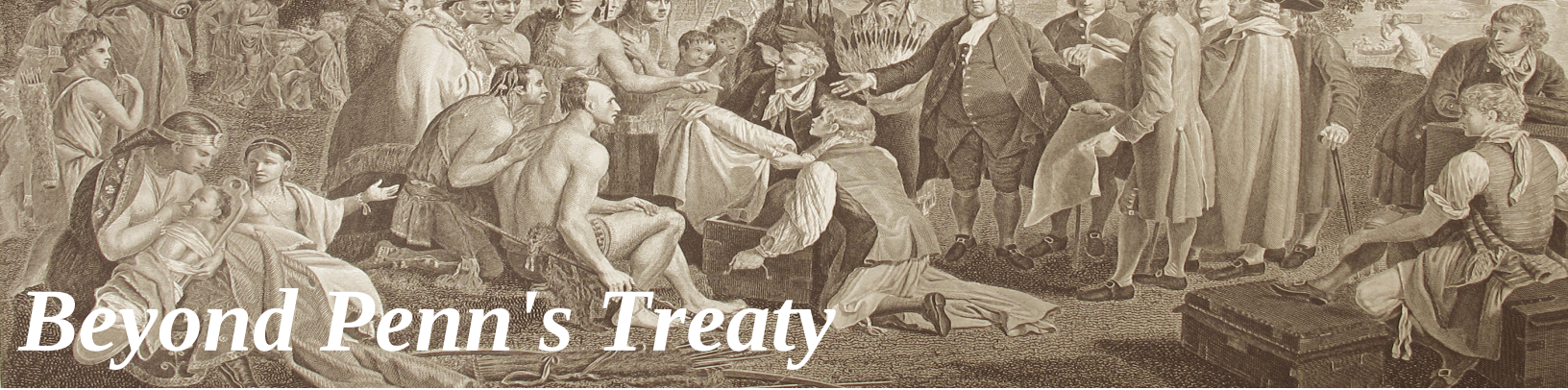




Beyond Penn's Treaty

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.

How to cite: Accessed online Wed 10 Sep 2025 05:53 AM EST

This page is intentionally left as blank.

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

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
it is cruel it is very cruel a heavy burdenytf lies on
my heart and it is very sick this is a dark day
the clouds areytf black and heavy over the Oneida
Nation aytf strong arm lies heavy upon us, and
our hearts grown under it- our fires areytf put out
and our beds removed under us the graves
of our Fathers areytf destroyed, and their Children
are driven are driven away Theytf Almighty God
is angry with us for we have been wicked,
therefore hisytf arm doth not keep us Where are
the Chiefs of the rising sun, white chiefsytf now
kindle their ancient fires There no Indian
sleeps, but those thatytf are sleeping in their
graves my house will soon be like theirs, soon
ytf will a white Chief here kindle this fire
ytf Scanada will soon be no more, and hisytf village
no more a village of Indians The news that
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 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 mow 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 mive 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 white and
good Indians -

The ground where their church 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
ware, be straight hisytf 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 soonytf 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 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