SOME unskilled hand had designed the roadmarker which caught our attention. We were driving, westward through Ontario, toward the International Bridge connecting Windsor and Detroit. A crudely hewn piece of pine board was nailed against a telephone pole pointing southward. Irregular black letters, applied with a paint-brush, spelled out the word MORAVIANTOWN. The name was a definite challenge to eastern Pennsylvanians. The customs officials at the international boundary could wait; we turned into the dusty road determined to find Moraviantown.

After crossing a bridge which spanned the Thames River we came to a farmhouse. There we paused for consultation. The road became narrower and less encouraging beyond the driveway which led to the farm buildings. From the farmer’s wife I asked the distance to Moraviantown. “You don’t want to go there,” I was told. “There is nothing to do or see. Just shacks.”

Undaunted we continued across the swampy terrain, until, fearing that we had lost our way, I inquired at a small cabin, in an effort to reassure ourselves. A gaunt, dark-visaged woman, stood in her doorway surrounded by growling dogs. She muttered words which indicated that she could speak no English. At an intersection of roads we found several letter-boxes mounted on wooden posts. Intriguing names were painted on the boxes; such names as Noah Judah, Shem Thomas and other combinations of Biblical names. Into my mind flashed the memory of the practice of the early Moravian missionaries in giving their Indian converts names from the Testaments at the time of baptism.

A few hundred yards beyond the intersection an Indian cemetery came into view. We recognized it as such because we noted the heaped mounds of brown soil which formed between the headstones.

*A paper read at the Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Historical Association, October 24-25, 1947, at Norristown, Pa.
We had noted such graves in the various reservations in New York, such as the Onondaga Reservation near Syracuse and the Tuscarora Reservation near Buffalo. Roughly molded headstones of concrete marked some of the older graves while ordinary pieces of wood, painted white, marked others. Some of the graves were fenced by a rectangular array of clam shells; others were marked by concrete blocks, studded with multicolored little spheres which resembled the kind of marbles used by boys in playing our springtime game of "knucklers." The highly decorated graves bore headstones on which French names were carved or painted. The more modest memorials bore either Biblical names or highly descriptive surnames such as Snake or Stonefish.

Our examination of the cemetery was cut short by the approach of a brown-skinned man who had a scythe slung over his left shoulder. He viewed our presence with obvious disfavor but said nothing. Conscious of guilt as trespassers we returned to the automobile and drove on to the next intersection. There we found a cluster of buildings, one of which was marked as the Fairfield Fairgrounds. The building itself was a small grandstand, badly in need of repair, and the Fairgrounds were covered with a mass of tall weeds. A neat little house stood on the opposite corner but no one answered our summons when we rapped on the door. In the yard of another house beyond the intersection I noticed a group of small children at play but they scampered away in fright when they saw me approach.

Returning to the Fairgrounds I noticed that the Thames River was only a few hundred yards to the north and there was the spire of a building, probably a church, peeping through the tops of trees that lined the river bank. As we approached we saw that a church building stood close to the Thames. There might be a sexton to give us information.

There was no one at the church or in any of its adjoining buildings but on our return trip we came upon an Indian woman who was mowing a lawn. Mrs. Rebecca Snake spoke intelligently and made every effort to enlighten us. She knew that the church had once been a Moravian mission—she had been baptized there in 1904—she struggled to pronounce the name of the founder, Brother David Zeisberger, and she knew that she and her husband belonged to the Delaware Nation of Indians, that their ancestors had come to Ontario more than one hundred years ago and that the Fairfield
Fairgrounds was the site of a village sometimes called Moravian-town, but more correctly named New Fairfield. Reverend Dodson, who lived in the neat little house near the grandstand, could tell us more if he were not away on his vacation. Yes, we would be forced to return to the main highway by following the same route along which we had come. There was only one bridge across the Thames.

When we passed through New Fairfield on our return journey a stalwart young man who wore the beret of the Canadian military signaled to us. Stephen Henry, late of His Majesty's Royal Canadians, a Delaware Indian who had seen service in the African and Italian campaigns, wanted a lift and we were delighted to have him ride with us to Chatham, Ontario, where he intended to visit his mother who was a patient in a hospital in that city.

Soon after we had returned to the King's Highway and were headed westward again, Stephen Henry asked us to stop the car to examine a roadside marker. We were introduced to the site of the original settlement of Old Fairfield on the north side of the Thames. Our new-found friend explained that the entire settlement had been destroyed by the American armies during the Battle of Moraviantown in 1813. I fear that Stephen Henry did not gain a very high opinion of our knowledge of history for we revealed that we knew of no battle by that name. A mile west of the site of Old Fairfield the young Indian asked us to stop once again. This time he pointed out the spot where Tecumseh fell—Tecumseh—ah!—The Battle of the Thames, our United States history books had called it! Now we knew what Stephen had meant by the Battle of Moraviantown.

Stephen told us about the Delawares on his reservation; he knew their language, unchanged since the days when the Lenni Lenape ruled the Delaware River and its tributaries in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. He told us about their problems as wards of the Dominion of Canada and he spoke, almost reverently, of the kindness of the Moravian missionaries who had ministered to his people until the year in which he was born. He remembered the names of Zeisberger, Senseman and Yung as early leaders of the trek from Pennsylvania to Ontario. He knew that some plans were being made for a great memorial service to be held at the site of Old Fairfield in 1950. He hoped we could attend; we shared that hope. The excursion just described was in July 1946.
We returned to our Pennsylvania archives with a renewed interest in Zeisberger and his Indian converts, or his "Brown Brothers," as he fondly called them. Years ago we had stood in the shadow of the monument at Gnadenhütten in Tuscarawas County, in Ohio, and had drunk from the well at Schoenbrun, where the state of Ohio has built a beautiful historic park to commemorate the founding of the Zeisberger settlement there. Going back still more years we remembered our visits to Wyalusing and to northwestern Pennsylvania near Tionesta as we followed the routes along which the great Moravian led his charges from one insecure haven to another. But, somehow, our interest in Zeisberger has never extended to following the remnants of his group as they migrated westward after the disaster in Tuscarawas first into Wyandot County in Ohio and then to Maumee County of Indiana and from thence to the disputed Detroit area. For this portion of the story we sought again, many Pennsylvania sources, among them the translation of the Zeisberger diary by Eugene F. Bliss and the masterful biography of the missionary written by Paul DeSchweinitz. Heckewelder's Narrative took on a new meaning as we re-examined its contents.

As an arbitrary beginning point in the story of the trek of Pennsylvania Indian nations into Canada, I began with the incidents which led to the march of the Paxton Boys against Philadelphia early in 1764. A group of Indian converts, composed of people from several Pennsylvania tribes, were known as the Moravian Indians. When the irate Scotch-Irish exploded their wrath against the Indians at Conestoga Manor, late in 1763, the Moravian Indians were brought to Philadelphia in order that they might enjoy the shelter of Province Island. When it became known that the Paxton Boys were threatening to go to Philadelphia, Governor John Penn listened to the pleas of the redmen that they be sent to New York province where they might have the protection of their "uncles," the Six Nations, and of Warragihyagey, Sir William Johnson. Penn wrote to Governor William Franklin, of New Jersey, and to Governor Colden of New York requesting Franklin's permission to march the Indians across New Jersey and informing Colden that the Indians would be lodged in New York province.

A contingent of Scotch Highlanders was marching through Philadelphia on their way to New York. Without waiting for
replies to his letters, Penn directed the Highlanders to escort the Indians.

The New Jersey authorities permitted the Indians to move with the Highlanders but when they reached Amboy a messenger from Governor Colden refused to admit them into his province. Then Governor Franklin insisted that New Jersey would not tolerate their presence. There was no choice for Penn. Early in January, 1764, the Moravian Indians were brought back to Philadelphia under an escort of the Royal American regiment. It was the return of the Moravian Indians which so incensed the Paxton Boys that they descended upon Philadelphia in mid-February, 1764. The expedition was abortive. But the presence of the Moravian Indians could not be tolerated in Philadelphia, permanently.

In 1765 Brother David Zeisberger led the group to a new settlement at Machiwyhilusing, on the Susquehanna, in present-day Bradford County, a few miles below the present site of Wyalusing. The new town was named Friedenshütten, or Tents of Peace. A town of twenty-nine log houses was built and for three years it prospered. In 1768 the white settlers wanted the Wyalusing lands and Zeisberger was forced to seek a new village-site farther west. This time he led his charges to the village of Goschgoschonk, near the confluence of the Allegheny and Tionesta Rivers, in present-day Venango County. This was in the Monsey Indian country. In order to develop a settlement for his own people, Zeisberger built another village, this time at Friedenstat, the City of Peace, on the Beaver River, between the Shenango and Slippery Rock Creeks.

After a few years of peaceful dwelling in present-day Lawrence County, the Moravian leaders decided to move into the Ohio country. The seat of the Delaware Indian Nation was then, in 1771, in Tuscarawas County, the valley of the Muskingum (Elk's Eyes) River, as it was then known. The Delaware Indian council invited Zeisberger, Heckewelder, and their followers to share the lands extending from present-day Bolivar almost to modern Newcomerstown. The Delaware king, Netawatwes, designated a natural spring which should serve as the center of the new settlement. The first settlements by white people were made near this spring which the Moravians named Schoenbrun, the German translation of the Delaware word Helhik-Tuppeek, which means Beautiful Spring. The first settlement was made in 1782. In the years that followed Zeisberger and his followers built three other villages in the Muskingum
Valley, naming them Neu-Schoenbrun, Lichtenau (Meadows of Light), and Gnadenhütten, named in honor of the settlement in Carbon County, Pennsylvania, which had been destroyed by hostile Indians in 1755.

The Delaware settlements prospered in Ohio and the missionary zeal of Zeisberger, Senseman, Yung and his associates won many new converts from the ranks of the Delawares, Shawanese, Nanticokes and Monseys who were settled in the Delaware towns. It is recorded that as many as 500 persons attended divine services in the chapel at Schoenbrun.

In 1781, the Delawares living in the Christian villages were prevailed upon by the British agents and some Indians to abandon their homes and move nearer the British fort at Detroit. Most of the Delawares found new homes in present-day Wyandotte County, one hundred miles west of the Muskingum. Zeisberger referred to this village as Captivetown.

One year later, in 1782, nearly one hundred Christian Indians returned to Gnadenhütten to harvest some crops. While they were there they were met by about two hundred Virginia and Pennsylvania militiamen, who perpetrated one of the vilest of crimes in all frontier history. Pretending to be friends of the Christian Indians the soldiers under Captain Williamson fell upon the helpless Indians and murdered them in cold blood. The gruelling details of this butchery have been recounted often enough. I mention the account here, merely to keep the sequence of the Delaware trek to Canada in chronological focus.

Life at Captivetown was neither pleasant nor secure. The war between the thirteen colonies and England was officially ended by the Treaty of Paris in 1783, but that did not mean peace for the Indians in the northwest territory. The British stationed at Detroit gave encouragement to the Indians who resisted the American forces in the territory. From 1787 until he suffered inglorious defeat at the hands of the Indians, General Arthur St. Clair and his United States forces kept up a constant struggle against the redmen. Zeisberger and his helpers tried hard to keep his charges from participating in the struggle. He moved his people westward and westward until they found a degree of safety under British protection near Fort Detroit.

It is very tempting at this point to dwell upon the many experiences which befell the wanderers during their sojourn under
the shadow of the fort at Detroit. Interested readers are referred to the graphic descriptions supplied by Reverend John Heckewelder in his *Narrative*. We are following the trail to Ontario in this brief survey and are forced to confine ourselves to the transplanting of the Pennsylvania Indians on British soil.

Zeisberger and his wards were established in their ninth village, near the mouth of the Detroit River, when they learned that there were good lands available along the Retrenche River in Upper Canada. In June, 1791, the Delawares, on the Detroit, were visited by some Indians from the Retrenche, or Thames River. Some of the Monsey Indians (known in Pennsylvania by various names) had already settled in a village near the present city of St. Thomas, Ontario. Moravian missionaries had labored among the Monseys, or Minsi, Indians while they were still resident in Pennsylvania but they had found this particular nation rather unstable in adherence to Christian teachings. Some of the early diarists referred to the Monseys as “Black Indians,” but it is not clear whether the term was descriptive or merely a characterization.

Zeisberger had no desire to unite his people with the Monseys but he and his immediate associates were hopeful that other lands might be available so that an independent settlement could be established. To this end he sought the advice and assistance of two former Pennsylvanians who had fled to Canadian territory during the Revolutionary War because of their Loyalist sympathies. One of these was Matthew Elliot, an Irish immigrant who had once been a fur-trader in Pennsylvania and Colonel Alexander McKee, commandant at Fort Detroit under British control. McKee had figured prominently in the frontier history of Pennsylvania before he cast his lot with the Tories at the outbreak of hostilities between the thirteen colonies and the mother country. He had been captured by the American forces, but was released on parole on his promise that he would not take any further part in the struggle. Promptly thereafter McKee broke his parole and joined the British forces in Canada. As a reward the British gave him command of the Fort at Detroit during the turbulent years when the Michigan city was alternately British and American.

McKee and Elliot both advised Zeisberger to take his charges into the interior of Canada as soon as a separate province could be created west of Catholic Quebec. Matthew Elliot was the chief
instigator of the betrayal by which the settlers of the Tuscarawas found themselves in Captivetown in 1781.

Early in January, 1792, Zeisberger was informed that the province of Upper Canada, now Ontario, had been given a separate government and that land titles could be established. "We were interested in getting our own land," he wrote in his diary.

There were other forces at work however. The settlement on the Detroit was constantly increasing in numbers as straggling Indians, fleeing from the conflict against American forces in Indian territory, sought shelter among the Moravian converts. Among these were some Nanticokes and Shawanese, both formerly resident in Pennsylvania.

Other Indians in the northwest Territory were resentful against Zeisberger's group because they felt that all Indians should rally to oppose the armed forces of the United States, particularly in the Maumee district. One day a messenger arrived carrying a piece of tobacco, painted red. He urged the young braves to go to Maumee. Ten young Indians went off to the wars, others urged that the entire group should go southward to Maumee "to be surrounded," as they said, "by warriors on every side." Partly as a counter measure, Zeisberger sent Indian Samuel and five "young brethren" to investigate the possibility of establishing a settlement on the Thames River. Colonel McKee urged that the Delawares and their allies seek refuge in the interior of Upper Canada.

When Indian Samuel and his companions returned, late February, 1792, they reported favorably on the lands available along the Thames. The leaders decided to abandon the settlement on the Detroit in April. A few days after Easter Sunday the entire company gathered in canoes and paddled through Lake St. Clair to Fighting Island where they encamped for the night. On Sunday, April 15, the canoe party arrived at the mouth of the Thames River. After some difficulties, the leaders selected a landing place and disembarked to seek a satisfactory town site. Zeisberger records that although the lands along the banks of the Thames looked very promising there was only one site suitable for building a town.

On an eminence, high above the river, Schoenfeld was selected as the tenth village to be built by the exiled Pennsylvanians in their wanderings under the lead of Zeisberger. At first rude huts were constructed from the bark of trees. While they waited for their planted crops to mature in harvest, the Delawares purchased
corn from the nearby Monsey village which centered near the present town of Melbourne, Ontario. Even then Zeisberger was unwilling to commend the Monseys for any virtues, for he said "they make an outward show of faith, but secretly they strive to do harm in the church." There were a number of Chippewas and Wyandotts among the Monseys.

Perhaps it is utterly unfair to draw a modern parallel to confirm Zeisberger’s suspicion of the duplicity and instability of the Monseys and their allies; perhaps it is better that the following incident should stand in its own light in the mid-twentieth century, but we ourselves had some concrete evidence during a visit to St. Thomas, Ontario, tending to prove that the Monseys of today are somewhat careless about their loyalties. It happened that we were in St. Thomas on July 12, Orangeman’s Day—the Battle of the Boyne, and all that. There, in the parade, wedged between bagpipes and kilts, were the Monsey Indians bedecked in orange ribbons, in jaloppies painted orange, waving orange pennants and cheering for the north of Ireland! Scotch Presbyterians for the day! Again, I inject, perhaps this incident is not necessarily indicative of the trapeze acts of faith which the Moravian missionaries noted a century-and-a-half ago. Perhaps, and we are guessing once more, the Indians’ irresistible preference for vermilion paints, so marked in the early traders’ transactions, struck an atavistic note in favor of orange, the Battle of the Boyne, William the Third and Dublin, notwithstanding!

Zeisberger and Senseman laid out the village of Schoenfeld or Old Fairfield as it is now known, in a rectangular form, marking separate plots for all Indian families for the chapel, schoolhouse and other buildings. During recent years Mr. Wilfred Jury, archeologist of the University of Western Ontario, has located and marked the exact sites of many of the cabins that once stood in Old Fairfield. During the course of his excavations he has found many relics. Others were carried away by roadbuilders when Ontario highway No. 2 was built several years before Mr. Jury began his work. The route of the highway passed through the site of the old Moraviantown.

When General Anthony Wayne was leading an American army against the Indians in the Ohio country, in 1794, the Indians at Fairfield were urged to make common cause with the tribes living in the lands claimed by the New Republic to the south. Among
those who exhorted them to do this was Joseph Brant, the ruling monarch of the Six Nations. From his throne on LeRapide Rivier, or now the Grand, he issued an edict removing the petticoats of the Delawares and urged them as follows: “Go forth now in the fashion of a man.” While still in Pennsylvania the Delawares had been reduced to the status of women by their overlords, the Six Nations of the Long House at Onondaga. In figurative language they were told to wear petticoats and obey their uncles, the Maquas. For more than a century the Delawares had resented the insult. In Canada, in 1794, the Delawares replied to Brant, saying: “What shall we do with this murderous club except to use it against you, our uncles, who have so often and so richly deserved such treatment at our hands?” In 1795, when Brant himself was on his way to Detroit to negotiate a treaty with General Anthony Wayne he stopped at Old Fairfield seeking a wayfarer’s welcome. When he learned that the Delawares suspected him of a plot against them, he quickly returned to Brantford.

It would be historically gratifying to record here that the Delawares, as a nation, had gained sweet revenge against their former oppressors. This statement would not be entirely true, for the Delawares at Fairfield were only a remnant of the once proud Lenni Lenape who ruled eastern Pennsylvania. After the disaster at Gnadenhütten in 1782, some of their nation had moved southward to Louisiana where they were welcomed by the French governor Carondolet; others lingered in Maumee, Indiana; still others sought the shelter of their uncles the Mohawks and Cayugas on the Grand River in the domain of King Joseph Brant. Among the latter group of Delawares were the Montours so prominent in colonial Pennsylvania and still prominent in the affairs of the Six Nations Reservation in Canada, today.

Joseph Brant, son of the great Mohawk chieftain, patron of the arts, favorite of the royal families of England, scholar and king of his people was rewarded by the British for his loyalty to the British cause during the Revolutionary War. He was given a wide strip of land on both sides of the Grand River in present day Ontario. By selling one half of his holdings to pioneering white settlers he gained sufficient funds to establish an annuity in perpetuity for his people. Today there are 5,000 Indians living fairly comfortably on the reservation south of Brantford. Housed in the Museum in Brantford are the sacramental vessels which Queen Anne of Eng-
land gave as gifts to Canajoharie, ancestor of Joseph Brant, when the former visited London in 1710. Joseph Brant too had visited London. There his portrait was painted by the great English painter Romney and the American chieftain had the audacity to refuse to kiss the hand of King George, declaring that he, Brant, too, was a king and would not pay fealty. The gallant Mohawk raised no such objections, however, when it came to kissing the hand of the queen.

The Fairfield settlement flourished between the years 1792 and 1798, when Zeisberger's diary suddenly ends. In that year he left Fairfield in company with Benjamin Mortimer, John Heckewelder and several Indians, to return to the Muskingum, in Ohio, to establish still another settlement within the borders of the United States. There, near the ruins of Gnadenhütten, he built a new town, Goshen, when he was seventy-seven years of age. He was spared for ten years longer. David Zeisberger, founder of Moraviantown on the Thames, and Joseph Brant, founder of Brantford on the Grand, both died in 1808. They did not live to see the second conflict between the United States and Great Britain.

The work of Zeisberger was carried on at Fairfield by Michael Yung, John Schnall, Christian Frederick Denke and their Indian assistants. In the Moravian Archives in Bethlehem are the diaries of all of the missionaries of that faith from Zeisberger's time until 1904. In that year the Delawares in Canada were committed to the care of a clergyman of the United (Methodist and Presbyterian) Church of Canada. These records are as complete as those of Zeisberger and, in some cases, include such matters as baptismal lists, burial, marriage and confirmation lists.

Among the collection of papers relating to old Fairfield, at Bethlehem, I found the very illuminating diary of Reverend John Heckewelder, recording a day by day account of a journey made in 1798 from Bethlehem in Pennsylvania to Schoenfeld, or Fairfield, in Canada. His companion on the journey was Benjamin Mortimer who, as we have seen, joined with Zeisberger in establishing the new colony at Goshen in 1798.

Heckewelder and Mortimer lingered at Brant's home on the Grand River on their way westward to Moraviantown. The diarist describes how Brant held a muster roll call for their entertainment and forced white people who lived within the limits of his grant to report for muster along with the Indians.

In the Monsey village Heckewelder noted that the Monseys
were shy and shamefaced. He attributed this to the fact that they felt guilty of back-sliding when in the presence of the Moravians, a people who had befriended them while they lived in Pennsylvania. He reported that an old Monsey asked whether it was true that the British armies had destroyed Bethlehem during the war twenty years earlier. When the Indian was assured that Bethlehem was not destroyed he rejoiced.

Another interesting comment made by Heckewelder was that he and Mortimer found it difficult to win the confidence of Indians along their route because Indians were suspicious of all persons who claimed to be Moravians. This, the diarist explained by pointing out that many impostors had posed as Moravians to gain the good will of Canadian Indians before they cheated them. “There was great rejoicing,” writes Zeisberger in his diary in May, 1798, when Brothers Mortimer and Heckewelder arrived at Schoenfeld.

The Old Fairfield settlement was completely destroyed during the Battle of the Thames, or the Battle of Moraviantown as the Canadians name it, October 5, 1813. General William Henry Harrison, commander of the United States forces, pursued Proctor as far as the Moravian settlement and no farther. In an effort to justify the complete destruction of this Christian village, the Americans charged that some of the Indians living there had taken part in the River Raisin massacre and that the destruction of the town was necessary to prevent recurrences of such deeds. There is no evidence to prove that any Moravians were involved in the River Raisin affair and a great deal of evidence to prove the opposite. But war is like that.

The residents of Fairfield had fled to the woods and the swamps. After the conflagration, Brothers Schnall, Yung and Denke hunted for their charges and prevailed upon them to come out of hiding. Schnall and Yung returned to Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, to make their report; Denke lingered with the Indians, and helped them to pass the winter of 1815 in huts which they constructed on Lake Ontario. Then, in 1816, the group moved to a place called Burlington Heights. After peace was restored, a village of New Fairfield was built on the south bank of the Thames and in 1817 the Moravian church which we had visited in 1946 was erected.

During the course of research I corresponded with the Honorable John R. MacNichol, now a member of Parliament, at Ottawa. He was successful in sponsoring a bill providing for the restoration
of Old Fairfield. It is planned that the project will be completed in 1950. Great plans are under way for a mammoth celebration in that year. The president of the United States will be invited because William Henry Harrison, winner of the Battle of Moravian-town, became President of United States. The vice-president of the United States is to be invited because Richard Johnson, the supposed slayer of Tecumseh, fought in the battle. Because Lewis Cass, later governor of Michigan, was in the American forces, the governor of Michigan will receive an invitation and the governor of Pennsylvania will be invited to honor the Delawares and Moravians.

Once each year a memorial service is held in the Moravian Church at New Fairfield. On that occasion the Delawares, Nanticokes, Chippewas, Wyandotts and Monseys gather to honor the Moravians who founded their community. In July, 1947, I was invited to address them on the subject of their Pennsylvania homelands. The sexton who greeted me was a Delaware named Thomas Logan, named for William Penn's friend James Logan. In his greeting, for the first time in my adult life, I heard the words "city of Brotherly Love" uttered without cynicism.

In the salutation I used the phrase that Conrad Weiser used so often in Indian conferences: "Our Friends, the Delawares."

Among those who attended was Mr. Jasper Hill, known to his people as the "Big White Owl." He is the acknowledged historian of the Delaware Indian Nation. I have his testimony about the present status of the Delawares written under the letterhead of The Indian Council Fire of Canada. I quote in part:

The Lenni Lenape of Moraviantown are of genuine Unami stock and the Tortoise is their totem. They have their own chief and council and the present chief is Walter Stonefish, a wise good man.

The Delaware Indians of Moraviantown to a certain extent have retained their customs, legends, traditions and language. They are definitely not a backward people. They are a proud people. They are the Grandfathers. They are the Original People. . . .

Today the total number of Lenni Lenape living in Canada . . . is not much more than 500.

Some people would like you to believe that these are the remnants of the few of the last but this is not true!

I maintain that the Delawares shall speak in the coun-
cils of many tomorrows. Yea, “as long as grass shall grow and the rivers flow” they shall not pass entirely away.
I Have Spoken.

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Indians: Henry Skyes, Frank Montour of the Grand River Reservation; Rebecca Snake; Stephen Henry; Thomas Logan; James Huff; Ellen Lascelles, of the Delaware Reservation; Jasper Hill, known as the Big White Owl, of the Canadian Indian Council Fire, Toronto; Mrs. Ethel Brant Montour of Rochester, New York; John Simon, a Monsey Indian from the Monsey Reservation at Melbourne, Ontario.