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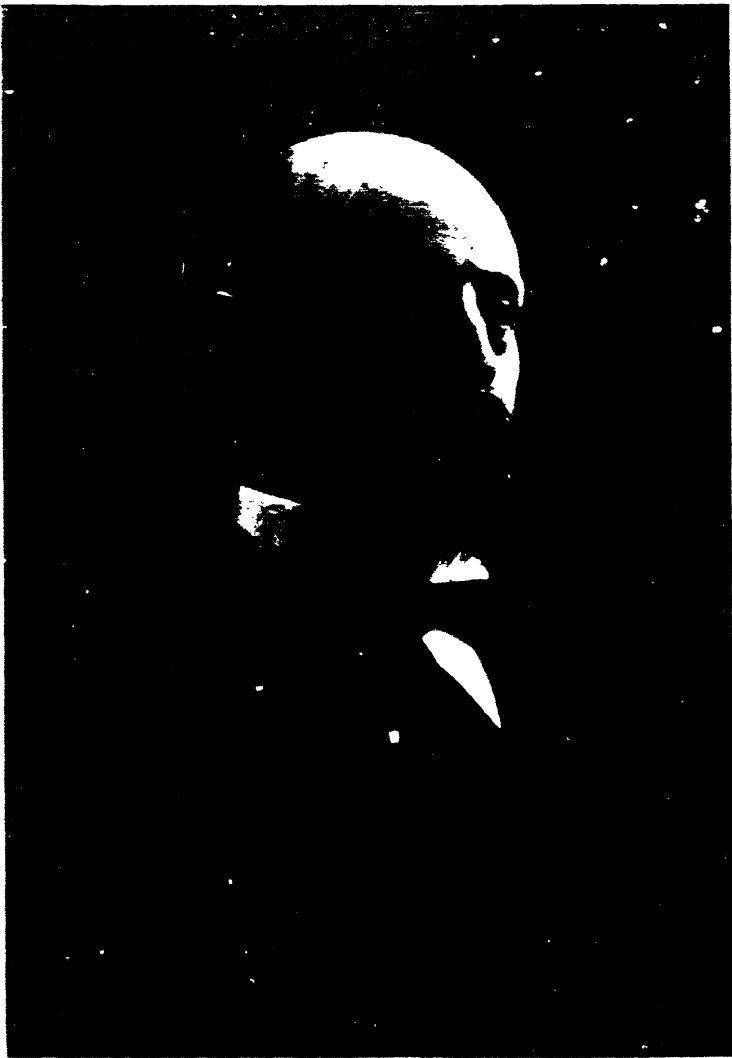


1898.

MUNSON-WILLIAMS MEMORIAL.

No. 8.

UTICA, N. Y.
UTICA HERALD JOB DEPARTMENT.
1898.



THOMAS D. WATSON
PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF
MAYORS



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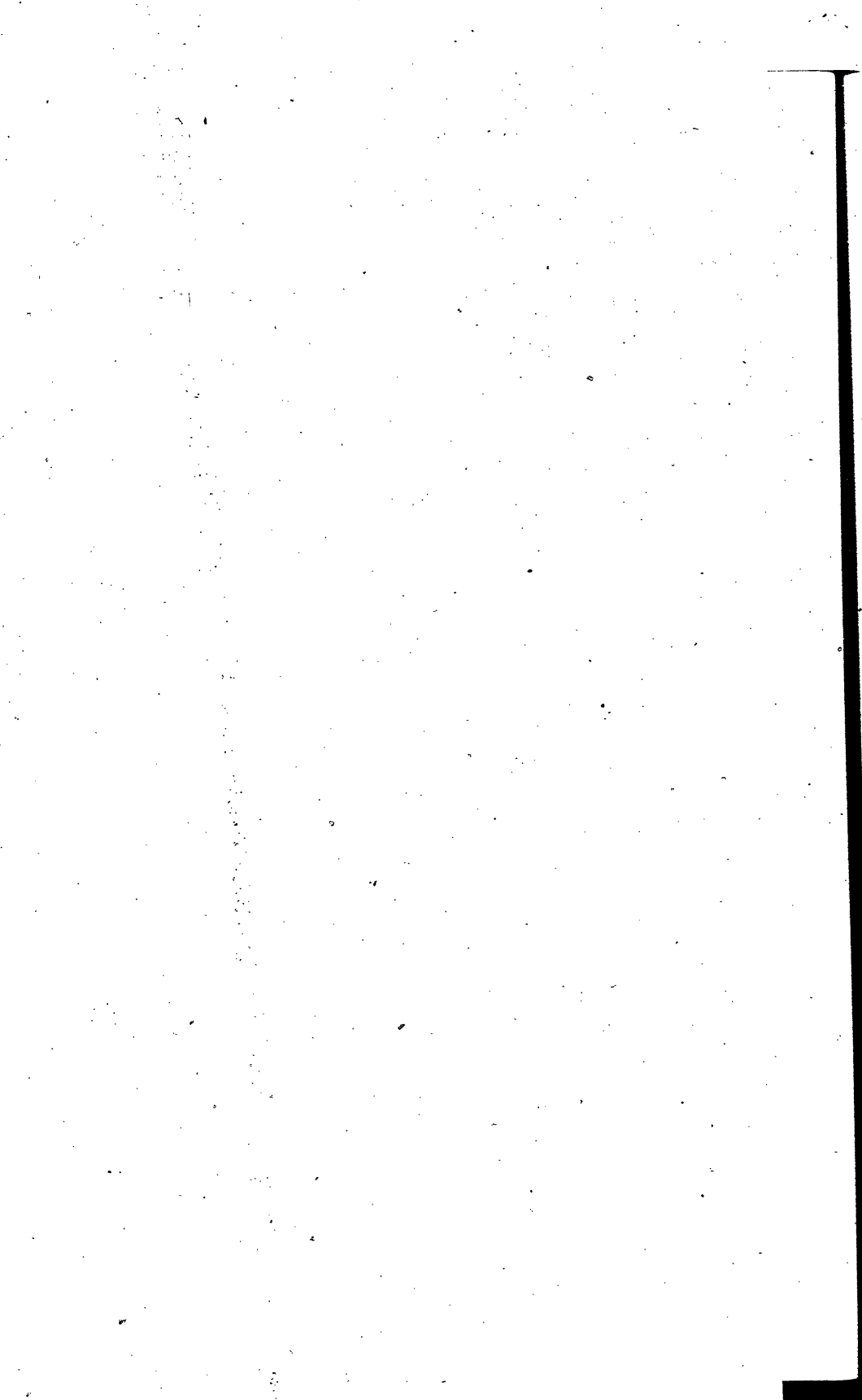
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The Mohawks.

AN ENQUIRY INTO THEIR ORIGIN MIGRATIONS AND INFLUENCE UPON THE WHITE SETTLERS.

BY S. L. FREY.

The student of the early history of New France and New York begins very soon to recognize the fact that there is a potent and mysterious influence at work for good or evil, and entirely outside of civilized and European ken. There are hints of a people powerful and warlike, intellectual and organized, hidden somewhere in the vast and boundless wilderness. These people were a potent factor in the Revolutionary struggle. Our patriot sires of the Mohawk Valley met them face to face, and it is with their obscure and uncertain history that this paper has to do. The beginnings of this history are remote, and far outside the Mohawk Valley.

In the sixteenth century Europe swarmed with a restless population of adventurous spirits. All avenues for romantic achievements had well nigh closed. The crusades were finished, chivalry and knight errantry had waned, the era of trade and commerce for all mankind had not yet dawned, and generations of men, bred to arms, were fit for nothing else but wild exploits by land and sea.

The discovery of a new world came in a good time for Europe. It cleared the air, turned the minds of all to new thoughts and new pursuits, and instilled new life and new hope and new energy into nations and individuals.

The greed for gold, the ardent desire to make proselytes to the true faith, the love of adventure, the jealousy of nations, these were some of the motives that sent men sailing out into the unknown from all the harbors of Spain and Portugal, France and England, and Holland and Italy.

Columbus believed that he had discovered the most eastern extension of the Spice Islands of the Indian Sea, and if he continued sailing to the west he would reach China and Cipango.

An imperfect nautical knowledge that led to errors in latitude and longitude fostered these errors in later years, and caused an untiring search for a waterway through the American continent. In consequence of this every river and every arm of the sea was explored from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico.

Among the many bold adventurers who at that early day went sailing out into the west, was one who was the first to come in contact with the aborigines of the Mohawk Valley. On the 16th of May, 1535, Jacques Cartier, with a goodly company of gentlemen, sailed from the ancient fort of St. Malo. He was to search out some new land where troops of converted pagans would compensate for the ravages made by Luther and Calvin upon the church.

His fortune led him to enter the great river which he named St. Lawrence; but although he did not and could not realize how great a discovery he had made, still when he saw how vast was the stream he was filled with high hopes that he had indeed found the way to China.

Carefully and slowly he glided on between banks of autumnal foliage; wild fowl in immense numbers clamored in the water, and herds of deer fed in the coves and bays. He passed the grim gorge where the Saguenay is seen, and at the rock of Quebec he found the Indian village of Stadaconnè. Here the Frenchmen were welcomed by dancing and shouting, and held an audience with the "king," the great Donnacona. We have reason to think that these are the first Mohawks that appear in history.

But they learn that still further up the great river, many days' journey, there lies another town far larger and more important. It was called Hochelaga, as was also the river and the country around. Continuing his journey, on the 2d of October 1535, Cartier reached this great town—this unknown and mysterious Hochelaga. And as this is the very beginning of the history of the Mohawk Valley—Stadaconnè and Hoche-

laga belonging to the same tribe—and the first we hear of that race of savages, who in the after time were such prominent actors in all of our border warfare, it may be well to describe somewhat minutely the town and people.

That they were Iroquois and Mohawk I shall, as I proceed, attempt to demonstrate, as far as the uncertain data will allow, but at the same time I do not insist upon a theory founded upon what may be considered unsatisfactory evidence. Cartier's account of Hochelaga and its people I will give in the graphic language of Francis Parkman, the most fascinating of all our historians.

“Where now are seen the quays and storehouses of Montreal, a thousand Indians thronged the shore, wild with delight, dancing, singing, crowding about the strangers, and showering into the boats their gifts of fish and maize; and as it grew dark fires lighted up the night, while far and near the French could see the excited savages leaping and rejoicing by the blaze. At dawn of day, marshalled and acoutred, they set forth for Hochelaga. An Indian path led them through the forest which covered the site of Montreal. The morning air was chill and sharp, the leaves were changing hue, and beneath the oaks the ground was thickly strewn with acorns.

They soon met an Indian Chief with a party of tribes men, or as the old narrative has it, “one of the principal lords of the said city, attended by a numerous retinue.” Greeting them after the concise courtesy of the forest, he led them to a fire kindled by the side of the path for their comfort and refreshment, seated them on the earth and made them a long harangue, receiving in requital for his eloquence two hatchets, two knives and a crucifix, the last of which he was invited to kiss. This done they resumed their march, and presently issued forth upon open fields covered far and near with the ripened maize, its leaves rustling, its yellow grain gleaming between the parting husks. Before them, wrapped in forests painted by the early frost, rose the ridgy back of the mountain of Montreal, and below encompassed by its cornfields lay the Indian town.

Nothing was visible but its encircling palisades. They were of trunks of trees set in a triple row, the outer and inner ranges inclined till they met and crossed near the summit while the

upright row between them, aided by transverse braces, gave to the whole an abundant strength.

Within were galleries for the defenders, rude ladders to mount them, and magazines of stones to throw down on the heads of assailants. It was a mode of fortification practiced by all the tribes speaking dialects of the Iroquois.

The voyagers entered the narrow portal. Within they saw some fifty of those large oblong dwellings so familiar in after years to the eyes of the Jesuit Apostles in Iroquois and Huron forests. They were fifty yards or more in length and twelve or fifteen wide, framed of sapling poles closely covered with sheets of bark, and each containing many fires and many families.

Here Cartier and his followers stopped while the surrounding houses of bark disgorged their inmates—swarms of children, and young women and old, their infants in their arms. They crowded about their visitors crying with delight, touching their beads, feeling their faces, and holding up the screeching infants to be touched in turn.

Strange in hue, strange in attire, with moustached lip and bearded chin, with arquebuse and glittering halberd, helmet and cuirass—were the marvellous strangers demigods or men? Due time allowed for this feminine rapture the warriors interposed, banished the women and children to a distance and squatted on the ground around the French, row within row, of swarthy forms and eager faces, "as if" says Cartier, "we were going to act a play." Then appeared a troop of women bearing a mat with which they carpeted the bare earth for the behoof of of their guests.

The latter being seated the chief of the nation was borne before them on a deerskin by a number of his tribesmen, a bed-ridden old savage, paralyzed and helpless, squalid as the rest in his attire, and distinguished only by a red fillet, inwrought with the dyed quills of the Canada porcupine, encircling his lank black hair.

They placed him on the ground at Cartier's feet, and made signs of welcome for him, while he pointed feebly to his powerless limbs, and implored the healing touch from the hand of the French chief.

Cartier complied, and received in acknowledgement the red fillet of his grateful patient. And now from surrounding dwellings appeared a woeful throng, the sick, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the decrepit, brought forth and placed on the bare earth before the perplexed commander, "As if," he says, "a God had come down to cure them."

His skill in medicine being far behind the emergency, he pronounced over his petitioners, a portion of the Gospel of St. John, of infallible efficacy on such occasions, made the sign of the cross, and uttered a prayer, not for their bodies only, but for their miserable souls. Next he read the passion of the Saviour, to which, though comprehending not a word, his audience listened with grave attention.

Then came a distribution of presents. The squaws and children were recalled, and with the warriors placed in separate groups. Knives and hatchets were given to the men, beads to the women, and pewter rings and images of the *Agnus Dei* flung among the troop of children, whence ensued a vigorous-scramble in the Square of Hochelaga."

Then there was a blare of trumpets, and bidding their hosts farewell, they formed their ranks and defiled through the gates once more. "A body of Indians followed and guided them to the top of the neighboring mountain. Cartier called it Mount Royal—Montreal—and hence the name of the busy city, which now holds the site of the vanished Hochelaga."

From the summit Cartier looked out "east, west and south, and saw the mantling forest over all, and the broad blue ribbon of the river glistening amid a realm of verdure. Beyond to the bounds of Mexico stretched a leafy desert, and the vast hive of industry, the mighty battleground of later centuries, lay sunk in savage torpor wrapped in illimitable woods."

Such was Hochelaga, and it is evident from Cartier's account that it was an Iroquois town.

The mode of fortification and the surrounding corn fields would prove this, for the Iroquois only lived in such towns, and were an agricultural people. All the Algonquin hordes were nomads, living the wandering life of hunters, gorged at one time with food, and shivering with cold and hunger through the long winters.

There were also certain affinities between their language and that of the Iroquois. Cartier says that the native name for the country around Quebec was Canada, and Canada is a pure Mohawk word signifying town or village.

Colden, also, says in his history of the Five Nations, that the Mohawks had a tradition, that they were formerly settled at Montreal, and that they were driven out by the Adirondacks.

And last, but by no means least, is the archæological evidence, which will receive particular attention when we come to examine the prehistoric village sites of the Mohawk valley.

Seventy years after Cartier's time the whole region was occupied by Algonquin tribes, and no trace remained of Stadaconè or of Hochelaga.

What had become of the people? An overwhelming force of wandering Algonquins had destroyed their towns, but it is not to be supposed that so fierce a race of savage warriors as these old Hochelagans were exterminated. To what new land had they gone? I think we shall find them seated in impregnable strongholds among the hills and in the dense forests of the Mohawk valley, fleeing, for the time being, before their enemies, and biding their time to wreak a sure and terrible vengeance on them all. They had put the impassable wilderness of the Adirondacks between them and their northern foes.

Seventy years had passed away, and now we come to the opening of the seventeenth century full of great events and the most picturesque characters. The gentlemen and the free lances of England led by Sir Walter Raleigh; the days of Jamestown and of John Smith; of Pocohontas and Powhattan; the days of Hudson and New Amsterdam; the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Mayflower and the Plymouth Rock.

The century is full of action, of motion, of unrest, of cruelty, war and conquest; all the seas of the world are whitened by the sails of discoverers, bucaniers, pirates, traders and missionaries.

France remembers the St. Lawrence, and the crowds of heathen in Hochelaga, and sends Samuel de Champlain to found a New France in North America; and Holland, the most wonderful and interesting of all nations, fosters science, and the arts, at home not only, but colonizes the East Indies, and sends Hendrick Hudson to found a new Amsterdam beyond the western sea.

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Hudson and Champlain, in the same year—1609—began to make the history of our State and of the Mohawk valley. Of the former we need say little at present, for we shall see the results of his discoveries further on in the settlement of New York, Albany and Schenectady. Of the latter, and of his first fatal interview with the Mohawks, which was so far reaching in its effects, and is so intimately associated with our early history, we must treat somewhat in detail.

In our prosaic age we look with wonder and astonishment upon such men as Champlain and his company, who came into a dismal wilderness of woods, tenanted only by savage beasts and savage men, with plumed helmets and silken doublets, with scarlet breeches and diamond shoe buckles, with lace and frills, and all the refined tastes, and fastidious habits of the gentlemen and scholars of the most luxurious country of Europe. It would seem to us that such a style of dress was illy fitted for the rough life of soldiers and discoverers in a land of such savage aspect as the Canada of that day. But it was the way of the world in those days, some of the last lingering remains of an age of romance, which has, as we look back upon it, such a highly decorative aspect.

Champlain had been in Canada since 1603; untamed by adversity, undaunted by dangers and disappointments, he was ever ready to reach out into that unknown wilderness of which he had heard from his Algonquin allies who came from far up the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence.

“During the last autumn a young chief from the banks of the Ottawa had been at Quebec, and, amazed at what he saw, he had begged Champlain to join him in the spring against his enemies—these enemies were a formidable race of savages, the Iroquois, or Five Confederate nations dwelling in fortified villages within limits now embraced by the State of New York, and who were a terror to all the surrounding forests.”

This is the first we hear of these people, and the first rumor that reached the ears of the French concerning them.

Champlain consented to go with the young chief, but it was not until May, 1609, that he started on his hair brained expedition—an expedition that in the after years resulted in so much woe to the colony of New France, for as well might he have ad-

ventured into the wild wolf's den, as to have aroused the fierce hate of the savage Mohawks.

But Champlain despised the whole Indian race, and with a courage begotten of ignorance, he set out with a few companions and a motley horde of Algonquins and Hurons. Their course was up that river of many names, "The River of the Iroquois," the Richelieu; the St. John; the Chambly; the St. Louis; the Sorel. It is the outlet of the lake that bears his name. By slow stages the mongrel crowd of savages felt their way by canoe and on foot through the tangled woods, and past the roaring rapids.

The glistening waters of the lake came into view, and great mountain peaks were seen, far off, and near at hand, and beyond, far to the south in secluded valleys, and fastnesses of the hills, lurked the Mohawk. At last, not far from Ticonderoga, they came in sight of their enemies, and Champlain, like Great Heart, assayed to meet them with all the nonchalance of an old fighter.

The account says: "Over his doublet he buckled on a breast plate and a back piece; on his thighs were plates of steel, and on his head a plumed casque; across his shoulder hung the strap of his bandoleer; at his side was his sword, and in his hand his arquebuse loaded with four balls. Such was the equipment of this ancient Indian fighter, whose exploits date eleven years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and sixty-six years before King Philip's war.

Then from out their barricade marched some two hundred strong men; the finest fighters in North America. Champlain stepped forth and stood face to face with the Mohawks, planted his arquebuse, lighted the fuse and fired. Two chiefs fell dead, and after a fierce battle the Iroquois were routed and driven into the woods.

"Thus," as Parkman says, "did New France rush into collision with the redoubted warriors of the Five Nations; Champlain had invaded the tiger's den, and now in smothered fury the patient savage would lie, biding his day of blood."

But we are not to follow the fortunes of New France, although that is a subject profoundly interesting, and intimately associated with the history of our own valley. Let us go back with

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the remnant of the Mohawks, who escaped the fatal fray with Champlain, and enter with them into their strongholds, among the dense forests of the Mohawk. The long and weary way leads from Lake George along the eastern edge of the Adirondack wilderness, and strikes the Mohawk river at some point west of Amsterdam, or perhaps the way may be across to the Sacandaga, and so through the forests to their villages.

And now, in investigating this obscure and prehistoric period of the Mohawks, I have to reconstruct it as I may from personal investigations among the sites of their old villages. There is no written record, and if inferences are drawn and theories suggested it is with diffidence, and not with assertion.

It will be remembered that the period suggested was after the destruction of Hochelaga—somewhere between Cartier's visit in 1535 and Champlain's attack in 1609. That the Mohawks had not been settled in the Mohawk valley for a very long period is, I think, proved by the few sites of prehistoric villages that are found. There are only two with which I am acquainted. It is probable 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. And as it was their custom to occupy a site only as long as the palisades lasted, and the supply of wood was abundant, it is evident that the two old sites could have been occupied only for twenty-five or thirty years, and as all of the many other sites of their villages in the valley come within the historic period—as proved by the white traders' wares found on them—it is evident that they could not have occupied the valley very long in the prehistoric period.*

If they had been here for hundreds of years, or a thousand, the sites of their old villages would be very abundant; as there are

*Since this paper was written two other prehistoric sites have been found and examined; and from the similarity of the relics in all of these sites it is evident that they were occupied at the same time.

The first of these newly discovered sites is on the bank of the Cayadutta creek, which enters the Mohawk at Fonda.

The second is similar in all respects to the other three, and is on the bank of a stream which is also an affluent of the Mohawk. They are both only a few miles from "Garoga."

only two, it points very strongly to a short occupation. If they were the refugees fleeing from the ruined Hochelaga, they were a remnant who sought to hide themselves from the fury of their Algonquin enemies; and thus we find that these two old villages were not on the river where they could easily be reached, but far back in the dense forests, and upon the highest and most inaccessible points that could be found. They are both upon the banks of streams that are affluents of the Mohawk. The most western one is on the Otstungo, a branch of the creek that enters the Mohawk at Fort Plain. This village site was described and illustrated by Squire and Davis in their "Ancient Monuments of the State of New York," one of the publications of the Smithsonian Institution.

Squire says it was the work of the "Mound Builders," that convenient and mythical people who preceded the Indians, and knew a great deal more than they did. Then he says that iron axes and gun barrels have been found on the site of this Mound Builders town. It is not necessary to controvert Squire's account, his own statements overthrow his theory. A little digging in the refuse heaps along the steep banks would have proved that the place was absolutely Mohawk, and prehistoric.

The other town site is on the bank of the Garoga creek, about ten miles from where it empties into the river, and as this one has never had the honor to be investigated and described I will give some account of my own investigations at the place, especially as the archæological evidence is of importance, as bearing upon the origin not only, but the manners, customs, industries, and after migrations of the Mohawks.

For convenience we will call the old village "Garoga." It is a rough and rugged section of country where the old glaciers have scattered bowlders in countless numbers, and where hills and great banks of sand and gravel show the tumultuous action of currents, and swirling eddies of water.

The hill on which the town was built is very steep on all sides, but one. The banks rise at a sharp angle for one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet, but the top of the hill is level and contains several acres of land. Palisades, similar to those of Hochelaga, undoubtedly protected the town. The Iroquois and cognate tribes alone built these defensive structures. We have

minute descriptions of them in the Jesuit Relations, and other old writers. Sometimes there were as many as five concentric rows of palisades, the highest being thirty feet. Inside of this there was a row about six feet shorter, and these two rows were connected by a platform upon which the defenders of the town could stand, and upon which there were piles of stones, and also tanks of bark for holding water. In case the enemy succeeded in starting a fire the whole place could be deluged. This primitive and prehistoric water works and fire brigade was of the utmost importance, for in attacking these wooden defences, fire was the most efficacious weapon, and one which was dreaded more than all others. The danger was great at all times from the great mass of palisades; the piles of wood for fuel, and the extensive long houses of bark and poles.

Such a fortification could not be built without great labor; especially was it difficult for a people absolutely in their stone age.

In the defences of "Garoga" they must have used several thousand trees. To cut down a tree is a simple matter with a steel axe, but the way these savage men did it was slow and tedious. They first built a fire around the tree, and as the wood charred they hacked it with their stone axes, then they cut the logs the required length by the same process of burning and hacking, afterwards the palisades so formed had to be dragged or carried to their place, the holes dug; then elevated and securely fastened. To dig such a vast number of holes too was a great labor, for they had no hoes, or spades, or shovels, nothing but sharpened sticks, the shells of the tortoise and the fresh water clam and their hands.

As we reflect upon this great work, our admiration for the savage man increases, and our inherited and traditional ideas about his laziness suffer a change. His environment was hard, and if he survived at all he could not be lazy.

Within this palisaded enclosure were the "Long Houses," peculiar to the Iroquois. Some of them one hundred feet long, but the largest over five hundred feet. They called themselves "the People of the Long House." The Mohawks guarding its eastern door and the Senecas its western.

The description already given of these houses at Hochelaga,

will apply to them all in the Mohawk Valley; their position at "Garoga" can be traced even at this late day, by the dark earth, the burned stones, the clam shells, and fragments of bone and pottery.

In all these communal houses, and everywhere within the palisades there was of course a constant accumulation of ashes, bones and debris of all kinds, and although savages have little idea of neatness or of decency, still these accumulations had to be removed, and as this was done from time to time, they were carried out and thrown down the steep banks outside the palisades. Naturally where there was so much refuse many implements and weapons would be lost and carried out with the rest.

In the course of years these banks of refuse accumulated to an enormous extent, and they resemble very closely the same class of remains found in many other countries, and which in Denmark have been called by the archæologists "Kjokenmoddings," kitchen middens.

These refuse heaps are prolific sources of information in regard to the people who lived at Garoga. The rains and winds of ages, and nature's chemistry have sweetened them, and we need not fear to dig among this dust of the past. Perhaps it would not add to our comfort to reflect upon what they once were.

When the place was occupied, no woods or trees were allowed to grow near at hand, the town stood bristling with its palisades on the "crown of this difficult hill," and no enemy could approach without being seen. Now the steep banks are covered with a heavy forest, and it is no easy task to open the refuse heaps among the tangled mass of roots. But the hard work is forgotten in the fascination of the quest.

We dig a trench as near as we can about twenty or thirty feet from the top of the bank. The earth is black and filled with charcoal, ashes and innumerable *Unio* shells, which are usually of the one species, "*Unio Complanatus*," and identical with those found at the present day in the Mohawk and its tributaries.

As we go deeper into the bed of ashes, we begin to find fragments of that archaic pottery, which is peculiarly Mohawk. It

is "sui generis," and is one of the principal links that connect into one continuous whole the long line of Mohawk village sites, and not only so, but that connects these sites unmistakably with Cartier's village of Hochelaga; for in the museum of the McGill University can be seen many fragments of pottery, dug up on the site of Hochelaga which are identical in material, color, form and decoration to this Mohawk pottery which we find so abundantly in the refuse heaps of Garoga, and in all other Mohawk village sites. Although no whole jars are ever found, the fragments are often large enough for us to determine the shape and size, and to see that it was all made without the use of the potter's wheel. They were of all sizes, from the tiny toy made for the children to the great jar, solid and heavy, that would hold several gallons. At Garoga the pits from which the clay was taken can be plainly seen. The whole work was done by the squaws. It was worked into the proper consistency and mixed with pounded shells, or some kind of granite rock, to prevent cracking during the firing. All the jars were round on the bottom, as they were to stand upon the ground or in the ashes; and they had a flaring rim so that they could be suspended by a cord if necessary. The decoration was invariably certain conventionalized patterns of incised straight lines, but so varied that no two jars are ever precisely alike; there is a striking resemblance, but great variety, and they never advanced from the straight line in their decoration. Not a curve is ever seen. The only departure from this general uniformity is where the jar was made in a basket, in which case the imprint of the crossed meshes can be seen; or where, in very rare instances, the human figure was used as a decoration.

As the digging proceeds we find the bones of many wild animals and birds, nearly all of them broken so that the marrow could be extracted. The comparative anatomist of the Smithsonian Institution has reconstructed for me the fauna of Garoga, so that now we know pretty well what wild animals roamed the woods of the Mohawk valley in the prehistoric days. But we also find many bone implements, such as harpoons, ornaments, awls and needles, and many the use of which we can only conjecture. The piercing implements are the most abundant; these were used for making their buck skin garments, and many of them

are as smooth and hard and sharp as they were when first made. They are usually of the tibia of the deer, a very close and hard bone much like ivory in its texture. We find specimens of what may be called the jewelry of the Indians, and it shows how innate is the love of ornament in all mankind; these things at Garoga are generally exceedingly rude; a round piece of turtle shell; a piece of a deer's jaw with the teeth still in place. the canine teeth of the bear; the cutting teeth of the beaver; and necklace bones made either of the tarsus and metatarsus of the deer, or of human phalanges. All these are perforated for suspension, and many of the latter are elaborately smoothed and worked.

Stone implements in a more or less perfect condition are quite common either in the beds of ashes or scattered on the surface of the field where the village stood. The axes are all of the kind known as celts. No grooved axes have ever been found at Garoga,

The arrow heads are commonly of one type, what have been called "war arrows," made with barbs, so that it would remain in the wound when the shaft was withdrawn. There are also spear heads and scrapers, drills and knives, usually made of the mineral called chert or hornstone, and similar to those found among all savage men.

That the dwellers in Garoga had considerable artistic sense is shown in their fictile wares, in various carvings of bone, and more especially in their pipes, which are usually of clay molded in the form of various animals, and of the human face.

The chief interest that attaches to these relics—as far as the present paper is concerned—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.

At Hochelaga and at Garoga the same pottery and pipes, the same bone implements and arrow heads, identical in shape and material, and suggesting strongly the same savage people. And as we follow the tribe in its migrations from one village to another, we shall notice the same similarity, only that there will be a gradual change as the white man's wares increased more and more in variety and quantity, and as the savage, unable to understand the new and higher civilization so suddenly thrust upon him, assimilated all of the vices and but few of the virtues

of the white man, and so lapsed from a state in which he was abundantly able to take care of himself to a state of dependence and weakness.

After Champlain's battle with the Mohawks we hear little of them for some time. He was untiring in his exploration and headed one warlike expedition into the country of the Western Iroquois. This is principally interesting in this connection, as he gives a rude drawing of an Indian town with palisades defences and long houses, similar to those of Hochelaga and Garoga.

In 1626 New France saw for the first time those devoted followers of Loyala, the Jesuits, who were to fill such an important place, and upon whom we look with astonishment and admiration. Men who cared for nothing but to save souls, and who ever coveted the crown of the martyr.

Their history is closely interwoven with the earliest recorded events of the Mohawk Valley. It is a chapter written in blood and fire, but the perusal of which will enable us more truly to understand the perils and dangers to which our revolutionary ancestors were exposed long afterwards.

The Mohawks had in the mean time grown strong, isolated by distance and a vast wilderness from their enemies, safe in palisaded fastnesses, they had increased in numbers and had perfected that wonderful league which made them by far the most powerful, as they were by nature the most intellectual, the most ferocious and the bravest of all the Indian tribes, so that at this time they began to be a constant terror to all the weak outlying colonies of New France. From their situation, not only but an account of the old hatred that they had for the French and their Algonquin allies, the Mohawks were the most dreaded of the Five Nations, and as the eldest brother of the Confederacy they could at any time exert their influence to induce the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas and the Senecas to send their combined forces for an attack upon Canada.

The Dutch had now, following in the lead of Hendrich Hudson, come into the land and possessed it. New Amsterdam was founded and soon that great land grabbing mania broke out, and manors like principalities were carved out of the

Indian territory; traders ever sharp to see a good thing were already scouring the woods for beaver skins, and both in New France and New Amsterdam, an adventurous and license loving race of young men filled the forests with the songs of Provence and the speech of Holland.

These Coureurs des Bois of the French, and, these Bos Loopers of the Dutch were runners of the woods that carried far into the Indian country the unimagined wealth of the white man, for which the simple natives would barter their costliest furs, while they had a fascination of manners and a beauty of form and face that took by storm the hearts of all the young squaws.

It was probably about this time, when the Dutch were seating themselves securely all along the Hudson and the French were colonizing Canada, that the Mohawks having grown strong, and long residence had weakened their old palisaded towns, and caused a scarcity of fuel, that they came out of their prehistoric seclusion and boldly built their villages immediately on the banks of the river. Then it became known as the River of the Maquas, the River of the Mohawks.

Here the Dutch traders found them and began immediately to draw away from New France all the beaver skins of the wilderness, giving in exchange everything that could make glad the heart of savage man. To take the place of their rough beads of clay, bone and stone, these were the dazzling beads of Venice, made specially then as now for savages all over the world. These were of all sizes and patterns, shining with all the colors of the rainbow. The trader had copper pendants, chains and rings, arm bands and leg bands of silver; iron axes made at Utrecht specially for the Indian trade, stamped with three crosses. These have been found by hundreds in the refuse of the villages of this period, and are wide spread from Maine to California. In the traders' pack were jewsharps, padlocks, keys, hammers, hoes, files, chisels, white clay pipes from England and Holland whereon may be seen the makers' name and mark; steels and English flints, mysterious and wonderful to the savage accustomed through the ages to make fire with the revolving drill. Besides these wonderful things there came the white man's wampum, turned in a lathe by the thrifty burghers

of Albany, smoth, accurate, uniform, three purple or six white for one penny, or much more than this equivalent in beaver skins.

Also there were all kinds of precious stuffs in this wonderful pack: Strouds and duffles, blankets and Indian stockings, Penniston shoes and belts with shining buckles, and others whose names are still more unfamiliar to the modern ear. Also knives and scissors, awls and needles, and in limited numbers Gres de Flanders wares and Fulham jugs.

All these things came to the Mohawk when he was blustering with new strength and swelling with pride, and they made him still stronger and more ready and able to follow his favorite way, the warpath. But there were three other things that the trader brought to the Indian, which while they for a little time added to his power, in the end proved his ruin—guns, steel trap; and rum. With the steel trap he could fill the long houses of his village with furs, with furs he could buy guns, and with rum added to his natural ferocity, he was ready for all the atrocities that could enter into the imagination to conceive. All these things and many more the Dutch trader brought up the Mohawk in canoes, made as the Mohawks made them of elm bark, or at a very early period, in batteaus.

Coming thus at any time after the little settlement of Albany began, he would see the first village perched like an eagle's nest on the crest of a commanding hill, where now the Jesuit shrine of "Our Lady of Martyrs" marks the spot where their early brethren suffered such cruel mockings and torture and death. This was Osseruenon—of the French—the Assarue of the Dutch.

Going westward a few leagues the trader would come to Andagoron, the village of the bear clan; and still further up the river, on a high and sightly elevation, he would come to Teononlogon, the great village of the turtle clan, looking down upon the plain where now lies the quiet little hamlet of Sprakers Basin. All palisaded, all swarming with savage life and industries.

From these far away strongholds, bands of fierce warriors armed with guns and axes and scalping knives, as well as with the still lingering bow and arrow, fared forth by the devious paths of the wilderness, and infested all New France, from Montreal to Quebec. They had bided their time in patience, and now their day of blood had come.

In the meantime the Jesuits had spread far out into the unknown regions of the west. They had many missions among the Hurons on the Georgian Bay; they had penetrated to Detroit, to Mackinaw, to Green Bay. They were constantly pushing forward still further into the wilderness, and their frail canoes skirted the shores of Lake Superior and floated on the Mississippi.

On the 2d of August, 1642, one of these missionaries, Isaac Jogues, with three companions and a band of Hurons, were returning from Montreal to the Huron Country. While slowly following the shores of Lake St. Peter, an expansion of the St. Lawrence, suddenly from out the rushes rose up a party of Mohawks, and with fearful yells and the report of guns they started in pursuit. They soon succeeded in capturing the party and Jogues and the three other Frenchmen, were beaten and tortured with savage ferocity. The savages tore out their nails with their teeth, and gnawed their fingers like dogs.

Then with their prisoners, twenty-two in number, they started on their homeward journey, up the river Richelieu and Lake Champlain, then by the way of Lake George to the Mohawk.

Through all the weary way they were tortured and lacerated, beaten and burned, bearing heavy burdens, with insufficient food and tormented by clouds of insects. At last, after thirteen days, "they reached the wretched goal of their pilgrimage, a palisaded town standing on a hill by the banks of the river Mohawk.

This was Osseruenon, the most easterly of the Mohawk towns. Here they were received with blows and with cruel tortures that at last ended in the death of one of the Frenchmen.

The story in detail is too cruel and heartrending to repeat, the lamentations, the burnings, the hunger and nakedness; the necessity of viewing so much wickedness; the filth and vermin which surrounded him; the constant sight of burning prisoners, put to death with all the extremes of torture; the cannibal feasts, and above all his inability to do anything to save the souls of these poor children of the devil; all this to the refined, peaceful, delicate, educated Isaac Jogues was torment and torture daily and hourly repeated, as he was led back and forth through their villages for the space of a whole year.

The Jesuit Relations of that year give minute details of all

that happened, and much that is of interest about the Mohawks and of their life.

The story is a long one, and should be read by all who would realize what were the beginnings of our history, and what a ferocious foe our Revolutionary ancestors had at their very doors.

Jogues made his escape by the aid of the Dutch, but returning again to "The Mission of the Martyrs," he was killed as he was entering one of the Long Houses by one blow of an ax.

The raids of the Mohawks became worse and worse. In 1650 they were at the height of their power. They numbered about nine hundred warriors, of whom four hundred were armed with guns, supplied to them by the Dutch of Albany. They infested Canada; no one was safe in all the borders of New France; they killed and scalped, tortured and burned, and led away captive scores and hundreds to be put to death in their towns by slow torture in all ways that savage ingenuity could invent.

The Mohawk Valley was a pandemonium; raging with an insane love of blood and conquest, they not only brought French civilization nearly to an end, but they hunted their ancient Algonquin enemies far into the frozen north, even to the shores of Hudson's Bay, and then they turned their arms against their own kin and exterminated with relentless cruelty the Hurons, the Eries, the Neutral Nation, the Tobacco Nation, and even the Illinois, for they were undaunted by distance, or cold, or hunger.

This continued from the time of Jogues in 1642 until 1666. Then the French sent an army of fifteen hundred men, led by De Tracy, through the ice and snow of the wilderness, and burned their towns, and utterly destroyed everything pertaining to the Mohawks; even the caches, where was stored their corn, were found, and thousands of bushels were burned.

These strange aboriginal magazines or storehouses can be seen in numbers even at the present day. Some of them are in the dense forests, others lie in the open fields. They are looked upon with curiosity by the country people, who regard them as the graves of the Indians.

These caches or pits are always in groups of from thirty to sixty, and are—when undisturbed by the plow—from three to

five feet deep, and from six to eight in diameter, shallow excavations overgrown with trees and bushes. There are many of them in the town of Palatine. In them the Indians stored their corn, first lining them with bark, and when filled, protecting them with conical roofs of the same material. They were always in some secluded place some distance from the village. It was a wonderful instance of provident care in a savage people, a provision against catastrophe and misfortune, against drouth and famine.

The French were astonished when they came to view these Mohawk towns. Profiting by observation and the teaching of the Dutch and of the Jesuit fathers, they had greatly strengthened their palisades by bastions, and in some instances had replaced their long houses of bark by substantial log houses of squared timber, and in them was found an astonishing variety and quantity of provisions and property of all kinds, tools and utensils, clothing and blankets, brought to them by their friends, the Dutch.

This wholesale destruction wrought by De Tracy greatly weakened the Mohawks. Upon the sites of these towns there have been found great numbers of relics. When Teonontogen was cleared and plowed for the first time a wagon load of trade axes came to light, and here in the refuse heaps, mingled with the white traders' wares, are many fragments of that distinctive Mohawk pottery that we have seen in Hochelaga and Garoga.

They continued to make their native wares, notwithstanding the abundant introduction of the far better and more serviceable wares of the white man. But in some things there is a change, showing the use of iron tools; marks of knives, and saws, and files can be seen upon the bone combs and needles, and there is a far more abundant use of beads and wampum.

After the destruction of these towns in 1666 they again migrated to the north side of the river. Here in 1677 they were found by a trader named Greenhalgh, who thus describes their villages:

"The Maquas have four towns, viz., Cahaniaga, Canagora, Canajorha, Tionondogue, besides one small village one hundred and ten miles from Albany.

Cahaniaga is doubly stockaded round; has four ports about

four foot wide apiece, conteyns about 24 houses, and is situate upon the edge of a hill about a bow shot from the river side.

Canagora is only singly stockaded round, has four ports like the former, conteyns about 16 houses; itt is situated upon a flat a stone's throw from ye water's side.

Canajorha is also singly stockaded, and the like number of ports and quantity of houses as Canagora, the like situation, only about two miles distant from the water.

Tionondogue is doubly stockaded around, has four ports four foot wide apiece, contains about 30 houses; is situated on a hill a bow shot from the river.

* * The Maquas pass in all for about 300 fighting men.

Their corn grows close by ye river's side."

The sites of these four towns, it is reasonably certain, lie in the towns of Mohawk and Palatine in Montgomery county. On them we find the same great beds of refuse, the same proofs of savage occupation. We see that they subsisted on the same kind of food as had their ancestors. The bones of the wild animals are about the same. There were bear and deer, elk and moose, and many smaller animals. The wild turkey was not yet extinct, and the shells of Unios are just as abundant. There is also much of the same kind of pottery heretofore described. It is decorated in the same way, but there is also a departure from the original in the more frequent use of the human figure in decoration.

The bone implements show a marked improvement, for they were made with steel tools. The harpoons and combs are fine specimens of savage handicraft.

But there is also mingled with these native wares far more of those things brought to them by the traders, for at this time a fierce rivalry had sprung up between Albany and Schenectady, and the Indian country was flooded with all sorts of goods.

The Mohawks were in their decadence. From nine hundred fighting men they were now reduced to three hundred. Constant war had told upon them, and the unlimitable supply of Dutch rum and French brandy had corrupted and demoralized them.

The protests of some of the chiefs against this traffic is pathetic, where they lament the debauching of their people

from this cause. But it could not be stopped, for both France and England were reaching out far into the wilderness for the fur trade, and there was no currency so powerful as rum and brandy.

Later on the Governor General of Canada protested to the Governor of New York against the traffic, but Dongan replied that he could not see that Dutch rum was any worse than French brandy.

It seems probable that from this cause and their constant wars they would soon have become extinct if it had not been for their custom of adopting prisoners into their tribe to take the place of those who were killed in battle. In this way they kept up their number, but became a mongrel nation. There were Andastes, Hurons, Eries, men from the Neutral Nation, Illinois, and many others brought in by those far reaching raids that extended from Hudson Bay to the Carolinas.

Another thing shows their increasing weakness, or perhaps as well the decreasing necessity for defensive structures. Instead of four or five rows of palisades there were now but two, and in some cases but one.

But still our valley was but a wilderness. The trader going to the Indian country from Albany, or from the hamlet of Schenectady, plunged at once into the woods. No white man was there. No grants of land had yet been made. The Mohawk was on his native heath, the monarch of all he surveyed. He was at peace with his Dutch neighbors, and often sent deputations to trade or to talk. With the rest of the world he was at war, especially with the French of Canada. After De Tracy's expedition there was a reasonable state of peace for nearly twenty years, and they even begged humbly that the French would send blacksmiths, surgeons and Jesuits among them.

In answer to this request the Mission of the Martyrs was again established, and Frémin and Puiron were sent to the Mohawks.

It is due to their ministrations that we have at least one Saint in the Mohawk Valley. This is the Iroquois maiden, Te-gah-ko-wita, known as St. Catharine, the Lily of the Mohawks.

She was born in one of the Mohawk villages in 1656, and

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obtained such a reputation for sanctity that both the Indians and French came from great distances to pray at her tomb, and many by her intercessions were cured of their maladies. Among the rest was the famed DuLuth that invincible and untiring Coureur de bois, who more than any other exemplified the daring and license of these Runners of the Woods.

He certifies, that having said one Novena in honor of St. Catharine he was entirely cured of the gout with which he had been afflicted for many years.

But now the 17th century was drawing to its close. The Jesuit Missions among the Mohawks, and the other tribes of the Five Nations had upon the whole been a failure. It is true that the teaching and example of these fearless and sincere men had had some effect upon the Indians, in showing them at least that there was a higher life, and that civilization was better than barbarism. A few Mohawks listened and went away to Canada, settling in a village near Montreal, and thereafter they were known as the "praying Indians."

For a while the Jesuits also used their influence politically to the advantage of New France, but they were unable finally to control the Indians of their missions, and after twenty years of fear and Jesuit occupation, the Mohawks were again upon the war path, burning and scalping and leading away captive many a luckless Frenchman from the weak settlements of Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec.

Thus the Jesuit Missions came to an end, and the Mohawks soon forgot all their teachings. And now there is nothing to tell us of this episode in our early history, but the record of their sojourn, the narrative written by their own hand, the defaced and yellow pages of the "Jesuit Relations" written with lacerated fingers, in the smoke and din, and discomfort of their Mohawk lodges.

As reminders of those old days that are full of realistic interest, we also find in the refuse heaps of the villages and in the graves of the dead sundry medals and crosses, rosaries and rings, to remind us that Christ was preached to the Mohawks as early in our history as 1642.

The medals are usually about the size of a dime, made for suspension, and have upon them various devices; the figure of

the Virgin or of some Saint, with an invocation or legend in French or Latin around the edge, and upon the reverse various symbols, crosses, stars, the pierced heart and the crown of thorns. The crosses have similar devices, and the rings have the letters I. H. S. or I. N. R. I. upon them.

But the Indian could not resist the oncoming flood that in ever increasing volume came to the New World. Kings and governments, with insane blindness, drove out the best and most useful of their populations, and English Puritan and French Huguenot, and Swiss, and Dutch, and German, crowded all the ships as "westward ho" was the cry. Of this oncoming flood thousands strengthened New France, thousands New England, thousands the Southern Coasts, while a mixed multitude of English and Dutch and Huguenot began to lay broad and deep the foundations of our own State of New York.

In the closing decades of the century Canada was being parcelled out into great Seignories, and New York, from New Amsterdam to Albany into great Manors, but our valley was not yet invaded by these lordly usurpers of the Indians' rights.

In 1690 Schenectady was a small, poor village, occupied by Dutch traders, peasants and farmers, with a mingling of squaws and half breed children.

The little town was protected by a palisade, but they left the gates open, as they did not fear their neighbors and kinsfolk the Mohawks, and Canada was far away, and it was winter time.

But the French and Algonquins and the "Praying Indians" came down as is well known and burned the town, and killed and carried away captive all who did not escape to Albany.

Then the burghers from that town and the Mohawks from the wilderness, led by Col. Peter Schuyler the Mayor, or "Quider," as they called him, went in pursuit through the snows of winter. All of which is well known, for the story of the burning of Schenectady has often been told.

One incident of the pursuit, as it illustrates the innate savagery of the Indian, even after so many years of Jesuit instruction, may be mentioned. The pursuing party were illy supplied with provisions, but Col. Schuyler saw that around the Mohawk camp fire a great carousal was going on, and the

kettles were boiling and food seemed to be abundant, but when there was ladled out and offered to him a human hand, he knew where the abundant provision came from, for they were cooking one of their Algonquin enemies whom they had killed.

Two years before the burning of Schenectady, in 1688, one man had gone up the Mohawk Valley and settled in the very heart of the Indian country, forty miles to the west. He was a Swiss from the Canton of Zurich, and as far as is known was the first settler of the Mohawk Valley west of Schenectady. He and his family were always on friendly terms with their Indian neighbors from whom he had bought his land, spoke the Mohawk tongue, and suffered no molestation of person or property in any of the French wars, or even in the fierce raids of the Revolution.

It is probable that about this time, in some of the years immediately before the close of the century that the Mohawks left their villages described by Greenhalgh in 1677, and made their final migration to the south side of the river where they continued to occupy sites until they left their native valley for Canada.

There is some obscurity in regard to the location of some of their villages at this time, but when they came to be well known to the whites they were seated at three points. The most western of these was the Castle of the Can-a-jo-har-ees, which was at the place still known as Indian Castle, the first station on the West Shore Railroad east of Little Falls. This was the village of the Bear Clan and was by far the largest and most influential of the three. It was Brant's home and here Sir William Johnson built a church, which is still standing and in use.

The second village was the "Castle of Taragorees," which was on the hill east of Fort Plain, known now as Prospect Hill, but called by the Indians Tsi-dros-o-wen-gen.

The third village, which was known as the Lower Castle of the Mohawks, was at Fort Hunter, at the mouth of the Schoharie creek, only a mile east of the old town of Osseruenon, where Jogues was killed.

None of these towns was palisaded, for the necessity for such protection was fast passing away, and the Indians were becoming

more and more demoralized, less self-sustaining and independent and were fast adopting the habits of the white man.

They were still hunters, but the use of the bow had nearly ceased, and they depended upon the white man for guns. There seems to have been many animals still, but the beaver, on account of persistent trapping, was virtually extinct.

In these villages they seem to have abandoned the use of the communal Long House, and had adopted in a measure the houses of the white settlers. By degrees they came to live in log houses, and even framed dwellings were not unknown. They still made in ever lessening quantities their native pottery, still decorated with varied arrangement of straight lines as of old, still unglazed and round on the bottom, with a flaring rim even as it was in Hochelaga and Garoga.

Stone axes and arrow heads, knives, and drills, and scrapers, bone implements and pipes of native make finally gave place entirely to those brought from England and Holland, while cotton and woolen cloths, blankets, leggings and stockings in a great measure superceded buckskin and the furs of wild animals.

By degrees there came a change, too, in their village life. As danger from sudden attack became less, they seem to have been more given to wandering, families living by themselves in huts scattered through the woods by the sides of streams and lakes. They wandered about in bands, became basket makers, and haunted the white settlements as these increased, ever on the lookout for strong drink, a weakened, discouraged and sullen race, unable to understand or assimilate a civilization brought to them so suddenly.

But notwithstanding all this the Mohawks retained their ancient tribal customs, they had their councils, their feasts and their dances. Their chiefs were men of dignity, sagacity and ability. They had not forgotten their warlike ways, their love of danger, of conquest and of blood, and so they were by no means a people to be despised or slighted, especially as the white settlers began to find their way in large numbers into the Mohawk country, and they all looked with longing and covetous eyes upon this fair land of hill and stream, of woodland and far reaching plain, that was the heritage of the Mohawk nation.

They were becoming more and more the neighbors of the

white man, and soon it was difficult to say whether the white man lived among the Indians, or the Indians among the whites. Considering their savagery, their antecedents and their ferocity, it was a dangerous experiment, and one which in the after years terminated in blood and fire.

But now in these opening days of Queen Anne's reign all was peace, and the good Queen and her ministers, and the Society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, all were interested in their children the Mohawks, and made much of them, and "Quider," must have a band of chiefs cross the Big water with him. They must go to London to see the Queen, and so there was great excitement in England in 1710, for in the early days of spring there had come from Queen Anne's Plantations in North America five redoubtable chiefs from the great Iroquois Confederacy in the Province of New York, and splendid garments of scarlet cloth had been prepared for them, as they were to have an audience with her majesty. And the Lord Chamberlain conveyed them in the great lumbering coaches of the day with much ceremony to St. James' Palace, where one of their orators made a speech full of natural eloquence.

Col. Schuyler had taken them to England at his own expense. He was good man, and one whom the Indians loved, for he was always just to them, and they called him "Quider," for that was as near as they could come to Peter.

And now the good Queen Anne and her servant the Governor of New York, bethought themselves of the fact that the Mohawks had souls that were perhaps worth saving.

That the Jesuits had thought of this long before was not considered, for the days of those good men had gone by, and the English hated those priests, and determined that they should no more come among the Five Nations, and passed a law that no Jesuit should come among the Indians under penalty of death.

It seems that the Mohawks were anxious for a teacher, and their appeals to "Corlaer" for a church, and a minister, and that the traffic in rum might be stopped are touching and pathetic.

We do not know whether the power of the Queen could

prevent the traders from taking rum into the Mohawk country, but the constant appeals for a church and the visit of the five chiefs to England with Colonel Schuyler, at last had the desired effect, and it was decided that a church should be built for the Mohawks. It was to be within a fortified enclosure, built to protect the exposed frontier from hostile Indians and the French of Canada.

There is coming into the Mohawk a few miles west of Amsterdam a large stream, which, rising in the Catskill mountains, runs north one hundred miles. It is a beautiful and picturesque river, and was known to the Indians by various names, one of which, the Schoharie, remains to this day.

At the mouth of this stream the fort and chapel were built in 1712, and called Fort Hunter, after the Governor of the Province. Here was the lower castle of the Mohawks.

A contract made with certain Dutch carpenters of Schenectady was for a fort of squared logs one hundred and fifty feet on each side, with a wooden chapel within the enclosure. This latter, however, was built of stone, with port holes on each side and a vault beneath for a powder magazine.

It was a day of great rejoicing when it was finished.

Here came the soldiers of Queen Anne, armed with enormously long muskets, and here came the Indians, and after a time came to them the Rev. Petrus Van Driesen to learn their language, and to teach and to preach to them.

But Queen Anne not only built them a chapel, but also gave them a beautiful and valuable communion service. It was of silver and consisted of five pieces, each piece bearing the following inscription: "The gift of her Majesty Ann, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and of her Plantations in America. Queen, to her Indian Chappel of the Mohawks."

This service continued at Fort Hunter until the Revolution, when it was taken by the tribe to Canada. It is still in constant use; three pieces at the Mohawk Church at Grand River and two at Deseronto. At the former also can still be seen the fair white linen cloth for the communion table, embroidered with the armorial devices of the royal donor, and sacredly kept as an heir loom and a memorial of the days of old.

Several ministers labored in this unpromising field, one of whom said: "There is no hope of making them better, heathens they are and heathens they must be."

But although the white man's example, as is usually the case, was mostly bad and demoralizing, it is nevertheless probable that at Queen Anne's Chapel her ministers did teach the Indian girls and boys something, and that the tribe learned in a dazed and confused way what the religion of the white man was.

The new fort so protected the Mohawk country that it began to be safe for emigrants, explorers and adventurers to penetrate the beautiful land in much greater numbers, and they coveted the fair heritage of the Indian and took it all from him in various ways and by many ingenious devices.

Now the theory was in those days that the whole country belonged to the Queen by the right of discovery, but it was always allowed that the Five Nations owned the country in which they lived. So it came to pass that when any one wanted a large, fair stretch of country which he may have seen while wandering to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it, he, in the first place, bought it of the "native Indian owners," and received from them a deed with all the savage emblems of their clan duly painted thereon. But after this was done to make the purchase more legal and sure, they procured from the Queen a Patent, elegantly written on parchment and with the great seal of the Province dangling at the bottom.

There is a certain tract of land containing twenty thousand acres which was bought of the Mohawks by certain gentry of the Province. It was a fair and beautiful domain of hills and meadows, of forests and streams, of trout brooks and natural deer parks; the very centre of the Mohawk country, and on which were the sites of many of their old villages, and for the whole of it they gave to the poor Indian "three pieces of strouds, six pieces of garlin linen, three barrels of beer, six gallons of rum, and a fatt beast," and to make the enormity of the transaction the greater, they had the effrontery to say in the deed that "the Indians were fully satisfied."

Whatever success the Rev. Petrus Van Driessen may have had

in Christianizing the Indians, he certainly received recognition and a great temporal reward from them, for there was conveyed to him by fifteen men and women of the Mohawks a tract of land two and a half miles long by one and a half wide, and the consideration being curious, is quoted from the yellow old deed as follows:

“For [and] in consideration of the Love, Good Will and Affection which we have, and bear for the Rev. Petrus Van Driessen, Minister of the gospel, and also for and in consideration of the great Zeal, unwearied Pains, Expenses and Troubles for the twenty years past, by the above mentioned Petrus Van Driessen, and his fatherly Care in the Instruction of us and our People in the Christian Religion, and Faith, bringing us into the Fold of Christ's Church and partakers of his Sacraments as a good and faithful Pastor of Christ's Fold ought to doe, to our great Satisfaction and Content; and further for the Consideration of the sum of 62*l.* 10 shillings, current money of New York, to us in hand paid.”

The first patent granted in the Mohawk country was to Capt. Harmanus Van Slyck of Schenectady, and was a deed of gift from the Mohawks to him, their “loving cozen and friend, whose grandmother was a right Mohogs squaw, and his father born with us, it being his, the said Harman, by right of inheritance from his father.”

This land is in the town of Palatine, and extends along the river for six miles, and upon it is probably the site of Greenhalghs village of Canajorha of 1677.

After this the Indians were in constant turmoil, distress and trouble about their lands. It was parcelled out in immense tracts the whole length of the valley, and their village sites, and their corn fields, to say nothing of their hunting grounds and their fishing places, were given to the white man.

Is it any wonder that they felt sore and aggrieved. This was their homestead, but not only was that [given to others, but great states contended for the vast territory claimed by the Five Nations by right of conquest, reaching to the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi.

But the Indians were constantly protesting against these encroachments. The councils held in Albany were many, and

they were carried on with all the decorum and attention to precedent and custom so necessary, but they accomplished nothing for the Indians, for they had now grown poor and dependent, and when they went to Albany with grievances they were cajoled and flattered, and their eyes were blinded with presents.

At a great council held in Albany in 1714, for the adjustment of grievances, the following presents were given to the Indians: 100 bags of powder, 45 gallons of rum in 15 kegs, 37 red coats, 4 ps ticks, 1 cask pipes, 3 casks tobacco, 12 dozen knives, 2,000 flints, 20 guns, 25 cases lead, 2 cases shott, 1 ps duffles, 42 yards do, 1 keg paint, 88 tom hawks, 5 ps strouds, 5 pairs blankets. And to the sachems in private: 14 blankets, 18 bags powder, 12 shirts, 2 gallons rum.

What an insane policy it was to put into the hands of these savages, irritated by the loss of their lands such an abundant supply of guns, tomahawks and scalping knives.

In speaking to the Mohawks at this council, Governor Hunter reminded them of the fact that their chiefs when in England had asked to have a church built and a minister sent to them. He hoped that now the church was built, and a good and pious man was settled among them, that they would attend the services and take heed to his instructions. To this they replied:

“ Brother Corlaer:

You put us in mind that we desired a Missioner in every one of our castles to instruct us in the way to eternal life. We own that we desired it. But when we consider that the Christians here, when it is Sabbath Days, what fine cloathes they have when they go to church, and that goods are still so dear that we can not purchase Sunday cloathes, but would be necessitated to go to church with an old bear skin and deer skin—We have deferred that matter till goods are cheaper, that we may have cloathes suitable to go to church withall.”

This has a certain ring of civilization about it, but it shows a sad degeneracy. The proud and haughty Mohawks of Hochelega and Garoga, clad in robes of fur and embroidered deer skin did not fear to stand before kings and assert that they were the “Konoshioni” men before all others.

The building of a church and the establishment of a fortified post at Fort Hunter gave a sudden and wonderful impetus to inmigration and the settlement of the Mohawk Valley.

As early as 1713 there were some settlers as far west as Palatine; but the great immigration of the Palatines did not take place till 1723, when several great patents were granted, and these continued in ever increasing numbers until all the lands of the Mohawks were taken up, and they lived upon their old domain only by sufferance.

As the white population increased traders and merchants established themselves in the very heart of the Mohawk country and drew to themselves the Indian trade in furs, much to the disgust of Schenectady and Albany. There also began very soon to be a surplus of white products and it was apparent that the bark canoe was not sufficient to transport the traders' merchandise up the river, or the increasing quantity of grain, of pot and pearl ash and ginseng that was to be shipped to a New York and European market. And so at quite an early day certainly as soon as 1730 flatboats and batteaus were used for this purpose, and a "King's Highway" was laid out along the bank of the river.

The trade in ginseng had at this time assumed great proportions. It was and always had been regarded in China as a panacea, and immense quantities were imported into that country. The source of supply had heretofore been the regions of Korea, but as soon as it was discovered that it was abundant in the Iroquois country, the trade became immense. And the Indians, from their minute acquaintance with the country, became the principal ones who dug it up and brought it in. So persistent was the search for it that at the present day, over great sections of the Mohawk country, where once it grew in abundance, now not a single plant can be found.

After a time other nationalities, Scotch, Irish, English, helped to settle the Mohawk valley, but at first Dutch and Germans were the people who entered this beautiful region; a sturdy, hardy, liberty loving people who feared God, dealt fairly well with the natives, and were among the first to dispute in America the divine right of kings, and to assert in unmistakable terms their determination to resist all forms of oppression to the end. They were passing far up the valley as early as 1730, even to the German Flats and Kingsland.

Among the great Indian traders who at this early day came

into the Mohawk country was Jelles or Giles Fonda, afterwards Major of Militia, and the friend and neighbor of Sir William Johnson. He was located at Cachnewaga, and his trade was far reaching and extensive, having agents at Fort Stanwix, Oswego, Niagars and Detroit, who bought furs and ginseng of the Indians, thus forestalling the traders of Albany and the French of Montreal.

His yellow old papers, letters and account books give us a realistic glimpse of the times and condition of things in our valley at that day. We seem to stand face to face with men who long before the Revolution wrote letters from Niagara, and Detroit, and Fort Stanwix, who tell us how the "Sinica" Indians have gone out to dig ginseng, and how many packs were ready to be sent down from Niagara; how "Bully Roof" had turned his cows into the king's garden at night under the walls of Fort Stanwix, and how low the supply of rum was at Detroit.

We read the names of the old batteau men, and how many trips they made to Niagara, and what they were paid, and how many packs of furs they brought.

We can look into Fonda's old trading fort, and with the time stained bills in hand, see the kinds of goods upon the shelves for white man and Indian. There were pewter basons and gilt cups, herring bone, thread and worm lace, nests of gilt trunks, scarlet striped gartering, stag couttoe knives, buck spring knives, yew handled fish knives, Irish and garlin linen, looking glasses with painted frames, Russia wrappings, fine chintz and white cotton molteons, strouds and Indian blankets, Penniston shoes, and hundreds of other things for the settlers and Indians. One great bill of goods amounting to £915 was to be paid for in seven months in ginseng root at three shillings per pound. This would require over 6,000 pounds of ginseng.

Here is a long account of sales in London in 1767, of one hogshead of "Furrs" on account and at the risk of Mr. Jelles Fonda, Merchant at Cachnewago, foxes and martins, muskrat, fisher, otter, wolves and squirrels, but no beaver; they were practically extinct. The amount of the bill was £250, and the deductions for commissions, brokerage, freight, trimmage, purage, duty, bill money, landing, housing, sorting, beating, warehousing, &c., were £69 10s. 5d. But as an object lesson

showing to us the status and condition of the Mohawks whose fortunes and changes we have followed in this paper from Hochelaga to this time.

“The Indian Book, for Jelles Fonda, at Cachnewaga, 1763,” is by far the most interesting and important.

The French wars had closed; the Battle of Lake George had been fought, the village of the Palatines at the German Flats had been destroyed, Niagara had surrendered to Johnson, Quebec had fallen and the reign of New France had ceased.

In all these events the Mohawks had taken part, following in Johnson's lead with more or less discipline, but still wreaking vengeance in their own savage way upon their ancient enemies. And now in the great Conspiracy of Pontiac they held aloof and refused to fight against their friends the English, or to help in establishing a universal Confederacy of the Indian Tribes.

So we see them in this year 1763 while the whole western country was convulsed by Pontiac's war, at home in their Castles, restless under the restraints of an ever advancing civilization, indignant at the aggressions of the settlers, constantly complaining and protesting to Sir Wm. Johnson that their lands were being taken from them unlawfully. Finally, to give them something to do Johnson sent some two hundred of them to fight against the Delawares on the Ohio.

What kind of savages were these Mohawks, who were the neighbors of the whites and who traded with Major Jelles Fonda at Cachnewaga? In the first place we can see the names of some of them in the old account book; they are childish, foolish and contemptuous, and show how low the Indian had fallen, and how he was despised by his white neighbor. A few retained their Indian names, but by far the greater part in this book are named as one would name dogs and horses: Old Brant, Brant in Thomas, Wide Mouth Jacob, Brant's Nicholas, Young Aaron of the Hill, Jan from the Hill, Young Moses, Snufflers David, The Squinty Cayuga, are few of them. A page from the book will serve as an example.

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"YOUNG MOSES. DR.

1762.		£.	s.	d.
Sept. 20,	To one French blanket,	0	16	0
	To one small do	0	12	0
	To 4 Ells White linnen,	0	8	0
	To 1 pair Indian Stockings,	0	6	0
	To 1 hat,	0	8	0
	To 1 pint of rum and one dram,	0	1	4
	To 1 quart rum,	0	2	0

I have in pledge two silver wrist bands."

But rum and beer are the principal commodities charged to all the Indians, although many bought blankets and stockings. Wide Mouth Jacob is charged with a horsewhip, and is credited with a saddle.

Many left in pawn silver arm bands, and wrist bands, and "draw bands." These were like bracelets, but the ends were free and perforated so that they could be made large or small. The "draw" bands were for the hair, to be drawn over the braids, and were made telescopic, one sliding into another so that in some cases the whole long braid was cased in silver bands.

Montreal was the great source for the supply of these silver ornaments, and of others of similar decorative character. They are found through a wide region of country from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

Wampum bands and belts were also among the things left as pledges of the honesty of the customer; but all of these pledges were uniformly redeemed, and, in fact, to the credit of the Indian—be it said the accounts all seem to have been paid.

The mother-in-law of young Moses bought a gallon of rum and left in pawn "2 stele traps" and two silver crosses. The latter were probably heirlooms from the time of the Jesuits.

We have now come to the time when for a mess of potage the Mohawks, and other nations of the confederacy, sold to the white man all of those vast landed possessions that were theirs by the same right that civilized nations claim theirs—the right of conquest.

For \$10,000 and rum without limit they sold Kentucky, West Virginia and Western Pennsylvania, and were thereafter of little account as owners of the soil.

They continued to reside in the valley, they met in councils innumerable and stated their grievances constantly; they haunted Johnson Hall, and swarmed through the orchards and gardens, for Molly was the mistress, and her nation were licensed to do as they pleased.

But there was a growing sullenness and discontent among them, for they saw their goodly land in the hands of the white man, and there was no help for it. Sir William died during the first mutterings of the storm, and Sir John, his son, reigned in his stead.

It is not my purpose to enter into any details in regard to the great struggle. The story has been written many times. It has been said that Sir John has been traduced and slandered, but it is doubtful whether any of the descendants of the Mohawk valley revolutionary patriots can ever be convinced that he did not do an atrocious deed when he incited the Mohawks and their kindred to lift the hatchet against the people of the Mohawk valley.

How magnificent was the bravery and love of liberty of these foeman of the Mohawks. Isolated on an exposed frontier, they not only had the British soldier to fight, but they had the foes of their own household, and last and worst of all they had the bloody Mohawks smarting with injuries real and imaginary, and stimulated by British gold, and led on by John Johnson and Guy—by the Butlers, by Croghan, and all the rest of the Johnstown retainers.

Scant justice has been done to our valley by the historians, scant justice to a people who through all the long struggle were a bulwark on the most exposed frontier, who kept back that ever besetting tide from the north, which was ready to sweep down and overwhelm the Hudson and all New England; scant justice to men who faced all the horrors that savages can inflict, and who suffered more for the cause of liberty than any other section of the thirteen colonies.

They fought Briton and Tory and Mohawk alike through all the long struggle, and at its close there was a wide waste of ruined farms, of smoldering houses, and churches, and barns, and three thousand widows and orphan children.

Scant justice have the historians done to the Mohawk valley.

Lexington ! Concord ! Bunker Hill !

These are the names that the historians, and poets, and school book makers love to honor.

This is well. Not that we love Cæsar less, but Rome more, would we be rejoiced to see the men of the Mohawk valley recognized, and Oriskany, and Stone Arabia, and Sharon, likewise receive their due meed of praise and appreciation.

But the men of the Mohawk valley have never been celebrated for that sublime self assertion that distinguishes the men of New England. But whether the deeds done here are appreciated or not, we have the consciousness that our forefathers did their duty nobly, and we honor their memory.

We have come to the closing scene of our sketch of the Mohawks.

In a few canoes a wretched band are seen skirting the shores of the Bay of Quinte. Discouraged, poor, homeless, they seek a site for a village in a new land. They have left their native valley, their churches, their hunting grounds, and the graves of their dead, and the white man occupies all the goodly land.

A few years ago two Mohawks passing down the valley on the Central railroad were seen upon the platform of one of the cars with animation pointing out to each other the objects of interest in this ancient seat of their tribe. They had a traditional knowledge of it all, and the old Indian names of the hills and streams were familiar to them. They could see the church at Indian Castle which Sir William Johnson built for their fathers, and the spot at Fort Hunter where Queen Anne built her Indian chapel of the Mohawks. They passed by the sites of Teonontogen and Osseruenon, and they saw the hills among which Garoga stood.

Stoical as they naturally are, these red men shed tears, no doubt, of regret and sorrow that in this old stronghold of their tribe they were nothing but strangers.