....	236

(*This article has not heretofore been published. The manuscript was found in the desk of the author after his decease and was deemed a fitting introduction to the Tales.—Pub. Com.)

100
101
102

This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

Widener Library



3 2044 100 162 528