



Lenni's Old City

A PHILADELPHIA WALKING TOUR



WELCOME to the City of Brotherly Love. I am your squirrel guide, Lenni Liberty, and this is my home. You stand in the land of liberty. You walk on the ground where the seed of the nation was planted, where it took root and grew strong. American heroes met here, and great events took place.

I see many curious two-legs like you in my neighborhood. So today, I'm going to walk you through Philadelphia's Old City to share my memories of the people who lived here, and the things that changed the world. I made a map of our walk together on the middle pages so you can help the grown-ups find their way around.

How can a skugg (that's what Ben Franklin called squirrels) know so much? I'm an eyewitness, that's how. I am very, very, very old. But not as old as Beaver. He remembers when the world was covered with water. The animals had to swim and swim, they got tired. The Great Spirit told Beaver to dive for mud and put it on Turtle's back. Turtle rose from the waters, and the world began on his shell. The tree of life grew, and from its root came the Lenni Lenape, the original people. They lived here in Coaquannock, the Grove of the Tall Pines. The Lenape were members of nature's great family and lived here for over a thousand years.

I saw ships like giant sea birds floating on the river. They were full of a new kind of man who was not brown as the earth, but white as the foam on the salty sea. The salty men came to Turtle Island for the fur off animals backs. They built log cabins, lived here, and called it New Sweden.

TAMANEND STATUE

Market Street at Front Street

My good friend Tamanend was a Chief of the Unami, or Turtle tribe, of the Lenni Lenape. He was wise and good-natured but was unhappy that the salty men brought strange sicknesses and rum that were very bad for his people. We called Johann Printz, the Swedish Governor, Big Belly. He weighed 400 pounds and was not very nice. I heard him say about the Lenape,

“Nothing would be better than to send a couple hundred soldiers to break the necks of all of them. We could take possession of the places which the savages now possess.”

Then one fine day I heard these words read to the Indian Kings from an Englishman named William Penn.

“The Great God has written his law in our hearts, by which we are commanded to love, and to help one another. Now this Great God hath been pleased to make me concerned in your part of the world; and the King of the country where I live hath given me a great province therein; but I desire to enjoy it with your love and consent, that we may always live together as neighbors and friends.”

William Penn and Tamanend signed the Great Treaty and established a league of friendship between the natives and the settlers.

PHILADELPHIA



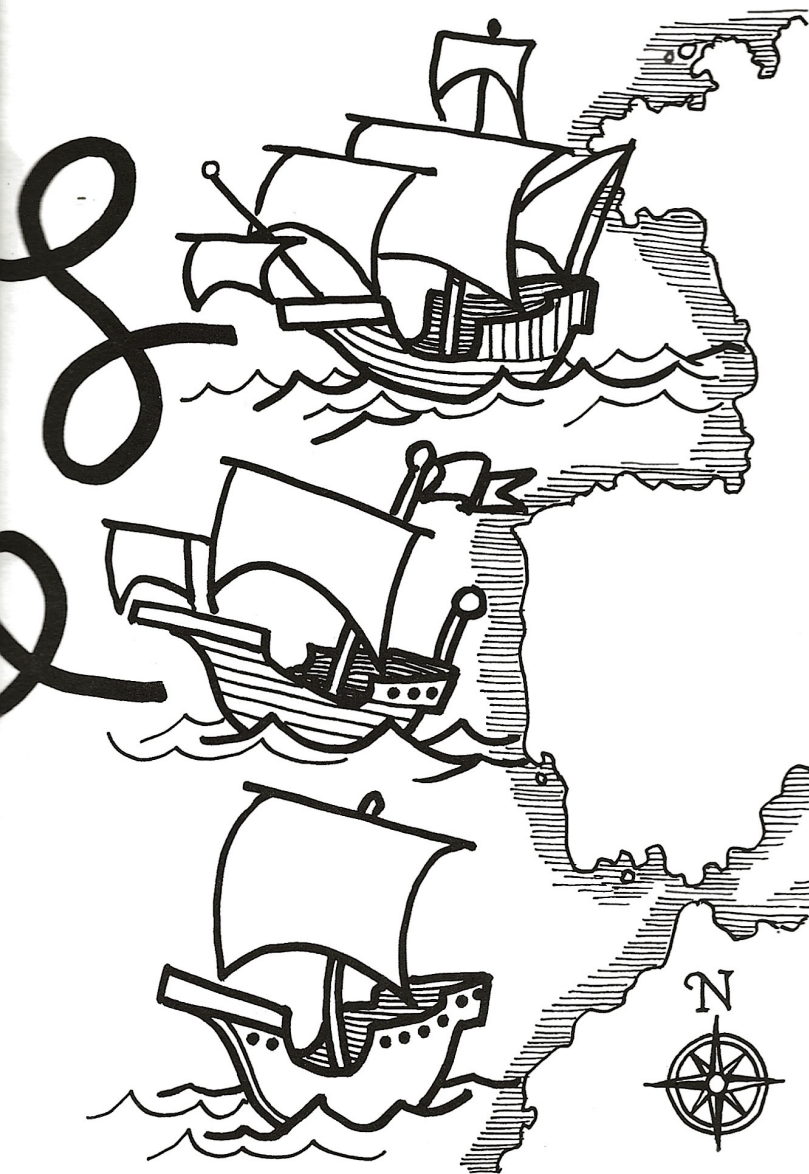
PENN'S LANDING

Across the Chestnut Street bridge

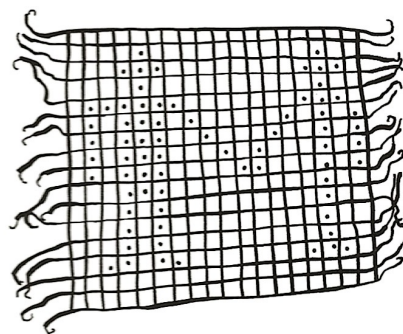
Looking out onto the river, I can picture William Penn landing here. He was lively, rich and smart. A godly and peaceful man, I liked him right away. So did the Lenape. They welcomed him with a feast of roasted acorns. YUMMY! When they began their racing and jumping games, Governor Penn leapt up and joined in the fun.

Penn gave me a roasted acorn and told me he was planting the seed of a nation. Penn's seed grew to a nation where people from different countries and religions would live as equals under one government. Ship after ship landed here and brought thousands of adventurers to this new land.

Trace a sea voyage to Philadelphia from Europe on the map above.



EUROPE



Color in the dotted squares above. When you are done, look on the wall of Welcome Park. Can you find another Wampum Belt that looks like yours?

WELCOME PARK

2nd Street between Chestnut and Walnut Streets

We called William Penn the Great Friend. The map of his life is on the wall, and the plan of his city Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, is underfoot. Streets named for trees run east and west from the Delaware River to the Schuylkill River. Numbered streets run north and south. The design makes it easy for skuggs like me and strangers like you to get around. All straight lines and right angles, and plenty of trees and parks.

As you can see on the wall, Penn's life speaks of his courage and love of liberty.

**The house Penn lived in stood here on 2nd Street.
Can you find it on the Welcome Park plan of the city?**

BETSY

ARCH ST

Free Quaker Meeting House

Christ Church Burial Ground/Benjamin Franklin's Grave

Arch Street Meeting House

6TH ST

5TH ST

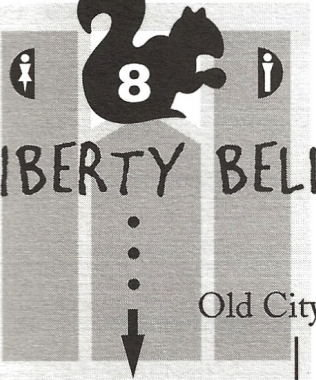
Jewish American Museum

4TH ST

3RD ST



LIBERTY BELL



Old City Hall

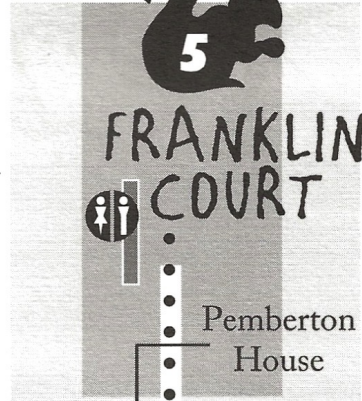
The Bourse



Second Bank of the U.S.



FRANKLIN COURT



Pemberton House



INDEPENDENCE HALL

Congress Hall



Second Bank of the U.S.



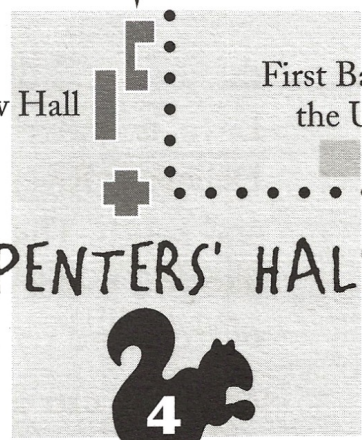
New Hall

First Bank of the U.S.

Library Hall



CARPENTERS' HALL



PH



ELFRETH'S ALLEY

ROSS HOUSE

Museum Houses

FRONT ST

OLD CITY

CUTHBERT ST

FILBERT ST

Christ Church

MURCH ST

MARKET ST



CHIEF TAMANEND STATUE

BANK ST

2ND ST

LETITIA ST

United American Indians



CHESTNUT ST

PENN'S LANDING

Visitor Center

Thomas Bond House



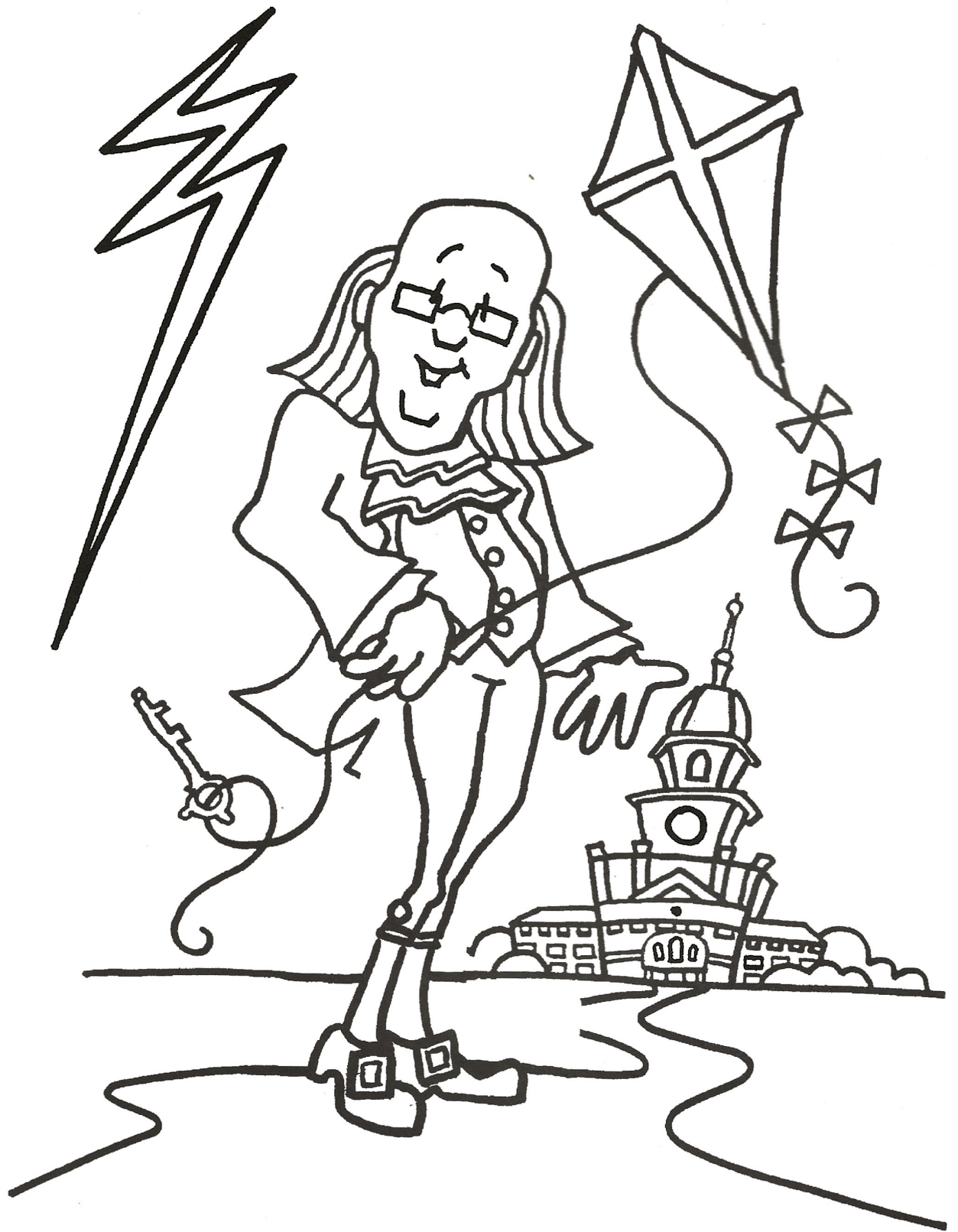
WELCOME PARK

City Tavern

WALNUT ST

Independence Seaport Museum

Philadelphia
Range





Join or Die

This was a symbol of unity for the colonists. Name all 13 original colonies:

4 CARPENTERS' HALL
320 Chestnut Street

I was eating a nut one day next to Carpenters' Hall when I heard a clatter. Strangers from all over the colonies had arrived. They were very different people with different ways of life. What could they have in common? Then I heard Patrick Henry say from inside the hall,

"The difference between Virginians, New Englanders and Pennsylvanians is no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American."

This was the first Continental Congress. It was the first time the colonies worked together for a common goal. They wanted representation in English government and fair trade. And they were willing stand up to King George and all his soldiers for it.

Find out what carpenters did in this hall and how they built it.

4 FRANKLIN COURT

314-322 Market Street on Chestnut between 3rd & 4th Streets

When I first saw Benjamin Franklin, I didn't think he would amount to very much. He was a seventeen-year-old runaway from Boston. His pockets were stuffed with socks and shirts, and his mouth was stuffed with big rolls of bread. He came to Philadelphia with nothing and lived to be our country's most famous self-made man. He lived by the motto:

"Life is too short not to make it great."

Do you know any more of Ben Franklin's sayings? You can find out a lot about him here where his old house used to be. Benjamin always liked skuggs a lot. He made a pet of a cousin of mine named Mungo. I always wanted to be free, so he could never catch me. He called me Liberty. We became friends and used to walk through this passageway to Market Street together. Franklin was only human but he tried to practice the virtues of temperance, silence, order, resolution, frugality, industry, sincerity, justice, moderation, cleanliness, tranquility, chastity, and humility.

Ask your parents what these words mean.

BETSY ROSS HOUSE

239 Arch Street

Betsy was always the Little Rebel. I remember her as a lively girl fidgeting in Quaker meeting and as an old woman sitting silently in the last meeting of the Fighting Quakers. She lived until she was eighty-four and survived three husbands. Good thing Betsy had herself a trade, she was clever with a needle and thread. When the colonists went to war against King George, Betsy made flags for the ships in the harbor to show they were American. A little bird told me she saw Betsy show George Washington himself how to make a five-pointed star with one snip of the scissors for America's first flag. I must have been napping in my nest at Friends Burial Ground at Fourth and Arch.

Can you find musket balls in Betsy's basement?

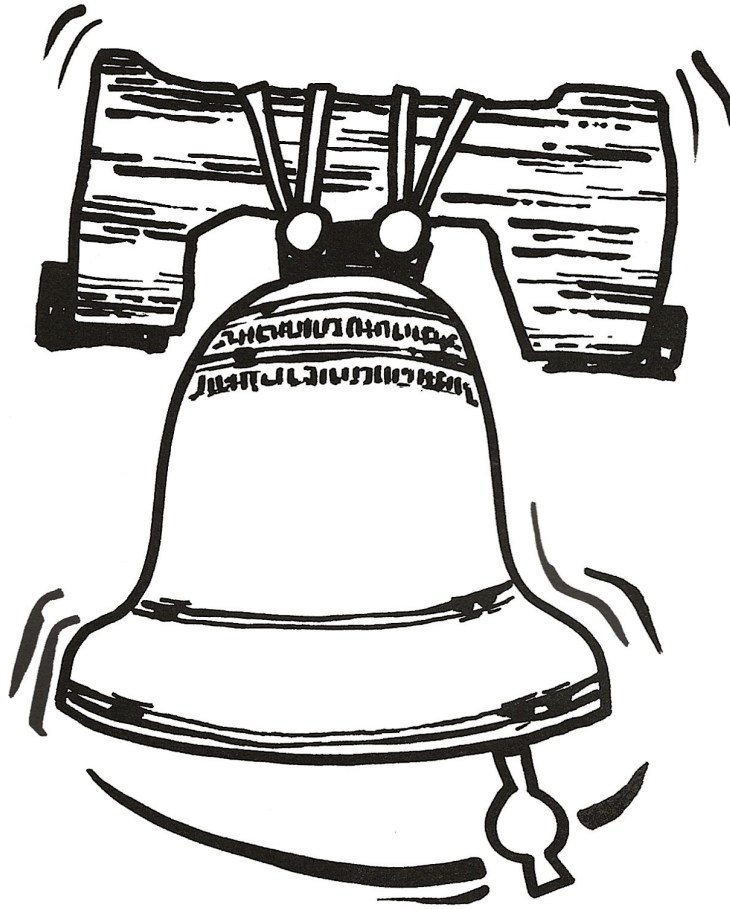
ELFRETH'S ALLEY

2nd Street between Race and Arch Streets

I love this street. It reminds me how life in Philadelphia used to be a long time ago. People made things to sell in first-floor shops, horses pulled carts and carriages. For hundreds of years people have lived on this street, longer than any other street in America. Even though these neighbors come from many different lands, worship at different kinds of churches and celebrate different holidays, they all believe in freedom.

Can you find the water pump at Bladen's Court at the end of the alley?





LIBERTY BELL

Market Street between 5th & 6th Streets

On a summer day in 1776, I witnessed the birth of a nation. The Liberty Bell rang out to announce the Declaration of Independence. That's where the red-headed man from Virginia, Thomas Jefferson, wrote

"We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal..."

The crowd roared, then ran into the State House, pulled down the King's coat of arms, burned it, and danced all night. HUZAZH!! (or as you say HOORAY!!) The fight for liberty and freedom had just begun, and would cost dearly, but the whole world would be changed by the words first spoken here. Whenever I hop past this bell or see glorious Fourth of July fireworks, I remember that night's jubilee. I think about the terrible hardship of war. I am glad this nation was born.

**Find the crack in the real Liberty Bell
and then draw it on the picture above**



INDEPENDENCE HALL

Chestnut Street between 5th & 6th Streets

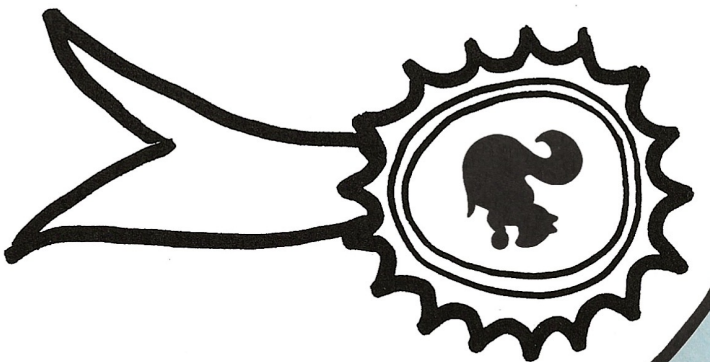
During a very hot summer in 1787, I sat on the windowsill and peeked in on a meeting that took place here. The Founding Fathers worked with the windows nailed shut and the doors locked. They discussed, deliberated and decided the law of the land.

It took months and months, but they all finally agreed on the Constitution of the United States of America.

The Founding Fathers used to talk a lot about posterity. They were thinking about YOU. The blessings of liberty you probably take for granted, the right to vote and choose your government, the right to speak your mind, the right to worship as you choose. All these would not exist if they weren't won in Philadelphia. Think on these things and I hope we meet again.

**And remember democracy means not "I am as good as you are,"
but "You are as good as I am."**

*Historic
Philadelphia*



On this day _____ in the year, _____
in the City of Philadelphia, the undersigned walked
through Three Hundred and Fifty years of history and
now knows more than most grown-ups.

Your Name

Lenni Liberty