

CHAPTER I.

ABORIGINAL, FRENCH, AND ENGLISH HISTORY.

“ First in the race, that won their country’s fame.”

THE historian is sometimes obliged to record events, over which, if truth could be as well accommodated, he would gladly cast the veil of forgetfulness, nor torture public sympathy with the narration of scenes that pain even while they instruct. We pity even the banditti of Judea whom Herod’s soldiers subdued ; for lawless as they were, their women, children, and all their hopes sank into the same ruin. But the aboriginals of America come up in the annals of the past, demanding our strongest sympathy, because their crime was simply the accident of birth ; they were the possessors of this continent ; its untold treasure of wealth invited the cupidity of strangers from the eastern climes, and in their presence the proud sons of the forest of America have withered away. When we contemplate our country as it is, filled with wealth and the most wonderful improvements ; when we consider the almost exhaustless resources, agricultural and mineral, of our land ; and when we look upon our educated, active, and indomitable people, with the Bible for their code, ready to use every available and righteous means to strengthen

and perpetuate the Republic, and increase its moral, social, intellectual, and political light and liberty, we feel that in the inscrutable providence of God, the red man's period in time has about elapsed, and soon all that will remain to tell that he ever existed will be the imperfect record left by us, his exterminators.

To us, who, from this time, look back upon the events of the past, it does not look strange that the natives should have retired before the more powerful whites, and that they should have made some attempts to expel their invaders. Nor does it appear strange, that, after having seen the graves of their dead desecrated, their homes made desolate, and their ancient forests laid waste—after the apprehension had at last reached their darkened minds that they were to be eventually exterminated, they should have turned on their persecutors, nerved with destruction, and armed with the desire for “liberty or death.” Sympathy for our countrymen who suffered from the chafed, desperate people whose homes we have wrested from them, and whose country we have appropriated to our use, should never mislead us into the supposition that the Indian of America possesses a more vindictive nature than ourselves. Could a people as much more highly cultivated than ourselves, as the early settlers were better informed than Indians, approach our shores, and by friendship at first, and then by fraud, theft, the deceitful use of powerful exhilarating drinks, and finally by force of arms, get possession of all our eastern cities and seaboard, would we quietly relinquish *all* of our homes, and tamely bend our necks to the conqueror's yoke? If not, then learn to appreciate the parallel case of the Indians.

In attempting to narrate any event of Indian warfare, we find the most insurmountable difficulties arising, unless we bring in the combined events that prompted the outrage or action. The truth is, the aborigines have no historians to record and publish to the world the virtues, the sufferings, or the heroism of their race, and from this fact has arisen the difficulty of presenting the red man as he really is. As the night retires leaving no trace behind, so the Indian has retired from his country. As the day drives the night away, and then paints a variegated dress for the landscape, so the white man has driven away his feebler neighbor, and left his own history.

The early settlers along the Atlantic coast had many things to retard their progress. The woodland abounded with game, and the rivers and creeks with fish, but the strong desire of most of the early emigrants to become *speedily rich*, prompted them to search for gold and silver ; and when they failed in this, they commenced a course of fraud,—capturing a native, in some instances, and then demanding a ransom of corn, land, and skins.

As might have been expected, the settlements following such a course were very soon reduced to abject want. The disaffection thus generated among the Indians at one settlement, soon spread through nearly the whole, and at a very early date after the settlement of our country commenced by the whites, the Indians became their deadly foes. After many lives, together with much time and money, had been needlessly expended, the New World assumed an aspect wholly changed ; people of industry, enterprise, and morality flocked to our shores, anxious to obtain the neces-

saries of life by hardy toil. The woodman's axe was heard, and soon the busy hum of mills and machinery mingled with the clatter of wagons, the ploughman's song, and the lowing of herds.

The English claimed the earliest possession of this territory, but the French, no less willing to extend their possessions and increase their power, began a settlement in the north. This led to much unpleasant feeling, and at length to open collision between the settlements and nations. These difficulties were all apparently settled by the treaty of Utrecht, in April, 1713. The apparent peace would have continued a permanent adjustment undoubtedly, but for the ever restless Jesuits. These zealots imagined that the Indians would gladly embrace their religious dogmas, and that the introduction of missionaries among them would eventuate in fixing Jesuitism on a firmer and more honorable basis. Prompted by such motives, this privileged sect of the Roman See commenced their missionary efforts among the Indians with a zeal peculiar to propagandists. The French, and especially the French colonists, lent aid to these missionaries and their abettors, who, in turn, explored the wilds, and greatly promoted the interests of the French in America, and by their glowing descriptions stimulated the desire of the French colonists to become masters of the trade, and if possible of the continent itself.

The fur trade presented inducements to both parties ; and to reap a rich return from it, it became necessary to win and retain the friendship of the Indians. The French, prompted by their subtlety, won many Indians in the west to their cause, and then commenced a series

of encroachments upon Nova Scotia in the east ; Crown Point in the north and west ; attempted to establish a line of fortifications, extending from the head of the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, and were encroaching far upon Virginia, while the English colonists had the unpleasant prospect before them of being surrounded by a belt of hostile French and Indians, closing rapidly upon them. With this prospect clearly in view, they commenced the most active measures to counteract the ruin that seemed about to hurry them swiftly along the way of the banished aborigines. Indian agents were appointed, whose duty it was to treat with them ; to make them valuable presents ; to redress their grievances, and to act at all times as the friend of the red man. These efforts of the English to establish amicable relations with the Indians, were crowned with happy results ; many individual Indians became firm friends of the English, and eventually a majority of the tribes were found warmly attached to the ever-conquering English side.

Among the Indian agents, Sir William Johnson's name stands first among those with whom we need trace any definite connection with the incidental Indian history of which we shall treat in future chapters. This gentleman was for many years the Superintendent-General of the Indians, and by his friendship and wisdom attached the Five Nations so closely to him, that he exercised an almost unlimited control over them. After the death of his amiable wife, he received to his home "Mary Brant," sister of "Joseph Brant,*" the

* Thayendanegea.

celebrated captain and governor of the Six Nations, and lived with her in the full enjoyment of that affection and fidelity consequent upon a union of minds congenial, and love devoutly pure. This union, so far from being an insult to the Indians, was doubtless looked upon as a mark of real esteem. When an Indian becomes a warm friend of a white man, it is no uncommon thing for him to bring his wife, as a present, thinking, unquestionably, that as she is most valuable to him, so she will be most acceptable to his friend. Whether this relationship had any tendency to tighten the cords of confidence between him and the red men or not, we leave the reader to judge, barely remarking, that the influence he exerted over them was so powerful, that it gave the controlling motion to all the subsequent events of Indian history in this region of country.

Sir William Johnson was born in Ireland, in the year 1714. In 1734 he came to this country to superintend the estate of his uncle, Sir Peter Warren. His residence was located on the banks of the Mohawk river. He soon ingratiated himself into the esteem and confidence of the Six Nations. He studied the Indian character, became master of their language, and at particular seasons assumed their dress, invited them to his house, and labored on all suitable occasions to extend to them that attention and courtesy so well calculated to impress them with peculiar reverence. He was stern and unyielding in his disposition, yet possessed the superior faculty of controlling his passions, and when occasion required was conciliatory and courteous to the unlettered aborigines of the forest.

During the French war, which broke out in 1754, he

rendered very great assistance to the provincial army. At Lake George, where he held the post of Commander-in-Chief, he gained a most brilliant victory over the French and Indian forces of Baron Dieskau. In honor of this achievement, the House of Commons voted him a bequest of £5,000 sterling. The king most graciously favored him with the title of "Baronet, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs." Brigadier Gen. Prideaux fell at the siege of Fort Niagara, when Sir William assumed the office of Commander-in-Chief of the combined English forces. He conducted the siege with gallantry, compelled the Fort to surrender, and took the garrison prisoners. Under his command were 1000 Iroquois. With these well-trained warriors, he united with the forces of Gen. Amherst, at Oswego, in 1760, preparatory to his expedition into Canada, closing his distinguished military career at Montreal.

In his retirement from the bloody field of "glorious war," he lived like an eastern lord, supporting much of the dignity of a nobleman.

He died in the sixtieth year of his age, and was interred under the "old stone church" at Johnstown. In 1806, his remains were "taken up and re-deposited." He had been rather seriously wounded at Lake George, and the ball, not having been extracted, was found in the mingled dust of the brave old man.

We have deemed it necessary to take this brief review of the early history of our country, that we might be enabled to understand why the Indians of the confederacy, and many other tribes, adopted the cause of the mother country during the Revolutionary struggle, and that we may be better prepared to present a gene-

ral sketch of the border wars of New York, waged for the supremacy of soil, for power and plunder.

The most prominent language spoken by the aborigines was the Algonquin.

They believed in one Supreme God—the Great and Good Spirit—the Maker of Heaven and Earth—the Father and Master of life—the Creator of every animate being. They adored him, worshiped him, and regarded him as the author of all good. Different tribes knew him by different names, such as *Kiethan*, *Woonand*, *Cautanwoit* and *Mingo Ishto*. He lived far away to the warm south-west, amid perennial flowers, golden fruit, and sweet-scented zephyrs. They saw him in the glassy water, foaming surge, sparkling fire, in the dazzling sun, silvery moon, and radiant stars.

Among them were many gifted and eloquent orators. Tall and majestic in appearance, with graceful attitude and noble bearing, they united in extreme harmony and degree both action and sentiment. Full of electrifying emotion, thrilling ideas, and pulsating, leaping words, every sentence was instinct with exuberant, all-motivated, panting life. They would fill the ear with music, the mind with fire. Their speeches were like streams of swift-running intellect, charmed and poetized by the sweetest flowers and fairest thoughts.

At a very remote period in the annals of the past, the aborigines had penetrated into different parts of the territory, now embraced within the State ; and as early as 1535 had erected the seat of their empire at *Ganentuha*, or Onondaga.

In 1600, the Five Confederate Nations,—the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas,—

had become very numerous and warlike. They had gradually spread over the territory extending from the borders of Vermont and central western New York, from the great northern chain of lakes to the head waters of the Ohio, the Susquehanna, and the Delaware. The French called them the Iroquois, and the English the Five Nations. Their war-paths extended beyond the Connecticut, the Mississippi, and the Gulf of Mexico.

The French made their first permanent settlement in Canada during the year 1608. Governor Champlain was the guiding spirit, and under his direction and efficient action, Quebec was founded.

From 1609 to 1759, central and western New York formed a portion of French Canada, or New France. The St. Lawrence river and its shores had been explored by Cartier and portions of his crew, as early as August, 1535 ; but no permanent settlement was made previous to 1608.

The French looked upon the aborigines as a kind of groveling beings, having few wants, desires, or thoughts above the instinct of the brute creation, and labored to locate them in villages, the first of which was founded near the settlements of Montreal and Quebec. But the general habits, customs and sentiments of the whites were so dissimilar to those of the Indians, that the attempt proved a failure. The presence of the "pale face" tended rather to corrupt than improve the natives. The plan was therefore abandoned, and another mode adopted to induce them to favor the French, while they should exhibit their hostility to the English.

In 1608, the Iroquois, or Five Nations, were engaged in a bloody and exterminating war with the Adiron-

dacks, a confederacy of the Algonquins. They had been driven from their possessions and hunting grounds around Montreal, and compelled to fly for safety to the southern coast of Lake Ontario, but in turn they fell upon their invaders with the ferocity of tigers, and forced them to abandon their lands, situated above the Three Rivers, and seek a rampart behind the straits of Quebec.

Governor Champlain, unhappily for the colonists, and unwisely for himself, entered into an alliance with the Adirondacks, furnishing them with men and munitions of war, which tended strongly to turn the current of success. Their pomp, parade, and haughty movements, their glittering armor and polished steel, waving plumes and richly decorated banners, the blaze of musketry and the roar of the deep-mouthed bellowing cannon that flashed lightning and spouted thunder, bewildered their untutored minds, and sent horror and consternation among the combined forces of the Iroquois, and they were as a consequence defeated in several battles, and finally driven from Canada. Undismayed, however, by their reverses, they turned their arms against the Sata-naus or Shawnees, defeated them, and set about a renewal of the contest with their rival foes.

A Dutch ship had entered the Hudson river, having on board the colonists who made a location where we now see the city of Albany. It was an easy task to obtain of them weapons similar to those which had been so successfully used in their defeat and dishonor. Being now fully prepared for a more severe contest for power, they resumed the fight with their old enemies. Their efforts were attended with the fullest success, and

the Adirondacks were completely annihilated. Gov. Champlain, too late to retrieve his mistake, learned that he and his friends had united their fortunes with the conquered instead of the conquerors. This action on the part of the French originated that bitter enmity and undying hatred which for a long period existed between them and the Five Confederated Nations.

From this time the confederacy rapidly rose to the first power east of the Mississippi. Their war parties ranged from Hudson's Bay on the north to the mountains of Tennessee on the south, from the Connecticut on the east to the Mississippi on the west ; and every nation within these vast boundaries trembled at the name of the Akonoshioni, or united people.

During the reign of the Dutch governor, Peter Stuyvesant, the province of New York, in 1644, was surrendered to the English, who exerted themselves to preserve the friendly feelings which were created between the Five Nations and the Dutch, through the agency of the latter, who were so opportune in lending that species of arms which enabled the former to conquer the Adirondacks, and regain their former honor, their homes and hunting grounds. This timely aid on the part of the Dutch, enabled the hardy German to penetrate with safety into the Indian settlements, and traffic with the natives. The English were successful. They called conventions at Albany, were liberal, and even extravagant in distributing among the Indians munitions of war, merchandize, and various gaudy tinselled trappings of fancy. The French, unwilling to see the English reap all the fame and glory derived from Indian friendship, redoubled their exertions to win

their favor and weaken their alliance with the English. If the confederacy could be dismembered, they presumed it an easy matter to conquer the English.

In 1665, Courcelles, Governor of Canada, dispatched a party of the French to attack the Five Nations ; but being unaccustomed to long and secret expeditions, they lost their way amid the wastes of snow which retarded their progress, benumbed their faculties, and reduced them to a state bordering on starvation, and finally, without knowing where they were, made a stand at Schenectady, then but recently founded. Reduced by cold, starvation, and the consequent results of a rapid march, they resembled an army of beggars over which the buzzard and vulture had hovered, and were ready to descend and devour. The appetite of a hyena would hardly have been satisfied with a meal from their wasted forms. Many Indians were then in the village, and could have easily destroyed them, and perhaps would, had not the friendly aid of a Dutchman interfered, by way of advice and artifice, to spare them, that they might be the more fully prepared to meet and contend with a stronger foe, which he contrived to make them believe was advancing.

The French were not so anxious to instill morality and the more noble lessons of virtue into the minds of the savages, as they were to make allies for France. That they partially succeeded is evident from the fact that they induced the Caughnawagas, in 1671, to leave the banks of the Mohawk and locate in Canada. French vanity, and their advantages of polite bearing, were better calculated to influence the native, than the stiff, overbearing pride and self-conceit of the English ; and

although they could not for any great length of time retain the good graces of the Indians, yet it is recorded that one of the French Jesuits so far won their favor as to be adopted into one of the tribes, and was afterwards chosen a sachem.

The Dinodadies, a tribe who were in alliance with France, were at war with the Five Nations in 1688, and by treachery and falsehood contrived to intercept their ambassadors while on their way to hold a conference in Canada, and with a cowardly meanness and savage barbarity peculiar to themselves, killed several of them, pretending to be influenced by the French Governor, thus violating their faith and making their enmity still stronger, and the breach wider. Resolved upon having vengeance, they soon landed 1,200 Iroquois warriors at Montreal, slew 1,000 French, "and carried away twenty-six prisoners." These, after being subjected to their scoffs and jeers, were burned alive. The French, no less willing to submit, made stealthy incursions into their country, and during the dark hours of night applied the incendiary torch to the Indians' home, thus reducing several of their villages to ashes.

In 1690 Schenectady was secretly attacked by a band of French and Caughnawaga Indians. The hour chosen was the dead of night. The village was completely surrounded, and before the inhabitants were aware of it the torch had been applied, and every dwelling was being devoured by the devastating element. Then commenced the sacrifice,—cruel, unrelenting. Murder and rapine went hand in hand. Infants had their brains dashed out, or with fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, were cast into the burning dwellings, while the

red-hot flames, like ten thousand fiery serpents, wreathed their consuming folds around them. Sixty persons thus perished to appease their unhallowed wrath, while thirty were taken captive. The few that escaped the awful massacre fled naked through the drifting snow in the direction of Albany. Many perished on the way, and twenty-five of the unhappy fugitives lost their limbs.

To avenge the wrong, a party of young Albanians united with a tribe of the Five Nations, and pursued the invaders, overtook them, and killed and captured about thirty.

Previous to this inhuman massacre, the colony of New York had not been regarded as being in any immediate danger of an attack from the French. The colonists felt more especially secure, from the fact that the negotiations which were then pending in Europe were likely to bring about an amicable adjustment of the difficulties originating from the conflicting claims of the two rival powers in the New World.

The red leaguers still remained firm to the English cause, and exhibited considerable tact and ingenuity in harrassing their enemies.

In 1701 a general peace was concluded between the French and the Five Nations.

In the year 1712 the Corees and Monecons, or Tuscaroras, were waging a cruel and bloody war against the Carolinas. They were defeated with great loss, and driven from their country. Thus vanquished in their endeavors to subjugate the inhabitants of those colonies, the Tuscaroras left the seat of their ancient renown and journeyed northward, and finally united their destinies with the confederacy of the Five Nations, receiving

a tract of land to dwell on; after which the allied powers were known by the name of the Six Nations.

From the commencement of the eighteenth century down to 1750, the Jesuit missionaries were very successful in influencing the Six Nations to favor their cause. They dazzled their uncultivated minds with the tinselled glare of Romish ceremonies, accommodated themselves to the tastes of savages, and held out to view the rich resources, the magnificent splendor of their king's golden throne, and thus ingratiated themselves so far into their good graces as to succeed in obtaining permission to build forts in their territory : and when the last French war broke out in 1754, four of the tribes were found raising the tomahawk against their former friends, the British colonists; and yet, singular as it may appear, before the last decisive blow was struck which defeated the French and gave power and dominion to the English, the red men had abandoned the French and the "magnificence of *le grand monarque*," and were once more allied with the English.

CHAPTER II.

LINDESAY'S PATENT.—CHERRY VALLEY.—BRITISH OPPRESSION.

“There was heard the sound of a coming foe,
There was sent through Tryon a bended bow,
And a voice was heard on the free winds far,
As the strong rose up at the sign of war.”

GILLIES, the celebrated historian, presumes that men “in the infancy of society” were “occupied with the business of the present hour, forgetful of the past, and regardless of the future.” There may have been instances where the truth of this declaration has appeared evident. We however doubt its general application. Not so with our *Pilgrim Fathers*, who two hundred years ago braved the dangers of the stormy ocean, when the *May Flower* came to this western continent laden with the destinies of this great nation. They left the land of persecution, where religious fanaticism and political tyranny were at their work of oppression, that they and their children might enjoy the rights and privileges of freemen in the new world of promise. Not so with our patriot fathers, who, rather than endure the injustice of British tyranny, or British insolence, made bare their bosoms to the shafts of battle, and shrunk not from the bloody horrors of a seven years' war. Not so

with the dauntless champions, who, from the day of peril when they wrestled with the savage for his birth-right, to the day of glory when they proclaimed a new charter to man, were giving a new nation to the world. Not so with the appointed few who came to sow the good seed, to grapple with infidelity as they rallied around the banner of the cross and descried on the far-off shore of the *heavenly Canaan* that celestial diadem that was bought with the hues of *Calvary*. Not so with the early pioneers of our country, who abandoned the soft endearments of home, social ties, and struggled to form new settlements in the wilderness, where before the hand of civilization had not contributed its strength to rear the domestic domicil. They toiled, not alone for themselves, but for their children—for posterity. We glory in the achievements of such men. We take pride in witnessing their success. They are the great benefactors of mankind—nature's true noblemen. And it will be our humble effort "to rescue from oblivion the names" of those who first warred with the mountain oak, or enriched our valleys by hardy toil; and it will be, too, our province and pleasure to record the deeds of those stern actors, over whose labors the rust of time has gathered, and over whose hallowed dust the green turf has grown, and wild flowers have sprung up in beautiful luxuriance. Nor shall we pass unmindful by those whose whitened locks and trembling limbs point like sentinels to the tomb. We should cherish their worth, emulate their virtues,—for they toiled that we might enjoy the rich fruits of their labor.

Albany county, in 1771, embraced all the northern and western part of the province of New York, extend-

ing from the Hudson river to the Niagara. Tryon county was organized in 1772. It was named in honor of Sir William Tryon, the provincial governor. It embraced in its boundaries a very large territory of country, containing all that part of the State lying west of a north and south line running nearly through the centre of the present county of Schoharie. The county seat was at Johnstown, the residence of Sir Wm. Johnson.

By examining our State map, it will be seen that Tryon was made up in part of Franklin, Hamilton, Fulton, Montgomery, Delaware, Ulster, Sullivan, and Orange, and the whole of St. Lawrence, Lewis, Herkimer, Otsego, Broome, Chenango, Madison, Cortland, Onondaga, Oneida, Oswego, Cayuga, Wayne, Seneca, Tompkins, Schuyler, Chemung, Tioga, Steuben, Yates, Ontario, Monroe, Livingston, Alleghany, Cattaraugus, Genesee, Orleans, Niagara, Erie, and Chautauque counties. It was changed to Montgomery in 1784.

The boundary between the British and Indian territory, as agreed upon in the treaty of 1768, run from Fort Stanwix, near Oneida creek, southward to the Susquehanna and Delaware.

Various portions of country embraced within the boundary lines of Tryon county have been hallowed and consecrated by the toils, the sacrifices and blood of those who fought and fell in freedom's holy cause. The blood chills as we look back to those days of rapine and carnage, and the pulse throbs with wild emotion as we recur to the stealthy march and midnight massacre—scenes which have made our country classic to those who delight in the recital of tales which send the blood curdling to the heart.

We see the long defile of painted savages as they wind along the Indian trail,—now issuing from the dark forest upon some defenceless settlement; now robbing some happy home of its brightest jewels, or applying the midnight torch to the pioneer's domicil, while savage yells rend the heavens and mingle in horrid discord with the groans of the dying who have fallen by the intruder's hand.

The Revolutionary struggle has lent an additional charm to those battle fields where freedom and tyranny met and struggled for the mastery ; fields hallowed by time, and made consecrate by the uncoffined bones of many a brave warrior. No country presents such scenes of grandeur and glory. In no country has passion stamped its vitality, energy, and sublimity more indelibly in popular traditions and in historic reminiscences.

In the early part of the 18th century, about 3000 German Palatinates, under the protection of Queen Anne, emigrated to this country. A large number of them made locations in Pennsylvania, while a few passed from Albany, by way of the Helderberg, in 1713, to the rich flats which border Schoharie creek. Here, wearied and wayworn, they paused for rest. Explorations were made, and finally a settlement agreed upon. In 1722, the country bordering the Mohawk had become dotted with small settlements, and the footprints of civilization had reached the German Flats.

In 1738 a patent was granted by the Lieutenant Governor of the province of New York to John Lindsay, Joseph Roseboom, Lendert Gansevoort, and Sabrant Van Schaick. This patent contained 8,000 acres of

land, situated in the northern part of the [now] county of Otsego, and embraced a part of the town and village of Cherry Valley.

In 1739 Cherry Valley was founded by John Lindesay, a Scotch emigrant. In a few years improvements were so far made as to render the little band of pioneers comparatively comfortable, though they had endured the horrors of an almost living, lingering death by starvation.

In 1740 the snow fell, during the middle winter month, to the depth of several feet, precluding all intercourse or communication between the settlers of Cherry Valley and those bordering the Mohawk. Mr. Lindesay and family were placed in a most critical and truly alarming condition. Unprepared for the close quarters to which the severity of the weather had reduced them,—without food, with scanty raiment, and none of the conveniences which were calculated to encourage or improve their unhappy condition,—they looked on all around as one wide waste of dreary, blank desolation. He looked upon his wife, the partner of his early love, and as he saw the pearly tear start from her once sparkling eye, and steal its way down her pallid cheek, where he was wont to see the blush of vestal modesty start, he inwardly prayed that a good Providence might protect, and that the angel of mercy might rend aside the curtain that hid the present from the unknown future. And his children—who will protect and answer to their appeals for food? The cold, bleak blast, as it comes on its storm-beaten pinions, sweeping over the great lakes and wide-spread prairies, moans and howls among the tops of the forest trees, and

sends a colder chill to the sinking heart of the stricken parent.

'Tis night! The sky is filled with snow, the wind sings its sad requiem. Without, all is cold and cheerless. Within the frugal home of our ill-protected pioneer sits an aged Indian of the Iroquois tribe. He is listening to the sad tale of the starving family. Touched with pity, the tear of sympathy steals down his furrowed cheek. His majestic form rises from the oaken chair. He is resolved to alleviate their sufferings. He pauses but a moment to light his pipe, or calumet of peace, as an indication of friendship with the pale face, then stroking the flaxen hair of the little infant that sat upon its mother's knee, and waving a good-bye with his brawny hand, he left the confines of the pioneer's little empire with slow and measured pace. His course is in the direction of the magnificent Mohawk.

And now, amid the darkness and solitude of a bleak winter's night, the native red man, dressed in the simple Indian garb, wearing heavy snow-shoes, is wending his lonely way to his rustic home, embosomed amid an amphitheatre of hills just back of that majestic river. Could we have fathomed the thoughts of that "aged hemlock," we should have learned that his mind was deeply impressed with the forlorn situation of his white friends, whose relief was the immediate object of his night march through the drifting snow. His sentiments and grateful emotions were akin to those which actuated the simple aboriginals long before their minds were polluted with the inhumanity of the transatlantic lords, whose object was the subjugation and annihila-

tion of the red men of the wilderness. In due time the old scarred warrior returned laden with provisions, which he freely presented to Mr. Lindesay and family. With what grateful emotions they were received can be better imagined than told.

Mr. Lindesay was deserving of the Indian's friendship, for it had been his endeavor to cultivate the good will of his tawny brethren.

The old Indian made him frequent visits during that long and unpropitious winter, and continued to relieve the wants of himself and family—an act worthy of being written in letters of living light on the tablets of immortality.

The enterprising and spirit-stirring Harpers settled at Harpersfield in 1768. They had received a patent for twenty-two thousand acres of land, located in the present county of Delaware.

At about the same time settlements were made near Unadilla, and scattered families were found locating in various parts of the "plains,"—at Springfield, Middlefield,* Laurens, and Otego.† The population of Cherry Valley fell a little short of 300, and the whole of Tryon county did not exceed 10,000 when the British lion began to thunder defiance on the continent of America.

As yet the citizens of Tryon county had made no open resistance to the measures of the crown of Great Britain, political or ecclesiastical. They did, however, believe in the true and real freedom of all mankind—the right of speech, and the freedom of the press—those inherent rights which are God-given and inalien-

* Early called Freetown Martin.

† Old England District.

able. They justly complained of the course which had been taken by the British authorities to incite, with foreign gold and foreign rum, the ruthless savage against the infant, and defenceless matron. They had time and again heard the Indian war-whoop, and had vainly sought the protection of the dear ones at home, for in that horrid yell they heard the doom of their wives and children.

Enjoying the name of freemen, they felt that they were becoming mere vassals to an arbitrary power. They knew that the hand that should aid and assist them was wielding an influence to crush and destroy them. They were sensible that the parent government had stretched a rod over them, and had threatened them with a despot's revenge; and long before the Revolutionary curtain rose on the memorable plains of Lexington, the Tryon county freemen were found engaged in holding meetings, and denouncing the arbitrary measures of the king and his governors, and freely took part with their brethren in other colonies in uttering their opposition to the Stamp act, and various other anti-republican measures which had emanated from the British Parliament. And they resolved to give their adhesion to those measures which finally resulted in the calling of a Congress, which convened in the city of New York in 1765.

After the death of Sir William Johnson, which occurred in the midst of an Indian council, held at Johnstown, July 11th, 1774, the difficulties increased, and rapine and massacre were of more frequent occurrence. He had possessed a powerful and commanding influence over the Indians, and displayed an administrative gen-

ius superior to any who had before been at the service of the British government in America.

Convened at this war council were a large number of the most active and rebellious spirits of the Six Nations, besides numerous high civil dignitaries of the provinces of New York and New Jersey.

Sir William had held the office of Superintendent of Indian affairs for the northern provinces for upwards of twenty years ; and, at the time of his decease, his department included 130,000 Indians, more than one fifth of whom were "fighting men." The Six Nations numbered about 10,000, and could bring into action over 2,000 bold and skillful warriors.

Col. Guy Johnson, son-in-law of Sir William, was his successor in office. But he was a man of an entirely different temperament, possessing but a small share of his talent and judgment, was illiberal, crafty, full of vain-glory, and delighted in playing the tyrant.

The political elements which, for a long time, had been gathering in the eastern provinces, broke forth in a spirit of angry defiance, which was hailed by the Tryon county friends of freedom with a spirit bordering on enthusiasm. They exhibited a devoted love of country worthy of freemen. To animate their New England friends, and cheer them on in the good work of reform, they forthwith met and organized an association, the avowed object of which was to diffuse a spirit of opposition to the kingly sway and menacing power of British tyranny in the provinces of the New World. They were resolved to enjoy the freedom of their own views, and assist in propagating the principles of equal and exact justice to all men. And yet they knew not

but that they would be hunted down with savage vengeance, and that infamy would cling unrelentingly to their names. But what had this to do with freemen? They were opposed to taxation without their consent, and were resolved to cherish the sentiment while a single "arm could beat the larum to rebellion."

Guy Johnson became the leader of the loyalists. Discussions sharp and spirited took place between them, until finally the Colonel discovered the determined will of the revolutionists, and becoming satisfied of his waning influence, abandoned his royal palace at Guy Park, and with a formidable band of tory and Indian adherents, such as Col. Claus, Brant, and the Butlers, made his head-quarters at Fort Stanwix, subsequently at Oswego, and finally at Montreal. Here Sir John Johnson followed with a body of three hundred loyalists, chiefly Scotch.

England, excited to madness by the daring effort, covered our country not only with her own legions, but the insurrectionary negro, the Hessian, the savage, and the dastardly parricidal American tory, all animated by a reckless spirit of revenge, blighting our fair fields and waging a cruel war against the helpless woman and innocent child. But our immense forests, interminable plains, extensive rivers, with the exalted spirit which prompted to emigration, had imparted to the naturalized American a principle of noble independence, invincible firmness, and a daring intrepidity, which exhibited to astonished Europe a picture of the moral sublime.

The provincial supporters of the royal throne united with the home government in the determination, black-

hearted and infamous, cruel and cowardly as it was, of setting ten thousand reckless, pampered, paid savages upon the scattered frontier settlements of the United Colonies, to glut their unhallowed desire for blood, to rob, plunder, and massacre the defenceless citizen, to strike terror into the peaceful and unguarded community of republican pioneers, to destroy their property, fire their dwellings, tomahawk and scalp the weak, the innocent and decrepit, to torture their prisoners in the most barbarous and unrelenting manner, to dig out their eyes, cut off their tongues, or roast them alive in the devouring element that was consuming their otherwise peaceful homes ; and as the red-hot flames lit up the heavens with a lurid glare, to yell and shout like incarnate devils over their work of devastation and death.

The Johnsons were in possession of great wealth, and had long lived in princely grandeur. Allied by marriage to families of foreign birth and royal blood, and holding important posts by British appointment, shrewd, sagacious and artful, they were found, when united with the Butlers, fit dispensers of massacre to the northern frontiers.

Little thought the British king as he sat upon his throne of regal grandeur, fattening on the blood and bones of murdered and oppressed humanity, that in prosecuting and urging forward the bloody frontier wars of New York and Pennsylvania he was digging his grave of moral infamy, or that the haughty foe, after waging for years a cruel and unrelenting warfare, was to be driven from our shore in sullen gloom and disappointment, having lost the brightest jewels that glittered in his crown of royalty. He did not for a moment

presume that the heroic actors against whom he warred were destined to gain an immortality of fame and glory, in consequence of the noble and exalted stand they had taken in defense of home, kindred, and country—that their names were to be honored through successive generations,—the penman's theme and the poet's inspiration,—or that when the historian should write his country's annals, he would erect to them a monument, at whose base the falsehoods and prejudices of their enemies should wither, and around whose summit the lightnings of immortality would play.

CHAPTER III.

BORDER WARS—BRITISH INFLUENCE—BATTLE OF ORISKANY—SIEGE OF FORT SCHUYLER.

“ Heard ye not the battle horn ?
Reaper, leave thy golden corn,
Leave it for the birds of heaven,
Swords must flash, and shields be riven !
Leave it for the winds to shed—
Arm ! ere Tryon’s turf grows red !

“ Mother ! stay thou not thy boy !
He must learn the battle’s joy.
Sister ! bring the sword and spear,
Give thy brother word of cheer !
Maiden ! bid thy lover part,
Tryon calls the strong in heart.”

BORDER warfare, in all ages and in all countries, has presented an unrestrained exhibition of human passion; and the frontier wars of New York exhibit to the moralist one of the darkest pages that has yet seen the light, embodying a mass of depravity and misery, which the mind of man contemplates with mingled emotions of amazement, horror and disgust; and presenting a picture of weakness and wickedness, of turpitude and guilt, which has few parallels in any work of fiction. Humanity mourned over these devastations upon the beauty and brightness of her primeval empire, and lifted aloud her voice for their abatement.

The British possessed a very decided advantage over the colonists. They had agents who were appointed and paid by the king, to traffic and coöperate with the Indians in every possible way. The Indians were taught to believe that the king was their natural ruler and protector ; that it was the object and intention of the colonists to defeat, if possible, the English, and then wage an exterminating war against the red men ; that, unless they united with the king's people, and assisted in conquering the revolutionists, their hunting grounds would be taken from them, their villages burnt, their homes pillaged, and themselves tortured, massacred, or made menial slaves to wear the white man's chains and the tyrant's fetters. Presents in great profusion were frequently made in the name of their royal father, to these unlettered aborigines ; and we are not surprised that a favorable impression should have been made, or that the savages were preëngaged in favor of English tyranny, nor do we regard them as having been alone to blame. Far from it. The cupidity and base mendacity of the royal leaders were continually urging forward marauding parties, and instigating them to massacre and blood ! And bitter were the fruits of these unhallowed attempts in Tryon county.

Though the stealthy incursions of the Indians had been severely felt by the inhabitants, previous to the campaign of 1777, they were afterwards attended with a more deadly vengeance.

In July of that year, General Herkimer marched to Unadilla at the head of 380 men of the Tryon county militia, and was there met by Brant, having with him 130 men. A conference was had between Gen. Herki-

mer and Capt. Brant, which finally terminated without tending to the furtherance of the American or Republican cause, leaving no doubt, in the minds of those present, of the determination of Brant and his followers to unite their destinies with the tories.

On the 17th of July, Gen. Herkimer issued his celebrated proclamation. It breathed the true spirit of the patriot, and was worthy of having emanated from the head and heart of the gallant hero who penned it; and it was very generally well received, notwithstanding the tory spirit which had been infused into the minds of a number of influential citizens, through the agency of the Johnsons, Col. Claus, and Walter Butler, son of Col. John Butler, of Wyoming notoriety.

When Burgoyne, with his well-disciplined army of over 7,500 regulars, besides Canadian and Indian auxiliaries, was rapidly advancing upon Crown Point, he detached Col. St. Leger with a body of light troops, Canadians, Indians, and tories, in all amounting to about 2,000, by the way of Oswego and the Mohawk river, with orders to take Fort Schuyler, and join him as he advanced to the Hudson, on his way to New York.

Early in August, Gen. St. Leger and his forces approached Fort Schuyler in all the "pomp and parade" of victorious troops fresh from the tented field of blood. The fortification was a rude structure formed of logs, and located on a well-selected elevation near the source of the Mohawk river. It was garrisoned by about six hundred continentals under the order and control of Col. Gansevoort. It undoubtedly appeared to St. Leger as an undertaking of no very great effort to reduce the fort and hang the rebels. The garlands of immortal

fame were to cluster around his brow, and his name to be recorded upon the fairest page of English history ! Nodding plumes were to droop and wither at his approach, and the revolutionists to seek mercy at the feet of the king's appointed dignitary ! But how sadly was he disappointed. On the 3d he invested the place with about two-thirds of his army, and demanded a surrender of the fort. The reply of Gen. Gansevoort was, that he would defend it to the last extremity.

Gen. Herkimer, with 800 troops, had marched to reinforce the garrison. During the forenoon of the sixth day he sent forward a messenger, who informed the defenders of the fort that he was within eight miles of them, and expected to be able during the day to force a passage and enter the garrison.

Of this fact Gen. St. Leger had been by some means apprised, and forthwith detached a strong body of regulars and Indians, under the command of Brant and Butler, with orders to ambuscade, and if possible, intercept and cut off the forces of Gen. Herkimer. The plan was adopted, and told with awful and heart-rending effect upon the approaching army. The spot was admirably chosen, being along a ravine which swept through a deep-cut gorge thickly studded with the "dark forest trees" of Oriskany.

There is a sublime and imposing appearance in a well-equipped and well-drilled army. You see generals and their aids clad in rich and tasteful uniform, with glittering shields and nodding plumes, mounted on richly caparisoned steeds, giving their hurried orders as the battalions wheel into columns and prepare for the deadly conflict. To see the two opposing forces rapidly closing

in upon each other, and suddenly swayed back like the surging waves of the ocean, as their ranks are opened by shot or chain belched from the mouths of brazen cannons, is indeed an awful scene. The earth trembles as if convulsed by some mighty volcanic eruption, and the red-hot balls and bursting shells resemble so many fiery orbs gemming the earth. Not so, however, in the battle scene we are about to record.

The tory and savage forces were crouched, tiger-like, along the banks of the ravine, entirely secluded from the sight of General Herkimer and his little gallant army of well-trying soldiers, yet ready to pounce upon them with the ferocity of hungry hyenas. The heroic forces of Herkimer, unapprised of danger, were moving along the winding gorge, but were suddenly startled by a heavy discharge of musketry, followed by the war-whoop of the painted savages and royal allies, who came rushing down the banks, screeching and yelling like ten thousand demons fresh from the portals of the infernal pit. This precipitate movement on the part of the enemy, so unexpected, so sudden, and so furious, threw the army of Herkimer into considerable disorder. Indeed, the greatest consternation spread throughout the ranks. The rear division of the column broke and fell back on the first attack, and fled. The forward division had no alternative left but to fight, and gallantly they defended themselves in the unequal contest. The royal troops and the militia became so closely pressed together as to be unable to use their fire-arms, and one of the most deadly hand to hand conflicts ensued that is recorded in either ancient or

modern history. Confusion and carnage reigned supreme, and hundreds fell, pierced to the heart with the deadly steel. The earth was red with the blood of the dead and dying, and the purple current was seen mingling with the crystal element as it swept along in its hurrying course. Those who fled at the first onset, sought for safety behind trees, from which they poured the most raking and disastrous shots into the enemy's ranks. But the wily savages, not willing to be out-managed, especially in their own mode of fighting, watched for the smoke of each discharged gun, then suddenly sallied forth, tomahawked and scalped the unerring marksman before he had time to reload. This way of taking scalps was, however, soon checked. Two men were directed to take a position behind the forest rampart, and while the one should bring down his foe, the other to reserve his charge for the seeker of scalps. In this way sad havoc was made with the savage foe.

In this severe struggle, General Herkimer's loss was computed to amount to four hundred men ; the gallant-leader himself was found among the slain. Many of the most active political characters of that unfortunate portion of country were either made prisoners, wounded, or fell—gloriously fell—in the defense of that principle which has established republics, demolished thrones, wrecked kingdoms, and divided empires. Nor was the loss less severely felt by the allied party. The dusky chieftain mourned the fate of his brave warriors, who lay thick as autumn leaves around him. His grief was almost bordering on despair. He wept as the red man was unused to weep, for he plainly saw the wide-spread

desolation that was at almost every point staring him in the face. And while the few remaining sons of the forest bewailed the loss of their friends, and exhibited the deepest sorrow and distress of mind, as they saw the result of their inhumanity in the mangled forms, in the blasted hopes, in the unutterable agony of the fallen braves, and, while their doleful yells rent the air, the old scarred chieftain stood still and motionless as the sleeping marble. His countenance, however, soon changed to that of a demon, for the spirit of vengeance was at work in his breast, and his dark eye flashed a falcon glance at the heroic warriors who passed hurriedly by with their dead and dying, who, but a little while before, were flushed with manly pride and noble bearing. That glance was indicative of his deep and undying hatred towards the Americans, and was ominous of future devastation, of massacre, and blood.

During this severe contest Col. Willett made a successful sally, killed a number of the enemy, destroyed their provisions, carried off their spoils and plunder, and returned to the fort without losing a man.

In the meantime Arnold had been dispatched with a respectable force of Continentals for the purpose of preventing a junction of St. Leger with General Burgoyne. St. Leger had become aware of the expected arrival of Arnold, and after again demanding, in the most haughty manner, the surrender of the fort, and meeting with the same patriotic and prompt refusal, began to make arrangements for its destruction. But just at this important crisis of affairs, Arnold apprehended an American of wealth and influence, whom he strongly suspected of being a traitor. He agreed,

however, to spare his life and fortune, on the condition that he would go forthwith to the British camp before Fort Schuyler, and circulate a report to the effect that an overwhelming force was rapidly approaching. The prisoner consented ; and, true to his word, entered the camp, and very greatly magnified the force that was marching against it. As was anticipated, this report spread consternation and alarm throughout the forces of St. Leger. The Indians had no notion of remaining there to be overpowered by Arnold. They had rather take scalps than to be marks for the keen-eyed revolutionists. St. Leger was fully satisfied as regarded his strength and ability to defend the position he had taken, as also, of the weakness of the fort, and reluctantly listened to his Indian allies, who were open in avowing their disappointment. They had presumed it an easy matter to triumph over the Americans, and were to share equally with the British in the division of the spoils of conquest. Thus defeated and deceived, they resolved to fly for safety, and seek trophies in another quarter. And all the art and genius of Leger failed to detain them. Many left, and the remainder declared they would if the siege was persevered in. Thus he was compelled to abandon the siege, and, on the 22d of August, retired in great confusion ; the tents were left standing, the artillery abandoned, and the greater part of the baggage, ammunition, and provisions fell into the hands of the garrison, a detachment from which pursued the retreating enemy as he bent his course in the direction of Montreal.

CHAPTER IV.

FLIGHT OF ST. LEGER.—BRANT GATHERING HIS FORCES.

—THE MASSACRE.

“ Hark ! hark ! methinks I hear some melancholy moan,
Stealing upon my listening ear,
As tho' some departing spirit was about
To soar, amid the horrors of a massacre !
Yes ! the savage fiend, with glittering knife,
And tomahawk, reeking with infant blood,
Stands in awful prospect before my vision. ”

THE circumstances under which St. Leger made his hurried flight from Fort Schuyler, were by no means flattering to his vain-glorious disposition. He had the command of an army which boasted of being in the enjoyment of the full powers of health, discipline and valor, and into whose minds he had labored to infuse a spirit of opposition to republican liberty, as well as to prejudice them in favor of the crown of Great Britain. He had endeavored to prove that the government of the mother country, with all her fading splendors of anarchy, was in every respect superior to the one designed to be established in the colonies. He was peculiarly lavish with his promises to all who would assist in redeeming the cause of the king from the usurpers, and continue submissive to his arrogant behests, and tyrannic acts of his minion serfs in Parliament. The children of the colonists were to receive their full measure of

vengeance and wrath from the ministers of justice, who were to visit with devastation, famine, and the long train of unmitigated horrors of a scourging war, all who refused to acknowledge the "Divine Right of Kings." Yet after having exhausted his powers in rhetorical flourishes, begging, promising and threatening those under his command, he suddenly abandons the siege, and retires from the "field" in the utmost confusion.

The Indians continued their depredations, for massacre and murder had become the cherished objects of their lives.

In the summer of 1778 Brant made his head quarters at Oquago,* and Unadilla, and gathered around him several hundred Indians and Tories, ready for any emergency,—to pillage and devastate the country.

A fort was erected at Cherry Valley by order of General Lafayette, and became a retreat when the incursions of the Indians gave alarm to the surrounding inhabitants. Brant resolved upon its destruction, was prepared for an attack, and was only prevented by being frightened by a band of boys who, in honor of their patriotic fathers, were marching out in the direction of Brant's hiding place, where they were to engage in a sham battle. Brant, presuming it to be an approaching army, discharged a few scattering shots, killing Lieut. Wormwood, and Capt. Peter Sitz, and decamped, leaving the boys

" To beat the sheepskin, blow the fife,
And march in trainin' order."

In July, Wyoming, a new and flourishing settlement on

* Now Windsor.

the eastern branch of the Susquehanna, was devastated and laid waste, many of the inhabitants were ruthlessly murdered, others burned at the stake, or tortured in the most barbarous and unrelenting manner.

In the following November, Brant, at the head of 700 warriors, 500 of whom were his own men, accompanied by Capt. Walter Butler, son of Col. John Butler, the devastator of Wyoming, who had obtained 200 Butler Rangers of his father, marched upon Cherry Valley, where was perpetrated one of the most inhuman massacres recorded in history, and which proves to an absolute certainty the tory commander to be a most implacable enemy to freemen, a reckless tyrant, a barbarian well suited to the capacity of his calling, a midnight marauder, and wanton ravager of the innocent.

Col. Ichabod Alden was in command of the fort, and through his inexcusable neglect the surrounding inhabitants did not take shelter in the fort, as he had promised to keep scouts out, who, in case of danger, would sound the alarm. His scouts built a large fire, around which they were enjoying a comfortable nap. Brant and his allies fell upon them just before daylight had dawned on the ill-fated settlement, capturing them, and making the surprise most complete. Back settlers were surprised in their dwellings, and murdered with every circumstance of fiendish barbarity. The village was invested in all parts at the same moment, and then ensued a scene at which humanity would shudder and angels might weep. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and friends, were inhumanly tomahawked and scalped, to appease the Indian and tory spirit of revenge. Even

lipping infancy was made to share the like fate, cruel and barbarous as it was.

The commander of the rude fortification, refusing to yield to the usurper's call to surrender, fell by the tomahawk. Brant and his Mohawks nerved themselves for the scene of blood and woe that was to follow, but were less furious, less depraved, and still less cruel, torturing and fiendlike, than were the Senecas; for they, as if inspired by the *arch demon of Hades*, sprung upon the innocent, the helpless and unoffending, and murdered them without exhibiting one touch of remorse, or emotion of sympathy. So, too, with the tory, or renegade *allies*,—they were ripe for massacre and blood.

The troops in the fort made a gallant and noble defence; but they were not sufficiently strong to make a successful sally from their entrenchments.

When darkness had again curtained the earth, the invaders, with about forty prisoners, were hurrying from the scenes of devastation and death.

The next day a detachment of militia arrived from the Mohawk, just in time to see the last of the prowling foe disappear from the settlement. To them the cruelties and disastrous effects were exhibited in all their hateful and sickening deformities. The inhabitants who escaped the tomahawk and scalping knife, fled from their homes, seeking the protection of others whose hearts and desires were with the advocates and supporters of republican freedom and entire independence.

A volume might be filled with incidents, cold-blooded and heart-chilling, detailing the horrid massacres where whole families were indiscriminately murdered.

Robert Wells, his mother, wife, four children, his brother and sister, with three domestics,—twelve in all,—were cruelly slaughtered by the Indians, leaving only one of this large and interesting family to tell the fate of the others. The blood runs cold as we contemplate the inhumanity exhibited towards Miss Jane Wells, the sister, an amiable and worthy young lady, who, on seeing her brother cut down while bowed in prayer, fled from the house and secreted herself behind some wood. Pale and trembling with fear, she was discovered by a Seneca Indian, who, as he approached her, very coolly wiped the blood from the glittering steel on his leggins, and sheathed it by his side; then seized her by the arm and dragged her from her covert. Looking up imploringly in his face, and in Indian accents, she begged him to spare her life. Vain supplication! Raising his tomahawk, yet red with the blood of her kindred, he buried it in her brains.

The wife of the Rev. Samuel Dunlap was cloven down before his eyes, and he barely escaped, through the interposition of a young chief of the Oquago branch of the Mohawks.

In the absence of William Mitchell, his wife and four children were ruthlessly murdered by the cowardly assassins; the house plundered and set on fire. The husband and father returned just in time to put out the fire, and discover the faint glimmerings of life remaining in one of his children. He had conveyed it to the door, and was in the act of stopping the flowing blood, when he saw to his horror another band approaching; he hastily secluded himself from sight, and there beheld a blood-thirsty tory extinguish with a blow of his hatchet

the last spark of life that remained in the breast of his child. What a scene to meet a parent's eye !

The day following was one of sorrow and sadness to him. Without the assistance of a single friendly arm, he conveyed the remains of his dear ones to the Fort, where they were entombed in the "cold earth." Who can refrain from weeping at his loss ! What eye can remain dry, or what heart untouched !

A Mrs. Campbell and her four children were taken prisoners and carried away into captivity. Long, long years of suffering, worse than death, passed away, before the husband and father learned the fate of his wretched family.

Many escaped to the mountains, and looking down into the valley saw their houses wrapped in flames, and heard the yells of the savages as they triumphed in their work of death.

Girls in their teens, mothers with infants at the breast, fled to the woods without clothing, and for twelve or fifteen hours endured the most excruciating agony. A cold November wind whistled through the tree-tops, and moaned over the mountain gorges. The earth was covered with snow, and a drizzling rain added to the sufferings of the fugitives.

Retributive justice will, however, sooner or later, overtake the vile oppressor. Capt. Walter Butler, the acknowledged instigator of all this havoc, was captured at Johnstown in 1781. He had been defeated, and fled. Swimming his horse across the river, the moment he gained the shore he turned and defied those in pursuit ; a ball from one of the Yankee rifles brought him to the ground. An Indian of the Oneida tribe, who favored

the American cause, sprang into the stream and swam across, when Butler immediately cried for quarter. But the old chieftain shouted in his ear, "Sherry Valley! Remember Sherry Valley!" and instantly clove his skull with a tomahawk. Hastily pulling off his scalp, he held it up to the gaze of his followers while his yet bleeding victim was gasping out his death groans.

CHAPTER V.

SULLIVAN'S CAMPAIGN—INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

*“Go, seek the covert of the savage foe,
Disperse them at thy weal or woe.”*

DURING the year 1779, General Sullivan made a successful expedition into the Indian territory, destroyed forty of their towns, and put the enemy to flight.

Influenced by the numerous presents and promises made by the British agents and tory adherents, and with the desire to plunder, five of the confederated Indian tribes invaded the north-western frontiers, spreading devastation and death wherever they went.* Their object was to ravage, burn, and kill. To check the career of these lawless intruders, and to mete out to them a due amount of retributive justice, Congress placed three thousand continental troops under the command of General Sullivan.

When the savage allies received the first news relative to the projected expedition against them, they immediately began to fortify their strongholds and prepare themselves for a determined resistance. They well knew that the horrid murders and midnight massacres, in addition to the rapine and plunder which they had

* The Oneidas alone remained favorable to the American cause.

committed, were laid up against them, and that if unable to withstand the force which was marching through the wilderness, they would be indiscriminately cut down and despoiled of their country.

General Sullivan marched from Easton, Pennsylvania, and arrived with his army at Wyoming on the 24th day of June. The enemy having fled before him, and learning that they were committing outrages of the grossest character, he determined to pursue, and if possible drive them from the country.

On the 31st of July he left, with his forces, for the Indian settlements farther up the Susquehanna and its tributaries. His stores and artillery were conveyed up the river in one hundred and fifty boats, and presented a grand and imposing appearance. The lurking savages, who still hovered about the country for the sake of plunder, were not only surprised but greatly frightened, as they viewed them from the long range of mountains which bordered the majestic Susquehanna. The horses, as they moved along in single file, formed a continuous line of six miles in length. They numbered about two thousand.

The forces arrived at Tioga Point on the 11th of August, and were joined by Gen. Clinton on the 22d, he having marched from the Mohawk with a detachment of one thousand troops, thus swelling the command of General Sullivan to four thousand. The Indians had taken a position near Newtown, where they had strongly entrenched themselves, determined to resist the advance of Gen. Sullivan. Their combined forces numbered eight hundred Indians and two hundred Tories, and were commanded by Brant and Butler. On the 29th the

Americans were drawn up before their breastworks, and commenced a most deadly attack. The Indians withstood the fierce shocks of a terrible cannonade for upwards of two hours, making the most determined efforts at resistance recorded in our country's history. They fought with desperation, while the shot and chain from the well-drilled forces of Sullivan were making terrible havoc in their ranks. But though they warred for country and home, and sought for victory as a last forlorn hope to their sinking cause, it was vain, for it was impossible to withstand the perfect shower of balls that were poured in among them, answered by the cries and groans of the wounded and dying. The tories faltered ; the Indians broke and made a precipitate retreat. The victory was achieved.

The contest was one which has but few parallels. The enemy yielded, inch by inch, and when finally forced at the point of the bayonet to leave their entrenchments and flee, terror-stricken, to the mountain gorges or almost impassable *lagoons*, the ground they had occupied was found literally drenched with the blood of the fallen victims. Eleven of the dead remained upon the field, and fourteen were found but partially covered with leaves. Two canoes were very much stained with blood, and their trail, even in the mind of Col. Stone, author of the life of Brant, exhibited "the most indubitable proof that a portion of their dead and wounded had been carried off." The Americans lost, according to the highest account which we have found on record, "only six men," and from forty to fifty were wounded. Among these were Major Titcomb, Captain Claves, and Lieut. M'Colley.

The Indians who had escaped the terrible fire of Sullivan's artillery, saw with horror the destruction of their orchards, cornfields and cabins. It was to them a scene of utter desolation. They had, it is true, made some preparation to intercept and cut off the progress of Sullivan, but had no idea that such a formidable force could successfully penetrate through an almost unbroken forest, convey their heavy baggage, and drive them from their strongholds.

Like a tornado sweeping over the country, destroying everything in its onward march, passed the army of Generals Sullivan and Clinton, spreading the most utter desolation on every side.

At Knawaholee, twenty cabins with their contents were consumed. The corn, which looked very promising, was also destroyed.

At Catharine Town,—the home of Catharine Montour, the wife of the stern Canadesaga chief,—the wigwams, orchards and cornfields were entirely destroyed, the inhabitants having, previous to the approach of the army, deserted their homes.

Their cluster of houses on the east side of Seneca lake, and near the old Indian Peach Orchard, in the [now] town of Hector, shared a like fate.

The army, like so many vultures, hovered for an hour about Apple Tree Town, leaving nothing but desolation to mark the destroyer's course.

Arriving at Kandaia, an old town of twenty houses, which exhibited considerable taste, the warriors paused for a short time, making a few general flourishes in true knight-errant style. The houses, as represented by one who shared the honors and privations attending

the campaign, were large and elegant, some beautifully painted ; their tombs likewise, especially of their chief warriors.

Still the army strode forward, hoping to come up with the retreating foe. But they were not to be so easily caught.

At the capital of the Senecas, Kanadesaga, at least something like a flourish at resistance was expected ; but when the emboldened army drew up before their entrenchments, eager, anxious, thirsting for the blood of the poor unlettered red men, lo ! they, too, had fled. But in their sudden flight they left behind them, asleep, a white boy of seven or eight years.

Kanadesaga was located about one and a half miles north of the present flourishing village of Geneva, and contained about sixty houses. It was the last stronghold of the Senecas, though destined to fall into the spoilers' hands. In after time, however, a few of the surviving remnants of that once powerful and far-famed tribe, returned, and once more reared their rude homes over the ashes of their former wigwams. When their lands were ceded to the State, it was explicitly agreed that this, the home of their ancient grandeur, should never be cultivated by the white man's hand. "Here," said the red man, "sleep our fathers, and they cannot rest well if they hear the plow of the white man above them." The rude traces of their olden fortress are still distinctly visible.

Near the shores of the Canandaigua lake, another flourishing settlement was approached and fired, with many of the products of Indian toil. There were twenty-three houses, many of them framed, and very elegantly painted.

From this place the army moved forward to Honeoye, a small town of about ten houses, situated near Conesus lake. The houses were fired and consumed. Here General Sullivan left a portion of the heavy stores and one field-piece, under the charge of a competent garrison. He had no doubt but that the Indians would show some resistance at the Genesee Castle, and he desired to be unencumbered with every unnecessary article. The next day he left for the capital. The enemy had held a council of war, and were almost unanimously in favor of making at least one more bold stand in the defence of their homes and their hunting-grounds. Their women and children were therefore directed to secrete themselves some miles ahead, in the direction of Fort Niagara. The preliminaries having been thus arranged, the warriors prepared for the contest. They took a favorable position between Honeoye creek and the head of Conesus lake, near what is now called Henderson's Flats. They had carefully ambushed, and awaited the arrival of the American forces. As soon as Sullivan's advance guard reached their position, the Indians appeared and commenced the attack. It was in the main a rather bloodless effort, and terminated in the enemy taking two Oneida Indians prisoners,—one a guide to Sullivan's army. He had on several occasions been of important service to the American force,—a fact fully apparent to his captors,—and hence he was a prisoner of consequence. He had a brother in Butler's corps, who in the early progress of the war had endeavored to persuade him to unite his destiny with his British brethren. But to no purpose. Soon after the prisoners were conducted into the enemy's

camp, the brothers met—not, however, as friends who had been long separated. The eldest of the two, deeming it a proper time to vent upon his weaker brother the envenomed shafts of his deep and undying malice, approached, and thus addressed him:—

“Brother! You have merited death! The hatchet or the war-club shall finish your career! When I begged of you to follow me in the fortunes of war, you were deaf to my cries: you spurned my entreaties!

“Brother! You have merited death, and shall have your deserts! When the rebels raised their hatchets to fight their good master, you sharpened your knife, you brightened your rifle, and led on our foe to the fields of our fathers!

“Brother! You have merited death, and shall die by our hands! When those rebels had driven us from the fields of our fathers to seek out new homes, it was you who could dare to step forth as their pilot, and conduct them even to the doors of our wigwams, to butcher our children and put us to death! No crime can be greater! But though you have merited death, and shall die on this spot, my hands shall not be stained with the blood of a brother! Who will strike?”

There was a pause of one moment—a moment of awful suspense—and the next, the bright hatchet of Little Beard cleft his skull, and his spirit passed to the brighter land of promise.

While at Honeoye, General Sullivan detached Lieut. William Boyd, of the Rifle corps, with a select party of twenty-six men to reconnoitre Little Beard's Town, (now known as Leicester.) On arriving at the settlement, the party discovered that the Indians were absent,

though certain indications led them to presume that in all probability they would soon return, and they therefore concluded to remain sleeping upon their arms.

Just after Aurora had begun to ascend the eastern sky, two Indians were discovered lurking about the place, and unfortunately for the party, were instantly shot and hastily scalped. Considering the unsafe position in which this act of indiscretion had placed them, they determined to hasten their return back to the main army. But when within one and a half miles of Gen. Sullivan's force, their progress was intercepted by the sudden appearance of five hundred Indians, and nearly an equal number of tory Rangers; the former under command of Capt. Brant, and the latter under Col. Butler, of infamous memory. We have been told by one who served in the campaign, that these border pirates had not for a single day lost sight of Sullivan's army after their defeat at Newtown. Boyd and his party made a number of attempts to cut their way through the strong lines of the enemy, but were unsuccessful. All fell save Boyd and an Oneida Indian, who served as pilot, and who had distinguished himself in the battle of Oriskany.* Boyd and Hanyerry surrendered and were made prisoners. Under the direction of Butler they were conducted to Little Beard's castle. Boyd had an interview with Brant, who promised that his life should be spared. But he was unexpectedly called away. In his absence, Butler delivered them over to the tender mercies of a chosen number of barbarians that would disgrace any army and blacken the character of any

* They were buried at what is now called Groveland.

commander. The Indian was literally hewn to pieces. But the fate of Lieut. Boyd,—the high-souled, gallant Boyd,—was of a more terrible and disgusting character. The heart sickens as we record the inhumanity of his captors. We read of no parallel in the records of ancient wars, when bigotry blotted its pathway with blood, or when tyrants, clad in iron mail, waged long and unrelenting wars, severed kingdoms and divided empires, in order that their names might be enrolled on the scroll of immortal fame.

He was disrobed of his clothing, his hands pinioned behind him, and his person tied with a hempen cord to a small tree. Then commenced the work of torture, Little Beard leading the way. He was one of those reckless wretches whose barbarity did much towards injuring the English cause, as well as in tarnishing the Indian character. Their tomahawks were whirled over his head with great fury, accompanied with horrid yells, until the tree was completely hewed and shivered to pieces. Then, like so many infuriated demons, they approached him, brandishing their scalping knives, frantic with rage, and thirsting for his blood. "His nails were pulled out, his nose cut off, one of his eyes plucked out, and his tongue cut off."* An incision was made in his side, from which protruded an intestine. This was immediately attached to the branch of a small tree; the hempen cord loosened from his pinioned arms; and now goaded and scourged by means the most heartless, he was compelled to march round and round until his intestines disappeared from his body,

* Stone's Life of Brant.

and he fell like a lump of clay to the earth. Then louder, louder were the yells of the demoniac devils—wilder, wilder were their frantic gesticulations, for on his brow they saw the large drops of sweat—his lips quivered, his eyes rolled in agony, and all was over,—for Heaven in mercy had thrown the sleep of death over the gallant Boyd, who was thus horribly scourged in his passage to the tomb.

Not yet satisfied, they added still another act of fiendish ferocity to the already unparalleled outrage. His head was severed from his body and attached to the end of a pole, with the expanded jaws of a dog just above it. And thus it was exhibited amidst the laughter and jeers of the more than half intoxicated tory and Indian faction.

When Gen. Sullivan learned the fate of Lieut. Boyd and Hanyerry, he made every possible effort to ferret out the dastard foe, hoping to avenge the barbarous act.

These unfortunate men, as reported by the journalist of Sullivan's campaign, were found in Little Beard's castle, bearing the marks of the most inhuman torture. Gen. Sullivan saw them respectably buried on the banks of Beard's Creek, in the midst of a number of Indian plum trees. In 1849 we visited the place, and looked upon the humble grave made consecrate by the remains of these brave and heroic men.

The Genesee castle as well as their town, which included one hundred and twenty-eight houses, fell into the conquerer's hands, but the artful foe had disappeared. Great efforts were made to ferret out their hiding-place, but in vain ; they were beyond the devastator's power.

Vast quantities of corn, beans and potatoes were collected and placed in the houses, to which fire was applied, and they were consumed. One of their numerous orchards contained fifteen hundred trees. But they, too, were devastated of their beauty.

The author of the Journal from which we have gathered our materials for this chapter, lived to tell us in his own glowing language how beautiful and Eden-like the Genesee valley, with its rich and waving products—the result of Indian toil—appeared previous to its being devastated by the victorious army.

The work of desolation was now complete. Forty of the Indian towns were laid in ruins. Not a house was left; and the poor Indians felt that the ravagers' hands were upon them, for they had not left even food enough to sustain an infant's life for twenty-four hours.

When Gen. Sullivan arrived on his return march at the outlet of Seneca lake, he detached Col. Zebulon Butler, with the Rifle corps and five hundred men, to the east side of Cayuga lake, to lay waste the Indian settlements. The next day, and while encamped near Kandaia, Lieut. Col. Dearborn was detached with two hundred men for the purpose of destroying the settlement south of the lake, and but a little distant from the present prospective city of Ithaca.

Col. Butler pushed forward with his forces, and faithfully performed the task assigned him. At that time the natives had large fields of corn, which presented a most luxuriant growth, and of which the Cayugas were intending to garner up for their winter's use. Patches of beans and potatoes exhibited the like promising appearance. Nor was the fruit of their fine apple orchards

less inviting to the soldier's eye, or gratifying to the Colonel's taste. Yet these trees of two hundred years' growth were felled to the ground. The products of the field—of hardy toil—were gathered into the Indian's rude dwellings and with them consumed by fire.

Three villages, to them of considerable importance, one of which was the capital of the Cayugas, were located near the shore of that magnificent sheet of water. Smaller settlements were scattered along the banks at various distances apart. But all, all were destroyed. Their cabins and castles were swept away, for the fatal element from the "white man's torch" was communicated to them, and soon all that remained to tell the wandering pioneer, as his eye caught sight of the flames as they gleamed heavenward, was a mass of smouldering ruins. Here the brave but unlettered red men had lived in unadorned peace; and their council fire had burned for upwards of three centuries, serving as a beacon light to the returning warriors.

The mission of Col. Dearborn was alike successfully performed. Their wigwams were consumed, their maize burned up, and the home of their ancient grandeur made desolate. Truly they were a wandering and stricken people. If the Indians in their stealthy marches had been cruel, the white man had been equally so. The one had oppressed for the sake of gain, while the other sought revenge as a just retaliation for the conduct of his unmanly oppressor.

A little west of the residence of Dr. J. F. Burdick, and where he now has a flourishing peach orchard, were some eighteen or twenty cabins. Here lived a tall, swarthy Indian chief, generally known among the

warriors of the Six Nations, as Long Jim, with whom he was a great favorite. He was of the Mohawk and Oneida extraction, and possessed many of the more prominent characteristics for which the two tribes have been so justly celebrated. He was usually kind, benevolent and just, but if insulted without proper cause, would assume the ferocity of a tiger, and act the part of a demoniac monster. He was an orator and a warrior, and possessed the art of swaying the multitude at his will. He believed in witches, hobgoblins and wizards, and often pretended to be influenced by a tutelary goddess, or guardian spirit. Shrewd and artful, dignified and generous, yet at times deceptive and malevolent, he studied to acquire influence and power, and in most of his marauding depredations, was successful in keeping the *arcana* of his heart as in a "sealed fountain." His unwritten history represents him as acting a conspicuous part in numerous tragical events which were perpetrated by detached parties from Burgoyne's army. A venerable chief, who resides on the New York Indian Reservation, informed us that, according to the tradition of his tribe, Long Jim was the main cause, instigator, and perpetrator of the bloody massacre which we are about to record.

A gentleman of character and fortune, and holding an honorable commission in the British army, had succeeded in winning the affections of Miss Jane M'Crea, a young, intelligent and lovely girl, over whose head had passed scarce seventeen summers. Her father resided near Fort Edward, and was a prominent actor in the royal cause. Circumstances having required the services and personal attention of Mr. Jones, the

plighted lover of Miss M'Crea, he was stationed at some distance from the paternal roof of her father, and becoming exceedingly anxious for her safety, offered various rewards as inducements to the Indians who would convey her in safety to his camp. At length the bold and hazardous enterprise was undertaken. A band of Winnebagoes set out for the home of the expectant bride, bearing a letter from the intended husband, in which he had made a faithful record of his unabated love for the cherished object of his heart. On their approach the family were much alarmed, and were about flying in terror from the house, that safety, if possible, might be found, if not nearer, at least in the fort. But just at this moment, the young and gallant chief of the band bade his followers to retire a little; then beckoning to the frightened family, he held up the affectionate epistle, which unfortunately caught the attention of the mother, who readily conjectured the object of their mission. A token of friendship and welcome was returned, and the Indians, much pleased with the success of their chief, laughed heartily as they approached the worthy matron, each of whom she shook by the hand.

The seal of the little message was broken—the contents read and hastily considered—when Miss M'Crea prepared herself to accompany them to the British camp.

Thus far the expedition had been attended with the most perfect success, and they set out on their return with high hopes and lofty aspirations, for a keg of English rum was the price to be paid for her safe escort to the fortress of her lover!

But when about half way back, they were met by a

second party who had left for the achievement of the same purpose. Long Jim was the controlling spirit of his party, and was desirous of obtaining the prize. An altercation ensued, which finally rose to a warm dispute. Long Jim, unwilling to see the Winnebago chieftain proceed with the spotless object of the expedition, and presuming his party too weak to take her by force, suddenly seized her by the hair of the head, pulled her from the back of the noble steed, and with one demoniac stroke from the fatal tomahawk, cleft the scalp from the head of the fair young girl, and he bore it as a trophy to the astonished and heart-stricken lover.

This reckless and cold-blooded murder called forth a stern and feeling rebuke from Burgoyne ; and well it might, for it had a strong tendency to weaken the royal cause.

On the opposite side of the lake, where the Taughanic creek empties into the Tiohero, or Cayuga lake, the Indians had built a small town, and were growing corn, beans and potatoes on the rich flats. They had, also, apple trees of two and a half centuries' growth. This little town, called by the natives after the stream on which it was located, escaped the notice of Col. Butler, in consequence of his having passed up from East Cayuga, by way of Aurora and Lavana, to the head of the Cayuga settlements.

There was another settlement about six miles southwest of Taughanic, near the present village of Waterburg, which, from its back location, was not discovered by either of the detached forces which General Sullivan had sent out to make havoc with the Indians' property.

The traces of a remarkable trench enclosure were distinctly to be seen in 1840, when the author last visited the spot made consecrate by the uncoffined bones of a "once peculiar people." Near by was the burial place of their dead. At an earlier period many of the mounds were dug open, from which were collected numerous antiquated articles of Indian warfare, and which very closely resembled those used in a former age by Europeans. A few miles distant, William Carman found on his farm a number of human bones, while he was extracting some stumps of trees of over two hundred years' growth. These olden relics were presumed by many to be of a larger race of people than the Indians. The presumption is possible, as there is much evidence in support of that opinion. We have seen several ornaments, the texture and workmanship of which undoubtedly belong to a different race, and probably date back to a remote period of our country, on which neither tradition or history can throw any light.

But to return. General Sullivan, after having sent sufficient forces to cut off the Indians and lay waste their settlements bordering the Cayuga lake, marched to "Catharine Town," and thence up the Chemung valley. Wearied with over-exertion, he paused with his gallant troops for the night on the rich flats about six miles north of Newtown, (now Elmira,) and while here encamped, they concluded to abandon or dispose of about four hundred of their horses, in consequence of their worn-out and galled condition; and to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, though not a Red Roman appeared in sight, they were led out in Indian file and shot down; and hence originated the name

of Horse Heads—a name familiar to the general reader of American history.

Arriving at Newtown, they received a heart-cheering salute of thirteen guns from the Fort which had been thrown up by Captain Reid and his force of two hundred men, who had been left in charge of some stores which were forwarded from Tioga Point for the support of Sullivan's army. While here, the news of Spain having declared war against Great Britain was received with unbounded joy. The event was celebrated in a manner which was well calculated to animate the drooping spirits of those who had periled health, happiness, and fortune in the support of American liberty. Five large oxen, one for each brigade, were killed and roasted, which, with the added trimmings and double rations, were dispatched in a way at once interesting and agreeable. During the festive proceedings, cannons were fired at intervals, which added much to the joy of the already excited heroes. Here Colonels Butler and Dearborn united with the main army.

Leaving Newtown, they returned by way of Tioga Point to Wyoming, where they arrived on the 7th of October, and in a few days after bent their course for Easton, and from thence to Morristown, New Jersey, where they took up their winter quarters.

There are very few expeditions on record, which proved so entirely successful in their general results, and which so fully met the hopes and expectations of the people and of Congress, as the one of which we have just given a hasty sketch.

The burning of Moscow was a terrible blow to Napoleon and his unrivaled army, and which forever clouded

the hopes of the imperial hero. It involved the sumptuous palaces, monuments, and miracles of art, in one common flame. The devastation of the Indian country was as severe a chastisement inflicted upon the red men, and from the effects of which they never wholly recovered. Deprived of their homes and provisions, they were of necessity dependent upon the English for the necessaries of life. Provisions were extremely scarce and high. The winter was unusually severe, and hundreds "took the scurvy and died."

But though the Indians were greatly crippled, they were not subdued ; though defeated, they were not vanquished. They still made stealthy incursions into peaceable settlements, the history of whose attacks might be summed up in the fearful, sad, bloody, but brief record—surprise—massacre—conflagration—retreat.

As in the past so in the future, Brant was the ruling spirit. He could not brook the thought of being subdued. Disaster and defeat tended to make him the more daring and reckless. Yet Brant possessed many valuable traits of character—was often humane and benevolent. But we do not propose at this time to pen a sketch of his life—that is reserved for a future work, "The Indian Chiefs of America." As often as he was baffled in his endeavors to retrieve his loss upon the embattled field of glory, or failed in restoring to his nation the homes and hunting-grounds of their fathers, so often did the old chieftain gather his long-abused and often-betrayed followers around him, and with the envenomed rage of the famished tiger, when brought to bay by the hunters, make another and still another effort to regain the Indians' dominion—the Indians'

ancient residence. If it was his custom to crouch and hide like the baited lion, it was but to leap with the greater vengeance—to dash with the greater force upon his antagonist—to make the victory more easy—the tragedy more terrible.

Soon after the close of Gen. Sullivan's campaign, a party consisting of between forty and fifty Indians and Tories were found ranging about the wild mountain gorges of Wyoming, from whose dark retreats they stealthily made incursions, committing many and serious depredations. They were fit subjects for plunder, rapine, and murder. They were ripe for any outrage, however dark, bloody, and heart-rending it might be, and it is doubtful whether a more cruel and unrelenting band of heartless desperadoes cursed our land at any time during the long and painful period of our country's revolution. They delighted in having an opportunity to wreak vengeance upon an American. To torture by acts the most barbarous, seemed to be the highest object of their ambition.

Capt. Bedlock, who was taken prisoner at the fiendish massacre, afterwards fell into the hands of these heartless wretches. He was stripped of his clothing, had his body stuck full of pine splinters, his arms closely pinioned behind him, and his person attached by cords to a small tree. Around the wretched captive was then placed a mass of combustible matter, with a quantity of pine knots. Now commences the awful sacrifice. The fire is kindled around him, and when the terrific flames began to wreath their death folds around his person, his two companions, Ransom and Durkee, were thrown into the middle of the crackling flames, where

they all perished, martyrs to freedom's holy cause. An Indian, who figured conspicuously in the horrid scene, told us in 1849 that whenever any of the victims attempted to rise from the faggot and flame, they were instantly felled to the earth, and held down by means of poles and rails.

One of these tories, whose mother had married a second husband, butchered with his own hands both her, his father-in-law, his sister, and their infant children.

Another tory, of the same class, exterminated his whole family,—mother, brothers, and sisters,—and then mingled their blood in one common carnage with that of the aged father and husband.

It was, too, this same class of desperadoes who, not satisfied with effecting these heart-chilling scenes of massacre and blood, fired the houses, shot and destroyed their cattle, or cut out their tongues, leaving them still alive to roam the fields in agony.

To protect the settlement from the attacks of these piratical mountaineers, several companies were called out, with orders to hold themselves in readiness to avenge any wrong that might be inflicted upon the peaceable inhabitants of the valley. One of the companies had marched from Northampton county, and encamped on the banks of one of the tributary streams of the Nescopeck creek, and while partaking of their frugal repast, were surprised by these barbarians, who inhumanly slew eleven of the company and severely wounded two others. Recovering from the terrible shock, from the tempest of balls, bludgeons, and tomahawks, the Northampton boys returned them a compli-

mentary salute from their Yankee rifles, causing an equal number to give death a *horrid grin*.

Wyoming will ever be memorable in history, for there occurred some of the most tragical scenes in our national annals. The green turf has been made classic and consecrate, and will ever be hallowed in the imagination of the heroic bard, for there are entombed the mouldering bones of many a brave warrior.

The ladies of Wilkesbarre, influenced by the true spirit of chivalry, have erected a monument over their sleeping dust. The pyramidal shaft of granite stands a memento of the white man's sufferings and a witness to the red man's cruelty.

CHAPTER VI.

PIONEER MOVEMENTS—INDIAN REFLECTIONS—REVENGE
—DESTRUCTION OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY—INCIDENTS.

“ But go, rouse your warriors.”

The red men saw, as with prophetic eye, that their hunting-grounds were soon to pass into the control of the white invaders. They saw villages spring up, as if by magic, in various parts of their dominion, and traders were besieging them along every important trail, or offering rich inducements wherever the council fires blazed as beacon lights to returning warriors. Mill sites had been marked wherever the aristocratic adventurer had heard a cataract's roar, or seen a leaping cascade. The merchant and commissioner were seducing and bribing them of their most magnificent forests. And contrary to stipulation and expostulation, emigrants, like the frogs of Egypt, were coming in from every quarter, and laying the corner stones for royal palaces and cottage homes. British lords and French Sebastians saw thousands of castle builders ready for the work of progress, and imagined that to their dreaming vision appeared fields of rich fertility. Towns and counties were being carved out of their inheritance. The sharp crack of Yankee rifles was heard on the

mountain tops, while New England axes were ringing in the valleys of Canisteo, Chemung, Susquehanna, Wyoming, Chenango, Otsego, Onondaga and Genesee. Ramparts were reared, behind which the invaders might gather and concoct plans for the annihilation of the natives. They had heard the roar of cannon and the rattle of grape shot under the bluffs of Ticonderoga. The music from Montcalm bugles, and Bradstreet drums, was still ringing in their ears. They saw provincial rangers, bloody Britons, and French chevaliers, and knew that fire and grape had done their work of carnage and desolation at Niagara, Oswego, and Frontenac. They had seen the army of General Sullivan sweeping over their country from the Delaware to the Great Council, or Big Tree in Genesee Valley, laying waste their cornfields, orchards and gardens. Forty of their towns were smouldering ruins. Or, if they turned their eyes to their rich locations bordering the Cayuga lake, nought but desolation greeted their vision, for Colonels Butler and Dearborn had despoiled them of their fondest hopes. Colonel Gansevoort had checked their ravages about Fort Schuyler, and Col. Van Schaick carried disaster among the Onondagas.

These expeditions, though attended with the fullest success, did not subdue the war spirit of the restless savages. They felt that they had been greatly wronged and abused by the "pale faces," who had thus unceremoniously deprived them of their birthright. They determined on revenge, for they were unwilling to brook the indignant insult. Their council fire had been put out, and their country laid waste. Desolation sat in gloomy silence, while the hooting owl flapped his wings

over their deserted homes, marked only by the charred logs of their demolished cabins. All was dreary and desolate. But these wrongs were to be avenged. Hate, —bitter, unrelenting hate,—was most assiduously cultivated in the bosom of the native lords of the forest. Though defeated and driven from their castles and strongholds, they were not subdued. The spirit, though “crushed, would rise again” with renewed vigor, and the haughty and stealthy foe was determined to crush and gloat over those who would thus wantonly deprive them of their rights —rights marked out and defined by the very finger of the Creator—guaranteed to them by patent or deed, by the Great Jehovah.

Nor did they long feel thus indignant, before an opportunity was offered to wreak vengeance on their white oppressors.

They made a stealthy march into the Mohawk valley, with a fixed purpose to ravage, burn and kill.

The inhabitants of that ill-fated region were regarded by the Indians and Tories as enemies, and sad and heart-rending were the results of such a conclusion. Hordes of savages and loyalists incessantly emerged from the forests and mountain gorges, murdering and scalping all whom they met. Even innocent women and lisping infancy were cruelly butchered by the marauding assailants.

The whole valley was rendered most desolate. If a single dwelling remained to be seen, it was like a flowery oasis looming up in the wide waste of ruin. What a sight to meet the eye of the hardy, industrious, yet gloomy and despondent pioneer! There were the smouldering ruins, the charred bones, the mangled

bodies of domestic animals, and the blood-stained marks of ruthless violence.

There were many brave patriot pioneers who fell by the tomahawk or the Indian's arrow, and were left to moulder and wither in the desert air. But their names, their virtues and heroic acts, have been embalmed and consecrated in the hearts and affections of a grateful people. The orator has spoken their praise; the poet has strung anew his lyre, and breathed forth most feeling and tender sympathies.

“ Ah! where are the soldiers that fought there of yore?
 The sod is upon them, they'll struggle no more;
 The hatchet is fallen, the red man is low:
 But near him reposes the arm of his foe.

“ The bugle is silent, the war-whoop is dead;
 There's a murmur of waters and woods in their stead,
 And the raven and owl chant a symphony drear,
 From the dark waving pines o'er the combatants' bier.

“ The light of the sun has just sunk in the wave,
 And a long time ago set the sun of the brave.
 The waters complain, as they roll o'er the stones,
 And the rank grass encircles a few scattered bones.

“ The names of the fallen the traveler leaves
 Cut out with his knife in the bark of the trees;
 But little avail his affectionate arts,
 For the names of the fallen are graved in our hearts.

“ The voice of the hunter is loud on the breeze;
 There's a dashing of waters, a rustling of trees;
 And the jangling of armor hath all passed away,—
 No gushing of life-blood is seen there to-day.

“ The eye that was sparkling, no longer is bright;
 The arm of the mighty—death conquered its might;

The bosoms that once for their country beat high,
To those bosoms the sods of the valley are nigh.

“ Sleep, soldiers of merit ! sleep, gallants of yore !
The hatchet is fallen, the struggle is o'er.
While the fir-tree is green and the wind rolls a wave,
The tear-drop shall brighten the turf of the brave.”

In many parts of the Mohawk valley, the inhabitants were reduced to a state of suffering which will hardly admit of comparison. Every thing in the line of property was destroyed. The torics, as in many other instances, were more cruel and barbarous than the savages. It was their object and desire to make the ravages most complete. They were not satisfied with burning, plundering, driving off and killing hundreds of cattle and horses, but were determined on drenching the green earth with the blood of the oppressed. Many were tortured in the most cruel and barbarous manner. Some were burned at the stake, while others were merely scalped and left to endure the pains and horrors of a living, lingering death.

Col. Fisher, who lived near Caughnawaga, when it was burned by the Indians, made a most noble effort at self-defence in his own house. His two brothers had fallen by his side, and himself being closely pressed to the wall by a band of savages and painted torics, whooping and yelling like incarnate demons,—nerved with desperation, he resolved to make one more bold stroke for liberty. At a single discharge of his rifle, two of the enemy fell locked in the embrace of death. Two more were felled to the floor by well-directed blows from the breech of his gun, while a fifth was made crazy in consequence of having come in contact with a bunch

of bones which was attached to the extreme end of his arm. In this way he escaped from his castle, was pursued by the infuriated foe, captured, scalped, and left writhing in his terrible agonies. The day after, he was discovered by a friend who had fled to the mountains, and was conveyed to his house, where he received every attention which circumstances would permit ; and although the wound was of the most frightful and dangerous character, he survived its dreadful pains, recovered, and lived many years after peace had been restored to his country, an honorable member of society, as well as an ornament to the republic, the freedom of which he so dearly loved.

Lucretia Mott was one of the fifty prisoners taken after the burning of Schoharie. She fell into the hands of six Tories, who were as heartless and inhuman, as reckless and perfidious, as the mind could well imagine. After being compelled to minister to their menial appetites, she had her right ear cropped, two of her fingers amputated, besides other barbarities of a similar character. She was then compelled to disrobe herself of her clothing, which was buried in her presence, after which she was left in the wilderness, many miles from any settlement, with no companion save the hooting owl, howling wolf and screeching panther, to protect her as she sought out, as best she could, her way to the desolate valley.

Mr. Sawyer was taken prisoner by a band of marauding Indians, who, after having proceeded with him several miles, stopped for the night in the gloomy recess of a mountain gorge. After being, as they presumed, securely bound, they directed him to lie down and sleep

with them. As he had been a terror to the Indians, he expected little else than cruel, unrelenting torture at their hands. The night was one of intense darkness. The moon had descended beyond the western hills and "gone to rest." The stars put on their weeds of mourning, and refused to give their light, while thunders rolled and lightnings flashed athwart the darkened sky. The vivid flashes of lightning gave the prisoner an opportunity to view his situation. To his surprise he found means to loosen his hands. This was effected by carefully reaching his pinioned hands to the nearest Indian, and cautiously taking from his belt his scalping knife. His next object was to free his feet, which was soon done. He then with great care looked into the face of each of the seven savages by whom he was surrounded, and found them in a sound sleep. Just at this auspicious moment, the clouds dispersed, and the stars looked out from their hiding-places, which fully revealed the position of his oppressors. Carefully taking from the belt of the leader of the band, his tomahawk, he soon dispatched six of them, and mortally wounded the seventh. Thus having effected his release, he bent his course for a distant settlement, which he hoped the Indians had not visited, and which he reached during the afternoon of the next day.

The heart sickens as we contemplate some of the bloody tragedies and inhuman acts which were perpetrated by these marauding parties. We have read many a tale of horror, where revenge had instigated the fiend to seek out his victim during the dark hour of night, and when no eye could witness the awful deed, save the all-seeing eye of Omnipotence, plunge the dagger to

the heart of her whose affections he was unworthy of possessing, and send her disembodied spirit uncalled for into the presence of the great Eternal. But we can recall no act so chilling to the heart, so dishonorable to humanity, as the one which we are about to sketch.

A family, consisting of father, mother and eight children, residing in one of the settlements adjoining Schoharie, and which had been laid in smoking ruins, was massacred with every attending circumstance of heartless cruelty. Near by where the mother lay weltering in her heart's blood, was a cradle containing a little babe. An old Sachem of the Iroquoy tribe, on discovering it, approached the cradle with his hatchet raised, with intent to dispatch it with a blow. A cherub smile played over its innocent face, which seemed to touch his heart, for his strong arm was at once nerveless, the hatchet fell from his hand, and he bent his weather-beaten, scarred frame, for the purpose of taking the little innocent in his arms, and pressing its tender form to his breast. But before he had time to effect his purpose, a painted tory, who had a far less feeling heart than his savage ally, plunged his bayonet in its bosom, and raising it up to the wall, cried out in tones which none but the *incarnate* could utter—" *This, too, is a rebel.*"

Maria Marshall was taken captive near Oswego, by a party of savages who were returning from one of their predatory incursions into the Mohawk Valley, where they massacred several families, and burned a number of houses.

Arriving within a few miles of Oswego, the party divided in hopes of securing more convenient quarters

for the night with some of the scattered settlers who were occupying comfortable dwellings along the line of their ancient war-path.

Five of the party were kindly entertained at the house of Mr. Marshall. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, and three children, the youngest of whom was but nineteen days old. After being freely treated with the best provisions of the house, they retired to rest. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, presuming upon the good will of the Indians in return for their generosity, felt secure, and after retiring to bed, were soon wrapped in sound sleep. But they had mistaken the character of their visitors. They were less humane, less faithful than their charitable fidelity had supposed. The hellish plot of massacre had been conceived, the first intimation of which, that reached the ears of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, was the crackling of the burning timbers. The faithless foe had secretly plundered and fired the house, and were now ready to take the lives of those whose bounty they had so liberally shared.

The cowardly assassins had taken positions on the outside of the house, where they stood with uplifted hatchets, ready to strike down whoever might attempt to escape from within. Suddenly their attention was arrested by Mr. Marshall, who was hurrying through the huge columns of smoke and flame, holding in his arms his two eldest children. Presently he sprang from the door, and was cloven down with the tomahawk, wielded by the strong arm of an athletic savage. In a moment the father and his precious burthens were weltering in their blood, and writhing in the agonies of death. Mrs. Marshall, with feeble step, and nearly suf-

focated with smoke, reached the door just as the roof fell in with a terrible crash. Closely folded to her bosom was her little babe. She was soon surrounded by her inhuman assailants who demanded of her the child, and on being refused, it was seized by one of the Indians, who immediately dashed out its brains on the doorstep. This most detestable and horrible requital of evil for good was executed with a shameless barbarity alike frightful and revolting to the finest feelings of humanity.

Mrs. Marshall was made prisoner, and securely guarded by two of the Indians while the others secured the plunder.

Thus having completed the work of desolation, the marauders took up their march for Canada. When they reached Oswego, their number was increased to twenty-seven, two of whom were female captives. On the fifth day, one of them, the mother of the other, an infirm old lady, gave out ; she could go no further. She begged for her life, but it was denied her, for at that moment a tomahawk went whirling through the air on its mission of death, and sunk deep into the brains and gore of the fallen captive.

The destination of the Indians was a settlement contiguous to the Three Rivers, near where the Adirondacks, early in the seventeenth century, were defeated in a bloody and exterminating war waged against them by the Five Confederate Nations.

Notwithstanding the poor health of Mrs. Marshall, occasioned by her recent confinement, she was forced to travel from ten to fifteen miles per day, which occasioned still greater debility of bodily powers, as well as

tending to enervate the more noble powers of her exalted mind.

The day previous to the expected time of reaching the Three Rivers, the party divided, leaving Mrs. Marshall still in the hands of her original captors. Early in the evening they encamped for the night on an elevated spot of ground, kindled a fire, stacked their arms, partook of a scanty repast, and sought rest in the embrace of sleep. The savages had intimated to their captive the fact, that on their arrival at the end of their destination, she was to be delivered to one of the grand sachems, who would in turn give her in marriage to a young and distinguished brave of the Iroquoy nation. Shocked at the idea of becoming the wife of an Indian, she could hardly refrain from shedding tears, and otherwise bewailing her sad fate. Bereft of the protecting arm of a kind husband, mourning the loss of her dear children, all of whom had fallen by the hands of the inhuman monsters who were preparing to fetter her with the polluter's chain, far away from country and friends, and in the midst of a dense forest swarming with ravenous beasts and barbarous savages, and in the immediate power of five inhuman Indians who had wrecked her happiness and blighted her fairest hopes of life, she resolved upon death, or deliverance from a bondage more to be deprecated than the assassin's knife.

She cautiously rose from the cold, damp earth, on which she had vainly endeavored to repose her weary limbs, and noiselessly prepared for the work of massacre.

The moon was careering high in the vaulted dome.

The stars looked out in beauty from the radiant sky. The wind had died away. Not even a floating zephyr was heard among the tall trees. All was silent as the grave.

The weapons of the Indians were hastily removed out of their reach. She now examined the guns for the purpose of selecting two to assist her in carrying out the bold enterprise in which she had so determinedly engaged. They appeared in excellent order. There was one which particularly struck her fancy, as it had two barrels and was therefore better suited to her purpose than two of the ordinary kind. This, and a keen-edged hatchet, she deemed sufficient for her purpose. The gun was placed behind a tree near by the sleeping and unconscious foe. The hammers were drawn back, that each load might the more readily be discharged. The savages were arranged in a row—their usual habit of reposing. Nerved with desperation, she seized the tomahawk, and in less than a moment had buried it in the brains and gore of three of the depraved wretches. She then flew with great celerity to the tree, seized her gun and shot the fourth monster as he approached; he gave one terrific yell, and all with him was over. The fifth and last of her captors, unable to find the secreted weapons, now rushed upon her with his scalping knife; her gun having missed fire, was quickly reversed in her hands, and with a well-directed blow from the breech, she felled him to the earth, and with her hatchet gave him the finishing stroke, for he too was quivering in the last agonies of expiring nature.

Having thus exterminated her enemies, she lost no time in retreating from the scene of horror, with the

hope of securing some friendly aid that might enable her once more to return to her friends if still alive, and to her home made desolate by savage violence and inhuman barbarity. For seven long days she wandered in the gloomy forest before meeting with any human being. As the sun was about retiring beyond the western horizon, faint from want of food, having subsisted on roots and plants, she was about to lay herself down for another night's rest, when she was suddenly started by the wild Indian whoop, and looking around, saw, to her consternation, a number of savages approaching the little mound upon which she reclined. They were of the Oneida tribe, and were on terms of friendship with the colonists. "Fear not, pale face," said a young brave, who saw the agitation and forlorn condition of Mrs. Marshall. He in a few words gave her to understand that his party was humane and benevolent, and would not in the least do her harm. She related to him how her husband and children had been sacrificed by a band of piratical invaders of the domestic hearth. He replied that he was going to pass within a few miles of her once peaceful abode, and that if she would place herself under his care, he would conduct her with safety to her home.

Thanking him for his generosity, she felt most happy in being thus protected. In a few days after she was in the midst of former friends. But how changed! Her home presented a mere mass of charred ruins. The hand of friendship had entombed the dear ones of her bosom, for whom she had mourned and wept while held in cruel and unrelenting captivity.

There are many recorded incidents establishing the

the patriotic character of the early pioneers, one of which relates particularly to Col. Harper, of Harpersfield. When McDonald, a tory who had acquired considerable celebrity for his daring deeds of cruelty, was ravaging the Dutch settlements of Schoharie, with his three hundred tories and Indian allies, Col. Harper, alarmed at the sacrifice of life and property, approached Col. Vrooman, who was in command of the Fort, and very feelingly said, "What shall be done?" To which the Dutch colonel replied, "O, nothing at all; we be so weak we cannot do anything." But Col. Harper was not the man to sit down in quietness, and calmly fold his arms while the country around him was being ravaged and made desolate. He called for his horse, and passed with an undaunted spirit and firm resolve through the scattered forces of the enemy, and bent his course for Albany, where he hoped to secure assistance to free his country of the rude despoilers. Reaching Fox's Creek, he stopped for the night at a tory tavern. After partaking of a hasty meal, he called for a room and retired to rest. Soon after, the Colonel was aroused by a loud rap at the door. "What is wanted?" said Harper, as he rose from his bed. "We wish to see Col. Harper," was the quick reply. The Colonel very coolly unlocked the door, and then seated himself on his bed, with pistols and sword by his side. Presently four men entered and closed the door. "Step one inch over that mark," said the Colonel, "and you are dead men." They stopped and showed evident signs of uneasiness. Not finding him, as they presumed, ready to bend the obsequious knee, and tremble like Belshazzar of old, they left his room. Again he closed and bolted the

door, and seating himself on the bed, quietly awaited the approach of day.

Just as the sunbeams began to illuminate the orient sky, he ordered his horse, though the house was surrounded with savages, and was soon on his way for Albany. A swarthy old Indian pursued him to the very outskirts of the place. As often as the red skin pressed too closely upon Col. Harper, his speed was immediately checked by the appearance of an ill-looking pistol, which was aimed at his breast.

Arriving at Albany, he held a conference with Col. Gansevoort, which resulted in accordance with his wishes. A squadron of horse was placed under his direction. They immediately set out for Schoharie, reaching there quite early in the morning. The citizens were not aware of Col. Harper's movements, and were greatly surprised, on hearing the yells and shrieks of the enemy, to behold him with his troops making terrible havoc in their ranks. A very patriotic and successful sally was made from the fort, and the consequences were so alarmingly disastrous to the enemy, that they made a hasty retreat from the country.

CHAPTER VII.

THE REVOLUTION—ITS EFFECTS UPON EMIGRATION—
SETTLEMENTS—INCIDENTS—THE THREE POINTS FROM
WHICH EMIGRANTS PENETRATED CENTRAL NEW YORK.

“I'll note 'em in my book of memory.”

THE Revolutionary curtain first rose upon the memorable soil of Lexington, and fell, in the closing scene of that eventful struggle for freedom in which the infant colonies were engaged, on the blood-drenched plains of Yorktown. Great Britain, in her endeavors to maintain and extend her supremacy over the primitive soil of the New World, was waging a war of oppression against the freemen of America, who were kindling fires that were to light them as they hewed their way through the embattled forces of his royal highness King George III. The Revolutionary war was emphatically a struggle between liberty and oppression. On the east side of the broad waters that separated the two continents, sat the crowned monarch, arrayed in royal splendor, devising plans for the subjugation or annihilation of the chivalrous spirits who were endeavoring to shake off the chains and manacles of the oppressor. The col-

onists warred for their liberties, their rights, and free institutions ; and while the hostile banners of victorious generals were approaching the surf-beaten shore of "this land of the oppressed," and foreign armies were seen marching upon Columbia's soil, they were rallying to the field of slaughter with gleaming swords and glistening bayonets, ready to strike for liberty in freedom's holy cause. During this struggle, a period extending from 1775 to 1783, the spirit of emigration was greatly impeded. But after the stormy cloud of war had passed away, and the tempest of revolution had ceased to give alarm or threaten with danger, and when the contending elements were no longer agitated, and the incendiary's torch, which not unfrequently was applied by marauding parties to the cottagers' homes, had been extinguished, the sturdy and industrious pioneers again began to penetrate beyond the confines civilization.

John Doolittle, originally from Connecticut, was the first explorer of the Oquago valley, having made a permanent settlement near the present valley of Windsor, early in 1785. At this time the Indians were living near the spot where he erected his cabin.

During the same year James M'Master, made a location on the rich flats which border the classic Susquehanna, and the little hamlet which soon after sprung up as if by magic influence, has finally become the beautiful and enterprising village of Owego.

Capt. Joseph Leonard was the pioneer of Broome valley, having located in the vicinity of Binghamton in 1787.

In 1789, Peter Hinepaw, Jacob Yapple, and Isaac Dumond located on the Ithaca Flats. They were employed

nineteen days in transporting their goods from Owego, a distance of twenty-nine miles.

Col. John Hendy was the pioneer at Elmira. He erected the first log cabin in 1788, having previously made a location at Tioga Point. His daughter, Rebecca, who subsequently became the wife of Mr. Culp, was the first white child that ever sat on the banks of the Chemung river. A few years since we shook the withered and fleshless hand of the old lady, then trembling on the verge of four score years. She was a woman of remarkable mind and memory. But she has passed the portals of death, and her sainted spirit is at rest. Col. Hendy was a veteran soldier of the Revolution, and became acquainted with the soil upon which he located while serving under Gen. Sullivan in his successful campaign against the Indians. He possessed great moral courage as well as physical strength. In his conflicts with the Indians, he proved a more than equal opponent, not only in originating schemes of artifice, but in carrying his plans into successful operation. And here permit us to relate a single incident.

An Indian who had offered an unpardonable insult to Mrs. Hendy, had been turned from the Colonel's house, with orders never to cross his path under the most severe penalties. A few weeks after, however, the old offender, thirsting for revenge upon his more worthy rival in all the general characteristics that constitute the man of moral and intellectual worth, had taken a secret position by the side of an Indian trail which ran nearly parallel with one of the little tributaries of the Chemung, and along which he expected Mr. Hendy would pass at a certain hour of the day. Reaching the

secluded spot where his foe was crouched by the side of a huge old oak, he was suddenly surprised by the swarthy savage, who was making rapid strides towards him, brandishing his tomahawk and scalping knife, and uttering the most hideous yells. Col. Hendy was unarmed, having nothing with which to defend himself save a walking cane, which was immediately hurled with great force at the Indian, and which, quite unexpectedly to his copper-colored highness, made a most lasting impression on a very prominent organ of his face, from which the blood spirted as he measured his length upon the ground. In an instant Col. Hendy was by the side of his, for the moment, powerless assailant, and having seized his weapons, bade him in the most authoritative tone to lie still. But the savage determined on one more effort to disarm and subdue his rival conqueror. Quick as thought he sprang to his feet and grappled the Colonel, but was again brought in contact with the ground, and securely bound, certainly to his great displeasure. With his hands pinioned behind him, he was marched off to an Indian settlement and delivered to the Sachem of the tribe to which he belonged, and from which, after being appropriately dealt with, he was banished from the country. But to return.

Hon. Hugh White made the first location at Whites-town, within four miles of Utica, in 1784. Mr. White was one of the joint proprietors of the Sadquada Patent. The surrounding country was then a perfect wilderness, he having been the first pioneer who had ventured to trespass in that quarter beyond the footprints of civilization.

Ephraim Webster, a native of New Hampshire, was

the first white settler in Onondaga county. He located in 1786, and soon after was married to an Indian lady.

In 1793, Col. John L. Hardenburgh erected a log cabin on the present site of the city of Auburn, and up to 1800 the place was known by the name of Hardenburgh's Corners.

In 1789, a ferry across Cayuga lake was established by James Bennet and John Harris.

The Phelps and Gorham purchase of 2,600,000 acres of land for the sum of \$100,000 was made in 1787. The next year, Mr. Phelps left his home in Massachusetts for the purpose of exploring this hitherto unexplored region.* On taking leave of his family and friends, they were found unable to suppress their sobs and tears, for they had but little expectation of meeting him again. The vast wilderness comprised in this Patent was infested with various Indian tribes, whose war triumphs had signalized them for deeds of cruelty and blood. At or near the present village of Canandaigua, he convened the Sachems of the Six Nations, and for a nominal sum extinguished their title to his land. The territory embraced in this purchase comprised the counties of Ontario, Yates, Steuben, Genesee, Alleghany, Niagara, Chatauque, Monroe, Livingston, Erie, the western half of Wayne, and a portion of Orleans.

In 1789 Canandaigua received its first white inhabitant, Mr. Phelps having erected a small log building, in which he opened a land office,—the first of the kind in America.

“ Mr. Phelps may be considered the *Cecrops* of the

* General Sullivan and his army had passed through a portion of this tract in 1779, and gave glowing accounts of its fertility.

Genesee country. Its inhabitants owe a mausoleum to his memory, in gratitude for his having pioneered for them the wilderness of this CANAAN of the WEST."

Kanadesaga (now Geneva) was first settled in 1787. In 1798 the State Road, leading from Utica by way of Cayuga Ferry and Canandaigua to the Genesee River at Avon, was completed. The first stage coach passed over this road in 1779, reaching Avon on the afternoon of the third day. After the completion of this road, Geneva improved more rapidly. Still another great impulse favoring western emigration, is attributable to the construction of the Ithaca and Owego, and Ithaca and Geneva turnpikes, the former of which was completed in 1808, and the latter in 1811.

In 1799 and 1800, the Cayuga Bridge was built by the Manhattan company, at an expense of \$150,000. Five years previous to the undertaking of this laudable enterprise, the surrounding country was a gloomy forest, inhabited only by Indians. The present bridge was constructed at an outlay of about \$15,000.

In 1797 Albany was made the Capital of the State, and in 1809-10 the public buildings were erected; the State House was first used by the legislature in 1811.

In 1792 Capt. Williamson, the great land Mogul of his day, settled at Bath. In 1794 he accepted the agency of the Pultney estate, and soon after erected the Geneva Hotel. .

Rochester received its first white inhabitant in 1808. The Wadsworths located at Big Tree in 1790. This famous council tree is still standing near Genesee.

The Holland Land Company purchased their immense tract of Land west of the Genesee in 1792.

Thomas Gallop was the first permanent settler at Chenango Forks. He located in 1786.

Lisle was settled in 1790. Soon after, Mr. Lampeer located seven miles up the Tioughnioga River.

The previous year (1791) Amos Todd and Joseph Beebe planted the standard of civilization within the rugged confines of Cortland county.

Thus having hastily glanced at the various early settlements, we are fully prepared to reassert the fact previously referred to, that after the bloody tide of revolution had rolled away, and the national elements of the opposing forces had subsided, giving peace to the hitherto oppressed colonies, emigration increased more rapidly, and settlements became more permanent. It will also be most readily perceived, that the pioneers penetrated central and western New York from three quarters. "Pennsylvanians, and particularly inhabitants of the region of Wyoming, pushed up the Susquehanna to Tioga point, whence diverging, some made settlements along the Chemung and Canisteo, while others established themselves on the east branch of the Susquehanna and its tributaries. Adventurers from the east, crossing from New England or the Hudson River counties to Unadilla, dropped down the river in canoes and settled along the Susquehanna or Chemung, or traveled into the upper Genesee. Yet another band took the ancient road through the Mohawk valley to Oneida lake, then on to Canadesaga," and gradually dispersed over the Genesee country. No settlement was, however, made at Buffalo until 1800.

CHAPTER VIII.

ORGANIZATION OF CORTLAND COUNTY.

“The eye explores the feats of other days.”

It is a duty which we of the present generation owe to the memory of the pioneers of civilization in the region of country where we dwell, to gather up with care whatever records of the times there are left, and, studying them well, transmit them in the most enduring form to succeeding ages.

In taking a retrospective view of the past history of our country, we observe the mighty changes which have taken place since the territory of the United States was an unbroken forest, inhabited only by the rude aboriginals, who have slowly but surely yielded to the progressive march of the Europeans, whose advent into this western world “was their misfortune.”

The native lords of the wilderness have disappeared. Their generations sleep in our cultivated fields; our harvests wave upon their hills, and nod like ancient plumes in their luxuriant valleys; we have robbed them of their homes and their hunting-grounds, and despoiled them of their ancient greatness—their former glory.

Nor have we stopped here; in numerous instances, the venerated names of antiquity have been chosen to

take the place of the more expressive titles by which they knew hill and valley, lake and stream ; and which, in most respects, are certainly less euphonious, and wanting in agreeable taste. How illy do the appellations of Spring Mills, Harloe's Corners, Middletown, Port Royal, Geneva, Rochester, Detroit, and Sleepy Hollow, compare with the sweet, musical, and ever-classic names of Unadilla, Wyalusing, Susquehanna, Cayuga, Tuscarora, or Canisteo ? We are far from favoring the custom which has so eagerly sought out and applied to our cities and smaller towns the names of heroes, novelists, and poets. What knew Homer, Virgil, Scott, or Solon, about the trials, sufferings, and toilsome pursuits of the progressive spirits of go-ahead pioneers ? It may be questionable as to their ever having seen a stump, raft, or side-hill plow ! They dreamed mostly of castles of ivory and columns of glass. Hector, Hannibal, and the Grecian conqueror, thought but of crowns, sceptres, helmets, and glittering plumes. The idea of borrowing names from the ancient republics, merely on account of their bearing a classical character, is a most perfect absurdity. If republican freemen cherish the habits and customs of former ages, why not reverence with peculiar devotion the ancient Indian custom of arraying themselves in fantastic costumes, and dancing a grand war-dance around a stump, in a manner at once ludicrous, and which would naturally lead the uninitiated spectator to doubt the sanity of the grandiloquent centre of attraction ? True, we would not desire to see the American people achieving laurels by the tomahawk, scalping knife, or deadly arrow. We certainly may with perfect safety banish from among us

their ancient relics ; yet, regarding them as the original proprietors of this western continent, we think it highly proper to preserve the more elegant appellations of the Indians, and would certainly "approve the taste that would restore the aboriginal names of places," in all cases consistent with association, and which would favorably characterize the ancestry of the red men of America.

Scarce seventy years have passed away since the territory embraced within the boundary of Cortland county was only traversed by the rude Indian hunters—warriors of proud and lofty bearing—chieftains who were quietly borne upon the bosom of the limpid waters of the Tioughnioga, and with far more pleasurable emotions than were the Goths or Vandals, in their memorable passage down the Hellespont. Nearly seventy years have passed away since the aboriginal lords of the wilderness—the Romans of the West—here pursued with stealthy step and faithful quiver, the panther, the wolf, and the bear, as they ranged o'er

" Rocky dens and wooded glens."

Then they cautiously trapped the moose, the otter, the fox, the catamount, and the lynx ; and the rapacious French and English traders received their pelts and furs in exchange for powder, lead, tomahawks, scalping knives and blankets, with an occasional supply of very poor rum. Nearly seventy years have rolled away since the first echo of the axe of civilization was heard in Cortland valley, or the Yankee rifle laid open the skull of old Grizzler, as he sat crouched behind his rocky rampart in the gloomy mountain gorge, grinning a

look of defiance at his unwelcome intruder. Nearly seventy years have passed away since the footprints of civilization first appeared in the Tioughnioga valley. Nearly seventy years have winged their rapid flight since, in this wild of forest trees,

“ Art built her dome in Nature’s silent bowers,
And peace and gladness crowned the pilgrim’s hours.”

The long, deep silence which had for ages pervaded these luxuriant valleys and rugged hills was at length broken, for the “ woodman’s axe” was making war with the stern old monarchs o’er whom for centuries the thunders had rolled and the lightnings wheeled in awful grandeur. For ages back, the wild men had wandered o’er them in the pursuit of forest game, or as they defiled along upon the war path. Battles waged for power and conquest within the borders of our county, are neither recorded upon the historic page, nor treasured up in our county archives. There are, however, some interesting traditionary relics preserved among the aged chieftains of the *Leni-Lenape* tribe, which, though not conclusive evidence of fact, yet they measurably establish the probability of there having been, during the Sixteenth century, wars of the most cruel and unrelenting character waged in our valley. We have seen many curiously-wrought implements of Indian warfare, now in preservation, which have from time to time been turned up by the plough of the progressive agriculturist. We have seen spear heads, chisels, pestles, arrow points, and pipes of great antiquity—leaden crosses of Maltese shape, referring to the missions of the Jesuits—beads, necklaces, and rings, of very ancient origin

—the section of a circle, perforated near the rim, with very small holes,—and last, though not least, of ingenious construction, is a bone charger, in perfect preservation, and the same as was used by the Senecas at the tragical conflict in 1687, with Marquis De Nonville, in the Genesee valley.

As we can neither give record to the bloody acts of crowned heads begirt with royal gems, or describe in glowing colors enormous battlements from which emerged warriors clad in iron mail, with bristling bayonets and brazen armor, as they met some formidable foe ready to contest the right of soil on which they walked, we shall have to content ourselves with recording events of an entirely dissimilar character. True, the swarthy savages were occasionally seen ascending the Tioughnioga, or trailing along the war-path, with a frightful-looking lot of scalps, fresh from the brows of the “pale faces,” dangling at their belts.

The history of Cortland county is therefore of a pacific character. It was the remark of a celebrated author, that “that country is the happiest which furnishes the fewest materials for history.” Assuming the truth of this position, we shall be led to believe that a cultivation of the arts of peace are certainly more conducive to happiness, than a recurrence to the arbitrary acts and influences of war.

Tryon county, as we have already remarked, was organized in 1772.

In 1784, Tryon was changed to Montgomery, in order to gratify the many patriotic citizens who were thoroughly opposed to longer retaining the name of a tory governor.

The territory at this time embraced within its boundaries the five districts known by the names of Mohawk, Canajoharie, Palatine, German Flats, and Kingsland.

Herkimer county was organised from territory taken from Montgomery, in 1791.

Onondaga county was organized in 1794. It was taken from the western part of Herkimer, and embraced within its limits that portion of the Military Tract, which at present comprises the counties of Seneca, Cayuga, Cortland, and Onondaga, with portions of Tompkins and Oswego.

Cayuga	was organized from	Onondaga	in 1799.
Seneca	“	“	Cayuga in 1804.
Cortland	“	“	Onondaga in 1808.
Oswego	“	“	Oneida and Onondaga in 1816.
Tompkins	“	“	Cayuga and Seneca in 1817.
Wayne	“	“	Ontario and Seneca in 1823.

The principal causes which led to the organization of Cortland county, will be found in the following interesting document,—the original petition for its erection,—and which we procured through the politeness of Hon. G. W. Bradford, from the archives of our State.

The petition was originally written in an easy and graceful hand, and in almost every instance the signatures were the autographs of the signers.

To the Honorable the Legislature of the State of New York in Senate and Assembly convened: The Petition of the subscribers, inhabitants of the towns of Fabius, Tully, Solon, Homer, Virgil, and Cincinnatus, humbly sheweth:—

That the county of Onondaga is ninety-six miles in length, and at an average breadth about twenty-five

miles ; that from the extreme of the southern boundary of the said county to the court-house is sixty miles,—which operates greatly to the inconvenience of many of your petitioners in giving their attendance at court. That the population of said county is now very great, and is daily increasing, which renders it impossible for our Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions of the Peace to transact with due expediency the legal business of said county; whereby the suitors of the said courts experience great delay of justice, which, in the opinion of your petitioners, is equivalent to a denial of justice. That your petitioners humbly conceive that a division of the said county will be of signal advantage to the inhabitants of the said towns of Solon, Fabius, Tully, Homer, Virgil, and Cincinnatus, and also to the inhabitants of the northern part of the said county.

Your Petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that the before-mentioned towns be erected into a new county by the name of Courtlandt, and that there be three Courts of Common Pleas and General Sessions of the Peace held in the said county as follows, viz : on the second Tuesday of April, and the first Tuesday of September and December, in every year, after the due organization of the said county.

And your Petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray.

Appended to the petition were the names of seven hundred and forty-seven of the most prominent citizens of the [then] southern portion of Onondaga county, who were desirous of securing a division of the same.

The petition was, on the 4th day of February following, introduced into the Senate by Hon. John Ballard, a

member from the western district, then a resident of the town of Homer, and was referred to a committee consisting of Mr. Ballard, Mr. Buel, and Mr. Yates.

The next day, (Feb. 5th,) Mr. Ballard reported in favor of the petitioners, and presented a bill to that effect, which was read the first and second time, and referred to a Committee of the Whole.

It was again called up in Committee of the Whole on the 8th, and ordered to be engrossed.

On the 10th it was read the third time, and passed ; and on the same day was sent to the Assembly and read the first time, and referred to the Committee of the Whole.

Several of the northern towns of Onondaga remonstrated against the measure. The spirit of opposition was cherished and cultivated with the most assiduous care. Disunion was a monster of hideous form. He was a creator of discord, and aimed at dividing members of the social compact. He was a political tyrant,—an admirer of crowns, sceptres and chains.

But remonstrances, in all their multifarious forms, could not save the county from being divided. Even the eloquence and profound logic of the gifted member, the Hon. Joshua Forman, failed to prevent its dismemberment. The bill finally passed the Assembly, and became a law on the 8th day of April, 1808.

We select such portions of the act as will be of interest to the general reader :—

AN ACT TO DIVIDE THE COUNTY OF ONONDAGA, PASSED
APRIL 8, 1808.

1. *Be it enacted by the people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly,* That all that part of the county of Onondaga, to wit: Beginning at the south corner of the town of Cincinnatus, and thence running north along the east line of the towns of Cincinnatus, Solon and Fabius, to the north-east corner of lot No. 60, in said town of Fabius, thence running west along the north line of that tier of lots through the towns of Fabius and Tully, to the north-west corner of lot No. 51 in said town of Tully; thence south along the east line of the county of Cayuga, to the south-east corner of the towns of Virgil and Cincinnatus to the place of beginning, shall be one separate and distinct county, and shall be called and known by the name of Cortland.

2. *And be it further enacted,* That the Courts in and for the said county, shall be held at the school-house on lot No. 45, in the town of Homer.

3. *And be it further enacted,* That all that part of the town of Fabius, situated in the county of Cortland, shall be called Truxton; and all that part of the town of Tully, in said county of Cortland, shall be called Preble.

Additional sections provide that Cortland shall have one member of Assembly, and that it shall form part of the Western Senatorial District, and part of the Thirteenth Congressional District.

CHAPTER IX.

MILITARY TRACT.

*"It was a gloomy wild where Indian warriors trod,
Where savage minds in solitude looked up to Nature's God."*

Cortland county was named in honor of General Peter Van Cortlandt, a gentleman who was extensively engaged in the purchase and sale of land. It is bounded on the north by Onondaga county; east by Madison and Chenango; south by Broome and Tioga; and west by Tompkins and Cayuga.

Its area is a fraction over 500 square miles, and contains about 320,000 acres, forming a portion of the high "central section of the State." Its northern boundary lies on the dividing ridge which separates the waters flowing into Lake Ontario and the tributaries of the Susquehanna river. The surface of this county is much diversified, and may be appropriately divided into rich valleys and fertile hills.

The territory comprised within the boundaries of Cortland county, is composed of four whole and two half townships of the Military Tract, or lands granted by the State of New York to the soldiers of the revolution.

The bloody enormities and cruel massacres perpe-

trated along the frontier of New York, by the tories and Indian allies, during the stormy period of our country's history, and more particularly, of the years 1779 and 1780, and the neglect of several other States to furnish their proportion of troops for the protection of the lives and property of the people, caused the legislature of 1781 to enact a law requiring the enlistment of "two regiments for the defence of the frontier of New York." All necessary expenses incurred were to be canceled by the United States, and the troops were to be employed in the actual service of the country for the "term of three years, unless sooner discharged." The faith of the State was held in pledge for the positive payment for such services. "The council of appointment of the State of New York was to commission the field-officers, and the Governor of the State, the captains and subalterns."

The non-commissioned officers and privates were each to receive in land, as soon as surveyed by the Surveyor General,

General,	500 acres,
Major General,	5,500 "
Brigadier General,	4,500 "
Colonel,	2,500 "
Lieut. Colonel,	2,000 "
Major,	2,000 "
Captain,	1,500 "
Regimental Surgeon,	1,500 "
Chaplain,	2,000 "
Subaltern,	1,000 "
Surgeon's Mate,	1,000 "

The act above referred to contained a clause making

an absolute settlement "on these lands" within three years from the close of the war necessary, otherwise they were forfeited, and reverted back to the State.

The United States Congress also granted one hundred acres of land to each of these soldiers as an additional compensation for their valuable services in their country's defence. Officers of the different grades received larger amounts, according to their commission or rank.

Major General,	1,000 acres
Brigadier General,	900 "
Colonel,	500 "
Lieut. Colonel,	450 "
Major,	400 "
Captain,	300 "
Lieutenant,	200 "
Ensign,	150 "

The land granted, or set apart, for the payment of revolutionary claims in accordance with the act of Congress, was located in the State of Ohio. Arrangements were however made which enabled the soldier to draw his whole quota of 600 acres in one body in New York, on condition of his having first legally relinquished his claim to the 100 acres in Ohio; but if he neglected, or otherwise felt inclined, the sixth part, which his patent called for, reverted to the State of New York, and hence originated the term of "State's Hundred." If notice was given, \$8 was taxed the patentee as a fee for surveying, and in case of failure in paying that amount, fifty acres reverted to the State, and hence again arose the term of "Survey Fifty." Commissioners were appointed in 1784 to grant bounty

land, "and settle individual claims." They consisted of the Governor and Lieutenant Governor, Speaker of Assembly, Secretary of State, Attorney General, Treasurer and Auditor.

The Military Tract was especially set apart by the legislature of 1782, as bounty lands to be given to the soldiers of the revolution. The tract contained 1,680,000 acres, and embraced within its boundaries the counties of Onondaga, Cortland, Cayuga, Tompkins and Seneca, with parts of Oswego and Wayne.

The Indian title was extinguished by Treaty of Fort Stanwix, Sept. 12th, 1788.

The tract was surveyed by act of Legislature of 1789 into twenty-six townships of one square mile, and each to contain one hundred lots of 600 acres. General Simeon Dewitt, assisted by Moses Dewitt and Abram Hardenburgh, "laid out the whole tract," the former "plotting, and mapping the boundaries, and calculating its area."

We annex a table of the townships as originally named, though previously known only by the number.

TOWNSHIPS.		
No. 1. Lysander.	No. 10. Pompey.	No. 19. Homer.
" 2. Hannibal.	" 11. Romulus.	" 20. Solon.
" 3. Cato.	" 12. Scipio.	" 21. Hector.
" 4. Brutus.	" 13. Sempronius.	" 22. Ulysses.
" 5. Camillus.	" 14. Tully.	" 23. Dryden.
" 6. Cicero.	" 15. Fabius.	" 24. Virgil.
" 7. Manlius.	" 16. Ovid.	" 25. Cincinnatus.
" 8. Aurelius.	" 17. Milton.	" 26. Junius.
" 9. Marcellus.	" 18. Locke.	

In 1791, the commissioners decided by ballot who

were the claimants to these bounty lands. "Ninety-four persons drew lots in each township." One lot was especially set apart for the promotion of literature, and another for the support of the Gospel and common schools. There still remained four lots in each township to be disposed of. These were appropriated to the benefit of certain officers, and to such as had drawn lots which were measurably covered with water.

In 1792 township number twenty-seven was surveyed and known by the name of *Galen*. This grant was made, in accordance with law, to the Hospital department.

In 1796 it was found that there were yet many unsatisfied claims for bounty lands, and consequently another township was laid out, and numbered "twenty-eight," which satisfied all legal claimants. To this was appropriated the name of *Sterling*.

The act relative to a positive settlement in three years was annulled, and the time extended from 1792 to 1799.

The State, in disposing of its bounty lands, conveyed them by an instrument called a Patent, to which was attached a large waxen disc, with paper on each side, bearing the arms of the State on the face, and an impression on the back, called the "reverse."

It is, perhaps, well known to the general reader, that a town frequently embraced a number of townships. Ulysses originally included the townships of Ulysses, Ithaca, Enfield and Dryden. Pompey contained the townships of Pompey, Fabius and Tully. Homer embraced that of Homer and Cortland. Virgil embraced Virgil, Harford and Lapeer. Cincinnatus contained

Cincinnatus, Marathon, Freetown and Willet. Solon embraced Solon and Taylor. Preble contained Preble and Scott.

A township embraced one hundred lots, though, for lack of a proper understanding, many have confounded the terms of town and township; and we notice instances where authors have substituted the one for the other.

Previous to 1792, the revolutionary claimants suffered materially on account of the many frauds committed by a lawless band of land pirates, who, in order to rob the HERO and PATRIOT of his inheritance, hesitated not to commit the most open and glaring forgeries. Numerous fraudulent conveyances bore anterior dates, and consequently gave rise to many unpleasant contests, as well as bitter recriminations. In some instances, four and even five forged conveyances were held by as many different individuals for the same lot of land.

In some cases the legal claimants were deprived of their rights. But these land-sharks were not always aware of the material with which they had to contend, and occasionally met with a rebuke and discomfiture from which they did not soon recover. Among those gallant spirits who braved the danger of revolution, and who were unappalled by the roar of British cannon, and the menace of hostile armies, were men who were not easily forced or ejected from their possessions. In the eastern part of Cortland lived one who was an associate with the chivalrous sons who marched to Quebec when winter's awful tempest opposed their progress, and who crossed the ice-choked Delaware, regardless

of chilling winds and angry waves—again, defying the rage of battle beneath the burning sun at Monmouth—kindred spirits to those who fought at Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill. He had made bare his bosom to the shafts of battle, and shrunk not from the horrors of a seven years' war. After locating on his lot, and at a time when hope painted to his eager vision long years of future happiness, he was called upon by one of these gentlemen Shylocks, who informed him that he held a conveyance of his lot, and that he was the only legal owner, and gave him a very polite invitation to evacuate his possessions. But the stern old patriot—the hero of many battles, and who carried on his person the certificates of his valor—was not thus hastily to be ejected from his revolutionary inheritance. The fire that once glowed so brightly in the old man's eyes on the field of battle was rekindled, and he would sooner have fallen a martyr to justice and right than have obsequiously acquiesced in the mandate of his ungal-lant oppressor. The conveyance was at length laid open and examined, and was found to bear a date prior to that of his own. In short, it was a forgery.

When the defrauder found that the stern, heroic warrior would not yield to his demand, he threatened him with the terrors of law, and the cost of an ejectment suit. This, however, only caused a smile to play over the face of the worthy pioneer of civilization. He knew that he had fought and bled upon the gory plain; that he had sacrificed the soft endearments of home, discarded honors, and rushed to the "tented field," to strike for liberty and universal freedom; that his possessions were legally bequeathed him, as a compara-

tively small gift for the sacrifices he had made in the cause of human emancipation; and to be thus deprived of a home which he had purchased with sacrifices and blood, would not comport with the principle for which he had contended, and he spurned the intruder from his presence.

Instances of a like character were of frequent occurrence. Some yielded without making scarcely an effort at resistance.

But the soldiers suffered from other circumstances, and from causes over which they had no control. The long *interim* of time which intervened between the day of promise and the time of legal assignment of bounty lands, and the coldness with which their appeals were received by the State government, caused many to doubt the propriety of urging their claims, and in numerous instances parted with their patents for a mere nominal sum, and in some cases for an amount varying from three to eight dollars.

The act of '94 was intended to prevent future frauds, and unquestionably had the desired effect. "All deeds and conveyances executed before that time, or pretending to be so, were to be deposited with the clerk of the county of Albany, for the time being, and all such as were not so deposited should be considered fraudulent." This put a stop to further forgeries; yet the courts were pressed with suits in regard to contesting claimants. Very few lots were quietly settled upon, there being two or more pretended owners. Squatters had to be ejected, and often exorbitant sums paid for the mere shadow of an improvement. The disputes became so frequent, so unpleasant, and withal so injurious to

the peace and comfort of the Military Tract, that, in 1797, they united in a general and urgent petition for the passage of an act whereby all difficulties might be settled, and the controversial war ended. The petition was heard and answered. Commissioners were appointed, "with full powers to hear, examine, award, and determine all disputes respecting the titles of any and all the military bounty lands." Wrongs of long standing were redressed, and justice equitably distributed.

The termination of these vexed questions of right gave rise to a more liberal and happy feeling among the pioneers, and resulted in a more speedy settlement of the territory, and consequently in a rapid increase of population.

Cortland county is at present divided into fifteen towns, which were organized as follows :

Homer,	1794	Marathon,	1818
Solon,	1798	Willet,	1818
Virgil,	1804	Cortlandville,	1829
Cincinnatus,	1804	Harford,	1845
Preble,	1808	Lapeer,	1845
Truxton,	1808	Taylor,	1849
Scott,	1815	Cuyler,	1858
Freetown,	1818		

CHAPTER X.

GEOLOGY, MINERALOGY AND METEOROLOGY.

“ Nor gold nor jeweled gems were there,
Yet 'neath the turf were mines of richest store.”

To THOSE who read the book of Nature with due attention, and who are conversant with the laws of cause and effect, the study of Geology, Mineralogy and Meteorology will prove not only interesting, but instructive, and they will necessarily be led to inquire into those causes and influences which may have operated at a very remote period of time in giving an almost entire change to the general appearance of the earth's surface. In our mind there is no question as to the fact of the ancient ocean having, far back in the dim distance of the past, overspread our hills and valleys, ebbing and flowing in obedience to physical laws, and, as now, sending her storm-beaten surf against the huge rocks that line the mountain gorge. Then, as now, it was dotted with isles and sand-bars. Then, as now, there were calms, when the sun, the moon, the stars, looked down in beauty upon its glassy surface. Then, as now, the rainbow clasped the wide expanse, while its ever-varied hues were reflected far beneath the gentle wave-

lets. Then, as now, the zephyrs played o'er its unfathomed waters, sending its undulating swells to ripple along the beachen shore, "recording its history in the sands beneath."

The Tioughnioga river has its source near the southern line of Onondaga, and flows southward, with its tributaries watering nearly the whole of Cortland county. The Otselic is its main branch.

Geologically, Cortland does not present as great a variety of specimens as some of the other counties in the district.*

Slate is the basis-rock of the county. The Hamilton group, extending from Onondaga, enters the northern part of the town of Truxton, and terminates some distance east of Tinker's Falls.

In Preble, Truxton, and parts of Homer, are found quantities of Genesee slate. These generally project from the hills which form the barriers of the valley.

The Portage and Ithaca groups extend over the towns of Cortland and Solon, the larger portion of Homer and Scott, "and the terrace between Truxton and Solon." They are found on either side of the Tioughnioga, but become more narrow as they "increase in thickness going south." Some fine specimens are also found along the borders of the Otselic in Willet and Cincinnatus.

These groups form a number of valuable quarries, and from which have been taken large quantities of stone

* This (the third) Geological district is composed of the counties of Montgomery, Fulton, Otsego, Herkimer, Oneida, Lewis, Oswego, Madison, Onondaga, Cayuga, Cortland, Chenango, Broome, Tioga, and the eastern half of Tompkins.

for building and flagging purposes. A short distance above Port Watson are the quarries of Messrs. Miller & Derby. To the south are those of Messrs. Stephens, Rose and Betts. Between Homer and Cortland are Pierce and Rood's quarries. These are of great value, "and furnish nearly all the flag-stones used in Homer." The lower part of the quarries consists of flags from one to six inches in thickness; not so smooth or straight as those of Sherburne, but waved like the slight movements which water produces upon a sandy bottom. The flags contain fucoids, large and small, some of which anastomose and are smooth. Above these layers there is a line of concretion, about a foot or more in diameter, with shale. On the top of these are slaty, broken up, and decomposed layers of shale and sandstone, forming the refuse of the quarry. Some of the lower layers of sandstone contain vegetable impressions, and show small accumulations of coal, owing to the alteration which the material of the plants has undergone."* This quarry is a most valuable acquisition to the mineral wealth of Homer.

Those citizens of Homer who are observant of objects about them, will find many interesting confirmations in the flag-stones upon which they walk, of the truth of the above observations. The beautiful ripple marks, everywhere seen, carry us back to the time when these same rocks formed the soft floors of shallow Silurian seas.

North and west of Homer, are other valuable quarries, in one of which a variety of vegetable impressions

* See State Geological Report, 1842, to which we are indebted for many interesting facts.

are discernible—none, however, which resemble those noticed by us in the quarry above referred to.

The Chemung group covers the southwest part of Virgil. This is the highest elevation in the county. The same group is perceptible on the lines of Freetown, Cincinnatus, Willet and Marathon.

There are three marl lakes or ponds a few miles south west of Cortland village. The larger one covers an area of fifteen acres, the second in size, six, and the third, four. When freed from the particles of vegetable matter, it presents a very light appearance, and is without doubt a fair species of carbonate of lime. Large quantities of lime are annually burnt and disposed of at the kilns.

Marl is also found in smaller deposits in Tully, Preble, and the northern part of Homer. It will at some future time prove to be of great importance to the county, especially as a manure.

Bog ore, it is believed, does not exist in this county to any great extent, though small specimens have been found in some of the swamps.

Albite, or white feld-spar, exists in small quantities in Scott, Fabius and Solon.

We have two or three specimens of amphibole, or basaltic hornblende, gathered from the northern part of the county. The crystals are well-formed, but so firmly imbedded in the rock as to render it difficult to detach them without marring their beauty.

Calcareous tufa is common in some of the eastern localities of the county.

On the west branch of the Otselic river is a small

calcareo-sulphurous spring, the water of which is strongly impregnated with the mixed ingredients of sulphur and lime.

In the county are several sulphur springs, some emitting very pure particles of sulphur. Little York, or Sulphur lake, a few miles north of Homer, is slightly tintured with sulphur.

Tornadoes are classed among the more prominent meteorological phenomena. Their course is invariably in an eastward direction, and, unlike that of a whirlwind, moving "in a circuit round its axis," their whirl is always to the left. They frequently travel at the rate of a hundred miles per hour, leaving the marks of devastation behind.

On the 13th day of August, 1804, a tornado swept over the northern part of this county, and in its maddened course tore up trees, demolished buildings, and blasted the pioneer's hopes of a plentiful crop.

Just a half century after, Cortland county was again visited by a tornado. Its path was narrow, yet alarmingly destructive. Its course was east south-east, and its ravages were traceable for a distance exceeding 250 miles. A little previous to its appearance, cloud after cloud of awful blackness rolled up in the west, and gradually spread over the sky, until finally the whole firmament became enveloped in almost *tartarean* darkness. Forked lightnings flashed athwart the sky, or, zig-zag, leaped from apparent spiral columns of red-hot wreathing flames. The rain poured down in torrents. It was not like one of those ever-drizzling rains so common among the tropics, but more like a perfect

avalanche. The rain was succeeded by a violent hail-storm, which tended greatly to cool the overheated atmosphere, the mercury having ascended to a point unusual for this latitude.

The tornado entered this county from Locke, and passed, in its desolating and destructive course, within two miles of Homer. Having gathered fresh strength in crossing the valley, it rose the eastern hills—those ancient battlements where the shadows of ages have fallen and which fearful convulsions have shaken—with a spirit unawed and unbroken, and then waged war with the hitherto unconquered monarchs of 400 years' standing, tearing them up by the roots, or twisting them into splinters as Sampson did a green twig, and whirling their shattered fragments in almost every conceivable direction. Indeed, sad havoc was made with the forest trees. But the ancient dwellers offered no opposition, for the storm-god did not even presume upon a contest for the right of way. His course was onward, and woe to the giant oak that came within the whirling folds of the destroyer.

A gentleman, crossing Cayuga lake in a small boat at the time of this occurrence, describes the scene as one of terrific grandeur. As it approached the water, it leveled every impeding obstacle. The roaring of the tornado, the sharp, vivid flashes of lightning, and the deafening thunder, were to him really alarming. The water, for the space of several rods, extending across the lake, suddenly became elevated a number of feet, very much in the form of a pier, and for an hour or more ebbed and flowed with the same regularity as is observed in the ocean's tide. On, on sped the storm-god,

raving and howling as if forced forward on the very wings of despair.

There were several remarkable incidents connected with this singularly strange and destructive visitor. In the town of Locke, Cayuga county, a brass kettle was caught up in its terrible folds, and lodged, some forty rods distant, in the top of a graceful poplar. A wagon-seat was carried across the Tioughnioga river, and dashed to atoms. A barn roof was divided, and one-third carried away without materially injuring the remaining two-thirds. In Chenango, a little boy, five or six years old, was caught up and carried upwards of thirty rods, and safely deposited by the side of a haystack, having escaped with only a rude shaking. An aged matron, stepping to the door to shake the crumbs from her table-cloth, had it rather unceremoniously taken from her, and the last she saw of her favorite linen, it was at a great distance, cutting fantastic capers in "mid air," being under the immediate control of the storm-spirit.

On the 30th day of September, 1858, another tornado visited our county. Its course, from Lake Erie to the Atlantic, was wide and fearfully marked with its desolating effects. In various places its strength was divided, and it traveled in different lines for miles, and when again united, raved and roared with redoubled fury.

The sky was shrouded with thick and sulphury clouds, increasing to almost pitchy blackness. Forked lightnings flashed athwart the sky, and deafening thunders rolled and reverberated amid the contending elements. The damage to property was immense. Orchards and forest trees were alike prostrated; fences were blown

down, houses and barns unroofed, and in some instances entirely destroyed. We visited one sugar-orchard of two thousand trees, all of which, save forty-nine, were leveled to the ground. On another lot we saw sixty acres of forest trees lying in every conceivable direction. But the damage was so great, and so generally felt, that we deem an extended notice unnecessary. In the evening the sky was almost constantly lit up with spiral streaks of lightning, accompanied with deafening thunder, inconceivably grand and awe-inspiring.

The data we possess relative to our climate is limited to the results of a few observations. We have been favored with the reading of a valuable and interesting Report on Vital Statistics, made to the Medical Association of Southern Central New York, by Doctor C. GREEN, from which we make the following brief outline of interesting facts:

The climate of Cortland county is characterized, in common with that of southern central New York, by great variability. The region of the State, south and south-west of the Mohawk valley, including Onondaga and Cortland counties, shows, according to the report of Dr. Emmons, a lower reduction of temperature by four degrees to eleven degrees than the average of the State, and autumnal frosts occur earlier by four to thirteen days. The physical features of the county would indicate that our climate would at least be colder than the western portion of the State in the same latitude. The geological features of our county are interesting in relation to the succession of hill and dale, their relative elevation, and the elevation above tide water. These valleys are cut through the Portage and Chemung group of rocks. The hills bounding these valleys are generally

of such shape that they can be cultivated to their summits, and vary in height above the valleys from two hundred to six hundred feet. The valleys, geologically speaking, are those of *denudation*, being scooped out of the rocks above mentioned. The bottoms are filled to an unknown depth with drift made up of the detritus and boulders of the northern rocks, as well as of the rocks in which they are situated. These valleys are of moderate width, and have no inconsiderable elevation above the ocean. The valley in which Homer is situated is at that place 1096 feet above tide water. This elevation will account in a measure for the difference in the climate between this and the western portion of the State, especially from Cayuga lake westward. While Homer has the elevation just noticed, Ithaca is situated only four hundred and seventeen feet above tide—a difference in altitude of six hundred and seventy-nine feet. The mean temperature of Homer is forty-four degrees seventeen minutes, while that of Ithaca, with a difference in latitude of only eleven minutes of a degree, is forty-seven degrees eighty-eight minutes, thereby giving a difference in mean temperature of three degrees seventy-one minutes. The annual range of the thermometer in Homer, for 1845, was one hundred and four degrees, while that of Ithaca was ninety-two.

The daily range of temperature is one of the most marked characteristics of our climate, and this is especially true of the late summer and early autumnal months. The vicissitudes of weather are very sudden and extreme, but the change in the daily temperature which exerts the most striking influence on the health of community, in our summer and autumnal months, is, the rapid depression of the mercury on the approach of

night-fall. There is often, in August and September, a change, from two o'clock to ten o'clock P. M., of from twenty to thirty-five degrees. It will be readily seen that if the body is not prepared to resist the influence of these changes, disease must result. The following table, prepared from observations taken in Homer in 1851, shows the monthly mean of the daily range of the thermometer :

Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.
13.35	11.42	15.06	13.43	17.77	16.40
July.	August.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
17.12	20.33	20.23	15.09	8.53	10.13

In order to maintain an equable condition of the system, it becomes necessary to change clothing as often as the weather changes, or at least wear next to the surface of the body those materials which do not conduct heat rapidly.

The following table will give some idea of the climate of our county. The table was compiled from the records made by E. C. Reed, Esq., the Meteorological observer of the Smithsonian institute, of Homer :

	No.inches rain and melted snow.	High- est p't of ther.	Low- est p't of ther.	Range.	Highest point of barom- eter.	Lowest point of barom- eter.	Range.	Direct'n wind.	Cloud- iness.
1853.									
May,	4.69	80	33	47	29.132	28.408	.724	N. W.	5
June,	4.00	88	47	41	29.121	28.517	.604	N. W.	4
July,	2.28	83	47	36	29.046	28.555	.491	s.	4
Aug.,	3.59	89	43	46	29.007	28.405	.602	s.	4
Sept.,	4.72	83	32	51	29.085	28.278	.807	s.	4
Oct.,	4.56	68	24	44	29.191	28.336	.855	s.	4
Nov.,	3.15	63	6	57	29.333	28.347	.986	s.	7
Dec.,	1.76	44	-2	46	29.042	27.974	1.068	s.	7
1854.									
Jan.,	2.60	54	-5	59	29.268	28.039	1.229	s.	7
Feb.,	4.46	48	-2	50	29.275	28.202	1.073	S. E.	6
March,	3.34	60	3	57	29.094	27.997	1.097	N. W.	7
April,	5.84	69	16	53	29.312	28.271	1.041	N. W.	6