



The Knickerbacker Mansion
- Schaghticoke, NY -
(Harpers New Monthly Magazine -
December 1876)

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Colonel & Mrs. Johannes Knickerbacker
- From a painting at the mansion -
(Harpers New Monthly Magazine -
December 1876)

July 16, 1995

The First Annual **KNICKERBOCKER** Family Reunion
Schaghticoke, NY

To My Knickerbocker Cousins:

The attached fanciful "history" of our family was originally printed in the December, 1876 issue of *Harpers New Monthly Magazine*. Please take everything with a grain of salt as even General Viele's daughter discredited much of this article. The tale of our immigrant ancestor - **Harmen Jansen** - and his parents in Holland was fabricated by earlier researchers. To my knowledge, the first instance of Harmen in the records is at Albany in 1680. His parents are unknown. Harmen Jansen was never at Schaghticoke. He spent the early years at the Half Moon and then moved to Dutchess County with all the family except his son Johannes, the original Schaghticoke settler.

The best genealogy is in the *New York Genealogical and Biographical Review* of 1908/9. It was written by Dr. William B. Van Alstyne and covers the first four or five generations. It was serialized over several issues and is not widely available. I have extracted the document(s) into a modern word processor and am in the process of updating the genealogy and preparing an every name index. I would be most pleased to provide a copy to anyone studying the family when the index is completed. Several modern genealogies exist and it seems they all repeat the early myths. Please read *Sketches of Allied Families Knickerbacker - Viele* by Kathylyne Knickerbacker Viele (1916 - NY) for an accurate presentation of our family origin and traditions.

I have studied our family as a hobby for several years and have indexed several thousand "Backers". I collect random information from vital records, censuses and other sources and try and fit the pieces. I would very much appreciate any contributions of family information, as it seems that Dorothy Stewart (Norwich, CT) and myself have ended up as the depository (Is this compulsive behavior?). We gladly share any of this information.

Thank You,
Your Connecticut Cousin

Howard

Howard Knickerbocker
(howardk758@aol.com for the computer nuts)

THE KNICKERBOCKERS OF NEW YORK TWO CENTURIES AGO.

By GENERAL EGBERT L. VIELE.



THE OLD KNICKERBOCKER HOMESTEAD, SCHAGHTICOKE.

THE name of "Knickerbocker" has become a generic term, by which are designated the descendants of the original Dutch settlers of the State of New York, and has here the same significance as the word "creole" in Louisiana, which is applied to those whose families date back to early occupation of that State by the French. In more recent times "Knickerbocker" has become a favorite prefix to numerous products of industry, and a popular name for ships, steamers, hotels, and companies of every description, until the very origin of the word has been almost lost in its multitudinous significations.

In reality, this now universal patronymic belongs to one of those ancient Dutch families who, as long ago as the seventeenth century, were large proprietors in the fertile valleys of the Mohawk and Upper Hudson, that section of the State having been selected for occupancy by the early settlers of means and social position, in preference to the uninviting region now the metropolis, which was left to traders and market-gardeners, the scanty soil offering no attractions, as it could only be cultivated in

limited patches between the barren rocky ridges. These same rocks have, however, proved to be mines of wealth to the descendants of those frugal tillers of the soil, by reason of the extraordinary increase in population and the conversion of their vegetable gardens into city lots at fabulous prices. The maternal head of one of the present wealthy families of the city of New York occupied for many years a stall in the public market, where she disposed of the prolific cabbages her own hands had cultivated.

The early Dutch residents of Albany and its vicinity constituted a kind of landed aristocracy, and, with their numerous retainers and slaves, held a sort of feudal court in the grand mansions which may still be found dotted here and there in the interior of the State. The family seat of the Knickerbockers at Schaghticoke is one of these ancestral homes, around whose hearth-stones the associations of by-gone



THE MAIN HALL OF THE OLD
KNICKERBOCKER HOMESTEAD.

spacious edifice is built in the quaint Flemish style of architecture, with its steep pyramidally shaped roof like that of the venerable Dutch church that formerly stood in the centre of State Street, in the city of Albany. Among the founders of the now prosperous commonwealth of New York this family was conspicuous in the council and the field.

The head of the family in America was Herman Jansen Knickerbocker, son of Johannes Von Bergen Knickerbocker. He was born in Friesland, Holland, in the year 1648, entered the Dutch navy at an early age, and served under Van Tromp and De Ruyter during that period in the history of Holland which was so remarkable for its naval

victories. He was severely wounded at the battle of Solebay, off the coast of England, where the Dutch ships engaged the combined English and French fleets. On his recovery he resigned his

commission and came to America, where he soon after married the daughter of Mynert Hermance Von De Bogert, the well-known surgeon of the Dutch ship *Endraaght*, and subsequently commissary of Fort Orange. Von De Bogert was an eccentric and high-tempered individual. At one time, in a dispute with Pieter Stuyvesant, the Director-General, while they were crossing the river, he attempted to throw the testy Pieter overboard, and would have succeeded if not prevented. He died a violent death, brought about by his ungoverned temper. Seven children resulted from this marriage, the eldest of whom, Johannes, inherited the paternal estates of Schaghticoke; and the second son, Lawrence, succeeded to his mother's property in what is now Dutchess County, where that branch of the family still resides.

Schaghticoke—pronounced Skat-e-coke—is said to be an Algonquin word, signifying

"the meeting of the waters." It is a township in the northwesterly part of Rensselaer County. The waters of the Hoosick and Tomhannock meet here in a circular valley surrounded on nearly all sides by high hills. The soil is exceedingly fertile and the landscape very beautiful. In the midst of this valley stands the mansion of the Knickerbockers, shown in the engraving on page 33.

The principal entrance is reached through an avenue of ancient trees, time-worn and scarred, that climb high above the roof, like watch-towers overlooking the plain. The vine-covered porch, with its hospitable seat on either side, welcomes the visitor, and the huge brass knocker on the upper leaf of the old-fashioned oaken door summons the cheerful host.

The main hall is in itself a room. Quaint settees and an antique book-case, with rare old engravings on the walls, constitute the furniture, while over all an air of quiet comfort and repose pervades. The principal stairway is

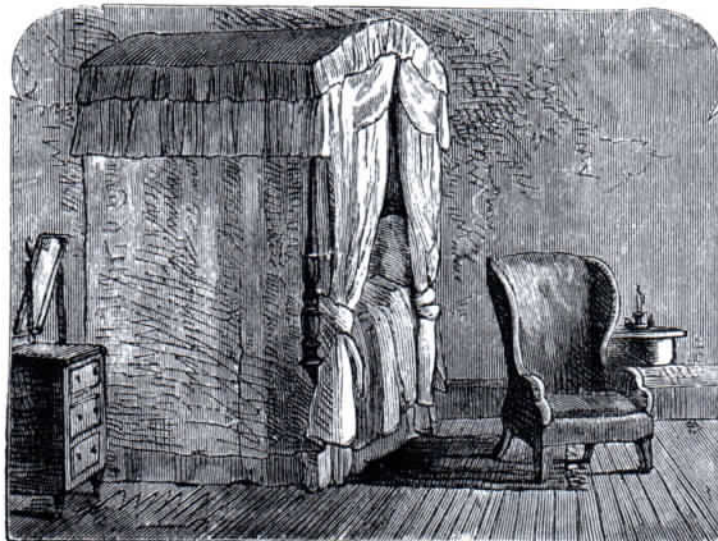
in the second hall, separated from the first by folding-doors. On either side of the main hall are the reception and drawing



MEMENTOS IN THE EAST ROOM.

rooms, while the dining-room and library open into the rear hall. In the olden time the dining-room contained the historic fireplace, with its tiled front and sides representing the scenes and events of Bible history—the lives of the apostles and martyrs in blue figures on a white ground, the bearing of the cross, the crucifixion and resurrection, with all the attendant incidents of sorrow and sadness. These crude delineations were well calculated to impress the great truths of the Bible upon the minds of those who gathered around the glowing embers during the long winter evenings—more forcibly, perhaps, than years of reading and patient study of the sacred text itself. Beyond the dining-room, in the large wing, are the kitchen and servants' apartments. The great cellar, which extends under the entire building, was the slaves' quarters in winter. In summer they lived in cabins for the most part; but for greater comfort dur-

State was always marked by the highest elements of humanity and Christian kindness. In many respects the policy which they pursued toward the Indians formed a marked contrast to that which was followed by the New England and Virginia settlers. It would seem that these sturdy pioneers of freedom desired to exemplify in all their acts those grand principles of civil and religious liberty which they had transplanted from Holland to America. The Indians and the negroes shared alike in the benefits arising therefrom, and the seed was at the same time sown of those free institutions that forty millions of people now enjoy undisturbed by prejudice or caste. It was not alone in their public policy, but also in their domestic life, that we find a strong development of the peculiar Dutch characteristics. The family altar was held in sacred esteem. The cradle, the bridal, and the tomb were surrounded by the highest attributes of filial affection, conscientious devotion to duty, and reverent love. Among no other people are the ties of kindred more clearly recognized or more firmly maintained. Through the long, terrible, and heroic struggle that the people of the Netherlands maintained for seventy years with Spain in all the plenitude of its power, they fought with desperation for the homes they had created in a conflict almost as desperate with the gigantic forces of nature. The land they had redeemed from the sea with so much skill, patience, and fortitude, whose barren wastes they had replaced with lux-



HAUNTED CHAMBER.

ing the extreme cold weather, and also as a measure of security against attack or siege from the French or Indians, these subterranean quarters were provided. The huge fireplace in the cellar, represented on page 39, was just as it still appears. How many volumes of marvelous conceptions from the half-developed Ethiopian brain might these old bricks relate! Wonderful feats of purely imaginary valor, unearthly tales of ghosts and goblins, all intermingled with that vein of quaint humor which the African, with his rare powers of imitation, so readily imbibed from his Dutch master. All the slaves in the State of New York were emancipated in the year 1824, but many of them remained at the old homestead until death removed them from it, their attachment to home and to the members of the family remaining undiminished to the last moment. In fact, the treatment of their slaves, as well as of the Indians, by the Dutch settlers of this

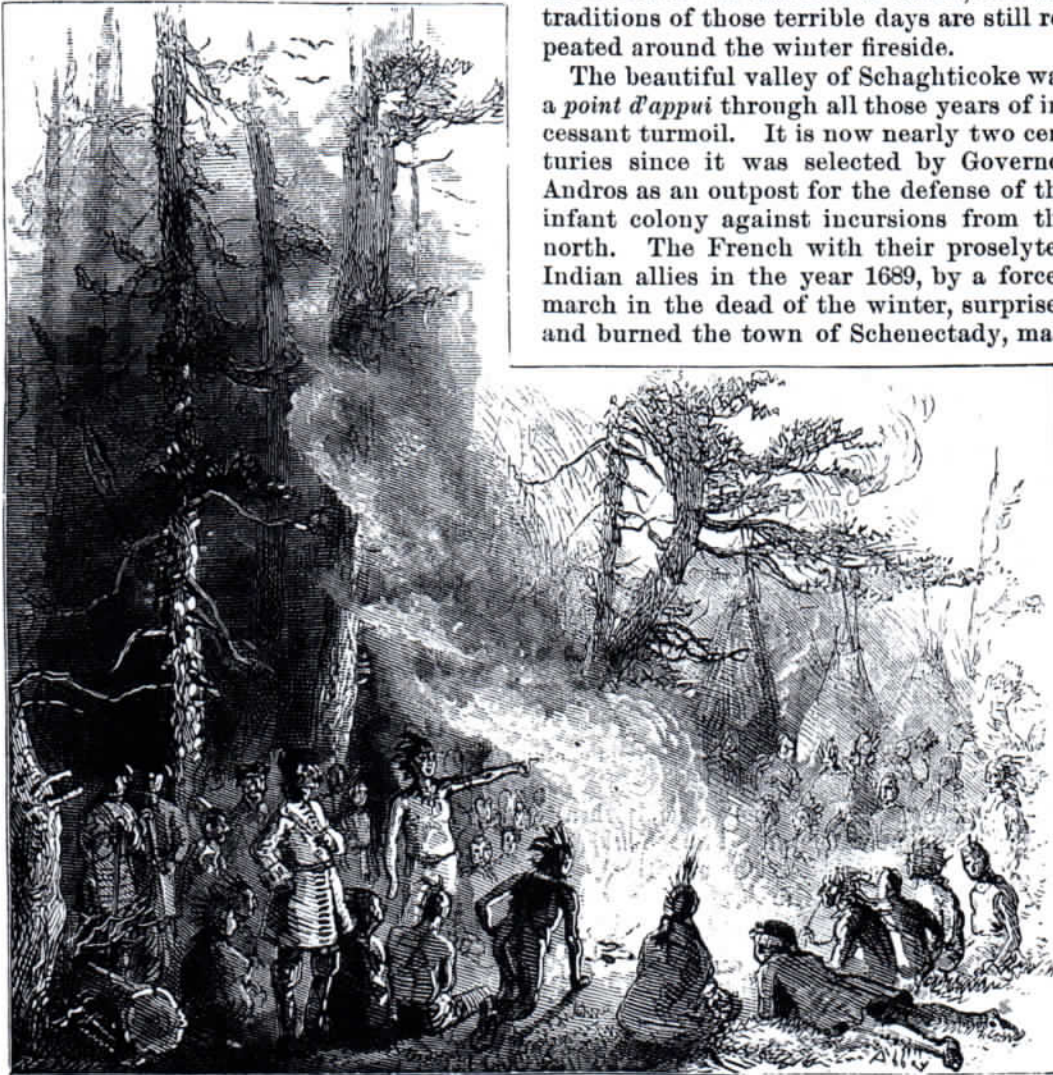
uriant harvests, whose opulent cities attested their great industry and thrift, whose strong fortresses exhibited their indomitable energy and courageous determination, whose seats of learning illustrated their intellectual development, and whose cheerful firesides every where gave evidence of domestic comfort and social enjoyment—this land, the only spot on all the continent of Europe where the tree of liberty found nourishment and life, while the surging tide of bigotry and despotism assailed it on every side—this land became the citadel of freedom, and its people assumed of right the heroic place in the history of civilization.

It would be strange indeed if the seeds sown by such husbandmen in the virgin soil of the New World should fail to produce an abundant harvest. Yet they were not suffered to gather that harvest in peace, or to enjoy in security the fruits of their labors.

The great contest for principle in which they had struggled so long and so successfully with a sublime faith and an unequalled courage was renewed with a terrible fury almost from the moment the ships of Holland touched the shores of America. Simultaneously with the arrival of the intrepid Hudson in the bay of New York in 1609, the adventurous Champlain unfurled the standard of France on the lake that now bears his name, and from that hour began a repetition on this continent of the relentless

guine struggles before its conclusion. Every plain became a battle-ground, and every hill a sepulchre. No one who is unacquainted with the early history of the State of New York can form a just conception of the innumerable trials and hardships that were forced upon the first settlers. The home we are endeavoring to describe is situated in the very channel through which the tide of battle ebbed and flowed that for nearly two centuries swept up and down the great natural pathway to the Canadas. Every where the relics of war can still be found, and the traditions of those terrible days are still repeated around the winter fireside.

The beautiful valley of Schaghticoke was a *point d'appui* through all those years of incessant turmoil. It is now nearly two centuries since it was selected by Governor Andros as an outpost for the defense of the infant colony against incursions from the north. The French with their proselyted Indian allies in the year 1689, by a forced march in the dead of the winter, surprised and burned the town of Schenectady, mas-

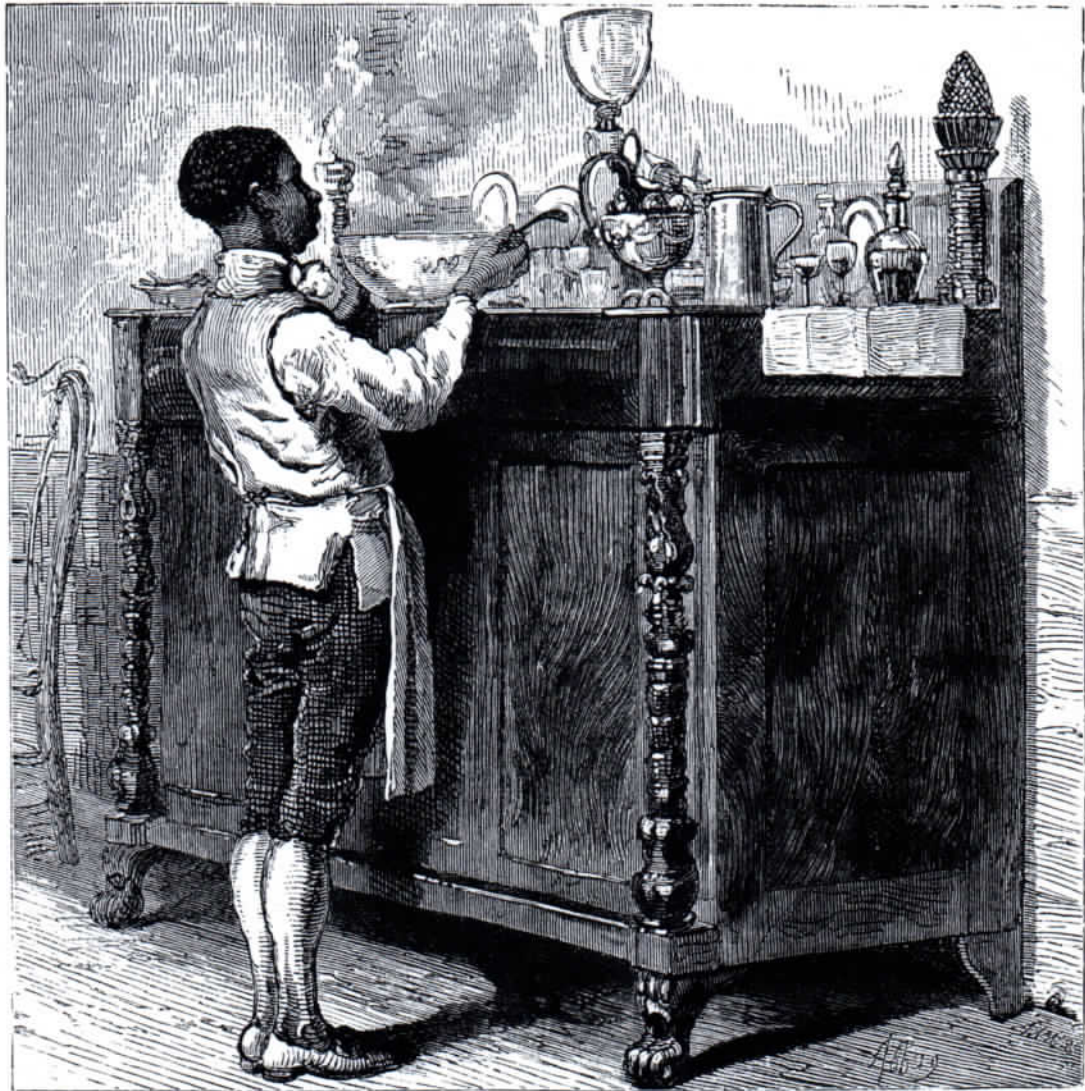


THE ONONDAGA COUNCIL.

warfare between Celt and Saxon, Latin and Teuton, that marks with crimson lines the dark pages in the history of Europe. But the descendants of the defenders of Antwerp were equal to the contest. The spirit that incited the massacre of St. Bartholomew and instigated the cruelties of "the bloody Alva" was met by the same high courage that inspired the "Beggars of the Sea" for three generations of successful resistance to oppression and persecution. The strife was bitter and protracted, and the valley of the Upper Hudson was the scene of many san-

sacring nearly all the inhabitants, the French officers even rivaling the Indians in the use of the tomahawk and scalping-knife. This terrible tragedy spread consternation among the colonists, and impaired the faith of the Six Nations of Indians, until that time the faithful friends and allies of the Dutch and English.

A council of all the tribes was called at Onondaga to decide upon what course they should pursue. At that council appeared the French officers, *en grande tenue*, with rich presents, which they lavishly distributed.



THE OLD SIDEBOARD.

The Jesuit fathers were there also, with all their force of persuasion and anathemas to throw into the scale. It was a critical and momentous period in the history of the colony. *Le Grande Guelle*, the orator and leader of the council, had been bribed with costly gifts, inflamed by the appeals of the Jesuit emissaries, and intimidated by the boldness and success of the attack on Schenectady. The deliberations of the council were marked by all those mingled emotions of aboriginal eloquence and savage fury that characterized such assemblages of the children of nature. There was present but one single representative of all those whose very lives were hanging in the balance, but one man to meet the fearful storm that was gathering for the utter destruction of the colony.* There is no picture in all our early history that can rival in dramatic interest that "Council of Onondaga"—the dark shadows of the primeval forest trees, illumined by the light of the council fire,

the gathered savages crouching in a circle, the warriors in their paint and trappings, the French officers in their showy uniforms, the rich presents strewed around, the wily priests in cowl and cassock; while facing the restless and menacing assemblage stands alone the one individual who was to stem the rising tide of discontent and treachery that would sweep from the face of the earth the Dutch and English colonists. It was indeed a fearful moment, and had the representative of the colonists for one instant wavered, or forgotten the gravity and importance of his mission, the scenes of carnage and destruction that would have followed can not be imagined. This great horror was, however, averted by wonderful tact and courage. Nevertheless, the escape, so miraculous in its character, aroused the colonists from their supineness, and Schaghticoke was selected as a stronghold for future protection and defense. The remnants of the Pequods and other Eastern tribes were assembled together, and with due form and ceremony the Wittegamotte, or tree of

* Arnaud, the interpreter.

peace, was planted. This grand council tree is still standing in all its vigorous growth and symmetry. It is the principal feature of the park which surrounds the Knickerbocker mansion. It is twenty feet in circumference, and covers with the shadow of its far-reaching branches nearly an acre of ground.

The number of Indians thus collected together was about one thousand. They could not, however, be absolutely relied upon, and it became necessary that a sufficient number of settlers should be found who would act in conjunction with the Indians to establish this bulwark of defense. It required great sacrifices and great courage to undertake this perilous and important duty. A leader was found in Johannes Knickerbocker, who, with a few trusted companions, established himself at this point, and having acquired a title to the lands, constituted a secure obstacle against any future surprise of the settlements below. The names of these daring pioneers deserve to be remembered with honor for the trials they overcame, the sufferings they endured, and the great end they accomplished. They were Johannes Knickerbocker, Wouter Quackenbush, Ludovickus Viele, Johannes De Wandelaar, Daniel Kittlehuyn, Diedrich Van Vechten, Johannes Hermans Visscher, Martin De La Monte, Wouter Groesbeck, Philip Livingstone, Corset Voeder, David Schuyler, Peter Yates, Corneilus Vandenburg, and Ignace Kip. Their descendants still occupy

the family estates. As a matter of course, these early settlers depended greatly upon each other; there was ever present a common danger to bind them together, while the social necessities of life held them in firm bonds of friendship. As a natural result, intermarriages between the families soon added the still stronger ties of consanguinity; and at the present time there is scarcely an individual for many miles around that is not in some way related to all the others.

Life at Schaghticoke was for many years like an armed reconnaissance. The lurking savage was always on the look-out for a victim, and the subtle Canadian ever conspiring for an attack. Each and all were compelled to be constantly on the alert. In the midst of their troubles the settlers did not for a moment lose sight of their religious duties. A Dutch Reformed church was erected under the auspices of the Classis of Amsterdam. Over this the venerable Dominie Van Benschooten ministered. The rude place of worship originally built was soon replaced by a more imposing edifice. This quaint building was sixty by forty feet, with low side walls and a high-pitched Mansard-roof, and turret surmounted by a weathercock over the southern gable. The services of the church were, of course, in the Dutch language, and the old time-stained Bible with brass corners and huge brass clasps then in use is now an heir-loom reverently preserved in the Knickerbocker mansion.



SLAVES' QUARTERS IN THE CELLAR OF THE OLD KNICKERBOCKER MANSION.

Social life at Schaghticoke during these earlier years were an aspect of general uniformity, varied by those occasional tragedies incident to an exposed frontier life of that kind. Diedrich Van Vechten, one of the original settlers, was killed by the Indians, and a number of years afterward his eldest son lost his life in the same way. The characteristic Dutch hospitality was always a distinguishing feature of every-day life. Every guest received a most cordial welcome. The massive old sideboard was al-

the musical element which was thereby added, one or more violinists being thus always easily obtained, giving an additional zest to the numerous entertainments.

The negroes themselves enjoyed their leisure hours immensely. In the winter nights they gathered around their huge fire-place to sing and tell stories, or, with a great back-log in the chimney, surrounded by pine knots that illuminated their large kitchen with a brilliant light that seemed almost reflected from the well-scrubbed floor, they

would fairly revel in the delights of a dance. They were certainly a happy race, for they were treated with the utmost kindness, their wants well provided for, and carefully nursed in sickness. They have all passed away. The last at the homestead was "Old Tom." He was nearly ninety when he died. Four generations had grown up around him, and very many of them had gone before him. He lingered like the gnarled old oak that survives the destruction of the forest around it. His mind was full of legends, traditions, and wonderful stories; and as he gathered the eager little listeners around him in the chimney-corner, while the wailing of the winter storm without gave an additional sense of security within, the big round eyes of the children would dilate with wonder



OLD CHEST OF DRAWERS.

ways supplied with tempting viands, and the dish of olekocks and krullers was never allowed to be empty. These old-fashioned sideboards were capable of holding a very large amount of good cheer. They were always kept in a high state of polish, and the huge mahogany doors shone like mirrors. Social gatherings were very frequent, and always attended with infinite pleasure and mirth and merry games by the young folks. The introduction of slaves from the West Indies, while it added greatly to lighten the burden of labor, had a social aspect in

and awe as, in a half-broken jargon, Old Tom reeled out the marvelous tales of which he was so prolific. No one was ever more gentle and kind to children; and yet poor old Tom had his grumpy moods, in comparison with which a bear would be considered polite. He had one peculiarity which resembled a story recently told of the arithmetical faculty of the crow. The story goes that a farmer having suffered from the depredations of the crows in his corn field, endeavored to conceal himself in a small building near by, from which he

could shoot the crows as they descended into the field; but the crows, having observed him from a neighboring tree, would not come down until they saw him leave. The farmer then adopted the ruse of taking his son into the building with him and afterward sending him away, thinking the crows would thus be deceived; but they were not. Then he took a second person in, and sent two away, with the same result. Finally he took a third person in the little house, and sent three away. This deceived the crows. They flew into the field, where the farmer shot them—showing that the arithmetic of the crow extended no farther than the figure three. Old Tom's arithmetic was, singularly enough, also limited to number three. On one occasion it became necessary to count the number of sheep in a very large flock. Tom was stationed at the entrance of the field where the sheep

Britain. The Dutch settlers had loyally served the States General and their authorized agents, and had afterward been equally true to the Duke of York and to the British sovereign. The several generations of the Knickerbocker family, as they came upon the active stage of life, took their place and performed their part in current affairs. Colonel Johannes Knickerbocker served in various expeditions against the hostile Indian tribes; was afterward attached to the staff of Lord Howe in the attack on Ticonderoga in 1758. He was commissioned a colonel in the Revolutionary army October 20, 1775, raised a regiment in Schaghticoke, and was severely wounded at the battle of Saratoga. He was also a member of the State Legislature in 1792. His eldest son, Johannes Knickerbocker, a colonel of State troops, and a prominent member of the State Legislature, served in the war of 1812.

Herman Knickerbocker, his son, known as "Prince Knickerbocker," on account of his princely hospitality, was first judge of Rensselaer County, and Representative in the eleventh Congress of the United States, during the administration of President Madison. His genial wit and humor, the possession of many of the traits of his Dutch ances-



"DAR GOES ANUDDER."

were to come out one by one, and told to count them aloud. As the sheep came through the gate, Tom called out, "One! two! tree! Dar goes anudder! dar goes anudder! dar goes anudder!" "Stop!" cried his master; "what do you mean by that?" "Why, massa," said Tom, "I done count no more dan tree; I tought I could, but I couldn't." So that Tom and the crows seem to have resembled each other in arithmetic as well as color. Poor faithful Tom! He was borne to his grave with kind and reverent hands, and laid in the venerable family cemetery, where six generations lie side by side. No grave is cared for more tenderly than the one which has at its head a stone with the simple inscription, "Old Tom."

The time came at length when, after years of constant anxiety and watching, the quiet repose of peace settled over the valley of Schaghticoke; but this was soon rudely disturbed by the gathering clouds that pre- saged the struggle of the colonies with Great

tors, together with an ample fortune, made him for many years a conspicuous representative of the old Dutch characteristics. An intimate friendship between himself and Washington Irving was the origin of Irving's humorous history of New York under the *nom de plume* of Diedrich Knickerbocker. Very many anecdotes are related of "Prince Knickerbocker," who was particularly fond of practical jokes, always, however, of a harmless nature, although some of them were extremely ludicrous in their consequences. One of the conditions of proprietorship by which the Knickerbocker estate was held was that the Mayor and Council of the city of Albany should once in each year be entertained at the family mansion. "Prince Knickerbocker," having erected a spacious residence for himself some distance from the homestead, decided to become the entertainer of the Mayor and Council of Troy, as an offset to the festivities at the paternal home. On the arrival of these gentlemen, with appetites sharpened by a long drive, he pretended



COLONEL JOHANNES KNICKERBOCKER AND HIS WIFE.—[FROM A PAINTING IN THE EAST ROOM.]

to have forgotten the day, and to be perfectly unprepared to receive them, and allowed his guests, while suffering the keen pangs of hunger, to overhear him in an apparent dispute with his butler as to how to make one pair of chickens suffice for so many famishing mouths. The consternation—not to say rage—of the guests may be imagined. A sudden relief came when the dining-room doors opened on a most sumptuous repast, and a hearty enjoyment of the practical joke followed.

The state dinners and official receptions at the old homestead were of a more sedate description than those given by "the prince." Here all was punctilious ceremony. The guests were formally received at the main entrance, and their conveyances driven to great cathedral-like barns, whose massive timbers seem to have been selected from the largest trees of the forest. These barns, as large as cathedrals, have been the scenes of many old-time festivities, the memories of which have long since passed into tradition. They had their origin in the necessities of the times, which required a certain amount of industrial co-operation that can hardly

be appreciated or even understood in these days of labor-saving inventions. But the husking bees and quilting frolics of the olden days, with their accompaniments of right good cheer and genial, kindly feelings, had a social significance of no ordinary character, and out of them came most of the marital unions which decided the domestic life of the early inhabitants. An unbounded hospitality exhibited itself in all the appointments of the dwelling. In the old mansion the upper rooms have the same spacious character as those on the lower floors. The antique furniture that for so many years served the purposes of the guest and host still adorns the bed-chambers—the high-post bedsteads, with their snowy white canopies and valance; the quaint brass-mounted chest of drawers; the old clock in the corner, with its loud, monotonous tick, and the moon in all its phases depicted on its face, tells the hour as faithfully as it told the lapse of time to generations for whom time is now no more. The old portraits on the walls are dim with age, but the lineaments there depicted can be readily discerned in the descendants of those whom

they represent, and are treasured with no small degree of veneration and care. There are many legends, some tragedies, and a great deal of history connected with all these faces that it is hoped may some day be written; but for the present we will close this article with a descriptive poetical tribute written by the gifted and lamented Mrs. Sigourney while on a visit to the old mansion some years ago:

SCHAGHTICOKE AND THE KNICKERBOCKERS

O vale of peace! O haunt serene!
O hill-encircled shades!
No footstep rude, or fiery neigh
Of iron steed o'er graded way,
Your sylvan steep invades.

The red-browed Indian's planted name
Your blended waters bore,
Though they who erst that baptism gave
Beneath oblivion's blackening wave
Have sunk to rise no more.

Here, clad in ancient honor, dwelt
The Knickerbocker race,
And wisely ruled in hall and bower,
And held their old manorial power
With firm and honest grace.

Then gatherings grand of social joy
The ancestral mansion knew,
While roof and rafter shook with mirth,
And hospitality had birth,
Which still is warm and true.

So may the Knickerbocker line
Their prosperous harvest sow,
Nor ever lack a noble heir
Their dynasty and name to bear
While mingling waters flow!



THE KNICKERBOCKER COAT OF ARMS.

THE SO-CALLED PYGMY GRAVES IN TENNESSEE.

THE frequent allusions in the daily newspapers to pygmy graves in Tennessee revive an old story set on foot, or at least confirmed, by John Haywood, in his *Natural and Aboriginal History of Tennessee*, written fifty-three years ago. This fanciful notion, although now and formerly commonly entertained by the people of that State, has been thoroughly exploded by the labors of Troost, Putnam, Clark, Haskins, and others, but especially by the explorations of Dr. Joseph Jones, who "examined the bones from fifteen aboriginal cemeteries without discovering a single skeleton of an adult of unusually small stature."

While giving a death-blow to this myth,

these gentlemen have disclosed other facts of more thrilling interest, which prove that in Tennessee are to be found the evidences of the most advanced civilization which obtained in the Mississippi Valley. As this evidence lies mainly in the tombs of the dead, it will be interesting to pass in review the subject of aboriginal burial in Tennessee.

The skeletons of the aboriginal race are found in caves and in stone graves.

The caves of the limestone regions were used by the aborigines as receptacles for the dead. When one died, the body was usually doubled up, the knees touching the chin, and wrapped in skins and mats, the number and fineness depending undoubtedly upon the wealth and importance of the deceased. In one instance the skeleton of a man was found wrapped in fourteen deer-skins, over which were blankets of bark. In some cases they were shrouded in a curious cloth made of bast fibre, into which feathers were twisted, so as to give the appearance of a variegated silk mantle. Over these were coarser wrappings; but the order in which they were laid on was by no means uniform. I was very much reminded of this snug nest while watching Mr. Dall unwrapping one of the mummies from Kagamil Cave, Alaska.

The body, with its coverings, was often placed in a wicker basket, pyramidal in form, and smaller at the top. Sometimes the basket was covered; at other times the head protruded from an opening.

Owing to the nitre in the soil of the caves, the corpses have not altogether decayed, the flesh being dried up and the hair turned red or yellow.

The working of the caves for saltpetre during the last century has nearly destroyed these witnesses of ancient civilization; so we turn from them, with their cliff paintings and scattered relics, to the better-preserved testimony of the stone graves.

The stone graves were as much the suggestion of nature as they are the characteristics of a race, for they are found only in those parts of Tennessee where slabs of limestone and sandstone abound—in the central and western portions of the State, along the fertile valleys, and on the bluffs of the Cumberland, Tennessee, and Mississippi rivers and their tributaries. They were constructed by digging a hole of the required dimensions, and lining it at the bottom, sides, and ends with flat slabs. The corpse or bones were laid in the cist, and slabs laid over all. The drawings on page 44 are of a similar one lately found near Auvernier, Switzerland, and belonging to the lacustrine period.

There are three kinds of cists—the small, the short, and the long. The small cists are both short and narrow, and are made of very thin slabs. These are the graves of