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*Instances of Indian Genives
From the Portfolio
Oct., 1816.*

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© Filmed from an original in the
State Historical Society in Wisconsin.

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try. They returned by a different route from Kentucky, so that I never had an opportunity of seeing him again.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

MESS'RS. LEWIS & HALL,

Please to insert the following in your paper, for the gratification of those who are interested in the memory of that celebrated christian chief, whose death was lately noticed by several editors. It is sent you by the permission of Mr. Jenkins, missionary of the Oneidas, who took down the speech as it was delivered.

SPEECH OF JOHN SCANANDO,

Head chief of the Oneidas, on the discovery that their land and improvements at the castle were sold to the state, by the intrigue (as he asserts) of certain white men. [The tears ran copiously from his eyes, and from those of all that heard him in council where he spoke.]

My warriors and my children! Hear!—It is cruel—it is very cruel! a heavy burden lies on my heart;—it is very sick. This is a dark day. The clouds are black and heavy over the Oneida nation; and a strange arm is heavy upon us, and our hearts groan under it. Our fires are put out, and our beds are removed from under us. The graves of our fathers are destroyed, and their children are driven away. The Almighty is angry with us; for we have been very wicked; therefore his arm does 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 sleep in their graves. My house will soon be like theirs; soon will a white chief here kindle his fire. Your Scanando will soon be no more, and his village no more a village of Indians.*

The news that came last night by our men from Albany, made this a sick day in Oneida. All our children's hearts are sick, and our eyes rain like the black cloud that roars on the tops of the trees of the wilderness. Long did the strong voice of Scanando cry, children, take care, be wise, be straight. His feet were then

* He was blind and near a hundred years old when he delivered this speech.

like the deer's, and his arm like the be
mourn out a few words and then be silent
be heard no more in Oneida. But cert
the minds of his children—in white men
gone far, and will not die. He has spok
his children straight. Long has he said
for it makes you mice for white men, who
have they eaten of you. Their mouth is
like the fox. Their lips are sweet, but the
there are good whites and there are go
good men; and Jesus, whom I love, sees
coming, he will make straight; he will
and drinking Indians, begone ye—begone
tainly, my children, he will drive them
will rejoice. But oh! great sorrow in my
children mourn. The great Jesus has look
whites were cheating us; and it will remai
make all straight again. Long have I be
and as long as I live I will pray to him. He
my blind eyes he will open,* I shall see h
is a good way.

Hearken, my children! when this news
house, toward the setting sun, and they c
rows, sharpen the tomahawk—put the chain
whites into the ground—warrior, kill! kill!
setting sun wont kill any of the Six Nation
because they have a chain of friendship w
says, the whites have made us wicked like
we have sold them our land. We have no
cheated: and my messengers shall speak to

* The Indians are now driven to their unimproved
self, a hundred and six years old when I visited the
three miles distant from the meeting house, which, to
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His feet were then
be delivered this speech

like the deer's, and his arm like the bear's—He can now only
mourn out a few words and then be silent; and his voice will soon
be heard no more in Oneida. But certainly he will be long in
the minds of his children—in white men's Scanando's name has
gone far, and will not die. He has spoke many words to make
his children straight. Long has he said, drink no strong water;
for it makes you mice for white men, 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 heart is wicked. Yet
there are good whites and there are good Indians. I love all
good men; and Jesus, whom I love, sees all. His great day is
coming, he will make straight; he will say to cheating whites
and drinking Indians, begone ye—begone ye—go, go, go.—Cer-
tainly, my children, he will drive them away. In that day I
will rejoice. But oh! great sorrow in my heart that many of my
children mourn. The great Jesus has looked on all the while the
whites were cheating us; and it will remain in his mind—he will
make all straight again. Long have I believed his good words;
and as long as I live I will pray to him. He is my good Saviour—
my blind eyes he will open,* I shall see him.—Children, his way
is a good way.

Hearken, my children! when this news sounds in the council-
house, toward the setting sun, and they cry, make bows and ar-
rows, sharpen the tomahawk—put the chain of friendship with the
whites into the ground—warrior, kill! kill! The great chief at the
setting sun wont kill any of the Six Nations that go into his land,
because they have a chain of friendship with the whites; and he
says, the whites have made us wicked like themselves, and that
we have sold them our land. We have not sold it; we have been
cheated: and my messengers shall speak true words in the great

* The Indians are now driven to their unimproved lands. The old chief him-
self, a hundred and six years old when I visited the place, lived in the woods,
three miles distant from the meeting house, which, together with the missionary
house, were in possession of the state. Men were then laying out the extensive
improvements in the village lots, and few of the tribe comparatively, kindled
their fires within the whole reservation, and the missionary station there was
soon to be broken up.

council-house toward the setting sun, and say—yet bury the tomahawk; Oneidas must be children of peace.

Children! Some have said, your chiefs signed papers of white men that sold our fires. Your chiefs signed no papers; sooner would they let the tomahawk lay them low. We know one of our men was hired by white men to tell our men this, and will now tell you so himself. Papers are wicked things; take care; sign none of them but such as our minister reads to us. He is straight. You now see his tears running like ours.

Father—you are our minister—dry up your tears. We know if your arm could it would help us. We know wicked men speak ill of you for our sakes. You suffer with us. But you are Jesus' servant, and he will love you no less for loving Indians.

Children—our two messengers will run and carry our sorrows to the great council fire toward the setting sun. Run, my children, and tell our words. Give health to all the chiefs assembled round the great fire. And may Jesus, the great Saviour, bring you back safe.

Portsmouth, N. H. July 23.

The following address was made by *Bold Susop*, the Indian, who is now in confinement at Castine, to await his trial for the murder of Mr. Knight, of Bangor, to the court by which he was examined at the latter place. He was impressed with the idea that they were about to kill him, and did not like being hung—nor did he want to go to Castine, fearing he should not be buried in his native town:

"My friends, now I speak to you what you all hear: some of you see what my hand do—now, 'spouse you kill—you shoot me here—me ready—me no want to go to Castine, cause my friends want to bury me at *Old Town*, and great deal of trouble they all go to Castine to see me die. Now, gentlemen, any body will shoot me here; I will pay them money—and be much obliged to them."

He was told by the court that it was not in their power to have him shot, but it seemed to be with much reluctance that he relinquished this favour. He confessed the crime, and says if he is shot, then he pays for the murder, then he thinks he may go to heaven, but if he is hung he is afraid of eternal punishment.

(End.)

criticism; still less are they to be a cal character, when they are so cor the politicians themselves, and elev rank of public virtue. As I began, am not conscious of ever having giv blame for malignity's; and I never truth, and a recurrence to first princ culated to bring back the happier tin stitution; and however humble as an self formidable as a lover of truth, at myself in its cause, as long as the s tings, and the honest appreciate my i

Yours, my dear

(From the Petersburg.)

ALTHOUGH we are not such en qualifications of a savage life as the se both seen and heard of such example the aborigines of this country, as caus fate of the Indian tribes. Perhaps the are not able to produce an individual o ers as were exhibited by a young chie dians who inhabit the banks of the M Illinois. The story of the admirable notice of Europe in the sixteenth centi than the following account of a young drawn up by a friend of ours who had his company for seven or eight days:

I was at Frankfort in the state o 1805, when upwards of thirty Indian cl reside upon the Missouri and the Mi way to a visit to president Jefferson.