3. Alive from America

Indigenous Diplomacies and Urban Disorder, 1710–1765

Gaudy things enough to tempt ye, showy outsides, insides empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts, coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts.
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid, lords of laundresses afraid;
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men, hangmen, aldermen, and footmen . . .
Many a beau without a shilling, many a widow not unwilling;
Many a bargain, if you strike it: this is London! How d'ye like it?
—John Bancks, 1738

How it all becomes fantastical here.
All elephants and castles, chalk farms and canaries. All mile ends and mudchutes. All circus.
—James Thomas Stevens (Mohawk), 2006

Had he come all this way, just for this? To lie down on a garden path, bloodied, drunk, and surrounded by a mob?

All night, thousands of people had pressed in around Utsidihi and his two countrymen among the promenades, pavilions, and supper-boxes of the pleasure gardens at Vauxhall. Shouting. Pointing. Jeering. Grabbing. Even before they'd come ashore at Plymouth, dockside crowds had clamored to catch sight of them, and the situation only worsened after their arrival in the capital. After years of war between their Cherokee people and the English—towns burned, hostages slaughtered, trade relations collapsed—they had crossed the ocean only to find themselves the center of spectacle. For weeks, nobles and commoners alike had gawped at them, even forcing their way into the lodgings in Suffolk Street.

On this muggy July night at Vauxhall, though, Utsidihi reached his limit. The throng had amassed almost immediately after he and his compatriots entered the gardens' gates. Englishwomen accosted them there; one, a singer of dubious reputation, took Utsidihi forcibly by the arm, promenading him before the crowd that separated them. The night wore on; the alcohol flowed; the crowds grew, and grew threatening. Finally, he and his friends retreated into the orchestra pit of one of the music buildings. Someone brought more muscat. They tried to entertain the throng by fumbling with the violins and the organ and by mimicking the ensuing applause. By two in the morning, with the sea of people crashing against the pavilion's walls, it was clearly time to leave, and quickly. In the rush and crush outside, Utsidihi's cloak suddenly snagged on the hilt of a stranger's sword. The man drew his weapon, and the crowd surged open around them. For Utsidihi, this was the final indignity. Grabbing the blade, he wrenched it from the stranger's grasp and snapped it in two. Palms bleeding, he lay down on the ground. He refused to move. He was done. What a disaster.[1]

Chaotic scenes like the one at Vauxhall, one of the premier recreating grounds of eighteenth-century London, would have been familiar to any Londoner, and indeed are quite familiar to us, largely thanks to William Hogarth, whose art captured the hubbubs, huzzahs, and horrors of the Hanoverian metropolis. It was the city he knew all too well; son of a failed writer who had spent time in Fleet Prison, Hogarth understood firsthand the inequalities of the volatile city, even as he found success. His works portrayed the everyday London of fairs, parlors, and bedchambers and infused them with an unalloyed outrage at violence, inanity, and corruption. Ruffians sodomized dogs with arrows and threw cats from windows; apprentices and country maids went to their fates at Tyburn and Bedlam; and the victims of collapsed financial schemes whirled about on great wheels of fortune. Bad gin, cruelty, and venality were all too common in Hogarth's city, and his oeuvre is a window into the vernacular world of one of the most transformative eras in London's history. Hogarth was also at Vauxhall the night that Utsidihi lay down in the dirt. The artist had been responsible for turning around the fortunes of the gardens in the 1730s; under his guidance, they had become a showplace for contemporary English artists, a venue for composers such as Handel, and one of the most influential see-and-be-seen settings of the

eighteenth century. Perhaps he was among the crowd on the night Utsidihi snapped; if he wasn't, his fingerprints were all over the place.[2]

Empire was also there that night. In the supper-boxes, Hogarth's stable of artists had created scenes meant to amuse and divert: happy drunks returned home to their wives; sophisticates played a game of quadrille; children skated on ice or played on a seesaw; fairies danced under the moon. But in the pavilions, one could view images of Britain's great warships in action, while in the Pillared Saloon, a vast mural depicted Lord Amherst's benevolence toward the citizens of a defeated Montreal only two years before; in one corner of the painting, a stone was inscribed, "POWER EXERTED, CONQUEST OBTAINED, MERCY SHEWN! MDCCLX." Such images made direct connections between pleasure and power, between gardens of amusement and delight at the heart of the empire, and between the fields of victory and defeat at its margins. One wonders if Utsidihi made those connections himself.[3]

Empire, after all, was why Utsidihi was there. Also known as Ustanakwa or Ostenaco (Big Head), he preferred to go by Utsidihi (Mankiller), a name he had earned as a young man. An important *asgayagusta,* or "military leader," from the Cherokee town of Tomotley, he had been accompanied to London by two other Cherokee leaders, Atawayi (Wood Pigeon) and Kunagadoga (Standing Turkey). Born into the same generation as Hogarth, the three Cherokee men had lived through violence that outstripped anything the artist had experienced in London. Devastating epidemics, mercurial economies, and near-constant violence had shaped their lives in profound ways. Only a year before their arrival in London, their nation had agreed to peace with the British, ending a particularly brutal war that had brought destruction to most of the Cherokee towns in the valleys and mountains west of the colonies of Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia. Accompanied by Henry Timberlake, who had lived among the Cherokees for a time and been closely involved in the diplomatic rituals that created peace, the three men sailed for England in May of 1762.

The oceanic journey of Utsidihi, Atawayi, and Kunagadoga was part of a broader pattern that took shape in the early eighteenth century. Unlike in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Indigenous North Americans were now more likely to come as emissaries seeking to cement political, military, and economic relations with the Crown within a deepening transatlantic system of trade, political alliance, and warfare. In 1710, four men—three of them Mohawk, the fourth from the allied Mahicans—captivated the city, becoming known as the Four Kings. In 1734, a group of Yamacraw elites came from the new colony of Georgia to establish themselves as brokers between their Mvskoki (Creek) relations and the British. The 1762 visit of Utsidihi, Atawayi, and Kunagadoga, meanwhile, came some three decades after another Cherokee delegation achieved celebrity status in 1730.[4] Day-by-day accounts of their doings appeared in the burgeoning print and popular culture of the era in everything from elite poetry and street doggerel to formal painted portraits and shopkeepers' signs. In these forums, the visitations became a way for Londoners to make sense of their own urban world, focusing in particular on three increasingly alarming aspects of city life: violence, the consumption of alcohol, and the changing roles of women. Meanwhile, as English and other immigrant populations began to grow in Mohawk, Mahican, Cherokee, and Yamacraw territories, the very same issues—violence, alcohol, and gender relations—were at the core of Indigenous-settler encounters there as well. These connections between diplomacy and disorder would also have echoes that lasted long after the travelers had returned home.

As for Utsidihi, that night at Vauxhall, he eventually got up. Timberlake quickly bundled him and the others into a carriage, escaping the drunken crowds and returning to the relative peace of Suffolk Street. Over the next several days, the debacle at Vauxhall became fodder for the newspapers, which declaimed "savage" appetites for alcohol and disorder among both the English and Cherokee participants in the night's events, while the government decreed that they should not be allowed in places of public entertainment because of the rioting and mischief they said such events caused. In response, Timberlake claimed that Utsidihi had never even gone to the pleasure gardens, that it was either Atawayi or Kunagadoga who had caused such a deplorable scene. But the damage was done: after weeks of public appearances, the three Cherokee men would not be allowed to appear in public again.

Soon after, Hogarth unveiled a new engraving called *The Times.* In it, the city is on fire, and competing groups of politicians, some pumping bellows and others aiming water cannons or carrying buckets of water, add to the frenzied scene. In the darkened foreground, impoverished Londoners

Plate 1 of William Hogarth's series of engravings entitled *The Times*, printed in 1762. (© The Trustees of the British Museum, all rights reserved)

wail and waste away as flames threaten to destroy a globe perched above the prime minister's door. For Hogarth, chaos on the streets—flames leaping between too-close buildings, the wretched lying in the road—reflected, and was reflected in, chaos at a much broader, nearly hemispheric scale: that globe on fire was an unsubtle metaphor indeed for the trauma of what would become known as the Seven Years' War and the possibility of new conflagrations yet to come. Hogarth's city was the world; the world was also the city.

And there, at the left edge of the engraving, a sign hangs from the side of a building. On it, a shirtless, long-haired man in a makeshift loincloth-cum-kilt holds aloft what appear to be wineskins and stands before two wine barrels. Beneath him, the words "Alive From America" appear. Earlier in

the year, Hogarth had mounted a gallery exhibition of shop signs, aping and mocking the pretensions of high art; here, a shop sign became a satirical, if not exactly comical, commentary on world affairs. It was also, no doubt, a sly reference to the spectacle of the Cherokee delegation and perhaps even to the events that night at Vauxhall. The seemingly random presence of an "Indian" amid Hogarth's urban scene was part of an archive of disorder that reflected the tumult of eighteenth-century London and North America. The laying down of this archive had started decades before, with four men, very much alive indeed.[5]

In the early seventeenth century, when Epenow, Pocahontas, and other Algonquian people came to London, the city's print world had centered on St. Paul's Cathedral. Handbills and lottery circulars had changed hands in the churchyard and great aisle, and from there returned to the streets, almost as though the church inhaled information into its precincts and then exhaled it back into the city in the form of paper and its sibling, gossip. In the eighteenth century, this all changed. While the noise of printers' presses, the smell of ink, and the cries of news-hawkers still filled the spaces near the great church, printshops had begun to appear all across the city. In the early decades of the century, they could be found everywhere from Little Britain and Smithfields in the City proper to Fleet Street in the west. Wealthy printers plied their trade in main thoroughfares like Cornhill and Aldersgate, while marginal, dissenting, and underground presses printed materials in places like Moorfields, Grub Street, and Dark Lane. Indeed, two of these places—Fleet Street and Grub Street—have remained metonyms for highbrow and lowbrow presses respectively.[6]

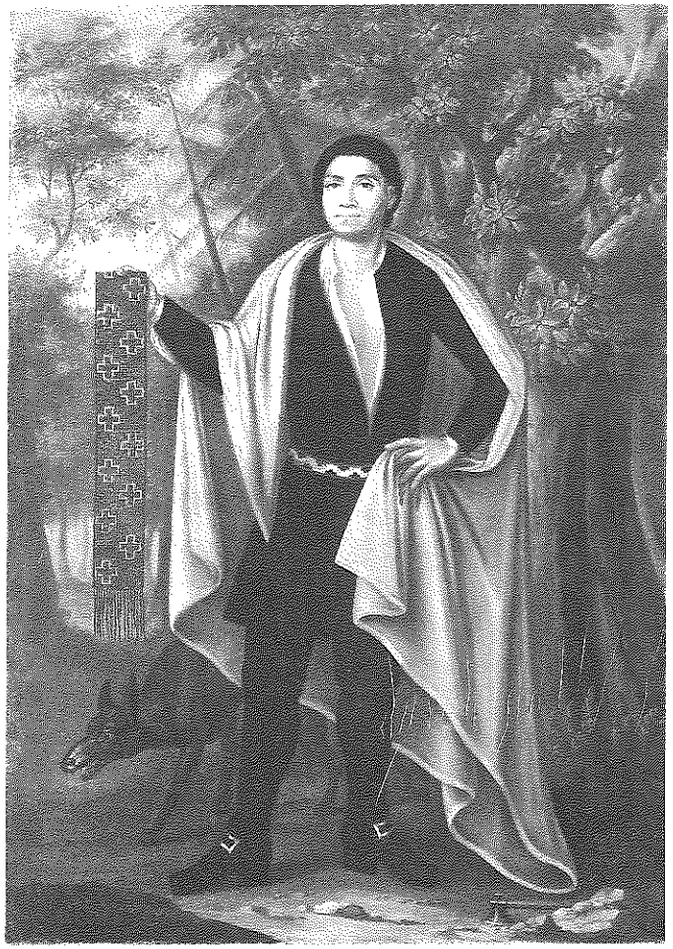
In the spring of 1710, these arteries of print could have been mapped by following a single, remarkable document. If we are to believe its provenance, it is the first largely unvarnished Indigenous voice in London's history:

> The Four *INDIAN* KINGS SPEECH To Her MAJESTY.
> *LONDON*, April 20. 1710.
> *Yesterday the Four Princes of the Continent of* America, *between* New-England *and* Canada, *had their Publick Audience of Her Majesty with great Solemnity, and by their Interpreter made the following Speech to Her Majesty.*

> Great Queen!
> We have undertaken a long and tedious Voyage, which none of our Predecessors could ever be prevail'd upon to undertake. The Motive that induc'd us was, that we might see our *GREAT QUEEN,* and relate to Her those things we thought absolutely necessary for the God of *HER* and us Her Allies, on the other side of the Great Water.
> We doubt not but our *Great Queen,* has been acquainted with our long and tedious War, in Conjunction with Her Children (meaning Subjects) against Her Enemies the French; and that we have been as a strong Wall for their Security, even to the loss of our best Men. . . .

The memorial went on to describe how the Mohawks and their allies had agreed to the queen's instructions on the understanding that she would send a fleet to support them against the French in Canada, who had been encroaching on their territories. When that fleet failed to materialize, the communities began to fear French reprisals. Presenting a belt of wampum—white and purple quahog shells woven into an authoritative record of legal and other agreements—along with their statement, the four men made a veiled threat that the Mohawk might "stand Neuter" on the question of the French versus the British. Their appeal ended with an invitation to Protestant missionaries, entreating the queen to "send over some Persons to instruct us, they shall find a most hearty Welcome."[7]

The "Four Kings," as they quickly became known, instantly captured the city's attention, having arrived from a place that anyone who kept abreast of world affairs would have heard of: Canada. They were members of the Iroquois Confederacy, or the Haudenosaunee as its citizens called it, made up at that time of five related peoples—the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas—who dominated the vast, abundant territory between the English colonies and New France. They managed diplomacy with European newcomers and other Indigenous nations through the Covenant Chain, a religious metaphor and set of diplomatic rituals that linked the Haudenosaunee to other peoples in keeping with the Gayanashagowa, the Great Law of Peace. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Haudenosaunee was the most important geopolitical force in the northeastern quarter of North America. In the summer of 1702, for example, the Haudenosaunee leader Oucheranorum told a gathering at Albany "our Covenant Chain is so strong that the Thunder and Lightning cannot break it." He was correct, and the chain's rattles could be heard in London too.[8]



Tejonihokarawa, one of the "Four Kings" of 1710, with wampum and a representation of his Wolf Clan status in a painting by Jan Verelst. (Courtesy of the Library and Archives Canada, acc. no. 1977-35-4, acquired with a special grant from the Canadian government in 1977)

The four men embodied the kinds of changes that were taking place in Haudenosaunee territories during the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. Three of the Four Kings, Sagayenkwaraton, Onioheriago, and Tejonihokarawa, were from the Mohawks; the fourth, Etowaucum, was a leader of the Mahicans, an Algonquian people from the Hudson Valley who had allied

themselves with their Haudenosaunee "uncles" in 1675. All four were Christian converts but, unlike most Haudenosaunee Christians, were Protestant rather than Catholic, having been influenced by both Dutch and English colonists. Most important, they were go-betweens, key human links in the Covenant Chain; in fact, they may have been chosen by Haudenosaunee clan mothers and other leaders to go to England. Although their place in Haudenosaunee politics was likely somewhat tenuous, their geographical, religious, and social status seems to have given them advantage in both Haudenosaunee and British eyes.[9]

Soon after their arrival, the four men were ushered into the presence of Queen Anne at St. James's Palace. After that, things got busy very quickly. The press of the day offers details of a social calendar that must have been exhausting. For example, during a single three-day stretch at the end of April, they waited for hours outside a special meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which was considering their request for missionaries and the construction of a chapel; they took a meal with William Penn at the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street; and they heard a sermon by the bishop of London before spending the evening socializing at the extravagant Bloomsbury home of the Duke of Montague. Over the course of the spring of 1710, the Four Kings found themselves at the centers of British power. They dined with the illustrious military leader James Butler, Duke of Ormonde; were entertained by the archbishop of Canterbury; and met with the trade commissioners who oversaw British interests from New York to Virginia, Jamaica, and beyond. They toured the Guildhall, seat of London's powerful mercantile community; Gresham College, where the city's leading minds taught law, geometry, and divinity; and the Royal Exchange, venue for the deals that drove Britain's growing empire. They experienced rituals of British sovereignty in the Banqueting House at Whitehall, on the queen's private yacht, and at the parading of the Life Guards in Hyde Park. They saw firsthand British maritime power and its human consequences, visiting both the dockyards at Woolwich and the naval hospital at Greenwich. They were also the first Indigenous people known to have surveyed the entirety of the city from the top of St. Paul's Cathedral.[10]

The Four Kings did not, however, interact only with London's elite. Their lodgings were at a Covent Garden inn called The Crown and Two

Cushions, situated among the noisy theaters and crowded closes. They met the city's poor and middling classes in places like Leadenhall Market, where Londoners of all sorts sold and bought meat; the bearbaiting venues at Hockley-in-the-Hole in Clerkenwell; and even Bedlam Hospital. It was an itinerary that would deplete any visitor, and yet they appear to have taken it in stride: "they are generally affable to all that come to see them," wrote one observer. If the foreigners, with their dark skins, tattoos, and limited English, were exotic and strange to many observers, they were clearly intensely popular; the editor of *The Spectator* wrote that "when the four Indian Kings were in this Country . . . I often mix'd with the Rabble and followed them a whole Day together."[11]

That we know so much about the Four Kings' day-by-day activities is thanks to a new print culture that ranged from broadsides of monsters and human freaks to elevated discussions of politics, shared not just by printers and publishers but by shopkeepers and stevedores.[12] The Four Kings' speech was part of this transatlantic urban echo chamber. Soon after its first printing, the speech proliferated throughout London, typically appearing in its entirety. One J. Baker of the Black Boy in Paternoster Square reprinted and sold it under the title *The Four Kings of Canada,* along with commentary lauding the four men who, "tho' unpolish'd by Art and Letters, have a large Share of good Sense and natural Reason." A similar reprint, *History & Progress of the Four Indian Kings,* noted that the makers of the speech were "very kind and affable to the *English.*" Meanwhile, poets and others began to create a small flood of material related to the Four Kings, most of which acknowledged the broader transoceanic geo- and Christo-politics of their presence. Playwright Elkanah Settle, for example, opined in his *Pindaric Poem* from 1711 that

> You'll find the Phosphor of the advancing Day
> In our Plantations gratefully arise
> And Jesus dawning thro the *Indian* Skyes.
> See there their *Indian* Majesties on Knees
> Waiting for Heav'ns, & Royal *Anne*'s Decrees.[13]

Other parts of this growing archive of Mohawk and Mahican London were elaborate fictions, perhaps inspired to some extent by real events. One lengthy account drew on a visit the Four Kings made to St. James's Park.

After a few stanzas about the diplomatic mission of the visitors, the author described one of the Four Kings being "love seiz'd" among the "troops of handsome ladies . . . rich and gaudily attir'd," with one particular woman "in the christian land and city . . . far exceed[ing] them all." Even though he knew she would never deign to be his, the visitor asked for her hand. The ballad included her answer: "Nor will I ever wed a heathen, / For the richest Indian store." While at one level a commonplace sentimental romance, at another level, this popular account both drew attention to the cruel snobbishness of elite, park-frequenting women and highlighted the Indigenous visitors' difference and supposed inferiority. Whether it really happened or not is almost irrelevant.[14]

In fact, the more popular the source, the more critical it tended to be, both of the Four Kings and of elements within London society—including, most notably, women. One tract described sexual relations between European traders and Indigenous women in Canada by noting that "this Correspondence makes 'em learn the *Indian* tongue with more facility." Having thus gestured toward the alleged bawdiness of Indigenous women, the piece went on to describe them as being "full shore of the Impudence of our own *English* Whores in many Respect," although, to their credit, it was "impossible to find a Scold" among Indigenous Americans, compared to English women who made such good use of "that unruly member the Tongue." As in the decades to come, the presence of Indigenous emissaries—almost all of them men—combined with widespread racism and sexism would be an opportunity for male Londoners to engage in easy misogyny against their countrywomen while also denigrating Indigenous women.[15]

Other references to Etowaucum and his three colleagues took the forms of ballads and bits of rhyming verse. For a mere penny, one could learn "A Ballad on the Progress of the four Indian Kings, that have come so many thousand Leagues to see her present Majesty," which went like this:

> FOUR Kings, each God's viceregent, with Right divine inherent,
> Have lately cross'd the Main, Sir, and Audience to gain, Sir,
> Of *Britain's* Empress *Anne.*
> Which she has kindly granted, to know what Aids they wanted,
> By giving each an Answer, when they had kiss'd her hand, Sir,
> As pleas'd 'em ev'ry Man.

Another piece, "render'd into Pleasant and Familiar Verse," simultaneously emphasized the nobility of the visitors, but also their supposed poverty:

> Four Monarchs of Worth, from their Kingdoms set forth,
> Without Hose or Shoes to their Feet;
> In order to know, how Affairs did here go,
> And of Things of Importance to Treat.

Meanwhile, images of the Four Kings moved through the city. The most well known example consisted of four very large painted portraits by the Dutch painter Jan Verelst, for which the men were dressed to look something like Turks. At shops in the Poultry and the Strand, meanwhile one could purchase John Faber's print of the four visitors "Done from y^{e} Life"—likely a spurious claim—while a mezzotint called "The true Effigies" was based on Verelst's portraits. Meanwhile, one storekeeper near the visitors' lodgings in Covent Garden changed his sign during their sojourn from the Jackanapes on Horseback to the Four Indian Kings.[16]

Some sources claim to offer evidence of Mohawk or Mahican opinions of the city, but in truth, most are primarily swipes at competing factions within London society. One account in *The Spectator*, for example, printed Sagayenkwaraton's alleged perspective on what he saw at St. Paul's—Londoners bowing to each other rather than to God, and sleeping in the church—but then went on to describe the Mohawk's disdain toward Whigs and Tories, idle men being carried in "little covered Rooms," strangling clothes and monstrous hair, and fat urbanites who sat in dark rooms when they should be out hunting. "Amidst these wild Remarks," the editor added, "there now and then appears something very reasonable." Only once does their perspective come through relatively clearly: the visitors had hoped to "tire down [a] Deer, and catch him without Gun, Spear, Launce, or any other Weapon" in one of London's parks, but the request was never granted. So perhaps the editor of *The Spectator*, with his account of fat Londoners who couldn't hunt, spoke some truth after all.[17]

Even if we cannot know their specific responses to the city, we can be sure of one thing: the Four Kings asserted their Indigeneity in London. When the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel conceded to send missionaries to their people, the Mahican and Mohawk representatives signed

a letter agreeing to the arrangement with symbols representing Haudenosaunee clans: two wolves, a bear, and a turtle. In Verelst's paintings, meanwhile, these ancestral beings come to life. Behind both Onioheriago and Tejonihokarawa, a wolf snarls and prances; Sagayenkwaraton's red cloak hides a bear in its shadow; and a turtle ambles at Etowaucum's right. These are not accidental. The animals' presence can only be explained by the Four Kings' own system of ancestral clan kinship: the portraits are not just of four individuals; they are portraits of entire communities stretching back to at least the formation of the Haudenosaunee in the centuries before contact. But perhaps the most important element of Verelst's work from the spring of 1710 is there, hanging on Tejonihokarawa's arm: wampum. It is almost certainly a representation of the exact wampum the four men presented to Queen Anne; if so, it is yet another version of the speech and another link in the Covenant Chain that now stretched from the Sacred Tree at the heart of the Haudenosaunee homelands to St. James's Palace.[18]

Whatever their opinions of the city, the Four Kings at times found themselves in situations where the lines between elite and popular cultures blurred with potentially violent results. One such moment took place on the evening of April 24, when the four men were taken to the Queen's Theatre to see a performance of the opera *Macbeth*. The rowdy audience, referred to in the surviving accounts as a "Mob," made it clear that they had come not to see an opera but to see the Four Kings, warning "we have paid our money, the Kings we will have . . . otherwise there shall be no play." Faced with this threat, the stage manager conceded, placing chairs on the stage so the audience could watch the foreigners watching *Macbeth*. It is impossible to know what the four men thought of this display of the sheer force of a London crowd (or of the backstabbing violence of Shakespeare's story, so at odds with the Great Law of Peace). But by all accounts, after the fiasco at the Queen's Theatre, the four men were kept out of such situations.[19]

The Four Kings were implicated in a second violent episode not long after. In November 1709, a dissenting preacher named Henry Sacherevell had delivered a sermon that scandalized London's elites and mobilized its radicals, lambasting Britain's engagement in the years-long war with France. The sermon inspired a storm of protest that turned into violence soon after. A mob of thousands poured through the city, lighting huge bonfires, looting

houses, and even going so far as to tear down a meetinghouse belonging to a member of the opposition. One of the mob's leaders, a queen's waterman named Daniel Demaree, was arrested. On the same day that the Four Kings had their audience with the queen, Demaree was sentenced to death, but the queen pardoned him "at y^{e} Intercession of 4 Indian Kings," according to one writer. Most historians of the Four Kings' visit doubt that they even knew about the trial, but the fact that they were linked to it illustrates the ways in which "Americans" could be used to talk about urban problems.[20]

The third and last episode of violence linked to the visit of the Four Kings took place nearly two years after Tejonihokarawa and his colleagues had returned home. In March of 1712, the pamphleteer and essayist Jonathan Swift wrote in his diary, "Here is nothing talked about but men that goes in partys about the street and cuts people with swords or knives, and they call themselves by som hard name that I can nethere speak nor spell." That name was "Mohocks." Swift continued over the next few days to describe numerous assaults in the streets around Covent Garden and the Inns of Court. On March 14, he wrote that the Mohocks "put an old woman into a hogshead, and rolled her down a hill, they cut some nosis, others hands, and several barbarass tricks." Identifying them as young men of the upper classes, Swift noted that the "Grubstreet Papers about them fly like Lightning," and he was right: the *Spectator* in particular covered the violence and broadsides titled *The Town-Rakes* and *An Argument Proving from History, Reason, and Scripture, That the Present Mohocks and Hawkubites are the Gog and Magog mention'd in the Revelations, etc.* Meanwhile, the dramatist John Gay penned a play entitled *The Mohocks* in which a character asked, "Who has not trembled at the *Mohock's* Name?" and in which the gang's members sang a refrain of unfettered urban violence:

> Then a Mohock, a Mohock I'll be,
> No Laws shall restrain, our Libertine reign,
> We'll riot, drink, and be free.

But only a couple of weeks later, Swift seemed confused. On March 22, he wrote, "Our Mohocks are all vanisht," but four days later fretted, "Our Mohawks go on still." Like the queen's pardon of Daniel Demaree, later observers have questioned whether the Mohocks even existed, or if they were a

literary device to critique certain elements of London society or a titillating urban legend to thrill Gay's and Swift's audiences.[21]

And that is exactly the point: as real as the Mohawk and Mahican visitors had been, the "Four Kings" offered an opportunity for eighteenth-century Londoners, with their new culture of print, to tell stories about themselves and their city. Although "Indian" violence might be attributed to urban criminals, imagined or otherwise, the real thing—violence between settlers and actual Indigenous people—could leave its mark on the city: two years after the Four Kings' visit, a statue of Queen Anne was erected in the square in front of St. Paul's Cathedral; on one side of the pedestal, a feathered Indian representing America sat, her foot resting on a very European and very severed head. Meanwhile, the Atlantic world descended into a series of wars that linked violence in Britain and Europe to violence in Indigenous homelands. As the century progressed, Londoners and Indigenous travelers alike tried to make sense of their increasingly entangled worlds.

On the high bluff above the wide, slow river, the people came dancing. They had shared *åsi'*, the White Drink from the Beloved Tree, with each other and now came dancing in welcome to the strangers who had arrived in their territory. They came singing out of the council ground of their young town; they came shaking rods covered with bells. They came with muskets, some of the men shooting into the air in memory of past military victories. They carried fans made from the tails and wings of Eagle, the ruler of the Upper World, who offers a peace that flies across the expanse of the earth. They stroked the bodies of the newcomers with their fans, they shook their hands, and they sat down to talk with them. More ceremonies would happen in the days and weeks to come, filled with dancing and the language of hospitality and obligation. They called themselves the Yamacraws; the river was the Savannah; and the strangers included British parliamentarian James Oglethorpe. For Oglethorpe and those who came after him, the first day of February 1733 would be remembered as the moment in which the colony of Georgia was born. For the Yamacraws, it was the beginning of an extension of their already complex world into the Atlantic and of a challenge to the peace expressed in Eagle's feathers.[22]

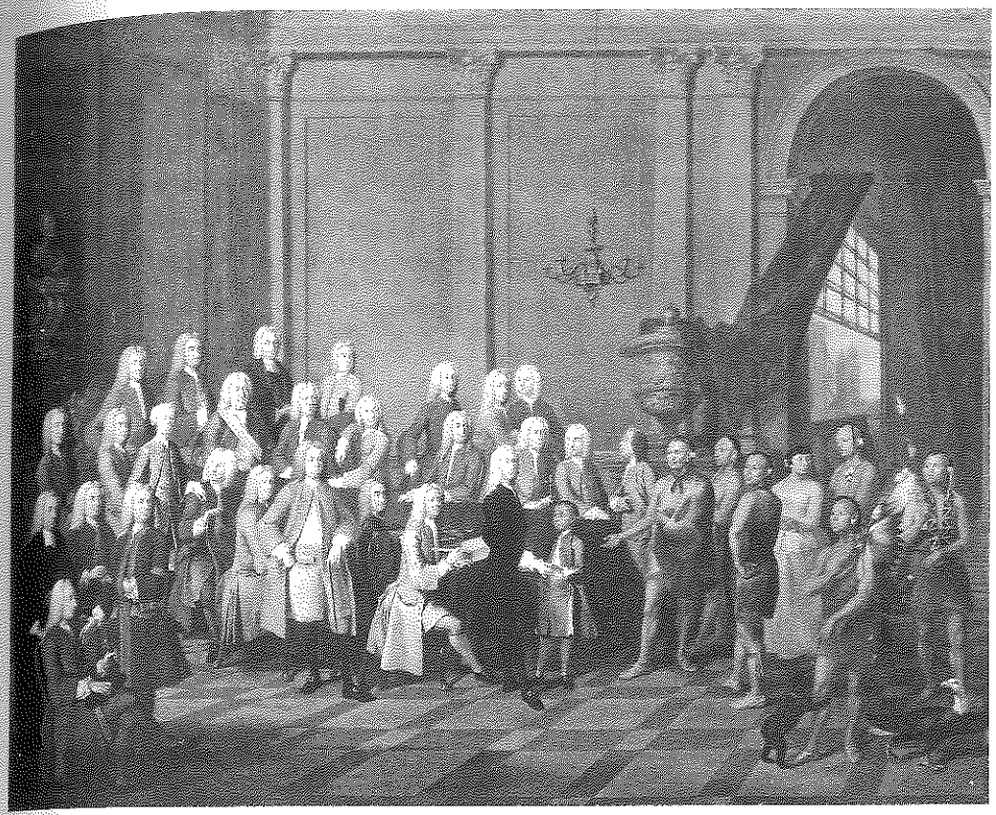
A year later, the presence of Eagle would be required again, but this

time the ceremony linking the Upper World to the lives of human beings took place near the banks of another, very different river: the Thames. Tomochichi, the same Yamacraw *mico* (chief) who had shaken hands with James Oglethorpe, now stood in the throne room of St. James's Palace alongside his wife, Senauki, his teenaged grandnephew Toonahawi, and several of his kinsmen and attendants. There, they presented themselves to George II and Queen Caroline, expressing through an interpreter their desire for trade and their curiosity about Christ. To cement this new relationship, they presented eagle feathers to the royals. Eagles also appeared in paintings of the visitors: in a scene portraying a meeting between the Yamacraw visitors and investors of the Georgia Company, two members of the delegation hold feather fans and a live eagle sits in the lower corner of the painting, while in another portrait, Toonahawi holds an eagle in his lap, the bird no doubt representing for British audiences American "wilderness" but also serving as evidence of Yamacraw religious beliefs and political practices.[23]

Four years earlier, other Indigenous eagles had come to London. In 1730, a delegation of Cherokees also presented themselves at court, offering five eagle tails, four human scalps, and a ceremonial headdress made of a dyed opossum skin. As they laid the feathers on a table before the king, the Cherokee said through their interpreter that "this is our Way of Talking . . . we deliver these Feathers, in Confirmation of all that we have said." This association of Indigenous visitors with eagles and with birds and feathers in general was commonplace; back in 1713, for example, Alexander Pope, inspired by the visit of the Four Kings, had written in "Windsor-Forest" of the "Feather'd People" of America, and in 1762, most portraits of Utsidihi and his colleagues included feather headdresses. Like the appearances of wampum and clan symbols in Verelst's portraits of the Four Kings, feathers were both symbols of exoticism in English minds and assertions of ancestry and authority by Indigenous visitors.[24]

Beyond their use of feathers, the three delegations that arrived in the decades after the Four Kings' departure shared other similarities. All three came in the context of profound upheavals in their own societies resulting from encounters with Europeans. The Yamacraw who greeted Oglethorpe in 1733 at what would become Savannah, for example, were themselves a people of war and diaspora. In 1715 and 1716, a war between the Yamasee

Isaac Basire's 1730 engraving of the seven Cherokee emissaries with Adgalgala, listed here as "Oonacanoa," on the far right. (Courtesy of the Museum of Early Southern Decorative Arts [MESDA] at Old Salem)



George Verelst's painting of the Yamacraw delegation of 1734, including Tomochichi and Senauki, meeting with trustees of the Georgia Company. (Courtesy of the Winterthur Museum, Painting by William Verelst, Gift of Henry Francis du Pont, 1956.567)

people of the Carolina Low Country and the young colony of Carolina had proved particularly devastating for both sides. Many Yamasee survivors moved south along the Atlantic coast, where they joined with a group of Mvskoki people, led by Tomochichi, who had split from the main polity of the Mvskoki for reasons that are unclear and who had traveled to a place on the lower Savannah River where his ancestors were buried. There, with the eventual approval of the Mvskokis, the Yamacraws created a new *talwa*, or town, whose members welcomed the Georgia colonists.[25]

Cherokee journeys to London similarly came at a time of growing tension and trauma. Though sundered by epidemics and increasingly drawn into the Atlantic economy through the deerskin trade, Cherokee towns and their Beloved Men (their chief political leaders) continued to hold sway over a vast region. Wars between the Cherokees and other Indigenous nations, many of them refugees from earlier wars, led the Cherokees into alliance with the British, and in 1730, a delegation left for England to deepen the relationship. The decision to travel was not taken lightly by the Cherokee delegates. A quarter century after his journey, a young Cherokee man named Adgalgala told Governor James Glen of South Carolina that not one of the Cherokee would consent to the 1730 trip; it was only after much cajoling and detailed descriptions of the nature of a transatlantic voyage that the young man and his colleagues agreed to go. They included Oukah Ulah, who was being groomed to become a Beloved Man; three warriors named Scallelocke, Kerragustah, and Collannah; and two additional men named Clogoittah and

Okanackah. Their "handler" was a ne'er-do-well by the name of Alexander Cuming, who had lived in Cherokee territory for some time.[26]

Thirty-two years later, at the end of another war, Utsidihi, Atawayi, Kunagadoga, and Henry Timberlake prepared to make the same journey to find a solution to the continued pressures of European settlement in their traditional territories (and Utsidihi wanted to know if Adgalgala had been lying about what he had seen in England). Kunagadoga had been named as Beloved Man of the Cherokee only two years earlier, and thus he likely had higher standing than Utsidihi, even if he would appear less prominently in the London press. In fact, it was he who had signed the peace treaty with the British in 1761.[27]

The ways in which the Yamacraw delegation of 1734 and the Cherokee delegations of 1730 and 1762 moved through London was not unlike those of the Four Kings. Their itineraries were equally grueling, and the pressures of being observed were intense. For Oukah Ulah, Adgalgala, and their companions, the schedule in 1730 included Windsor Palace in the west and the Royal Hospital at Greenwich in the east, the fair at Croydon in the south and Sadler's Wells in the north, with the Tottenham Court fair, Bedlam, and numerous inns and theaters in between. Throughout, persons "of all Ranks and Distinctions" were allowed to observe them in their lodging, and they sat for several portraits. The Yamacraws appear to have had something of a more relaxed schedule in 1734, but they were certainly under as much scrutiny as their Cherokee predecessors. During a meeting with the archbishop of Canterbury, for example, they were questioned about the nature of their religious beliefs and practices, but they refused to answer; one of their group had just died, and Tomochichi and the others believed his death to be the result of sharing too much during an earlier religious interrogation. Meanwhile, they were spied on by a Spanish friar, disguised as a Dutch diplomat, who had managed to infiltrate the court in order to gain insight into British-Yamacraw alliances on Spain's northern colonial frontier in Florida. The 1762 Cherokee emissaries, for their part, made appearances at Mansion House and the Temple, toured the Woolwich Arsenal and Greenwich, and took in entertainments at Bagnigge Wells and Haymarket Theatre. Timberlake noted that his Cherokee charges felt "the highest disgust [at] being stared at while dressing

or eating [and] they grew extremely shy of being seen." So perhaps it was not Utsidihi's sword-grabbing outburst, but rather his and his colleagues' fatigue and frustration, that led to their disappearance from public view after the fracas at Vauxhall. Such experiences had broader ramifications; Utsidihi said after his return that "the numbers of warriors and people being all of one color which we saw in England far exceeded what we thought possible," suggesting that London's spectacle could shape international diplomacies. (Tomochichi, meanwhile, commented upon returning that he "Saw nothing was done without money" in England, but that he doubted the English were happier than his own Yamacraw people and their Mvskoki kin.)[28]

Even though none of these delegations ever saw or heard an English monarch make a specific political commitment to them, and even though most of their negotiations took place in private with colonial trustees or other figures, their presence inspired Londoners to tell stories about urban life, as discussion of the Yamacraw and Cherokee visitors easily slipped into commentary on the state of the city and its residents. In particular, Indigenous presence in the public spaces of city, and the chaos that so often resulted, inspired complaints about the irrational and potentially dangerous nature of London's lower classes. The editor of *The Gazette and London Daily Advertiser,* for example, fretted over "people running in such shoals to all public places, at the hazard of health, life, or disappointment, to see the savage chiefs that are come among us," and noted that "to read in the papers, how these poor wild hunters were surround by as wild gazers on them at Vauxhall . . . I should like to read a letter (if they could write one) . . . in order to learn what they think of the mad savages of Great Britain." A similar story stated that the three Cherokee men would observe an execution at Tyburn "to see the mob throw dogs and cats at each other . . . and afterwards the battle of the mob who shall have the body, in order to form an idea of European Savages." This emphasis on "the mob" and on London's lower classes was an intrinsic part of accounts of Indigenous visitors.[29]

As in the case of the Four Kings, later Indigenous visitors also inspired London's men to comment on their female neighbors. In 1730, for example, the Cherokee emissary Scallelocke had two rings stolen by a prostitute named Jenny Tite, prompting their host Cuming to refer to lower-class women as lit-

tle more than animals, and another woman allegedly stole one of the delegation's sword-belts and was later caught trying to pawn it. Tomochichi's wife, Senauki, meanwhile—the only female member of these eighteenth-century delegations—compared favorably with English women. When she and the others were taken on a tour of the Tower, they were shown, among other things, Henry VIII's codpiece. When their guide flipped it up to show what was behind, according to one account "many women crowded in and liked the sight, but the Queen [Senauki] turned her head away."[30]

These portrayals took place in a context of swift changes and intense anxieties over the status not just of women but of the changing mores of English society as a whole. In the eighteenth century, women increasingly demanded a place in the public realm. They called for access to education, they conspicuously consumed new goods, they became involved in humanitarian projects, and they began to craft voices for themselves in both the press and literary circles. These were largely upper-class initiatives, but among more middling populations, women became more likely to keep shops, inns, and other small businesses than ever before. Others even went on to become part of the Grub Street printers' world. In response, a discourse of male virtue developed that began to assert the separate spheres that would become so central to English life in the nineteenth century. This virtue was closely—and perilously—linked to colonial goings-on outside of Britain, where trade and warfare could create both anxiety and confidence among elite male Britons. The expansion of the colonies into Indigenous territories, especially during what eventually became known as the Seven Years' War, reshaped notions of both male and female identities, brought new kinds of trade goods and tall tales into circulation within the city, and transformed the ways in which Londoners, male and female alike, talked about "Indians" and other foreign peoples.[31]

Perhaps the raunchiest example of the narrative connections between the status of English women and the presence of Indigenous travelers came in the form of a "New Humorous Song" published as a broadside in 1762 by one H. Howard. After a description of the hordes that turned out to see Cherokee and other Indigenous visitors, and a reference to the notorious events at Vauxhall, the song suggested a particularly sexual answer to the problems of colonial conflict:

An engraving entitled "The Three Cherokees, came over the head of the River Savanna to London, 1762," with Utsidihi/Ustanakwa at the center and translator William Shorey at far left. (© The Trustees of the British Museum, all rights reserved)

Ye Females of *Britain,* so wanton and witty,
Who love even Monkies, and swear they are pretty;
The *Cherokee Indians,* and stranger *Shimpanzeys,*
By Turns, pretty Creatures, have tickl'd your Fancies;
Which proves, that the Ladies so fond are of Billing,
They'd kiss even M——rs [Moors], were M——rs as willing.
No more then these Chiefs, with their scalping Knives dread, Sir,
Shall strip down the Skin from the *Englishman's* Head, Sir;
Let the Case be revers'd, and the Ladies prevail, Sir,
And instead of the Head, skin the *Cherokee* T——l [Tail], Sir.
Ye bold Female Scalpers, courageous and hearty,
Collect all your Force for a *grand Scalping Party.*
For Weapons, ye Fair, you've no need to petition,

No Weapons you'll want for this odd Expedition;
A soft female Hand, the best Weapon I wean is,
To strip down the bark of a *Cherokee P——s* [Penis].
Courageous advance then, each fair *English* Tartar,
Scalp the *Chiefs* of the *Scalpers,* and give them no Quarter.

At first glance a bit of tawdry, puerile frippery, the song also captured the complicated ways in which Indigeneity and gender could be linked in the transatlantic world.[32]

If the London mob and English women were often central to depictions of Indigenous visits, there was a third concern that brought even more furrows to the brows of observers, and that was alcohol. In the eighteenth century, London was the epicenter of a plague of spirits known as the "gin craze." William Hogarth's famous *Gin Lane* (1751), with its swinging suicides, cadaverous dissolutes, and crumbling buildings captured the anxiety among urban elites about the effects of widespread alcohol, especially on the city's poor. "Dead drunk" could be literal: the 1740s were one of the deadliest postplague decades in London's history, thanks in no small part to the eight thousand spirit-houses that had sprung up in places like the Rookeries in St. Giles, the inspiration for Hogarth's engraving. For lawmakers and other elite observers, fears of a generation of sickly children twisted by "mother's ruin" and of a shortage of controllable labor dominated discussions of gin shops and chandlers where liquor was sold for pittances. While a law passed in 1751 finally had the effect of controlling distillery trade, the middle of the eighteenth century would be remembered as a time when London's social fabric had almost frayed entirely.[33]

While hand-wringing over the gin craze focused largely on London's destitute, similar fretting about alcohol could also be inspired by Indigenous visitors. A drunk Indian in London was worthy of comment; Utsidihi had discovered that to his great chagrin. But it was not Indigenous drinking, in these cases, that was the primary problem; rather, it was alcohol abuse on the part of English interpreters that most worried observers. Lord Egremont, for example, complained at some length about John Musgrove, the drunkard who served as interpreter for the Yamacraw delegation: in his cups, Musgrove "so confounded the Indians that they did not understand our proposals. . . . Hereupon we desired to see what he could settle with the Indians to-morrow when Musgrove should be sober." The Yamacraws likewise complained about Musgrove, and no wonder. The stakes in such meetings were exceedingly high: war, trade, and land were all on the table. In 1762, the situation was even worse. William Shorey, a notorious inebriate, had been assigned to interpret for that year's Cherokee delegation, but just before sailing, he was thrown, drunk, into a cold creek by his Cherokee wife and died of either pneumonia or tuberculosis en route. As a result, the audience of Atawayi, Kunagadoga, and Utsidihi was almost derailed entirely. Coming at the end of a protracted war between the two nations, the audience was something of a debacle, likely explaining much of the satire that developed around the emissaries, from Hogarth's *The Times* to the "New Humorous Song." Such were the dangers of Indigenous-British diplomacy in London.[34]

Prostitutes and gallows, Riot Acts and gin shops, thieves and thrown cats: all were part of London's landscape of unrest in the eighteenth century. Georgian England, Roy Porter has written, "was pockmarked with disorder," and Indigenous delegations were unwittingly enlisted in Londoners' fractious conflicts. In fact, stories of Tomochichi and the other travelers tell us as much about the English as about the Yamacraws or any other Indigenous visitors. Take, for example, the two-part essay printed in *The Universal Spectator, and Weekly Journal* in 1742, which cast one of the Four Kings as a "Voice of Nature and Reason" in order to critique many things about London society, in particular affectation. A similar letter appeared twenty years later during the second Cherokee visitation; this time, the letter claimed to be from the Four Kings to Utsidihi and his colleagues, decrying the English as a people of folly, London as a den of immoral materialism, and St. Paul's as little more than a big rock. It is easy to see such artifacts as little more than colonial self-referentiality. But behind such projections, there was something real going on, and it is in Indigenous experience, not in London, but in the homelands, that we can see the real consequences of colonial encounter. And the same three issues that dominated urban discourses about Indigenous visitors—class conflict, the status of women, and alcohol—were central to events in Mohawk, Mahican, Cherokee, and Yamacraw territories.[35]

While elite colonial officials had regular contact with elite Indigenous officials, it was everyday encounters between European and Indige-

nous commoners that could most shape relations between peoples. In the case of all four peoples who sent representatives to London, migrants from the city were central to Indigenous experiences of colonialism. In the case of the Mohawks and the Mahicans, they became hosts to some of London's most outcast residents, when a group of Palatine German refugees living on the outskirts of the city were sent to the colony of New York to produce turpentine for the Royal Navy. Described by some Londoners as a "parcel of vagabonds" and "strange we know-not-whats," the Palatines had experienced violent attacks on their encampments on Blackheath and in Camberwell. Soon after their arrival near Schoharie outside of Albany, the Palatines quickly became a vassal people to the Mohawks, who, in the words of one German settler, "sukled them at their breast." Meanwhile, in both Yamacraw and Cherokee territories, Indigenous people complained about the caliber of Englishmen and women who were coming into their territories. Georgian colonial leaders, for example, found themselves in the tricky position of trying to satisfy new, lower-class migrants while also maintaining the alliance, articulated through Tomochichi, with the Mvskoki nation of the interior. In Cherokee country, the nation's leaders complained in the 1740s that "the white People every Day come nearer and nearer and settling up near us," and one colonial official noted in the 1760s that the Cherokees were "proud, despising the lower classes of Europeans." Many of the wars of the eighteenth century, meanwhile, would be started not just by tensions between settlers and Indigenous people but by differences between lower-class settlers and colonial officials, mirroring conflicts in London.[36]

If urban migration, class conflict, and land encroachment built up the tinder in colonial North America, it was often alcohol that lit the spark. Rum and other spirits had a devastating influence on Indigenous-settler relations throughout the colonies, and time and again Indigenous leaders raised their concerns about it. Almost immediately after the Four Kings' return, Mohawk leaders asked colonial leaders "to prohibit the selling or giving of any rum, strong drink, wine or beer upon very severe penaltys, because many mischiefs doth ensue." A decade later, Aupaumut, a Mahican chief, told the governor of New York that "we desire our father to order the tap . . . to be shut," and a few years after that, another local Indigenous leader told officials at Albany that "you may find graves upon graves . . . all which misfortunes are occasioned by Selling Rum to Our Brethren." Similar stories came from Cherokee territories, where both colonial and Cherokee leaders struggled to regulate the liquor that drove Cherokee people into "jug Debts" and into violence and despair, although these laws were flouted just as openly as London's gin laws were. In both places, alcohol threatened to throw the entire world into disorder.[37]

It was often women who bore the burden of all of these changes; while London men fretted about the changing status of their female counterparts, in Indigenous territories, women were becoming increasingly vulnerable over the course of the eighteenth century. Mohawk women would continue to control much of the political landscape of the Haudenosaunee for generations to come, but for Yamacraw and Cherokee women, the story was altogether a different one. While it is quite likely that Senauki, as the Yamacraw matriarch, was in fact the most powerful member of the 1734 London mission, upon her return, she saw her status decline dramatically. From playing a role in local diplomacy—literally offering milk and honey to the Georgians as symbols of hospitality and goodwill—she found herself forced to negotiate, unsuccessfully, for the land reserved for the Yamacraws living north of the Savannah River. And when the War of Jenkins' Ear broke out between the Spanish and the English in 1739, the rape of Yamacraw and other Indigenous women became central to the prosecution of the conflict and negotiations over compensation. Meanwhile, the sexual exploitation of Cherokee women by English settlers and traders became commonplace as midcentury approached, facilitated by a free trade in rum and other spirits. As women refused to go into the fields for fear of rape or capture, food shortages became endemic throughout the Cherokee towns, and as male warriorship became increasingly central to Cherokee politics, women's matriarchal roles became increasingly marginal. Like class conflict and the disorder created by liquor, the ways in which women's lives were shaped on both sides of the Atlantic give the lie to simplistic and moralistic narratives about scolds and queens. The truth was that to be a woman in either place was a dangerous affair.[38]

It would be wrong to think about these seemingly disparate moments—the chaos at Vauxhall, a rape on the outskirts of Charles Town, a petty thief transported to New York, an Indigenous petition presented to a monarch—

as directly causal, one leading exactly to another. Instead, they are entangled, indeterminate, constellated. In his work on circum-Atlantic performance, Joseph Roach has referred to the network of cities around the ocean's edges as "a vast behavioral vortex." In this way of thinking, the thuggery of the Mohocks can resonate with the Seven Years' War; the gin craze has its echo in rapacious rum traders on the Georgia frontier; stories about fussy ladies flirting with "Indians" run up against Cherokee matrons terrified to tend their sacred crops. The archive of unrest, then, is a disorderly thing in its own right, rhizomatic and imbricated, multivalent and omnidirectional. In his first encounter with the English, on the bluff overlooking the river of his home, Tomochichi is said to have exclaimed that the newcomers were "swift as the bird," that they "flew from the utmost parts of the earth," and that "nothing could withstand them." That may or may not have been true, but certainly the effects of such encounters flew back and forth across the Atlantic, often with very little of the peace that Eagle had once promised.[39]

In 1764, a visitor to London would have been able to see waxwork copies of "Indians," in the form of replicas of Utsidihi and his colleagues, at Mrs. Salmon's Waxworks in Fleet Street. Or they could have gone to see the real thing. Between ten in the morning and six in the evening, customers could pay one shilling to view two young Mohawk men, Sychnecta and Trosorogha, in "their Country Dress, with Belts of Wampum; likewise Tomahawks, Scalping-Knives, Bows, Arrows, and other Things too tedious to be mentioned." The fact that Sychnecta and Trosorogha carried wampum suggests that they may have seen themselves as being on a diplomatic mission. The press and the House of Lords, however, found the situation deplorable, and in March of 1765, the Lords declared a moratorium of sorts on such displays "to prevent any free Indian, under his Majesty's Protection, from being carried by Sea . . . without a proper License for that Purpose." King George III even stepped in, ensuring that Trosorogha and Sychnecta were compensated for their labor and then transported home, where their fellow Mohawks were "much offended" by the public display of their people.[40]

One of the first applications of the new law was, interestingly, against Henry Timberlake himself. When a group of Cherokee leaders petitioned the governor of Virginia in 1764 to allow them to visit the king in England,

their request was denied. Flouting the ruling, Timberlake set sail with three of them not long after, but their trip was a failure: Crown officials refused to meet with an unauthorized diplomatic mission. Ultimately, the law did little to stop travelers from coming. When a delegation of five Cherokee and Mvskoki leaders arrived in 1790 under the sponsorship of their adopted kinsman and British loyalist William Augustus Bowles, they had very little success politically, and the travelers left disappointed.[41]

In fact, the journey to London, for all its possible benefits, rarely conferred long-term prestige and influence upon those who risked the Atlantic crossing. For the Four Kings, certainly, the outcomes were mixed. In 1722 Tejonihokarawa was in Boston at a negotiation with Indigenous representatives from French-allied nations, even though he had been removed from his leadership position in 1716. Of Sagayenkwaraton, Onioheriago, and Etowaucum, less is known, although their families continued to be prominent among Mohawk and Mahican Christians, and a descendant of Sagayenkwaraton, Thayendanagea (Joseph Brant), would eventually visit London twice, in 1776 and 1785, a story we shall take up in a later chapter.[42]

For Tomochichi and the Yamacraws, at first the gains of the visit were clear. Their status as intermediaries between Georgia and the Mvskoki towns was stronger after the journey, which had conferred firsthand knowledge of London as well as spiritual power drawn from its wondrous nature. Fairly soon, however, Tomochichi seems to have overreached, with Mvskoki leaders claiming he exaggerated stories of London to "keep them in Awe." Tomochichi's final years saw him struggling to prevent settlers, both free and enslaved, from encroaching on Yamacraw holdings, at the same time that he and his community were caught up in small-scale wars between the English and Spanish. After Tomochichi's death in 1739 and the dissolution of the Yamacraw reserve on Pipemaker's Creek in 1746, the Yamacraws lost their status as a talwa, and by the nineteenth century, they had ceased to exist as a distinct people, their descendants either gone to live with Mvskoki relations or married into African- or European-descent communities.[43]

Adgalgala of the Cherokee, meanwhile, made good use of his 1730 sojourn in England after his return. Recounting the voyage a quarter century later, he told one colonial governor, "I am the only Cherokee now alive that went to England," and in fact, he had achieved such clout from the voyage

that leaders of the following generation seem to have seen a trip to London as an important facet of political leadership, even if only a handful were able to make the journey, like Utsidihi and his colleagues were in 1762. As for Utsidihi, he would remain one of the most important military leaders of the Cherokee people well into the 1770s, taking up arms against the American rebels alongside Adgalgala's son Tsiyu Gansini (Dragging Canoe). Utsidihi's fellow 1762 traveler Kunagadoga, meanwhile, courted the Spanish as allies against the Americans into the 1780s. What happened to Atawayi is unclear.[44]

Tejonihokarawa, Tomochichi, Adgalgala, and all the others left echoes in the city. For one particularly influential and prolix Londoner, politician and antiquarian Horace Walpole, references to Indigenous people became part of his urban lexicon, appearing throughout his voluminous correspondences with various English and foreign elites across several decades. He called the French "the most Iroquois of nations," but in another letter, after tut-tutting over salacious rumors about the French queen, he exclaimed, "What Iroquois we must seem to the rest of the world!" and he castigated the notoriously callous General Edward Braddock as being "very Iroquois in disposition." Walpole's scorn was especially sharp when directed at disorder within Britain. In 1780, Walpole excoriated London rioters, declaiming, "the savages of Canada are the only fit allies of Lord George Gordon and his crew." Four years later, he wrote in shock that dissenters at Dover had "roasted a poor *fox* alive by the most diabolic allegory! a savage meanness that an Iroquois would not have committed. . . . I detest a country inhabited by such barbarians!" When Jacobites threatened to sweep south toward the capital in 1745, Walpole let Toonahawi stand in for Charles Stuart: "everybody seems as much unconcerned, as if it was only . . . Tooanohowy, the young prince, [who] has vowed he will not change his linen till he lies at St. James's." Walpole's contempt toward actual Indigenous people, meanwhile, was all too clear: during Utsidihi's 1762 visit, he reported dismissively to Lord Montague that "the Cherokee majesty dined here yesterday at Lord Macclesfield's . . . don't imagine I was there."[45]

The Indigenous visitors of the eighteenth century could also leave traces in more public venues. In 1794, composer Stephen Storace's new opera *The Cherokee*, set in London and North America, debuted to great acclaim. One passage in the libretto involved a run of Indigenous names that was clearly meant as a kind of savage glossolalia, but which also chronicled eighteenth-century British engagements with Indigenous nations: "There were Chicksaws and Cherokees and Mohawks and Miamis Schenectaws and Catabaws Algonquins & Iroquois." More tellingly, the main Cherokee character, portrayed by legendary bass Charles Bannister, sang an aria that recalled real Indigenous experiences:

> "Then if to England I shou'd go on weighty affairs of my nation
> There shall I be the first rate show and for nine days lead the fashion
> Bond Street flaunting and Caps enchanting *a la mode de l'Iroquois.*
> With tomahawks & rings and hatchets hung to strings
> Ev'ry belle will seem a squaw, ev'ry belle will seem a squaw . . .
> Oppress'd yet pleas'd, oppress'd yet pleas'd with their approbation
> My grateful heart beats in my breast, my grateful heart beats in my breast
> Success to the British nation, success to the British nation."

The genealogy of this scene is obvious: it descends not only from the theatergoing of actual Cherokee people but from other Indigenous appearances in the city as well as fictionalized accounts, such as the alleged romance between one of the Four Kings and an English lady in St. James's Park in 1710. Like Walpole's epithets, Storace's opera is proof of Indigenous passing. Meanwhile, the score offered a new texture to London's soundscape. Along with sounds of thunder and bloodcurdling war whoops, for the first time in English music, an iconic musical trope appeared. Whenever a group of Cherokee characters came on stage, they did so to music that has resonated ever since. It is the stereotypical sound of Native America: *DUH-dum-dum-dum, DUH-dum-dum-dum.*[46]

The other piece of music that was left behind, if indirectly, by Indigenous visitors, became part of the soundtrack of the British Empire. When the Mohawk and Mahican emissaries stayed at the upholsterer's house in Covent Garden in 1710, the crowds thronging around the place must have been an enormous burden on the householder's wife, who was nursing a small infant. Many years later, that baby, educated at Eton and grown into one of Britain's most well known composers, created stridently rousing music to accompany some of the most assertive lyrics in the English language. There

are no Mohawk or Yamacraw or Cherokee characters in the song. Instead, it is flush with other symbols: shouting angels crowding a commanding heaven, native oaks and foreign tyrants, generous flames and shining cities of commerce. First heard in 1745 in London, the song's influence expanded along with Britain's, as part of what Winston Churchill would famously refer to as the "first world war." The composer Thomas Arne had no doubt grown up with family stories of Tejonihokarawa and his compatriots, and perhaps even had faint memories of his own to fuel his transatlantic imagination. He had also no doubt read newspaper accounts of other delegations or had even seen men like Adgalgala, Tomochichi, and Kunagadoga in the city's public places. Surely, he had a few "Indians" in mind when he set these words to music:

> Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule the waves:
> Britons never will be slaves.[47]