

That the Mohawks then had not been long settled in the Mohawk valley is proved, I think, by the few sites of pre-historic villages that are found. There are only two with which I am acquainted. It is possible that there is one more unknown, for in the after years they always had at the same time three villages to correspond to their three principal clans, the tortoise, the bear and the wolf. All of the many other sites of their villages in the valley come within the historic period. One of their villages was on the Oratungo, a branch of the creek that enters the Mohawk at Fort Plain; the other was on the bank of the Garoga creek, about two miles from where it empties into the river. The first site has been described; the second has never had that honor. My own investigations lead me

to conclude that in the defenses of Garoga several thousand trees must have been used. To cut these trees down and into the required lengths with fire and stone axes was a slow and tedious work. To dig the vast number of holes for the palisades was also a great labor, for the Indians had nothing but sharpened sticks, tortoise shells, fresh water clam shells and their hands. The location of the long houses at Garoga I have traced even at this late day by the dark earth, burned stones, clam shells and fragments of bone and pottery. Fragments of archaic pottery are found identical with those dug up on the site of Hochelaga and preserved at McGill university, Montreal.

Mr. Frey then gave an exhaustive account of his excavations at Garoga, and of the skeleton remains, bone, stone and clay implements, utensils, and weapons, found there, and said that the chief interest attaching to these relics is that they connect Garoga backward to Hochelaga and forward to the Mohawks in all the subsequent periods of their history as long as they remained in the Mohawk valley. After Champlain's time the Mohawks isolated from their enemies grew strong and began to be a terror to the colonies of New France. New Amsterdam had just been founded. Probably about the same time the Mohawks came out from their seclusion and boldly built their villages on the banks of the river. Here the Dutch traders found them and immediately began to draw all the beaver skins of the wilderness. In 1650 the Mohawks were at the height of their power. They numbered about 900 warriors. The Mohawk valley was a pandemonium filled with an insane love for blood. The Mohawks not only brought French civilization nearly to a close, but they hunted their Algonquin enemies far into the frozen north. This continued until 1686, when a French army marched thro the wilderness, and utterly destroyed every thing belonging to the Mohawks. The Indians sank in power and declined from 900 to 300 warriors. To the missionaries that came after the invasion is due the fact that we have one saint in the Mohawk valley, the Indian maiden, Tegahkowitz, known as St. Catharine, the lily of the Mohawk. But the missions on the whole were a failure. They came to an end about the end of the 17th century, and the Mohawks soon forgot their teachings.

It is probable that about this time they left their villages on the north side, and moved to villages on the south side of the Mohawk river, where they remained until they left the valley for Canada. These villages were: Indian Castle, east of Little Falls; Prospect Hill, east of Fort Plain and Hunter. None of these were palisaded, for the necessity for such protection was fast passing away. They abandoned the communal long house and adopted the houses of the white settlers. They seem too to have become more given to wandering. Families lived by themselves in scattered huts and bands strayed about and haunted white settlements. But they retained their ancient tribal customs. In the opening days of Queen Anne's reign they were the neighbors of the whites and all was peace.

The first patent granted in the Mohawk valley was to Captain Harmanus Van Slyck of Schenectady, and was a gift from the Mohawks to him. After this the Indians were in constant turmoil about their lands. It was parceled out in immense tracts, and their very village sites, to say nothing of their hunting grounds and fishing places, were given to the whites. The Indians constantly protested against these encroachments and it is no wonder they felt aggrieved. In 1723 the great immigration of the Palatines took place. At last all the lands of the Mohawks were taken up and they lived upon their old domain only by sufferance. In all the events preceding the close of the French wars and the fall of Quebec the Mohawks had taken part, following Sir William Johnson's lead, and now in 1763 in the great conspiracy of Pontiac they held aloof and refused to fight against their friends, the English. But there was a growing discontent among them as they saw their lands in the hands of the white men. Sir William Johnson died during the first mutterings of the storm. The revolutionary war is ended and in a few canoes a wretched band of Mohawks is seen skirting the shores of the bay of Quilute, discouraged, poor and homeless, seeking a site for a village in a new land.

Mr. Frey received many compliments upon his admirable paper. The society adjourned its meetings over the summer till the second Tuesday in September.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF ELLEN GOODNOUGH

OF THE ONEIDA MISSION.

EDITED BY SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER.

June 2d, 1866. We close the school to-day on account of the small-pox which has raged fearfully about us through the winter and spring. Our nearest neighbors have it now, and we are quite surrounded by it. When it first broke out the people were very careless indeed, many thinking it was the measles. Nearly twenty families had it before we knew what it really

was. My husband sent to Green Bay for a physician, and had all the school children vaccinated before he dismissed them. People say that the Indians always have this disease worse than the whites. Among the Prairie tribes in 1837, ten thousand are said to have died in one year, the families of one thousand lodges among the Blackfeet, Chickarees, and Mandans were swept away. It broke out among the Mandans July 15th, and in a few weeks out of 1600 people only 80 were left, so say the books. Prepared a basket of food this morning for a large family who are all ill. Arthur, my oldest boy, carried the basket near the house, shouted, and the man taking care of the family came out, Arthur put the basket down and ran home. This is the way adopted to help the sufferers. Provisions and medicines are furnished by the chiefs and friends, and carried near the houses, when the nurses come out and take what is left, but they never leave the sick ones until all danger of spreading the disease is over. A woman and her babe died last night and were buried in the woods. Thirteen have died lately. I look around upon my own five children with dread. Margaret died last night of consumption—it has been a long illness and her husband has watched over her most tenderly, day and night. She leaves two little children to whom their father will be very good. The Indians are very fond of their children. When a woman dies, it is generally her own mother or sister who take her children, and they are almost always kindly treated. The Indians do not consider relationship on the father's side as a strong tie, they count relationship on the mother's side almost entirely.

June 22, Friday. To-day has been set apart by the missionary as a day of prayer and fasting on account of the small-pox which has not yet left the Reservation, though it is hoped the worse is over. Vaccination, and the care now taken to prevent the disease from spreading are having a very good effect.

June 23. The interpreter was here to-day, he lives on his farm about five miles from us. He is a most excellent man, a truly devoted Christian. He had just come from Green Bay, where a white man, a lawyer, tried hard to make him swear a false oath; at last the lawyer offered him a bribe of three dollars to induce him to take the oath. He little knew the true uprightness of our Christian brother, Sa-wa-tis, who was quite amazed at this conduct of a

man he had looked up to, as learned in the law, and a gentleman. "He ought to know what is right a great deal better than an Indian," was the comment of Sa-wa-tis. Although the missionary understands Oneida, can speak it, and reads it well, and performs the service with ease, he never preaches in it, fearing to make some mistake. The interpreter always translates the sermon. The language though soft and musical, in many of its sounds, is harsh in others.

and is very hard to learn to speak perfectly. Children acquire it easily, our little ones speak it better than English; but the Oneidas say no grown person ever speaks it without mistakes.

Sunday. The little church was full to-day. Three children were baptized. Indian babies seem to take pleasure in being christened; they really behave remarkably well, often looking up intently in the minister's face, and smiling sweetly. They seldom cry. A lady visiting the mission for the service, said to me afterwards: "The Baptism of those Indian babes was the most beautiful sight I ever saw." After the Baptism a hymn was sung. Then a young couple came forward to be married. The bride is about fourteen; probably these young people had never spoken to each other previous to the ceremony which united them for life. The relations generally settle the marriages in their families, but the consent of both parties is of course always obtained before the ceremony. The young bride was very pleasing and modest in appearance. The Oneida girls are generally very pleasing and modest, in look and manner.

Monday. When we rose this morning we found a number of our people standing outside around the house, waiting to see their "father" in order to get some money. They often bring him their money for safe-keeping, and draw it out as they need it. Sometimes they lend little sums to each other, the missionary keeping the accounts, and paying up the interest which is never insurmountable. There is a death-feast to-day. This one of the old heathen customs they will keep up and cling to. They believe that when a person dies the spirit stays in the house ten days. On the tenth day the relations of the deceased make a feast in the house of mourning, and all partake of it in profound silence, not a word is spoken, excepting by the one appointed to speak of the departed, and to call to remembrance any little incidents of the individual's life, dwelling on the good qual-

ities. They say if this ceremony is omitted, the departed one is sad and hungry. A woman told me her sister-in-law was very fond of candy; she died and the day before the death-feast her husband put some candy in the room where she died; in the morning all the candy was found broken up, and finely powdered by the spirit!

Tuesday. Six women came to spend the afternoon with me, bringing their sewing. We had a very pleasant visit indeed. They were nicely dressed and very neat. These do not use tobacco, but some of the old women smoke and chew dreadfully. My visitors could not speak much English, and I cannot converse freely in Oneida, though I understand it pretty well. We talked about a new altar for our church. It is greatly needed, I am very hopeful that this improvement may be brought about. Peggy-I'ko, Big Peggy, brought me a basket of summer squashes, from her own garden. She says her garden is very good this year. The Oneida women generally are beginning to take much pride in their gardens. They raise all the common vegetables. They have flower-borders too, and seem especially to delight in a great variety of gay poppies. Morning-glories and scarlet-runners are often trained over the windows of the log cabins. They seem to have no distinctive name for different flowers, but call them all "O-jee-jees."

Saturday. This morning I called a few girls into my kitchen to teach them the art of making yeast and bread. Many of the Indian families now use wheat flour. Ten years ago they only used it on great occasions, and at their feasts. Their own common bread is very hard to make, and indigestible for those who are not accustomed to it. It is made of white maize. The corn is shelled, boiled for a few minutes in strong lye, then washed thoroughly in cold water until the hulls all come off. They have a wooden mortar in each house made by burning a hollow in a hard wood log, about three feet long; the maize freed from its hulls is then pounded into flour by a wooden or a stone pestle. It is afterwards sifted through a sieve made of very fine strands of bark. It is then mixed with boiling water and kneaded into round flat cakes which are baked in the ashes of the fire-place, or boiled like dumplings for an hour or more. Whole beans or dried berries are considered an improvement. The Indians declare this bread of theirs will sustain life longer than any other article of food. *Even-*

ing. This is mall-day. The missionary being post-master and post-man brings the mail himself from Green Bay. Twelve years ago the Saturday evenings and nights were times of terror to me, owing to the riotous conduct of the people returning from trading at the Bay; but the people are now quiet and orderly. They make their little purchases, and come home sober. There is only an occasional case of drunkenness and no general uproar.

September 13. At an early hour this morning the Indians began to gather at the mission. They are to clear some new land for a mission pasture. The first to appear was Johnny Wys-to-te-Snowbird. The children are all glad to see him. He is a good fellow, has been baptized, but not confirmed, because occasionally he will go on a spree. He is more than forty, but has neither wife nor child. Johnny is very lazy and slow and it even seems an effort to him to speak. Strange to say, he is one of the swiftest runners in the tribe. There are three runners, public officials. They are employed in case of a council or for accidents, or any matter requiring immediate public attention. If a person is killed, drowned, or frozen to death, instead of tolling a bell these runners go through the settlement, shouting the "Death-Whoop," a peculiar unearthly sound, familiar to every Indian, and once heard by a white person never forgotten. The runners start from one end of the settlement in a line, one behind another, about six paces apart. The first gives the "Death-Whoop," then after a few seconds the next one, then the third—thus they run at the swiftest pace through the whole settlement. It is a sound that makes one shudder. However distant, this fearful cry is immediately recognized by the people, they run to the road-side with anxious hearts, fearing that the dead one may be a relation or a friend. I have heard this "Death-Whoop" a few times, but hope never to hear it again.

(To be continued)

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