

The
Conquest

series

American history through Indian eyes

James G. Landis

The Final Conquest

VOLUME FOUR OF A FOUR-PART SERIES

An Indian saga recounting Isaac Glikkikan's struggle to find a permanent homeland for his people amid the strife and terrors of the Revolutionary War.

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FOREWORD

The Final Conquest begins with a glimpse of the mature Isaac Glikkikan—preacher, orator, counselor to the chiefs of the Lenape nation, trusted messenger to the Indians and the White military authorities, and “Helper” in the Moravian Mission Villages.

The Moravian missions among the Delaware Indians in Ohio—Schoenbrunn, Gnadenhuetten, Lichtenau—demonstrated the powerful effect of a universal gospel to change men’s lives and lift them from wretchedness and despair to a new life in Christ Jesus. The missions showed the world that Whites could peacefully coexist with the Indians if one dealt with them honestly, peacefully, and fairly.

The Moravian Christian Indian Village of Schoenbrunn near what is today New Philadelphia, Ohio was a perplexing wonder to behold. The village founded in 1772 at the invitation of friendly Delaware chiefs from Gekelemukpechunk (Newcomerstown) prospered both physically and spiritually. The number of inhabitants grew from 92 at the end of 1772 to 263 inhabitants by the end of 1775.

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The clear objective of the village was to save souls. Fifteen minute "Watchword" services were held twice each day with preaching on Sunday. Statements like the following excerpt from 10 September 1772 permeate the mission diaries:

Isaac [Glikkikan] told him from his personal experience how things had been for him and what he had felt the first time he had heard the Brothers, and how the word of Jesus' death and suffering had tugged at his heart so that he immediately affirmed publicly that this is the truth. ... My heart [David Zeisberger] was open and the Savior granted me grace to extol his death and bloody merit as the source of our salvation.

Some natives were allowed to live in Schoenbrunn before becoming members of the Unity. However, all who came underwent rigorous questioning by the missionaries and native helpers. Before the applicants could live in the mission villages they had to pledge themselves to strict rules of life and conduct. The leaders put pressure on no one to join them and often tried to discourage chiefs from leaving their people and coming to live with the "Praying Indians." Those who did not live up to their promises had to leave; upon signs of repentance wanderers could be kindly restored.

Besides the inner peace that comes from the saving of the soul, there were other attractions that drew the natives to these villages. Villagers kept their native identity and culture—whatever was not sinful—so much so that all still recognized the difference between

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Mohican, Delaware, Mingo, Shawnee, and Wyandot. Becoming "saved" did not equate with becoming a "white man."

Life among the "Praying Indians" was peaceful and cooperative, compared to the noise, the dancing, the drunkenness, the vomiting, and the fighting, so often prevalent in native villages.

Outsiders could also see the economic prosperity of the Christian villages. Doubtless this offered some inducement to join. Consider this Schoenbrunn Diary entry for 28 June 1772:

We talked with the family who moved in with us, asked about their circumstances, acquainted them with our rules, and accepted them provisionally. The woman is our Lucas's sister. They are very poor people materially, and also sickly. This is generally how the Indians are when they come to us. They hardly have enough to cover their bodies and no food at all, until they have stayed with us a while and learned to live properly.

Learning to live properly meant comfort and security for children and aged alike. Hundreds of cattle and hogs as well as flocks of poultry flourished; sizable fields of corn added to the food stores. From the surrounding woods villagers harvested maple sugar, salt, berries, and meat.

David Zeisberger and other Moravian missionaries mastered the Delaware and other Indian tongues. Using the German alphabet Zeisberger and Heckewelder reduced Delaware to a written language. They translated Bible stories and Moravian hymns into Delaware. Most of the religious services had all or part of the meeting conducted in

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Indian tongues. They brought Moravian music to the villages along with Munsee Josua and his homebuilt spinet. John Heckewelder became the schoolteacher for the Indian villages. Native Helpers actively assumed leadership roles and the white teachers often deferred to them in secular matters. Even David Zeisberger worked side by side with the natives in the fields and in the raising of village buildings.

This demonstration of true piety by the Moravian Missions commanded the respect and admiration of many Indian Chiefs. They saw these villages as models to lift their people out of despair and domination by the whites and invited the Moravians to send teachers into other Indian villages.

Most other churches did not share the enlightened Moravian respect for the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ ... or for the Indians. Perhaps the 7 October 1772 Schoenbrunn diary entry concerning the visit of 24-year-old Congregationalist minister, David McClure, shows the prevailing sentiment of settlers and the Indian alarm that must have prevailed among the natives.

As we heard personally from Joseph Peepi, he [David McClure] talked very carelessly. For example, he supposedly said often that the Indians had so much beautiful and good land, but it was lying in waste and they did not use it because they were lazy people who did not want to work and resented the White people using it. In a few years all the land would be taken away from them. The White people would establish cities and towns there and drive the Indians away or even destroy them. He also said other such things, so it is no wonder that they sent him away.

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It is no wonder the Indians sent Preacher McClure packing. His foolish boldness portrayed the declared aim of all parties involved in the misnamed wars known today as the French and Indian War, Pontiac's Rebellion, Lord Dunmore's War, the Revolutionary War, and several more wars that followed. I would propose that a better name for all of these wars, seen as one long struggle, might be "The Ohioland Terror Wars."

The undecorated objective of all the Ohioland Terror Wars was simple: *Each contestant wanted the Ohioland ... without the savages.* It made no difference whether the fighters were Virginians, Marylanders, Pennsylvanians, Frenchmen, British, or Continentals. All contestants laid aside any moral scruples to wrest the Ohioland from the Indians.

There is no honor among thieves. All the whites or their proxy Indians scalped, stole, lied, murdered, destroyed villages and supplies, murdered the innocent, offered scalp bounties, burned at the stake, and committed other horrible acts of terror. Viewed from our distant perspective it is not hard to see that none of the contestants in this struggle for the Ohioland were fighting a "Holy War" in the sense that righteousness, truth, and honor reigned on one side, while evil, darkness, and thuggery fought on the other side.

When the evil tragedy of the Revolutionary War invaded the Ohioland, it caught all the Indians in the unwanted cesspool of war. Laying aside all revolutionary rhetoric—freedom, taxation without representation, oppression, and such like—, if there had been no desire by whites to take over Indian lands, there would have been no

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war in the Ohioland and probably none in the rest of the colonies. Control of Indian lands and of the Indians themselves lay at the very root of the terror war known as the Revolution. Caught in the very middle of the conflict most of the Indians were forced to take sides, with almost certain loss of their lands awaiting them no matter which side won. The peaceful prosperous mission villages tried to remain faithful and neutral and thus tested whether any mission so conceived and so dedicated can long endure.

To the Praying Indians and the White Moravian Teachers at Schoenbrunn the terror of the Revolutionary War was real, the choices difficult, and the outcome uncertain. In clinging to their refusal to fight on any side—war is sinful—they were drawn unwillingly into serving as counsellors to the Delaware Council at Coshocton, fed large war parties passing through on raids, translated and carried messages to and from both English and Continental authorities—they were trusted go-betweens. For all their love and peaceful service, the Praying Indians and their Teachers wound up hated and threatened by all—Indians, British, and Americans.

Amid all this travail and trial moves the heroic figure of Isaac Glikkikan, seeker of truth, fearless, and zealous in mission. He challenges chiefs, generals, preachers, priests, spies, soldiers, and teachers, with the gospel of the Savior and with truth. Isaac Glikkikan, comforts the distressed, gives succor to the needy, preaches peace to warriors on the warpath, leads out in community life, and always, always, seeks a permanent homeland for his people.

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Glikkikan, was baptized as Isaac on Christmas Eve 1770 at what is now Moravia, Pennsylvania. Ever after his baptism, Isaac Glikkikan, used his gift for oratory as a powerful preacher, convincing many. He never wavered in the truth and at difficult times championed the way of peace when even his respected Moravian Teachers, David Zeisberger and John Heckewelder, temporized.

The scribe of this legendary story, John Heckewelder, was born in England in 1743 and trained there in Moravian schools, immigrated to British America in 1754. As a 19-year-old youth John Heckewelder joined the Moravian evangelist Christian Frederick Post to assist him in his evangelistic work among the Delaware Indians west of the Alleghenies (*Tomahawks to Peace*). Young Heckewelder spent the next eight years as a messenger for Zeisberger and Post. In 1772 Heckewelder helped in the founding of Schoenbrunn and later the villages at Gnadenhuetten, and Lichtenau. At the time our story begins John Gottlieb Ernestus Heckewelder was already widely traveled, a thorough product of Colonial Pennsylvania, a convinced Moravian, fluent in the Delaware tongue, an able teacher, and a scribe of no small ability.

Listen in as Moravian Teacher John Heckewelder records the tenor and the temper of the times at the Christian Indian village of Schoenbrunn, Ohio on 11 April 1775, only one week before the first shots of the Revolutionary War at Concord and Lexington, Massachusetts.

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Credits

Credits

Everyone today is indebted to David Zeisberger for the legacy he left of over 2,000 pages of diaries that describe the life and events of sixty-three years among Native Americans. Over the years scholars have collected and translated these diaries and then correlated and corroborated them with military records and other writings of the time.

Outstanding among these efforts is *The Moravian Mission Diaries of David Zeisberger 1772-1781*; edited by Hermann Wellenreuther and Carola Wessel; translated by Julie Tomberlin Weber; published by Penn State University Press, University Park, Pennsylvania, 2005. This careful work with its copious footnotes documenting sources and giving detailed explanations of vague references in the diaries was as helpful in bringing Isaac Glikkikan to life as a hundred trips to the archives and gave meaning and clarity to much of my understanding of Lenape life and the Mission Villages in particular. I consider this work and the underlying diaries to be authoritative, credible, and reliable.

Without this wonderful volume on the Moravian Mission Diaries my story would never have been quite the same.

Subtitle Page

The Conquest Series

American history through Indian eyes

James G. Landis

The Final Conquest

(Volume IV of a four-part series)

Isaac Glikkikan tells of his personal fight
against evil and injustice while he seeks to find
and preserve a homeland for his people.

-- as recorded by John Heckewelder,
a Moravian teacher.

The Last Orator

Chapter 1

The Last Orator

narrated by John Heckewelder

11 April 1775

"God has given me a home among His chosen people in the Ohioland."

That was the line in Brother Isaac's sermon that April evening that shook me. Were the Indians really the chosen People of God? Had God indeed given the Indians the Ohioland? I tried to think back over the whole message. Where had Brother Isaac gone wrong?

The message I am referring to took place during the week of Lent. Every evening the flock gathered in the Beautiful Spring¹ Chapel to hear one of the native "helpers" tell stories and preach. Often the line between story telling and preaching blurred pretty badly when these illiterate native orators preached. Brother Isaac's sermon/story that night was a classic example.

I said "the flock gathered" but that misleads. Each evening heathen, seekers, and believers packed the chapel and stood outside to hear the native preachers. Listeners came from Newcomerstown,² the Delaware

¹ The meaning of the German word "Schoenbrunn." Located at New Philadelphia, Ohio.

² Newcomerstown (Gekelemukpechunk) was the Delaware nation capital until a new town was established at Coshocton (Goschocking).

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capital, and Huts of Grace³ and places much farther away. Some stayed with friends or camped near the village throughout the week so they could be present to hear the stories.

That night, 11 April 1775, it was Brother Isaac Glikkikan's turn to preach. Brother Isaac stepped up behind the table on the six-inch-high platform. His stalwart six-foot-six-inch frame imposed his commanding presence on the hearers. Brother Isaac glanced out over more than three hundred upturned faces in the packed chapel. Another hundred or more crowded around outside. A reverent hush awaited his first words.

With his right hand Brother Isaac lifted high a palm-sized copper medallion, and twisted it back and forth that all might see the tortoise inscribed upon it. "Many hundreds of years ago," Glikkikan began, "the Great Spirit appeared to our grandfather Tamemend and gave the Lenni Lenape the Land of the Dawn. For hundreds of years our grandfathers set their wigwams on the favored lands by the River of the Lenape.

"Each day when the sun stalked in over the Great Salt Sea and picked up the darkness and hurled it away, the Great Spirit smiled on the Lenape in the Land of the Dawn. And each day at dawn, the Lenape rose and thanked the Great Spirit for beans and maize and fire and fish and fawn. Our grandfathers dwelt strong, sure, and secure in their homeland."

Glikkikan stepped back and forth across the small platform as he talked. A wide smile played across his face while a ray from the afternoon sun flitted across the moving copper tortoise. Then Isaac's

³ The translation of the German "Gnadenhuetten." Today it is still called Gnadenhuetten, Ohio.

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brow furrowed as he went on. "Trouble came to the Land of the Dawn. The wind whipped up dark clouds that covered the sun. Schwanneks floated great winged canoes into the Lenape Bay where the whales play. Schwanneks brought their guns to the valley where the white-winged swans stay. They begged for only a little land to plant their herbs on and enough land to set their chairs upon.

"Our grandfathers by the Siconece took the Schwanneks by the hand and said, 'Let us dwell together in peace. We will share the Land of the Dawn with you.'

"The Schwanneks did not want to live in peace. They built a fort and pointed their great guns at our grandfathers. They planted their crops in our grandfathers' fields. They set their great dog upon helpless Lenape and laughed. They butchered the whales. They hung a copper sign painted with the arms of Holland between the gate and our grandfathers' wigwams.

"All these acts tortured the soul of Elder Eesanques. He rose in defense of his homeland and ripped the hated copper sign from its post. Bad Dog Hossitt shot Eesanques dead and his blood pooled down over the hated sign.

"This copper tortoise was cut from one corner of that sign by Eesanques' daughter and then passed on to her son Sage Meas. Sage Meas, my father's father, gave it to Owechela, my mother's father, and Owechela entrusted it to me.

"This copper tortoise has been bought with Eesanques' blood and dearly paid for. He shed his blood in defense of a Lenape homeland."

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Preacher Isaac slowly laid the copper medallion on the table before him. His was the confident practiced bearing of a seasoned orator. Not a babe whimpered. Not an eye in the crowded chapel wavered but remained riveted on the great Glikkikan.

This preacher, a former war chief, fluent in five languages—Lenape, Wyandott, Mingo, English, and German—could also understand Cherokee, French, and Shawnee. Today, 11 April 1775, Brother Isaac preached in the Lenape tongue.

Glikkikan knew by heart every word of the treasured wampum belts held by Netawatwees (Newcomer) at Newcomerstown and every word of the treaties the Lenape ever made with the kings of France and England, the governors of the colonies, and the other Indian nations. He knew Lenape history better than most people know the names of their cousins.

Brother Isaac not only knew the treaties and the wampum belts by heart. Although he could not read or write, his trained memory could recite whole passages of Scripture in a way that bound the meaning into one's heart.

Now Brother Isaac held up a gleaming silver medallion and dangled it back and forth that every eye might catch a glimpse of its burnished tortoise. The hush continued.

Brother Isaac bent his powerful frame slightly forward as though he would reach out and touch the heart of everyone present. "This is the Silver Tortoise laid to rest in the cold palm of the great Lenape sachem, Mattahorn," Glikkikan explained. His sonorous voice filled with pride as he quoted a verse of Owechela's ode to Sachem Mattahorn.

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*Owechela sang to me an ode to Mattahorn:
From a mother of the Turtle Clan was he born
To rise and tower o'er Lenape land.
His voice rang out through field and forest
and wafted o'er shining streams and bubbling brooks
The hope and courage of Tamenend.*

Mattahorn carried the Spirit of Tamenend.

*He loved his homeland to him given
By the Spirit in the heaven.
He kept the charge to hold it close
And guard its onward course.*

Mattahorn held his homeland close.

"The mighty Sachem Mattahorn used every wit and weapon to defend the Lenape homeland from the advances of the Schwanneks. Guns, bows, hatchets, and peace pacts were not strong enough to halt the Schwanneks. The Dutch and the Swedes and the English advanced upon the Lenape homeland with rum in the left hand, a rifle in the right hand, small pox under their coat, lies on their tongues, hatred in their hearts, and always a lust for the land in their spirits.

"A great sachem with a sacred tortoise tattooed upon his breast, a silver tortoise hung about his neck, the courage of Tamenend in his spirit, and the homeland in his heart could not stop them with words or weapons. Onward they came. The evil spirit in them was strong.

"The great sachem Mattahorn's days came to an end and our grandfathers laid him to rest with his cold palm still clutching that silver tortoise."

A trace of anger etched Glikkikan's voice as he went on. "A greedy Schwannek defiled Mattahorn's grave and stole the Silver Tortoise. For

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years the whereabouts of the Silver Tortoise remained unknown while the Spirit of Tamenend fell cold and still in the hearts of the Lenape. War, sickness, and rum rotted out the soul of the Lenape in their own homeland.

"Sage Meas desired to use the Silver Tortoise to stir up the flagging Spirit of Tamenend in the hearts of the Lenape. Sage Meas risked all—Cool Water his wife, his papooses, his home, his very life—to recover this Silver Tortoise from Two Tongue Boyer. Two Tongue Boyer paid for his evil deeds with his blood and Sage Meas held this Silver Tortoise in his hand.

"My grandfather, Sage Meas, gave this Silver Tortoise to my other grandfather, Owechela, and Owechela gave it to me. This Silver Tortoise has been bought with blood and dearly paid for."

Preacher Isaac laid the Silver Tortoise on the table. Then he picked up both the Copper Tortoise and the Silver Tortoise and dangled them from his left hand.

Preacher Isaac's sonorous clear voice continued. "When Owechela gave me these two tortoises, he charged me:

Glikkikan, I charge you that you shall always possess the Land of the Lenape in your own spirit, and that you shall always do your best to pass that spirit on to your people. May you forever be true to the charge you bear, a charge passed down to you from the spirits of past sages—Tamenend, Eesanques, Mattahorn, and Meas.

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Glikkikan, never tire in the search for truth. Never trade the truth for wampum. Always hold the truth aloft that your people might share in its goodness.

Glikkikan, you know well the meaning of these two tortoises. They have been bought with blood and dearly paid for. They are priceless to you and to your people.

Glikkikan, I am told that there is yet another chain and medallion, like unto these two, but it is made of pure gold. I have heard that it too has been bought with blood and dearly paid for.

Glikkikan, I have searched for many years to find the gold medallion and have not found it. You must find it.

Glikkikan laid the two tortoise medallions back down on the table. He wiped tears from his eyes as did also most of the Indians in the chapel—Unamis, Unalachtgos, and Monseys of the Delaware nation; Conoy, Mohicans, Nanticokes, and Shawnees, grandchildren of the Delawares; Mingos and Cherokee of the Iroquois people.⁴

"I was alone with Owechela," Glikkikan continued, "when his spirit left the body. But the last thing he whispered to me was, 'Glikkikan, always seek the truth. Hunt for the gold-.'" "

⁴ The Unamis (Turtle Clan), Unalachtgos (Turkey Clan), Monseys (Wolf Clan) were three separate clans of the Delaware Nation. Custom required that mates be chosen from another clan other than one's own, the children always became part of the mother's clan.

The Mohicans, Nanticokes, Shawnees, and Conoy recognized the Delawares as their "grandfather" or the origin of their tribe and associated with the Delawares in a loose confederation.

The Mingoes and Cherokee were independent offshoots of the Mengwe (Iroquois).

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Glikkikan cleared his throat and wiped his eyes before going on in a husky voice, "For fifty winters, I have always been true to the charge Owechela gave me.

"I have sought for the gold medallion.

"I have sought to know the truth.

"I have sought to keep a homeland for my people."

Fresh tears flowed. Brother Isaac waited. Almost every Indian present was a refugee that had come to the Ohioland in their own lifetime. They remembered their homelands well.

Preacher Isaac lifted up a gold medallion. A raised cross stood out over the shell of the tortoise. The cross glimmered in the soft light of the chapel. Brother Isaac's voice softened. "At long last I have found the gold medallion of which Owechela spoke. This gold medallion, like the copper and the silver medallions, has been bought with blood and dearly paid for. It has been bought with the innocent blood of the Lenape princess Tender Vine and her brother Tashocam. The gold medallion has been dearly paid for with the shedding of blood.

"But I must tell you it is not the blood of two evil Dutchmen of which the gold medallion speaks. It is not Tender Vine's blood that saves the Lenape from the vines of sin that destroy us. It is not Tashocam's blood that saves us from the wolves of guilt and gives us peace.

"It is the shed blood of the very Son of God that bought this medallion and reached out to save every Lenape; not only the Turtle clan, but also the Turkey and the Wolf clan and those of every Indian nation.

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"Hear then my people, the shining gold of peace has been bought with the blood of the Saviour and dearly paid for. The Scripture says,

Christ carried the burden of our sins. He was nailed to the cross, so that we would stop sinning and start living right. By his cuts and bruises you are healed.

"In another place the Scripture says,

And God was pleased for Jesus to make peace by sacrificing his blood on the cross, so that all people in heaven and on earth would be brought back to God.

"Dear ones, Jesus died on a cross. I can see the warriors driving the nails through the flesh and bones of his hands and the flesh and bones of his feet." Preacher Isaac choked. "I feel the pain shouting from every wound like a pulsing headache, while the weight of the whole body crunches downward upon those screaming wounds. And the Savior was left hanging there; whipped, worn, and wearing a crown of thorns."

Tears stained Preacher Isaac's face. Sobbing broke the stillness throughout the chapel. He went on. "The agony of the Savior's death goes beyond the torture of the cross. He bore the burden of our sins and it broke his heart. The Savior endured this cross for you and for me. The Scripture says that by his screaming wounds you are healed.

"Indians admire those who bear any torture inflicted on them without crying out or begging for mercy. Jesus, the Savior, endured the hanging tree and the blood flowing from his wounds without one cry for mercy or word of complaint.

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"The Holy Book says Jesus died so that all people in heaven and on earth would be brought back to God. That certainly includes the brown-skinned brethren and sisters here today as well as our white-skinned teachers. The Savior died for all Indians and all white men too.

"Today, I joyfully tell you, I have found the gold medallion Owechela heard about. The cross over the tortoise points the Delawares to Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Savior of all the Indians. In Him we find forgiveness for our sins. In Him we find peace." A cry of "*Kehelle*"⁵ rang through the sobbing crowd.

Brother Isaac laid the gold cross back on the table. Then he pushed on to his second word.

"As Owechela taught me, I have sought to know the truth.

"This has been a difficult path to follow. In life the signs are often along the trail—a bent twig, a crushed leaf, a stain, a wisp of smoke, an imprint—but the quarry eludes our grasp.

"If in the fog of life we do close in and clasp the truth to our bosom, so often it slithers from our grasp and we find ourselves holding to a mere shadow of the truth, only a phantom. What we thought was true turned out not to be true, or alas, only partly true.

"Under the tomfoolery of heathen preachers I used to pray to the *We-ko-LIS*.⁶" Brother Isaac whistled the call of the *Wekolis* twice and rolled his eyes upward, mocking his own stupidity. A ripple of laughter passed through the crowd.

⁵ A Lenape shout of approval.

⁶ The Lenape name for the Whippoorwill and its call.

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Brother Isaac continued. "I used to pray to serpents, those slithering beady-eyed personifications of evil. I used to worship THEM." Brother Isaac wiggled his index finger back and forth while he stepped to one side and looked under the table. Then he recoiled in mock horror. The men tittered and the women gasped.

Brother Isaac held a warning finger to his lips and concluded his thought, "Even though I was sincere in my heart, my belief did not make the *We-ko-LIS*. or the serpent a god. Neither the beast nor the bird could hinder or help me. They were not gods. Satan had deceived me. My heart was bound by Satan."

Brother Isaac made a fist of his right hand and clasped his left hand around his right wrist. He tensed himself, and stood rigid and erect. His eyes dilated. His body trembled. Then through clenched teeth he spit out. "Even though we seek for truth, we can be tied up with vines—guilt, shame, hate, lies, lust—and lie bound and helpless in the grasp of that old serpent, the devil. But the Savior can cut those cords of sin that bind us and HE can set us free, as He did me."

Brother Isaac paused. Suddenly, he tore his imaginary bonds loose and swung his arms outward. He leaned forward and a gentle smile replaced the former captive's fright and the horror that had been written upon his face. Once more his soothing voice drew the crowd to him. "Jesus said, 'If you obey me, you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free.'"

Then Preacher Isaac shouted, "Brothers and sisters, fellow Lenape, white teachers, heathen Indians, and all who hear me this day; Thank God, we can know the truth!"

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From the men, seated on the side of the chapel to the preacher's right, a loud chorus of "*Kehelle! Kehelle!*" voiced the approval of the crowd. The preacher waited till the voices quieted and the crowd relaxed before he went on.

"Owechela also charged me to keep a homeland for my people. Ever since the day Owechela died, when I realized that I possessed the homeland in my heart, I have strained every muscle to keep a homeland for my people." Here Glikkikan raised his fists upward and tensed his arm muscles. It was as though the awesome war chief he once had been stood before the crowd. A murmur rippled through the silent crowd.

"In my tender years the Schwanneks used every evil listed in God's holy book—bribery, deceit, lust, lying, murder, selfishness, and hate—to tear the sacred homeland along the River of the Lenape away from us; a land given us fives of hundreds of years before by the Great Spirit. With my youthful eyes," Glikkikan paused and cast his eyes back and forth across the crowd as he slowly continued, "I saw the Land of the Lenape stolen from us and the Lenape driven westward like fallen leaves before a storm.

"The Schwanneks hired Cannasatego, that Mengwe snake, to grab Chief Nutimus by the hair and throw him westward to Wyoming.⁷

"At Wyoming, Teedyuscung, the self-proclaimed King of the Delawares, pled for a reserved homeland for the Lenape in exchange for peace. In return, the Yankwis burned his house down upon him and fired all the cabins in his village. Teedyuscung lost his life trying to preserve a homeland for the Lenape.

⁷ The site of Wyoming is today Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania.

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"But Teedyuscung died in vain.

"The Delawares—indeed all Indians—could find no place to lie down upon or a hot coal to cook over. Like a roaring forest fire driven by an east wind, the settlers chased the Indians across the Allegéwi Mountains until there were none left; some built their fires along the Allegéwi rivers and valleys and others moved still further west into the Ohioland.

"I was among those who sought refuge with Chief Packanke at Kaskaskunk on the Big Beaver. But the mighty fire followed us. Shingas the Terrible, Captain Jacobs, Captain White Eye, and I, the Mighty Glikkikan—reached out our arms and struck frightful blows against the white invaders.

"I fought the Schwaneks with their own weapons of trickery, deceit, murder, and lies, "here Brother Isaac choked up and he whispered, "even to the slaying of an innocent papoose. We slew the settlers with the tomahawk and scalping knife and rifle. We burned their houses and fields and stores with fire. We struck terror in their hearts.

"And what was the result? Hate girdled the forest trees, climbed the mountains, rushed down the rivers, poured from the clouds; thorns of hate sprang up in every open field.

"There was no peace, neither in the land nor in my heart.

"The English promised the Indians that never again would settlers cross the Allegéwi Mountains if the Indians would only stop fighting. But the English lied.

"No sooner had the French and the Indians stopped fighting than the English again built forts, and the settlers swarmed across the

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Allegéwis like the plague of locusts God sent through Egypt. Whatever land the settlers wanted, they took.

"The Tawa Chief Pontiac rallied the Indians and attempted to destroy the forts and drive the white man back across the Allegéwi Mountains. We destroyed many of the white man's forts, and I came within two blows of capturing Fort Pitt itself. But the white man was too strong, his venom too poisonous. The Indians could not stop the taking of their lands by war. The enemy was too powerful, and ... too vicious.

"In spite of the destruction of the Schwanneks and the terror we inflicted on them, there was still no peace, neither in the land nor in my heart.

"Beloved, I must tell you that I have spent much of my life fighting to save a homeland for the Lenape people." Glikkikan stalked back and forth across the platform. He let out a blood-curdling war whoop⁸ and then flung an imaginary tomahawk at his enemy. The audience heard a dull thud as Glikkikan stamped his moccasined foot on the hollow platform while at the same time giving off an ear piercing scream. Every body in the chapel jumped. A papoose cried out.

"I killed. I burned. I hated. The more I killed and burned, the more the enemy hated me. The more I scalped and tortured, the more the enemy vowed to avenge themselves. As Ever-Be-Joyful told our fathers long ago, 'Cold blood brings forth hot blood.'

"There was still no peace, neither in the land nor in my heart."

⁸ The scalp yell consists of the sounds *aw* and *oh* uttered in rapid succession with the *oh* being an octave higher than the *aw* and the *oh* being held as long as the breath lasts.

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Glikkikan dangled his two hands in front of his chest as though they dripped blood. "And I say," he continued in a choking voice, "'There is no victory in killing.' The gun and the tomahawk and the scalping knife do not bring forth peace and comfort and love and joy. They bring forth only bitterness and poverty and hate and guilt and grief and death."

Isaac lowered his blood-stained hands and then again raised an imaginary tomahawk before the crowd. "All my straining to preserve a homeland with the weapons of war has been a futile effort. All my straining has been as hopeless as a turtle pulling against a horse. All my straining has been as worthless as an arrow piercing a cannon. For the enemy is not the Virginian or the Shawnee or the English or the French, but Satan himself.

"We fight with Satan, the ruler of this world. Satan is the father of lies. Satan laughs with glee when men hate and kill and steal from one another. Against such a powerful foe as Satan, the King of Evil Spirits; tomahawks, knives, and guns, are useless. These weapons can never change men's hearts, but only damn those who use them to share with Satan the fire that never goes out.

"We, the Christian Indians, no longer fight our battles with the weapons of this world—tomahawks, knives, and guns. Instead we capture people's thoughts and make them obey Christ. By God's power we change men's hearts."

Brother Isaac laid his right hand flat across his chest and pointed upward with his left hand as he continued, "God's Holy Book tells us we must use God's power to destroy Satan's stronghold in the hearts of

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men." Brother Isaac touched his head with the spread tips of his right hand fingers. "We must capture people's thoughts and make them obey Christ.

"When I first heard Brother Anthony proclaim the Savior at Lawunakhanek,⁹ I knew he proclaimed the truth and my mouth was stopped. After that I only wanted to come to the Savior and live with the Praying Indians. I bowed my heart to the Savior and he cleansed me of every kind of evil—hate, murder, evil speaking, lies.

"Now there is peace in my heart and peace in the land. What I could not do using the weapons of this world, God has done by changing men's hearts. *God has given me a home among His chosen people in the Ohioland.*

"As Ruth said to Naomi, 'I will live where you live; your people will be my people, your God will be my God.' And like Ruth of old who gave up the wicked world around her to live in the promised land with the people of God, we have received far more from the hand of God than we ever gave up.

"Look about you. The villages of the Praying Indians—Beautiful Spring and Huts of Grace—rest in plenty. Our cabins are tight and comfortable. Hundreds of cattle and horses graze in the fields. Hogs fatten in the woods. Fowl of every kind surround us. Our fenced fields of maize, beans, and squash, cover hundreds of acres. Our skilled craftsmen produce tools and products equal to the best found in the settlements of the white men. We have enough food and goods so we can trade for supplies and wares we cannot make.

⁹ A Moravian mission on the Allegheny River near present day Franklin, Pennsylvania.

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"Our men do not race on the warpath or guzzle rum as the wild Indians do; our men use their strength to care for the flocks and fields and our wives and children.

"The peals of the chapel bells call each village to daily prayer and song. We share the same Watchword for the day as do all the Moravian chapels throughout the world. We sing together in four-part harmony, a beautiful example of working together in love. Brother Zeisberger has reduced the Lenape tongue to paper and ink. Brother Heckewelder teaches our children in the schools.

"The Ohioland is a good land and full of the glory of the Lord. God is pleased that the Christian Indians dwell in these villages and has made us a light and a witness to all the Indian Nations of the Ohioland—the Lenape, Shawnee, Tawa, Wyandot, and Mingo—and seekers are drawn to us like honey bees to sweet blossoms.

"God has overpowered Satan and relieved us of the many attacks by the heathen against the Christians. You yourselves heard from the lips of Chief Newcomer and Chief White Eye the edict of The Grand Council of the Delawares at Newcomer's Town:

- Liberty is given to the Christian religion, which the Council advises the entire nation to adopt.
- The Christian Indians and their teachers are on an absolute equality with other Delawares, all of them constituting one people.
- The national territory is alike the property of the Christian Indians and of the native Delawares.

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"This is a new day among us when the enemies of the Gospel are thus restrained and Christians are held up as a fragrant crown of evergreens. Chief Newcomer himself declared that in only five or six years all the Delawares will be Christians. And to Chief Packanke, the head of the Wolf Clan, Chief Newcomer, the head of the Turtle Clan sent this message:

You and I are both old. How long we may live we know not. Let us do a good work before we die. Let us accept the Word of God, and leave it to our children, as our last will and testament.

"Such praise from the lips of head chiefs who at one time tried to subvert our teachers and destroy our villages can be none other than the hand of God working among us. For the Good Book says, 'When a man's ways please the Lord, he makes even his enemies to be at peace with him.'

"For three years, we, the Christian Indians have perched in these two villages as a bird on a bough with no certain or lasting home. Now the matter is settled.¹⁰

"Only four days ago Brother Wilhelm and I carried wampum belts to the Delaware Council at Coshocton. I presented a string of wampum and a belt in gratitude for the acceptance of the Christian Indians as part of the Delaware Nation.

¹⁰ The grant of land to the Christian Indians had never been formally adopted by the Delaware Council, partly because the grant of land to the Delawares by the Wyandots had not been secured by formal treaty.

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"I also presented one belt from Huts of Grace and one from Beautiful Spring¹¹ as our quota of belts the Delaware Nation gathers to send to the Wyandots. This long overdue message acknowledges the land the Wyandots ceded to the Delawares and recognizes that the Christian villages now have an accepted place in a new Delaware homeland.¹²

"God is at work.

"In addition to granting his people a secure dwelling among the Indian nations, God is also at work to keep the Schwaneks from again raiding our land and driving us away. Governor Don Moore of Virginia has agreed to accompany Captain White Eye to England where he will ask the King of England to give the Ohioland as a permanent home to the Indians. God can bend even the heart of the King to favor this request. Let us pray that God will do so.

I lowered my eyes from the hypnotic gaze of preacher Isaac and looked down at my paper. The Indians as God's chosen people? The Ohioland reserved by God for the Indians? I had to instruct Brother Isaac a bit.

Brother Isaac glanced at me and I knew he saw my discomfort—he always noted every bent blade of grass—before his enchanting voice continued. "Now I want to remind you that when Moses got ready to

¹¹ These specially made belts followed the Indian custom, but were distinctive in design in that they carried no figures embroidered into the beadwork. A simple line traversed the belt from end to end with a cross at the one end. All Indians would recognize that these plain belts came from the Christian Indians and identified them as part of the Delaware Nation. Each belt was eighty-six centimeters or thirty-four inches long and proportional in width.

¹² According to Ettwein's 1772 journal, Glikkikan declared the boundaries of the Wyandot Nation to the Delawares. These boundaries encompassed half of the present State of Ohio and a part of Western Pennsylvania. The portion of that grant belonging to the Christian Indians was defined as "the land on the Muskingum River from its mouth up to Cayahaga."

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leave the children of Israel, he warned them that when they sat fat and full before their own fires in the land of promise, they must not forget God. They must remember his commandments and obey him. We dare do no less in the Ohioland.

"Fellow travelers, I would keep the charge laid on me by Owechela."

"Always remember the cross on the gold medallion and seek the Savior.

"Always seek the truth. The truth will set you free.

"Always obey God in the homeland He has given you."

Great cries of "Kehelle! Kehelle!" again raced through the crowd. Brother Isaac started a hymn and the crowd joined in. I loved to hear the Indians sing even though I myself could not sing. Somehow their singing touched my soul and brought tears to my eyes.

When the singing ended, Brother Isaac took his seat on one of the two chairs behind the table and Brother David Zeisberger rose to stand behind the table. Brother David added this to the sermon, "I have received a message that the clouds of war again darken the eastern sky. We must continue to be known as a people of peace who point men to the Savior. As Brother Isaac told us, 'We must fight our battles with the blood of the cross and not with the bloody earthly weapons of this world.'"

Brother Zeisberger asked the congregation to stand for prayer. He lifted his arms over the people as he recited:

I pray that you will be blessed
with kindness and peace from God,
who is and was and is coming.

May you receive kindness and peace

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from the seven spirits

before the throne of God.

May kindness and peace be yours

from Jesus Christ the faithful witness.

To him be glory and power forever and ever!

Amen.

Brother Zeisberger dismissed the people with a simple, "Go in peace."

After the service ended, Brother Isaac invited me to visit God's Acre with him. We, the tall one and the small one, walked quietly in the moonlight the short distance from the chapel to the cemetery. Isaac sat down by his niece's grave and I sat facing him across the fresh dirt. On 14 March, less than a month ago, we had laid Marie Magdalene to rest and just five days later on 19 March we buried her newborn daughter, Gertraud. Somehow it didn't seem right to blurt out what was troubling me, so we just sat there in silence. I waited for Isaac to speak first.

"I was thinking about my niece," he began. "For years she felt a yearning in her heart to give herself to the Savior. She always wanted to do it, but she could not commit to doing this.

"We had to send her away a number of times, but this winter she returned sickly. After she gave birth to a baby girl, she suddenly got worse and told me that she would probably not live much longer.

"She sought forgiveness for her sins, and throughout the night she prayed repeatedly, 'Dear Savior, have mercy on me! Come and wash me of

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my sins with your blood. Then I will go to you gladly and joyfully.' And to me she pleaded, 'Please baptize me while I am still in my right mind.'

"Brother David baptized her early the next morning, Marie Magdalene. Marie died early the next day with a sweeter look on her face than I had ever seen on her before."

Tears wet the cheeks of Brother Isaac and I reached out and took his hands in mine. I prayed and thanked God for the Savior in whom Marie Magdalene had found forgiveness and peace, and I asked that all of us might experience eternal fellowship with her and the other departed saints.

By now the spring chill on the night air had set in and the large moon would soon fall below the western horizon.¹³ I invited Brother Isaac to return with me to the chapel where we could again have some candle light and perhaps a small fire to warm by. He agreed and we walked silently the short distance back to the chapel.

While Brother Isaac got a small blaze going in the fireplace, I seated myself at the table and lit a candle. Then I laid out some of my precious paper—paper was not always easy to come by—and held my quill in readiness. Brother Isaac, eyed me uneasily. "Why are you writing tonight?" he asked.

"In 1762 when you and I were together at Post's cabin on the Muskingum," I replied, "you told me many stories about your people. Many of the ideas in your fantastic stories were strange to me 13 years

¹³ Full moon fell on Saturday, 15 April 1775, called Great Sabbath because Easter Sunday came the next morning.

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ago when I wrote them down. Since then I have shared those journals with a few leaders of the Unity, Israel Pemberton of the Quakers, and some Pennsylvania officials like Ben Franklin. Those who read your stories want more. They want to hear more of your inside historical accounts as seen through Indian eyes. Will you do it for me?"

"Brother John, you know I love to tell stories to those who want to know the truth. But how will I know if you will write on the paper exactly what I tell you and not just what you want to put down? Sometimes you do not like what I say, as it was tonight when I said, 'God gave the Indians the Ohioland.' Brother John, what will you write down then?"

I stared at my paper and did not answer his question immediately. "Brother Isaac, I admit that I did want to ask you, 'Why do you think that God gave the Indians the Ohioland?'"

Glikkikan pondered the question and then bounced one back to me. "Why do you think the white people should steal the Ohioland from the Indians?"

"Brother Isaac," I answered and I suppose my tone was a bit condescending, "Let us not call it stealing. The Christians want to share the land with the Indians. The Indians claim all this fine land in Ohio, but they use only a small portion of it. You have already seen right at Beautiful Spring and Huts of Grace how much better off the Indians are when they adapt to the civilized way of life instead of following the ways of the wild Indians.

"Brother Isaac," I continued, "I have seen the thousands and thousands of people bursting upon the shores of Philadelphia and

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infusing the land with their vigor and their faith. They sow, they reap, they build cabins and cities, they teach and toil, they worship. They multiply cattle and children. Like a great wave of the sea the powerful energy within this people forces it ever westward into the Ohioland and beyond. It is the will of God."

Isaac Glikkikan waited to make sure I was finished. When he spoke I would have to describe the tone of his retort as hanging somewhere between disdain and scorn. "Heckewelder, you say the Schwanneks do not steal the land from the Indians. You say the Schwanneks use the land better than the Indians. You say that it is the will of God for the Schwanneks to take the Ohioland from the Indians.

"Brother John, do you really believe God is the blacksmith of evil? Do you really believe God forges lying, theft, and murder into glittering jewels of good that He then uses to destroy the Indians, *the Canaanites!*"—Glikkikan spat it out and we both knew why he said it. "Brother John, do you really believe God wants to give the Ohioland to his chosen people, the unrighteous English?"

I wasn't ready to give up on my belief that the English were a favored people of God, maybe the Germans too. It seemed pretty obvious to me that our civilization was superior to that of the illiterate Indians. So I said as much. "The ability to read and write allows the white man to accumulate knowledge and wealth and power and to build superior systems of government. Whites can pass on their learning from one generation to another." As an aside, I added, "England is the most powerful nation on earth."

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Brother Isaac seemed impressed by my answer. He patiently mulled over my defense of my superior race. "Yes," he conceded as he threw both of his giant hands, palms up, out in front of him, stuck his lower lip over his upper lip, and wrinkled up his brow, "In some ways the English are superior to the Indians, they have cannons and rum and a King—. The King," he repeated, reminds me of something I have always wondered about. Why do soldiers leave their homeland and cross land and sea to fight and die for the English King ... or the French King? Do soldiers do this for money or land or ... or for what?"

"Brother Isaac," I responded. "If you cannot read and do not have the benefit of some additional training, I do not think you can understand some of these things. No one can know the mind of God. God raises up whom he will in the kingdoms of men and we are subject to those rulers. Otherwise we are fighting against God."

"Brother John, I do understand these things," he said—that's the way Brother Isaac always was, blunt and direct. He rose to his feet. The savage orator, Glikkikan towered over me. His black dangerous eyes caught the firelight. Gone was the mellow voice of the preacher. I felt a trace of fear.

"Heckewelder, I came to the Moravians because I sought the truth. What they taught me of the Savior was the truth. But what you tell me now is a cartload of lies. If you want to know the truth, I will instruct you. If you do not want to know the truth, you are no better in God's sight than the heathen savages you condemn.

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"You think that the Schwanneks are noble Christians and the Indians are heathen savages worthy of destruction. I will explain to you by repeating the words of the Shawnee Chief, Hard Man.¹⁴

The whites tell us of their enlightened understanding, and the wisdom they have from Heaven; at the same time, they cheat us to their hearts' content. For we are as fools in their eyes, and they say among themselves, "The Indians know nothing! The Indians understand nothing!"

Because they are cunning enough to detect the weak points of our character, they think they can lead us as they will, and deceive us as they please, even while they pretend to seek our good.

See them coming into our town with their rum! See them offering it to us with persuasive kindness! Hear them cry, "Drink! Drink!"

And when we have drunk, and act like crazed beasts, behold these good whites, these men of a benevolent race, stand by and point at us with their fingers, and laugh among themselves and say, "Oh, what fools! What great fools the Shawanese are!"

But who makes them fools? Who is the cause of their madness? It is men like you that are the cause of our being fools and of our madness.

But they always tell us "good words;" they always "love" us and want "to save our souls." "Behold," they say, "thus and so has God

¹⁴ Gischenatsi known as "Hard Man" because of his intractable position with the Whites. This speech given to Zeisberger and Glikkikan while on a mission trip to the Shawnees (17 October 1773). -- De Schweinitz, *The Life and Times of David Zeisberger*, p.291.

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taught us; He has given us knowledge; we are wiser than you; we must instruct you."

Oh, certainly, they are wiser than we!—wiser in teaching men to get drunk; wiser in overreaching men; wiser in swindling men out of their land; wiser in defrauding them of all they possess!

"Heckewelder, the words of Hard Man ring true. The Schwanneks defraud and steal from the Indians ... many, many times. Does it make it right to steal because they are Schwanneks? Does it make it right to steal from the Indians if they are drunk?

"And why does Brother Zeisberger tell us to take the rum from those who bring it to our village and then return it to them when they leave? You know those who bring rum here will use it to destroy the Indians. Why do we not destroy the rum if anyone is bold enough to bring it to our villages? Are we not helping the Schwanneks to cheat and demoralize the Indians? Is that not like giving a hatchet to those on the warpath?

"Ah, yes. You say the whites use the land more wisely than the Indians. Let me tell you how the Schwanneks use the Indian lands. Even now they come down the Ohio River like locusts. Where they stop they chop down the trees; wherever they turn they shoot buffalo and elk by the hundreds for only a taste of liver or tongue and leave the rest to waste. Their horses and cattle consume the lush pastures until there is nothing left for the wild herds. God is not pleased with such destruction and waste.

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"You say it is the will of God that the Schwanneks take the Ohioland as their land. Perhaps God sleeps and he does not keep watch over the buffalo and the elk. Maybe God is pleased when the Schwanneks shoot the Indians as sport, like killing soulless vermin. If that be true—

"Then God does not care that Captain Nicholas Wetterhold and his soldiers murdered peaceful Zachary and his family that slept under their protection.

"Then God does not care that all the Christian Indians from Nain and Wechquetank were driven from their homes and their possessions and their lands while they fled to an island in Philadelphia.

"Then God does not care that Matthew Smith and his Paxton Boys murdered six Conestoga Indians and then returned 13 days later to bash in the brains of 14 more in the Lancaster jail where they were housed for "protection."

"Then God does not care that Muga and Apetotha were shot down and scalped while holding their right hands up in the sign of peace.

"Then God does not care that Michael Cresap and his party shot and scalped Compass and Shemadota while they were traveling down the Ohio with the traders Andersen and Stevens. Then God does not care that Cresap's gang stole Andersen's and Steven's goods.

"Then God does not care that Jacob Greathouse and thirty men murdered the Mingo Chief Logan's brother Taylaynee and his friends, butchered his wife Mellana and his sister Koonay, and cut the unborn baby from

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her womb and scalped it. And Chief Logan had never raised his hand against a White man.¹⁵

"Then God does not care that Jack Ryan shot, scalped, and robbed the harmless old Delaware chief Bald Eagle while sitting peacefully on his own cabin porch.

"Then God does not care that Sam Meason publicly, right in front of Fort Pitt, shot the Wyandot messenger while he carried a string of wampum and held his right hand up in the sign of peace. Maybe God did not even see those white men who broke into the guardhouse unhindered and set Meason free.

"Then God does not care that the mob attacked the Shawnee peace delegation right outside of Fort Pitt and stabbed Silver Heels.

"If it be the will of God for white men to murder the Indians and steal their land, then God does not care about justice and right and wrong.

"And it seems that God does not care, for none of these murderers were ever punished by the whites. Instead these murderers joined a bloodthirsty 3000 man army of Virginians and invaded the Ohioland to 'make peace.' Camped on the very doorstep of the Shawnees, the Virginians threatened to put out the Shawnee fires forever.

Glikkikan paced back and forth before the fire while the flickering light cast huge distorted shadows on the chapel walls, roof beams, and ceiling. Briefly he paced over to the painting of the suffering savior on the cross and then returned to his vigil by the fire.

¹⁵ Talgayeeta, known by the whites as Chief Logan, had always remained neutral in former wars and did not even believe Blue Jacket when he warned him of a coming attack on his village. See: Allan Eckert, *That Dark and Bloody River*, 30 April 1774, p.55.

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Brother Isaac's unrest was not like him. Brother Isaac's face twisted in anguish and his face muscles twitched uncontrollably. Furrows creased his brow. I watched Brother Isaac's fearsome ghostly shadows as the giant stalked back and forth. "And now, Brother John, you tell me that the English are a superior civilization and that it is inevitable that the Indians will be driven from the Ohioland because it is the will of God."

Chief Glikkikan stopped his pacing and glared at me. "Brother John if you believe such lies, what will you write down?" Somehow the room became stifling hot and I wanted to fling the door open and run out into the chilling air. Terror kept me helplessly bound to my chair.

As Glikkikan paced back and forth he began talking to himself somewhat like steam rising from a boiling kettle.

"Who drove the Lenape from the Siconece? Was it the Dutch, the Marylanders, the Virginians or the English?¹⁶

"Who drove the Lenape from Passayunk, Shackamaxon, Matennecunk Island, Neshaminy Creek, and Brandywine Creek? Could it have been the Great Miquon who sealed their fate? Or was it the peace-loving Quakels who came to Lenape Land? Or might it have been more sinister folks like Governor Andros, Commander Carr, Ruby Throat Alricks, and other officials who commanded servants and soldiers and settlers to punish the savages? Or was it the settlers who bought the lands and the soldiers who pulled the triggers?

"Who stole the Minisinks lands from Nutimus and Teedyuscung? Was it Bad Heart Penn or was it Brother Onas or was it the Mengwe? Or was it

¹⁶ See Volume II of The Conquest Series, *The Homeland in My Heart*, for these accounts.

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the sheriff, the runners, the surveyors and the settlers who flooded in to "buy" the stolen land from Bad Heart Penn?¹⁷

"Who "sold" all the Lenape lands east of the Allegheny Mountains—huge chunks of land the Mengwe never lived on or owned? Was it the Mengwe? Who paid the Mengwe for selling the land they didn't own? Could it have been Pennsylvania and Virginia and Maryland?

"Who built forts and sent huge armies into Indian lands west of the Alleghenies? Was it not both the British and the French? Did English and French soldiers care about Indian lands? Or was it the traders and imagined honor they fought and died for? Was it not the Quakels of Pennsylvania who helped supply the armies and the Mennonites who furnished the oxen and the carts and the drivers to drag the supplies across the mountains to support the army? Did not the Long Knives¹⁸ send soldiers to join in the bloody fray?

"Who fights now for the Ohioland? Is it the English or the Continentals who have thrust their quarrel into Indian lands? Do these nations send soldiers to Fort Pitt and Fort Detroit to save the Ohioland for the Indians?

"Who forces the Indians to join in the fight and withholds needed supplies from our wives and children?

"Who threatens to slay Indian wives and children and scalp their warriors if the Chiefs do not call them 'Father' and pick up the hatchet at their bidding?

¹⁷ The details of this fraud known as The Walking Purchase are given in Volume III of the Conquest Series, *Tomahawks to Peace*.

¹⁸ The early name given to the Virginians because of their swords.

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"Who can stop the terror and the war if those who love peace, pay the taxes, support the armies, and pray for victory in battle?

"Who can stop the war if those who love peace fail to condemn its hideous evils?

"Who can stop the war if God's children bend and bow to evil when the tempest sweeps down upon them?"

Isaac left the end of the chapel and made his way to my seat at the table. He pointed his finger accusingly at me as he towered above me and demanded—no, perhaps he begged—"Who, Brother John? Who took our homeland?" Tears moistened the great chief's eyes as he asked, "Was it the Dutch, the Swedes, the English, the French? No?

"Was it the Yorkers, the New Englanders, the Virginians, the Marylanders, the Pennsylvanians, the Mengwe? No?

"Was it Turn Coat Minuit, Fat Pig Hinoyossa, Great Heron Baltimore, Brother Miquon, Black Heart Penn, King Charles I or II, King James I or II, King George I, II, or III who took our lands and drove the Lenape westward to the Ohioland? No?"

I couldn't help smiling at Brother Isaac's dig at the pretense of the claims of the English kings to Lenape lands. Isaac Glikkikan, ever the consummate orator, smiled too. Chief Glikkikan held out both hands, palms up, and shrugged. He had known the next line when he started his tear jerker.

"Who?, Brother John, is fighting for the Ohioland now, the British or the Continentals? What will you write down?"

I dropped my eyes and fidgeted with my quill and paper. I knew the truth and I knew that Chief Isaac Glikkikan knew the truth. Both the

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British and the Continentals wanted the Ohioland. So why was Brother Isaac harassing me with this "who?" question. A smidgen of guilt gnawed at my soul. Could Brother Isaac be accusing me of having a part in the taking of the Delaware homelands?

Brother Isaac stood before me with his hands outstretched and that hopeless questioning look on his face?

"Who?" he asked insistently. "Brother John, who took our lands? What will you write on your papers?"

I rolled and tossed fitfully on my straw mat supported by strings stretched across the narrow bed frame. The straw had worked itself to the edges of the case, and whichever way I turned, sagging strings dumped me into a hole in the middle. But the bed wasn't the problem.

Huge shadows stalked back and forth across my room and then merged into the tear strewn face of Glikkikan with his arms outstretched and I heard him asking, "Who?" The chapel bell tolled incessantly.

First I saw Glikkikan standing on the bank of the Delaware River at Shackamaxon with the Lenape scattered over the Land of the Dawn. Oracle Tamenend smiled down upon them from the clouds.

Then in the Land of the Dawn, I heard the ring of axes, the singing and sighing of women and children, the lowing of cattle, the shouts and cries of men in battle, the firing of cannons and guns. I noticed that each time the chapel bell tolled some Lenape fell. They disappeared underground. Some Lenape turned and ran toward the west. As the bell

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kept on tolling, the Lenape in the Land of the Dawn became fewer and fewer until all were gone.

Next I saw Glikkikan standing on the bank of the Susquehanna River in the Wyoming Valley¹⁹ and asking, "Who?" The same thing happened there; the axes rang, the women and children sang, the cattle lowed, the guns cracked. The bell kept on tolling. The Lenape fell and fled until none remained.

Again I saw Chief Glikkikan pleading "Who?" as he stood first on the bank of the Allegheny River at French Creek²⁰ and then on the bank of the Big Beaver at Kuskusky.²¹ Again the axes rang, women and children sang, the cattle lowed, and the guns cracked. The bell kept on tolling. At each place the Lenape fell and fled until none remained.

Then I saw Preacher Isaac Glikkikan standing on the bank of the Muskingum River at Beautiful Spring and crying "Who?" Hundreds of cattle lowed and the ears of corn stood fat and full. The guns cracked and the singers disappeared. At last Preacher Isaac vanished. The bell kept on tolling. And then out of the darkness echoed the haunting voice of Preacher Isaac Glikkikan, "Brother John, what will you write?"

The smidgen of guilt ignited and flared into a roaring flame that engulfed me. I tried to run. I could not move. I gasped for air. I screamed.

Then I awoke. The peals of the chapel bell called the village to the morning worship service. I arose, piled on all the coats and covers I

¹⁹ Present day Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

²⁰ Present day Franklin, Pennsylvania.

²¹ Present day New Castle, Pennsylvania.

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could find and climbed back into bed. Already the chills were setting in, and, bad as I needed the prayers, I would have to miss chapel today.

Brother Isaac stopped by after the chapel service to check on me. He briefly laid his hand on my fevered brow and then departed. He soon returned with a small tin of powder. Brother Isaac stirred the powder into a mug of warm water and then helped me sit on the edge of my cot while he poured the horrid concoction down my throat. Almost immediately I began violent vomiting into the pail he held in front of me. The wretching continued for a time after the last dregs of my stomach had emerged. Then I laid back down on the cot completely exhausted.

Brother Isaac left me rest in peace for maybe an hour. Then he returned and helped me to the sweat lodge dug into the side of the hill next to the lagoon. At the sweat lodge the brother in charge of the men's lodge for the day filled my little kettle with a potion from his large kettle cooking over the same fire he used to heat the turnip sized stones for the oven. I drank my potion which at the same time serves as a medication, promotes a profuse perspiration, and quenches thirst. Then I crawled through the door into the oven and squatted around the hot rocks in the center. Once during my treatment they sprinkled water on the rocks to induce steam and thus raised the temperature in the oven. When my sweat ceased to flow, maybe fifteen or twenty minutes, I crawled out the door. Isaac waited there with two

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blankets to wrap around me and then steadied me as I returned to my small cabin and cot.

"Agnes is preparing the morning porridge and wheat cakes," Brother Isaac informed me. "Would you like some served with honey or maple syrup along with fresh milk?"

"That sounds good to me," I answered.

In another half hour or so Brother Isaac returned with a small bowl of porridge, a single wheat cake ladled with maple syrup, and a cup of fresh warm milk. After eating every bit of the proffered food, I felt better and thanked Isaac profusely.

"Brother John," he said, "I have something I want you to think about while you are resting. Your candle is much longer than mine. You should learn the stories of my people, the Delawares, so that when my candle goes out, you can pass the stories on to others.

"When the Lenape train orators—if you write my stories down, you will be a kind of orator—it is very important that the stories are memorized exactly as they are told; that prevents the message from being corrupted as it passes from one storyteller to the next. If I tell you these stories, how will I know you will not corrupt them? Brother John, think upon this question?"

"Brother Isaac," I said, "I have thought about it. In a vision last night, God showed me that I must record the stories of the conquest of your people with pen and ink. If I am faithful in writing what you tell me, then you will be the last orator needed. Your stories will be passed on for hundreds of years exactly as you told them to me.

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I took both of his giant hands and held them in my small ones. I looked him straight in the eyes. "Brother Isaac, I am ready to make you a promise. I, John Ernestus Gottlieb Heckewelder, 32 years of age and an unmarried scribe devoted to the service of the Savior, do solemnly affirm that I will write down exactly what you tell me. God is my witness."

The Last Orator smiled, a big broad smile. His white teeth shone in the dingy cabin. "I like that," he said. "I like that. And Brother John, if you write these things down, perhaps my candle, even though the wax runs out, will burn as long as the sun shines and the rivers run down to the sea."

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