



# Bremen's Believe It or Not!

Unknown to many, the Village of Bremen was platted over an Ancient Earthwork. There were two concentric elliptical mounds, approximately one hundred feet apart, with the outer mound being seven to eight feet in height. According to one eyewitness, Isaac Rowles, he and his brother cultivated the land within the outer ellipse. He stated that the inner ellipse had already been destroyed by the time of his birth in 1845. It was his grandfather that informed him of the inner mound. It is believed that Fort Street was named, because it was built through the "Indian Fort". This earthwork, however, was more likely used for social or ceremonial purposes, as those for defense were located on higher ground. Below is a scene of what a gathering may have looked like. On the right, a poem suitable for the Mound Builders.

## "The Mound Builders"

*They lived in the past that is misty and dim,  
They loved and they built by the rivulet's brim,  
They melted away like the snow in the sun  
Where down to the oceans the swift rivers run;  
The mounds that they built are their tablets today,  
But they, as a people, have vanished away,  
And the river flows on with its music of old,  
But the Mound Builder's story today is untold*

*He went ere the Indian invaded the wild,  
The forests unknowable, mystical child,  
The chieftains who came with the spear and the plume  
Saw only the mounds 'mid the forests deep gloom;  
No graves of the race that forever was gone,  
No tombs in the starlight and none in the dawn,  
No echoes of voices that rang with delight,  
No laughter of children that greeted the night.*

*His secret is kept by the years that have fled  
Where once by his altars he mourned for his dead,  
And thousands have come from the oversea lands  
To marvel and gaze at the work of his hands;  
The sky is as blue as in days long ago  
Where deep in the forest he bended his bow,  
And wild roses bloom where the mound Builder maid  
Went forth to the lover who haunted the glade.*

*The centuries come and the centuries go,  
The Mound Builder sleeps 'neath the rain and the snow,  
The book of his life not a mortal has scanned,  
And nothing remains but the skill of his hand;  
He came and he vanished, hopes and his fears,  
Are hidden fore'er in the heart of the years,  
The rivulet glints where he fretted his day  
And left to the ages a mystery gray.*

-Thomas C Harbaugh-

