



away, had the body buried in the presence of the Indians near the spring. Not long after the body of a son or descendant of Tammany was brought by Indians to the spring and buried near the first grave. These graves were marked by two flat hewn slabs of slate from the Neshaminy creek, about three feet long and one and one-half feet wide, protruding about eight inches from the ground. About 1850, Adin H. Brinker, whose father then owned the farm on which the graves were located, dug up the stones and they were built into the wall of a new barn.

No attempt has been made to disinter the remains, but archaeologists and antiquarians agree that within a few feet of the surface there would be found only a rusty iron knife or hatchet, a few glass beads bought from white men, and possibly a brass medal.

### AN IMPORTANT FIGURE IN HISTORY

The important part Tammany, or Tamanend, took in the early history of Pennsylvania is noted by all historians. He was present at a council in Philadelphia on July 6, 1694, when the Iroquois wanted the Delawares to attack the settlers, when he made a speech. "We and the Christians have always had a free roadway to one another, and though sometimes a tree has fallen across the road, yet we have still removed it again and kept the path clear, and we design to continue the old friendship that has been between us and you."

Again, in 1697, when with "Wehiland and my brother and Weseequicklon, alias Andrew, who is to be king after my death," he again for the third time sells the land between the Pennypack and the Neshaminy creeks. There is special significance in the fact that Prospect Hill, the scene of his death, is comprised in the very tract of land which he sold three times to William Penn, in 1683, 1692, and 1697, and his signatures to the first and second deeds show a vast difference in style.

### A PHILADELPHIA TAMMANY SOCIETY

There is corroborative evidence for the tradition of his death in a song sung in honor of the American Saint Tammany in 1783 at one of the meetings of the then celebrated Tammany brotherhood in Philadelphia. The last verse was as follows: "At last growing old, and quite worn out with years, As history doth truly proclaim, His wigwam was fired, he nobly expired, And flew to the skies in a flame."

One of these meetings, in 1781, a delegation of Senecas visited the society's "Wigwam" on the Schuylkill, where hung a portrait of Tammany, on which occasion Cornplanter made a speech, and pointing to the picture, poured a libation of wine on the ground saying, "If we pour it on the ground it will suck it up and he will get it."

It was this merry-making, parading brotherhood, founded in Philadelphia before the Revolution, who set in vogue the myth that the three white balls on Penn's coat-of-arms represented three dumplings which Tammany had cooked for him at the Treaty Tree, who adopted the Indian's names and paraded in Indian dress on Tammany's Day (May 1) who invented all manner of myths, stories and sayings about the great Indian, and who had him dubbed a saint by certain almanac makers. (*This possibly could have been the "Schuylkill Fishing Club of Pennsylvania"*)



Their own story was that they had migrated from the west, hundreds of years ago, and traveled by land and water, until they discovered the Lenape-whittuck, or rapid stream of the Lenape, renamed by the English, the Delaware.

Those who have lived among the more civilized tribes of aborigines claim that their traditions are credible. La Hontau said: "These savages have the happiest memories in the world." Heckewelder, the Moravian missionary, writes in his charming narrative: "There are men who have by heart the whole history of what has taken place between the white men and the Indians, and relate it with ease, and with an eloquence, not to be imitated. On the tablet of their memories they preserve this history for posterity."

It was etiquette, at their councils, for each speaker to report verbatim all that his predecessors said, and the whites were often astonished at the verbal fidelity with which the natives recalled the transactions of long-past treaties.

The Lenni Lenape Indians, at the time of William Penn were in a state of vassalage to the Iroquois or Five Nations. They were consequently mild and peaceful and remained so until they realized, (to use their own words,) that "the whites will not rest contented until they have destroyed the last of us, and made us disappear entirely from the face of the earth."

These mild mannered Lenapes were to some extent an agricultural, but not a pastoral people. They preferred open country to boundless forest.

William Penn in his letter to the Free Society of Traders, written August 16, 1683, gives an interesting account of these native woods.

*"The fruit I find in the woods are the white and black mulberry, chestnut, walnut, plum, strawberries, cranberries and grapes of diverse sorts. There are also very good peaches in great quantities; not an Indian plantation is without them. They make a pleasant drink. It is disputable with me whether it is best to fall to refining the fruits of the country, especially the grapes, by the care and skill of art, or send for foreign stems already good and approved. It seems reasonable to believe that not only a thing groweth best where it naturally grows, but will hardly be equalled by another species of the same kind that doth not naturally grow there. But to solve the doubt I intend, if God gives me life, to try both, and hope the consequence will be as good wine as any of the European countries of the same latitude do give.*

*"Of living creatures, fish, fowl and beasts of the woods, some for food and profit, and some for profit only. For food as well as for profit, the elk as big as a small ox; deer, bigger than ours; beaver, raccoon, rabbits and squirrels, and some eat young bear and commend it. Of fowl, there is turkey, forty and fifty pounds in weight, which is very great; pheasants, heath-birds, pigeons and partridges. Of fowl of the water, the swan, goose, brants, ducks, teal, and also the snipe and curlew.*

*"The woods are adorned with lovely flowers for color, greatness and variety."*

In "An Historical and Geographical Account of the Province and Country of Pennsylvania and of West-New-Jersey in America" by Gabriel Thomas, published in London in

1698, we find the following, in reference to the grape industry:

“Next I shall proceed to instance in the several sorts of Wild Fruits, as excellent Grapes, Red, Black, White, Mascadel, and Fox; which upon frequent Experience have produc’d Choice Wine, being daily Cultivated by skilful Vinerons; they will in a short space of time, have very good Liquor of their own, and some to supply their Neighbors, to their great advantage; as these Wines are more pure, so much more wholesome; the Brewing Trade of Sophisticating and Adultering of Wines as in England, Holland (especially) and in some other places not being known there yet, nor in all probability will it in many Years, through a natural Probity so vised and implanted in the Inhabitants, and (I hope) like to continue.”

The innocent Gabriel with the same naivette says: “There are also many curious and excellent Physical Wild Herbs, Roots, and Drugs of great Vertue &c., which makes the Indian by a right application of them, as able Doctors and Surgeons as any in Europe.”

And now that we have had a glimpse of the woods and fields of the Lenni Lenape on the shores of their beloved “rapid stream,” and its beautiful tributaries, let us learn what we can about the chief Temanend.

As fishing and the chase were the chief dependence of the tribe, they were necessarily scattered abroad among the forests and streams in search of sustenance. We hear of Temanend at Philadelphia in 1683, on the 23d day of the Fourth month, when he and Metamequan conveyed to the Proprietor Penn a tract of land lying between the Pennypack and Neshaminy creeks. We hear of him again at a meeting held in Philadelphia with Governor Markham in 1694.

We hear of his wigwam upon the site of Princeton College, again in the northeastern hills of Pennsylvania. If we may believe local traditions he died in 1750 while traveling in Bucks county, and was there buried.

The name Temanend means “affable,” and it appears that his character was accurately described by this cognomen.

Heckewelder, who lived among the Indians after Temanend’s death, gives this summary of his virtues: “The name of Temanend is held in the highest veneration among the Indians. Of all the chiefs of the Lenape he stands foremost. He was an ancient Delaware chief, who never had his equal. He was in the highest degree endowed with wisdom, virtue, prudence, charity, affability, meekness, hospitality, in short, with every good and noble qualification that a human being may possess. He was supposed to have had an intercourse with the great and good spirit, for he was a stranger to everything that is bad.”

Other accounts of the savage hero speak of a deadly struggle with an evil spirit, but they are of such a fanciful and mythical character, that I will not take time to dwell upon them. A remarkable feature of the preceding eulogy of the chief is this: it is his moral character which is thus held up for our admiration. The conspicuous traits of the Indian character are ambition, self-conceit, revenge, envy, but in spite of his haughty spirit he is a devout hero-worshiper. He admires the sages as well as the warriors of his tribe, and consequently the name of Temanend

became a synonym for greatness and goodness.

When Colonel George Morgan, of Princeton, in 1776, was sent by Congress as an agent to the western Indians, the Delawares, or Lenni Lenape, conferred on him the name of Tamanend, as the greatest mark of respect which they could show to one whom they considered worthy of the name.

In view of these facts, it need not surprise us to hear that the Pennsylvania troops of the American Revolution chose him for their patron-saint and inscribed his name on their banner. One writer assigns May 1<sup>st</sup> as the Saint's Day, but several other authorities name the 12<sup>th</sup> of May as set aside in honor of "Saint Tammany," as he was finally designated.

The day was celebrated with great gaiety. Wigwams were erected, poles were planted in the earth surmounted by a liberty cap and tomahawk. After an address by a representative of the Sachem, the troops danced with feathers and buck's tails in their caps. The practice spread throughout the army and continued until the war of 1812 when the Secretary of War forbade the practice as debauching to the troops.

A play was written entitled "Tammany, the Indian Chief" and was presented in New York City where it was witnessed by Washington and some of his cabinet. There are various accounts of the celebration of the day in different localities. In all these descriptions Tammany is called the patron or titular saint of America.

The renowned Tammany Society, of New York, was formed soon after the peace of 1783, by William Mooney, an upholsterer, who regarded the powers of the general government as dangerous to the independence of the state governments and to the common liberties of the people. He wished to preserve the just balance of power and his purpose was patriotic and purely republican. It was soon recognized as a counter-weight to the Cincinnati Society, which was considered aristocratic in its tendencies and certainly did tend to the establishment of a hereditary order.

Columbus and Tammany were at first chosen as patrons of the new society, but the name of Columbus was afterwards dropped and that of Tammany retained. At first there were no party politics in the proceedings. It is described as a charitable and social organization. It undertook the establishment of a Museum of Natural History, which afterwards fell into the hands of P. T. Barnum.

It rescued the bones of the Prison Ship martyrs and gave them the most remarkable funeral this country has ever witnessed. Aaron Burr was at one time its guiding spirit and many great men were its members. In its early history its membership was so reduced in consequence of a criticism made by Washington, that only three persons were in attendance at the annual festival on Tammany's day. From this time it became a political institution whose career it is unnecessary to dwell upon.

An allusion has been made to the death and burial of Tamanend in Bucks county. In the preparation of this paper I have found many references to the fact of Tamanend's death and burial in this vicinity. There is no doubt that in 1750 an Indian chief was buried there by white

men. The stumbling block of the skeptical mind is that Tamanend's is on the deed drawn in 1683, which if he were only aged twenty at the time, would make him eighty-seven when he died.

With my love for local tradition, I am unwilling to allow the matter of age to overturn the long established local histories.

It is a fitting resting place for the great Delaware chief, shut off from the world's highways, with the bank of this picturesque Neshaminy creek just beyond the designated spot. In a vicinity that is noted for its charming views of the hills and valley, forest and stream, there is no lovelier vision than that which meets the eye at the summit of Prospect Hill. Standing there we have lifted "the twilight curtain of the past" and glanced for the moment at the shadowy ground of tradition.

"And that which History gives not to the eye," we have "let fancy with her dream-dipped brush supply."

The great sage and chieftain rests on an eminence which overlooks a part of the fair territory, which he sold to the white man, for a paltry list of stockings and hats, kettles, awls, fish-hooks and needles, and said that he was "contented and satisfied!" History does not tell us whether he went down to the grave "satisfied."

May he not have felt as another of his tribe did when he poured forth his soul some years later to his beloved missionary teacher, Heckewelder! Listen to his words:

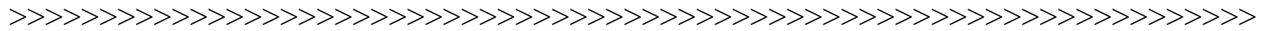
*"On every side of the Lenapewhituttuck the white people landed. They were welcomed as brothers by our fathers who gave them lands to live on and even hunted for them and furnished them with meat out of the woods. Such was our conduct to the white men who inhabited this country until our elder brother the great and good Minquon came and brought us words of peace and good will. We believed his words and his memory is still held in veneration among us. But it was turned to sorrow. Our brothers died and those of his good counselors who were of his mind were no longer listened to. The stranger no longer spoke to us of sitting down by the side of each other as brothers of one family, they forgot the friendship which was to last until the end of time, they only strove to get our land by fraud or force. 'There is no faith to be placed in these words.' "*

It is one hundred and fifty years since the Indian chief was laid by white men beneath the sward on the banks of the Neshaminy. His virtues challenge the admiration of our modern civilization.

*And who shall deem the spot unblest,  
Where Nature's younger children rest,  
Lulled on their sorrowing mother's breast.  
Deem ye that mother loveth less  
These bronzed forms of the wilderness,  
She foldeth in her long caress?  
As sweet o'er them her wild flowers blow,*

*As if with fairer hair and brow  
The blue-eyed Saxon sleeps below.*

- e n d -



**THE GRAVE OF TAMANEND**  
*New Britain Township*

Henry C. Mercer, Doylestown, Pennsylvania; read at the Pipersville Meeting, July 19, 1892.  
(Published in "A Collection of Papers Read Before the Bucks County Historical Society,"  
Volume 2; printed for the Society by B. F. Fackenthal, Jr., Riegelsville, Pa. Marx Room, Easton  
Public Library, Easton, Pa., H 974.821 B 926-c.)

Walk down Neshaminy creek on the right bank at "Prospect Hill," in New Britain township, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and as you come out of the hemlock groves that overhangs the water, ascend the first rivulet that crosses your path to empty into the stream. A walk of 300 or 400 yards brings you to the rills source, a small spring half hidden by grass, in a hollows of the open hillside meadow.

About 50 feet downward from the spring close to the rill, you find by pulling away some briars an old stump much decayed, where 40 years ago stood a large tulip poplar, and just 47 feet below it, some large suckers mark the former site of a chestnut tree. Between the two stumps stands a young cherry tree and there a little near the rivulet at the foot of the bank, 11 feet from the poplar and 36 feet from the chestnut, according to Aden H. Brinker, is the site of an Indian grave.

The spot is on the farm now (1892) owned by Enos Detweiler, in New Britain township, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, about a mile up Neshaminy creek from Godshalk's mill-dam, and there is no doubt that in the middle of the last century an Indian chief was buried there by white men. (I traced back the ownership of the property in the Doylestown land records to about 1770. From that time (deed book 19, page 76) it had come down through David Caldwell, William Forbes, William Dean, David Waggoner, Abram Moyer, John Moyer, Captain J. Robbarts in 1822 (deed book 49, page 139) to John Q. Adams Brinker and the present owner. I cannot learn that it was ever owned by the Shewells.)

The local tradition of the death and burial has been often referred to by antiquarians, notably in Watson's Annals, II, 172 - in a quoted letter written from Bucks county by one E. M., in about 1842, to the editor; in Sherman Day's historical collections (page 163); in Harper's Magazine (Vol. 44, page 639); by W. J. Buck in the Doylestown *Democrat* of May 6, 1856, and by John Rogers within a few years in the Doylestown *Intelligencer*.

It was noted down by me in June of last years (1891) form the lips of Thomas Shewell, of Bristol, the oldest living male descendant - great-grandson of the Walter Shewell (born 1702, died 1779) who superintended the burial about 150 years ago.

A very aged Indian, too infirm to walk (so the story ran, as Mr. Shewell knew it direct from his ancestors), while being carried by younger followers to a conference with the

Proprietaries (probably at Philadelphia) halted near the above mentioned spring; there tired of their burden, the young Indians built a hut for the old man and leaving him in charge of an Indian girl, suddenly, after night came on, abandoned him and went on to the conference.

(The common version and that of Sherman Day, taken from some members of the Shewell family, about 1840, published in Historical Collections, page 163, says distinctly that the old chief fell ill on the road. The current versions describe the girl as his daughter, who was sent to the spring for water when he committed suicide.)

So enraged and distressed was the aged chief, on waking to find himself deserted, that he tried to commit suicide by stabbing himself, and when his weak, trembling hand could not thrust the knife with effect, he at last set fire to his bed of leaves and threw himself upon it. (All the other versions say that he first tried to burn himself, but was prevented, and afterwards stabbed himself while the girl was at the spring.)

The other Indians, who had been refused a hearing by the Proprietaries in his absence, were sent back to fetch him, on arriving at the hut, found him dead with a hole burned in his side.

The affair was noised abroad and Walter Shewell, of Painswick Hall, the most prominent man in the neighborhood and once sheriff of Bucks county, had the body buried near the hut in presence of the Indians. (Painswick Hall, named after the ancestral county seat of the Shewell's in England. The old house recently sold by the Missus Shewell, of Doylestown, still stands on the left of the road leading from New Britain to Castle Valley, the first building on the left after crossing the road to Godshalk's mill. Early in the last century it belonged to an estate of 500 acres. The Shewells were in New Britain in 1729.)

All the common versions repeat the incident omitted by Mr. Shewell, that Walter Shewell's son Robert, then a little boy, wanted to go with his father to the funeral, but was forbidden. The Misses Shewell, of Doylestown, are very certain of the detail as forming part of their family tradition, but their cousin, my informant, doubts it.

Not long after, the body of a son or descendant of Tammany or Tamanend (for so all the traditions distinctly name the buried chief) was brought by Indians to the spring and there buried near the other grave, where Thomas Shewell, my informant, remembered seeing both grave mounds with the stones and the two large trees in about the year 1816. (The Misses Shewell knew nothing of this second grave.)

Still later, two more dead Indians, supposed descendants of Tamanend, were brought by the tribe to the spot for burial, and finally, for some reason unknown, interred in the old New Britain (Baptist) churchyard where all traces of their unmarked graves have been lost. (The Misses Shewell had not heard of these graves. Neither had the present sexton of New Britain. Eugene James has an indistinct recollection of having heard them mentioned.)

On January 31, 1892, I visited the spring and site of "Tammany's" grave in the company of the only two persons now living who probably could positively identify the spot, Aden H. Brinker, of New Britain, and Edward Brinker (sons of John Quincy Adams Brinker), who had bought the present (1902) Detweiler farm including the grave sites, from Captain Robbarts and

sold it to the present owner.

Knowing the need of exactness in these facts, I took the greatest care in learning from the Brinker brothers that Captain Robbarts had been a particular friend of the Shewells and a continued guest at Painswick Hall, scarcely a mile away; that through Nathaniel Shewell, the then owner (uncle of Mr. Shewell of Bristol), and others of the family, he had been fully acquainted with the particulars of the tradition; that after his sale of the property to the Brinkers he had boarded at the Brinker house until his death and had frequently shown the boys and their father the graves by the spring.

Aden H. Brinker was about 14 years old when his father ordered him to remove the grave-stones (flat hewn slabs of red slate from Neshaminy creek), about 3 feet long and 1 ½ wide with no marks upon them, and then standing at "Tammany's" grave six or seven feet apart and protruding about eight inches from the ground. Much less interest was taken in the second grave than in the first, and both brothers distinctly remember their father and a Captain Robbarts referring to it and pointing it out about 50 feet away across the gully. When A. H. Brinker dug up one standing stone and another fallen one as belonging to it, both of these with the other two from "Tammany's" grave were hauled away in a cart and built into the wall of the new barn.

At the same time about 1850-1860, the boys cut down to be used as timber the chestnut tree and the giant poplar (whose trunk it took six horses to haul) that once shaded the spring.

So the spot has changed much since the graves were visible. So much so that perhaps Mr. Shewell, who had not seen it for 80 years, would not recognize it.

The steep overhanging bank has been much graded down by ploughing. The source, according to Mr. Brinker, has receded nearly 100 feet from the poplar stump. The trees are gone and the hillside is bare. (Besides the two large trees referred to, a walnut and two other chestnuts on the slope just above the spring and opposite Tammany's grave, were cut down by the Brinkers for barn building at the same time, 1850-1860.)

Still, let us draw a straight line from the poplar stump to the chestnut shoots, measure 11 feet from the former or 36 feet from the latter, and looking northward step a little to the left, and then, if there is any certainty in human evidence, we are within a few feet of the spot where a rusty iron knife or hatchet, a few glass beads bought from the white men, and possibly a brass medal might be dug up to tell the tale of this memorable interment. Let me beg that no relic hunter, for the sake of a few comparatively modern trinkets (since he need expect to find no implements of the stone age), will venture to disturb the spot for archaeology by careless digging and render its scientific identification hopeless.

No doubt then as to the burial of the Indian, and little doubt as to our having found the spot. The only remaining question is as to the identification of the chief. Was it Tamanend?

Sherman Day (Historical Collections, page 163) says "No" and adduces in proof an ingenious and at first convincing argument.

He fixes, and I think correctly, the date of burial after 1740, because Robert Shewell, the

“little Boy,” who asked in vain (according to the common tradition) to go to the funeral, was born then.

(But it is useless, I think, to assign as he does, 1749, or the date of any known public conference to the journey of the old man and his followers over Prospect Hill. Examination of the signed treaties proves that no one chief whatever his rank as sachem was present at any of the land conferences which did not concern him personally. Tamanend, who was head sachem of the whole Lenape system until 1718, was not present at the Jersey land treaty of 1673, or the lower Bucks county sale in 1692, or the Chester and Pennypack sale in 1685, nor that for the Schuylkill and Pennypack lands in 1783, or Susquehanna and Delaware lands in 1683 [see Colonial Records and Pennsylvania Archives] when in 1683 selling lands between the Neshaminy and Pennypack [Pennsylvania Archives Series 1, volume 62]. Tamanend concerned himself with his own patrimony. A study of the deeds throws little light on the governmental system of the Lenape. We find appended to each a list of strange names, and the same tract sold several times by different individuals with no hint of a general tribal supervision. Doubtless dozens of informal conference were never recorded to anyone of which Tamanend may have been called. The 1749 conference concluded a sale of lands beyond the Blue Mountains. At that time Tamanend, if living, had been deposed from the office of chief sachem 31 years.)

Tammany, Sherman Day thinks, could not possibly have been living so late and escaped the notice of the Moravian missionaries, who explored the Forks of the Delaware in 1742 and the Susquehanna soon after. This is only a suggestion of Mr. Day’s and so is my answer to it. I suggest that Tamanend might have been living until after 1740 unnoticed by white men for the following reasons:

First. - Tamanend was present at a council in Philadelphia on July 6, 1694, when the Iroquois wanted the Delawares to attack the settlers (Colonial Records 1:447), when he made his speech: “We and the Christians of this river have always had a free roadway to one another and though sometimes a tree has fallen across the road, yet we have still removed it again and kept the path clear and we design to continue the old friendship that has been between us and you.”

And again, on July 6, 1697 (Pennsylvania Archives Series 1, vol. 124) and with “Wehiland and my brother and Weheequickhon, alias Andrew, who is to be king after my death,” he again for the third time sells his land between Pennypack and Neshaminy creeks. This is the last official notice of him thus far discovered.

If he was forty years old then, he would have been 93 in 1750, or if 50, 103 at the latter date, which is in general accord with the Bucks county tradition of his great age and the traditional information upon which Cooper bases his description in the “Last of the Mohicans.”

Second. - The fact cannot be overlooked that Prospect Hill, the scene of his death, according to the legend, is comprised in the very lands lying between Pennypack and Neshaminy creeks, which as the particular territory of Tamanend himself he sold three times over to William Penn in 1683, 1692 and 1697. Then, for years after, the word Tamanend must have been identified with the region, and is it likely that the Shewells, who came there in 1729, only thirty-one years after the last sale, would have made a mistake in the name?

Third. - There is some corroborating evidence of the tradition in a song sung in honor of the American Saint Tammany in 1783 at one of the meetings of the then celebrated Tammany brotherhood in Philadelphia. Its beginning,

“Of Andrew, of Peter, of David, of George,  
What mighty achievements we hear”

proves it to have been written later than the date of the first Philadelphia almanac that dubbed Tamanend a saint, about 1760-1770. While its last verse,

“At last growing old, and quite worn out with years,  
As history doth truly proclaim,  
His wigwam was fired, he nobly expired,  
And flew to the skies in a flame”

infers either that the composer had heard the story of his death on the Neshaminy, or had, which is rather unlikely, confused him with the well known drunken Tedyuskung, who was burnt to death in his wigwam at Wyoming in 1763.

At one of these meetings in 1781, a delegation of Senecas visited the society’s “wigwam” on the Schuylkill, where hung a portrait of “Tammany,” on which occasion Cornplanter made a speech and pointing to the picture, poured a libation of wine on the ground, saying, “If we pour it on the ground it will suck it up and he will get it.”

It was this merry-making, parading brotherhood, founded in Philadelphia before the Revolution, who set in vogue the myth that the three white balls on Penn’s coat-of-arms represented three dumplings which Tammany had cooked for him at the Treaty Tree, who adopted Indian names and paraded in Indian dress on Tammany’s Day (the 1<sup>st</sup> of May), who invited all manner of myths, stories, and sayings about the great Indian, and had him dubbed a saint by certain almanac makers, who set going the word Tammany, so to speak, over the country, and gave rise to all the other so-called Tammany societies in the United States, the Independent Order of Red Men, and the New York political organization known as Tammany Hall, founded in Borden’s city hotel in New York in 1789, and who gave the name to Tammany town, Juniata county; Mount Tammany, near Williamsport, Maryland; Tamanend, Schuylkill county; Tammany street, Philadelphia (now Buttonwood); St. Tammany parish, Louisiana; Tammany, Mecklenberg county, Virginia, and a hundred other places so called.

But the fourth and last, to return to our particular subject, there is no question that the three clans of the Lenape, the Wolf, Turtle, and Turkey, were in a vague, loose way presided over by a head sachem chosen from the Turtle clan by the members of the other two clans. (Lenape and their Legends, page 47). Just what his powers were, is not definitely known. He certainly had little or nothing to do with the land sales of his fellow chiefs to the whites. Loskiel says that “he arranged treaties and conventions of peace” and kept the wampum peace belt of the tribe (Mission, page 135). He held his office during good behavior and so generally until death.

Such a chief was Tamanend and the others: Allumpees, died 1747; Natiumus, probably Tatemy, died 1761; Netatawees, in the west, and Tedyuscung, in the east, died 1763, who came

after him until the removal of the Delawares from eastern Pennsylvania, and such were the many who came before him, if we are to believe the testimony of the "Wallum Olum," or Lenape bark record, an historic song illustrated by mnemonic pictographs, and sung by medicine men at sacred occasions, recounting the tribal migrations and the full list of head sachems, discovered by the eccentric antiquarian, C. A. Rafinesque, and recently published by Dr. Brinton (Lenape and Their Legends, page 170).

(These and many other interesting and uncollected data I find in the annotated edition of Reschel's "Memorials of the Moravian Church" at the Pennsylvania Historical Society.)

The Wallum Olum tells us that Tamanend, or "The Affable," was not the first of his name, but that long before, counting back by the names of scores of rulers before the coming of the whites, there were two other Tamanends, the first a celebrated head chief in the far West before the tribe had migrated eastward. Taking this and Reichel's "Memoirs of the Moravian Church" as our authority we learn that our Tamanend was preceded by Ikwahou, and probably succeeded by Allumpees, or Sassoonan, who was made chief in 1718 and held the office till his death in 1747.

Here is an important date then, the certain end of Tamanend's reign in 1718. If he died, then that is the end of our story. The Neshaminy legend is mistaken. But that he did so is by no means certain.

For some reasons, not thoroughly explained, the Iroquois at about this time obtained that curious moral and physical influence over the Delawares which has been the subject of much curious speculation. Then it was that governors were sent down from the Six Nations to look after them, and they were referred to as "women" and "in petticoats," and took that position of a conquered people which they held down to the outbreak of the Revolution.

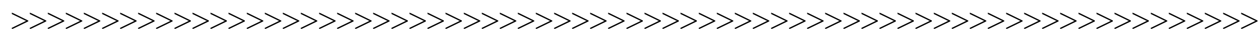
What the details of this sudden decadence were, whether a defeat in battle or a weakening dispute no one has as yet authoritatively learned. The Moravians did not come into the upper Delaware and Susquehanna region until 1742, and as Heckewelder testifies, the Indians were very reticent on these subjects.

Allumpees, made chief sachem in 1718, was a weak character who died a drunkard in 1747. As the tool of the Iroquois, he may have been elected by their powerful influence to supersede Tamanend, nor is it impossible to suppose that the latter, by a patriotic resistance to the majority of his people at the time of their degradation, had become distasteful to the Six Nations. If it is not unfair to suggest this, we have an easy explanation of the several apparent contradictory facts - that he had a great reputation among his tribe, and yet that they said so little about him, that he lived until 1750 and yet was unnoticed by early settlers, missionaries and public documents.

Yet this is but supposition and I have thus far tried in vain to sift to the bottom the stories that Tamanend once lived upon the site of Easton, was buried where Nassau Hall now stands at Princeton college, lived in the state of Delaware, or at the place in Damascus township, Wayne county, called by the early Connecticut settlers "St. Tammany's flat" in 1757.

Still I do not despair on the other hand of finding in the archives of the Moravians at Bethlehem, or in the State archives in Harrisburg or Trenton, or in the lost diaries of Still or Weiser or any of the other early scouts, or in the traditional data probably embodied in the Fenimore Cooper manuscripts, or from living Delawares themselves, some direct proof that the well authenticated Neshaminy legend is true, that the great Tamanend was alive between 1697 and 1750., that deposed by his enemies in 1718 he lived on in the Pennsylvania wilderness until a very old man, watched jealously by the powerful Iroquois and their governor at Shamokin, avoided cautiously by the time servers of his tribe, beloved by many in secret, guarded by a few, and least of all, betrayed to the notice of the white stranger.

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### **THE GRAVE OF TAMMANY**

*New Britain Township*

Remarks by President Henry C. Mercer; read at the meeting at Doylestown, Pennsylvania, January 16, 1912. (*Published in "A Collection of Papers Read Before the Buck County Historical Society," Volume 4, 1917, pages 269-270; printed for the Society by B. F. Fackenthal, Jr., Riegelsville, Pa. Marx Room, Easton Public Library, Easton, Pa., H 974.821 B 926-c.*)

Before we proceed to the next paper, "The Last of the Lenni-Lenape," by Mr. William J. Heller of Easton (*to be presented later in the series*), I wish to say that you are probably aware that according to our well-known tradition, the celebrated Delaware Indian Chief Tammany was buried by white men on the north slope of Prospect Hill, in New Britain township in the eighteenth century, and that you also know that, in the hope of erecting a monument to Tammany at that spot, this society, after several previous efforts, has at last purchased the alleged site of his grave.

In 1892, I identified this place and discussed some of the evidence concerning the life, death and burial of Tammany in a paper called "The Grave of Tamanend," published in the proceedings of our society, Vol. II, page 58. Whether Mr. Heller has read this paper or not I do not know, but I think it very important that we should weigh carefully any new evidence which he may produce to show that we have made a mistake in buying the land, or that this monument ought not to be built.

The two points that concern us are, first - that there can be no doubt that an aged Indian called Tammany was buried at this spot about 1750 by Walter Shewell; second - that Sherman Day, in his well-known "Historical Collections" though admitting the burial, denies that the Indian was Tammany, supposing that Tammany, who was last officially noticed in our State Archives in 1697, could not have been alive in 1750, because the Moravian missionaries, who had been preaching for eight years (since 1742) in our backwoods, do not mention him.

For reasons given in my paper, I did not regard this negative and inconclusive supposition of Mr. Day's as of sufficient weight to discourage our land purchase. On the other hand the Shewell family tradition is very positive that the Indian buried by their ancestors was Tammany.

Thomas Fassitt Shewell, born 1810, and great-grandson of Walter Shewell who buried the Indian, and whom I questioned very closely at Bristol in 1891, had not the slightest doubt that the Indian was Tammany; neither had Miss Mary Shewell, the last of her family in Doylestown, born in 1844, and whom I visited and questioned on January 11, 1912. She remembered that her grandfather, Nathaniel Shewell (born 1770, died 1860) had frequently told her the tradition in her girlhood at Painswick Hall. She could say positively that there was no question whatever of the name of the Indiana being Tammany and supposed if that had not been the case very little would have been made of the matter. She was also very certain that the tradition ascribed great age to the Indian.

Mr. William J. Buck, in his paper on Tamanend, thinks that the county tradition first became common through a letter written by one E. M. From Bucks county to Watson about 1842 and quoted in Watson's annals, Vol. II, page 172. This would infer that Mr. Buck had supposed that the Shewell family had thus lately invented the tradition or appropriated some general untraced story of this sort, but Thomas Fassitt Shewell told me, as I explained in my paper, that he had heard it from his ancestors about 1816.

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