

Entanglements with “Home”

I. “This is home”—A personal account

John Burroughs wrote alluringly about making home, about work and repose, about rooted thriving. To this day, as I re-read many of my great-grand-uncle’s words, I would like to snuggle under them as under the woven-wool coverlet—the one patterned with indigo-dyed fibers—the one that I inherited from John B’s great-niece, my grandma, Angeline Burroughs Lutz.

His affirmations of land-rootedness were passed on in my family. John B, for example wrote:

Let a man stick his staff into the ground anywhere and say ‘This is home,’ and describe things from that point of view, or as they stand related to that spot...¹

Let me describe things, then, first, from a family-legacy point of view—sticking my staff in the thyme-scented land surrounding the house his brother, my great, great grandparents built, seven generations from my ancestors’ arrival to this mountainous land.²

I reflect on their stories and stare at their photos. I glean that, as new 18th-century Anglo-settler farmers—from England, Wales, Ireland—they lived day-to-day bone tired and often hungry, in debt, and grieving many children who died young.



On the veranda of Woodchuck Lodge, August 1957, much as I remember it decades later: L-Mary Jane’s granddaughter, my great-grandmother Blanche Tyler Burroughs with her sister R-Harriet.

Surely my ancestors also laughed sometimes. At least one, our grandmother Rachel Avery Burroughs,³ John B reports, “said the happiest day of her life was when she found herself mistress of a little log-house in the woods.”

From where I stand, pausing for a moment, I will imagine my kin, tenderly, in words of my great-grand-uncle, entering their “four walls made warm and redolent of human hearts.”⁴

Later, Rachel and Eden Burroughs's son Chauncey moved down the mountain from his parent's log house. Here, in the young town of Roxbury, between 1826 and 1836, Chauncey and his wife Amy Kelly Burroughs purchased five land parcels.

Chauncey and Amy thus expanded the family homeplace to 320 acres. In this place, our numbers expanded, too, as the couple raised the eight of their ten children living to adulthood, including the seventh-born—the literary naturalist, John B.

As John B's elder brother Curtis came of age, Chauncey and Amy deeded their most recently acquired parcel, a farm lot, to him.

Here, on this piece of land, in 1861, Curtis and his new wife Ann Eliza Grant Burroughs, my great-great-grandparents, built their own house. In it, their eight children were born. Their fourth arrival, in 1871, is my great-grandfather John C.

Meanwhile, not many miles away, another of Curtis and John B's siblings, Mary Jane, was raising her 6-year old daughter Angelina. Angelina and John Tyler's daughter, Blanche, in 1912, would marry John C—yes, her first cousin once removed. Thus, in addition to being great grand uncle and great aunt to me, they would become my great-grandparents.

John C and Blanche Tyler Burroughs's eldest daughter is my grandma Angie.

The second-born of Angie Burroughs and Sayers Lutz is John E, my dad, who married my Frisian and Dutch-descended mom, Una Bronkema—their first born—is me.



Una and John E. Lutz with newborn Julianne in front of Woodchuck Lodge, 1966.

By the time my great-grandfather, John C. was born, many of my Burroughs family members who had remained rooted here, in this land, were struggling to make ends meet.

In the early 1870s, John B, now one of his nation's most beloved writers, via book sales, was earning more money than his farming kin. He paid off the mortgage on his brother Curtis's farmhouse.

By the generation after Curtis, Mary Jane, John and their other siblings, the possession and use of this homeplace seemed dependent upon a kaleidoscopic variation of family needs and resources.

From Curtis and Ann Eliza
to their son and great niece, John C. and Blanche,
to other entangled relations
who took turns owning, themselves inhabiting, and/or—
between 1908 and 1920—
renting out the 1861-built farmhouse and lands to their high-profile--
brother/brother-in-law/uncle/great-uncle—John B, who,
“beleagued” by local marmots, named the shelter “Woodchuck Lodge.”⁵
Then, to John B's own possession,
to his and Ursula's son and daughter-in-law Julian and Emily Burroughs—
to Henry and Clara Ford—returning to Julian and Emily
to E. Wilson Burroughs, grandson of John C and Blanche born to their
daughter-in-law and son Velva and Curtis, cousin of John E.—
to John E and Una B Lutz—to Woodchuck Lodge, Inc—to John
Burroughs's Woodchuck Lodge...⁶

Speaking from my own experience, it has been a complex gift to live in relations with this home—both as my grandparents' farmhouse and as Woodchuck Lodge—in the presence of four overlapping and not always harmonizing generations of Burroughs family.

It has been a youthful joy to play in and drink from the spring that once flowed from the house faucets; to pick blackberries up the hill, which Grandma B baked into pies; to talk by the warm woodstove; to walk up those creaky stairs to bed (or, have my turn sleeping on the porch cot under generations of phoebe nest).

Interlude: What does sharing involve?

“How can a man take root and thrive without land?”⁷—John B asked readers, rhetorically. In another age,
with a sense of land-loving virtue, I have answered,
She can't!⁸

That hillside spring that I drank from has been dry for years now, and, so, too, the farmhouse faucets. While there is a framed award for Burroughs butter hanging on the farmhouse wall, I first met nearby hayfields' fertility as impoverished. Elms and ashes—sick.

While many, if not most of the manifold Burroughs family lines died out, a majority of us—more or less painfully, unrooted—have made livelihoods elsewhere. Most of the Catskill-Burroughs's hold-outs—either keeping ties with our homeplace or closeby—know poverty.

“Cling to the farm...so that it shall savor of you and radiate your virtue after your day's work is done!”⁹ Burroughs also wrote.

This gripping hope, along with my great-grand uncle's almost real-time nostalgia, criticisms of city life, and calls to stay home, as I have grown up, have become deeply troubling.

I have come to know another twist—a double-bind--that has become, to my experience, intergenerationally brutalizing.

Perhaps this double-bind is felt, too, not only by those sharing John B's biological heritage, but, for many other colonial-settlers. Perhaps there are others who, generations after their own kins' arrivals, feel, with some confusion, what manifests as ancestral ties to a self-destining loop of land-and-selves impoverishment.

II. “Sharp eyes”

By reading my great grand-uncle from an early age, he taught me to value, as I still do, in his words, “sharp eyes.” He did not mean only keen seeing by eye-sight, but, also insight. For example, he wrote:

I have often amused myself by wondering what the effect would be if one could go on opening eye after eye to the number say of a dozen or more... We open another eye whenever we see beyond the first general features or outlines of things—whenever we grasp the special details and characteristic markings that this mask covers.

Another eye was recently unmasked for me by artist Alexandria Eregbu. She explained that indigo—such as that dyed into my inherited Burroughs family wool-woven coverlet—was “one of the cornerstone commodities during the transatlantic slave trade. And, that commodity fueled the entire European-colonial empire.”¹⁰



L-Woven coverlet owned by Burroughs family, inherited by Julianne. R-Hermit Thrush nest, photo by Julianne

I can no more unsee “what endures as a trace”¹¹ of injustice than I can unsee a hermit thrush nest.

In “Sharp Eyes,” John B stresses: “Of course one must not only see sharply, but read aright what he sees.”

Seeing raises questions, asks for responses, more searching, responsibilities.

About indigo, this is one of the things, Eregbu says, not usually taught in U.S. history.

U.S. Poet Laureate Natasha Trethewey—in her essay “On Whitman, Civil War Memory, and My South”—underscores Walt Whitman’s understanding that much of U.S. history was far too unpleasant for most Anglo-Americans to stomach. So, too, it seems, for often contradictory Whitman himself, whom John B admired as a mentor and life-long friend.

Trethewey also notes Whitman’s anticipation that, “long, long hence,” from a presumably less prejudiced and guilt-ridden proximity, future generations would reckon with ruling-class suppression of inconvenient facts.

These, of course, include oppression and violence—still—
silencing Black and Indigenous persons/Peoples—
in historical to present-day settler-colonial narratives and idealized hopes.¹²

I am of the seventh generation from the first of my ancestors colonizing lands of the Delaware River headwaters.

Who and what you acknowledge and who and what you have, or don’t have, in your heart are related, John B indicated, also in his essay “Sharp Eyes,” writing about search images:

The eye sees what it has the means of seeing, truly. You must have the bird in your heart before you can find it in the bush. The eye must have purpose and aim. No one ever yet found the walking fern who did not have the walking fern in his mind.

He added:

A person whose eye is full of Indian relics picks them up in every field he walks through. yet they were quickly recognized, because the eye had been commissioned to find them.

The inverse also rings true to my experience. A person may decommission “the eye” to avoid seeing things that turn the stomach, thus, also blinding the heart.

A blinded heart, self-crushing, is likely to crush, to go on crushing what or who is in their path.

“A person whose eye is full of Indian relics picks them up,” wrote my ancestor, John B.

Seventh-generation philosophy of the Haudenosaunee Great Law of Peace, if I begin to understand, binds land-kin-community into guiding intergenerational stories.

Potawatomi historians have long carried and their Nation’s elders have widely shared their “Seventh Fire Prophecy.” In this story, during the fifth and sixth fires, the ways of *zaaganaash*, or, offshore people, “nearly broke the hoop of the nation.” In the seventh fire, writes John Burroughs medal-winning Potawatomi author, Robin Kimmerer,

the young would turn back to their elders for teachings and find that many had nothing to give...[they] do not yet walk forward; rather ...their sacred purpose is to walk back along the red road of our ancestors’ path and to gather up all the fragments...[as] the ones who will bend to the task of putting things back together...”¹³

I find myself also wondering, in the generation I/we belong to--*what is mine, what is ours—zaaganaash—to drop?*

There is a possible calling into allied purpose—to go on where my great-grand uncle left off—wherein not only “outward eyes, but inward” eyes, and with “more and different lenses,” are opening, being opened by many telling their “undertold”¹⁴ stories.

Until this happens, the ruling class will continue, in Trethewey’s words, to “inscribe a particular narrative onto the landscape while at the same time subjugating or erasing another” with very real, and sickening, consequences for them, and, as hobbling time immemorial land-keepers, all of us.

III. “Sooner or later”: Liberating Narratives

So, now, let me begin trying to describe things from an off-center point of view. This Land is not merely generations of my kin’s and of other settler-colonizers’ home. From time immemorial this is Native Space we entered, which was never ceded to us early soldiers, purchasers and farmers.

On April 3, 1854, for instance, my great-grand uncle turned seventeen years old. That year, John B also had left his Roxbury family and farm for a teaching job. His earliest writing notebooks date to this year in which, too, his maternal grandma died--Lovina Liscomb Kelly, mother of Amy Kelly Burroughs, wife of Chauncey.

Three months later, on July 4, about forty miles northeast of Roxbury, John W. Quinney--Grandson of Joseph Quanaukaunt, sachem (1777) in Stockbridge on his father's side, and grandson of David Naunaoneeconuck of Stockbridge on his mother's side—gave a public speech He addressed the attendees in Reidsville:

My friends, being invited to come here as a Muh-he-con-neew, and now standing upon the soil which once was, and now ought to be the property of this Tribe, I have thought for once, and certainly the last time, I would shake you by the hand, and ask you to listen for a little while to what I have to say...

Where are the twenty-five thousand in number, and the four thousand warriors, who constituted the power and population of the great Muh-he-con-neew Nation in 1604?... It is curious, the history of my tribe, in its decline during the last two centuries and a half. Nothing that deserved the name of 'purchase' was ever made... Let it not surprise you my friends, when I say, that the spot on which we stand has never been purchased or rightly obtained; and that by justice, human and divine, it is the property now of the remnant of that great people from whom I am descended. They left it in the tortures of starvation and to improve their miserable existence...

These events are above our comprehension--and for wise purposes. For myself and my tribe I ask for justice. I believe it will sooner or later occur. And may the Great and Good Spirit enable me to die in hope.¹⁵

So far, I, we, the Burroughs family, Woodchuck Lodge, organizationally, have continued inscribing history and literatures of nature, ignorantly, as if all began and will end with us—and other settler-colonizers—at its center. Centering only ourselves continues subjugating the stories of and cuts against the justice for which the Muh-he-con-neew and their relatives have not stopped asking today as Stockbridge-Munsee Band of Mohican Indians, the Nation whose unceded customary Lands we occupy, and their many relatives.

What, again, is sharing?¹⁶

“When Europeans arrived on the Algonquian coast,” writes Abenaki scholar Lisa Brooks, “they entered into this Native Space: a network of relations...”¹⁷

From early on, many Native communities featured “intermingling” with the “strangers” as a “common strategy for sharing space.”¹⁸

Overwhelming those intentions, however, was the strengthening tide of a culture of entitlement, and of taking over. That taking over also included disrupting hard-proven adaptive (e.g., learning from mistakes) relationships including, sustainable and flourishing agricultures.

Before Anglo-colonizers, including my kin, undermined even their own relatives rootability, that is, there is this reality of violently dispossessing these land-keeping others.

This reality is historic, intergenerational, and also persistent in consequences enmeshing all of our stories.

“What happens,” Brooks challenges,

when the texts of Anglo-American history and literature are participants in Native space rather than the center of the story? What kind of map emerges?

IV. A New Beginning?

Seven generations from where I stand, when my grandfather Ephraim Burroughs was born in 1740 in Stratford, Connecticut, he was born into a town that already had displaced the Native Wappinger.¹⁹ The New York City market in African slave-trading was in full swing.²⁰

Not too far away, by this time, too, Albany colonists had already disinherited many Mohicans west of the Mahicannituck (Hudson River) of their land. Many had moved east joining in with their relatives of Wnahktukuks. This Mohican village, along the Housatonic River (w. Massachusetts), had recently allowed settler John Sergeant to establish a mission.²¹ The mission’s intention was for Mohicans (as well as many dispossessed Wappinger) and European colonists to cooperate in sharing space and governance.

In deed, however, an English court committee inequitably allotted Mohican land, unreservedly privileging colonial-settlers from the start.²² And, with more colonists crowding in, dynamics quickly shifted against the village’s original inhabitants. The mixed community divided further with European newcomers taking over the town, pushing Mohicans and their relatives off lands of the village that the usurpers had re-named “Stockbridge.”²³

[Image]

“Taken from Plan No. 557, Mass. Archives. Book 3, Page 221²⁴
[request consent before circulating, maybe color-code areas?]

Around the start of the American Revolution, Ephraim with his wife Anne, moved their growing family from Stratford to Stamford, NY.

At this time, leading Mohicans, while still waging self-defense against settlers, even so, were ramping up works of peace--and good relations-making among themselves and with the recent arrivals.

For example, Mohican leaders made moves to negotiate reciprocally respectful terms of sharing some, but not all of their homeland space.

In 1775, the Mohicans, amid still-increasing English crowding, also had made a pledge of “fidelity to their American brothers” in the complicated war against their own invaders’ British oppressors.

With this pledge, the Mohicans underscored their confident expectation that the Americans, if victorious, in turn, “will help us recover our just Rights.”²⁵

With this hope, some Mohicans and their relatives could have been fighting side-by-side with John B’s maternal grandfather, Edmund Kelly, whose wartime story of bivouacking in a root hollow in the rain caught his grandson’s attention.²⁶

In the American Revolution aftermath,
when the Stockbridge Mohicans returned home to their village, they returned to
devastation of and displacement from their allotments and homes.²⁷

A 1783 letter by respected Stockbridge Mohican signatories underscored the injustices
imposed on them by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

Almost all those Places where your Warriors have left their Bones, there our Bones are
seen also. Now we who remain are become very poor.²⁸

Meanwhile, by the 1790s, many Munsee persons also already had been pushed off their
Delaware headwater homelands by Europeans. Many Munsee were regrouping west of Lake Erie
alongside their Delaware “grandfathers” and Shawnee “brothers.”

Around this time, these towns also hosted a peace-making delegation of their Mohican
relatives.²⁹

This was happening while our grandfather Eden was coming of age in Stamford, NY,
marrying Rachel, and bushwacking to Roxbury to develop their new farm. That is, the coming of
my kin extended settler-colonial occupation of Mohican and their Munsee relatives’ ancestral
Lands from which, before displacement from Stockbridge, most already had been dispossessed.³⁰

*Another question: How do you avoid power?*³¹

Through the 1780s, Stockbridge Mohicans and relatives had few or no other viable
choices than to move, again.³² Many now relocated to space offered by Oneida relations near the
Great Lake (aka New York State) where, with much effort, they tried, again, to re-tool and re-
root via rebuilding “New Stockbridge.”³³

By the early 1800s, our grandfather and grandmother Eden and Rachel were building
thier new home in Roxbury. Wherein, Rachel, according to John B, enjoyed “the happiest day of
her life...when she found herself mistress of a little log-house in the woods.”

Wherein their own nine children would be born.

As Rachel’s and Eden’s son Chauncey was born, the New York State government was
considering completely removing Native Peoples in order to turn a profit on more land sales.

Given this news, in 1818, as Chauncey Burroughs turned fifteen on his parent’s farm,
illegal land grabs in New York pushed New Stockbridge inhabitants off shared Oneida Lands. In
yet another relocation some traveled into shared space offered by Miami and Delaware Nations
in White River (aka Indiana).

Upon arrival to the midwest, the Mohicans discovered that American colonizers had
already taken over Miami and Delaware Lands, too, rooting into it themselves.³⁴

A few years later, in 1826, Chauncey and his wife Amy Kelly, had their first son, John B's brother Hiram. This year they also bought the first of their five land parcels that would marshal the Burroughs family's 320-acre dairy farm.

Throughout the 1820s, with expansion of Anglo-settlers into more Native Space in both New York and Indiana, groups of Mohican and other Native Nations, with hardly a moment to breathe, were displaced yet again.

Some of them traveled by foot or wagon, some went over the Great Lakes by steamship to Lands Menominee and Ho-Chunk would share with them.³⁵

In 1832, the year Hiram's little brother, my great grandfather Curtis was born, the U.S. Indian Removal Act was enacted.

Menominee and Ho-Chunk and the relocated Mohicans would themselves quickly find themselves encompassed and further encroached upon by the developing U.S. empire that in 1838 claimed Wisconsin as its state.

In the aftermath of the Removal Act, in 1839—as Curtis's little brother, John B. was turning two on the Burroughs family's farm place—a group of Stockbridge Mohicans were, yet again, compelled to move to “Indian Territory” west-of-the-Mississippi (aka Kansas and Oklahoma).

Some travellers died on the way. Some arrivals married with citizens of other Native Nations intermingling there. Others turned back to the Menominee and Ho-Chunk.

Around this same time, a group of Munsee, with the consent of the Stockbridge Mohicans, joined with those living in the surrounds of Wisconsin.³⁶

Even as Nations were entwining as the “Stockbridge-Munsee,”³⁷ they could not stay here in safety. In 1856, many moved into another reservation encompassed by Shawano County, Wisconsin.³⁸

In the allotted sandy pinelands and swamps, the Stockbridge-Munsee struggled with subsistence and poverty. While the U.S. government again broke our promises of support.³⁹

Meanwhile, my newly married great grandparents, Curtis and Ann Eliza, were busy building their 1861 farmhouse—aka Woodchuck Lodge. They did so in deeded and inherited yet never Native-ceded Roxbury lands—customary Lands of the Munsee with their Stockbridge Mohican relations. In his parents' new farmhouse, my great-grandfather, John C was born.

As John C turned fifteen in 1886, the Burroughs's, like many other settler-farmers, increasingly, struggled to make livelihoods from the stolen, and, unwittingly, eroded lands they inherited.

Meanwhile, the writings of John C's Uncle John were becoming wildly popular to Anglo-readers as the author elevated “the inherited love of soil,” but, minus its first and time-proven lovers.

John B wrote against
“pride of money and the insolence of social power”⁴⁰
while attracting leading friends of U.S. industry and empire—such as, John Muir, Teddy Roosevelt, Harvey Firestone, Henry Ford and others.

The year after John B’s *Signs and Seasons* was published,
the 1887 U.S. General Allotment Act sliced yet more land away from Stockbridge-Munsee and hundreds of other Native Nations.

Who profited?

As John B’s great niece, my own grandma Angeline Burroughs came of age during the 1930s depression,
the Indian Affairs Reorganization Act gave some support to Stockbridge-Munsee and other Native Nations.

The Nation reorganized their own tribal governments and retrieved at least a little reservation land back—eventually, just 15,000 acres—which, in the meanwhile, had been clearcut by lumber barons—in the township of Bartelme, Wisconsin.

In the 1970s, when I was a young child, the Stockbridge-Munsee were establishing their active historical committee and a few of their old houses were recognized on the U.S. National Historic Registry.

This history overlaps with Sayers Lutz and Angeline’s son, my dad, John E., incorporating Woodchuck Lodge (on the same National Registry as of 1963).

How long is long enough for justice take?

Today, the “Mohican Nation” declares their tribal sovereignty interconnected with their ongoing history as the “Stockbridge-Munsee Band of Mohican Indians.”⁴¹ There are some 3000 citizens with about half living on or near their reservation with revitalization of land and bodies, culture and language kinships ongoing.

They Stockbridge-Munsee underscore they are not merely surviving, their community largely intact, but also growing in many ways. They are growing along with their reservation forest.

They continue carefully tending their long history and cultural inheritance, including ongoing connections with their customary lands to the east,
including where Woodchuck Lodge remains sited and gathers for programming.⁴²

Coda: When I stick my staff into the ground here, to reflect from my point of view as Burroughs kin, I may still be warmed by the intricate patterns of home-making and nature that my great grand uncle wrote and in living beauty.

When I pull at the woven-in threads of indigo—and, sharpen my eyes and learn first to listen—I am led into worlds of others’ histories and living stories. The word relic is replaced by “not mine, yours.”

This Land’s history is not just of one or a few high profile persons or settler farm-worn families. With sharpening eyesight and opening heart-mind values I acknowledge the troubles of rooting colonial infrastructure with still ongoing consequences for African Americans, the

Stockbridge-Munsee and other Indigenous and otherwise marginalized Peoples and persons, and, really—because all of us, like ancestral bones, are entangled—for everyone. And, I hear and support John W. Quinney’s hope for justice and that of many Indigenous Peoples for re/generative sharing and good kinship-making in intergenerational healing.

Land Acknowledgment:

Interpretive Panel 1: Land Acknowledgment

[Reviewed and Approved by Bonney Hartley, Historic Preservation Manager, Stockbridge-Munsee Band of Mohican Indians, 9-23-21]*

NOTE: Any substantive revisions should be resubmitted to Stockbridge-Munsee for further review! Thank you!

It is with gratitude and humility that John Burroughs Woodchuck Lodge acknowledge our location within the ancestral geography of Munsee-speaking Esopus--Indigenous People of this Land.

Even as the first Burroughs families were settling here early in the nineteenth century, the Esopus along with Mohican, Oneida, and other neighboring Native Nations were suffering such colonialist injustices and violence that relegated them from their Homelands.

Today their growing Community resides in Wisconsin and is known as the Stockbridge-Munsee Band of Mohican Indians.

Stockbridge-Munsee remain connected with this site as part of their cultural area with contemporary relevance.

JBWL pay honor and respect to Stockbridge-Munsee past, present, and emergent as we commit to holding spaces inclusive and equitable for all.

We invite visitors to join us in supportive action. You may, for example,

+Learn of and from Indigenous People/s in other places you may live.

+Pay greater attention to John Burroughs Woodchuck Lodge history in relation to elevating Indigenous histories.

+Prioritize listening for Indigenous People’s representing themselves, for example, in historic and contemporary “nature-writing.”

+Donate to the Stockbridge-Munsee Museum. You can learn more here:
www.mohican.com

*From Bonney Hartley:

I reviewed the land acknowledgement text and think it is good; I don't have any changes. I think it accomplishes our interests in recognizing our homelands as well as our contemporary community today and connects to our website/donation page for people to learn more.

As far as images or maps to use, I am attaching an image of the sign leading to our reservation in Wisconsin, and a map of our removals that I thought you might be able to crop and use.

Images attached:

¹ Intro to Gilbert White, viii.

² Ephraim and Anne Burroughs, my great x 6 grandparents came from Connecticut to Stamford, NY around 1775.

³ Since I descend from offspring of two of John Burroughs's siblings who were separated by one generation, I indicate generational removes from my positionality via Mary Jane's line. From her brother Curtis's line, the count is -1 generation.

⁴ John Burroughs, *Signs and Seasons* [Houghton Mifflin, 1904] (Syracuse, NY: Syracuse University Press, 2006), 263. I am seven generations from the first Burroughs's in the Catskills on my great grandmother Blanche's side and six on my great grandfather John C's side. It was Ephraim (b. 1740) and Anne Burroughs who moved from Stratford, CT first to Stamford, then, with son Eden (b. 1770), to Roxbury. This move was around the start of the American Revolution ca 1775 (based on the captioned photo album gathered by Elizabeth Burroughs Kelly, John Burrough's granddaughter, so, my great aunt).

⁵ Curtis's son Chant, John B's nephew helped build the furniture it still holds.

[<https://www.freep.com/story/money/cars/ford/2021/04/29/ford-angela-henderson-racism/4870616001/>]

⁶ See Woodchuck Lodge, A Historic Structure Report, ca. Late 1970s

⁷ Burroughs, *Signs and Seasons*, 260.

⁸ Here I am thinking, too, of "radical hope" via Jonathan Lear, Junot Díaz and Kim Tallbear.

⁹ Burroughs, *Signs and Seasons*, 260.

¹⁰ Alexandria Eregbu, "Ecology, Ancestral Healing and Visual Art: A Conversation with Alexandria Eregbu and Dr. Chelsea Mikael Frazier Minute 47.48, April 19, 2021 at

<https://www.centerforthehumanities.org/programming/ecology-ancestral-healing-and-visual-art>

¹¹ Christina Wake on Julie Dash, *In the Wake*, p 126.

¹² <https://www.vqronline.org/essay/whitman-civil-war-memory-and-my-south>

¹³ p 368

¹⁴ Language in: "Telling the Whole Story: Reinterpreting History in New York"

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zAXrLexjVwk&t=310s>

¹⁵ <https://www.mohican.com/mt-content/uploads/2018/06/words-of-our-ancestors.pdf>; Brooks, *The Common Pot*, e.g., 122, 126, 135, 138, 152; Martin, *History*, <https://www.mohican.com/origin-early-history/>

¹⁶ Lisa Brooks, *Common Pot*, xiv.

¹⁷ *Common Pot*, 3.

¹⁸ *common pot*, 27.

¹⁹ Right before the American Revolution, Wappingers also joined in New York protests against "manor lords" demanding rent for remaining on their homelands. Brooks, *Common Pot*, 113.

²⁰ Sylviane Diouf, *New York City's Slave Market*, New York Public Library, June 29, 2015 at

<https://www.nypl.org/blog/2015/06/29/slave-market>

²¹ The decision was not unanimous. See *Words of Our Ancestors*, <https://www.mohican.com/mt-content/uploads/2018/06/words-of-our-ancestors.pdf>

²² Aaron Sonkewenaunkheek (Aaron Umpachenee) et al., *Words of Our Ancestors*, <https://www.mohican.com/mt-content/uploads/2018/06/words-of-our-ancestors.pdf>

²³ Brooks, *Common Pot*, 113; Martin, *History*, <https://www.mohican.com/origin-early-history/>

²⁴ From <https://www.mohican.com/mt-content/uploads/2018/06/words-of-our-ancestors.pdf>

²⁵ Brooks, *Common Pot*, 106. At the Treaty of Albany. Also, p. 113—Wappinger and other "Stockbridge Indians... believed they were defending their own lands." Others, including the Mohawk sided with the Crown in the American Revolution, believing it to be the best way to defend their own lands.

²⁶ Burroughs, *Signs and Seasons*, 112.

²⁷ Brooks, *CP*, 121.

²⁸ Johoiakim Mtohksin et al., *Our Ancestors Speak*, September 2, 1783 letter, <https://www.mohican.com/mt-content/uploads/2018/06/words-of-our-ancestors.pdf>; Brooks, *CP* 129, 152.

²⁹ Brooks, Common Pot, 143-145.

³⁰ Brooks, Common Pot, 110. “European attempts to ‘purchase’ Mohican lands were incompatible with the Mohican worldview, in which land stewardship was shared and gift exchange was a diplomatic protocol,” and, “‘Because of our traditional views of shared land ownership, our ancestors thought they were participating in a gift exchange and being hospitable to neighbors asking for use of Papscanee Island. They thought they could always return to the land.’ - Bonney Hartley, Stockbridge Munsee-Mohican Community Historic Preservation Manager in “Story Maps” at <https://storymaps.arcgis.com/stories/4b5d61785b064ff49ceff158e05e89fb>

³¹ Brooks CP, xiv.

³² Also in Mtohksin, Letter, 1783: We wish you to appoint a few of our Neighbors, whom we believe to be our Friends to have Power to take Care of the little Interest of Land we have in this Town...

We wish to have them described carefully to examine into all our Bargains for land that White People have made with us and see that we hant been cheated and endeavor to do so justly...that when we are ready to remove, we may feel well towards all our Neighbors...” Also, Brooks, Common Pot, 114.

³³ Brooks, Common Pot, 121; Martin, History, <https://www.mohican.com/origin-early-history/>; and, see Story Maps,

³⁴ Martin, History, <https://www.mohican.com/origin-early-history/>; Brooks, Common Pot, 160-161; Story Maps

³⁵ Martin, History, <https://www.mohican.com/origin-early-history/>

³⁶ Martin, History, <https://www.mohican.com/origin-early-history/>; Also, at this time New York was coming to dominate (since 1827, illegal) slave trading even as many Black New Yorkers resisted and fought back. Neighboring Prattsville’s Zadock Pratt was a leader in the leather trade shipping in and out of New York. Diouf, Slave Market; Warren, Connecting the Dots, 2013, 2021, revised, forthcoming. See also, “The Archaeology of Slavery in the Hudson River Valley” at <http://www.nysm.nysed.gov/research-collections/archaeology/historical-archaeology/research/archaeology-slavery-hudson-river>; “John Burroughs Woodchuck Lodge, near the headwaters of the East Branch of the Delaware River, is in the traditional territory of the Munsee-speaking communities known as the Esopus Indians in the 17th and 18th centuries. Most Esopus people moved west and intermarried with other Munsee speakers, but the core group seems to have joined with the Oneidas who moved to Wisconsin in the 19th century and lost their identity over time. In the 1930s, a few Munsee-speaking people on the Six Nations Reserve in Ontario remembered having Esopus ancestry. The nearby headwaters of Schoharie Creek and the Batavia Kill were in the hunting territory of the Catskill Mohican people, but the rest of the Schoharie and the West Branch of the Delaware River appear to have been a buffer zone with the Mohawks and Oneidas.” email from Justin 9/9/21 Wild Hudson Valley

³⁷ Martin, History, <https://www.mohican.com/origin-early-history/>; Also, at this time New York was coming to dominate (since 1827, illegal) slave trading even as many Black New Yorkers resisted and fought back. Neighboring Prattsville’s Zadock Pratt was a leader in the leather trade shipping in and out of New York. Diouf, Slave Market; Warren, Connecting the Dots, 2013, 2021, revised, forthcoming. See also, “The Archaeology of Slavery in the Hudson River Valley” at <http://www.nysm.nysed.gov/research-collections/archaeology/historical-archaeology/research/archaeology-slavery-hudson-river>

³⁸ Menominee Indian Tribe of Wisconsin February 11, 1856 at <https://www.menominee-nsn.gov/CulturePages/Treaty1856.aspx>

³⁹ Martin, History, <https://www.mohican.com/origin-early-history/>

⁴⁰ Burroughs, Signs and Seasons, 240-241. Secretly conceived a child with a woman farm worker Lied to and manipulated his wife to adopt the child

Denied his niece Dessy Jane the liberty he cherished--to choose other-than-farm life

Imagined earlier settlers “dread of apprehension from the Indians” and that of “African tribes” from “the slave-catchers”

Owned a “black as ebony” cat named “Nig”

Declared a “clear, yellow-red color” proper to “the cheek of an Indian maiden”⁴⁰

Noticed “Indian relics” and dying “savages”

and

⁴¹ <https://www.mohican.com/origin-early-history/>

