

RESEARCH OF

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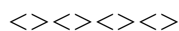


EXCERPTS FROM: THE DELAWARE WATER GAP: *Its Legends and Early History*

by

Luke W. Brodhead

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

The frequent demand for a book descriptive of the Scenery and the places of interest about the Water Gap, has induced the preparation of this little volume. The addition of some historical account of the place, historical notes, &c., to the object first contemplated, it is thought, will afford interest to a portion, at least, of its readers. The hurried preparation of these pages has led to the contemplation of a larger volume, which may ere long appear, giving a more complete topographical and historical account of the Water Gap, together with a History of the Upper Valley of the Delaware.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

The historical matter relating to the Upper Valley of the Delaware, proposed to be included in this edition, was found, on partial preparation, to greatly exceed the limits contemplated, and will, therefore, be published in a separate volume. The sketch of the Minisink and its early people, family genealogy, Indian antiquities, &c., here given will be understood as merely introductory, with the hope that these subjects will awaken an interest in those who can assist the author with data for their successful completion.

DELAWARE RIVER

Little rivulets, dripping from rock to rock down the western slope of the Catskill Mountain form at its base two wild streamlets, too small and uncertain at first to assume “a local habitation and a name,” but being fed by numberless little accessories, at length emerge the *Mohawk* and *Popacton*, - the west and east branches of the Delaware. . . .

In parallel windings they flourish and grow self-sustaining and self-important, like youth at their first departure from the parental mansion. . . . A hundred miles away, like plighted lovers, they meet, embrace, and are commingled in one.

From such a beautiful source and from such small beginnings, we have the noble old Delaware, the poetry of rivers, and the love and admiration of its “original people.” . . . The place of the union of these streams, in the language of the Indians, was beautifully significant. It was called by them *Shehawkan*, meaning “the wedding of the waters.” . . .

The Indian name of *Minisink*, - meaning “the water is gone,” - given by the aboriginals to the level country north of the Gap, and extending up the river many miles, would seem to indicate some tradition confirming the theory of a lake at some remote period of time. . .

Few persons, from the cities see the Water Gap in winter, and, therefore, lose some of the grandest scenes the place affords. The snows of the entire season accumulate to the depth of several feet on the top and sides of the mountain, appearing like an immense white curtain studded with clumps of evergreen trees, suspended from the summit of the Pennsylvania Mountain, and reaching to its base. . . .

The ice in the Gap acquires great solidity and thickness, and presents an impenetrable barrier to that which is brought down from the upper waters, by the first winter freshets. It accumulates here in immense bodies, and is piled up in confused masses, as high as the grading of the railroad, unable to force the solid masonry of winter in the narrow gorge between the mountains.

It is not uncommon to see these broken cakes of ice piled up to the height of twenty feet above the water, some pieces standing upright from ten to fifteen feet above the general mass. This condition continues until the return of warmer weather, when the gateway is forced, and the whole body passes out with a crashing sound. . . .

The railroad, though a great improvement over the old method of reaching the Water Gap by stage-coach, has nevertheless made some innovations upon the primitive beauty of the place, that are not pleasant to contemplate; besides destroying that charming walk once studded with sycamores, free from underbrush and turfed with green . . . it has forced the carriage-road so far up the ravine, at Rebecca’s Bath, as to destroy much of its former beauty, and caused the demolition of many grand old trees below it, and all along the river-bank, under whose shelter passed the carriage-road of former days. . . .

There are five depressions in the mountain, called “Gaps,” between the Delaware Water Gap and the Lehigh Water Gap, over which wagon-roads pass, and from all of which fine views of the country on both sides of the mountain are to be had, viz.: Tatamy’s Gap, Fox Gap, Wind Gap, Smith’s Gap, and Little Gap, and distant from the Delaware Water Gap, respectively, in the order named: 2 ½ miles, 5 miles, 11 miles, 18 miles, 23 miles; and the Lehigh Water Gap, 29 miles. Moses Funda Tatamy or Tetamy, was an interpreter for the Rev. John Brainerd, the faithful and zealous missionary among the Indians. . . .

SAKAUWATUNG

Brainerd had a missionary station at what is now known as “Allen’s Ferry,” seven miles below the Gap on the Delaware. The Indian town there was called “Sakauwatung,” meaning “the mouth of a creek where some one resides.”

CLISTOWACKI

There was another Indian town, called “Clistowacki,” meaning “fine land,” where Brainerd built a cottage and lived for a time. It was situated near “the three brick churches,” in

Mount Bethel township, near the residence of Mr. Baker, and fifteen miles south of the Delaware Water Gap. A party of ladies and gentlemen, with the writer, visited the place last autumn, and obtained information relating to it from persons living there; and in the surrounding fields picked up a number of Indian relics of the stone age. The Indian burial-ground is near one of the churches.

TATTAMY

I have before me an article from the "Easton Journal," giving an account of the closing career of "Tattamuy Tundy" (a confusion of names, meaning, no doubt, Moses Funda Tatamy), an extract from which is as follows:

"When the Mohicans set out on their pilgrimage towards the setting of the sun, a lone warrior lingered behind. His affections were so riveted to the land of his nativity that he found it utterly impossible to abandon it. He resolved to remain: 'The last rose of summer, left blooming alone.' The proprietaries, or their agents, probably operated upon by a sense of the injustice they had done his tribe, suffered him to occupy a favorite spot on the Lehicton Creek, near the present village of Stockertown. Here he erected his wigwam, and for many years after the departure of his tribe, Tattamy Tundy might be seen stealing along the banks of the Lehicton, or sitting before his wigwam and humming the wild war-songs of his ancestors.

"At the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, the hostile Indian made frequent inroads upon the frontier settlements, and a change of residence was deemed necessary to secure the personal safety of Tattamy. He was removed to Frenchtown, on the Delaware. There he was permitted to occupy a small tract of land, and there he yielded up his spirit, near the close of the Revolutionary War."

Heckewelder speaks of "Tattemi," a beloved chief of the Delawares, as having been murdered at the Forks (Easton), about the year 1750, "by a foolish young man." He was succeeded by Teedyuskund.

See, also, Journal of Moses Titamy to the Minisink, Pennsylvania Archives, Vol. iii, page 504, who also acted as interpreter. There were probably two or three distinguished persons of the same name, ' brothers, and sons of William Tatamy. The father is probably the "chief" who was killed at Easton.

Smith's Gap is the one through which the party passed in the famous Indian Walk. . . .

MOUNT TAMMANY

Mount Tammany (named after the distinguished Indian chief Tamanend, described by Heckewelder), the New Jersey summit of the Kittatinny, commands a view similar to that witnessed from Mount Minsi. It is more difficult of ascent, but less broad on the top, and, therefore, enables you to look in all directions, excepting in range with the mountain. The ascent is made from the carriage-road along the river, near the slate factory in the Gap.

The "Indian Leader" was not, as is supposed by some, a series of steps up the side of the

mountain to the summit, but merely a passage up and over the high sharp projection near the base of the mountain, in the line of the Indian path - a sort of *promontory*, extending into the river, terminating in an acute angle.

The ascent and descent, on the north side of this promontory, was by steps or footholds in the rocks, broken out, probably, by stone-mauls; and on the south side, which was more precipitous, by climbing a tree with the branches remaining on it, placed against the sloping side of this projection. After the path became more frequented by the early settlers, a wooden ladder was constructed in place of the tree used by the Indians. The present wagon-road was cut through this rocky promontory, and has left no traces of the "Indian Ladder." . . .

LOVERS' RETREAT, OR THE HAUNTED PINE

On the second plateau, the first from the Kitatinny Hotel, and on a rise of one hundred feet from the latter, and only a few rods south of the Bowling Saloon, long years beyond the recollection of the oldest, and until within the memory of the younger, there stood on the edge of the precipice, with his roots sunk deep in the crevices of the rocks, among smaller and less important trees, *an aged pine*.

The place where it stood was one of the earliest, and still is one of the most favorite near resorts, especially for lovers; perhaps, because it can only be approached from one direction, and affords no opportunity for sudden surprisals. The old tree is dead now, and "the place that once knew it, will know it no more," excepting in its spectral apparitions. . . .

On a bright moonlit night, when at the Hotel there was mirth and gayety, the startling alarm was given, and the "old pine: was seen to be on *fire*, and as the flames ascended high up in the air and illumined the whole cliff, *a pair of lovers* were seen quietly to emerge from the place and make their descent toward the Hotel. . . .

Since then the place is reported to be *haunted*; and haunted it is, if ever a spot was haunted; and why may not ghosts inhabit the *body of a tree* as well as *anybody else*? Vague and uncertain sounds are heard to issue from the place even on moonlight evenings, in tones from a gentle whisper to plaintive lamentations. . . .

CHURCH OF THE MOUNTAIN

The church is a few minutes walk from the Hotel. It was built for the accommodation of the visitors at the Gap, and the people of the neighborhood, liberal contributions having been made for that purpose by those who, more or less frequently visit the place. Previous to its erection, the nearest churches were at Stroudsburg and Shawnee. But the zealous and indefatigable Methodists embraced this in their field of Christian labor, and worshiped in the schoolhouse and in private families almost since the village had existence. Twenty-five years ago, extra meetings were held, at suitable seasons of the year, in my father's barn. . . .

The church was erected in 1854 and was dedicated in the month of July of that year. The Rev. Horatio S. Howell was the first pastor. He came to the Water Gap in August, 1853, and organized the church (New School Presbyterian) the following winter. Mr. Howell continued as

pastor until March, 1862, when he was chosen chaplain of the Ninetieth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Lyle, and was killed by a rebel soldier whilst attending to the sick and wounded at the Hospital in Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863. . . .

TRANSUE'S KNOB

On the Shawnee Hill, six miles from the Hotel, there stands, a hundred feet above the limestone measure of which the hill is a component, a pyramidal deposit of diluvium, covering several acres, composed mainly of pebbles and coarse gravel. . . . From this bald summit there is a panoramic view of great extent and beauty, a blending of the wildest forest scenes with cultivated fields and scattered farm-houses.

The river lies spread out before you, calm and serene now, for its work is done. Nature's solid masonry having yielded, atom by atom, until the unceasing waters have found their wonted bed.

CASTLE ROCK

On what is called the middle road to Bushkill, about four miles from the Hotel, is Castle Rock. The strange and sometimes inexplicable forms of geological structure, of which this is a striking example, can only be realized by a visual examination. From the face of the steep slope of Shawnee Hill, the rocks project and overlook the valley through which the road passes, like a fortress of ancient days, to defend the pass. The name is sufficiently indicative, and quite appropriate.

NEW JERSEY HILLS

This drive is a circuit of twelve miles. Passing the Gap you cross the river in a flat-boat three miles below, and return through the mountains on the opposite side of the river, leaving a fine view of the Gap on both sides above and below. The road follows the windings of the river and skirts the base of the mountains the whole distance; nearly opposite the Hotel you ascend the hills, and have a variety of pictures that you will admire and long retain pleasant recollections of. You re-cross the river at the ferry three miles above, and return home by the Shawnee hills.

LAKE OF THE MOUNTAIN

This is a sheet of pure transparent water surrounded by an irregular curved outline of foliage, and clear bare fragments and masses of gray sandstone, strangely and unaccountably situated upon the very summit of the mountain on the New Jersey side of the river. A mirror of beauty in the solitary wilderness, three-quarters of a mile in length, and something less in breadth, reflecting the image of the clouds, the only objects above its fair surface, beneath which in its transparent depths, the perch roam in solitary and peaceful independence.

The lake is reached by a carriage-ride to the ferry at Shawnee, and then by a rugged mountain path, accessible to all who have stout limbs and good lungs, and desire to have these requisites of healthful existence continued.

INDIAN RELICS

The articles of the stone age found so plentifully in this valley were, no doubt, those made and used by the Indians last inhabiting it; and their abundance seems to be evidence of friendly intercourse with the whites, as they were known to abandon their own implements and adopt at the first opportunity those better suited to their purpose, introduced by the Europeans. In other sections of the country, known to have been inhabited by Indians in large numbers, comparatively few articles of their own fabrication are to be found, showing that they left hurriedly, and took with them their own implements.

The number found in an extent of ten miles in this valley, of stone, bone, and terra-cotta, would appear incredible to relate to one unfamiliar with the locality. . . . It is to be regretted that we know so little, comparatively, of a people possessing many traits of character we cannot but admire, and who were so friendly to our ancestors, - until being dealt unjustly with were driven to seek revenge; - who were the admiring possessors of these beautiful mountains and valleys, and who are now entirely passed away, with no record, and scarcely a tradition of their doings remembered.

We know little, too, of their mode of burial - less of the ceremonials. They were not *mound builders* like those of the Mississippi Valley, yet they appear to have made selection of elevated places, and invariably commanding a view of the water and valley. The two cemeteries spoken of in this locality are remarkable for the beauty of scenery afforded.

All however, were not deposited in regular burial-places, as single bodies are sometimes exhumed by the plough, and frequently washed out along the river-banks. Whether these were enemies, or those less respected, or what caused the discrimination, cannot be determined. Like all the race, they deposited with the dead articles most highly prized by them whilst living.

In the construction of implements and tools they never advanced beyond what archaeologists denominate the *stone age*.

In this period of man's progress, however, are included *bone* and *terra-cotta* or earthen-made articles. There has been but one article found in this valley, so far as known, that can be said to belong to the "*bronze age*." This was a *copper axe*, made however from the raw material, and ground down to the required size and form.

The stone utensils found in the Minisink consist of *agricultural implements, pestles and mortars, hand-mill stones, chisels, hammers, axes, flint knives, arrow-points, spear-heads, tomahawks, personal ornaments, and pipes*, and those belonging to the fictile art, consisting of *pots, vases, bowls, plates, & c.*

The articles of stone used for agricultural purposes are comparatively few in number. Those most evidently made with that design are circular slate discs, one-fourth of an inch in thickness, notched on opposite sides, and about the size of our broad hoe, and were probably used in the same way and for like purposes, and with handles. For breaking up and loosening the soil, they used *wood* and *bone*. The *shoulder blade* of the *elk* and *buffalo* answered the purposes of the *plough* and *spade*. The *pestles* were used in stone and wooden *mortars*, for grinding or

mashing corn, the preparation of medicines, &c. In size, they are from six inches to twenty-four inches in diameter. The method of constructing the pestle is very satisfactorily described by the late lamented Franklin Peale, of Philadelphia, in a communication read before the American Philosophical Society.

The process of “pecking” and rubbing or grinding applies to almost all the stone-made articles, excepting the spear-head, arrow-point, and flint knives. Mr. Peale says:

“A water-worn stone was selected, approximated by natural agency and action, the abrasion of moving masses in water, to the desired form. The superabundant material was then removed by a process which may be called ‘pecking,’ the characteristic marks of which appear upon a numerous class of instruments, such as pestles, mortars, chisels, &c. It was effected by blows with the sharp points of horn-stone, jasper, or chalcedony, either directly with a mass of those materials held in the hand, or aided by a mallet or club, or secured to wooden handles, by insertion and ligaments of tendon, or lashing of raw hide; the said blows were given in a direction perpendicular to the surface, and not with the tool placed at an angle, as is usual in chipping or dressing marble, thus strongly and plainly marking the surface of the larger and rougher implements, and more delicately those of the smaller or lesser.

“From the number of fragments found, it is evident that many implements must have been broken under the operation. It is also evident from the numerous unfinished specimens found, that the characteristic unsustained labor of savages caused many to be abandoned with careless indifference in an unfinished state, after considerable time and work had been bestowed upon them.

“This manner of working off by crushing the surface is analogous in principle to the usages of modern ‘stone-cutters’ when working upon sandstone and granite, but it is not adapted to marble, which requires that the tool should be held and struck at an angle (with this marked difference, that they use tools of steel), so as to lift off chips without crushing, and thus destroying the structure of the marble; by the first method noted, unskillful workmen destroy or greatly injure works of art.

“After the implement had been brought by ‘pecking’ to the required form, a higher degree of finish was given by rubbing with sandstones, or by rubbing it upon sandstone rocks until the peck-marks were either partially or wholly obliterated, and the implement thus finished.

“It is evident that the higher degree of finish exhibited by the polish of some articles, was the result of a higher grade of workmanship, with materials properly selected, upon principles similar to those employed at the present day.

“The operation of ‘pecking’ upon a detached rock confined to a circular space, enabled the patient laborers to work out a cavity capable of receiving a quantity of maize or other grain, and thus a mortar was made; not invariably, however, upon a detached mass, as they have been observed upon rocks in place.

“This method of working leaves a mark entirely dissimilar to any produced by natural causes. The rolling of floods has a tendency to remove the angles and corners of broken

fragments detached from their beds by frost and water or other elemental causes. Changes of temperatures are rounding and smoothing, or produce entire disintegration, but the mark made by the above-described means can never, when once observed, be mistaken for anything else than mans work, and the eye that has once carefully observed it will never fail in its recognition. It is also so with the conchoidal fracture of silicious implements, which unmistakably characterizes them."

The *mortars* were of two kinds, *stationary* and *portable*. The former were circular holes of about 12 inches in diameter, and from two to six inches in depth, cut in a smooth surface rock, situated at some convenient and accessible point. This was the neighborhood mill, driven, however, without steam or water-power. Each customer was expected to grind his own grist and take his own toil.

The portable mortars were made, some of *steatite* or soapstone, and others of *sandstone*.

The pestle and mortar process merely broke the maize in coarse fragments, and this by being boiled made the favorite Indian dish called *samp*, and from the aborigines we have adopted its use, as well as its name. But the growing fastidiousness of some Indian damsel demanding a greater variety of edibles in her culinary department, set the inventive genius of her admirer at work, and the result was the production of the *upper* and the *nether millstone*. The method of operation, like the pestle and mortar, was by *hand-power*, but the principle involved is the same as that in use in our mills at the present day. The nether millstone was a rock of smooth, even surface, and the upper, a stone suitably wrought for the purpose. This process pulverized the grain to the long-desired excellence, and *corn dodgers* flowed naturally there-from, to the astonishment and delight of the nation. These delicious cakes were baked by wrapping the moistened meal in husks of corn, and baking them under the embers.

Our sable countrymen in "Dixie" denominate a similar article, the "*hoe-cake*," which differs from the former only in the manner of cooking. The latter is baked on a *hoe* or *shovel*, held before the fire, but not as the old song says:

*De way to bake a hoe-cake -
Old Virginia neber tire -
Stick de hoe-cake on de foot,
And hold it to de fire.*

The *axe* somewhat resembles our steel tool of that name. In the place of the eye for the *helve*, a groove was cut near the end, around which the *handle* was bent, and tied with rawhide.

They could have been of little use in felling timber, but besides the partial purpose of an axe in other respects, they were formidable weapons of war in close combat.

Chisels are so called from their resemblance to our steel tool of that name. In England they are called *Celts*, after the early people who used a similar article, and who formerly inhabited a great part of Central and Western Europe. The implements are now found in the *tumuli* of barrows of these early Celtic nations.

They were used by our Indians for a variety of purposes, among others, for skinning animals, and also for removing the charred wood, as they burned the inner portion of the log from which they made their *canoe*, the outer surface, in the meantime, being kept wet, so as to preserve the sides and ends from burning. On these chisels were used *buckhorn handles*. The same articles, with buckhorn handles, securely fastened by an impervious cement, have been found in the bottom of the lake drained a few years ago in Switzerland.

It is very remarkable that the implements of the stone age belonging to the early people of Central Europe should be almost in all respects identical with those found in possession of the North American Indians.

Besides the ordinary sized chisel found here, usually about six inches in length, we have a huge article of the kind, weighing some fifteen pounds, with a double beveled edge. It is supposed to have been used for cutting holes in the ice for fishing.

Another form of the chisel is quite common, resembling as nearly as possible the carpenter's gouge.

Hammers and sledges were made as described by Mr. Peale: "*by 'pecking' a groove around pebbles of various forms, mostly ovoid, and attaching a handle by bending around the groove with a withe of wood. Over the whole was sewed filaments of tendon, 'rawhide' in a green state, leaving only the part to be used exposed, which, after becoming dry, held all firmly together.*

"This method of making serviceable tools is not conjectural; such implements are still in use among tribes of Indians now existing, made exactly as described, and many of the stone heads have been found of all sizes, from a few ounces in weight to many pounds, assuming the semblance and efficiency of sledges or mauls used by modern mechanics. We are credibly informed that many of the largest size have been found in excavations of aboriginal origin, in the Lake Superior copper region, upon masses of native metal, bearing marks of their employment in the ungrateful task of detaching fragments for use or ornament."

Flint knives or cutting implements are numerous. They were made by dexterous blows with the stone hammer or sledge against the edge of a compact finely-grained rock, the fracture producing sharp-angled chips, with edges almost as keen as a knife. The usual material is *hornstone* or *jasper*, resembling what we improperly call *flint*. The knives were used for all the lighter purposes of cutting, as far as they could be applied. They were employed also in taking off the scalps of their enemies, and it is said some of the white intruders shared the same fate. They no doubt considered this "the most unkindest cut of all."

"It is a curious fact, related by one of our early missionaries," says Mr. Heckewelder, "that the hair was permitted to grow only on the top of the head, thereby affording facilities for this barbarous operation. It was an act of cowardice in any one permitting his hair to grow on other portions of his head, as it would be considered as taking an undue advantage of his adversary.

"Another reason given was, that as a man has but only one head, and as the warrior is

distinguished by the number of scalps he brings in as trophies, if the Indian permitted the hair to grow all over the head as the white people do, *several* scalps might be made out of it, which would be unfair. Besides, cowards might thus without danger, share in the trophies of the brave, and dispute with him the honor of the victory.”

They commenced pulling out the hair in childhood, and in a few years, it is alleged, it would cease to grow. The same practice was adopted in destroying the beard, hence the erroneous opinion that the Indians were deprived by nature of that troublesome ornament to the white man’s face. A pair of mussel shells answered the purpose of *tweezers*.

The *arrow-point* are by far the most numerous of all the stone implements found in the Minisink. It is quite natural they should be. They were in more frequent use than any other, and we constantly liable to be lost; numbers may have been shot but once. The manufacture of arrow-points, then, must have occupied a large portion of the time of those skilled in the art. Places where they were made exhibit spalls and imperfect and broke specimens by the bushel.

The *bow and arrow* were the delight of the red man; they were his constant companion, his *defence*, his *support*, and his *amusement*. Killing his *enemies*, killing his *food*, and killing his *time*. The stem of the arrow was made of wood, and the “point” either inserted or tied fast to the end. Two varieties are made for this purpose, with and without the barb. The string of the bow was made of *rawhide*, they also employed the fibres of the *wild flax* for bowstrings, fish-nets, and other purposes.

Uncommon accuracy was acquired in the use of the bow and arrow; they could readily strike a point the size of a shilling piece at fifty yards distance, provided always, that the shilling covered the aforesaid point.

The *spear-heads* are from three inches to eight inches in length, fastened to a staff of convenient size and weight, the staff and point together called a spear, and were the same as those now in use in some of the countries in Europe, called *javelins*, excepting that the modern article has a steel point. They were war weapons, and were also employed by the Indians in spearing animals and fish.

Horastone, yellow and red *jasper*, and *chalcedony* constitute the material from which the spear-heads, as well as the arrow-points, were principally made.

The following description of the manner of making the arrow-points and spear-heads is taken from the remarks of an eye-witness among the Shastas and North California Indians, during that part of the United States Exploring Expedition involved in a journey by land, after the wreck of the “Peacock,” from the Columbia River to San Francisco (Mr. T. R. Peale, of the Scientific Corps, U. S. Exploring Expedition):

A blow with a round-faced stone repeated upon a mass of jasper, agate, or chalcedony, until a flake was broken off of a suitable form, and which exhibited the right kind of fracture; then the edges were chipped by the application of a notch in a piece of horn, applied as a glazier applies the notches in the side of his diamond-handle to the edge of a pane of glass for a like purpose. The notches were of different sizes and depths, and much practice was doubtless

requisite to insure success; as in the localities which furnished the material, or were it was worked (many of which spots have been examined), large quantities of flakes, and broken and unfinished spear and arrow-points are found, proving that many of the efforts were abortive, and no exact form or certain result could emanate from even practiced hands.

The forms of arrow-heads are very much varied; some were made without notches or barbs, and are usually called war-arrows; they were attached to the shaft by cement of resinous gum, which, when withdrawn, would of necessity leave the head in the wound. Others made with barbs or notches were secured by tendon lashings, in many instances put on with extreme neatness and symmetrical interlacing.

There is no limit to the variety of forms which these stone spear and arrow-heads assume. Many of them were rude and rough as the coarse hornstone of which they were made, in fact mere splintered fragments; whilst others, on the contrary, are as perfect in form as the weapon of the classic Greek, and made of the most beautiful jasper or chalcedony, almost gem-like in its beauty of color and shading.

There are instances of forms that lead to the conviction that novelty is one of the rare things of this world, as Solomon knew and told us long ago; this allusion is pointed to arrow-heads constructed with beveled faces, so formed as to cause a revolution in their flight, and thus maintain a true direction; a well-known principle employed in the modern rifle.

The varieties of the *tomahawk* are very great, and next to the arrow-point, are also the most numerous of all the articles obtained. Some of the forms are extremely rude. A half-round pebble of slate or sandstone was selected, corresponding in some degree to the required form, which being notched on the opposite sides, a handle was fastened in the same manner as upon the axe and hammer.

On these simplest forms, no other work than the notching or cutting of the sides has been performed, and as the tomahawk appears to have been the constant companion of every Indian man and boy, these ruder varieties may have been the work of the latter. Those skilled in the art of making tools and other implements must have been exempt from the duties of war and the chase, and allowed to peruse their regular occupation in order to enable them to arrive at the degree of perfection in the art exhibited in some of these specimens. Such skillful artisans possessed by course a reputation which they would not allow to be injured by the production of such rude forms as we find classed among the list of tomahawks.

The rougher specimens are found in almost every field near the river, whilst those so beautifully and symmetrically wrought, with holes perforated through the centre, and which are supposed to have been worn on the person, and kept in view as badges to distinguish certain warriors, are not by any means so abundant.

The method of drilling the hard material - sandstone and jasper - of which the finer articles are made, as conceived and experimented on by Mr. Peale, is, no doubt, the true method. It is described by him as follows:

“The ordinary holes are mere perforations, made by revolving a stone-sharpened flake of

jasper, hornstone, or other hard stone, upon the object to be perforated, usually slate, limestone, or soapstone, the perforation being made from opposite sides, until the opening met at the middle; but in other and more finished works, such as those made for the insertion of handles in tomahawks and hammers, and more remarkably in smoking pipes, and the tubes which were probably used for that purpose, there is no reason to doubt that these holes were made by nearly the same means, and identically the same principles that are now used to drill glass and the hardest gems. A round stick of soft wood was revolved by rubbing the hands against it in opposite directions, with silicious sand and water continually renewed between the end of the stick and the article to be bored.

“A further supposition is not unreasonable, that a bowstring loosely drawn and passed around the stick, would give increased motion and more rapid effect to the process.

“The pages of Schoolcraft describe and illustrate similar arrangements in use among existing tribes, for producing fire by rapid friction.

In the department of *personal ornaments* are found some of the most finely executed of all the specimens of Indian craft. Not only the highest skill of the workman was required in the production of this class of articles, but his taste and judgment were also put to the test.

To produce a necklace of quartz beads, finely polished and perforated, with the meagre appliances at their command, must have required long, patient, and skillful labor. A great variety of ornaments were made of clay, shells, and the softer stones, in the similitude of flowers, birds, and insects.

If fashions then, like as at the present day, changed often, and new devices and different materials were required at each whim of the fickle goddess, it must have been a severe tax upon the labor and ingenuity of the “personal ornament” makers.

The *factile art* was extensively practiced. Fragments of earthen-made articles are found in almost every field near the river, in the Minisink.

The material was prepared by pounding certain kinds of shells and mixing with suitable moistened clay; having dried this compound in the shade. It was then burned in the oven or kiln made for the purpose, and became hard, and would stand exposure to the fire.

The earthen pots are made of various sizes, holding from a pint to several gallons. The larger ones were used, among other purposes, for boiling the sap of maple sugar. Of the same material were made pitchers, vases, bowls, plates, &c.

Unbroken articles of earthenware are now rarely met with, but fragments, sometimes in large pieces, are found in quantities, some of these showing a degree of taste and skill in ornamentation. The earthen vessels supplied a *desideratum*; as the manufacture of these articles was not by any means the first of the stone age. Ruder nations cooked their food without the use of pots. This process was simple in the extreme, though quite ingenious:

“When meat was to be boiled, a hole was dug in the ground, about the size of a common

pot, and a piece of raw hide of the animal, as taken from his back, was put in the hole and pressed down with the hands to close around the sides, and filled with water. At a fire which was built near by, several large stones were heated, which were successively dipped in the water until the meat was cooked.”

Smoking was a habit quite prevalent among the Indians. The *pipe* or *calumet* was carved of stone or modeled in clay. Some of the latter are rude in form and structure, whilst others are artistic in design and elaborate in finish. The front of the bowl is often carved with devices representing sometimes the human face and various animals.

The *calumet* used in councils contains generally an emblem of the tribe represented. These are large and wrought with skill, and the long reed stem ornamented with gay feathers. It is used only on occasions of state, and when the deliberations are ended is handed from one to the other, commencing with those highest in authority

It is used as a symbol or instrument of peace or war. To accept the “calumet” is to agree to the terms of peace, and to refuse, is to reject them. The calumet of peace is used to seal or ratify contracts and alliances, to receive strangers kindly, and to travel with safety. The calumet of war, differently made, is used to proclaim war.

At the council held in Philadelphia, in 1758, Teedyuscung, the chief of the Delawares, addressed Governor Denny as follows:

“The Governor, and all you wise men present, hearken to what I am going to say: At the treaty of Easton, you desired me to hear you and publish what passed there to all the Indian nations. I promised you to do it; I gave the *Halloo*, and published it to all the Indian nations in this part of the world, even the most distant have heard me.

“The nations to whom I published what passed between us have let me, Teedyuscung, know that they heard and approved it, and as I am about so good a work, they sent this *pipe*, the same that their grandfathers used on such good occasions, and desired it might be filled with the same good tobacco, and that I, with my brother, the Governor, would *smoke* it.

“They further assured me that if at any time I should perceive any dark clouds arise, and would smoke but two or three *whiffs* out of this pipe, those clouds would immediately disappear.”

The next day Governor Denny replied as follows:

“Brother: I smoked with a great deal of pleasure out of the pipe that the far Indians, formerly our good friends, sent you on this joyful occasion, and I must now desire you for them, as you represent them, to smoke out of my pipe, in which I have put some very good tobacco, such as our ancestors used to smoke together, and was at the first planted here when this country was settled by *Onas* (William Penn).

“We have found by experience that whatever nations smoked out of it two or three hearty ‘whiffs,’ the clouds that were between us always dispersed, and so they will again, as often as

they arise, if these Indians will smoke heartily of it.”

Here the Governor smoked and gave it to Teedyuscung.

The *clothing* of the Indians was almost entirely made from the skins of animals, and their conical-shaped “wig-wams” were also covered with the same material.

They possessed the knowledge of dressing skins in such a way as made them pliable. An Indian damsel, with the underdress of the *fawn*, and a robe in winter of the matchless fur of the *beaver*, was very comfortable, if not imposingly dressed.

Reference cannot here be made to the *customs* of these people: to do so would exceed the limits designated.

Mr. Heckewelder says:

“When the Indians were first visited by the whites, and after our people *commenced* to erect houses among them, they thought very strangely of the white people locking their doors, and could not for some time be made to understand the motive. When they left their homes they set up a *pestle* or *corn-pounder* against the outside of the door, which was enough to show that there was no one at home, and the premises were then considered sacred, no one thinking of entering the house. Missionaries have recorded, that as late as 1771 they have known large quantities of goods received from traders protected in no other way.”

All accounts represent the war-dances as frightful and terrible to behold. They are always performed previous to going out to an engagement, around a painted post, a sort of “recruiting station.” It must have been frightful too, to witness the Indian warriors return home after a successful engagement, with their prisoners and the scalps taken in battle. These last were carried in front, strung on a pole, behind which came the victorious column, rending the air with shouts. The dwelling of each warrior was ornamented with these terrible memorials of victory, together with all the accouterments of warfare, skins of animals, &c.

*“Thus all around the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the flight or chase;
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,
And war-clubs, bows and arrows, store,
With tusked trophies of the boar.
And there the wild cat’s brindle hide
The frontlets of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o’er the bison’s horns;
Strange devices, defaced and stained,
The crimsoned streaks of blood retained,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun and white,
With otter’s fur, and seals unite,
In rude and uncouth trappings all,
To garnish forth the warrior’s hall.”*

To *jugglers, soothsayers, conjurors, astrologers*, and all the long list of imposters of that character, the poor Indians gave too much countenance. Besides the regular physicians, they had their quack doctors also, and were almost as badly afflicted in that respect as the present generation. On a small scale they had their Bandreth, Ayres, Hembold, Wishart, *ad infinitum*, and may also, perhaps, have had a type of that voluble, yet mythical personage, Mrs. Winslow.

The Lenapes were present in great numbers, Mr. Heckewelder says, at the landing of the Hollanders at Manhattan (New York), in 1620, and some traditions of the event were still preserved by their people.

They supposed the vessel at first to be a *whale*, then a *great bird* resting on the waters, and as it approached nearer supposed it to be a *house* drifting to the shore, but were terror-stricken when they saw the men descend and come in small boats to the land.

They looked upon these men as *messengers* sent from the Great Spirit to destroy them. They fled in numbers to the wilderness, others prostrated themselves to the earth, and filled the air with cries and lamentations.

It was a long time before the captain could cause them to become reconciled, and assured them by signs, that they were only men, like themselves, and intended them no harm.

By the bestowal of a few presents on the part of the sagacious officers, they soon won the hearts of these simple-minded people, and the god-like strangers were made welcome to the homes of the red men with joyful demonstrations.

It is not very creditable to our Holland ancestors, that this ceremony was terminated in a general scene of intoxication.

The liquor was at first partaken of with hesitation and distrust, and was utterly refused, until the officers and crew first set the vicious example.

In commemoration of this event, the Indians named the place Manahachtanieuk (Manhattan), the *island where we all got drunk*.

INDIAN GRAVES

Lake of the Mountain

In the year 1811, John Arndt, of Easton, wrote to the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder concerning an Indian grave found at this solitary spot, near the shore of the lake. He was buried in a stone vault, "the rock having been rent apart for a considerable length, and wide enough to admit the body, and covered with large flat stones. With the skeleton were found a small brass kettle, some beads, some circular bones or ivory of the size of a silver dollar, pierced with two holes through the diameter; also a parcel of bone or ivory tubes, resembling pipestems, four and a half inches in length. Nearly opposite, down the mountain from this grave, on the flats or lowland, there was a large burial-ground.

“Could this spot have been the special choice of this solitary inhabitant? Here was a lake with plenty of fish, abundance of large whortleberries, excellent hunting-grounds, &c. Can it be presumed that he was a noted chief or warrior to whom such distinguished respect was paid, as to deposit him so much nearer heaven and the Great Spirit?”

Several years ago, the author visited the Indian burial-ground at the base of the mountain alluded to in the letter of Mr. Arndt. It is situated about seven miles north of the Gap, on an elevation of two hundred or three hundred feet from the river, which it overlooks, together with a beautiful portion of the Valley of the Delaware. The ground had then just been cleared for cultivation, the forest trees had yielded to the axemen, and the virgin soil, so long held sacred by another race, was about to be violated with the plough. Three graves had already been opened, but a number of mounds were visible all over the field before the plough had done its work.

The articles obtained from the three which I saw, were as follows: A large quantity of beads, variously colored, of stone and glass, and others of bone. Several clay ornaments, rounded and in shape like the beads, but larger, pierced through the centre; the image of an owl made of clay, and several round pieces of clay and bone about the size of an American half-dollar, dotted round the edge and twice through the centre. A great number of pieces of clay pipe, and fragments of other articles, so broken as to be undefined. In one of the graves some small bells were found, also fragments of blankets, the metallic remains of two guns, brass plates containing the crucifix, brass tobacco-boxes, &c. This was evidently a modern burial, as the articles must have been obtained from Europeans, as well as the glass beads mentioned above.

The place was visited by some gentlemen stopping at the Gap last summer, and permission given by the owner of the field to make excavations. One grave was found about three feet below the surface and exhumed. The skeleton was incased in a stone box. But few relics were obtained.

The following extracts from a letter written by a gentleman who, with others, visited the Indian burial-place near the Gap, in the autumn of 1865, is deemed not out of place in this connection. The letter was published in the *North American and United States Gazette*:

“A portion of the company now presently sojourning here, treated themselves today to an excursion somewhat different from climbing Mount Minsi, Prospect Rock, the Indian Ladder, or even revelling at that crystal fount, Caldeno Falls. They visited and explored an Indian cemetery, where those who loved and loved, warred and hunted, in long anterior days, have lain in quiet, and until recently, undisturbed repose.

“The site of this early cemetery is on the point of an elevated diluvial plain above the mouth of Brodhead’s Creek. The Plateau is about ninety feet above the river level, and embraces, perhaps, four acres. The view is very fine, commanding the Delaware, Shawnee Island, Cherry Valley, and the superb scenery along the outlying arms of the grand old Kittanny. The nomadic tribes who occupied these beautiful and fertile valleys exhibited faultless taste in selecting the spot they did for the repose of their kindred.

“Of the wild tribes who once plied the light canoe on the Maccariskittang, and hunted their game along the Minisink, we have positive information of the Shawnees and Lenni

Lenapes, or Delawares. The tawny warriors, - Titans of a dark and mystic race, - have left here the impress of their great and imperishable names. Mountain, valley, river, and purling brook bear the record of many a stalworth brave. Various localities of interest are pointed out as the sites of Indian villages and burial-grounds; but of what particular tribe or nation, not even tradition or legendary song can tell.* [* *The Minsi, a branch of the Lenape Indians, inhabited this portion of the Valley of the Delaware. The Shawnees were mere sojourners here. - L. W. B. (Luke W. Broadhead)*]. One of these early cemeteries has long been regarded with interest by visitors of the Gap and residents of the neighborhood. In vain, however, did those desirous of exploring it apply for permission to the proprietor of the soil.

“But the love of gain proved stronger than dread of superstitious awe, and a few years since certain parties met, not having the fear of Mr. Zimmerman or ghouls or goblins before their eyes, and under the cover of night and a dense young forest, perpetrated that which men of science had ineffectually attempted. The night despoilers had roughly but surely done the work of exhumation in several of these interesting memorials of the dead. The parties who had despoiled the graves were actuated by a single motive, - gain. They hoped to secure valuable relics, which could be sold to curiosity-gatherers from the cities. Some of these ill-got gains were offered to gentlemen of intelligence and probity whom I have seen, who declined to purchase. Others, however, in quest of ‘curiosities,’ did buy. It may not positively be known what articles have been taken from the despoiled graves, but I have been informed that among the articles found was a finely wrought stone pipe.

“With this digression, I will give a brief account of our operations to-day.

“We found the cemetery composed of numerous ‘graves,’ in close proximity to one another. These were scarcely distinguishable, so slight is the elevation. Each grave is encircled by a trench, and a group of some half a dozen had evidently been surrounded by a gravel ditch. The circumnavigation was quite distinct.

“Selecting an undisturbed spot, we put a couple of stout* (*archaic meaning “strong”) men to work. Removing the soil, we were convinced human agency had been at work. Instead of the gravel, which marks the diluvial, we found a coarse yellow sand, intermingled with clay. At the depth of about two and a half feet, we found an ulna, or some other parts of a human frame. The skeleton was in tolerable preservation. The cranium is in good condition, with the exception of a portion of the right superior maxillary, which appeared missing. The teeth are in good preservation, but much worn by the use of maize. The sections indicate a person of about middle age. The frame was large, and doubtless that of a male. The mode of burial had been by inhumation; placing the body in a recumbent posture, extending from east to west, the face looking eastward.

“A slight cist had been excavated, which received the body, free from cement or stone incasement, and having placed with it the few personal articles which ornamented it in life, a careful covering of sand was made to the height of the cist, and terminating in a small tumulus. The sand had evidently been carried from the river’s beach, as it is not found at a nearer point. This is a peculiarity, and worth attention. Respect for the dead would not permit him to be buried in the coarse gravel of the plain where the graves are located.

“Of the articles of personal adornment recovered were parts of two metallic ornaments, brooches, or ear-drops, found in close proximity to the head. They are an alloy, pewter perhaps, circular in form, and two inches in diameter. Also, two spiral wire sprigs of brass, one inch in length and half an inch in diameter, and three bone or shell beads, one quite large. These are by far the most valuable and interesting relics recovered, as they are purely aboriginal, while the metallic articles are of European fabrication.

“In addition to those discovered was the rude form of a pocket-knife, but so oxidized as to be almost indistinguishable. Of course, these articles, with the exception of the bone beads, are of white man’s manufacture, and utterly valueless to the archaeologist. The occupant of this humble tomb lived after interviews had been established between the whites and Indians. This discovery dispelled all illusions of great antiquity. It was interesting, however, as showing the mode of burial practiced by the wild tribes who roamed these forests at the period of settlement by the whites. Such discoveries are valuable to science, and the gentlemen who made the researches considered themselves amply remunerated for their trouble.

“The cranium is worthy the attention of the ethnologists. It is properly orthognathous, resembling the round-headed Calmuck, figured by Huxley. The forehead is tolerably full, the zygomatic processes prominent, but not the maxillary and orbital conformations which distinguish the common Indian. These indicia, with a fair facial angle, might raise a doubt with some as to the true character of the person buried, were it not for counterbalancing proofs. Part of the right superior maxillary being gone, it is somewhat difficult to determine how much of a prognathous form there may be, which is an almost unfailing characteristic of all nomadic races.

“I write these hasty notes without perhaps given the skull a careful examination. Perhaps further examination may support some additional facts. It is in possession of my friend, L. W. Brodhead, Esquire, and will constitute a feature in his collection of antiquities for this locality. To Mr. Brodhead the public are mainly indebted for these explorations”

WINONA *OR, THE STORY OF LOVER’S LEAP*

Chiefs Wissinoming and Manatamany

AN HISTORICAL LEGEND

“She loves, - but know not whom she loves
Nor what his race, nor whence he came;
Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
Some beauteous bird without a name
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
From isles in th’ undiscover’d seas,
To show his plumage for a day
To wondering eyes, and wings away.”
Moore.

Two centuries ago (ca. 1670) there reigned, in the valley of the Minisink, a noble

chieftain named Wissinoming. He was the head of that once most powerful and ancient people, known as the Lenni Lenape.” Their possessions extended from the highest sources of the rivers Delaware and Susquehanna to the ocean, and every valley and hilltop drained by their tributaries echoed the praises of Lenape’s chieftain.*

The Lower Minisink was the headquarters of this nation. Here Wissinoming resided, and here emanated the decrees dispatched by fleet-footed couriers, in case of war or apprehended danger, or signalled by “fire-lights” kindled on a hundred hill-tops,** which reassured, and thus preserved the unity of the confederate tribes. For how many centuries Wissinoming’s

* “The compound word *Lenni Lenape* signifies ‘*original people*,’ a race of beings who are the same that they were from the beginning, acknowledged by near forty Indian tribes as being their grandfathers. All these tribes, derived from the same stock, recognize each other as *Wapanachki* or *Lenape*, which among them is a generic name.” - Heckewelder

** It is a well-established fact that “signal lights” were used by the Indians, and that important intelligence was communicated from one eminence to another, hundreds of miles away, with the certainty, and almost the celerity, of electricity. The adoption of a similar system proved of great importance to our army in the late Rebellion (Civil War).

ancestors reigned in this beautiful valley, and plied their boats on these quiet waters, and chased the deer in these forests, and defied their enemies in these rocky fastnesses, and worshipped on these mountain-heights, time will never reveal to us. And when the red man first visited the shores of our continent, whether before or after the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, is not material to our present story.

Winona was the beloved and only daughter of Wissinoming. She and her brother Manatamany were the pride of this noble chieftain, and were the objects of his greatest care and solicitude; all the instruction that a wise but uncultivated parent could impart were bestowed on these children. They, consequently, grew up at least free from the ruder habits of their people, and Winona manifested a character of great strength and beauty. Her father had impressed her with the fact, that she was of the descent of a noble race of chieftains, and that her people could claim great antiquity, and she readily saw that they were greatly superior to all the other tribes whose representative at times visited her father’s home.

The Lenape were bold and fearless, but considerate and just; and having enjoyed years of peace, paid some attention to the cultivation of the soil, and were acquiring habits bordering on civilization; and when the whites first appeared among them, that civilization was ready to dawn.

The first settlers were, therefore, received with open arms. They continued their friendly intercourse, and were not averse to their permanent residence amongst them. The improved methods to promote comfortable existence by the new-comers, their ready discernment led them to at least appreciate, if not adopt, and all that was now needed was fair and honorable dealings; and had the policy of the elder Penn been continued, it is fair to presume that the Lenape would have at this day existed in this valley, a comparatively enlightened and cultivated people.

The first appearance of the whites was only to explore the country. They were from the Holland settlement on the Hudson. They found a considerable extent of land under cultivation, and were delighted with its appearance, and with the friendship manifested by the natives, and soon thereafter arrangements were made for the introduction of a colony. A number of families at length arrived, and formed the first settlement in the Minisink country, and perhaps in the State.

Winona seemed to be drawn instinctively to the society of the cultivated ladies forming the settlement. On account of her position as the daughter of an illustrious chief, she was well received. Her beauty of person, her dignified but gentle manners, her desire to learn of the white ladies and adopt their customs, soon made her a great favorite, and she came to be styled by them, *Princess* Winona. She continued to be ever after the firm friend of the whites, and proved herself, on more than one occasion, a very Pocahontas, indeed.

The exploring party, just named, with the prevailing thirst for gold, had discovered in the mountains at Pahaqualong, a few miles above, evidences of what they supposed to be a rich mine of copper, and the information having been forwarded to their mother country, a company was speedily formed under the auspices of the Holland Government, and an expedition fitted out and placed in charge of a young man of rank named Hendrick Van Allen.* He was a gentleman of fine accomplishments, pleasing address and fair exterior, full of adventure; and the kind of wild frontier life he was for a time obliged to lead seemed well suited to his inclinations. He soon became accustomed to the hardships incident to a life where few evidences of civilization were to be witnessed, much less enjoyed.

* These mines were worked to a considerable extent, but with what success is not known. They are situated near the base of the Kittatinny Mountain, eight miles above the Delaware Water Gap, on the New Jersey side of the river. A company was organized, about twenty years ago, in New York, for the purpose of re-working them, but failed of success. When they commenced operations, they found large trees growing upon places where excavations had been made nearly two hundred years before. The place is now called *Pahaquarri*, a corruption of *Pahaqualong*, the original name.

He visited the settlement a few miles below, soon after his arrival, and there heard, at the house of one of the colonists, the fame of the "Indian Princess." The thought of *Prince* or *Princess* had not entered Hendrick's mind since he left the land of civilization, and he supposed himself now far beyond the influences of nobility; hence to hear of an embryo "Queen" in this remote wilderness struck him as rather ludicrous. He, however, promised his friend to see her when he visited the settlement again.

The young adventurer having satisfied his own mind that about one-half of the Kittatinny Mountain was composed of copper ore, he commenced the construction of the Great Wagon Road from Pahaqualong to the Hudson River, a distance of one hundred miles. Whilst this work was in progress, he employed himself in the sports of the chase. He fancied himself an expert in the use of the rifle, and found the wild game as abundant as he could wish.

At Hendrick's next visit to the settlement, he met the young "Princess" at the house of his

friend, where, ever since their arrival, she had been a frequent and welcome visitor. Hendrick expected to see in the daughter of the famous chief less rudeness of manner, perhaps, than in the other daughters of the forest; but he was unprepared for what he now witnessed.

Winona's modesty, refinement, and dignified deportment were unaccountable to him; and though he had heard her beauty highly praised, she far excelled in his mind the most favorable descriptions given of her. Not having measured the character of her mind, he introduced such conversation as thought adapted to her understanding and suited to her inclinations. He spoke of the enjoyment he had experienced in imitating the free and unrestrained life of her people; the excitement of the chase; the unbounded park filled with game that had not yet learned to flee at the report of his gun, and was not too modest to mention the skill he had acquired in its use by frequent practice.

Winona, though accustomed to the wild sport of her people, and confident of her skill in the use of the bow and arrow, having often employed them as an exercise and an amusement, was more modest in the estimate of her prowess; and Hendrick learned, too, from the tenor of her conversation, that there were other themes better suited to the character of Winona's mind, and more pleasing for her contemplation. A friendship, very natural under the circumstances, was at once formed, and Hendrick henceforward fancied that the better hunting-grounds were in the direction of the new settlement and Winona's home.

Not long after this event the old chief Wissinoming died. It was the saddest period of Winona's life. She grieved, not only on account of her own loss, but she mourned also the loss her nation had sustained. The affairs of her people were in a critical condition. The Lenape had been invaded by some tribes from the North, and though the latter had been severely chastised during her father's reign, Winona and her brother Manatamany, feared a renewal of hostilities.

The following incidents, though having no direct connection in this narrative, are still important, as relating to the Lenape nation, and on that account their recital will, perhaps, be justified.

The power of the Lenape was undisputed, and they had enjoyed untold years of undisturbed quiet; but before the reign of Wissinoming, a cloud had gathered in the North. Some ambitious tribes had commenced invading their territory, and though they had always been repulsed with severe losses, the Lenape were at length confronted by that powerful union of hostile tribes, composed of the Mohawks, Onondagas, Senecas, Oneidas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras, and known as the "Six Nations." The clouds that had been gathering culminated, and a terrific storm burst upon the devoted heads of the Lenape.

The war raged for many years, with varying success; the people of the Minisink maintained their ancient prestige, though other portions of the Lenape nation were forced to succumb, or accept annihilation.

It was not until near the middle of the eighteenth century, when the Six Nations received the countenance and encouragement of the whites, that the Minis, - the elder sons and occupants of the ancient heritage of the Lenape, - yielded to power and intrigue. The conduct of certain of the whites at the memorable conventions held at Philadelphia and Easton, - where the Delawares

(as they were now called) were browbeaten and disgraced, and their chief, on one occasion, led out of the convention by the hair of his head by an upstart of the Six Nations, - is unaccountable upon any other hypothesis, than that by the dispersion of the Delawares, and by the encouragement extended to the Six Nations, they could more readily gain possession of territory to which neither themselves nor the Six Nations had a shadow of claim.

It has been alleged that the Delaware chief behaved cowardly on this occasion. The assertion is unwarranted by the facts. Surrounded by enemies greatly superior in numbers to his own people, and who were supported by the wealth and influence of the English, he well knew that resistance would end in the destruction of his remaining followers. Hence, the course he pursued is such as a wise man would have adopted.

At a subsequent council, held at Easton, it is said, "the English had made so many presents to the Six Nations, that they would hear no explanations from the Delawares." Well might Tedyusking have said, with reference to the whites, "*And you, too, my brothers!*" (A reference to Shakespeare's play "*Julius Caesar*," where his best friend Brutus was one of the assassins who stabbed Caesar, who cried with his dying breath, "*And you, too, Brutus?*")

To the credit of William Penn and his true followers, be it ever remembered, that they did not desert the Delawares in their extremity, but stood up for them on all occasions, and condemned the unjust treatment they received.

The subjugation of this people, and their exile from the Valley of the Delaware, form one of the saddest episodes in the history of nations. It is to be wondered that they lingered long upon the waters of their favorite river? That they viewed with terror, from the heights of the Kittatinny, the approach of the white man to take possession of the homes they were compelled by their enemies to abandon? To be despoiled of all they held dear, even the places made sacred by the dead of centuries.

I fancy I can see them as they meet in the last hurried council: no fire is kindled; no glad voices are heard; no songs of mirth and rejoicing, naught but a saddening wail, the requiem of departing glory. The corn and dried venison are collected together. The aged chief, who has cheered his followers in the thick strife of contending hosts, now trembles with emotion at his exile from the land he loves. Hear him, for his utterance is choked: "Let us take a last lingering look as the departing rays of light are shed upon the Blue Hills, and then go hence to that strange land, whilst the sun sleeps behind the mountain, that the white robber may not laugh at our tears."

This digression has led to a view of the condition of the Lenape, nearly a century subsequent to the main incidents of our story. At the death of Wissinoming, Manatamany was looked upon as the natural and legitimate successor to his father, whom he much resembled in strength of mind and heroic deportment. Being younger, however, than his sister Winona, she was looked up to as the "guardian angel" of her people; and as much consulted in matters of state as her brother.

To add to their other troubles, a serious outbreak now occurred between a portion of their people and the colonists, in which a young man, a favorite of the colonists, was killed. Much

excitement was manifested by both parties. The cause of the quarrel was the attempted occupancy and cultivation, on the part of the settlers, of the *Great Shawano Island* opposite the Indian town of Wyomissing. This island was a favorite resort of the Indians, and was a cherished part of their possessions. Its great productiveness * excited the cupidity of the colonists, and frequent attempts had been made for its purchase; but no offer, however liberal, would be entertained for a moment. In the quarrel Manatamany took no part, though his heart was with his people. Winona, the friend of the colonists, as well as the beloved oracle of her own nation, was looked to by the friends of peace in both parties, as the only hope of an amicable settlement of the difficulty. Winona felt the responsibility of her position, but did not shrink from the performance of her duty.

* That these islands in the Delaware, as well as the adjacent main land, were under cultivation by the Indians, there is scarcely a doubt remaining. The evidence of the early settlers on the subject is confirmed by the discovery, a few years ago, on Shawnee Island, of a dozen or more articles of the *stone age* differing from those ordinarily found, which, on being submitted to Mr. Franklin Peale, of Philadelphia, - perhaps the best authority on this subject in the country, - were unhesitatingly pronounced implements of agriculture, answering the purpose of our common hoe.

The town of Wyomissing was the ancient home of the Lenape chieftains. In front of the lodge of Winona and her brother, were assembled the excited multitude. On the rocky parapet, bordering her little flower-garden, stood the Queen of the Forest, the heroine and orator of the occasion; to her, all eyes were directed; to her, all were ready to listen with reverence, and now waited in breathless silence the Sibylline utterances:

“Winona is the daughter of Wissinoming, who lies sleeping on under hill-top, overlooking the waters of Lenape’s river. The island, the cause of this quarrel, also lies before him. For how many centuries Wissinoming’s fathers reigned in the Minisink, Winona knoweth not; but the moons will count in number as the hairs of Winona’s head.

“Winona’s father sometimes speaks from the spirit-land, and Winona hears his words of love and wisdom in the whispering winds. She listens to catch the music of his voice to-day; but the winds do not speak, and Winona’s heart is heavy with grief. Winona loves the people of her fathers, and desires to do them good. She rejoices in their successes, and mourns over their misfortunes. Their song of joy, or wail of grief, is echoed in Winona’s heart. Winona’s heart is sad now!

“Winona loves her white neighbors also, and hoped to live with them in peace and friendship forever. Their ladies are kind and gentle to Winona, and have taught her many ways that Winona loves, and filled her mind with many wonderful thoughts that are beautiful, and that Winona dreamed not of. Winona’s heart is very sad! The weight of grief would melt in tears, but Winona cannot weep now. Winona loves not strife and bloodshed; but Winona is not herself afraid to die.

“A young man has been slain by our people. He was much beloved by our neighbors.

Who committed the fatal deed we know not. It is but justice, and according to the custom of our own nation, that his death must be avenged, and one of our number be offered to appease the just wrath of our neighbors.

“Winona is not afraid to die! Hear, then, what Winona saith: On the morrow, on the first wake of the morning, before the sun shows his face from behind the hills of the Kittatinny, let Winona be slain by the hands of her own people, and let her be buried beside her noble father, Wissinoming. Let Hendrick be called from the mountain; let him raise Winona’s head, as in the custom of the burial of my people, * that the earth may rest lightly upon it, and let him pray to *his* God for the spirit of Winona.

* It was the custom of the Indians to bury distinguished persons of their own tribe with the head elevated to nearly a sitting posture, and to encase the body in a stone box.

“The Shawano Island is loved by our people. It is fair to look upon, and the corn has ripened upon it for my people for more summers than the numbers of our nation. Winona’s canoe has passed many times around it, and touched at every shore.

“The white man must not take it from my people; but let my good brother give to them the Island *Manwallamin*, and may the dove of peace descend, and hover over the people of my fathers and our white neighbors forever!”

A saddening wail, mingled with murmurs of discontent, rose upon the still air, and Manatamany essayed to give utterance to these incoherent mutterings; but the shouts of the colonists drowned his voice: “*Winona must not, shall not die!* She shall live to bless us and you! We ask no sacrifice; we only ask, that if it please Manatamany, Winona may be adopted as our sister, and be to us, as to you, a princess and ‘guardian angel.’ “

This interesting event proved most auspicious; years of uninterrupted friendship followed, and, indeed, its influence was never entirely lost upon either the natives or the colonists.

The settlement increased in numbers, and amity reigned, and an apparent desire to benefit the condition of each by the other manifested itself upon all occasions. How easily this policy might have been continued, and how glorious would have been its results! All that was not needed was honesty of purpose, and a little forbearance. How readily on all occasions might the truths of the Christian religion be introduced among a people who are strangers to its teachings, if its beautiful precepts were practised by those desiring its promulgation!

Winona had become to the colony an object of love and veneration, and continued to be the idol of her people; and when Hendrick visited the settlement again, he found the praises of Winona on every tongue. His visits now became more frequent, and he found himself fascinated by Winona; and yet it does not appear that he took much thought beyond the present pleasure of her society; into the future he did not stop to gaze. He had now become more occupied in his duties at the mines; the hours of relaxation, however, afforded him, were entirely devoted to her,

not dreaming that he was awakening a passion of dangerous intensity in the susceptible heart of Winona. She at first seemed to look upon Hendrick in the character of a brother and instructor in things that delighted her and filled her mind with wonder; and such he had been to her. He had taught her many customs and things that were entirely new, and she was a most apt pupil

Riding on horseback, though practiced by the male members of her people, could not be indulged in to any extent by Winona, as the condition of the roads (being mere trails or footpaths) forbade it. But Hendrick now used his new road, originally constructed for the transportation of ores from the mines, to a more satisfactory purpose, and much to the delight of this flower of the forest.

In the absence of Hendrick, it was the custom of Winona to spend much of her time alone, and with her little red canoe, and bow and arrow, she passed many hours in that portion of the river which flows between the islands and the mainland on which Wyomissing was situated. The borders of this stream were skirted on both sides, then as now, by a growth of large and beautiful trees, some of which are still standing, no doubt, upon which Winona once gazed with delighted admiration, and from whose uppermost branches the wild-fowl and other game, then so abundant, were brought down with absolute certainty, when she was inclined to exercise her skill with the bow and arrow.

On one of these occasions, when Winona's canoe was gliding leisurely over these quiet waters, she heard the report of a rifle. At first, the report of a gun was a terror to Winona; but Hendrick's visits to the settlement being now always announced in that way, it had become, instead, a feeling of delight, and her first thoughts now were of the near presence of Hendrick. She moored her boat to the shore, and quietly waited and watched. Hendrick continued to fire, and she soon discovered a black squirrel upon one of the loftiest branches of a large tree near her. Taking up her bow, and selecting from her quiver a choice arrow, with deliberate, well-directed aim, she brought down the animal bleeding at Hendrick's feet. He picked up the squirrel, thinking it had fallen from the effect of the discharge of his own gun a moment before, but was greatly astonished to find it pierced with an arrow still sticking in its body.

Recollecting to have seen Winona's skill with the bow and arrow before, he at once divined her near presence, and soon sought out his fair rival, with her little bark moored under the edge of the beach, near where he stood. This unexpected meeting gave mutual delight. Hendrick complimented Winona on her prowess, and though she could not indulge him with equal compliment, she gave expression only to the pleasure the circumstance of their meeting afforded her; and before parting, on this occasion, Hendrick, should have discovered the spark he was kindling, and the danger of fanning to a flame that which, in a breast like Winona's, would continue to burn forever.

It would be most interesting to know the manner and character of thought indulged in by a child of nature with the active powers of mind possessed by Winona, before coming in contact with any other light than that furnished by the vague traditions of her own people. Winona spent many hours with no other companions than her little boat; these were her hours of solitude.

That great mind could not be idle. Of what did she muse? She could not wander in thought far back into the past, and if so, the traditions of her people were not sufficient to supply

much food for thought, and the successive days of the passing present were a uniform round of uninteresting sameness. She could, perhaps, run over in her mind the uncertain stories of a long line of noble chieftains, and could recite deeds of daring heroism performed; but Winona needed something more than all this. Her mind yearned for more refined food for thought. Yearned for the light, that light her penetrating vision had caught in faint glimmering through the misty clouds that had unveiled her people for centuries.

Could she behold the sun as it rose from behind the great mountain, and picture to herself that it had for some hours before it appeared to her, lighted up cities filled with gay and lively people, - such as she since came in contact with, and which had given her so much pleasure, - without any other light than that furnished by her own unassisted imaginations?

She may have heard her noble father speak of the "great flood of waters," lying towards both the rising and setting sun, and may have accompanied him on one of his visits of state to where the blue waters of the great ocean were revealed to her astonished vision. If so, could it have been to her mind only an unending flood, extending beyond the utmost stretch of her imagination into vast illimitable infinity? or could she, by the powers of her mind, give to its bounds comprehension, and to its measure limits?

Might she not in these hours of solitude have been led to inquire into the first great cause, and by communion in spirit with her Heavenly Father have revealed to her by impression we, who have clearer light, do not conceive of, the blessed story of Redemption? It would be terrible to think, that that communion could not be enjoyed by the multitudes who, like Winona, must have felt an "aching void" without it, and who may have lived lives of comparative freedom from actual transgression.

It is natural to suppose that after Winona's introduction into the society of the colonists her mind took a different turn, and that she now had new elements of thought furnished her; and during here interviews with Hendrick at this period, which had become quite frequent, the whole effort of her mind was employed in making him the active medium of intelligent thought.

She labored for new ideas, new facts, and new emotions. She was inquisitive without the power of asking directly for that which gave her so much delight to hear; and her efforts, therefore, were incessant to make Hendrick talk, and he could converse on no subject without affording her both instruction and pleasure.

To Hendrick this was the most agreeable and interesting of employments, and such promptings as he received were calculated to bring into active employment the full measure of his capacity. Winona was a charming listener, and he an equally good talker, - the former quality almost as rare in the general world as the latter. Hendrick was intelligent and observing, and has seen much of that world he was revealing to her, which Winona termed "the world of light," and all his recitals were to her astonishing.

After the conclusion of one of his lively descriptions, Winona appeared sad, and he was at no loss to divine the cause. She grieved that she could give but such poor return for the great boon to her of Hendrick's conversation; and he felt so much her inferiority in this respect as to cause her on this, and other occasions, to shrink away in sadness and dejection. But Hendrick

saw in her a precious bud awaiting the light and heat of the sun of intelligence to develop the beautiful, fragrant, full-blown rose of lovely womanhood. She would try, however, to interest him in subjects relating to her own people.

She spoke of the wealth of her nation in unbounded forests, plains, and rivers; the numerous tribes whose chiefs looked up to her people and called them "Fathers;" the heroism and endurance of the warriors of her nation; scenes of the chase in which she was permitted to participate; some remarkable skill displayed in the use of the bow and arrow. But she felt, at the same time, the meagreness of the intellectual repast she was furnishing to him whom it would be her highest ambition and enjoyment to please.

On one subject, however, she did not hesitate to speak with some degree of confidence, and with the assurance that its contemplation would be a source of delight to Hendrick, as it always was to herself: *the great natural beauty of the country she inhabited.*

She spoke in raptures of the grand old river that lay before them; of the lovely Valley of the Minisink, of many days' travel in extent, which the waters of this river adorned. She described the numerous waterfalls on its tributaries, and gave the euphonious and expressive titles by which they were known. And, above all, the majesty of the surrounding hills, and that grand stretch of mountain bordering the river that shut out the light of early day and which had no ending: *Kitochtanimin*, Kittatinny, endless mountain.

She spoke of the old tradition of this beautiful valley having once been a deep sea of water, and the bursting asunder of the mountains at the will of the Great Spirit, to uncover for her the home of her people the vale of the Minisink; the mighty chasm in the mountains, and the twin giants overlooking the vast extent of country to the rising sun, as far as the eye can reach. Hendrick had only seen the *Delaware Water Gap* * from the town where Winona resided.. She now proposed to him a visit from Wyomissing in her canoe to the foot of the cliff, and to ascend by the Indian trail to the summit, and Hendrick's next visit was agreed upon for this excursion.

In the meantime, the English government had obtained possession of New York, and after the surrender of Stuyvesant, the Dutch Governor, orders were sent out to Van Allen to abandon the mining operations in the Minisink, and to report to his government without delay.** The news fell like a leaden weight upon Hendrick's heart; all his fair prospects were blasted in a moment, and his first thoughts were, how to break the sad intelligence to Winona.

* The "Gap" was called by the Indian *Pohoqualin*, which word signifies the termination of two mountains with a stream passing between them. The river was called Lenapewhittuck, the river of the Lenape. Mack-er-isk-iskan seems to have been a *place* in the river, and not the name of the river itself.

** In the expedition fitted out by the English government, in 1664, which captured New Netherlands (New York) from the Dutch, the writer's great-great-great-grandfather was a captain.

He met her at the appointed time. She appeared lovelier than ever before, and manifested more than her accustomed vivacity. She was dressed mostly after the custom of her white lady friends, through whom she had ordered from abroad a habit of rich crimson cloth, trimmed with gold lace, made somewhat after the style which in modern days has vainly struggled for supremacy, known as the "Bloomer." She wore her long hair in plaits reaching near her feet. Her head was usually adorned with a wreath made from the gay plumage of birds; but was now crowned with wild flowers. Her jewels were the finer quality of the minerals common to the country. She wore a necklace of beads composed of crystallized quartz, party-colored jasper, and some of the varieties of agate. And estimating their value by the amount of labor bestowed upon their finish, they would rival the more costly of those worn by modern belles.

Winona made the best use of her knowledge of the locality, and conducting the canoe herself, she let it glide so quietly over the waters as to afford the best opportunity for witnessing the different objects of interest, none of which escaped Winona's observation. And she gave such vivid descriptions of the lovely scenes before them as to startle Hendrick from the sad reverie in which he was indulging.

At the junction of the Analoming with the Delaware, which she termed "the marriage of the waters," she rested her boat to point out one of the favorite haunts of her youth. In the grove bordering these two streams, and where her father first permitted her to prove her skill with the bow and arrow, on as large and highly prized game as the forest elk; and though he stood with his own bow ready drawn, he did not have occasion to speed the arrow, as hers proved quite effectual.

The contrast between this and former meetings of Winona and Hendrick was marked. Winona now afforded the intellectual entertainment. They each had acquired a good knowledge of each other's language; but, at the request of Hendrick, on this occasion Winona spoke in her native tongue, and he thought her truly eloquent.

In their ascent up the mountain, Winona proved herself familiar with every crag and cliff; every murmuring rill or gurgling brook, to most of which she had herself been the intelligent nomenclatress; and she discovered and pointed out beauty everywhere, from the mossy carpet under their feet to the extended panorama from the towering summit; and but for the sorrowful revelation Hendrick was soon to make, this would have been the charmed day of their lives.

They had now descended from Mount Minsi, and were seated on a mossy bed overlooking the river as it slowly wound its way through the narrowing gorge. Hendrick had tried to conceal the burden that was pressing so heavily upon him; but Winona had discovered his unwanted quiet, and after having several times rallied him from his abstracted moods, she now, in sympathy with him, was silent and contemplative.

This silence reigned for several minutes; the fated moment had now arrived. Hendrick could not endure the thought of leaving without communicating the cause of his separation; and though he loved Winona sufficiently well to make her his bride, his relation to his government was such as to forbid the possibility of his taking her with him as his wife, even if she should consent to such an arrangement (her relation to, and fondness for her own people rendering it quite improbable), and Hendrick did not dare to hold out the promise of ever being able to return

to claim her in her own country, though he entertained a secret hope that such happiness might be in store. It does not appear, however, that Hendrick dreamed of the extent of Winona's passion for him, and how it had deepened since their last meeting.

At length, he drew forth the fatal letter containing the peremptory orders from his government, and made known to Winona its startling contents.

She gave vent to no unusual emotions; did not shriek; did not shed a tear; did not even murmur at the terrible blow that fell upon her with a force sufficient to crush a weaker mind to earth. She paused but for a moment, then standing firm and erect as the forest oak, displaying the heroism of her noble ancestry, but, alas, resolved upon a purpose so common with her people, and which Hendrick did not in time discover.

With unfaltering voice she addressed him in the following words:

*“Winona’s sun has set forever!
She awakes from a beautiful dream;
But such a dream,
The gladdening beams of morning light
Do not dispel.
O then loveliest of Winona’s images!
Thou fairest of her creations,
And thou skillfullest of glimmers!
Canst thou behold the picture
Thy noble self hath painted,
On the virgin heart of Winona?
It shall not be blotted out;
Winona will wear it
In the spirit land,
And cherish it there.
Winona doubteth not
The love that Hendrick bears her;
But the fashion of his love
Is not like Winona’s.
Hendrick’s love may melt away
Like the snows of winter
In a new sunlight.
The current of the deep river
Flows on forever;
So does the love of Lenape’s daughter.
But Winona will not stay
To stem the current alone.
The Great Spirit who rules the heavens
Is the father of Winona’s people:
He calls Winona home.
Hendrick’s duty bids him away
Beyond the great waters.*

*Let him go hence,
Beloved of Winona!
Winona would not chide
The dear author of these fleeting joys;
The unwilling cause
Of this deadliest sorrow.
Winona would die,
And live to die again,
Once more to feel the gentle current,
The rising, swelling, joyous torrent,
Flowing from this fount of love.
Farewell, brother!
Tutor, lover!
Winona's sun has set forever."*

In a moment she disappeared from view. Hendrick ran to the cliff, caught her in his arms; they reeled on the precipice, and - -

- e n d -

MINISINK AND ITS EARLY PEOPLE

From the earliest intercourse of our ancestors with the aboriginal inhabitants, that portion of the Delaware situated north of the Blue Ridge or Kittatinny Mountain has been known as the *Minisink*. It properly comprises all the territory north of the mountain - up to an uncertainly defined limit - well drained by the river Delaware and its tributaries. We speak of it, however, as that portion adjacent to the river and the valley lands of its branches, near their confluence with the Delaware. Its extent up the river is not definitely fixed. It is sometimes spoken of as terminating at the Naversink, then at the mouth of the Lackawaxen, while others contend that the name embraced the whole of the upper valley of the Delaware.

The signification of the word "Minisink" is said to be, *the water is gone*. There is little authority in proof of this definition, and that only traditional, hence it will always be entertained with much doubt. There seems, however, to be *no doubt* that there was such a tradition, and if the wonderful phenomenon of the bursting asunder of the mountain at the Water Gap, and the sudden disappearance of a lake of such magnitude as must have then existed, occurred at any time during which the natives occupied this portion of the country, it would have been an event of such moment as to cause its ready transmission from generation to generation, down to the period of their intercourse with the European settlers.*

* The tradition was that long ago, and before the Delaware broke through the mountain at the Water Gap, these lands, for thirty or forty miles along it, were covered by a lake, but became drained by the breaking down of that part of the dam which confined it. And the people who lived upon the lands from which the water had retired were called "Minsies," because they lived upon land from which the water had gone.

The name in the first instance was descriptive of the land, and afterwards applied to the Indians who lived upon it.

The wondrous action of the aqueous element in this valley is abundantly evident. It is visible on the sides of the mountain, as well as in the valleys and table lands. Conical-shaped hills, such as are so prominent in Shaw's meadows, in Cherry Valley, and the sand-hills near the mouth of the Bushkill, are to be seen all through the Minisink.

These diluvial cones are not composed of the surrounding material, nor are they like the eternal hills in their inner structure, but a mass of pebbles and sand from base to apex, conclusively the action of water in their formation.

There is also evidence of *glacial action* in the *striated* and *furrowed* rocks in place. All theories, however, of the formation of the passage of the Delaware through the mountain are in doubt, and to each are presented obstacles which the light of science may or may not hereafter remove. The whole valley presents an interesting field for geological investigation, and is studded with beautiful landscape pictures.

In this valley, and among these mountains, or perhaps on the borders of the Great Lake, once dwelt a branch of the ancient *Lenni Lenape* nation, known as the *Minsi* tribe. For how many centuries their "council fires" were lighted on the margins of these waters, we shall perhaps never know with any degree of certainty.

The "Minsis" were distinguished not only for their valor, when that quality was brought into requisition, but equally distinguished for honesty and integrity. It appears really wonderful to those who have inquired closely into the character of these simple-minded dwellers of the forest, how many they possessed of those nobler traits of character which adorn civilized life, and how much more exalted a sense of Deity they entertained than is ordinarily manifested in savage nations. "They worshipped a spirit whom they called the *Great Mannitto*, which answers to our sacred word God or Creator, and who, though invisible, was recognized as the great First Cause."

After all we have heard in general derogation of the character of the North American Indians, we should be almost incredulous at this evidence of the intuitive perception on the part of the Lenapes, of that which not only the light of civilization, but the sacred truths of Divine Revelation seem scarcely sufficient to inspire the minds of enlightened nations, were it not derived from sources we cannot question. And it appears, also, that they were to a remarkable degree susceptible to the impressive teachings of such men as David and John Brainerd, Heckewelder, Zeisberger, and others; and that the light of Christian civilization for which they seemed to be yearning was already beginning to dawn.

But it is melancholy to contemplate, that the good seed sown by these earnest and zealous men, after giving signs of a permanent growth and the promise of a fruitful harvest, should be trodden under and almost eradicated by others, professing to believe in and be governed by the same Christian precepts, but whose conduct showed them to the poor Indians to be more vile and wicked than the most abandoned of their own people, whose sole object appeared to be to cheat them of their lands, destroy their humble habitations, and, finally, to exterminate the race.

The missionary labors among the Lenapes were at first attended with good results. The Moravians established their mission at Bethlehem, in 1742, and David Brainerd commenced his labors at Crosswicks, in New Jersey, the year following.

There was an Indian village in Cherry Valley not far from the Wind Gap, which the Moravians visited by invitation in 1747. The place was called *Miniolagameka* (meaning a spot of rich land amidst that which is barren).

Besides the mission-house at Bethlehem, the Moravians had various stations throughout the Delaware, Lehigh, and Susquehanna Valleys. There was a station at Dansbury (Stroudsburg), on the west side of Brodhead's Creek, near the iron bridge; and one at Walpack in the Minisink.

The mission at Bethlehem was visited in one year by 800 different Indians.

The first one baptized was Joshua, in 1742. He lived a Christian life and died in 1775. He was an assistant in the missionary work, and was the instrument of much good among his people. After our Indians were driven first to the Susquehanna, and then to the West, Joshua labored among them at their settlement near Pittsburg.

It appears very wonderful to us who live in this progressive age, that these people, endowed with many capacities and who seemed to be on the very verge of civilization, should have remained for hundreds and perhaps thousands of years, without approaching any nearer; doing just what their fathers did and nothing more. No one mighty mind to break the frail trammels that bound him to the dusky past, and soaring high above the rest, lift the thin veil that shut out from his vision the light of intellectual day.

Does it not teach us that there is no real progress in the human races, outside of the influences of the Christian religion, and a recognition of the truths of the Bible? The wild Arabs of to-day are those of long centuries past. As they were seen and known then, we see them and known them now - still groping in the dark, still wandering in the desert.

There seems to be no doubt that these Indians desired to live on terms of friendship with the white settlers; they evidently looked them as a superior order of beings, and, at first, thinking to be made wiser and better by their teaching and example, they were made welcome, so far as the simple native manners of these people could testify.

Could we have more conclusive evidence of the friendly disposition of the Minisink, than is derived from the fact, that for more than half a century they lived quietly and peaceably with the white settlers in this valley, and permitted them to cut down their forests and cultivate their best hunting grounds, all unprotected as the confiding settlers were, against their overpowering numbers, and the means they possessed of exterminating them without warning, should they be disposed at any time to do so!

Yet, in all this long period of years, we hear of the commission of no single act of violence on the part of the Indians. And when the general outbreak occurred in 1755, those who had dealt fairly and honorably with them were as secure in their persons and property as before,

and were never known to have been disturbed.

But was there not sufficient provocation for this outbreak! Was there not already cause for it in 1737, in the *infamous* “walking purchase,” when the full effect of that outrageous fraud became apparent in the loss of their long-cherished possessions in the Minisink!

At the council held at Philadelphia, in 1742, called at the request of the Governor, Thomas Penn, the Delawares and Six Nations were each represented. The Governor’s object was to make complaints to the latter, of the Delawares, as he had threatened in his letter of 1741, and induce the Six Nations to enforce his claim for the lands in the Minisink, as well as in the Forks, and oblige them to quit the country. There were of the Six Nations then present 230 in number, the Delawares now being under a species of vassalage to that nation.

The question of the “walking purchase,” which took place in 1737, was discussed at this council.

When settlers began to move upon the lands in the Forks and the Minisink, which they did soon after this purchase was made, great dissatisfaction was expressed by the Delawares. They declared the “walk” a fraud as to the whole of the territory embraced in its limits, and particularly that portion claimed north of the Kittatinny Mountain, which included the Minisink, and they declared their determination to maintain its possession by force.

Several versions of the walk have been given, differing, however, but slightly. That rendered to Mr. John Watson by Moses Marshall, son of Edward, who had often received it from his father, is subjoined, because it is concise, and embraces, perhaps, all the facts.

“Notice was given in the public papers, that the remaining day and a half’s walk was to be made, and offering 500 acres of land anywhere in the purchase, and five pounds in money to the person who should attend and walk the furthest in the given time. By previous agreement the Governor was to select three white persons, and the Indians a like number of their own nation. The persons employed by the Governor were Edward Marshall, James Yates, and Solomon Jennings. One of the Indians was called *Combush*, but the names of the other two are forgotten.

“About the 20th of September (or when the days and nights are equal), in the year 1737, they met, before sunrise, at the old chestnut tree at Wrightstown Meeting-house, together with a great number of persons as spectators. The walkers all stood with one hand against the tree, until the sun rose, and then started.

“In two hours and a half they arrived at Red Hill in Bedminster, where Jennings and two of the Indians gave out. The other Indian (*Combush*) continued with them to near where the road forks at Easton, where he laid down a short time to rest; but on getting up was unable to proceed further. Marshall and Yates proceeded on, and arrived at sundown, on the north side of the Blue Mountain. They started again next morning at sunrise. While crossing a stream of water at the foot of the mountain, Yates became faint, and fell. Marshall turned back and supported him until others came to his relief, and then continued the walk alone, and arrived at noon on a spur of the Second or Broad Mountain (*Pocono*), estimated to be 86 miles * from the place of starting, at the chestnut tree below Wrightstown Meeting-house.

* It is only about 65 miles to the Pocono, or Broad Mountain, from Wrightstown Meeting-house in a direct line

“He says they walked from sunrise to sunset, without stopping, provisions and refreshments have been previously provided at different places along the road and line that had been run and marked for them to walk by to the top of the Blue Mountain; and persons also attended on horseback, by relays, with liquors of several kinds. When they arrived at the Blue Mountain they found a great number of Indians collected, expecting the walk would there end; but when they found it was to half a day further, they were very angry and said they were cheated - Penn had got all their good land - but that in the spring every Indian was to bring him a buckskin, and they would have their land again, and Penn might go to the devil with his poor land. An old Indian said, ‘No sit down to smoke, - no shoot a squirrel; but *lun, lun, lun*, all day long!’”

“Marshall says his father never received any reward for the walk, although the Governor frequently promised to have the 500 acres run out (*surveyed*) for him, and to which he was justly entitled.”

The injustice of this walk was complained of at the time by the Indians. An ordinary day’s walk was a well-defined distance by the Indians, and a day and a half’s walk, as computed according to their understanding of the expression, reached from the place of starting to the south side of the Blue Mountain. But when they found Marshall’s walk embraced their favorite hunting-grounds in the Minisink, and the seat of the ancient council fires of the Minsis, they were indignant beyond measure.

The Governor seems to have attached great importance to the “walking purchase,” forgetting, however, that his predecessor made sale of lands in the Minisink eight or nine years before that purchase was consummated, and what was still more outrageous, if possible, the government sent up a party to survey the land and dispossess those who had previously purchased of the Indians.

This was the expedition headed by Nicholas Scull, the Surveyor General, in 1730. On this occasion they led their horses through the Water Gap, and had great difficulty passing over the Indian trail along the river. This was just seventy years before the road through the Gap was built.

Scull and his deputy, J. Lukens, both spoke the Indian language and had employed Indian guides. They had, no doubt, as appears, “a very fatiguing journey, there being then no white inhabitants in the upper part of Bucks or Northampton counties.”

The venerable Samuel Preston, from whose interesting letter, written in 1828, the above information is derived, was slightly in error in speaking of Northampton County at that date, as that stronghold of democracy was not organized into a county until twenty-two years after the event spoken of. [*Note: Northampton County was removed from Bucks County and organized in*

1752 - Donald R. Repsher.] Bucks County then extended in the Minisink, and Smithfield township and had no definite limits excepting on the south, commencing at the Gap, and extending north and west as far as the white inhabitants had the temerity to penetrate in the wilderness.

When the surveying party arrived at the venerable Samuel Depui's, they found great hospitality, and plenty of the necessaries of life. The first thing that struck them with admiration was a grove of apple trees, of size far beyond any near Philadelphia.

As Samuel Depui had treated them so well, they concluded to make survey of his *claim*, in order to befriend him, if necessary. When they began to survey, the Indians gathered round; an old Indian laid his hand on Scull's shoulder, and said, "*Put up iron string - go home.*" They quit, and returned (to *Bucks County*).

This may perhaps have been one of the Indians, *Waugoanieneggea* or *Pennoggue*, who had conveyed the same lands to Nicholas Depui three years before, in 1727, the deed for which is now in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. Mr. Depui was obliged to repurchase the land from William Allen, three years after this visit.

There is probably an error in the foregoing statement, either on the part of Mr. Preston or Nicholas Scull. The "venerable Samuel Depui," spoken of, must have been *Nicholas Depui*, the first settler. He was certainly alive when the deed from Allen was executed, in 1733. Samuel was his son.

It is perhaps unnecessary to state that long before the occurrence of the incidents here related, the "Minsis" and other tribes of the "Lenape" nation, living on or near the Delaware, were called, indiscriminately, by the white people *Delaware Indians*, without regard to their tribal relation. This designation commenced, of course, some years after the name of the river was changed. Lord Delaware, in honor of whom it was named, came to Virginia about 1610. The Lenape called the river *Lenape-Wihittuc* - river of the Lenapes.

For many years after the white settlers first came to the Minisink the degradation and suffering of the Delawares, though commenced, had not penetrated this beautiful valley. They had escaped behind this mountain fastness the devastating storm that was raging without, and their scattered numbers who felt its withering blast came here for a refuge, and to cluster round the seat of their ancient council fires to chant anthems of the glorious past and to weep over the ruin that was portending.

They felt that they had one spot left, and one very dear, that they could yet claim as their own, and call by the fond name of home.

Alas! how few the years before the compass and "iron string" encircled the last forest and blasted the last hope of the greatest of the Lenapes on the banks of Lenape's river.

The continued peace and security which the early settlers enjoyed in this valley, and particularly at this juncture, when the Indians were suffering so much on every hand by the intrigues of the whites and the cruelty of their enemies, is proof of the amiable character of the

Minsi Indian, and that they were at all times inclined to deal justly and live fraternally with those who manifested a like disposition.

What remains to be said of these people, or all that can be said in this connection, is but little, and that little very sad.

Teedyuscung had, since the cruel decree of 1742, been collecting the scattered remnants of the Delawares together for their final exit. No rest for the soles of their feet in all this broad domain. Scarce a hiding-place for the hunted fugitives, whose nation once ruled an empire of such grand proportions. They fled to Wyoming (*Pennsylvania*), where, in 1763, their chief (*Teedyuscung*) was burned to death in his own wigwam by some emissary of the Six Nations.

A Christian of their tribe named *Netawatawees* was chosen chief. They moved to Wyalusing, formed a colony, commenced the cultivation of the soil, built a church and comfortable dwellings, and were pursuing the lives of civilized men. They prospered greatly, and all things seemed for a time encouraging.

But the inevitable "Jack Smith," in the form of a land speculator, was on their track. A warrant was laid upon the lands they had chosen, and the government sustained the claim. The "iron string" again encircled their home; their houses and church as well as their lands became the property of others.

And now, fugitives again, we hear of them next on the Muskingum, their chief dead from grief, and *Coquehageton* his successor. They are now in the midst of the Revolution. The Six Nations as well as some of their own scattered numbers have joined the British forces. What will this remnant of the Delawares do? They dare not remain neutral, and what hope they have in the success of either of the contending parties! General Brodhead has command at Fort Pitt. He sends for the chief *Conquehageton*. He states the perilous situation for his army, and asks for the aid of the Delawares.

The chief of a ruined nation, not in anger but in sorrow, relates their grievances and the sufferings his people have endured by those who now call upon them for assistance. Moved to tears by the recital of his own sad history, he ends by teaching us "*How beautifully falls from human lips, the blessed word forgive.*"

He joins the American standard. The war-cry is once more heard among those who were so recently taught by Christian men the lessons of peace; but this time they are to engage in a cause from which they have all to lose and nothing to gain.

*"Mad from life's history,
Glad of death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled -
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world."*



EARLY SETTLEMENTS

It is difficult to determine the exact date of the first European settlement in the upper valley of the Delaware. That there were white people here at an early period, even before the arrival of William Penn at Philadelphia, seems now to be generally admitted; but it must be confessed that concerning those who inhabited the Minisink previous to 1725, we have very little knowledge.

The Dupuis and Van Campens were the first settlers in the lower Minisink whose family we are able to trace.

It is quite certain that the first tide of immigration into this valley flowed from the direction of the Hudson, and so down the valleys of the Mamakating and Naversink, and entering the Minisink at the Delaware, spread throughout its borders. Previous to 1780 there were very few settlers here from any other direction. They made selection of the level lands along the river, and in a few instances their descendants occupy the original possession.

A receding wave, as it may be termed, set in from the southwest after 1780, bringing many descendants from the early settlers in Philadelphia, Bucks, Northampton Counties. This class located in Cherry Valley, on Brodhead's Creek, and the Valley of the Pocono. This immigration continued till about the year 1800.

A second wave, flowing from the same direction, brought to Stroudsburg and vicinity a considerable class of our most respectable citizens, mostly from Bucks County. In the same tide came the Germans from what is known as the "Dry Lands" of Northampton County. They swept by the valley settlers and located on the higher lands overlooking the river. The whole range of what is known as the Shawnee Hills, extending from Brodhead's Creek to the Delaware, below the mouth of the Bushkill, is almost entirely owned and occupied by this class of people. This immigration took place between the years 1800 and 1820.

Among the first settlers of the Minisink, up to 1780, many of whose descendants still reside here, we find the names of Dupui, Van Campen, Van Auken, Van Etten, Van Demark, Westbrook, Westfall, Brink, Shoemaker, Chambers, De Witt, Brodhead, Hyndshaw, McMichel, McDowell, Drake, Stroug, Rosenkrance, Quick, Jayne, Fish, Price, Cortright, Transue, Storm, Middaugh, Dingman, LaBar, Hanna, Decker, Bossard, Bittenbender, Wills, Detrick, Keller, Smith, Long, Miller, Logan, Hauser, Bush, Hilborn, Benson, Van Vliet, Learn, Shaw, Overfield, Coolbaugh, Peters, Brown, Kuykendall, &c.

The first families settled in the lower portion of the Minisink, of whom we can now give a connected genealogy, are the Dupuis, Van Campens, Brodheads, and Strouds.

DEPUI FAMILY

Nicholad Dupui was a Huguenot - French Protestant of the period of the religious wars in that country - who, with many others, fled from France to Holland in the year 1685, when Louis XIV exposed them to Papal vengeance by revoking the edict of Nantes.

It was, probably, soon after this date that Mr. Dupui, having fled to Holland, came with others from that country and settled in New York. He lived a short time at Esopus, and came to

the Minisink in 1725. He purchased a large portion of the level land in which the present town of Shawnee is situated, from the Minsi Indians, in 1727, and likewise the two large Islands in the Delaware - Shawano and Manwalamink. He also purchased the same property from William Allen in 1733.

Few communities can lay claim to a family of greater worth and respectability; and fewer still can witness a reputation such as this family possessed, maintained untarnished for five successive generations.

For nearly half a century, Mr. Depui and other members of his family continued in undisturbed friendship with the Indians of the Minisink; and after the main body of the tribe were exiled, the few who fondly lingered until the outbreak of 1755 - when they were hunted like wild beasts of the forest - ever found a generous welcome at his door.

Mr. Robert Reading Depui, of Stroudsburg, is the sole surviving representative of this branch of the family in the Minisink. He still owns the large stone mansion, located on the original purchase, and also the upper island, known in the earlier records as "Manwalamink." His father was named Nicholas; his grandfather, Nicholas; his great-grandfather, Samuel; his great-great-grandfather, Nicholas. . . . There was another family of Depuis, probably relatives of the first Nicholas, in the Minisink, residing first in New Jersey, near Flat Brook. . . . There was also a Moses Depui here, who was appointed a magistrate in 1747.

VAN CAMPEN FAMILY

Col. Abram Van Campen came to the Minisink about the same time as Mr. Depui. He purchased a large body of land in what is now called Pahaquarra (Pahaqualine), on the opposite side of the river, five miles above Nicholas Depuis.

Abram Van Campen had four sons, Benjamin, Moses, Abram, and John. Benjamin died young.

Abraham had two sons, named James and Abram.

John had one son, named Abram.

Abram * the son of Abram, and grandson of Abram, had one son, who is the venerable Moses Van Campen, now living on the part of the original purchase of his great-grandfather.

* John Adams, while attending Congress, during its sessions at Philadelphia, as late as 1800, passed down the "Mine road" as the most eligible route from Boston to that city. He was accustomed to lodge at Squire Van Campen's, in the Jersey Minisinks. - *Information from Albert G. Brodhead, Esquire, of Bethlehem - Reichel's Memorials of the Moravian Church.*

The Van Campens were always an influential and highly respectable family in the Minisink. Col. Abram Van Campen was prominent in the early history of this portion of New

Jersey. He was actively engaged in defending the frontier during the Indian war of 1755, and was one of the first judges of the county of Sussex, in New Jersey (which then embraced a portion of the Minisink), which was organized on the 20th November, 1753.

Jonathan Robeson (grandson of Andrew Robeson, who came to America with William Penn, and was a member of Governor Markham's Privy Council), Abram van Campen, John Anderson, Jonathan Petitt, and Thomas Wolverton, Esquires, were, by the order of his Majesty, King George II, commissioned Judges of the Pleas, with power likewise to act as Justices of the Peace.

John Van Campen, son of Col. Abram, actively espoused the cause of the Pennamites in the Connecticut troubles, and was in frequent correspondence with President Reed during the Revolution. He lived in the stone house which stood in Shawnee, where the residence of Mr. George V. Bush is now located; the latter, with Benjamin V. Bush, Esquire, are his grandsons.

BRODHEAD FAMILY

Daniel Brodhead was the ancestor of those who bear the name in the United States. He was born in Yorkshire, England, and was a captain of grenadiers, and a royalist in the reign of King Charles II, by whom he was ordered to join the expedition under Col. Nichols, which captured New Netherlands (New York) from the Dutch in 1664. He settled in Ulster County, New York, was commander-in-chief of the Militia forces at Kingston in 1665, and died in 1670. By his wife Ann *Tye*, he had three sons, *Daniel*, *Charles*, and *Richard*.

Second Generation

1. Daniel, died young.
2. Charles, married Maria Tenbrook, of Ulster County, and had four children, one of whom was named *Wessel*.
3. Richard, was born in 1666, in Marbletown; married Miss Jansen, by whom he had one son, named Daniel

Third Generation

1. Wessel Brodhead, son of Charles, was the father of the Rev. Jacob Brodhead, who preached many years ago in the Dutch Reformed Church in Crown Street, Philadelphia, and afterwards in Brooklyn, at which city he died. Jacob Brodhead was the father of John Romeyn Brodhead the historian, now living in New York.

2. Daniel Brodhead, son of Richard, was born at Marbletown, New York, in 1693; he married Hester Wyngart, and moved to Pennsylvania in 1737. He settled on Analomink Creek, called since that time Brodhead's Creek. He purchased 640 acres of land, in the centre of which East Stroudsburg is now located. The western boundary line started near the old forge, passed near the graveyard, and continued on the west side of the creek till beyond what is called the "Flower Garden." Besides East Stroudsburg, the tract embraced the properties now owned by

Mr. Robert Brown and Mr. Christian Smith. He afterwards purchased what is now the eastern portion of Stroudsburg, as far as the mill-dam of Mr. William Wallace. He called the settlement Dansbury, and it was known by that name till Stroudsburg was founded by Jacob Stroud in 1769.

In 1744 Daniel Brodhead first became acquainted with the Moravian Missionaries, *Shaw*, *Bruce*, and *Mack*, whose way to Shekomeko (in Dutchess County, New York) passed through his settlement. With the character of these self-sacrificing Christian men he was very favorably impressed, and was their warm friend and supporter ever after, in the face of much *influential opposition* at the time. They established a mission-house on his property, which was situated on the west side of the creek, near the iron bridge, and was called Dansbury mission. In the outbreak of 1755, he is represented as a man of great courage and intrepidity, remaining with his sons and defending his family, and others who came there for assistance, against the attacks of the Indians, when the whole surrounding country had been abandoned.

Daniel Brodhead had ten children. Four sons and one daughter survived him, named, Daniel, Garret, Charles, Luke, and Ann Garten. He died on a visit to Bethlehem, July 22d, 1755.....

STROUD FAMILY

Jacob Stroud was born at Amwell, New Jersey, in 1735. He, with three brothers, entered the provincial army, and participated in the engagement at "Fort William Henry" and at the Plains of Abraham," at the taking of Quebec, where the commanders of both the English and French Armies, General Wolf and General Montcalm, lost their lives. Jacob Stroud, John Fish (father of Ashbel Fish and grandfather of *fighting Abner*, who lived near Stroudsburg a few years ago), and Mathias Hutchinson (an Associate Judge in Bucks County previous to the Revolution) were three persons nearest General Wolf when he fell, and carried him behind the rocks before he expired. One of the Stroud brothers lost his life in this engagement.

Soon after the close of the French and Indian war, Jacob Stroud came to this valley, then a young man about 28 years of age. He purchased the property on McMichael's Creek, now owned by John W. Huston, from John McMichael in 1769. This property is about two miles west of where he afterwards located the town of Stroudsburg.

The first buildings erected at the latter place where the large stone mansion now the residence of his grandson James H. Stroud; the frame dwelling which stood in the centre of the town, opposite the Stroudsburg House, and the Fort Penn mansion on the site of the old fort of that name, which formed a part of the block damaged by the late freshet (*flood*). Fort Penn was erected during the Revolution, and Fort Hamilton in 1756; the latter stood near the dwelling of the late Samuel Stokes.

Jacob Stroud was a colonel in the Revolutionary Army, and had command here of Fort Penn. He was a member of the Convention which formed the *first* Constitution of Pennsylvania, A. D. 1776.

He married a sister of John McDowell, whose father came to the Minisink in company with Nicholas Dupui in 1725 and purchased the property in Cherry Valley, now known as

Shaw's Meadows, in 1748. Jacob Stroud raised a large influential, and highly respectable family, some of the descendants of whom now hold honorable positions in the country. . . .

Long after the settlements made north of the mountain, the Water Gap remained a solitary wilderness, and the wild beasts, common to the primitive forest, resorted hither as a place of security after their other haunts had been invaded by the early pioneers.* The Gap offered no inducement to the tillers of the soil, and the dark gloomy gorge, then overshadowed with the forest oaks and pines of the growth of centuries, was too forbidding in its aspect for the abode of any but those who wished to avoid contact with civilized men.

* An old and respectable citizen of the neighborhood remembers, when a boy, to have seen a herd of deer, five in number, feeding in what is now the lawn in front of the Kittatinny House.

The story is told of a solitary individual inhabiting a hut in summer, near the Indian Ladder, in which he coined money from metals procured in some cavern in the mountain, and in winter lived in a palatial residence with his family in a remote city. (*Note: Would this cavern have been "Cold Air Cave", also known as "Wind Cave"? - Donald R. Repsher.*)

An Indian trail wound along the base of the mountain through the gorge on either side of the river, and an occasional equestrian managed to lead his horse over the Indian path.

In the year 1730, the government of the province of Pennsylvania sent up agents to the Minisink, to dispossess certain persons of lands held by purchase from the Indians. This party, it is said, managed with great difficulty to lead their horses through the Gap. At a later period, in 1743, the Rev. David Brainerd, in a missionary tour amongst the Indians in the Minisink, did not, it appears, consider the passage practicable.

It was not until the year 1800 that the construction of a wagon-road was undertaken, and then by individual subscriptions on the part of those residing above and below the mountain.

About this time, a small log house was erected by some daring adventurer, within a few feet of where the Kittatinny House now stands. For a time, - about the year 1808, and for some years after, - there lived in this house of two rooms and an attic, a tall, white-haired, dignified-looking man, with wife and daughter of corresponding gentility. The interior of the rude dwelling had an air of refinement, and its inmates bore evidence of having seen more prosperous days. The costly furniture, gilded mirrors, and a well-stocked library, contrasted strangely with the simple abode and its surroundings; and marvellous, indeed, were the tales passing current for a time with the rustic youth of the neighborhood of the wonderful wealth and mysterious doings of its isolated inhabitants. The master occupant of this establishment was none other than the notorious Alexander Patterson.

DUTOT FAMILY

In the year 1793, there came to the Water Gap from St. Domingo a Frenchman named Anthony Dutot, having left there hastily with others, at the time when the order of possession on

that island was reversed, when the servants became the masters of the soil, and the masters became fugitives. He was said to be wealthy, and buried on his plantation a considerable amount of gold and silver, and brought with him what coin he could conveniently transport.

Mr. Dutot was a man of some degree of culture and refinement, and after spending a short time in Philadelphia, he proceeded up the Delaware in search of a future home. He was impressed with the grandeur of the scenery at the Delaware Water Gap, and eagerly made purchase of a large tract of land, previously considered as worthless, including the portion on which the Kittatinny House is situated, and the hills on the north side of the mountain where the village is located. At the latter place he laid out a city and called it after his own name, and, like the founder of the Roman commonwealth, chose for its location the hills overlooking the plain.

In the centre of the plot, around which he built a dozen or more small dwellings, he left a large triangular lot for a market-place. The "city" has never grown, however, to the proportions of more than a hamlet. The name has been changed to *Delaware Water Gap*, and the building erected by Mr. Dutot have long since disappeared, and others more substantial have taken their place; but the market-grounds still remain un-invaded.

The first wagon-road through the Gap passed round the east end of the inclosure in front of the Kittatinny House, and over Sunset hill, intersecting the present road near the Church of the Mountain.

Soon after the building of this road, Mr. Dutot obtained a charter for a *toll-road*, extending from the foot of the hill along the bank of the river, where the railroad now passes, to the village. He lived at this time in a house which stood near the old saw-mill, and there the "gate" was located. The toll-road was never profitable, and caused him much annoyance. Various devices were resorted to, and on the part of travellers, to avoid payment, sometimes by driving rapidly through the gateway, and at others by pretending not to understand his meaning.

Mr. Dutot never learned to speak the English language correctly, and his courteous demand for "*von leetle toll*," accompanied with a polite bow, was pretended to be understood for the usual salutation at parting, and a polite "good day, Sir," with an equally profound bow on the part of the delinquent traveller, was usually the only compensation received, until he was obliged, at length, to resort to harsher measures. The toll-road was superseded in 1823 by the construction of the present state road, along the southeastern slope of Sunset Hill.

Mr. Dutot built the saw-mill upon the foundation now to be seen at the boat-landing, and it was continued in use till burned by sparks from a locomotive soon after the opening of the railroad.

In the year 1829, he commenced the erection of a small portion of what is now the Kittatinny House, but unfortunately failed in business before its completion. He had made injudicious use of his funds, and among other non-paying enterprises, spent large sums of money in making excavations in the mountain in search of minerals. He had also a number of expensive lawsuits with his neighbor, Ulrick Hauser.

Mr. Hauser resided on the property now known as the "River Farm," owned by Mr. Evan

T. Croasdale. He was a German, and came to the country a few years previous to the arrival of Mr. Dutot. It is said they seldom met without disputing, but how they managed to quarrel, when neither understood the other's language, is not easily explained. That there was a *misunderstanding* is quite evident, and that unfortunate condition of things seems to have continued after both began to be understood in the same dialect, for we find in later years that Mr. Dutot was indicted by the grand jury at Easton for an assault and battery on the person of Mr. Hauser.

The version given of the affair by Mr. Dutot before the court, as far as remembered, is as follows: Mr. Hause, he von grand what you call him - he no tell ze true; he call my little ceete *Hard Scrab* (Hard Scrabble); then I say, 'Zounds, Mr. Hause, you be von Hard Scrab yourself;' then Mr. Hause, he put his fist in his hand and strike me; then I lift my foot and I strike Mr. Hause."

Soon after Mr. Dutot's settlement here, he made selection of Sunset Hill as his last resting-place, and some twenty years before his death, purchased a bell and a cannon, the former to be rung from the belfry of his own house, on which it was erected, and the latter to be fired from his grave when certain events transpired affecting the prosperity of the place, which he predicted would occur. Among the incidents remembered were the completion of a railroad through the Gap, and the landing of a steamboat at the wharf he made selection of on the bank of the Delaware. He died in 1841, and fifteen years later, the whistle of the locomotive was first heard echoing in the gorge of the mountain, but the old gentleman's repose was undisturbed by the ringing of the bell or the firing of the cannon over his solitary and neglected grave.

The cannon long since exploded in saluting the dawn of a national anniversary from the summit of Mount Caroline. But the old bell is this morning pealing, in unaltered tone from the belfry of the old stone seminary at Stroudsburg, summoning the reluctant girls and boys of a third generation.

.*DURHAM BOATS*

Long before any facilities, other than the rough wagon-roads of the time, were afforded the people, both north and south of the mountain, for the transportation of the products of the Valley of the Delaware, a few miles below Easton, had constructed, about the year 1750, a class of boats, somewhat longer and narrower than the present canal-boats, and in shape resembling a weaver's shuttle. The deck extended a few feet only from stem and stern. The "captain," or steersman, stood on the stern-deck, and guided the boat with a long rudder. A narrow planking on either side afforded the walking-place for the pikemen, who with long poles or pikes, propelled the boat up the current.

These were called Durham boats, and soon came into general use on the Delaware.

They were used as early as 1758 by John Van Campen, for the transportation of flour to Philadelphia, manufactured from wheat grown in the Minisink. Mr. Van Campen's mill was at Shawnee, and stood near where Mr. Wilson's mill is now located.

"In 1786, one Jesse Dickinson came from Philadelphia, and laid out a city in Delaware

County, New York, called 'Dickinson City.' It was situated near what is now called Cannonsville. Mr Dickinson brought his men and building materials up the Delaware in Durham boats." (*Gould's History of Delaware County.*)

The old firm of Bell & Thomas at Experiment Mills, known for their energy and integrity, and pleasantly remembered by many still living, used the Durham boats extensively in their day, both in the transportation of flour to Philadelphia, and in bringing up supplies for the neighborhood. The semi-monthly arrival of these boats at "Armat's Landing," in those days, was an event of much greater interest to the people of the neighborhood than the landing of a steamer from Europe is to the citizens of Philadelphia, at the present day.

The boatmen were a strong, hardy set of men, and seemed to enjoy their laborious occupation. The "captain," feeling the responsibility of his position, bore himself with great dignity, especially on his arrival at "ports;" and the boys who collected about the wharf when the vessel hove in sight, were terror-stricken at the imperious manner of the captain, and the stentorian tones by which he commanded all alike, on board and on shore.

After the completion of the Delaware division of the Pennsylvania Canal, the Durham boats began gradually to disappear, so that now (1870) one is seldom seen on the waters of the Delaware.

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