

A DOG'S LIFE IN THE CAROLINAS¹

An excerpt from

Erik the Red, Leif the Lucky and other Pre-Columbian Discoverers of America
by P. Oswald Moosmüller, translated by George P. Upton, A. C. McClurg & Co, 1911:58-61.

The Expedition of Madoc, the Welsh Prince (ca. 1170 CE)¹

It is conjectured that Madoc settled upon the coast of North or South Carolina, and that the colonists never returned to Wales but gradually were assimilated with the powerful Indian stock, though they preserved their language. At the beginning of the English colonization in these regions there are not lacking reports concerning this Welsh remnant of Madoc's and also of Gaelic speech used by the Indians. Some of these reports attracted little attention and were not credited at the time, but one of them, which deserves careful consideration, is that of Rev. Morgan Jones, who wrote a letter in 1686, setting forth his experiences among the Tuscarora Indians in 1660. In this letter is the following remarkable statement:

"In the year 1660, when I lived in Virginia and was Field Chaplain for Major General Bennett, the General and Sir William Berkeley sent two vessels to Port Royal, now called South Carolina, which lies sixty leagues south of Cape Fair and I was sent there to serve as chaplain. We left Virginia on the eighth of April and arrived on the nineteenth of the same month at the entrance of the harbor of Port Royal, where we waited for the other vessels of the fleet to arrive from the Barbadoes and Bermuda Islands with the Honorable Mr. West, who had been appointed Vice-Governor of this place. As soon as the fleet came, the smaller vessels sailed up the river to a place called Oyster Point. There I remained eight months and as we often suffered for the necessities of life, five other men and myself travelled through the wilderness until we came to the country of the Tuscaroras.

The Indians made us prisoners and we told them we were going to Virginia. During the night they took us to their village and confined us in a secure place, much to our dismay. On the next day they held a council over us, after which an interpreter informed us we were condemned to die on the next day. At this intelligence I was greatly dejected and said in Welsh speech:

'Have I escaped so many dangers only to be killed like a dog?'

Thereupon one of the Indians, who was a war chief, and the chief of the Doegs (who are descended from the old Britons or Celts) came up to me and seized me about the waist and told me in Welsh I should not die. Thereupon he took me to the Emperor of the Tuscaroras and arranged for my ransom and that of my companions. They, the Doegs, made us welcome in their village and cordially entertained us four months during which time I had frequent opportunities for conversing with them in the Welsh language and I preached to them in the same language three times a week. They spoke to me about something which was difficult to understand. Upon our departure they provided us with an abundance of everything we needed. They lived on the Pontige River, not far from Cape Atios. This is a brief account of my journey among the Doeg Indians.

Morgan Jones,

Son of John Jones, of Bastaeg, at Newport, in the county of Monmouth.

I am ready to take a Welshman or others to that region, at any time.

New York, March 10, 1685-1686."

1. Title & expedition date added; basic text: The Internet Archive: <http://www.archive.org/details/erikredleiflucky001832>