was a devout and zealous reformer, or rather restorer of what he supposed was the ancient religion of the Indians.

He made his appearance in his pontifical garb, which was a coat of bear's skins, dressed with the hair on, and hanging down to his toes; a pair of bear-skin stockings, and a great wooden face, painted the one half black and the other tawny, about the colour of an Indian's skin, with an extravagant mouth, cut very much awry; the face fastened to a beaviskin cap, which was drawn over his head. He advanced toward me with the instrument in his hand that he used for music in his idolatrous worship, which was a dry tortoise-shell, with some corn in it, and the neck of it drawn on to a piece of wood, which made a very convenient handle. As he came forward, he beat his tune with the rattle, and danced with all his might, but did not suffer any part of his body, not so much as his fingers, to be seen; and no man would have guessed by his appearance and actions, that he could have been a human creature, if they had not had some intimation of it otherwise. When he came near me, I could not but shrink away from him, although it was then noon-day, and I knew who it was, his appearance and gestures were so prodigiously frightful. He had a house consecrated to religious uses, with divers images cut out upon the several parts of it; I went in and found the ground beat almost as hard as a rock with their frequent dancing in it.—I discoursed with him about Christianity; some of my discourse he seemed to like, but some of it he disliked entirely. He told me that God had taught him his religion, and that he never would turn from it, but wanted to find some that would join heartily with him in it; for the Indians, he said, were grown very degenerate and corrupt. He had thoughts, he said, of leaving all his friends, and travelling abroad, in order to find some that would come with him; for he believed God had some good people somewhere that felt as he did. He had not always, he said, felt as he now did. He had been formerly been like the rest of the Indians, until about four or five years before that time. Then, he said, his heart was very much distressed, so that he could not live among the Indians, but got away into the woods, and lived alone for some months. At length, he says, God comforted his heart, and showed him what he should do; and since that time he had known God, and tried to serve him; and loved all men, be they who they would, so as he never did before.

He treated me with uncommon courtesy, and seemed to be hearty in it. I was told by the Indians that he opposed their drinking strong liquor with all his power; and if at any time he could not dissuade them from it, by all he could say, he would leave them, and go crying into the woods. It was manifest he had a set of religious notions that he had examined for himself, and not taken for granted upon bare tradition; and he relished or disdained whatever was spoken of a religious nature, according as it either agreed or disagreed with his standard. While I was discoursing he would sometimes say, "Now that I like: so God has taught me," &c. And some of his sentiments seemed very just. Yet he utterly denied the being of a devil, and declared there was no such a creature known among the Indians of old times, whose religion he supposed he was attempting to revive. He likewise told me, that departed souls all went southward, and that the difference between the good and bad was this, that the former were admitted into a beautiful town with spiritual walls, or walls agreeable to the nature of souls; and that the latter would for ever hover round those walls, and in vain attempt to get in. He seemed to be sincere, honest and conscientious in his own way, and according to his own religious notions, which was more than I ever saw in any other Pagan. I perceived he was looked upon, and dreaded amongst most of the Indians as a precise zealot, that made a needless noise about religious matters. But I must say, there was something in his temper and disposition that looked more like true religion than any thing I ever observed amongst other Houreens.

But alas, how deplorable is the state of the Indians upon this river. The brief representation I have here given of their notions and manners, is sufficient to shew that they are "led captive by Satan at his will," in the most eminent manner. It might likewise be sufficient to excite the compassion, and engage the prayers of pious souls for these their fellow men, who sit in "the regions of the shadow of death." Sep. 22. Made some further attempts to instruct and christianize the Indians on this island, but all to no purpose. They live so near the white people, that they are always in the way of strong liquor, as well as the ill example of nominal christians; which renders it so unspeakably difficult to treat with them about Christianity.

Forks of Delaware, 1745.

ESSAYS

No one in the backcountry could impose a settlement or one version of reality on the varied peoples in the region. Every arrangement involved negotiation and constant adjustment and new processes required people who were knowledgeable about and at home in a variety of settings. These brokers, some of European descent and others of Indian parentage, were constantly traveling, carrying news and offering their insights to people whose interests were concerned in the cauldron of events. Historian James Merrell of Vassar College examines the career of one notable member of this category, Andrew Montour, in the first essay. Montour was a successful broker—at least for a time—but his untried ability in these endeavors led all sides to doubt him at the same time they relied on him. Ultimately, his vision of a region of mixed populations living together and forming new identities failed as another frontier reality of fixed boundaries came into being.

In the second essay Gregory Dowd, historian at Notre Dame University, looks beyond the frontier of European settlement to examine the mixed native communities of the Ohio Valley. New religious movements began to spring up there in the mid-eighteenth century. These movements grew out of pan-Indian sentiment, as former enemies came together and saw their common plight. Inspired native preachers, many of whom had experienced visions in which they received divine instructions, began to draw followers. All these preachers called on Indians to eliminate the poison of European ways that was destroying their lives and to return to the ways of their ancestors. Some, like Neolin the Delaware Prophet, founded large movements. To what extent did they incorporate aspects of the Christianity they had learned from missionaries at the same time they rejected European life?

Reading Andrew Montour

JAMES H. MERRELL

On the morning of October 25, 1755, a band of forty-nine men sat on their horses at a fork in the road along the east bank of the Susquehanna River. They were discussing
how best to get downstream. The path to the right led to a ford across the river, an easy ride down the western shore, and another ford taking them back across the Susquehanna to their homes at Paxton, some fifty miles away. Straight ahead was "the old Road" down the east side, a shorter but harder ride.

Ordinarily the choice would have been easy; the right-hand path was the conventional route, and the one the men had come up two days before. But this was no ordinary time. Just nine days earlier, Indian war had come to Pennsylvania, igniting a conflagration of hatred, bloodshed, and sorrow that would last for a generation. In the Susquehanna Valley, the first blows had fallen upon the Penn's Creek settlements on the west side of the river. On hearing the terrible news, these forty-nine "Paxton people," led by the fur trader and storekeeper John Harris, had come north to bury the dead, search for the missing, and scout the enemy. From Penn's Creek the burial party had forded the river and headed to Shamokin, an Indian town at the confluence of the North and West Branches of the Susquehanna. "There is a Body of Indians assembled" in that village, it was said, Indians who had sent word that they "want to see their [Pennsylvania] Brethren's faces" in these dark times. So the band of Pennsylvanians pushed upstream in order "to know their [the Indians'] minds." Were those natives preparing to help colonists stop the invasion, or plotting to join it?

It was hard to tell from the look of things at Shamokin, where Harris's party arrived on the evening of October 24. On the one hand, the Paxton men—some of them, like Harris and the fur trader Thomas McKee, well acquainted with the Susquehanna Valley Indian peoples—saw a number of familiar faces and were "seemingly well received." On the other hand, among the familiar faces were many "strange Indians, . . . all painted Black" for war. Worse still, during the night some of Harris's men overheard Dutchmen plotting to call in reinforcements against these colonial visitors, talk followed by "the War Song" and then by four Indians, "well armed," paddling off into the darkness. The next morning, Harris and his companions, no fools, "got up early in order to go back." As the party prepared to leave, another familiar face in those parts, a man named Andrew Montour, stepped forward to warn the travelers "not to go the same Road they came, but to keep this side Susquehannah and go the old Road" in order to slip a trap. And so, "at the parting of the Roads" just outside Shamokin, the forty-nine men talked, that autumn day, about the safer course to take.

The question framing the discussion was simple: Can we trust Andrew Montour? Some in the party, having known the man for more than a decade, said yes. Over the years, Montour had traveled hundreds of miles on errands for Pennsylvania and her sister colonies. His work on behalf of the English—carrying messages, delivering gifts, translating speeches—earned him the dubious distinction of having a French bounty on his capture (or his scalp), serving with George Washington at Great Meadows, and marching toward even worse disaster with Edward Braddock. So trusted was Montour by Pennsylvanians that, when he had arrived at the Paxton settlements late in 1754 bearing a commission to raise a body of Indian troops for the English, so many "River Men" volunteered (including John Harris's brother, William) that Montour filled his ranks with Pennsylvanians colonists instead. Interpreter, adviser, soldier—Montour, some of the Paxton men argued, had proved his loyalty too many times to be doubted now. Heed his warning; stay on this side of the Susquehanna.

Others disagreed. After all, this "French Andrew," this "Monsieur Montour," was the son of "Madame Montour," with a brother who acted like "a perfect French Mar" and a cousin called "French Margaret." Moreover, the man's recent behavior clearly betrayed him. "Montour knew many days of the Enemy's being on their March against us before he informed me," John Harris said. And, if such silence did not speak loudly enough, when Montour came forward at Shamokin that morning to warn the Pennsylvanians about the risks of the river's west side, he was "painted as the rest." Although admitting that "tis hard to tell," colonists urging the western route insisted that Montour could not be trusted; he was "an Enemy in his heart."

And so the men argued, knowing that their lives might depend upon their reading of Montour. Ultimately, those mistrusting him won the day; the horsemens, "fearing a snare might be laid on that [east] side," forded the river—and rode straight into the ambush that Montour knew was there. Four men fell to the first volley; several more drowned trying to make it back to Montour's side of the Susquehanna. The rest staggered home to Paxton to tell their story to family, to neighbors, to provincial officials, and to us.

The men who misread Andrew Montour that day were neither the first nor the last to make this mistake; they just paid a higher price than others. Richard Peters, an Anglican clergyman and provincial secretary to the Penn family who was deeply involved in the colony's Indian affairs, considered Montour "really an unintelligible person"; many others felt the same way. Conrad Weiser, Pennsylvania's Iroquois specialist who knew Montour even better than Peters did, "found him faithful, knowing, and prudent" in June 1748, but, by summer's end, was "at a loss [sic] to say of him."

His brother, Isaac Peters, have generally thought Montour unintelligible, and, like Weiser, we are often at a loss for what to say about him. Most confuse themselves to a sketch of Montour's colorful family and his checkered career: his birth to the Oneida leader Currundawanan and "the celebrated" Madame Montour, a Canadian métis who, among other adventures that brought her fame from Albany to Philadelphia to Detroit, dined with an English governor and bedded a French commandant; his attachment to French Margarets, who once traveled from the Susquehanna Valley to New York accompanied by "her Mohawk husband and two grandchilders, . . . with an Irish groom and six relay and pack-horses"; his appearance on the Susquehanna frontier in 1742 as an interpreter and guide for Moravian missionaries; his performances over the years that followed at councils and other intercultural conversations in Pennsylvania, Iroquoia, New York, Virginia, and the Ohio country; his status as a commander of colonial or Indian troops and a member of the Iroquois council; his bitter arguments with provincial officials; his battles with the bottle; his narrow escape from debtor's prison; and his murder by a Seneca in 1772, thirty years after he first stepped onto the public stage.

That Montour has befuddled both his contemporaries and later scholars is not surprising. Because he rarely spoke for himself, because he usually translated words others uttered and marked pages others wrote, it is hard to get beneath the surface of his career—this trip, that treaty—in order to study the man, to look upon his face or see into his heart.

More than the lack of sources, Montour's anomalous life gets in the way of a clear view. His very existence goes against the habit of thought, then and since, accustomed to consider the colonial frontier a dividing line between Europeans and
native Americans. Trying to locate Montour on either side of that frontier—like the related guessing game devoted to determining whether he favored France or England—preoccupied British colonists, who seemed to spend as much time trying to label Montour as they did trying to understand him. Richard Peters considered him an Indian, but others called him "white," and Conrad Weiser even referred to Montour as Indian on one page of a letter and white on another.

The first encounter with Montour to find its way into the historical record reveals one important source of the confusion about him: his appearance. "Andrew's cast of countenance is decidedly European," wrote the Moravian leader Count Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf after meeting Montour in September 1742, and had not his face been encircled with a broad band of paint, applied with bear's fat, I would certainly have taken him for one. He wore a brown broadcloth coat, a scarlet damasken lappel-waistcoat, breeches, over which his skirt hung, a black Cordovan seckercorn, cocked with silver bugles, shoes and stockings, and a hat. His ears were hung with pendants of brass and other wires plated together like the handle of a basket. He was very cordial, but on addressing him in French, he, to my surprise, replied in English.

To people like Zinzendorf, accustomed to reading European badges of identity—such as color of skin and cut of hair, language (or accent) and literacy, kin and clothes—Montour sent out mixed signals. Even his reply to Zinzendorf's greeting is hard to read: was Montour showing off his English? Trying to avoid being thought French? Reelishing the visitor's surprise? No easier to decipher is the fashion statement Montour made by combining hat and waistcoat with earrings and paint. Nor does his impressive collection of names—not just Andrew Montour and French Andrew but Henry Montour, Andrew (or Andreas) Satelil, and Enchidera (or Ough-sara)—help to fix his identity.

No wonder those skeptical Paxton men, like others reading Montour in their day and our own, admitted that it is "hard to tell" about him. Hard, yes, but not impossible. By venturing into the shadowy Susquehanna world that Montour called home, by listening with care when he did speak his mind, by letting his actions speak as loudly as his words, one can attempt a reading of Andrew Montour. Those shadows, those words, those actions suggest that Montour, nurtured in a distinctive cultural milieu, fashioned himself into a new sort of person, someone who drew from several traditions in order to craft a life. More than that, he might have been mapping his way toward a new sort of society, one nested in the interstices between Indians and colonists, one inhabited by people like him. Reading Andrew Montour, then, offers a sense of the possibilities open to people in that place at that time and a sense, too, of the limits of the possible, the harsh realities on which Montour founded.

The best way to approach Montour is to visit the Susquehanna River Valley where he spent much of his life. When Montour lived there, from the 1720s to the 1760s, the Susquehanna country was a debatable land, a place marked by confusion and contention. Too few "natives" remained there to serve as a charter group that could determine the character of life in the region, the Susquehannocks having been all but destroyed by their Iroquois neighbors in the late seventeenth century. The Six Nations—Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Senecas, and (after 1722) Tuscaroras—claimed the area by virtue of that victory and, after 1700, oversaw a reappearance of the valley's lower reaches not only by Seneca, Oneida, and Cayuga emigrants but also by Indian refugees fleeing European colonial intrusions. From Maryland came Conoy and Nanticoke, from Carolina Tutelos and Tuscaroras; from farther south still, and from the west, came Shawnees, and from the east came Delawares.

Out of the east, too, came colonists from various European lands. English and French, German and Scots-Irish, Swiss and Welsh moved into the valley during the first half of the eighteenth century, pursuing their own versions of happiness and drawing sustenance from faiths as various as Catholic, Quaker, Presbyterian, and Moravian. Added to this mix were African Americans, some of them runaway slaves, others owned by colonial fur traders, still others bought or stolen by Indians. Whatever their status, like "Delaware Negroes" visiting a provincial fort on the riverbank one winter day in 1758, African Americans were an everyday feature of the Susquehanna social landscape. . . .

To all a person of his background and upbringing, the future must have looked rich in possibilities, for Montour was singularly well equipped to chart a life's course that would take him in a number of different directions.

One of those directions led, through his mother, toward European colonial society. From Madame Montour Andrew picked up more than French and English; he also learned how to behave in polite provincial circles. . . . With his appearance and his knowledge of European ways, he could have wiped the paint from his face, pulled the spangles from his ears, and found a home in the colonial world.

Alternatively, Montour could have recast his countenance, adding more paint and turning his face away from Philadelphia or Bethlehem and toward Logstown or Onondaga, deeper into the Indian cultures and countries. After all, along with French and English he could speak Delaware, Shawnee, and one or more Iroquois languages. In addition, his mother, whatever her longings for colonial company, was to say nothing of the pressures "in mode of life a complete Indian," and, in his youth, Montour was apprenticed in his father's trade of hunting and war. An added incentive to look west or north rather than east was the knowledge that colonial society, too, could be a dangerous place. . . . The suspicions Andrew faced at Shamokin in October 1755 had been part of his life since the very beginning.

A third possibility was that Montour could choose neither path. Instead, he could stay in the Susquehanna Valley, where a person like him was, if not common, at least not some freak of nature and culture. As it turned out, Montour did just that. Although he never stayed in one spot for long, his life remained centered in those parts of the Susquehanna where he had grown up. There, the rhythms of his existence resembled those of most other Susquehanna peoples, whether their native soil was along the Delaware or the Rhine, the Savannah or the Thames. Montour hunted and traded, grew corn and raised sheep, and went off to war against both the Susquehanna Indians' traditional enemies, like Catawbas, and England's old foes, the French. And, like many Susquehanna colonists of every description, he drank a lot and piled up debts, habits that sometimes took him from tavern to jail and back again.

At the same time, however, Montour was no ordinary inhabitant of the valley. What distinguished him from his neighbors was not only his exceptional linguistic
skill but also his ability to fashion himself from more than one template: genteel colonist, Iroquois warrior, frontiersman. Moreover, he drew on those resources to make connections to peoples near and far. Some of those connections he inherited and then nurtured; others, he manufactured. . . .

Besides Count Zinzendorf, Montour cultivated Conrad Weiser, the expert on all things Iroquois who in 1748 "presented Andrew to the Board [Pennsylvania Council] as a person who might be of service to the Province," George Croghan, a prominent fur trader and Pennsylvania's man across the Appalachians, the Virginia land speculators of the Ohio Company, and, after 1755, Sir William Johnson of New York, the crown's superintendent of Indian affairs for the northern department.

Montour's pursuit of all of these relationships sharpened his ability to negotiate the cultural terrain of colonial America. At home in a longhouse and at a governor's dinner table, able to perform the Iroquois condolence ceremony and explain baptism to Indians, bearing a provincial captain's commission and a wampum belt with his credentials as an Iroquois leader, wearing a hat on his head and paint on his face—Montour made a name for himself as "a very useful Person" with "a good Character, both amongst White people and Indians." "Montour would be singular use to me here at this present, in converseing with the Indians," a worried George Washington wrote from the frontier in June 1754: "I am often at a loss how to behave and should be reliev'd from many anxious fears of offend[in]g them if Montour was here to assist me." Many people involved in similar conversations during these years sought in Montour the same assistance, the same relief from "anxious fear's."

No one serving among so many masters was going to please all of the peoples all of the time, however. Amid the testimonials to Montour were irascibles, sometimes by the very people praising him, about his behavior. . . .

When war came to the Susquehanna in the fall of 1755, the grumbling and laughter turned ugly. A month after the first strike at Penn's Creek, riding with the Oneida Scourayudy from Philadelphia to Iroquois in order to enlist the Six Nations' help, Montour waded into an elemental sea of hatred and anger. Lining the Susquehanna road were several hundred armed colonists, "enraged against all the Indians" and eager to "kill them without Distinction." "Must we must be killed by the Indians and we not kill them!" they shouted as the two rode past under guard. "Why are our Hands so tied?" . . .

Many peoples had plenty of reasons to hate Andrew Montour. Part of the problem was that the man kept changing the cast of his countenance. Montour's abrupt changes bespoke more than the rum in his belly or the interests of his audience. They were one expression of a habit he had—a nasty habit, in the view of the people he ostensibly served—of changing not only his countenance but his mind. In 1751, he said nothing when George Croghan happily announced to his Pennsylvania superiors that Indians had given the British permission to build a fort in the Ohio country to counter the French, then infuriated Croghan (and, presumably, pleased Ohio Indians) by claiming the opposite: the tribes there had expressly forbidden a fort. A year later, Montour was instrumental in getting Ohio leaders gathered at Logstown to accept Virginia's expansive interpretation of a land sale, then reversed himself again, embarrassing Weiser (and, again, pleasing Ohio nations) by insisting that "the Indians never Sold nor released it [the Ohio land]. If they did they were impos'd upon by the Interpreter"—none other than Weiser himself.

Such bold assertions of Indian rights misled those who saw in Montour a consistently staunch defender of native sovereignty, however. In December 1758, when British troops had taken Fort Duquesne and were determined to remain there, Montour helped George Croghan twist Ohio Indian speeches demanding the army's withdrawal into an invitation to stay. Similarly, at Easton four years later, he helped Sir William Johnson side with the Pennsylvania proprietors against Delaware charges of land fraud by condensing a four-hour reading of the proprietary defense into a brief summary for the Delaware ambassadors.

No wonder so many people despised Montour. The man was more than hard to read; he was, in some alarming way, unfathomable. His true nature, the wellspring of his behavior, remained hidden. Indeed, what made Montour so mistrusted is also what made him so indispensable. His gift, and his curse, was that his habits of dress and address allowed many different readings of him. People saw in him what they hoped (or feared) to see: French spy or British puppet, Christian convert or Iroquois warrior, land agent or defender of Indian domain, "Dope" of "low Company" (according to colonial authorities) or of the provincial elite (according to Indians defending their lands). Montour could be all things to all peoples—he got along with governors and "Woods Men," led war parties and missionaries, negotiated Indian land sales and then renounced them—but he belonged to no one. His behavior frustrated attempts to label him, to co-opt him, to render him loyal to someone or something, to make him predictable and safe.

There were, then, as many reasons to doubt Montour as there were reasons to rely on him. But perhaps the truest source of the dislike and distrust he inspired, the real reason he rubbed so many people wrong, was deeper than his drinking or his spending, his impertinence or his pride, his changes of countenance or changes of mind, his affinity for "low Company" or for provincial elites. That reason is the way Montour tried to define himself and to shape the future character of Susquehanna society. His vision, inchoate and never stated outright, can be retrieved from an unlikely place: his land dealings at midcentury. In these negotiations, Montour's signature, his hand, can be read more clearly—and clearly puts him at odds with most native Americans and most European colonists of his day. . . .

That Montour might become the landlord and neighbor of European colonists, that he might start a society in which Indian peoples and European peoples lived peaceably together, was Conrad Weiser's worst nightmare. . . . As Peters and Weiser came to see, they were in a contest with Montour not just for land but for the power to determine what sort of society was to be born on the Susquehanna—and, perhaps, beyond it. Would it resemble the Delaware Valley, now virtually empty of Indians? Or would it be something new, forged by various refugee and emigrant groups—European and Indian—from the common Susquehanna experience of the past generation and led by men like Montour?

The answer to these questions came at Albany in July 1754 when Weiser and Peters purchased from the Six Nations the land beneath Montour's feet. Pennsylvania won in part because the Iroquois were as unhappy with Montour's plan as Weiser and Peters were. In the past, Iroquois sales of land had served to affirm the
Six Nations' authority over other native peoples and to keep European colonists at arm's length. No wonder Onondaga refused to go along with his scheme... It was to be a land of lines dividing Indians from Europeans, not a place where lines blurred and peoples came together...

That Anglo-American colonists had no intention of living in "the woods" or becoming one people with Indians is clear enough. Less well known is the Indians' own resistance to such an idea. Beneath the metaphors of harmony and unity that decorated the treaty minutes—the talk of becoming one people with one body, one heart, and one mind—ran a chorus of dissonance and dissent. During a council at Lancaster in 1744, an Iroquois speaker informed his audience: "The World at the first was made on the other side of the Great water different from what it is on this side, as may be known from the different colour of Cur Skin and of Our Flesh... You have your Laws and Customs and so have we." "You know I am not as you are," an Oneida from the upper Susquehanna reminded Pennsylvania officials in 1762. "I am of a quite different Nature from you.

Not only were natives different, but they wanted to stay that way. "We are Indians," one Susquehanna headman replied when a missionary broached the subject of conversion, "and don't wish to be transformed into white men. The English are our Brethren, but we never promised to become what they are. As little as we desire the preacher to become Indian, so little ought he to desire the Indians to become preachers."

In the years to come, Susquehanna peoples, native American and Euro-American alike, would swirl in the blood the epitaph for Montour's dream by using knowledge acquired during a generation of peaceful intercourse to kill each other without mercy. "Be still we won't hurt you," an Indian warrior herding German children together a month after Penn's Creek said in "High Dutch"—before burying a hatchet in their mother's head, stepping on her neck to tear off her scalp, and joining his companions to cut down the fleeing boys and girls.

In the Susquehanna Valley eight years later, the tables were turned when some troops from Paxton came upon three Indians. "Don't shoot brothers, don't shoot," the three cried; they proclaimed their friendship for Pennsylania, and, personifying it, one was even "named George Allen." Paxton men recalled, "after the George Allen that was with us," Blind to such signs of truce, the soldiers took the Indians prisoner and, after ordering them to walk on ahead, shot them in the back. George Allen (the Indian), wounded in the arm, played dead while they scalped him; then, as the killers began to strip his leggings off, he jumped up and escaped, even though "the skin of his face, the scalp being off, came down over his eyes so that he cou'd not see." This George Allen, recovering his vision and his health, lived to talk of gaining revenge on his nameakes.

In a world where George Allen shot George Allen, where Indians spoke German while killing Germans, and where Montour to fit? He had set about defining himself as a denizen of this debatable land. Only after Montour had made it his life's ambition to become the leading citizen of the territory between the woods and the inhabited parts, only then did he discover that he had pitted his camp, had pitched his life, in a no-man's-land.

Montour was not completely alone, of course. Besides his extended family, besides those peoples on the east side of the Susquehanna living together amicably enough (or so it seemed to Weiser), a few others did articulate this search for a meeting of minds, hearts, and souls that, in Indian metaphor, bound societies one to the other. Among the Iroquois in 1750, the Moravian bishop John Christian Frederick Cammerhoff mused that he "sometimes felt like saying to myself: ['I am dwelling among my own people.']' and when I shall be able to say that in its true meaning, my heart will rejoice." But Cammerhoff never saw that happy day; indeed, virtually no one did. Although many crossed the cultural divide between Indians and Europeans, few really felt at home on the far side. Croghan, Weiser, the Oneidas Shadoklehmy and Scaromahy; these and the other go-betweens of the Pennsylvania theater were firmly anchored on one side of the frontier or the other. Like Thomas Gist, a frontiersman whom the Wyandots in 1758 captured, stripped, shaved, painted, and adopted, European colonists in the Indian countries were only "acting the part of an Indian." "I could do [this acting] very well," Gist boasted after he—"determined to be what I really was"—made good his escape.

... It is as hard to read the man now as it was 250 years ago. What can be said is that Montour was never able to borrow or to fashion a vocabulary that would define him as neither Indian nor European but something new, something else altogether. Lacking that working vocabulary, Montour spent his life maintaining his credentials as both an Indian and a European.

Trying to be both Indian and European, Montour ended up being neither. The life that he made for himself, the path he traveled, turned out to be a dead end in English America, not an avenue to some new social order. There was no need or desire in the New World to describe the sort of person he was, there was no critical mass of people like himself sufficient to weave new social patterns from the fraying edges of the old.

The Indians' Great Awakening

GREGORY E. DOWD

A nativist movement that would last a generation to become the religious underpinning of militant pan-Indianism first developed most clearly in the polyglot communities on the Upper Susquehanna. Refugees from earlier diasporas in New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania, these peoples began again to fall back before the Anglo-American advance of the 1750s and 1760s. The movement accompanied refugees as they fled northwest and then west from the Susquehanna to the headwaters of the Allegheny, from whence it descended upon the Ohio country. Here it found inviting souls among the already established refugees who inhabited the polyglot villages... Laid low during the Seven Years' War, the Indians provided the movement with deep basins of support. The Ohio River issued from mountains, springs, snows, and rains. The currents of nativism issued from the reckonings of the several thousand souls, and from the many prophets who gave those souls voice. Because the movement roughly coincided with British America's Christian revival, I have chosen to call it the Indians' Great Awakening. But it was not a "revival" of