



Extract of the Speech of John [Skenandoa]

ID_TEI:	SW_NYYM_Skenando
TYPE_OF_MANUSCRIPT:	speeches (documents)
CALL_NO:	RG2/NYy/700
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 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 - this is a dark day
the clouds are black and heavy over the Oneida
Nation - a strong arm lies heavy upon us, and
our hearts groan 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 this 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

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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
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all our hearts are sick, and our eyesytf rain like

the black cloud when it roars on the tops of
the trees of the wilderness - Long did the strong
voice of Scanada 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 mous 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 - 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 miv for white people who are
eat - 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 white and
good Indians -

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

Transcription

ytf

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good Indiansytf ytf The ground where their church stands, and their
burying place isytf included in the stoleytf ytf