TOMAHAWKS TO PEACE

James G. Landis
TOMAHAWKS TO PEACE
Glikkikan, a Delaware war chief, orator, and head counselor to the chiefs of the nation, brings to light the hidden causes of the Delaware resistance popularly known as Pontiac’s Rebellion.

“Love the truth, live in peace.”
Dedication

Dale Heisey

My dear friend and brother who:

» first told me of David Zeisberger, the veteran Moravian missionary to the Indians.

» taught me that a straight line to the truth is the shortest way there.

» demonstrates compelling oratory.

» holds to the unbounded truth.

» lives to follow Christ at any cost.

—James G. Landis
Overview of The Conquest Series

AMERICAN HISTORY THROUGH INDIAN EYES

James G. Landis

LENAPE HOMELAND ✦ Volume I
This story tells the early history of the Delaware Indians and the coming of the white man to the Delaware River Valley as witnessed by Lenape heroes.

HOMELAND IN MY HEART ✦ Volume II
Recounts the life story of Lenape sage, Meas, as he staggers through the events that engulf him in his homeland in the Delaware River Valley.

TOMAHAWKS TO PEACE ✦ Volume III
Glikkikan, a renowned Delaware war chief and famous orator, brings to light the hidden causes of what is commonly known as Pontiac’s Rebellion.

UNDER ATTACK ✦ Volume IV
Details fierce White attacks against all Indians and the heroic attempts of Christian Indians to remain quiet and peaceable throughout.

WAR CHIEF CONQUERED ✦ Volume V
An Indian saga recounting Isaac Glikkikan’s struggle to give up his former life as an influential chief, prophet, and orator and find peace in his heart.

BLACK CLOUDS OVER THE OHIO LAND ✦ Volume VI
A story of duplicity and the betrayal of the Delaware nation and the Moravian missions during the Revolutionary War.

THE FINAL CONQUEST ✦ Volume VII
Isaac Glikkikan remains stedfast in his faith amid conflict, deportation, and starvation, and at last finds a permanent homeland for his people.
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Tomahawks to Peace

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Foreword

I first conceived of The Conquest Series as telling you the compelling life story of a famous Lenape war chief named Glickikan. In an effort to give Glickikan a heart and a face, the story reached back into the Lenape past. Volume I, Volume II, and some of Volume III tell Lenape history before 1700, the year I have chosen as Glickikan’s birth date.

Tomahawks to Peace moves forward in Lenape history, portraying the life and times of Glickikan. In Volume III, Glickikan is portrayed as “Big Indian,” and his true identity as a renowned Lenape orator, a powerful war chief, the champion of his people, and the consummate seeker of truth is hidden until the end of the story.

In 1762, the Delaware Indians sat on the precipice of renewed warfare against the Whites, a war they desperately wanted to avoid. Yet all their past experience warned the Delawares that to remain peaceful was a sure path to destruction and exile.

Many Whites living in Pennsylvania could not understand the fury the Indians unleashed against the encroaching settlers and their corrupted governments. Many settlers were innocent of the great transgressions committed against the Indians. Other “Christians,” due to greed, pride, and lust for Indian lands, were willfully ignorant.

In this tale, Glickikan (Big Indian) attempts to convince an innocent John Heckewelder (Turtle), a missionary apprentice, of the justness of the Indian cause.

I hope you will be caught up in the struggle as Big Indian and Turtle try to separate truth from fiction while the only world they know crashes around them.

And I hope this story will inspire you to pursue the truth diligently in the world around you.
Credits

Gathering material for *Tomahawks to Peace* was much easier than for the first two volumes in The Conquest Series. Writers at the time of the events even published certain documents. Outstanding among these have been:

- *The Journal of George Fox*
- The copious writings of William Penn
- The treatise of Charles Thomson, *The Cause of the Alienation of the Delaware Indians* ...
- The journals of Christian Frederick Post

I have used these source materials expansively because they give an “I was there” feel to the story.

Other scholars in recent times have done careful research and provided authoritative material on the period covered by this story. Outstanding in this section have been:

- Francis Jennings’ doctoral thesis, *The Passing of Miquon*
- Anthony Wallace’s book on Teedyuscung

I have relied heavily on the accuracy of these sources and often quoted extensively from speeches and descriptions found in them. I give these outstanding scholars due credit.

Although I have not always drawn the same conclusions as the writers of my source materials, it is not my desire to misuse or misrepresent any of them. If error or misrepresentation is to be found in my work, I accept full responsibility.

Walter and Alma Hockman added much vigor to the story. While I was on a research trip to eastern Pennsylvania, Walter first told me of the amazing Indian wells located on his farm. He gave me detailed
maps of the area. Cousin Walt and his wife Alma then took a day off and drove Doris and me to the places we wished to see.

They showed us the Jacob Wismer homestead close by their beloved Deep Run Mennonite Church. We stopped at the Durham Furnace site and chatted with residents about the mines. We saw the existing mill on the old furnace site and looked at a replica of the famous Durham boats. We stopped at Hockendaqua and then found the marker where the walkers crossed the creek. And Cousin Walt persisted until we found the marker close to the spot where Edward Marshall threw his hatchet at the end of his run.

I further credit the space age wizard, Google Earth, for helping me view and study the terrain in all the areas included in this story. This “bird’s-eye view” of the earth is better than a helicopter ride over the study area, because it can be reviewed over and over at different altitudes and angles. And it’s a lot cheaper than a few minutes in a helicopter.

I must thank my dear wife, Doris, whose love and determined spirit urged me onward to complete this book. Then she insisted that it should be printed to match the classic style of the first two volumes and wanted to help make it possible.

I also acknowledge that I have daily called upon God for strength and wisdom to write this story. He has been gracious to me and allowed me the breath of life long enough to complete this book.
The Indian Perspective on the War
Speech of Shingas the Terrible at Kuskuskies
7 September 1758

The English and the French fight for lands that belong to neither, but to the Indians, and this fighting is taking place in the land the Great Spirit has given us.

The English intend to destroy us and take our lands, but the land is ours and not theirs. ...

It is you that have begun the war. ...

We love you more than you love us, for when we take any prisoners from you, we treat them as our own children. We are poor, and we clothe them as well as we can, though you see our children are as naked as at the first. By this you may see that our hearts are better than yours. ...

Why do not you and the French fight in the old country and on the sea? Why do you come to fight on our land? ...

You want to take the land from us by force, and settle it. The white people think we have no brains in our heads.

—The Indian Wars of Pennsylvania by C. Hale Sipe
An Indian saga of Glikkikan, a tested war chief and powerful Delaware orator, who continues his struggle to keep a homeland for his people. Amid the evil of past injustices and the horrors of war that threaten to leave his people homeless, Glikkikan searches for a mystic gold medallion that he believes holds the meaning of life for both him and his people.
“I shuddered at the powerful warrior guarding me.”

—Turtle

Big Indian
## Tomahawks to Peace Timeline

### Historical Notes

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<td>Admiral William Penn knighted</td>
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<td>1675</td>
<td>Peace Man Fenwick founds Salem, New Jersey</td>
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<td>1682</td>
<td>Great Miquon covenants with Lenape at Shackamaxon</td>
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<td>1756</td>
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<td>1758</td>
<td>French burn and abandon Fort Duquesne</td>
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<td>1762</td>
<td>England declares war on Spain – 4 Jan.</td>
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<td>British take Grenada, West Indies, from French – 5 Apr.</td>
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<td>Heckewelder searches archives for more information on William Penn</td>
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### Story Timeline

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<td>1660</td>
<td>Admiral William Penn knighted</td>
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<td>George Fox meets Indians on Eastern Shore</td>
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<td>Apostle Teedyuscung leads 70 converts to Wymink</td>
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<td>1762, 11 Apr.</td>
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<td>1762, 11 Jul.</td>
<td>Big Indian takes Heckewelder captive</td>
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Charles II restored to English Throne 1660
British Navy takes Dutch possessions in America 1664
Peace Man Fenwick founds Salem, New Jersey 1675
William Penn visits Pennsylvania 1682
William Penn visits Pennsylvania 1700
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British troops occupy Manila, Philippines – 6 Oct. 1762
Spain acquires Louisiana – 3 Nov. 1762
Pontiac’s first open assault on Detroit – May 1763
1814 Heckewelder searches archives for more information on William Penn
I aimed carefully through the trees at the gobbler. A lot rested on this shot. Famished from lack of flour, vegetables, or even a kernel of maize, and weak from fever, tired of fish, without horse or canoe, and I thought alone, I needed that turkey.

My hands shook and the gun barrel trembled. The turkey darted about feeding and would not stand still. I leaned against the sapling to steady the rifle and squeezed the trigger. The rifle cracked and the turkey jumped. Barely had my ball crashed into the dirt below the turkey when another gun exploded just a short distance behind me. The turkey fell and then flopped in the leaves the same way a turkey did when I chopped its head off with an ax.

A tall, powerful warrior slipped up to me. “Chonny,” he said in good English, “at that distance you have to aim a little above the turkey.”

The big Indian’s scalp lock sported two feathers. Copper and silver medallions dangled from chains around his neck. A raised turtle stood inscribed on each medallion. A silver ring dangled from his nose septum. A double silver pendant dangled from each ear lobe.
CQM301 Notes

1. The distance from Philadelphia to Fort Pitt is given as 320 miles and required about three weeks on horseback. This would be an average of 15 miles per day if the traveler traveled every day. However, it must be remembered that sometimes weather prevented going on, the horses wandered off, food had to be procured, and accidents happened.

2. The distance from Fort Pitt to Post’s cabin on the Muskingum was 70 miles.

3. Heckewelder records that the pilgrimage from Bethlehem to Lititz to Fort Pitt to Post’s cabin took 33 days. The dotted line represents the route Post and Heckewelder followed.

4. In 1762, what today is called the Tuscarawas River was still known as part of the Muskingum River.

5. The Senecas (an Iroquois nation) called the Ohio River the Ohio. The Delawares called the same river the Allegheny. Both words signify the “fine” or “fair” river in two different tongues. Hence in 1762, the Allegheny and the Ohio were one and the same river.

6. Names of places in 1762 are designated in black ink. Current place names are given in gray ink.
Painted on each cheek was a black gun with the barrel ending at his high cheekbone. Streaks of red paint from his eyes flowed in arcs that ended at the gun barrel. Black shading around his eyes added to the power of his coal-black eyes.

A tattooed wolf head with its mouth open and its fangs protruding beyond its snarling lips threatened to leap from his chest.

Wide silver arm bands accented the bulging biceps of powerful arms. Bracelets loosely hung about his wrists.

A leather clout and wide belt covered his loins. Beaded moccasins and leggings shielded his feet and legs below the knees.

I shuddered as his black eyes pierced my thin skin of bravery. He studied me quietly for a full minute. Then he held out his hand and ordered, “Turtle, give me your gun.”

The big warrior took my gun and padded silently off through the woods to the turkey.

I watched him go and then began to stagger toward Christian Frederick Post’s cabin on the high east bank of the Muskingum River. How had I come to such straits? It was not supposed to have been this way.

From the first, everyone, including me, had been doubtful of the success of our journey. Only since March had I been tied as an apprentice to the Moravian diplomat and missionary, Christian Frederick Post, and assigned to accompany him to the western Indians on the Muskingum River in Ohio. Our mission was to proclaim the Gospel to the Indians and ... keep a watchful eye on the western Indians for Governor James Hamilton.

From the beginning, our journey was fraught with danger. High waters flooded our tents at night and dangerous river crossings nearly overcame us. When we arrived at Fort Pitt, we could not buy any flour, and all provisions were very expensive. We pushed on to the 18’x18’ cabin Post had built the summer before on the high east bank of the Muskingum River in the OhioLand. The cabin stood only a mile and a half north of the town of Tuscarawas, a new Delaware Indian village of about forty wigwams.
From day one the Delawares viewed us with suspicion. One and all suspected that our claim to missionary activity was only a front so we could spy on them and open the way for a flood of white settlers to take away their land.

The incident of the garden revealed how delicate the situation was. Post and I could not secure adequate provisions due to the famine in the whole region. The Indians were saving every available kernel of corn for planting. As soon as we arrived at the cabin on 11 April, we began clearing three acres of land for a garden. An Indian came at once and told us that we were ordered to stop cutting down trees and come to the Council immediately.

The Delaware Council—the Indians on the Muskingum River were all Delawares formerly from eastern Pennsylvania—said we dare not chop down trees because this was what all white men wanted to do. The land did not belong to us, and we were there only to preach the Gospel and to help teach their children.

Post pled with them, saying we needed a garden for food and that simply clearing and planting the land did not give us any claim to ownership of the land.

We received the word of the Council the following day. We could clear a patch fifty paces square for our flowers and vegetables. Beyond that, our God would have to provide for us as He did for the French missionaries. The Indians declared they never saw the priests working, yet they looked to be fat and strong.

The Council’s word was final. There was to be no mistake about the size of the plot allowed us. Captain Pipe (“Maker of Daylight,” head of the Munsee Clan) came the next day and paced the area off, fifty paces each way. Captain Pipe blazed the corner trees of our garden lot.

Post and I saw at once that the garden was too small. The sunlight barely reached the ground any time during the day. Nevertheless, we worked very hard chopping down the tall trees and dragging and rolling them piece by piece from the enclosure. Without sustaining nourishment, we grew weak and I often longed for some of the bread I
had, in earlier times, seen cast out to the pigs.

I was so glad when the Indians in nearby Tuscarawas hired me to help build fences for their cornfields. When I worked among the Indians, they treated me well and gave me ample food to eat. They named me *Piselatulpe* meaning “turtle.” I thought it was because I must be slow.

Our difficulties with provisions and the Indians continued on into the summer. An air of Indian hostility toward Post and me floated on the river waters and hung in the air like the morning fog. I, at least, could not comprehend it. If Brother Christian understood the unrest, he did not explain it to me.

The situation grew worse. Part of Post’s mission was to accompany a delegation of western Indians to Philadelphia to attend peace talks with the Governor. Governor Hamilton wanted to know why the Delaware and Shawnee Indians had abandoned the English and fought for the French in the last war. I wondered the same thing. When I asked Brother Christian why the Indians had fought the English in the last war, he passed it off and said he would explain it to me after he returned from Philadelphia.

Now several of the chiefs were ready to go explain it to Governor Hamilton, and Post needed to escort them. (As the emissary of the Governor, Post carried the money bag to provide for the journey.) When the Moravian elders at Bethlehem had agreed for me to accompany Post on his missionary journey to the West, he had promised the elders that he would not leave me, a tender youth, alone on the Muskingum. Now both Post and I realized that if we abandoned our cabin, we would never be allowed to return. Brother Christian laid the whole matter before me in such a way that I felt compelled to volunteer to stay.

Post left with his Indian embassy of thirty Indians 28 June, and I remained alone to guard the cabin and preserve our missionary enterprise. My situation could not have been much more precarious. Here I was, a nineteen-year-old youth alone in a strange land among
“I kept my books and paper hidden in the four-foot-high loft.” — Turtle
unfriendly, suspicious savages with whom I could not converse. Traders brought rumors of a united Indian war supported by the French and vague warnings of danger for all Whites in the Ohioland. Except for Mr. Calhoun about a mile and a half down the river, these shiftless traders were a nasty lot. With their illegal rum they debauched the Indians far and wide until the Indians themselves were no better than the traders. The Indians hated them.

Food soon became an urgent necessity for me. I loaned my canoe to Indian boys to use for spearing fish and for pursuing deer by torchlight. In a short time they lost the canoe, and I was soon reduced to eating nettles and fish. The nettles became too hard to eat and the fish lost their taste while furnishing only limited nourishment. Passing traders stole all the vegetables from the garden. The Indians were better hunters than I and soon depleted all the big game in the woods as they, too, were short on corn. I waited along the river for ducks to come close enough to the bank so I could shoot them and retrieve them in shallow water. Without a canoe, I had no way to get them if they fell at any distance from me.

Continually wading through shallow water, I soon contracted fever and ague. I spent many hours at the cabin reading some sermons and religious books Brother Christian had left for me and writing down my thoughts in a journal. Post had warned me to keep my reading and writing activities out of the Indians’ sight. The Indians believed they had been cheated out of their land by “pen and ink” work. Because of this suspicion, I kept my books and paper hidden in the four-foot-high loft and did all of my reading and writing in the loft where prowling Indians could not detect me.

In this miserable state of distress and despair, I missed the shot at the turkey. Now what? I had lost the turkey and my gun. I was weak and sick and alone, or maybe worse—alone with a cruel, heartless savage. Had my end indeed come? All the dreadful tales of Indian cruelty I had ever heard floated before me—scalping, capture, torture, burning at the stake, or lifelong captivity among the godless heathen.
Was I to suffer such a fate?

Had the war again started? How well I remembered the dreaded Indian names from the late war: Captain Glikkikan, Captain White Eyes, Captain Pipe, Captain Jacobs, Shingas the Terrible! At one time, Governor William Denny had been so desperate he had put a price of £500 each on the head of Shingas the Terrible and Captain Jacobs. Savage and remorseless, these Indian terrors swept down on settlement after settlement, killing, taking captives, burning houses and barns, destroying crops and livestock, and executing horrible tortures upon the prisoners. The prisoners who survived were forced into lifelong slavery. It was all so senseless.

The ague overcame me again. I had to lie down in the path for a while and wait for my strength to return. In about an hour I was again able to rise and slouch toward the cabin. Big Indian was already there. He had dressed the turkey and was roasting it on a spit over a low fire. Every so often he bent his powerful, savage frame and turned the turkey. I knew that nothing around us missed his keen eyes.

I slouched up against the cabin wall and studied my fearful captor. He didn’t seem intent on tomahawking me right away, and I had heard that the Indians sometimes adopted their captives to replace a lost son. Maybe there was some hope for me.

In another hour I felt some better, and the smell of roasting turkey mixed with hickory smoke beckoned me toward the fire. I seated myself on a log near where Big Indian stood and looked hungrily at the turkey. I thought that if I was going to die, I’d just as well die with a full stomach.

At first Big Indian said nothing, but looked me over carefully. When his minute inspection made me feel like a mouse being watched by a cat, he carefully seated himself on the ground beside me and said, “Chonny, I shall call you by your Delaware name, Piselatulpe.”

I gaped at him. I had never seen him before today, yet he knew my Delaware name. He tapped the turtle tattooed on his chest and briefly held up the medallions hanging from his neck so I could see the
turtles engraved upon them.

“Piselatulpe,” Glikkikan repeated, “the Delawares honor you by giving you the name of their most hallowed emblem and the symbol of their head clan, the Turtle Clan, or the Unamis. The turtle is revered by the Indians because in the beginning he came up out of the water and the tree of life grew out of his back. Now the turtle is one of the few creatures that can travel on both land and water. He is a very special creature.

“Turtle,” Big Indian continued, “you are sick. You must eat some turkey, but not too much. Too much will kill you. Eat only a little and chew it well. Then you must take a sweat bath.”

He gave me a small portion of the turkey and then ate a generous portion himself.

When he had satisfied himself, Big Indian picked up the rest of the turkey, rose from his seat, and said, “Turtle, you are now my captive. Tonight, I go to the council fire. Tomorrow is the sweat bath, and after you feel well, I have something to say.”

Then he quietly disappeared among the trees. It was late the next afternoon before Big Indian appeared at the cabin.

“Come with me,” he ordered.

I followed him meekly down to a spot where the river lay close to the bank. There Big Indian had built a small hut four feet high at the apex and covered it with several skins. He ordered me to take off all my clothes and crawl inside. Inside I found he had superheated a collection of stones and then poured water over the rocks until the small bath filled with steam. I sweated profusely, and my whole body became unbearably hot. Big Indian would not allow me to back out.

“I will tell you when it is time to come out,” he said.

If he called me, I did not hear him, for I had passed out. The next thing I knew, Big Indian was gently rubbing my limbs.

“Get up,” he ordered, “and jump into the river.”

I did as I was told and was amazed at how refreshed I felt. When I came out of the water, the fever and the aches were gone.
We climbed the bank back to the cabin. There, Big Indian unpacked a roast duck, baked potatoes, and two ears of fresh corn.

“I would like to thank God for this gift of food and for healing. Would that be all right?” I asked timidly.

He agreed. I bowed my head right there and uttered a simple prayer to God in heaven.

Big Indian listened respectfully to my prayer, and when I was finished, he said, “Ah-MEN.”

At least that was what it sounded like to me. But I wasn’t sure. When I got a chance, I would add that word to my list of Delaware words I had jotted down.

We sat there in the shade and enjoyed our repast together. My healing and some food began to ease my tension. Big Indian didn’t seem to be planning any immediate mischief. Instead, he gave evidence of assisting me. Perhaps it would be nice to have a companion again. I decided to tell him my problems with my word list. Because he evidently knew both English and Delaware, maybe he could explain some things to me.

I began by telling him I wanted to learn the Delaware tongue and had begun a list of all the words I heard. So I had learned how to ask, “What is this?” Then when I pointed to the article for which I wanted to know the word, I always got the same answer. Big Indian said, “Ah—NAN,” and waited for me to go on.

I told him that by the time I had figured out that the Delawares were always giving me the word for my finger, they confused me further by giving me different words for every tree I pointed at. Again he said, “Ahnan,” and politely waited for me to go on. So I did.

I explained that when I tried to understand a simple verb such as eating, it sounded as if I was getting many different words for the simple act of eating.

“What is the problem?” I asked. “It is taking me much too long to learn the language, and I am totally confused.”

Again he gave an enthusiastic “Ahnan.”
“Why do you say ‘Ahnan’?” I asked.

“Turtle, I am teaching you the proper way Indians hold a council,” Big Indian explained. “First of all, ‘Ahnan’ is a polite way of telling you that I am listening to what you say. I have heard it and will consider it, but it does not mean I agree or disagree with you. A council member may give you a vigorous ‘Ahnan’ no matter what he thinks of your proposal. The council will tell you in their answer what they think and how they feel.

“Turtle, in an Indian council, the speaker is never interrupted until he has finished. In the white man’s council, there is much confusion. Sometimes many butt in and try to speak before the first one is finished.

“Turtle, I can explain your troubles with the language. You are right. First of all, if you hold your finger out and ask what it is, the Indian will always tell you it is your finger and not the thing to which you are pointing.

“Turtle, an Indian will never tell you a tree is a tree. He will tell you a tree is an oak, a beech, a chestnut, a walnut, or a hickory. Furthermore, an Indian will tell you by the ending or the beginning of the word if it is a big oak or a little oak. He may tell you whether the oak is healthy or sick. So the Indian uses many different words for what a white man calls ‘tree’ because the white man knows not the difference between the trees.

“Turtle, the Delaware tongue speaks more than English. You say the word eating is a simple word that expresses action. But again, the Delaware speaks more than the English. If I tell you in Delaware that a man is eating, I will tell you much more than just that he is putting food into his mouth. I will tell you what he is eating and perhaps what particular food he eats and whether he must chew the food a lot or whether he needs to chew it only a little. Your list will be very long if you try to write down every word for eating.

“Turtle, I will tell you what you must do. You must throw away your list and listen to every sound the speaker makes. You do not hear the
sounds because your ear hears only the English and German sounds. You must learn to hear every sound and be able to say every word exactly as the speaker says it. Then everything will come right for you. My grandfather, Sage Meas, taught me that lesson, and it is the same in all seven languages I have mastered—English, German, French, Delaware, Shawnee, Mingo, and Wyandot.”

Big Indian’s mind seemed to drift off into a faraway place and perhaps a distant time. He stopped his discourse.

Wow! I thought. A savage who knows seven languages!

“Do you really know seven languages?” I asked Big Indian.

Big Indian came back to the little cabin on the bank of the Muskingum. He drew out a pipe, stuffed it with tobacco, and puffed thoughtfully for a time before answering.

“Turtle,” he said, “I have something to say. You seem surprised that an Indian can speak seven languages. Do you not think that an Indian can learn seven languages as easily as a Schwannek? Are you surprised that an Indian can learn German more easily than a German can learn Delaware? Turtle, you have much to learn.”

I sat there on a log facing Big Indian, not sure what to say. He reached his large hand forward and laid it snugly around my leg.

“Turtle, you know nothing at all of the Lenape,” he said firmly. “Just this past spring you hatched from the egg. In only a few weeks’ time, you have sprouted feathers and flown from the nest. While you were in the nest, you fed only on worms and bugs that Schwanneks brought to you. You ate whatever the Schwanneks gave you. But now the Great Spirit has brought you to me, and I will teach you the learning and the lore of the Lenape.

“Turtle, you are now my captive. I will teach you the truth about the Lenape. You have been taught that Indians are cruel savages without hearts, animals without minds, beasts without spirits, drunken dolts without sense, nomads without traditions, and beings without a God. Those are the worms and humbugs the Schwanneks have fed you from little up. Now I will teach you the truth.
“I will teach you the truth about the Lenape.” —Big Indian
“Turtle, Lenape means ‘original people’ or ‘real men.’ The Lenape are the most numerous and respected of all the Indian nations. Many of the surrounding nations have descended from us and call us Grandfather. Far in the past, the Indian nations gave the Lenape a place of renown. They made all the Lenape to be ‘women,’” and clothed us with petticoats, and put a hoe in our hands. They designated the Lenape as the peacemakers among the Indian nations.

“Turtle, do not mistake the Lenape role as peacemaker among the nations as one of weakness. The Lenape keep peace among the nations not by force of gun and tomahawk. We live by the art of persuasion and reasoning in our councils. We are free people who do our own bidding; we are not slaves or children of alien kings or local thieves. The Lenape are real men,” Big Indian said.

He stood erect before me, and his strong black eyes drilled steadily into my weak brown ones.

Then Big Indian concluded, “We will defend our wives and children, our nation, and our new homeland, the Ohioland.”

Big Indian’s long, strong fingers tightened slowly around my leg until I bent forward toward his chest and cried out in pain.

“Turtle, do you see the copper medallion with the tortoise inscribed on it?”

He relaxed his terrible grip ever so slightly, and I opened my eyes. My nose was only six inches from the medallions hanging on his chest, and the stench of bear grease covering his skin was unbearable.

“Turtle, do you see the silver medallion with the tortoise inscribed on it?”

“Aye,” I whimpered.

“What do they mean?” Big Indian demanded, and the terrible grip tightened again.

“I-I do-o-n’t kn-kn-ow,” I stammered as the pain engulfed me.

“Turtle, do you want to know?” Big Indian persisted.

These two medallions have been bought with blood and have been dearly purchased. They are priceless to me and to my people. My mother’s father, Owechela, entrusted them to me and charged me with guarding the Spirit of Tamenend in the Land of the Dawn.

“At his death, Owechela also told me 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 has been dearly purchased. I have searched for many years to find the gold medallion, and although I have found out much about the gold medallion, it still eludes my grasp.”

Big Indian relaxed his grip and laid both his hands lightly on my knees. But the intensity of his feeling lingered in his tone as he said, “Turtle, I will tell you what I know of the gold medallion.1 Perhaps someday you will help me find it for the Lenape that it may shine close to my heart with the other two medallions.”

1 Big Indian begins his tale with young Heckewelder prior to some events already mentioned in Homeland in My Heart. The reader should assume that Heckewelder had never heard anything about the events told in the last part of Volume II, such as the slave refuge on the Whorekill, the English raid on the Whorekill, and the death of Cool Water. Big Indian’s account here should serve to review and expand the reader’s knowledge of the overlapping time periods in Homeland in My Heart and Tomahawks to Peace.
Along the Delaware in 1670

COM302 Notes

1. Manayunk is the Delaware name for the Schuylkill River. Manayunk means “where we go to drink.” Schuylkill is the Dutch name meaning “hidden river.”

2. Passayunk was the Delaware Indian name for the land strip between the Schuylkill and the Delaware Rivers. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, now covers the entire area.

3. The area around Mantua Creek was the home of the Mantes Indians, a subgroup of the loosely knit Delaware Indians.

4. The map is turned clockwise approximately 45 degrees. The tracts of land actually lie from NE to SW.

5. Names of places in 1670 are designated in black ink. Current place names are given in gray ink.