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**Author:** Wait, Mary (Van Sickle)  
**Call number:** LH 974.8  
**Publisher:** Ithaca, NY : DeWitt Historical Society of  
of Tompkins County, 1968.,

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LOGAN, or TAL-GA-YEE-TA

*The Mingo Chief and Orator, by Chilberg*

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## Acknowledgments

At completion of the three-part *Story of the Cayugas* in June 1967, the authors sent a copy to Mrs. Doris Sutherland to thank her for help in furnishing old maps of the Susquehanna Valley. Her interest in Logan was aroused, and as she is one of the reference librarians at Pennsylvania State University whose special province for many years has been accumulation of data on New York State as well as on Pennsylvania, she is strategically placed as an adjutant, and experienced and enthusiastic as a researcher.

When we wrote a short time ago to see if she could find mention of Tah-ga-ju-te, or James Logan, as a messenger to the Onondaga Council, she came across much material that we had not known of him when compiling our story. We found this so profoundly interesting in view of his connection with local history that these pages resulted. Mrs. Sutherland sent xeroxed pages from twelve sources, as follows:

*History of the Upper Ohio Valley*, R. H. Taneyhill; *History of the Juniata Valley*, U. J. Jones; *The Wilderness Trail*, Charles A. Harris; *Indian Wars in Pennsylvania*, C. Hall Sipe; *Kishacoquillas Valley*, U. J. Jones; *Northumberland County Historical Society*, Vol. XVII, Harry J. Swanger; *Pennsylvania Archives*, *Conrad Weiser's Letters*; *History of Dauphin County*, Israel Daniel Rupp; *Memorials of the Moravian Church*, Count Zinzendorf; *Daily Stories of Pennsylvania*, F. A. Godcharles; *Logan, Chief of the Mingo*, C. Hall Sipe; *Lives of Famous Indian Chiefs*, Norman B. Wood.

From the DeWitt Historical Library we have used *Early Explorers and Travelers in Tompkins County*, by W. Glenn Norris, Tompkins County Historian, and *The Story of the Cayugas*, Vol. III, by William Heidt, Jr. and Mary Van Sickle Wait.

MARY VAN SICKLE WAIT

Auburn, N. Y., June 30, 1968.

## The Shikellamies

Shikellamy was an Oneida chieftain, a Frenchman by birth, captured in childhood and brought up among the Oneida Indians. He married "Neanoma," a Cayuga, in 1716, and they produced four sons and one daughter. Some authorities say five sons and one daughter. The eldest, John Shikellamy, "Tachnectoris, the Spreading Oak," was born on Butternut Creek in New York State. The second son, Tah-gah-ju-te, also called Sayughtowa, "he whose eyebrows stick out (Beetling Brow)" was born in 1725. Authorities differ as to the place of his birth, some claiming Butternut Creek, some Cayuga Lake, others the Cayuga village of Wasco, now Auburn, and the archaeologists prefer Scipioville. All are in New York State. A third son, John Petty, "Sogogehayta," was named after an Indian trader at Shemokin. A fourth son, Arahot, known as "Unhappy Jake," was killed in the war with the Catawbias in 1744. Shikellamy's daughter was known as "the Widow of Cajadies, the best hunter among all the Indians." In 1747 this son-in-law, "some of his children," Tachnectoris's wife and five of his six children, three of Logan's five children and his wife all died, but the nature of of their deaths is not disclosed by the author.

Shikellamy became a Cayuga by his marriage to a Cayuga maiden, but in signing treaties always signed with the Oneida chieftains. The five children were all Cayugas by mother-right.

"Shikellamy was sent before 1728 by the Great Council of Iroquois at Onondaga to the forks of the Susquehanna to look after the interests of the Six Nations in the valley of the Susquehanna, and keep watch of the tributary Shawnee and Lenni-Lenape Indians."

First, he dwelt a half mile below Milton, on the east bank of the west branch of the Susquehanna. His village was known as Shikellamy's Town. In 1738 he moved to the Indian village of Shemokin, thirty miles south, and lived there until his death in

1748. Greatly revered by both white settlers and Indians, he kept good order between them and became very famous in the annals of Pennsylvania history. Historians disagree as to which of his sons succeeded him in authority, but are unanimous in their statements that his successor had no control over the Indians whom Shikellamy had successfully held in check. A very successful arbitrator between Pennsylvania and Virginia governors and the Onondaga Council, Shikellamy served Conrad Weiser, famous Pennsylvania interpreter, as Indian guide on all three missions which he undertook to the great Iroquois Council at Onondaga February 1737, July 1743, and May 1745. On two of these missions, Tachnectoris was also a member of the expedition. The latter two included the famous naturalist John Bartram, and Lewis Evans, the map maker (1743), and three missionaries from the Moravian Church at Bethlehem (1749). Shikellamy and his three sons were baptized at Shemokin, where he encouraged Count Zinzendorf to found a mission in 1742.

Shikellamy died at Shemokin in 1748. From that time on his three sons, Tachnectoris, Tahgahjute and John Petty were known as "The Shikellamies," and played an important part in the history of the Pennsylvania settlers in their contact with the Indians, until 1756, in which year the Indians burned the town of Shemokin before deserting it. From that time on they are spoken of collectively as "The Logans," from which fact has arisen some confusion between the exploits of Tahgahjute, James Logan, and Tachnectoris, Capt. John Logan. It was apparently the latter who assumed the vice-regency after his father's death, but both James Logan and John Petty are mentioned by some historians.

## Capt. John Logan, *Tachnectoris*

Tachnectoris, "The Spreading Oak," was born during 1718 on Butternut Creek in New York State. Eldest son of Shikellamy, an Oneida chief, and Neanoma, a Cayuga maiden, according to mother-right, he was a Cayuga by birth.

His family moved about 1728 to Shikellamy's Town, one-half mile below Milton, Pa., on the east bank of the west branch of the Susquehanna. In 1738, he moved with his father and family thirty miles south to the Indian village of Shamokin, and lived there until 1756, when the seat of Indian activities was removed to Kittaning and Loggstown, following the Penn's Creek massacre.

From the time of Shikellamy's death in 1748, "conditions became increasingly difficult for his sons. They were caught between conflicting desires." The memory of the great friendship between their father and Conrad Weiser, the Pennsylvania Interpreter, and the fine white men whom Weiser had brought to them—John Bartram, the naturalist; the Moravians—Count Zizendorf, Zeisberger, Cammerhoff—was offset by pressure of the unscrupulous hunters and land-grabbers.

"When they counseled for peace they were reviled by their own race and mistreated by fearful and overzealous settlers and even by some British officers to whom they had a right to look for protection. . . . During the years when storm clouds of the French and Indian War were gathering, they continued to live at the Indian town of Shamokin and at various hunting and fishing locations usually along the west branch of the Susquehanna."

In September 1754, Conrad Weiser wrote that he "found two of the Shickalamys . . . living about thirty miles off on the northwest branch of the Susquehanna" (five miles apart). The letter says in part, "I arrived at Shamokin the 20th of April. Found that two of the Shikellamies being about thirty miles



off on the northwest branch Susquehanna, commonly called 2 Machson. ("2 Machson" is a very interesting perversion of the name Otzinachson and probably was Weiser's recording of his understanding of the phonetic form of Zwei-nachson)."

In September 1754, Conrad Weiser wrote that he "took two workmen to Shamokin to build a house for the Shikellamys."

"In the troubled days of the late summer of 1755, when the war, which had flared on the Ohio, began rumbling eastward over the Alleghenies, Andrew Montour, who had been with Braddock, and Scarouady, the Oneida chief, came to Shamokin upon their return from a conference in Philadelphia with the Governor and Weiser. From here on September 11 they sent a message to Governor Morris, advising him that the Six Nations had sent a large, black belt of wampum to the Delawares and Shawnees, ordering them to 'Lay aside their petticoats' and speed to their assistance in the war against the French. 'We shall go and view the French Forts and serve them as they served us. Your friend Henry Montour is along with our men.

" 'SKIROONATA.

" "The subscriber is gathering a Company with all the expedition he can make to go against the French, and the people whose names are under his name are going with him.

" 'TOHNECTORIS T., alias John Sicalamy, the Captain.

" 'CANNAUY SAM

" 'TUCKAUNAUTENEO

" 'JOHN PETTY SICALAMY

" 'JNO DAVIDSON, in company with them

" 'JAMES LOGAN SICALAMY

" 'ONNOHARIO

" "These are the heads of this Company.' "

From that time on Tachnectoris was commonly spoken of as "Captain John," but it was not until the three brothers left Shamokin and started to make their separate homes in the northern part of Pennsylvania and in Ohio, that they were collectively spoken of as "The Logans." Hence, there were two famous Iroquois chiefs, James Logan, the Mingo, and Capt. John Logan, the Cayuga, living their separate lives, and historians of a later day confused and mingled their destinies. A

preponderance of evidence points to the fact that the older brother was the official contact with the provincial government of Pennsylvania after his father's death, though there is some question of his being appointed as vice-regent by the Onondaga Council.

This was owing in part to the fact that in 1737, during his courtship of the "fair Vastina," he suffered an injury which resulted in the loss of one eye. His rival, the trader Jack Armstrong, an older man, challenged Tachnectoris to a shooting match with bow and arrow, and, while the latter was arranging the target in a better light, caused the deliberate injury which he hoped would remove the Indian lad as a rival for Vastina's favor. She was, however, overcome with love and pity for the unfortunate youth and became his wife. They are spoken of as having six children, five of whom succumbed, along with Vastina and three of James Logan's children and their mother in 1747, presumably of some fever. But one son survived, Tod-kah-dohs. Alas for James Logan! For it was he who appointed himself executioner of his famous uncle in the fall of 1780.

We are told by a member of the Northumberland County Historical Society that Logan's last official act and service as deputy for the Province of Pennsylvania of which a record was made and preserved was his attendance at the great conference at Lancaster in August 1762. "A treaty was made between the government and both the Northern and Western tribes of Indians, and hopes for peace between them were once more entertained." Among the names of Indians at the Treaty of Lancaster, found in the Pennsylvania Archives:

"Cayugas:

"6 Tachnectoris, Soxeghtowa, Sagogehayta.

"John Shilellimy, James Loagan, John Petty, Shikellimy's 3 Sons."

In June of 1763 Capt. John Logan returned to the site of his former home at Shamokin. Finding that an English fort had been erected on the ground so familiar to him in his youth, which the Indians had burned and abandoned seven years before, he was now resigned to retire and move to better and more secure hunting grounds.

At this period of his life, Tachnectoris became estranged from the white settlers near his former home who mistrusted all Indians. However, he remained friendly to the provincial government, and was approached by Governor Denny in 1759, who sent him a string of wampum and requested his presence at a conference at Fort Augusta, where he extended his hand in friendship. The Indian was requested to deliver a message to the Onondaga Council of the Six Nations' warriors at General Johnston's. He performed this office, and the subject of a road being built between Fort Augusta and "the frontier of this province," for the sole purpose of aiding the Indians in transporting goods and facilitating travel, was discussed and approved.

Though John Logan lived a lonely life from that time on, building his cabins in the Juniata Valley, and later as far north as Tyrone, he was revered by the settlers near whom he dwelt, and in Pennsylvania geography, his course through the state is marked by springs and towns named after him. As early as June 1743, a year after his conversion by the Moravian missionaries at Shamokin, Conrad Weiser wrote of him, "John (son of Shikellamy) is truly a man of God." Though subjected to trials and disappointments in his long life, he did not depart from the teachings of Christianity, although he spent his last days in the so-called Paganism of his fathers; his supreme belief was that happiness would come only through doing good. Swanger wrote in 1949:

"Captain Logan, who never led an army of rapine, who had few scalps on his belt, not many notches on his gun, who worked for peace, who forgave his enemies, and who died at peace with all mankind, looms big in the list of distinguished aborigines. . . . His faith was bigger and broader than any church. It consisted in 'doing good,' a sublime creed for any man."

He died at the home of a friend while returning from the Juniata Valley to the Cornplanter Reservation in 1820, at the age of 102.

Alternate spellings — Taghneghduoras, Thachnoreahtoris, Tachnachdoarus. All spellings are as found in the documents.

## James Logan, *Tahgahjute*

Tah-gah-ju-te, whose birthplace is disputed by historians, was several years younger than Tachnectoris, 1725 being generally accepted as date of birth. Auburn, Scipioville, Cayuga Lake, Butternut Creek, all in New York State, claim the honor of his nativity. One historian gives Shamokin, Pa., but the Indian village of Wasco, now Auburn, is the most generally accepted site. Iroquois tradition supports this. He moved with his father's family to Shikellimy's Town, half a mile below Milton, Pa., when Shikellimy was sent by the Onondaga Council as vice-regent over the Susquehanna Valley's Iroquois tribes, and the conquered Delawares and Lenni-Lenapes. He was three years old at this time. Though a Cayuga by mother-right, there is no evidence that he at any time thereafter visited the shores of the lake of that name on which most of the Cayugas dwelt. His father, Shikellimy, a child of French extraction, was captured at Montreal when very young and brought up by the Oneida Indians. Though he became a Cayuga at his marriage with a Cayuga maiden, and is sometimes spoken of as a Cayuga chief, Shikellimy signed treaties as an Oneida chief.

Tahgahjute is spoken of as being lighter in color than the Indians along the Juniata River when he moved there in 1765. This along with his highly emotional nature is understood in the light of his European heritage.

Historians diverge widely on the subject of Logan's marriage. In one book it is stated that he was married at the same time as his older brother, which seems to be in 1738. That would make Tahgahjute an unusually young bridegroom of thirteen. It is averred that his wife was a Mohican and her name is given as Loyola.

"Last Autumn Logan's wife and three of his five children

died." So wrote Bishop Cammerhoff in the day-by-day account telling of his journey to Shamokin in 1748.

In our earlier efforts to delineate the history of the famous James Logan, whom Shikellimy named after his great friend, the secretary of the Province, "whose kindness to the children of the forest was scarcely inferior to that of the illustrious Governor whom he officially served," we printed this presumably authoritative statement from the *Handbook of Fort Hill Cemetery*. As it was here in Auburn that the citizens erected by popular subscription a monument to Logan's memory, it is to be assumed that the information in the book was carefully researched. Speaking of Alvaretta:

"She was the daughter of the Onondaga chief, Ontonegea, and wife of the eloquent Logan. She is represented to have been remarkably beautiful. The legends of surviving Cayugas say that her eyes were piercing, her face expressive, her person comely, and her manners gentle; and that, on account of her beauty in childhood, an English name was given her by an officer in King George's service at Fort Orange, whither her father had taken her on some occasion of importance to his people. Very little, however, beyond the tragic story of her death is positively known of her. That she was born in this vicinity (Auburn) and went to Pennsylvania with the parties of her nation who removed thither about the middle of the eighteenth century may be fairly inferred from all that is more confidently alleged respecting her marriage and tragical fate." Our query now is, Could Logan have had three wives?

Bishop Cammerhoff averred in his journal under the date of January 14, 1748:

"During the afternoon, with Brother Mack, we visited Shikellimy and his family. Last autumn many of his family died, viz. his oldest son's wife and five children, three of Logan's children, and his son-in-law and some of his children." It is reported elsewhere that James Logan's wife died in 1747. Fever is given as the cause. Bishop Cammerhoff was of the Moravian Mission which baptized Shikellimy and his children in 1742, so it is unlikely that he would confuse them. Otherwise it might be thought that the youngest son, John Petty,

was the husband of the Mohican maiden, Loyola, and the father of the five children attributed to James Logan.

The authors of the *Fort Hill Cemetery Handbook* evidently refer to the massacre at Yellow Creek, Ohio, in calling attention to her "tragic fate," but the wife the historians attribute to Logan at that time, April 30, 1744, was a Shawnee, and the "family" of whom he was deprived by the marauders did not include a wife, but consisted of a party of thirteen from the village he had established there: his mother, younger brother, John Petty, sister, sister-in-law, two-months-old child of the latter who was a Shawnee and sister of his wife, and nine other Indians from the community whom he called in the Indian tradition "Cousins."

Logan was across the Ohio at the time, and when he returned and found the wholesale slaughter of thirteen relatives and friends, some of whom were Cayugas who had followed him from Fort Augusta, his savage nature took control, and he did not stop his personal vendetta of revenge until thirteen settlers had paid the debt to his satisfaction. He then "sat idle in his tent," nor could he be persuaded to make further war on the white men whom he had always considered his friends.

No less an authority than Conrad Weiser is quoted in the statement that "the two older Shikellamies chose life partners about 1738," and the tradition is that they were married by a Catholic priest. John Logan's bride was a half-breed, noted for her beauty. Her mother was a Quaker. James Logan's wife, Loyola, was a Mohican, and a niece of the celebrated warrior, Captain Abraham. I can find no logic in the statement that the double ceremony was performed by a Catholic, for to quote a former discourse in *The Story of the Cayugas*, "Marriage was a secular rather than a religious affair, and was arranged by the respective mothers-in-law. The bride made corn bread for the marriage feast, and the groom supplied the meat. The couple then moved into her mother's longhouse." If a priest or minister was used to perform a marriage ceremony in this case, surely it would have been a Quaker.

Of the marriage to Alvaretta it is written that the marriage ceremony was performed by Zeisberger. "Logan resided with or near his father at Shamokin until the year 1749, when,

at the request of the latter, as well as in conformity with the promptings of an early attachment to the orphan daughter of Ontonegea, named Alvaretta, he was married to her by Bishop Zeisberger, the pious missionary who administered the consolations of the Gospel to his dying parent."

There appear to have been no children of this second union, and of the two remaining children by the first marriage, history has lost all trace. They seem to have slipped James Logan's mind, also, for the most touching lament of his famous answer to Lord Dunmore when invited to the peace table at the close of hostilities in the so-called "Lord Dunmore's War," will never be forgotten: "Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. . . . Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

A statement was obtained from Jesse Logan, aged 106 years, at the Cornplanter Reservation, Pa., on October 9, 1815, in which he averred: "My father was John Logan, Jr., a Cayuga, the only surviving child of Capt. John Logan, the oldest son of Shikellamy. . . . I married Susan, a Seneca maid, and we had one child, James Logan, who died at the age of thirty. He was named for my great-uncle, the immortal Cayuga orator. . . . I attribute my long life to my love of outdoor exercise and hunting and fishing. In my old age I am well cared for by my Indian friends, but regret that 'my blood flows not in any living person,' to use the language of my Great Uncle James. . . . There are many Logans in the Reservations in Pennsylvania and New York; some are descended from my brothers and sisters, others adopted the name because of the honor attached to it."

The Capt. John Logan, Jr., mentioned above as the father of Jesse Logan, and the "Only surviving child of Capt. John Logan," was the nephew of James Logan—Todkahdos, to give his Indian name—who sank his hatchet into the brain of the famous Mingo chief, sneaking up on him from behind while he sat wrapped in his blanket, meditating before the fire.

Logan's third marriage took place after he had moved to the valley of the Scioto in Ohio, and formed a gathering of

Iroquois and Cayuga tribesmen among those who had already settled on that river. The term Mingo means United People, and was used only of the Iroquois who were in that locality. There were Shawnees also among them, and it was from this tribe that the third wife was taken. Here for the first time Logan was appointed chief. Some say he was passed over for that office by the Cayugas because of lameness resulting from a bullet wound in his youth. The Iroquois counted anyone with a physical defect a pariah.

In 1800 time was running out for Tahgahjute. And the fine, upstanding Indian of whom we read such favorable accounts had become a brooding misanthrope, despondent at the turn his life had taken, and no doubt conscience-ridden after the weeks of his bloody revenge. He found surcease in drunkenness, and during these frequent orgies was a fearsome and dangerous man. When he was returning from a council of chiefs at Detroit in the autumn, fleeing ahead of a band of his followers because he had struck his wife to the ground in a drunken brawl, his nephew, Todkahdos, a man of low habits and Logan's companion often in drunkenness, overtook the misguided Indian who thought he was to be punished for his wife's death. He threatened them, and Todkahdos, whatever his motives may have been, killed the famous Logan with a blow from his tomahawk as he sat before a fire.

There was a tradition among the Iroquois that when one killed a famous warrior or statesman, the power that was in him entered the body and soul of the murderer. In Todkahdos' case, though he may have been inspired by the prospect, the reward of greatness did not result. Although he lived to be 100 years old and was known far and wide as "Little Logan," the grandson of the famed and revered Shikellamy, he died as he had lived, a man of small stature and no great mentality, the nemesis of the most renowned chief in Iroquois history.

Logan was only fifty-five at the time of his death. This is about half the normal span of Indian life. He had come many miles from his far away birthplace in central New York to this moment of truth "in the silent Autumn woods on the shore of Lake Erie."

His first move was to Shikellimy's Town, half a mile below



Milton, Pa. Ten years later, in 1738, Shikellamy moved his family to the Indian town of Shamokin, now Sunbury, thirty miles to the south. Here Logan lived until 1755 or '56, when the Indians destroyed the village, and the Moravian mission was abandoned. During those years, both he and his older brother, Tachnectoris, had hunting and fishing lodges on the Susquehanna, and these he continued to visit during the proper seasons.

In 1765, he appears on the Juniata River, where he stayed for five years, hunting and selling dressed deerskins to his white neighbors. He was almost completely out of touch with the Indians during those years, a very happy time of his life. For some years prior he had lived in a cabin in the beautiful Kishacoquillas Valley until the hunting became less satisfactory as more and more settlers occupied the land.

In 1771, he emigrated to the Ohio, and found a place to his liking at the mouth of Yellow Creek, thirty miles above Wheeling. There he was joined by his surviving relatives and some Cayugas from Fort Augusta, and a small Indian village of log huts was built up. "The town of Mingo Junction, twenty miles farther down the river, perpetuates the name of his tribe and his memory on the strength of Logan's having been there for how long or how short a period no one knows."

It was at this time and place that Logan was appointed chief, and from then on was known as "Logan, the Great Mingo Chief," his Cayuga ancestry forgotten. In fact, some of the historians in Pennsylvania and Ohio speak of him as a Shawnee, and claim Shemokin as his birthplace. At the Ohio village took place the brutal and unprovoked murder of thirteen of his "relatives." A two-months-old baby, said to be the child of Logan's sister, was spared when the mother claimed that the child was the daughter of the trader, John Gibson. Gibson acknowledged his responsibility, and is said to have brought the child to maturity.

Logan was hunting across the Ohio when the massacre occurred, and on his return was plunged into a fury of vengeance. For weeks he prosecuted his one-man war against the settlers and army personnel, taking small parties from his village with him. When he had equaled by his own hand the number of

relatives and friends who had been slain, his revenge was satisfied.

Logan had killed thirteen men, women and children, and his party was responsible for thirty deaths and several prisoners. April 30, 1774, was the date of this infamous massacre, as a result of which the most famous piece of oratory in Indian history was given the public, and disseminated far and wide in books and newspapers of the day. Translated into many foreign languages, and memorized by schoolchildren the world over, it gave Logan an immortality that cannot be equaled by any other of his race.

Historians have been kind to Logan, the Great Mingo Chief, and though the details of his last few years vary in substance, in spirit they are the same. His fall from grace is mentioned and in most cases condoned by the enormity of the provocation. Testimony to his friendship for the whites, his fair dealings as a trader in venison and dressed skins, his sense of fair play and sportsmanship, his tenderness for the children of his white neighbors far outweigh the reports of his ferocity on the battlefield. In describing his appearance, they are unanimous in their praise.

"Logan was tall of stature and of great muscular development," writes Taneyhill. "His appearance at once attracted attention and commanded respect." No mention is made in this history of his lameness, attributed to a hunting accident.

But Conrad Weiser, great friend of Shikellamy and a frequent visitor at Shemokin during the two troubled decades when the young Indian lad was growing to manhood, refers to him more than once as "Shikellamy's lame son."

C. Hall Sipe tells of one William Brown, a hunter, who with his brother was out hunting for bear. When they stopped to drink at a spring, they saw reflected in its calm waters the shadow of a tall Indian. "I sprang to my rifle, when the Indian gave a yell, whether for peace or war I was not just sufficiently master of my faculties to determine; but upon my seizing my rifle and facing him, he knocked up the pan of his gun, threw out the priming, and extended his open palm towards me in token of friendship. After putting down our guns, we again met at the spring and shook hands. This was Logan, the best

specimen of humanity I ever met with, either white or red."

This testimony was given by the first actual white settler in the Kishacoquillas Valley in Pennsylvania. Here Logan spent five years away from friends and family, supporting himself with hunting, of which he was passionately fond, and trading venison and dressed skins with his white neighbors. As these became more numerous and the game less plentiful, he moved farther west to the fertile Ohio Valley, and settled at the mouth of the Beaver River.

After he recovered his equanimity, following the weeks of his privately prosecuted warfare against white settlers as far east as Pennsylvania and Virginia, Logan again felt a strong pull of affection for the whites, saving by his eloquence, lives of several prisoners taken during Lord Dunmore's War. He argued for peace against those of his countrymen who were keen to make war, saying they would but lose the wonderful hunting grounds along the Ohio, if the Virginia settlers and government were aroused. His eloquence was given credit for dispelling this and other crises in the uneasy relationships of the times. His bravery is cited as equal to that of Cornstalk in the Shawnee War, and his wisdom in suing for peace when the cause was lost.

A touching example of his tenderness towards children and his friendship for the whites is given by Harry E. Swanger: "In 1763, Logan rescued a child by unbinding its mother from a tree to which she was tied by her Indian captors to be tortured and burned. The father, 'a Captain of the British Band,' had just been killed in a war with the Hurons. When loosed, the mother swooned away, praying that her orphan boy might be taken to her kindred at Wyoming." The magnanimous chieftain undertook and accomplished the long, perilous journey with her son. The poet, Thomas Campbell, preserves the tradition in the romance, "*Gertrude of Wyoming*," in which the hero, Outilissi, carries out the request:

*"... the eagle of my tribe, have rushed  
With the lorn dove ..."*

Tradition again places the aging Mingo chief at Wyoming July 3, 1778, on the eve of the Wyoming massacre. Desiring to clasp to his bosom once more the boy whose life he had

saved fifteen years before, Logan made the long trip from the upper Sandusky Valley in Ohio. Learning of the intentions of the Indians to attack the Wyoming settlement, he is said to have warned his friends among the white men, and saved some lives among them.

C. Hall Sipe mentions three other white men whom Logan saved from being burnt at the stake:

“In the autumn of 1778, he saved the life of Simon Kenton, the scout and companion of Daniel Boone, who had been caught stealing horses of the Indians and was condemned to die at the stake. Kenton was lodged with Logan for safekeeping until the torture should commence. Logan addressed him and said:

“‘Be strong. I am a great chief. They talk of taking you to Sandusky and burning you there. I will send messengers to speak for you.’

“He then sent two runners to Sandusky, in the meantime holding the Indians in check, and with great difficulty got Kenton released.”

On July 15, 1775, he was instrumental in saving the life of Captain Wood. He was living then at Pluggy’s Town, eighteen miles north of Columbus.

These instances, occurring after his wrath had spent itself, all show that the Logan of his later years held the same esteem for the whites that earned him the soubriquet, “Logan, the Friend of the White Man.”

Heckwelder says that during 1779 Logan adopted a white woman into his family as his sister to take the place of the sister who was killed at Yellow Creek five years before. During the remaining year he lived among the Mingoës on the Sandusky River, spending much of his time, however, roving from place to place. “In 1780 he went over to the British side and joined the force of volunteers, regulars and Indians which Capt. Henry Bird led to Kentucky and destroyed the settlements at Ruddell’s and Martin’s stations. As Bird was conveying the prisoners to Detroit, Logan became very friendly with some of them, especially John Duncan, to whom he said: ‘I know that I have two souls, one good, the other bad. When the good has the ascendancy, I am kind and humane. When

the bad soul rules, I am perfectly savage and delight in nothing but blood and carnage.' ”

This quotation is remarkable in the fact that more than one historian claims that Logan spoke very little English. It raises again the question as to who interpreted his famous lament to Lord Dunmore, and embellished it with high-sounding phraseology. Thomas Jefferson was accused of it, and denied the charge emphatically. It is said that Col. John Gibson, the man who did not deny his parentage of Logan's two-months-old niece, was sent by Dunmore to urge Logan to the peace conference, at which all the other chiefs involved in the hostilities were present. Logan still refused, and took a walk with his friend some distance from his home. There under a spreading elm, they sat and talked and Logan disclosed his reasons for absenting himself from the conference.

In the solitude they shared, the Indian spoke with such emotion that the tears coursed down his cheeks. His language was that of the Delawares, and it was Gibson's task to put the lament into English before presenting it to Lord Dunmore. Did Gibson think to aid his friend in moderating the harsh recital of the Indian wrongs? It seems far more likely that Jefferson in 1781 or '82, when his *Notes on Virginia* were published, yielded to the temptation to clothe the noble lament in the type of oratory of which he was the acknowledged master.

The phrase, *For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace*, has been singled out as a most unlikely phrase for an Indian to use in a moment of deep emotional stress. In the first place, Logan never had a country, just a nation. At the time the speech was written, there was no certainty of peace. Though Jefferson denied authorship of any part of it, the argument continues two hundred years later, but such questionings have done nothing to impair the force of its message or the beauty of its form.

We have mentioned earlier that the citizens of Auburn, reputed birthplace of the famous Cayuga Indian, in 1856 erected a monument to Logan in the form of a fifty-foot-high obelisk, made of native stone. On it is inscribed, "Who is there to mourn for Logan?" Many schoolchildren leave their small wreaths and garlands at its base, and older sentimentalists

pause for a moment, lost in thought, when Memorial Day calls them to visit graves of relatives and friends. The *Handbook of Fort Hill Cemetery* explains: "In view of the facts concerning the nativity, paternity, education, conjugal relations, moral character, and celebrity of Logan, it has seemed proper that these grounds should exhibit some tribute of respect to his memory. The sacrificial mound of the Alleghans, and of his ancestors—the earthen altar whence ascended their incense to the Great Spirit in the center of the fortification—has been set apart as the site of an appropriate monument."

Though no monument has been erected in Pennsylvania to any of the Shikellamies, their memory is kept alive by the names of springs, towns and valleys where they lived and hunted. In Ohio, however, six miles south of Circleville, there is a monument to Logan, the Mingo Chief, in Logan Elm Park. Near the magnificent tree whose branches sheltered Logan and Colonel Gibson in 1774, while the famous Indian dictated his message to Lord Dunmore, stands a granite stone of considerable height. A bronze plaque shows the tree, while the speech is recorded in full on the granite below:

"I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold or naked and he clothed him not.

"During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said: 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one even though to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many. I have glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of Peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.' "

We close this sketch of the immortal Logan with the follow-

ing lines composed for the occasion of the dedicating of the monument to his memory:

Logan, to thy memory here  
White men do this tablet rear;  
On its front we grave thy name,  
In our hearts shall live thy fame.  
While Niagara's thunders roar,  
Or Erie's surges lash the shore;  
While onward broad Ohio glides  
And seaward roll her Indian tides,  
So long their memory who did give  
These floods their sounding names shall live.  
While time in kindness buries  
The gory axe and warrior's bow,  
O Justice, faithful to thy trust,  
Record the virtues of the just.

## The Six Nations

*Excerpts from letters from Conrad Weiser to Thomas Lee of Virginia, September 1744.*

“In the early correspondence between the two the religion, social customs, and polity of the Six Nations was the principal theme. Thomas Lee asked the questions and Conrad Weiser answered them with generous takings from his own store of experience. No man was better qualified than he to discuss the Six Nations. He had known them intimately from boyhood, and wrote not from hearsay but from observation. At the same time, no man was better able to interpret them because, not having lived with them uninterruptedly, he never lost his perspective. They were not mere ‘redskins’ to him. He felt their common humanity. But he thought of them always in comparison with the whites, and so gave his readers the touchstone of dramatic sympathy.

“To Weiser, who was rebellious against the complacent hypocrisies of the social system to which he was bound, the Indians seemed to be in many ways better men than the whites. Especially among the Six Nations at Onondaga he had found the simple virtues that the Christian world appeared to have thrown away as relics of a barbarous age. But there was another side to the picture, and Weiser was too honest to overlook it. He was no sentimentalist writing advance notices for Rousseau. He did not idealize his brown brethren. He saw their faults and talked about them, sometimes to their faces. His description of Indian customs is, therefore, dispassionate. But though he is honest, he is never dry or disquisitional. In the letters that follow, he is writing about people, not ethnology; while discussing institutions he never steps far beyond his own observations and experience. He is ‘at home’ with these people, having shared in their amusements, their coun-



cil business, their family griefs, and their national pride.”

“The correspondence opens with a letter from Colonel Lee about the Virginia Road.

The letter Weiser sent in response is not at hand, but it is known what he wrote. He used his first letter to Lee, and a second that followed, to satisfy the inquiries of others, notably Edmund Jennings and Christopher Saur. The letter to Saur was widely circulated and has been preserved for us in several early transcripts, in the printed pages of Saur’s newspaper and almanac, and also, in part, in a pamphlet published by Benjamin Franklin. It is from the Saur letter that we take what may be safely regarded as the gist of Weiser’s reply to Thomas Lee.

Of what is generally called a religion, viz., a person openly contracting or uniting himself to God, and acting according to his prescribed laws and commands, either through fear or love, they have certainly . . . no outward form; therefore they have neither preacher nor meeting, no Formal Doctrine, no Formal Prayers; but when the occasion offers we see that some confess and worship the Creator of All Things; they have usually a quantity of superstitions; if some of them are argued with, and such truths presented which they cannot deny, they apparently acknowledge and do not contradict them; but perhaps a few minutes afterwards they will make a laughing-stock of them and scorn them. And they sometimes ask very foolish questions, for they have many silly fancies about spirits, about their dreams, and their sorceries; they believe that there are spirits in everything, in stones, rivers, trees, mountains, roads, etc., with which their old men can talk; sometimes they make offerings to these spirits, to incline them to protect them, and give them good luck in hunting and in battle.

A certain Indian was on a long journey through the bush with a German and one evening, as a very heavy rain was coming on, they were building a hut; the Indian wanted to drive stakes into the ground; but as the ground was stony, and the stakes would not go in, he began to speak to the spirits in the stones, telling them they must give way so that he could drive the stakes into the ground or he would force them to yield; presently he entreated them, saying, “My Friend! I

and my companion want to stay here tonight, and you must let me drive these stakes into the ground; so give way a little, or I will dig you out of the ground and throw you into the fire." And thereupon he worked hard, every now and then speaking harshly, as if he were striving or fighting with some-one. The German laughed at him; but he said, "You see that I am beating, for the stones are giving way on one side. We poor Indians cannot use iron instruments like you Europeans; but we have other means, which we have learned from our Grandfathers, and we have it much easier if we talk to the spirits, and call them friends, and mingle threats therewith. Then we succeed."

There is very little to say about their government or manner of governing and justice, excepting what pertains to their transactions and demeanour with other nations, for in that respect they take great pains. Each nation of the six tribes sends Deputies to the great Council at Onontago once or twice a year to confer with each other; they are very slow in coming to a decision in the Council, and have good rules which are looked to and kept inviolably.

When any one has done anything that is considered worthy of death, the most eminent men of the nation meet and examine into it, whether the charge is true or false; for no one is charged with or accused of anything among them except of murder or robbery. If it is found to be true, the friends of the guilty person try to appease the injured party with gifts, and then they are present at the tribunal. When the crime is too great, and the guilty person is a notorious murderer or thief, that is, has been guilty several times before, then they counsel his own tribe to kill him, his tribe advise his own family to tell him the sentence, and then his nearest friend, and very seldom any one else, kills him.

The criminal is made drunk, and perhaps a quarrel is begun with him by the one who is appointed to do it, who then charges him with his offence, and at the same time informs him of the cause of his death. And in the ensuing quarrel he is killed, and the rum bears the blame, so that the avenger of blood has no power over the doer of the deed.

Concerning their Warriors, we cannot say with certainty

concerning their number and the number of their warriors, for they are very much scattered about the streams which flow into the Mississippi, and around the lakes or seas of Canada, and among the French.

The Maquaische are considered to have about 100 warriors at home; the Oneider perhaps as many, the Tuscarora have about 150, the Onontager not many over 200, the Cayucker about 500, the Siniker about 700 at home or not far from home.

The Six Nations live about 400 miles from Lancaster; if we could go there in a straight line it would be much nearer; but we cannot travel directly there on account of lofty mountains. Concerning their allies and friends, we have heard from a trustworthy Indian, who has traveled a great deal, that of them there are as follows:

1. The Ziz-a-gech-roonu, who live in three great cities on the eastern side of Lake Huron, have warriors of about 2,400.

2. The Unich-Kalliagon have warriors 3,000. These live on the west side of Lake Erie, and onward to the strait of Huron's Lake.

3. The Runada-Wadeeny are the next mentioned neighbors. Their warriors are about 400.

4. The Oyjachdanich-Roonu live near the Black River and have about 1,000.

5. The Towichtowich-Roonu, on Thunackgi River, 300.

6. The Gechtagech-Roonu, on the great River Mississippi, 500.

7. The Ofkuniagis, on an arm of the Ohio, towards the west, 1,000.

8. The Karbaguch-Roonu (in German, wild people) dwell and are to the north of Huron's Lake; they do not sow, but journey from one place to another; their number is uncertain. It is said they are more numerous than all the rest in alliance with the Iroquois.

9. The Schawanos, on the River Ohio, have of warriors 200.

10. The Dellewar, in Pennsylvania and Ohio, 200.

11. The Mohicander, which are scattered along the Mohawk River and in New England, not fewer than 300.

Thus in all such as bear arms in war there are 9,300.

The art of war they understand extremely well, particularly

in the wilderness, for it is their occupation from their youth up. Indeed they seek no other honor or happiness than to be good warriors. The parents do everything in their power to make their sons brave heroes; they frequently send them into battle when they are only 12 to 15 years old, but under the control of good officers. They are light on their feet, can endure hunger three or four days; indeed, if it is necessary even longer; and at the same time march every day thirty, forty, to fifty English miles and attack their enemy. In war they are a crafty, cruel and daring people.

A European who wishes to stand well with them must practise well the three following virtues: 1. Speak the truth; 2. Give the best that he has; 3. Show himself not a coward, but courageous in all cases.

They believe that when the soul leaves the body it takes a long journey to a happy land, where there are quantities of fat game, and everything grows luxuriantly. There are huckleberries as large as a man's fist, and the strawberries are equally as large, and their taste is much better than ours. There a man can lie in the shade the whole day, and the most beautiful maidens wait upon him. There no one grows old. Those who have been the best and most heroic warriors here, there have the pre-eminence, and rule over the good women. No bad people come to this place, but if a common man got there, he must be the servant of the others for many a year.

I have been at their burials; there we see everything that the dead man owned brought to the burying place; and as soon as he is buried, everything is put in the box with the dead; but they always give him bows and arrows, hatchets, kettles, and a dressed skin for shoes, so that he is provided for in the long journey until he reaches the pleasant land of souls, where they hope to meet with their fathers and grandfathers, and other good friends in a blissful life.

When a chaste wife has lost her husband, she is not married again until a winter and summer have passed, and then she must be urged to it by her friends. During this time she should rather lose her life than do anything dishonorable. And so, too, with an honorable man; they mourn a long time, and at first go to the grave almost every morning; afterward every month,

and make their lamentations very mournfully and sorrowfully to inspire one with pity; they allow no grass to grow on the grave, but scrape the ground daily with their hands, so that it looks as if it had been made yesterday.

When the time of mourning is over, the friends come and bring gifts to wipe away the tears from the sorrowing eyes. In the meantime the deceased has arrived in the land of the souls, and the friends give a feast. No one dares mention the name of the dead person after he is buried; if anyone does it ignorantly, he commits a misdeed; but if some one does it in defiance, they often avenge it with death to cool their anger, etc.

If, by the word religion people mean an assent to certain creeds, or other observance of a set of religious duties, as appointed prayers, singing, preaching, baptism, etc., or even heathenish worship, then it may be said the Five Nations nor their neighbors have no religion. But if by religion we mean an attraction of the soul to God, or an union of the soul with God, from whom proceeds a confidence in, and hunger after, the knowledge of Him, then these people must be allowed to have some religion amongst them, notwithstanding their sometimes savage deportment. For we find amongst them some traces of confidence in God alone; and even sometimes, (though but seldom) a vocal calling upon Him.

As for betrothal and marriage among the Indians, that according to ancient custom is a contract made by the parents of two young people. What brings them together as a rule is the love and respect their parents have for each other; but though the parents have arranged the match and advised the young people, the latter are left free to accept or not as they please. The young man or his parents give presents to the bride, the value depending either on what they can give or on what she is worth: her father takes charge of the presents. She has nothing to do except now and then bring her fiance some Indian corn bread, or carry a load of wood to his home and sit down beside him for maybe an hour, or longer; she does not say a word to him, nor he to her; both look very serious and if they did not behave so, it would be frowned on as a breach of wedlock.

There is no wedding ceremony except a banquet which their

friends celebrate with them. When the wedding is over, each of the parties goes back to his own house, and they do not first live together; however, as soon as the wedding feast is over, the bride claims the presents that had been given for her; if, however, she takes an aversion to him and refuses to receive him or likes another man better, then she must follow the established custom and take back the presents to him herself.

It happens now and then that some old fellow bespeaks a beautiful young girl and brings her parents many gifts of deer-skins, etc., looks after her and becomes her protector or guardian until such time as her mother pronounces her ready for marriage; and they consider such an agreement no discredit to the girl; on the contrary she is proud of the fact that her maidenhood is highly esteemed. But once she is old enough to marry if she finds herself more attracted to another man, she has only to say she will not have him.

Their marriages are binding only as long as both parties desire it; if either the man or the woman is no longer content to live with each other, and simply says:

"I will go away and leave you," then the other says, "All right!" And that is the end of the marriage.

They never engage to live together for life. They say such a promise would be foolish: for certainly no one can say how long a couple will be as one.

A man seldom has more than one wife: but if he has two, each of them must remain in her own cabin till he visits one or the other.

If they have children and are divorced, the woman keeps them: but when once they have three or four children, they seldom separate.

When the man takes a distant journey, or goes off on a long hunt, and his wife is with child or is otherwise prevented from going, she does not get angry if he takes another woman along to look after him, and when he comes back, she returns to her cabin and he to his. The women do not quarrel about it but are friendly with one another.

Chastity is a virtue with them: when a virgin has such a reputation (as indeed there are many among them who deserve the name) she is respected by everyone; the bravest warriors

and the best hunters seek her in marriage. When such women go out they cover their faces with a veil, and speak to no man on the way except their husband, father, or brother; it is a crime for them to speak to anyone else. And it is the same with a man who meets a woman. No one among them would accost a woman, except lewd fellows, of whom there are some among them though they are not nearly so common among them as among the Christians.

If a woman desires a man in marriage, she goes into his cabin and lies down at his feet. When he asks her what she wants, she says she wants to marry him. If he likes her, no further ceremony is necessary. In the morning at sunrise she goes home and bakes a basketful of Indian cornbread. If, however, she has no corn, nor her friends either, she fetches a load of wood to the bridegroom's house, as a service to the good woman of the house: then a feast is held by the bridegroom's friends.

But if a woman has thus laid herself at the feet of a man as described and he does not want to marry her, he speaks kindly to her and lets her go home again: or if she stays overnight, she does it only to try the persuasion of friendly words. If she is a modest woman, she will not allow herself to be touched, and it would be a great crime on his part to think of molesting her; he would lose all reputation.

The children inherit no property from their parents; when the old people die they leave their property to others. It generally remains with their friends; the oldest man of the family makes a present out of it at his pleasure: the children very seldom receive any of it though they desire it; if they are grown up they must take care of themselves.

If a young man is a good hunter, he is in no want; his wife or her mother, or his mother, if he is not married, is master of his deerskins: but he is well clothed, and everything necessary is given to him that he may live like a gentleman of his kind.

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The above information is found in *Conrad Weiser, Friend of Colonist and Mohawk*, pages 198 to 205, by Paul A. Wallace. Published in 1945.

## An Episode at Cayuga

Ephriam Webster was for a great many years the Indian agent and interpreter for the Onondagas. For several years he held by lease from the Indians three hundred acres of land, the title of which was afterwards confirmed to him and his heirs by the State Legislature.

Soon after Webster had located himself at Onondaga about 1788, a young brave of the Cayuga Nation one morning presented himself to the chiefs and Webster while sitting at the door of the Council House. The young man said: "I have come to dwell among you and your people, if you will permit. I have left forever the home of my father and the hearth of my mother. I seek a home with you; my name is Mantinoah. Deny me not."

The most aged chief, Ka-whick-de-ta, answered him: "Mantinoah, you are welcome here; sit you down with us. Be our son, we will be your father; you can hunt and fish with our young men and tread the warpath with the braves of our nation; you shall be honored as you deserve."

Near two years passed. Mantinoah apparently was contented and happy, and always foremost on the chase, most active in the dance, and loudest in the song.

Between Mantinoah and Webster a bond of firmest friendship was formed. When Webster climbed the hill, Mantinoah was his companion. When Mantinoah watched the midnight moon, Webster whispered friendship in his ear. Their eyes caught the first glimmering of the rising sun together, and its last parting gleam as it sank below the western horizon and departed from both their visions at the same time.

Mantinoah said to his companion one morning, "I must soon leave your peaseful valley forever. I go towards the setting sun; I have a vow to perform. My nation and my friends know that Mantinoah will be true. My friend, I desire you to go with me."



Webster consented, and preparations were made for the journey. As they left the Onondaga valley together, Mantinoah looked upon it for the last time. Then, after a walk of three or four days during which they took their journey leisurely, hunting and fishing by the way, they arrived at the eminence near Mantinoah's village.

"Here," said Mantinoah, "let us rest. Let us here invoke the Great Spirit to grant us strength to pass triumphantly through the scenes of this day. Here," said he, "we will eat, and here for the last time will smoke the pipe of peace and friendship together." After a repast of broiled venison and bread, the pipe was passed from one to the other in regular succession.

"Now," said Mantinoah to his friend, "a little more than two years have elapsed since in my native village, near to us, in a burst of passion I slew my bosom friend and chosen companion. The chiefs of my nation declared me guilty of my friend's blood and declared I must suffer death. It was then I sought your nation. It was then I won your friendship.

"The nearest of kin to him I slew, according to our custom, was to become my executioner. My execution was deferred two full years during which time I was condemned to banishment from my nation. I vowed to return. The term of two full years expires this day when the setting sun sinks behind the topmost branches of yonder tree. Beneath the broad branches of this venerable oak where we now stand, at the foot of this ancient rock against which I now lean, I stand prepared to meet my doom.

"My friend, we have had many a cheerful sport together. Our joys have not been circumscribed; our griefs have been few; look not so sad now, but let new joys arouse you to a happiness. When you return to the Onondagas bear witness that Mantinoah died like a true brave of the Cayugas; that he trembled not at the approach of death, like the coward paleface, nor shed tears like a woman.

"My friend, take this belt, my knife, my hunting pouch, my horn and rifle; accept them as mementoes of our friendship. I shall need them no longer; a few moments and the avenger will be here. The Great Spirit calls. I am ready. Mantinoah fears not to die. Farewell."

Webster firmly remonstrated against his determination. In vain he urges him to escape the consequences. A short silence ensues when a yell is heard in the distance. Mantinoah responds. A single Indian approaches and take Mantinoah by the hand. He, too, had been an early friend, but the laws of the savage cannot be broken. After mutual salutations and expressions of kindness, the avenger addressed him.

“Mantinoah, you have slain my brother; our laws declare me his avenger and your executioner. Your time has come; Death is at hand, prepare to meet him. Be steadfast, be firm; and may the Great Spirit sustain you.”

Upon this, Mantinoah gracefully elevated his manly form, carefully bared his bosom, calmly laid his arms across his ready. Not a muscle moved, not a word was heard. He stood ready for the voluntary sacrifice, immovable and adamant. Accompanied by a deafening yell, the bright tomahawk of the avenger glittered in the fading light, and its keen edge sank deep into the brain of the victim. The thirsty earth drank the blood of Mantinoah, and he sank without a groan, a lifeless corpse, before his friend.

Instantly, as if by magic, a host of savages appeared, the mournful song of death re-echoed through the forest, the dance for the dead moved in melancholy solemnity around the corpse of the departed. The low, guttural moan peculiar to the savage murmured through the trees, and all was still. They silently surveyed the scene. Then in groups and pairs, and singly, the witnesses to this thrilling event retired.

The feelings of Webster on this occasion may be more easily imagined than can possibly be described. Immediately after the tragic event of which we have spoken, the Indians most cordially invited Webster to their village, gave him the most solemn assurances of perfect safety and protection, very hospitably entertained him for a few days, and when ready to return, a party of Cayugas conducted him to his home.

However much the foregoing may seem like fiction, it is nevertheless true. The facts have often been related by Webster to many old acquaintances and first settlers in the vicinity, who will yet bear witness to its authenticity.

This anecdote is singularly illustrative of Indian character and indicates in an elevated manner the virtues of fortitude,

fidelity, gratitude and honor, as once understood and appreciated by the Indians, comments Judge Clark in his "Onondaga."

In another narrative, Judge Clark recounts a similar episode at Onondaga, as follows:

It sometimes happened that the Indians, either from fancied or real wrongs, went so far as to threaten Webster's life and made the most alarming demonstrations toward taking it. At one time they tied him to a tree, and amused themselves by throwing a tomahawk at the tree, to see how near they could come to his head and not hit it. Sometimes the whistling missile would graze his hair. The sport was kept up for more than half an hour during which Webster neither flinched nor moved a muscle, a circumstance greatly admired by the Indians who usually have a contemptible notion of the white man's fortitude. After they became tired of the sport, they liberated him with shouts of exultation.

In the early part of the intercourse of Webster with the Onondagas, he had occasion to go on business for the natives to Canada. On his return he employed a young brave of the Onondagas below Oswego to pilot him through the woods to Onondaga. While on the route he observed that the Indian felt sad and gloomy as if something weighed heavy on his mind. In vain he tried to rouse him from this cold and frigid humor, but all of Webster's faculties of cheering and amusement were exhausted without a relaxation of gravity or sadness on the part of the Indian. At length Webster accosted him with a tone of anxiety, inquiring what could be the matter. Upon which he answered, "Me going to die."

Webster, thinking it only a whim of the Indian, refrained from further conversation. They trudged along silently and in due time approached the castle. They had arrived but a short time when six Indians of the Cayuga nation made their appearance, and without one word or the least ceremony, one of them walked up to the Onondaga, and with an axe cleft his skull. In a moment, the blow was followed by another of the party, and the young man was no more.

The Cayugas retired as if nothing had happened. The Onondagas lamented their brother, and there were injured ones ready to avenge his death. It seems there had been for long a

family feud between a portion of the Onondagas and some Cayugas, and this was continued by a succession of murders for several years. This young man, so unceremoniously slain, had been engaged in the murder of a Cayuga, and these Cayugas, on the watch, had caught a glimpse of him, and he had seen the track of the Cayugas across his path, which produced the sadness upon his countenance. But to retrace his steps would have betrayed cowardice, a feeling which an Indian in his own free, uncontaminated state knows nothing of.