

IROQUOIS PAST AND PRESENT

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649432370

Iroquois Past and Present by Edward Hale Brush

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

EDWARD HALE BRUSH

**IROQUOIS PAST
AND PRESENT**



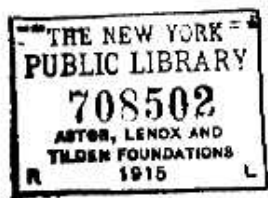
IROQUOIS
PAST AND PRESENT
BY EDWARD HALE BRUSH

Including
Brief Sketches of
RED JACKET
CORNPLANTER and
MARY JEMISON

BY EDWARD DINWOODIE STRICKLAND

"When I am gone and my warnings are no longer heeded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. My heart fails me when I think of my people, so soon to be scattered and forgotten."—

—*Red Jacket.*



A. L. BENEDICT, M. D.,

*Superintendent of Ethnology and Archaeology,
Pan-American Exposition,*

Whose work in behalf of study of aboriginal life entitles him to the gratitude of those interested in preserving the records of the red man, and especially the facts of his history upon the Niagara Frontier.

THE IROQUOIS OF THE PAST

BEING A GLIMPSE OF A SENECA VILLAGE TWO
CENTURIES AND ONE QUARTER AGO.



IT IS the year of the Christian era 1678. The notes I am about to record may never pass under any human eye but mine own, for we are about to undertake a journey full of hazard and mortal peril, into the country of the fierce but noble Iroquois. If perchance they permit us to return with our lives, we will give thanks to the Holy Virgin; and for my part I will be satisfied with adventure in these western wilds, and ready to return to our sunny land of France, whence I sometimes fancy I never should have strayed.

Be it known to any who may read the lines I am about to pen, that the bold and, I ofttimes think foolish band of which I am a member is bearing company to the adventurous Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, whose thoughts fly contin-

1.90

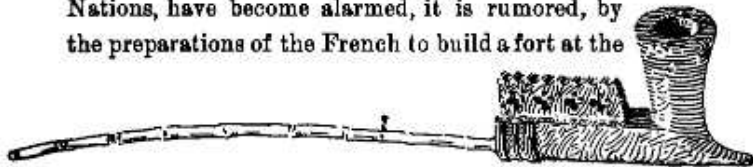
Handwritten scribble or signature at the bottom left of the page.

ually across the wild and lonely world that stretches toward the sunset. The great Columbus, almost two centuries now agone, hoped by sailing from Spain out into the sunset sea to come to the shores of Indo, with their golden sands, and the Sieur de la Salle believes that by journeying westward beyond the awful cataract of Ne-ah-ga-ra, even to the far-off river flowing southward, of which the Indians tell such strange tales, he may come to a passage leading to the South Sea and to China and the distant shores of India, which Columbus himself sought. Thus will the trade, the power and the prestige of New France be increased, and incidentally the fame of the Sieur de la Salle will be handed down to future generations.

We have now come to the border of the region known to white men, and are about to pass on into a realm which but few civilized men have entered, and fewer still of these have come out again alive. A ship must be built to cross the great fresh water sea lying to the west of Ne-ah-ga-ra, and the consent of the powerful confederacy of the Iroquois must be sought if the great white canoe is to pass unmolested by red men. The capital of this confederacy is the central council fire of the Onondagas. The Onondagas are the fire keepers of the league, which contains besides themselves the Mohawks, Cayugas, Oneidas and Senecas. The

Mohawks guard the eastern door of the "Long House," and the Senecas the western, for by this figure the Iroquois Indian describes the league by which the five nations are knitted together and enabled to maintain their prowess over surrounding tribes. Their "Long House" extends from the majestic Hudson to the blue waters of the lake named for the Erie nation, and from the Catskill range to the broad St. Lawrence, up which have come the *Sieur de la Salle* and his fellow voyageurs on their perilous journey westward to unknown and perchance hostile regions. The vast territory between, the *Ho-dé-no-sau-ne*, or People of the "Long House," the Cabin-builders, hold as their hunting grounds, and here and there in the midst of the forest, through which run their narrow but well trodden trails, one comes across the stockaded villages, within which are their bark houses, constructed after a fashion peculiar to these strange and interesting people.

The brave *Sieur de la Salle*, as I have said, believes it necessary to disarm the suspicions of these far-famed Iroquois before going further on his bold but important project of building a ship to traverse the lake named after the Eries. The Senecas, who are the westernmost of the Five Nations, have become alarmed, it is rumored, by the preparations of the French to build a fort at the



mouth of the great river, Ne-ah-ga-ra, and a vessel above the Falls. For this reason it is deemed expedient to dispatch a number of the company, including the eloquent and learned priest, Father Hennepin, to negotiate with these Senecas, at their capital, east of the river Genesee, that they may oppose no obstacle to the building and launching of the ship, which her master has determined to style the Griffon. It is midwinter, and a cheerless journey, indeed, it is likely to prove, but nevertheless it will afford us an opportunity to see and observe these remarkable people, who it is said by some deserve the title of Romans of the Western World.

The hardships of the expedition through the wintry and unbroken forest were keen, but with blankets, warm clothing and moccasins for protection, the dangers of the journey were braved, and the last day of December found the party at the great village of the Senecas which is called Ta-garon-di-es, as near as the European characters can spell the strange sounds of the Seneca tongue. On arrival at the village, which was surrounded by a stockade, and outside of which they say in the summer time are fields of corn and beans and squashes and tobacco, we were received with much consideration, and conducted to the bark house or