SINNONTOUAN, OR SENECA LAND, IN THE REVOLUTION.

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Under the dome of the Court House at Smethport, through whose windows we look out upon the habitations of the twentieth century and beyond to the familiar hills traced by rivulets trickling to creek and river, shall we not now and again be admonished, lest we forget, that other, if not older, races than ours, to whom the hills were citadels and the streams were highways, once fought for supremacy here; and that finally an ancient people was driven out by the fierce invader, never to return, leaving behind only its name on the mountains and on the winding river which courses among them, and a few silent mounds and graves which when opened have told in the broken language of metal and symbol the story of a lost and superior race?

"Ye say that all have passed away,
The noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave:

"That 'mid the forests where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout,
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out."

"Lo! how all things fade and perish!
From the memory of the old men
Pass away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors,
The adventures of the hunters,
All the wisdom---
All the craft---
All the marvelous dreams and visions
Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets."
History never knew when these highlands were lifted into place. We are standing at the very Armageddon of the prehistoric forces of nature, the scene of a great drawn battle between the glaciers and the highlands, resulting in the retreat of the Arctic avalanche and broken port-holes in the hills through which pent-up waters made their southward escape. It may be that the waters of the upper Allegheny had not ceased to flow into Lake Erie when the victorious confederacy of the Five Nations was originally formed. Indeed, the tradition survives that the ancestral tribes, like the Athenian Autocthonies, came from the very earth, that they sprang forth from the brow of a great Onondaga hill which opened when it was smote by Tharonyagon, "The Holder of the Heavens." But they spoke a language incontestably older than that of Greece, or Rome, and speculative students have jumped over the genealogical abyss to find Adam, the red man, at the head of the ancestral column. In their own generic designation the aborigines were "Onkwe Konwe"—men, real men. According to the string of wampum seen and read by Cornplanter and Governor Blacksnake, the federation of the Five Nations was completely reorganized by Hiawatha at the occurrence of "a darkening of the Great Spirit's smiling face," and by the aid of astronomy the 28th of June, 1451, has been precisely indicated. When the French came they called these federated tribes the Iroquois, but in their own tongue they were Hodenosaunee, the United People, or Konoshioni, the cabin-workers, or The People of the Long House. They constituted essentially a representative federal republic governed by a council.

It was the noble purpose of Hiawatha, to which he was devoted as if by inspiration, to unite all the native tribes in one great league, and so establish universal disarmament on the earth, and his people fought for
this reign of peace continuously for a hundred years. The President of the United States may be acclaimed today as the most distinguished advocate of world-wide peace, but Hiawatha four hundred years earlier had thus discovered the evils of war and bound six hostile nations into a union that endured for three centuries and was never violated. Cromwell brought Great Britain under his dominion, but his domain was never so large as that which was bounded by the Great Lakes and the Chesapeake, the Hudson and the Maumee. He framed a revised form of government, and took himself the chief office. Hiawatha, in the same century, with equally undisputed personal control, established a republic without a presidency.

Each of the five tribes of the original union, to which a sixth was finally admitted, maintained its own laws and customs, and the union was strengthened by the existence of interwoven, subordinate clans, known as the Wolf, the Crane, the Bear, the Turtle, names symbolic of wisdom, courage and other virtues.

Thus these unlettered tribes, without the aid of historic suggestion, formed an absolute union, under an unwritten constitution, which continued unbroken for a period longer than our own republic has endured. The day will come when scholars and statesmen the world over will pause in contemplation of this achievement, in the sphere of human government. For this Indian republic was no accident of history. These native tribes were not savages. Their manner of life was comparatively enlightened. Dehawamis, who was Mary Jemison, a white woman captured in 1755, whose published narrative indicates a high degree of intelligence and is of recognized historical value, and whose statue stands in Letchworth Park, came up the Allegheny in 1760 to the little Indian village Unawaungwa or Tuneungwan (meaning an eddy) at the mouth of the creek at whose forks the city of Bradford is situ-
ated, and thereafter chose to maintain her residence among these people. In his address at Carlisle Reverend Doctor George P. Donehoo, representative of the Smithsonian Institution, observed that white captives when recaptured from the Senecas, and certain other tribes, generally "had to be bound to keep them from returning to their Indian homes in the villages of the Red Men."

In the warfare the Iroquois were cruel and ferocious. They drove the Alleghewi down the Ohio and the Algonquin across the Hudson, and subdued their later enemies, the Eries, the Kadequahs, the Hurons. Their military valor and conquests won for them wide renown. The classical Volrey wrote of them as "the Romans of the New World."

Nevertheless, they were not unacquainted with the primary arts of peace. "A lion abroad, a lamb at home," was among their maxims. They were tillers of the soil. Their fields were luxuriant with corn and fruit. Many of their houses were built of hewn logs. The eloquence of their sachems was not paralleled in the responses of Washington and Jefferson. For dignity, strength and simplicity, what orator of today can match this sentence from the address of Cornplanter to the American president: "We know you are very strong, and we have heard that you are wise, and we wait to hear your answer to what we said, that we may know that you are just."

"The Iroquois are faithful as friends," says Zinzendorf, "but implacable as foes; and yet even in the latter relation they act honorably." McMaster's scathing characterization of the aborigines is justified by the history of the savage races as a whole. But the Iroquois, if the Iroquois alone, were true to the ideals of the red men portrayed in American literature. They have been robbed of many a pretty tale and historic incident by the poet Longfellow, who, misled by School-
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craft, gathered them into the legends of the Dacotahs, the Ojibways and the Chippewas of the region near Lake Superior and the upper Mississippi. If the facts could be described between the poet’s lines, it would perhaps appear that the true Laughing Water was no other than Portage Falls. But there are legends of the Iroquois which escaped the poet, or which were so elusive that his infinite fancy could not entice them into his lines. What charm still lingers in the prose reproductions of Canfield and of Eastman ("Ohiyesa")! For instance, we can understand, though no poet has told it, that where the Indian maiden stepped the arbutus grows, and that the violet was born on the spot where she died, and that the birds scattered its seed and the winds wafted it all over the world. The Milky Way of the stars was "the heavenly blazed trail through nature’s galaxy of splendor up to nature’s God." The echoes in the hills were the message-bearers of the cries of the Seneca to the Great Spirit. Did this idle conceit spring from some strange intuition? The invention of wireless telegraphy lends substance to the kindred fancy of the philosopher who, writing on the conservation of force, said: "The air is one vast library on whose pages is forever written all that man has ever done or even whispered."

The territory occupied by the Iroquois was called by them the "Long House." It extended from the Great Lakes to the Chesapeake and from the Hudson to the unbounded country beyond the Ohio. In this chosen region, the choicest of the land, having the climate and bearing the grain and fruits of the far-famed "Vale of Cashmere," among the lakes of western New York and along its principal rivers and their tributaries, the Six Nations maintained their ancient seats. The western door of the Long House, the valley of the Genesee, the headquarters of the Susquehanna, the region of the Allegheny, the great Appalachian crest,
whose waters flow diversely to the Atlantic, the Gulf and to the Great Lakes, known far and wide as Sinnontouan, or Seneca land, was kept by the Seneca tribe, which was the most warlike, and which outnumbered all the other constituent tribes combined. The true name of the Senecas is Nundawaono, signifying the Great Hill People, their current name being perhaps a corruption of the word Sinnekar, meaning vermilion, given to them by the Dutch on the Hudson, because they, more than the other tribes, used war paint. Indeed, many a warrior was a veritable human document, for he not only wore the paint which signified a state of war, but he bore on his person an imperishable picture memorandum of his own exploits, dyed into his skin. In barks and berries the Indian maidens found the colors of the rainbow, and on festive days garments as gay as "Joseph's coat of many colors," bedecked with beads and feathers, made up the picturesque regalia of a race whose instincts seemed groping backward for arts that had been lost. Even the great chief Gyantwachia, commonly known as Cornplanter, wore a ring in each ear and one in his nose.

Only a powerful confederation could have long withstood the pressure of the English on the east and the French on the west. Nor is it strange that finally friendly relations should have set in at the points of contact, though only at the end of a period of hostility and by the way of alliance with the contending white races. To the shores of the Atlantic had come New England, and up the St. Lawrence New France, and they pressed their respective frontiers as rapidly as the hostilities of the native tribes would permit.

The French missionary Chaumonot began his labors among the Indians along the Allegheny river about the middle of the seventeenth century, and was followed by Fremin. Father Hennepin, before going out with La Salle as the priest and historian of his expedi-
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tion, visited the Indian villages of the upper Alle-
gheny in 1676. He was an explorer as fanciful as Dr.
Frederick Cook. It is a safe conjecture that as he came
over the trail from the Genesee valley, sighting the
Pennsylvania hills afar off, he noted them on his map
as lofty peaks, and in effusive loyalty to the French
nation named them Conde, Turenne and Lorana, for
these names were adopted by the Connecticut sur-
veyors for their three western townships extending
into the Tuna valley, and only two years before Hen-
nepin crossed the ocean he had been present as a regi-
mental chaplain at the battle of Senef, between the
great Conde and William of Orange, which took place
at the close of a long period during which, under Conde
and Turenne, the French armies had been led to vic-
tory, after victory on the battlefields of Lorraine.

In the year 1682, two events happened of major im-
portance: William Penn landed on the banks of the
Delaware, and La Salle, preceded by Marquette and
Joliet, discovered the Father of Waters and followed
it to the Gulf. In the ensuing years of the same century
the French built Fort Niagara and gave their names to
Dunkirk and Detroit. But the Iroquois drove them
back, compelled their abandonment of Fort Niagara
and captured Fort Frontenac. In this formative
period when the French were otherwise unopposed, if
the Iroquois had not held the gateway of the Alle-
gheny, a different national boundary might have been
perpetuated and a great artery of commerce with its
treasures of oil, coal and gas been lost to the people of
the United States.

Thereupon an era of overture and trading set in.
On the east, the English, advancing from the Hudson,
under Sir William Johnson, in charge of Indian affairs,
through the aid of missionary influences, and William
Penn from the banks of the Delaware by peace offer-
ings and treaties, made oscillating progress, though the
frontiers were everywhere harassed by fearful outrages. The Quaker policy began to meet with remonstrance and ridicule. These lines are from the doggerel verses quoted by Fisher:

“Go on, good Christians, never spare
To give your Indians clothes to wear;
Send 'em good beef and pork and bread,
Guns, powder, flints and stores of lead,
To shoot your neighbors through the head.”

The religion of the Quaker did not militate against that of the Indian. The one discerned the Great Spirit by the “inner light,” the other by outward manifestations—in the sky, the storm, the flutter of a leaf—“Sees God in clouds,” says Pope, “or hears Him in the wind.” In the language of an Indian writer: “The murmuring trees breathe His presence; the falling waters chant His praise.” The Iroquois heard the story of Christ and gave credence to it. He recognized Christianity as a religion intended for the white man, but he concluded that the Great Spirit was sufficient for the Indian. Eastman says: “I knew God, I perceived what goodness is, I saw and loved what is really beautiful. Civilization has not taught me anything better.” Cornplanter and his people sought instruction in the arts of civilization, and the Society of Friends, as early as 1798, established the present mission at Tunesassa, but its purpose has been to teach agriculture and needlework rather than theology.

Quoting again from Eastman’s little book, just off the press, which is a veritable revelation to the world of the “Soul of the Indian:”

“It is my personal belief, after 35 years’ experience of it, that there is no such thing as ‘Christian civilization.’ I believe that Christianity and modern civilization are opposed and irreconcilable, and that the spirit of Christianity and of our ancient religion is essentially the same.”

He continues elsewhere as follows:

“In the life of the Indian there was only one inevitable duty—the duty of prayer—the daily recognition of the Unseen and Eternal. His
daily devotions were more necessary to him than daily food. He wakes at daybreak, puts on his moccasins and steps down to the water’s edge. Here he throws handfuls of clear, cold water into his face, or plunges in bodily. After the bath, he stands erect before the advancing dawn, facing the sun as it dances upon the horizon, and offers his unspoken orison. His mate may precede or follow him in his devotions, but never accompanies him. Each soul must meet the morning sun, the new sweet earth, and the Great Silence, alone!

“Whenver, in the course of the daily hunt, the red hunter comes upon a scene that is strikingly beautiful or sublime—a black thunder-cloud with the rainbow’s glowing arch above the mountain; a white waterfall in the heart of a green gorge; a vast prairie tinged with the blood-red of sunset—he pauses for an instance in the attitude of worship.”

The war between England and France, begun in 1774, lasted four years. The treaty of peace settled nothing in the New World and neither party relinquished its claims. Thereupon the French determined to secure a firmer foothold in the region west of the Alleghenies. By virtue of the discovery of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, it was their proud claim that the lilies of France should wave over all the territory bordering upon those streams and their tributaries. In the summer of 1749 Celoron, in command of a detachment of French troops, carried his boats over from Lake Erie to Chautauqua, and following the Conewango to its mouth, thence by the Allegheny down the Ohio to the Miami, and by that stream and the Maumee returned to the Great Lakes. At the mouth of the Conewango and at other points on his route he buried leaden plates bearing an inscription declaring occupation in the name of the king of France. One of these plates was secured by the Indians, who, mystified by the “devilish writing,” carried it to Sir William Johnson, and through him the British government was aroused. Meantime the Pennsylvania traders at Presque Isle, LeBoeuff and Venango were driven from their posts and at these places French forts were erected. To check the French invasion the Ohio Company was chartered, of which Lawrence Washington
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was a shareholder and it received from the crown a grant of 500,000 acres lying between the Monongahela and the Kanawha. The whole region of the Allegheny river was then claimed by Virginia and in 1753 the governor of that Commonwealth sent George Washington to the forts on the upper waters of the Allegheny to learn the facts of interest to the English and to protest against the French encroachments. His official report was the culminating cause of the war between the two countries, which was again declared in 1756, though already for more than a year there had been open hostilities; Fort DuQuesne had been built and Braddock defeated. In this war the Mohawks were induced to take part with the English and the Senecas and other tribes of the Six Nations, though inclined to the French, were restrained by their unwillingness to become so involved as to be engaged in battle against their brethren. This, however, did not prevent a desultory guerilla warfare. Thus Cornplanter appears to have been fighting against Washington at the defeat of Braddock where no kindred tribes were engaged. In after years when the old chief visited the pioneer settlement at Bradford, he was heard to say that no bullet was ever moulded that could kill Washington, for that he had fired twice at him pointblank. Upon the close of the war in 1763 it is well established that the Seneca chiefs took part in the great Indian uprising under the leadership of Pontiac, who secretly conspired with the French malcontents, who were dissatisfied with the treaty of peace. Thus the Senecas became embittered against the English. Besides the French forts were their trading posts, and there was hence a community of interest.

And so the knife and tomahawk had their day on the frontier. According to Isaac Moorhead, "The border line of settlements was lighted up with the burning cabins of the people and nearly every household
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counted its member slain or carried into captivity.” In the graphic language of Sydney George Fisher: “There was a sameness about every attack, the stealthy stalking from tree to tree until the clearing was reached, the creeping from stump to stump, the sudden shot, and then that familiar colonial scene,—the plough standing in the furrow, the horses loose and running, the father on his face with his scalpless skull bleeding into the fresh ground, the mother and children brained and scalped at the door of the cabin, the cabin in flames, and the Indians disappearing in the shadows of the distant woods.”

Four men hunting partridges could not shoot together at a covey without causing such alarm among the inhabitants that the country was speedily depopulated as far as the volley could be heard. The Quaker assembly of Pennsylvania adjured war. Benjamin Franklin pleaded for adequate means of defense and took what he could get. Under authority to buy a fire-engine, he bought a cannon and upon an appropriation for wheat “and other grain” he bought powder. He finally organized and led a little army of five hundred and forty men into the Lehigh Valley and built forts in mid-winter for the protection of the Moravian settlements. At length the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian sentiment of eastern Pennsylvania arose in indignation at the Quaker attitude, and the spirit of hatred thus stimulated towards the red men increased in intensity and at length resulted in deplorable excesses. If humanity revolts at the deeds of the tomahawk, its revulsion must be tempered with the memory of the slaughter of the defenceless Conestogas near Harrisburg and of the family of the great Cayuga Chief Logan, and with the recorded fact that the Governor of Pennsylvania was finally prevailed upon to add this clause to his proclamation of reward for prisoners and scalps: “And for the scalp of a female fifty pieces of eight.”
It soon became apparent that such retaliatory policy against a savage race was not only unworthy and discreditable but also ineffective. When war was declared against the Mother Country, the public mind had ripened into accord with the views of Washington that the mode of warfare against the natives must be entirely changed. American soldiers could not cope with them on their own ground by their own tactics. Washington had learned this under Braddock. Nor were the tactics of European armies available; and this also was a lesson of Braddock's defeat. A cordon of forts had been erected extending from the Delaware to the Susquehanna and then from the Susquehanna to the Allegheny. The original seventeen was enlarged to fifty, says Fisher, but the Pennsylvania Archives contain a list of eighty-four. These garrisoned stations were almost disregarded by the marauding Senecas. They were emboldened by the defeat of Braddock and the frontier was in a state of terror. Before Braddock's defeat there were at least three thousand men capable of bearing arms in that part of Pennsylvania west of the Susquehanna. Six months later there were scarcely a hundred. The Wyoming massacre was the culmination of the atrocities. The public mind was appalled and demanded action. Washington, on his expedition twenty-five years before, had visited the Senecas at their habitations along the Allegheny. He knew that they subsisted in part upon their harvests of corn and also upon their trade in furs and in the products of handicraft with which their substantial villages were stored. If the crops and the villages of the Senecas were to be destroyed, the whole region which they infested would become uninhabitable to them, and they would be driven out by their necessities. "He had been firmly persuaded," says Marshall, "of the absolute impossibility of defending the immense frontier on the west from their incursions by any chain
of forts which could be erected; and that the country would be much more certainly protected by offensive than by defensive war. His plan was to penetrate by a rapid movement into the heart of their settlements with a force competent to the destruction of their towns."

The movement contemplated by him was to be an advance by three divisions, one along the Susquehanna, another following the Mohawk, and the third up the Allegheny, and an auxiliary demonstration by way of Lake Champlain to prevent hostile reinforcements from Canada, Congress had a project of its own, but Washington by explanation, argument and appeal finally prevailed. His plan was delayed and in detail somewhat modified, but at length it was substantially put into execution. Colonel Daniel Brodhead, whose "brave Pennsylvania riflemen" in the language of De Haas, "cut their way through the ranks of the enemy" at the battle of Long Island, and who fought under Washington on other battlefields, and who later had been stationed at Sunbury in charge of a frontier two hundred miles long extending from Wyoming to Allegheny, had been assigned to the command of the Western Department embracing a territory of unknown extent including the entire region west of the Allegheny river and mountains and southward to the Gulf of Mexico, and had established his headquarters at Fort Pitt. Washington had written him that he was selected "because of his abilities and his former acquittance with the back country," and added, "If you quit the post I apprehend there will be no officer left of sufficient weight and ability," but expressed the wish that Brodhead should keep that opinion to himself.

Obedient to specific orders from General Washington, Colonel Brodhead organized his expedition for the upper Allegheny, and on the eleventh day of August,
1779, at the head of a force of six hundred and five men, rank and file, including men from the eighth regiment, which he had commanded, and recruits from the counties of Westmoreland and Bedford and from Virginia, he moved up the river with his flotilla of sixty boats, which had been constructed under his direction. Second in command was Colonel John Gibson, who succeeded to the command of the department, and whose nephew became Pennsylvania’s distinguished chief justice. Colonel Gibson’s successor was Dr. William Irvine, whose grandson and other descendants have been prominent citizens of Warren county. General Irvine assumed command just in time to issue a proclamation announcing the surrender of Cornwallis.

Partly by water and partly by land Brodhead’s expedition proceeded to Fort Armstrong, situated about a mile below the present town of Kittanning. This fort, pursuant to Washington’s suggestion, had been reconstructed under the direction of Colonel Brodhead, who, however, declined to allow it to bear his name, saying in his letter of instructions to Colonel Bayard: “I think it is a compliment due to General Armstrong to call that fort after him.” The expedition moved on. The enemy lurked in their hiding places, although only a few days had passed since Captain Samuel Brady, a noted Indian fighter, had encountered a small party of Senecas up the river, and destroyed them, excepting their chief, Cornplanter, who swam the stream and so escaped.

On the eve of the departure of the expedition, Brodhead had determined, if possible, to communicate his plans to General Sullivan, commanding the expedition advancing up the Susquehanna, so that the latter might advantageously make his movements in conformity therewith. But who should carry the message? If it had been a “message to Garcia,” the bearer might have laughed to take it. But it was a different task
to travel three hundred miles through a rugged and unknown wilderness across the warpaths of the Senecas. The two soldiers who took the letter and returned with Sullivan's answer are unknown. Their names are unrecorded. They are not catalogued with the heroes of history. But they will live, perchance, in its pages to fascinate the imagination and stir the heroism of generations to come.

At the mouth of the Mahoning the little army disem-
barked and was organized into a pack-train. Leaving the river which here turns to the northwest and makes a great bend at the extremity of which Fort Venango was situated, the line of march cut off the bend and crossing the Red Bank and the Clarion proceeded by a known Indian path directly northward to strike the river at the mouth of the Tionesta. Approaching the river the advance guard discovered a party of Senecas, who presently ran their canoes ashore, and a hot skirmish took place, in which the Indians were put to flight. The village, or collection of villages, at the mouth of the Tionesta, was called in the official report Cushcushing. It appears as Goshgoshonk on the map accompanying the account of this expedition contributed by Obed Edson to the Magazine of American History, but it should not be confused with a contemporaneous village of the same name situated in Butler county on the route over which Brodhead returned.

Crossing the Allegheny, the expedition proceeded up the west bank to an Indian town called Buckaloons just below the mouth of the Casyonding or Brokenstraw Creek, near the present village of Irvineton. The natives fled to the hills. A breastwork was thrown up and some vestige of this fortification remains on the west side of the highway from Irvineton to Warren. Leaving a garrison here, the main force proceeded to Conawago, otherwise known as Panawakee, a Seneca town on the site now occupied by Warren. It was deserted, and had been uninhabited for some months. A force was dispatched up the Conawango river and found there none but deserted villages. Farther up the Allegheny was a comparatively unknown region. The troops were reluctant to proceed into the wilderness, but Brodhead, discovering an Indian path which led to the hills on the west bank, gave the order to march, and this path was followed for about twenty miles until on a high bluff overlooking the valley above
the present village of Kinzua there burst into view the Indian villages marked for destruction, and along the sparkling waters of the Allegheny were outspread broad fields of luxuriant corn. Indian corn! The boon and heritage of a vanishing race to the new America! whose pretty golden grains Columbus bore to the queen of Spain as jewels of untold worth! Corn of the Nundawaono! The staff of life to the Pilgrim Fathers, the scepter today of an agricultural empire whose people are boasting of a year's harvest of 2,772,376,000 bushels of a market value sufficient to pay off the entire interest bearing national debt and the running expenses of the national government! The expedition had been well timed to reach the region before the gathering of the crop. The warriors were gone. The great Seneca chiefs, whose home was here, Cornplanter, Farmers Brother and Blacksnake, were massing their forces in front of Sullivan and Clinton for the crucial battle at Newtown, now Elmira. Finer corn, Brodhead declared, he had never seen. More than five hundred acres of it was cut and piled and burned. The villages, consisting of substantial log houses, were set in flames, including the principal village situated on the east side of the river within the former boundaries of McKean County. This village is indicated on the Edson map, and its site was afterwards known, according to William King, as the "Burnt Houses," and by him regarded as within the borders of the present county of McKean. In fact, this entire Indian settlement on both sides of the river in Pennsylvania was within the county of McKean until 1840 when the boundary was changed between the counties of Warren and McKean. The work of destruction required the labor of the whole force for three whole days. Three thousand dollars worth of plunder was carried away to be sold for the benefit of the troops.
In his report to Washington, Brodhead says eight towns were destroyed, including one hundred and thirty houses, and yet in his letter to General Sullivan he mentions Yoghroonwago, which is just below the state line, as the uppermost town, and as being distant only forty miles from Jenesseo, and that he would have effected a junction with Sullivan there if his soldiers had not been barefoot. But there were not more than eight Indian towns between the mouth of the Kinzua and Olean Point, according to the Edson map or any other accessible data, and accordingly, if they were all destroyed, the expedition, or at least a detachment of it, must have advanced beyond Yoghroonwago to Olean. Edson’s map marks the route beyond as far as Bucktooth and Mary Jemison in her narrative says that Brodhead ascended to Olean Point. There was little to distinguish these towns in the memory of the commander, but there was a circumstance which impressed upon his mind the name of one of them, Yoghroonwago—and it was the only one mentioned by him in either of his reports—and that was the finding there of the painted image or war post clothed in dog skin. The villages were so alike that the importance of correctly naming the last one destroyed could not have been apparent. That it was not Yoghroonwago is evident, from Brodhead’s estimate of the distance to Jenesseo. For by the course of the river to Olean and thence to Jenesseo, it would be nearly eighty miles, instead of forty. If the expedition, either in whole or in part, ascended to Olean, destroying all the river villages, as Mary Jemison declared, it must have put to the torch her own village of Tuneungwan, and this is confirmed by Proctor, who camped there in 1791, and found the ruins of huts formed on regular streets. The creek at whose confluence this village was situated was doubtless ascended and explored. Brodhead had undertaken to destroy the Indian towns of the upper Allegheny
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and its tributaries, and he accordingly sent a detachment up the Conewango. It is not credible that he should have turned back while there were any villages remaining either on the principal stream or its chief tributaries. Marshall, who had access to authentic data, says: "Every lake, river and creek in the country of the Seneca Nation was traced for villages, and no vestige of human industry was permitted to remain. Houses, cornfields, gardens and fruit trees shared one common fate, and Sullivan strictly executed the severe but necessary orders he had received" (duplicated, doubtless, to Brodhead) "to render the country completely uninhabitable for the present, and thus by want of food to compel the hostile Indians to remove to a greater distance." There is another noteworthy circumstance. When Colonel Proctor, who had been dispatched by Washington to solicit Cornplanter's intercession with the western Indians, had advanced a short distance beyond Dunewinga, he turned back and proceeded to Cornplanter's "upper town," which he found situated on the north side of the river at the estimated distance of one hundred and thirty miles above the mouth of French Creek. The official measurement from Olean to the mouth of French Creek is 132 miles. Hence the "upper town" must have been at or not very far westward from the present town of Olean. And the Indian name of the "upper town" was Tenachshegouchontongee, meaning the burnt house.

If Brodhead ascended to Olean, is it probable that he returned through the ashes of the Indian towns around the Bucktooth bend? Or did he follow a well worn Indian mountain path through Marshburg to the river near the mouth of Sugar Run, subsequently adopted as a public highway, and so cut off the upper river bend as he did the lower one? There is at least a trail and a tradition. There is a tradition that George Washington indicated this highway. I live be-
side it, but what the overhanging trees are whispering I cannot literally reveal. "Your roads," said Peter Wilson, a Cayuga chief, at a meeting of the New York Historical Society in 1847—"your roads still traverse the same lines of communication which bound one part of the Long House to the other." Washington was a surveyor with an eye trained to distances and courses. His expedition in 1753 gave him data and information. He would have naturally noted critically the route followed by Celeron, who passed down the river only four years earlier, striking the Allegheny at Conewago. He would have learned something of the course of the upper Allegheny, and that Conewago and Olean were natural terminals of routes by path and stream. He would have learned it from Scaroodaya and Monaca-tootha, the Seneca chiefs with whom he made friends, who were with him at Braddock's defeat. Brodhead himself would have learned it from Zeisberger, the Moravian missionary, who came down the river from the mouth of the Oswayo and preached to the Indians at Cushcushing (Tionesta) between 1767 and 1770, with whom Brodhead was in correspondence, and from whom he subsequently obtained a guide for a western expedition. Washington had written: "Engage as many warriors as you can and at all events procure good guides who know the way." That there should be an Indian path directly from Jennesadaga, Cornplanter's "lower town," to Tenachshegoughtongee, his "upper town," was demonstrated by the course of the river, and by the further fact that Proctor found no path along the river west of Dunewangwa. The destruction of the records at Washington during the war of 1812 warrants a resort to strong inferences. The knowledge Washington gained was put into charts and reports. These, or so much as he deemed requisite, he made available to Brodhead. Nothing unknown can be more certain. Brodhead himself in his report makes
no mention of his route in return until it reaches Cone-
 wag. He simply says: "On my return I preferred
the Venango road," and then he describes the destruc-
tion of the Indian towns along his course to Venango
and up French creek, and incidentally mentions the
existence of petroleum or Seneca oil, and that his sol-
diers found it an efficient cure for rheumatism. But
for the natives it had nobler uses. It not only lent
brilliancy to their war paint, but it also played its part
in their religious rites. Montcalm, encamped one night
fifteen leagues below Warren, witnessed a weird and
startling spectacle when the river suddenly burst into
flames, and he interpreted the demonstrations of the
natives as an example of fire worship.

Brodhead reached Pittsburgh on the fourth of Sep-
tember, without the loss of man or beast, having been
absent twenty-four days. He commended his soldiers
to the commander-in-chief for "perseverance and zeal
scarceley equalled in history," saying that "though
many of them returned barefoot and naked, they dis-
dained to complain." In recognition of his services he
received not only the thanks of Congress, but this com-
mandation from the commander in chief in general
orders from his headquarters to the army at West
Point: "The activity, perseverance and firmness
which marked the conduct of Colonel Brodhead and
that of all the officers and men of every description in
this expedition do them great honor, and their services
entitled them to the thanks and to this testimonial of
the general's acknowledgment." Is it not remarkable
that no current history of Pennsylvania devotes more
than five lines to this important expedition?

General Brodhead's great-grandfather was a cap-
tain of grenadiers in the reign of Charles II, and came
to America with the expedition that captured the
Netherlands, now New York, from the Dutch. Both
his grandfather and father resided at Marbletown,
Ulster county, New York, where General Brodhead was born. In 1736 the family removed to Dansbury, near Stroudsburg, Monroe county, Pennsylvania. General Brodhead was Deputy Surveyor-General under the Provincial government, and occupied a seat in the Provincial Convention of 1775, and later in the General Assembly. His second wife was the widow of Governor Mifflin. His accomplished nephew, who became the official historian of the State of New York, has not made known his uncle’s valor and virtues, but the kindred and neighbors of the veteran patriot have erected a monument in his honor in the town of Milford, Pike county, Pennsylvania, where he spent his declining years and died at the age of seventy-three.

He was a true soldier and held his officers and men close to his ideals of soldierly conduct. He was stern and rigid in discipline, but fair and just to his subordinates. His orderly book is deposited in the vaults of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. He affixed his handsome signature, without tremor, to the sentence of an undutiful soldier to “ride the wooden horse for ten minutes with a musket tied to each of his feet.” He was sometimes in controversy with Lochry or Gibson or Campbell, but his complaints do not appear to have been groundless. He indulged in sarcasm towards his predecessor and quoted with satisfaction another general’s reference to the “very romantic building called Fort McIntosh, built by the hands of hundreds who would rather have fought than wrought.” When the inhabitants encroached with their fences upon the garrison ground at Fort Pitt, he wrote to Pickering: “The inhabitants on this side of the Allegheny hills profess a great law knowledge; and it would be exceedingly disagreeable to me to be pestered with their silly courts, and therefore the service will suffer until the pleasure of Congress is known respecting it.” He corresponded with many of the
The story of this bloodless and destructive expedition against the Seneca Indians of the Allegheny valley at a critical juncture of the Revolution, and of its untold consequences, cannot be spoken without linking three great figures as its triumvirate, Washington, Brodhead and Cornplanter. Washington because it was born of his military genius, determining the method from his experience, calculating its course with precision and foreseeing its results, immediate in the relief of the settlers and ultimately as a factor in the war of the Revolution. Who shall say that the war would have ended at Yorktown if the British government had not seen the strong arm of its Indian alliance stricken down?

Sullivan’s expedition had destroyed the Seneca villages of the Genesee valley, 165,000 bushels of corn and extensive orchards of apples, pears, peaches and plums, one of which contained fifteen hundred trees. The whole Seneca people were homeless and helpless, no Indian summer came, and winter was upon them. They had only one recourse for sustenance, and that was to the English. They gathered accordingly in the vicinity of Fort Niagara. It was a winter of almost unexampled severity, during which the tribe suffered and contracted disease and died in great numbers.
Sinnontouan, or Seneca Land, in the Revolution.

"Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waiting not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water,
And the foremost said: 'Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!'
And the other said: 'Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!'"

The haughty Seneca Nation was in the act of dying. The more dependent upon the English it became, the weaker grew the intertribal relation. The great confederacy of the Iroquois had received its death blow. Its last council fire was covered in 1777. It was never rekindled. When, at length, the English concluded the treaty of peace without provision for their Indian allies, they felt that they had been betrayed. They, at least, were not bound by it. No treaty had been made with them. Red Jacket and Brant were ready to revolt and urged their followers to join the uprising of the western Indians. The English held the forts on the American side of the lakes for ten years after peace was declared and secretly fomented the insurrection. It was the design of the projected Indian confederacy to restrict the occupation of the United States to the territory east of the Allegheny mountains. But Cornplanter, the most distinguished warrior, the noblest Roman of them all, the most far-seeing as well as the most influential, resisted the movement. He saw that the English power was broken, and that the future of his tribe depended upon the friendship of the government and people of the United States, and that the tomahawk and knife must be put away forever for the pruning hook and the plough. So he, almost single-handed, held in leash the angry Senecas until General
Wayne, Pennsylvania’s favorite son of the Revolution, Wayne, of Stony Point and Monmouth, Wayne, who dying in the block house at Presque Isle, said: “Bury me at the foot of the flagstaff, boys!” achieving a decisive victory at the battle of Fallen Timbers in 1794, put an end to the insurrection. The importance of this victory is not exaggerated by Governor Pennypacker when he declares: “It secured for civilization the territory between the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers.” Whose would have been the victory if the enemy had been reinforced by a thousand Seneca warriors? It was followed almost immediately, as Professor Matthews has recently noted, by the immigration of settlers from the east into the county of McKean and ten other counties of northern and western Pennsylvania.

Meantime, the chiefs of the Six Nations, yielding to the powerful influence of Cornplanter, had acceded to the treaties of Fort Stanwix and Fort Harmar. The status of the Indian as a child of the republic was fixed, and the great chief, with one sightless eye and one maimed hand, strode back to his chosen home beside the river, grim and silent, to enjoy with dignity, for the remainder of his days, the respect of all who knew him. The smile that no one ever saw must have leaped to the eye that shone when he touched the hand of Washington, and knew that the Great White Father leaned on him for support.

It is said that in his last days Cornplanter destroyed the relics which were the gifts of Washington and Mifflin, and the French trophies of his valor. What a pathetic scene, could it have been witnessed, when this lonely warrior, venerable with a hundred years, took down the sword of Washington in the silence of his hut and reverently broke it in twain! Did he feel that the peace he had pleaded for had not brought to his race the enlightenment that he coveted? That his people did not share his spirit, that they had not re-
sponded to his efforts, and that they were being submerged by a civilization in which they were powerless to rise?

Brave warrior of the Senecas! If faint echoes of what is uttered here are truly heard on High, may this message be wafted upward to the Great White Tent: Say to the spirit chief of the Nundawaono that we have hearkened to the lamentation which his people’s ears were dull to hear, and that we honor his aspiration, though vain, to make his people mighty in peace as they were mighty in war. Aye, more! say that we, children of the Thirteen Fires, gathered here on the ancient hunting ground under a summer sky to dedicate a memorial boulder in recognition of the achievements of Washington and Brodhead, perceive nevertheless, that their deeds which we celebrate shine by the lustre of the bravery and skill and ceaseless vigilance of their adversaries; and on the ascending echoes let it be proclaimed that we have placed this sacred stone on the children’s green where they may come and put their ears to it and hear the story I have tried to tell; touch it and catch the sparks of genius and duty and valor, and plant beside it the laurel in honor of the patriot, the soldier, and the warrior.