Beyond Penn's Treaty

Extract of the Speech of John [Skenandoa]

ID_TEI: SW_NYYM_Skenando
TYPE_OF_MANUSCRIPT: Manuscript
CALL_NO: RG2/NYy/700
DATE: n.d.
LOCATION: SW
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 death of John Sequassa, principal chief of the Onondaga nation, at the time when they first discovered that their expansion into the western lands had been sold to the State by the intrigues of some white men and contracts to the Indians—All the Indians in the Council were crying and 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—this is a dark day the clouds are black and heavy over the Onondaga Nation—a strong arm lies heavy above us, and our hearts groan under it—our fires are put out and our beds are removed under us—the groans of our fathers are destroyed, and their children are driven away—The Almighty God is angry with us for we have been wicked, therefore his arm doth not hearken—Where are the chiefs of the rearing sons, white chiefs now kindle their ancient fires—There is no Indian chief, but those that are sleeping in their graves—my house will soon be like theirs, soon will a white chief here kindle the fire. John Sequassa will soon be no more, and his village move as a village of Indians—The news that was brought by our men last night from Albany hath made this a dark day in Onondaga—all our hearts are sick, and our eyes rain like
The Speech of John Scanada principal Chief of the Oneida Nation; at the time when they first discovered that their improvements the Castle had been sold to the State by the intrigue of some white men and unknown to the Indians all the Indians in the 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 this is a dark day the clouds are black and heavy over the Oneida Nation strong arm lies heavy upon us, and our hearts grown under it- our fires are put out and our beds removed under us the graves of our Fathers are destroyed, and their Children are driven away They Almighty God is angry with us for we have been wicked, therefore his arm doth not keep 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 this fire Scanada 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
the black cloud when it rains on the tops of the trees of the wilderness. Long did the strong voice of Lamadu cry, "Children take care, be wise, be straight—his feet were swift like the deer's, and his arms like the bear's; he saw few only mourn out a few words, and then he was silent, and his voice was heard no more in Canada. But certainly he will long be in the minds of his children, in white men's minds—Lamadu'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 wise; for white people who are not many a meal have they eaten of you—your mouth is a granary, and their eye like the foot—this life is sweet, but their hearts are wicked—yet there are good white and good Canadians.

This ground where their church stands, and their burying place is included in this tale.
the black cloud when it roars on the tops of the trees of their wilderness Long did the strong voice of Scanada cry, Children take care, be ware, be straight his feet were then like the deer's, and his arm like the bear's; he now can only mourn out a few words and then be silent and his voice will soony be heard no more in Oneida But certainly he will long be in the minds of his children, in white men's minds Scanada'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 mice for white people who are cats many a meal have they eaten of you their mouth is a snare, and their way like the fox their lips are sweet, but their hearts are wicked yet there are good whites and good Indians The ground where their church stands, and their burying place included in the stole y