



*Extract of the Speech of John [Skenandoa]*

ID\_TEI: SW\_NYYM\_Skenando  
TYPE\_OF\_MANUSCRIPT: speeches (documents)  
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DATE: n.d.  
LOCATION: Swarthmore College  
AUTHOR: John Skenandoa (ca. 1706-1816)  
SUMMARY: John Skenandoa was an Oneida chief and was a friend of Samuel Kirkland. By 1770, Skenandoa was the principal leader of Oneida Castle, a major Oneida settlement; Oneida Castle was destroyed in 1780.

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Extract

The Speech of John Scamada, principal Chief  
of the Oneida Nation, at the time when they first  
discovered that their improvements in the Castle had  
been sold to the State by the intrigues of some  
white men and unknown to the Indians - all  
the Indians in the Council were crying & lamenting  
on the occasion -

My Warriors and my Children - hear -  
it is cruel - it is very cruel - a heavy burden lies on  
my heart and it is very sick - thus in a dark day  
the clouds are black and heavy over the Oneida  
Nation - a strong arm lies heavy upon us, and  
our hearts grown under it - our fires are put out  
and our beds are removed under us - the graves  
of our Fathers are destroyed, and their Children  
are driven and driven away - The Almighty God  
is angry with us for we have been wicked,  
therefore his arm doth not help us - Where are  
the Chiefs of the rising sun, white chiefs now  
kindle their ancient fires - There no Indian  
Sleeps, but those that are sleeping in their  
graves - my house will soon be like theirs, soon  
will a white chief here kindle the fire - From  
Scamada will soon be no more, and his village  
no more a village of Indians - The news that  
was brought by our men last night from  
Albany hath made this a sick day in Oneida -  
all our hearts are sick, and our eyes rain like

## Transcription

ytf ytf The Speech of John Scanada principal Chief  
ytf of the Oneida Nation ; at the time when theyytf first  
discovered that their improvements the Castle had  
been sold toytf the State by the intrigue of some  
white men and unknown to the Indiansytf all  
the Indians in the were crying & lamenting  
on the occasionytf ytf ytf My warriors and my Children hear  
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was brought by ourytf men last night from  
Albany hath made this a sick day in Oneida  
all our hearts are sick, and our eyesytf rain like

the black cloud when it rears on the tops of  
the trees of the wilderness - Long did the strong  
voice of Scamada cry, (children take care, be  
wary, be straight - his feet were then like the  
deer's, and his arm like the bear's - ; he never  
could only mousen out a few words and then  
be silent - and his voice will soon be heard  
no more in Onida - But certainly he will  
long be in the minds of his children, in white  
men's minds - Scamada's name hath gone  
far, and will not die - He hath spoken  
many words to make his children straight;  
long hath he said, drink no strong water, for  
it makes you miv for white people who are  
eats - many a meal have they eaten of you -  
their mouth is a snare, and their way like  
the foot - their lips are sweet, but their hearts  
are wicked - yet these are good whites and  
good Indians -

The ground where their drunk stands, and their  
burying place is included in the stole -

## Transcription

ytf

the black cloud when it roars on the tops of  
the trees of theytf wilderness Long did the strong  
voice of Scanada cry, Children take care, be  
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many words to make his Children straight:  
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it makes you mice for whiteytf people who are  
cats many a meal have they eaten of you  
their mouth isytf a snare, and their way like  
the fox their lips are sweet, but theyytf hearts  
are wicked yet there are good whites and  
good Indiansytf ytf The ground where their church stands, and their  
burying place isytf included in the stoleytf ytf