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 Scourada, principal chief of the Coreida Nation, at this time when they first discovered that their impression into the Castle had been sold to the State by the intrigues of some white men and enemious to the Indians—all the Indians in the Council were crying & lamenting on the occasion.

My warriors and my children—bear
it is cruel—it is very cruel—a heavy burden lies on my heart and it is very sick—I this in a dark day the clouds are black and heavy over the Coreida Nation—a strong arm has heavy upon us and our hearts groan under it—our fires and fuel out and our beds are removed under us—the goods of our Fathers are destroyed, and our Children are driven away across our rivers away—The Almighty God is angry with us—for we have been wicked, therefore his arm doth not uphold us—Where are the Chiefs of the rising sons, white chiefs now to kindle their ancient fires—There go Indians—there, but there that are sleeping in their graves—my house will soon be like theirs, soon will a white chief here kindle the fires—John Scourada 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 day sick in Coreida—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 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 rears on the top of
the tree of the wilderness. Long did the strong
voice of Sequata cry, "Children take care, be
wise, be straight—his feet were finer than the
deer's, and his arms like the bear's; he saw
tawny moose cut a few words, and then
he silence, and his voice will sound be heard
morn in Andera. Yet certainly he will
long be in the minds of his children, in white
men's minds—Sequata'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 your mind for white people who are
into many a meal bread they eat of you—
their mouth is a snare, and their way like
the foot—their life one meal, and their hearts
are wicked—yet there are good white and
good Indians.

The ground where their church stands, and their
burial place is included in the site—
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

ytf can only mourn out a few words and then
be silent and his voice will soonyt be heard
no more in Oneida But certainlyytf he will
long be in the minds of his children, in white
men's mindsytf Scanada's name hath gone
far, andytf will not die He hath spoken
many words to make his Children straight:
ytf long hath he said, drink no strong water, for
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 theirytf 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