"Oh, yes," said Hanyari. "We have the fisherman's star, the loon-hunter in a canoe, the travellers in the big boat, the bear's head and flank, the morning star, and the seven stars."

"What about the great bear?" inquired his white friend.

"Oh! is that what you white men call it?" inquired Hanyari. "Our fathers tell us that one day one of the great stone-clothed giants was walking through the woods, when he found some Iroquois hunters chasing a big bear. The giant took the animal's part, and, seizing some rocks, hurled them at the hunters, killing all except three. Yet he enjoyed seeing the men have the sport, and would not stop it. So, taking the bear and the hunters in his hand, he hurled them up into the sky, and there they are. See those four stars together? The big ones are the bear's body and legs. Do you see that big star next? That's the foremost hunter, intent with his bow and arrows on shooting the bear. See that second star? That's the second hunter. He is carrying a kettle to cook the meat in, when the bear is cut up. Last of all is the third hunter, who is gathering brushwood to make the fire."

"Oh," laughed Vrooman; "you have a 'kettle,' and we have a 'dipper.' Is that the whole of the story?" said Vrooman.

"No; my aunt told me that when all the leaves turned red in autumn, it was because the foremost

hunter had shot the bear to death, and through the hole in which the arrow entered, and along the shaft and over the feathers, the bear's blood drops out. In autumn, this drips upon the leaves of the trees, making them all red, until at last they, too, die and fall."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE RESCUE OF TRINTJE VROOMAN

"WE were all in high spirits when we started again next day, for we expected another battle at the outlet of the lake at its northern end, which we had to ford. The scouts were sent out on all sides, but found the coast clear. Crossing this outlet in water knee deep, we marched farther on through a terrible quagmire called the 'soap mine,' and still another swamp, and then along the lake beach until we came to Butler's buildings. These were four or five in number, containing, until recently, great stores of tools, seeds, provisions, and war material. We set them on fire, and then moved on to the famous Seneca Castle, or Kanedasaga.

"The capture of this Indian stronghold, of which we have heard so much, was accomplished with more fun than dignity or bloodshed. General Sullivan is not yet used to the slipperiness of our invisible enemy, but he takes no risks. Surely expecting resistance here, if anywhere, he cautiously surrounded the town with several brigades. After being for five hours within three miles of the 'castle,' General Hand's

and Colonel Dubois's men, under connivance of their officers, who had learned from their scouts that the town was empty, loaded themselves with vegetables. Bound to have a good supper, some of the soldiers had as many as three pumpkins stuck on their bayonets, or were staggering under a breastload of ears of corn or strings of beans, when suddenly General Sullivan appeared on the scene. Half vexed, that after all his elaborate plans, there would be no need of either tactics or strategy, and half in good humor, he roared out sternly, even while his eyes twinkled: —

"'You clumsy, unmilitary rascals! What! Are you going to storm a town with pumpkins! Open at once to right and left, and let men unaccustomed to plunder carry out my orders.'

"At once the whole host was disrobed of its vegetable accoutrements and armor, and an avalanche of pumpkins, squashes, melons, and mandrakes rolled down the hill, while beans and corn strewed the ground.

"After a few moments, however, the general rode on, and the men gathered up their spoil again and entered the town.

"Kanedasaga contains fifty houses, some of them with well-made chimneys, surrounded with orchards and corn-fields, and with many marks of the white man's assistance, such as ploughs, axes, and vats for tanning. We found here a great many things of Indian workmanship, which our boys would like to carry

home as curiosities, if they were not already heavily loaded. The Indians had left in a great hurry, but we found a little white boy, about three years old, undoubtedly a captive. A milch cow was browsing not far away from him, but he was playing with a chicken. He was thin, very hungry, and perfectly naked. He could not talk a word of Dutch or English, but prattled in Indian.

"'Can a mother forget her suckling child?' I thought; but, poor baby, his mother is probably dead. One of the officers took care of him, and he seemed very happy to have a foster father and to get clothes. You ought to have seen him eat some of our army bread, with fresh milk, when the cows came up. One of the Oneida Indians made a pannier, or basket, on one side of a pack horse, balancing the boy by bags of flour on the other side, and thus the little fellow has travelled with us, the pet of the regiment. He gets daily rations of milk from Colonel Hubley's cow.

"I am afraid we shall not have any more battles, but I am surprised at the Indians giving up their houses and corn lands so easily. It must be the artillery that has so taken the spirit out of them. Dr. Campfield, the surgeon, says that the land here is a good deal worn out from long cultivation, but that the town is in a healthy place. It was regularly laid out by Sir William Johnson, and in the centre is a large, green plot, like a white man's town. Twenty-three years ago there was a fort built here,

and some of the old palisades are still sticking in the ground.

"This was the home of a famous chief called 'Old Smoke.' The particular honor he enjoyed was to carry the burning brand to light the council fires. He took part in the raid on Wyoming. His successor is a boy under twelve years old, and he has a daughter married to Roland, a son of Queen Catherine.

"From this place, the general is going to send back all the sick and lame men, together with the broken-down horses, and Captain John Reed, with fifty men, will escort them back to Fort Sullivan. Then the captain is to come back again to Kanawaholla with supplies, to meet us on our return. Although we shall have to live on vegetables chiefly, making this a 'succotash campaign,' General Sullivan is determined to push on to the Genesee castle.

"We are now indeed in a strange country. Hitherto we had guides like Mr. Vrooman, who has been through this region, besides Hanyari and his Oneida Indians, and Domine Kirkland, who lived here two years and once nearly lost his life, when the Senecas turned against him. But westward from this point not one soul in the army has ever been. So the general must depend upon his scouts. We know the route we have passed over, for we have with us a party of surveyors who have chained and measured every mile of the path. Their chief, Lieutenant Lodge, has made maps of the region traversed,

that is, of the river routes over which we have thus far come, but now we leave the rivers and are in the lake country.

"Last night, after the day's march, while all except, the sentries were sound asleep, some of the men were awakened by the sound of a cannon, as they thought, and a few even had dreams of a battle. The sentinels all cocked their guns and held them ready for what they supposed would result soon after the booming sounds which they had heard. Were Butler and his Canadians reinforced and marching on them with cannon? But nothing further came of the noise. It seemed to be down in the lake. What could it have been? Has Seneca a 'lake cannon' like that in Cayuga?

"As we rested yesterday, several bands were sent out to explore and to destroy. Colonel John Harper called for volunteers, and I was delighted when he took me as one. We followed the Seneca River about eight miles, and came to a town of eighteen houses, called 'Skoiyase,' in which, it is said, Red Jacket often spoke. This eloquent chief and orator, who belongs to the Wolf Clan, has a name which means 'he keeps them awake.' He is said to have been in favor of our side in the war.

"The most curious thing I saw on this raid was a line of fish ponds, and here, it seems, lived an Indian chief named Fish Carrier, who made a good living by raising fish and selling them. There is a great

trail here through this town. It extends all the way from Albany to Niagara. While we were here, Major Parr's riflemen began the work of destroying the town and crops which I saw a few days before from across the lake, at which the squaw was bound to a horse, and driven away into the wilderness like a scapegoat. This place is called 'Shenanwaga.' There was so much to do that the major sent for four hundred more men, to help in completing the work. The twenty houses were new and surrounded with fields of maize, orchards of apple and peach trees, stacks of hay, hogs, chickens, ducks, and geese. Even the fields were fenced, and the whole village seemed quite equal to a white man's frontier clearing, yet everything was destroyed."

Here the story-teller must narrate what happened to Claes Vrooman on this side-raid to Shenanwaga. In his letter to his mother, Herman Clute only refers to the incident that so affected the disconsolate bridegroom, and says that Vrooman "will write fully to his father, and thus you and all the folks will know about it"; but we must give it here.

Vrooman, as one of the rifle corps, numbering about one hundred men, went with Major Parr, as guide and scout also. While this party, and afterward the extra four hundred men detailed to assist, were busy with torch, axe, and knife in levelling village and crops, Vrooman with Nathaniel van Patten,

a comrade, took position on a bit of rising ground to guard against surprise. The afternoon and night passed by without an adventure or any sound save the cries of the wild animals, but on the 8th of September, as morning dawned, Van Patten, being on guard, awoke Vrooman, saying: —

"Claes, get up. By the holy sacrament, if here isn't a horse, loaded with a squaw. She is tied to its back. And what do you think? She's actually singing. It's something we know, for I heard the music played by the band. She can't see me, but I had a strong notion to shoot the animal. I could bring down the horse, without hitting her. The beast is white and I could take him in the head easily."

"Are you sure it's a squaw?" asked Vrooman, as he rose hastily, and, out of sheer habit, opened the pan of his rifle and shook some fresh priming into it.

"Sure of it. Come and see."

"Warily and as noiselessly as possible, the two men approached the pony, for such it was. Browsing on the rich grass in spite of the thongs which bound the woman's feet around its neck, it paid no attention to the men at first. As it moved about, the face of its burden was exposed.

"God have mercy on me! It's a white woman!

"Hello, who are you?" shouted Van Patten to the object.

"A Christian woman, Trintje Vrooman, of Schenectady, a captive, taken at Cherry Valley. Help me."

The voice was low and feeble, as of one very weak, but mild as it was, the pony started, pricked up its ears and trotted off, sniffing the air and gazing defiantly at the two men.

"Heaven help me and her! It's my wife, Van Patten. We must not lose her, or miss the beast. What shall I do?"

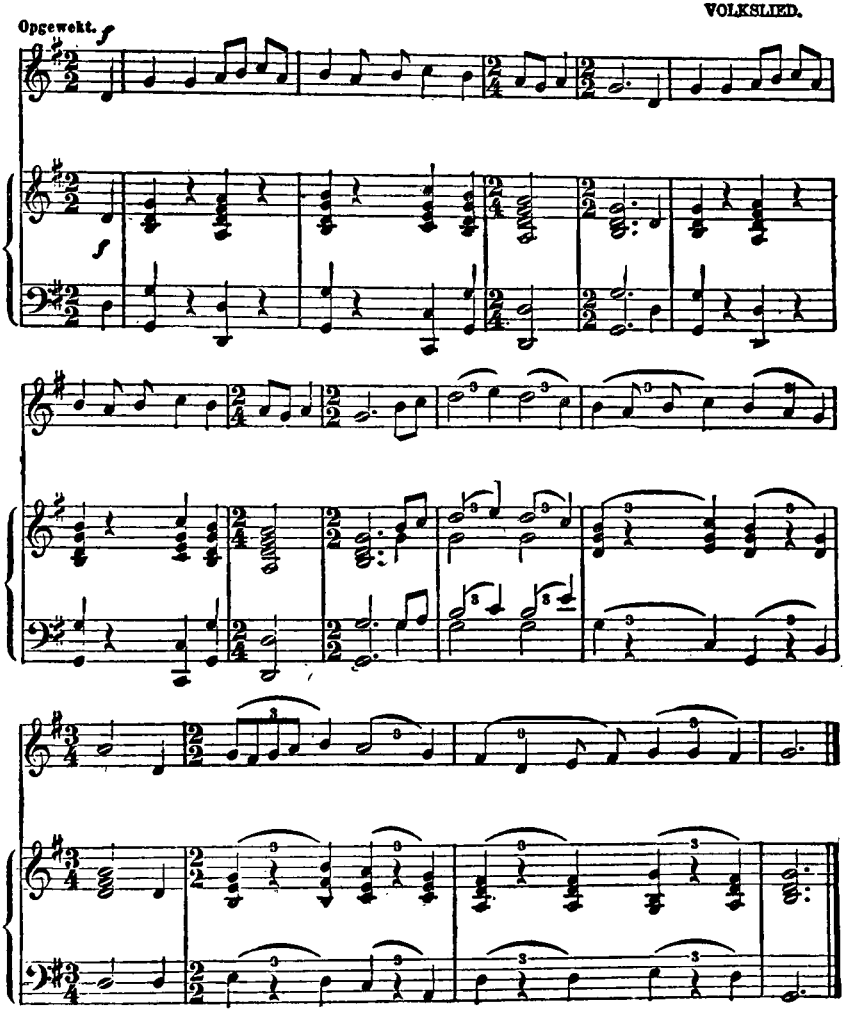
"Here," said Van Patten; "you pick some of these tiny white flowers and set them in the palm of your hand, as if you had some salt, and approach the pony from the front, while I'll go round, and we'll so get about the beast that, even if we cannot catch him, we'll drive him in among our men in camp."

Suddenly the quiet was broken and the men heard distinctly the music and the first verse in Dutch of that famous song of Philipp van Marnix Saint-Aldegonde's, "Wilhelmus van Nassouwe," with its music, an old hunting song of the thirteenth century (see page 219).

So cleverly did Vrooman manage the lure, while Van Patten stealthily approached in the rear, that the former, by coaxing and holding forward the hand half closed, which had in it the whitish flowers looking like salt, was almost within catching distance of the horse's mane or the woman's moccasined foot, when Van Patten grasped the animal's tail, and his captors had their double treasure.

1. WILHELMUS VAN NASSOUWE.

VOLKSLIED.



Then was seen the true chivalry of the frontiersmen. Both knives were unsheathed at once, thongs cut, and the cramped woman's body borne limp in the arms of her lover-husband to the fire, to food, and to rest;

while Van Patten, not for one instant relaxing vigilance against possible savage foes lurking near, led the horse and himself away, so that the loved ones might be alone in sacred joy and in gratitude to God.

Trintje's story in outline was soon told. Until the news of Sullivan's advance had been received at Coreorganel, in the Inlet Valley, near the modern city of Ithaca, she had been living there, working hard, but well fed and kindly treated. Then, sold to a squaw in the town of Shenanwaga, she had fallen under the suspicion of being a witch. For, since this white woman had come among them, the black rats, unknown before, had made their appearance, killing off the native gray rats and playing havoc in the storehouses, by devouring the grain. From Coreorganel, the black rats had reached Shenanwaga. Who could have led them or made them but the white woman?

After thus poisoning public opinion, the old man and his squaw had openly accused Trintje Vrooman of turning old water-worn stones into black rats. This she did, according to the accusation, by breathing fire on the stones. Other calamities and portents were traced to the white woman, who was alleged to be able to breathe out fire.

A council, consisting mostly of old men and squaws, — for the warriors were all away under Brant and Butler, — was held. After a long pow-wow, it was decided, before flight — for Sullivan's town destroyers had been discovered on the opposite side of

the lake — to tie her on a swift pony or colt not yet broken to use, and set him free. It was expected that she would starve in two or three days. Almost as soon as she was tied on and the pony struck and sent flying, the whole village, Indians, dogs, horses, and all, fled westward.

Trintje's robust constitution had withstood the strain. The pony had kept for the most part in the open country, and then, naturally, had returned to the place most familiar, whence he had set out. Except torturing thirst, even more painful to bear than hunger, and though much scratched on her limbs and one side of her body, Trintje was unhurt. She quickly recovered her spirits, though the return of strength was slow.

Indeed, when the detachment reached Sullivan's main army, Claes Vrooman was warmly congratulated by General Sullivan himself. And, since it was too late to hope to overtake the party sent off to Tioga Point, the special privilege was given him to have his wife accompany the army to Honeoye, where she could rest at the fort, there to remain while the advance proceeded to the goal of the expedition, the famed Castle of the Genesee.

"What did you think of, most of the time, when the Indians turned you into a female Mazeppa?" asked Claes, seeing that Trintje had recovered her spirits.

"Well, to tell the truth, Claes, after the first fears

and agony were over, and I had prayed again and again the evening prayer we learned at home, 'O Merciful God, eternal light, shining in darkness,' etc., I was not so very uncomfortable during the thirty-six hours or so that I took an involuntary ride on horseback. During the day I kept singing, occasionally shouting, hoping the army might be near, for I had heard rumors of the coming of our men. The next morning I felt sure that white men were near, and I began singing the old Wilhelmus Lied. But when I saw and recognized you, I was so happy that I wanted to cry, and yet, as you carried me in your arms, through my light head ran the old nursery song. Here it is, —

> "'Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,
> To see the fair lady ride a white horse.
> Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
> She shall have music wherever she goes.'"

"Well," said Claes, "the rings were not there, but the music, the fair lady, and the white horse were."

Laus Deo!

CHAPTER XIX

CANANDAIGUA AND HONEOYE — A SUCCOTASH CAMPAIGN

AFTER several days' subsistence chiefly on corn and beans, it was a cheering sight to the main army when the pack horses, returning from Shenanwaga, came in camp loaded with dressed pigs and poultry.

The Continentals seemed in unusually good spirits after their liberal diet of fried pork and chicken. They set forward again on the 9th of September, camping at night by a stream of good water.

Herman Clute's letter continues: —

"On the 10th, we forded the outlet of Canandaigua Lake, marching a mile westward round the town. Its name, Canandaigua, means, 'the place where we take off our packs to rest.' It is an important trade town and baiting place on the long trail between Niagara and Schenectady. On entering the town, we saw ahead of us, hung up on a tree in front of the big council house, a white dog, with a string of wampum round its neck, and otherwise most curiously decked and trimmed. One of the friendly

Oneidas told me it was a sacrifice to the gods, and an offering accompanying prayer for victory.

"No one was in the town, but, unbeknown to us, the island at the end of the lake — the only island we saw in any of these lakes, though Vrooman says there is a very pretty island in Lake Cayuga — was packed full of squaws and pappooses in hiding. We should have bagged much game had we known this at the time, for every woman and child captured is a hostage for the braves. All around the edge of the lake are many thousands of rounded stones.

"Canandaigua town had twenty-three log houses, large and new, some of them of framed timber. These are by far the best-built Indian dwellings we have yet seen; but they and the corn all went on the same pile and up into smoke from the same fire. The first things we noticed were two posts fixed near the council house, and alongside of these two war-mallets. Was it an execution ground?

"This Seneca country is so very flat that there are very few springs. This makes it hard for a marching army, on these hot September days. Over many miles that we have passed, tall, wild grass as high as the horses grows, showing that here were old, cleared lands for maize, which the Indians burn over every year. The smoke fills the air for hundreds of miles, and makes that haze which we associate with Indian summer, though exactly when that comes no two Americans are agreed. The

Indians say that it is the smoke from the pipe of the Great Spirit, and a proof that he is in a good humor.

"I noticed while here a hill that seemed strangely bare, for most of the hills we have seen are wooded. That evening, as usual, around the camp-fire at Canandaigua, Mr. Vrooman and Hanyari talked, to my great delight, about old Indian legends. This time we had Mrs. Vrooman with us as a listener. She survived her rough bareback ride astonishingly well.

"'This is a wonderful place for the Seneca Indians,' said Hanyari. 'Indeed, this is the nation's birthplace. The Senecas claim that they are unlike the other Iroquois, for their first ancestors were all born together, at once and here they got their name.'

"'How is that?' said Vrooman.

"'Well, you know their name means, 'the big-hill people,' and this is the hill which gives them their name.'

"'A good story here, I suppose,' said Vrooman. 'Let me have it.'

"'Well, a long, long time ago, the Great Spirit was much pleased when he looked on this beautiful Canandaigua lake and landscape. These he thought the fairest on earth. So, in his happy mood, he touched this hill, which the white men call "Bare Hill." For a moment there was no sign or motion, but before

many minutes the mountain opened and out came little things which at first looked like worms, but pretty soon these grew into bodies with arms and legs, and when the sun shone on them they proved to be boys and girls. They grew up and began to play with each other. In time, they turned into men and women, and went forth to live in the land a little farther south, but they always looked back on this mountain with pleasure, and called themselves the "People of the Great Hill." That is what the word Seneca means.'

"'Do they ever visit this hill,' asked Vrooman, 'for any purpose?'

"'Oh, yes; very often. They come here to give thanks and pray to the Great Spirit. They talk of it as the Mother Hill. For both joy and grief they come, and sometimes even to mourn. They have great pow-wows here, and hold councils. Some of the most important decisions, both of trade and hunting and war, have been made on this hill.'

"'What's the name of it?' said Vrooman.

"'Genundewa,' said Hanyari.

"'Oh, yes,' said Vrooman; 'I know that. It means the big hill. But why is it so bare? From top to bottom toward the lake, there is hardly a tree. It looks as if your Hawenniyu had tobogganed down on a big rock and scraped it bare. How came it to be so bald?'

"'Oh, I have heard the Senecas tell that once,

when they had a stockade on this hill, there was a great serpent made by the evil spirit Ha-ne-go-ate-ge, who wanted to destroy the Seneca people, and he frightened them so that they all ran inside the stockade. After driving them all in, he coiled himself around, and, his head and his tail meeting at the gate, he lay there, keeping up such a cloud of his poisonous breath that none dared to go out, while all were more or less stupefied, as if they had been filled with fire-water. Finally some of the leading men planned a way of escape; but they were not smart enough for the serpent. Seizing their weapons and cooking utensils, they thought to walk out of the open gate so noiselessly that the serpent would not awaken from the torpor in which he seemed to have fallen. Instead of this, the serpent had opened his great mouth in front of the gate, and they, going out at night, thought they were walking down hill, when in reality they had gone right down the throat of the reptile and into his stomach.

"'This would have been the end of the tribe, but, fortunately, a boy and a girl had been forgotten and left in the villages outside the fort. To them the Great Spirit spoke, telling the boy to make a bow and arrows out of a certain kind of tree in the swamp. Then they were to go up behind, and send the shaft in such a way that it would strike the serpent's flesh under its scales. The brave did as he was told.

Stealthily approaching the serpent, he sent his poison shaft into the soft flesh.

"'Immediately the serpent, writhing in pain, straightened itself out and slid down the hill, levelling the trees and hiccoughing as it went. It was in such a terrible sickness that it dropped out of its mouth all the heads of the Senecas which it had swallowed; and these, all rolling together, fell down into the lake, forming the very stones which may now be seen lying in the water. Of the blood of the serpent were created other little snakes, which crawled off into the woods and waters.

"'From the boy and girl, another race of Seneca Indians followed, and gradually the land was overspread, until the great tribe has become what it is now.'

"'Well,' said Vrooman, 'that was a very industrious serpent. Are any other wonderful things credited to him?'

"'Oh, yes,' said Hanyari, 'you know our Oneida talk is a little different both from that of the Mohawks and the Onondagas, and this serpent is the cause of the difference; for at first all the redmen spoke one tongue, but it was the serpent that in some way divided them, so that they could not understand one another.'

"'Oh, then,' said Vrooman, 'here, then, is the Iroquois Tower of Babel.'

"'Yes, I understand,' said Hanyari; 'and, what is

more, the Senecas claim to have a language that was first of all spoken. They say that they speak the original in its purity, which we Oneidas and Mohawks have confused. However, the Onondagas laugh at the Senecas, for they consider that theirs is the first and best.'

"During the telling of Hanyari's stories, in spite of fire and smoke, the mosquitoes were large and lively. What was very surprising, they seemed to enjoy drilling and draining the seasoned riflemen, so inured to the woods and swamps, as they did me," wrote Herman Clute.

"'How on earth did the mosquito originate, in Indian notion?' asked Vrooman.

"'I'll tell you,' said Hanyari. 'I don't know how the first one came into the world, but we know how the little ones that bite us got here. They came from the Onondagas.'

"'Oh, that's an Oneida story, making a rival tribe responsible for such pests. Always a rap at the Onondagas, I see,' laughed Vrooman.

"'Well, I have been told,' said Hanyari, 'that a long time ago, the Holder of the Heavens came down to their great fortified castle, to pay a visit to the chief of the Onondagas. Looking out, he saw an enormous mosquito, as long as a pine tree, flying around the fort and getting ready to do what he had often done before. It had attacked not only squaws and pappooses, but many strong men, poking each one with

its big bill, and then going for another victim, making a meal out of eight or ten at once and then flying away. After sucking their blood, it left them lying on the ground. The warriors were unable to kill the pest with arrows or destroy it when asleep, so they had prayed the Holder of the Heavens to come to them and help them.

"'Seeing the plight of his children, the Great One attacked the monster, but found that it flew so fast that he was kept several days chasing it. Finally coming up to it, he discovered that the flying monster had led him round and round to the place whence they had started. But when right toward the edge of the Lake Onondaga, he struck it a blow with his tomahawk and killed it. Thinking that he had entirely delivered his children of the pest, he let his body lie there, but, lo and behold! the blood of the mosquito ran out over the ground, and this, under the sunshine, turned into little mosquitoes, and so the world is still cursed with them. To this day, this lake shore is called "the mosquito's bed."'

"By this time the horn sounded 'taps,' and at 4.30 A.M. the same instrument called reveille. The whole army was in motion as early as six o'clock on the morning of Saturday, September 11th. A march of fourteen miles brought us to the Indian town of Honeoye. Concerning this spot, the Iroquois traditions tell of war and slaughter, in which

many fingers especially were cut off, as the name signifies.

"One of the most terrible battles ever fought between hostile tribes on this continent was that when the Senecas met their ancient but now banished foes, the Kah-gwas, a tribe that had emigrated from the south and west and settled near the foot of Lake Erie, where they grew in strength and became very numerous. According to the usual Indian custom on such occasions, the Kah-gwa women had made great numbers of moccasins with which to shoe the captives which they expected were to be taken. So the women accompanied the warriors to within a short distance of Honeoye Lake. The battle raged nearly four days. In those days no firearms were used. The Indians on either side, dressed in bark armor and helmets, with only bows and arrows and stone-headed lances and clubs, fought out in the open. The younger braves were set in the front of the battle and the middle-aged warriors farther back. Both sides fought until the stream which they charged over, back and forth, flowed red. The Senecas nearly exterminated the Kah-gwas, who fled to the southwest, and nothing more has been heard of them.

"The village in 1779 consisted of twenty houses at the foot of the lake. It was on all sides, except toward the water, surrounded by corn-fields. The men joked about honey, but we found neither hives

nor bees there," continues Herman Clute. "Our way went through fields of grass, with very little timber, and evidently much of what we saw was fallow ground. There were plenty of wild flowers. I heard one Yankee, who had punned on the sound of honey, twitting a New Yorker for moping after his lady-love who lived at Saugerties, New York, which the New Hampshire man pronounced Sugar-ties, telling him he ought to emigrate to this place when the war was over.

"Supposing the army to be about twenty-five miles from the Genesee Castle, the general determined to leave here his cattle and horses, with all the sick, the lame, and the lazy,— about three hundred in number. So the strongest house in the Indian village was selected, and its walls were strengthened on the inside with kegs, casks, and bags of flour. Two port-holes were cut into the sides, out of which the two three-pounder guns poked their yellow, brass noses. Then, chopping down the apple trees, we made an abatis and ditch about the house. So here in the wilderness is another of the three forts our men have built between Wyoming and Seneca Castle, which latter place is the goal of our expedition. This, some call only a 'post.' I name it 'Fort Honeoye.'

"There are three lakes here, lying right in a row together, — Honeoye, Canadice, and Conesus. An Indian village of eighteen houses lies east of the

Conesus Lake inlet, with the usual large corn-fields all around. We encamped on the flats. Here have lived two persons of importance in Iroquois land, one black, the other red, — a negro called Captain Sunfish, who has made much money and has great influence, and the Seneca chief, Big Tree, who, as we used to suppose, was a friend of Washington and Congress. Mr. Vrooman thinks that he was not at heart a traitor to us, but was our friend until he found the war sentiment of his tribe too strong for him. It was a game of *rouge et noir*, as our Yankee joker says.

"Evidently the Indian spies are very near us, for I myself have seen their tracks in the fresh mud. Vrooman surmises that Brant and Butler have been reinforced, and that we may have a battle pretty soon. So be it; we are ready for them, and even to go to Niagara.

"The general has ordered Vrooman to remain here at the fort, as the chief scout. He is both happy and sorry, for his joy at regaining his wife is tempered with regret and anxiety as to the fate of his sister.

"We have four days' rations with us, and will march to-morrow against the largest town, the capital, indeed, of the Senecas, the largest of all the six tribes of the Iroquois. After destroying this, we are likely to turn our faces homeward, for the frost will soon be along, and we cannot live on succotash.

Yet we have not found Mary Vrooman, and neither her brother nor I wish to go home till we at least know whether she is alive or dead. All of us hope to rescue more captives. Perhaps we will have a battle. Vrooman thinks the enemy will be in force near Conesus Lake, just at the place we are to reach to-morrow."

CHAPTER XX

BOYD AND THE GROVELAND AMBUSCADE

VROOMAN'S surmise as to the enemy's movements after the battle of Newtown was true. Brant and Butler retreated until near the site where now stands Avon in Livingston County. Here they were joined by fresh reinforcements of Indians and Canadian rangers. Butler, greatly encouraged, now planned to "Braddock" Sullivan's army. At the head of Conesus Lake, where the soil is soft and miry, the Indian path to the big town near the Genesee, following almost the present roadway, crossed the inlet by a rude bridge, which Butler had ordered to be destroyed, but the work was only partially done.

West of Conesus Lake was a steep bluff, with deep ravines cut in it by the rains of centuries. A path to the hilltop ran between two of these ravines. As the land above the lake was covered with forests, it was possible to post a large body of men in the brushwood on the crests of the ridge and in the ravines, and thus flank an army that would pass over the path to the town.

Hence it was that here, on the 12th and 13th of September, 1779, making almost the exact duplicate of Braddock's field in Pennsylvania, the servants of King George, red, white, and black, were posted, awaiting the approach of Sullivan's Continentals.

Thinking that he was near the "Western Door of the Confederacy," which he hoped to capture, General Sullivan sent forward Lieutenant Thomas Boyd, on the night of the 12th, to reconnoitre. He directed him to take but three or four riflemen, make a rapid examination of the country, and report at sunrise next morning. As the army, having left their base of supplies, had but four days' rations when they left Honeoye, every moment was precious.

Were the heads of the young Continentals swelled by the ease of their victory at Newtown? Had they begun to despise their enemy, because no hostile shot had been fired since that success so easily won? Did they think the Senecas were so cowed that they would always flee before the riflemen? However we explain it, Lieutenant Boyd, twenty-two years old, a Pennsylvanian of superb physique, fine manners, and brave even to recklessness, instead of taking but four men as ordered, allowed volunteers to join him, eight of whom were musketmen, and two of them, red allies, one an Oneida and the other a Stockbridge Indian, making a party of twenty-nine in all. No one can believe that Boyd increased his force because he feared to go with a quartette only. No, the proba-

bilities are that so many volunteers were eager to follow such an intrepid leader, that he exceeded his instructions in order to gratify their martial valor. Many young men who had not even been in the battle at Newtown and were still thirsting for adventure, hated to go back home without having fired at least one hostile shot against their country's foes.

Nobody knew exactly where the big Indian town was located. The so-called maps were farces, and for want of exact knowledge all leaders were equally at fault. It was a case of blindman's buff in the wilderness. Sullivan did the best that mortal could do, and, apart from his insubordination, Boyd did likewise. In the darkness the lieutenant and his company crossed the outlet of Conesus Lake, went north along the base of the hill for a quarter of a mile. He then climbed up the steep hillside and moved westward along the Indian path. In doing this, Boyd actually passed Butler's right wing without either party knowing the other's whereabouts. About a mile and a half from Sullivan's camp, the path forked, one trail passing to the northwest to Little Beard's Town or the Genesee Castle, the other, which Boyd, perhaps misled by his guides, took, led to the village on Canaseraga Creek, two miles from the Genesee River.

Boyd halted his force and then went in among the empty houses, finding little except baskets of common utensils, with here and there a scalp hung on the

sooty walls. Nevertheless, the fires were still burning. This showed that enemies could not be far away After a time he rejoined his men, who needed rest. Making concealment in the woods, he sent back four of his party to report his discovery to General Sullivan.

Daylight soon broke in the eastern sky, and another of the lovely days, for which the late summer and early autumn of 1779 was as noted as was its terrible winter for its days of storm, broke on the glorious landscape, then golden with ripened grain. As the sun was just beginning to tint the clouds, four Indians on horses were seen riding into the town. Boyd at once sent a party to capture them, but only one was killed. The others, one of whom was wounded, got away.

Boyd now began his return march, sending out flankers and keeping constantly alert. After four or five miles, expecting soon to meet the army, Boyd halted and sent two men forward to make a further report to Sullivan. It was evident that the party was now watched, and likely soon to be called to face enemies, for in a few minutes the two men sent ahead came back, saying they had found five Indians on the path. So the march was resumed, and soon they saw the same party of Indians and fired at them.

Now, is it not strange that, with so much experience of the old Indian trick of pretending to retreat

in order to lure their enemies into an ambuscade, experienced Nimrods like Boyd should want to pursue such enemies on unknown ground? These five savages were as so many decoy ducks to lure the game into the line of fire of the war-hunters, Brant and Butler. Again and again had our frontier militia been entrapped into ambuscade and massacre. Brave always, but at times rash, Boyd determined to pursue them. Hanyari earnestly protested, advising him not to do so.

"They are only the minnows which the fisherman Butler hopes we shall snap at and bite on his hook, that he may string us all," warned the Oneida, but in vain.

Hanyari was right. All the time the Indians were moving ahead of their pursuers and cunningly drawing them within the lines of their hidden comrades. They even allowed Boyd's party to get within easy rifle range in order to tempt and draw their fire, while dodging behind trees and underbrush so as to be really out of danger. Suddenly, when within a half mile of the crest of the bluff above the river, a little northeast of what is now Groveland, New York, a yell, that sounded as if hell had opened all its doors and let out all its demons, broke on their ears, and Boyd's party found themselves confronted by eight hundred Indians and Tories. It was as one to thirty. For every bullet of defence, there was a shower of lead. In less time than the story requires

for telling, a circle of fire, ever narrowing, enclosed the band. The end could not be far off. The eager Indians, so sure of their prey, approached so closely that the unburned powder of their guns was driven into the flesh of Boyd's men, though very many of their own number were killed, probably three times as many as were in Boyd's party.

We must now go into Brant and Butler's camp to see what had happened there. After the retreat from Newtown, where the British allies, red, white, and black, were so badly beaten that they "feared the tops of the tall grass," they recruited near Conesus Lake. Yet, although reinforced by hundreds of warriors from the Six Nations and by rangers from Canada, not a hostile musket was fired against Sullivan's victorious army, until in this "Groveland ambuscade." Yet the royal expresses were busy. All along the path spies had kept watch from the hilltops, and runners had brought the news thrice daily, and sometimes hourly, to Brant and Butler, of Sullivan's movements.

Having seen the building of the fort at Honeoye, and noticing that no wagon or long trains of pack horses or cattle were with the army, and only three of the lightest guns, the British leaders made up their minds that the Continentals had no food or supplies beyond what they carried on their backs. They therefore deliberately resolved to strike a blow and risk a battle. After a long council, in which

the orators among the younger Indians, that had not yet faced coehorn or cannon, were particularly eloquent, the usual strategy of ambuscade was decided upon. The spot most likely to secure utter ruin to the Americans was selected and occupied near Conesus Lake.

So, on that morning of September 13th, 1779, the Canadian rangers and the braves of the Senecas and allied tribes were thickly posted in the ravines and on the edges of the hill slope. Wherever stones or underbrush could hide the tawny warriors, whose buckskin shirts looked so much like the rocks, or the Johnson Greens could lie in the tall grass, to be discovered only by the keenest of eyes, there were the servants of King George and his corrupt Parliament posted to kill the "anti-revolutionary" founders and defenders of the United States of America. It seemed as certain that the Continentals this time would be as surely "Braddocked," as that the autumn winds moving through the trees loaded with ripe apples would cause them to drop.

Sullivan's army, soon after beginning their march at seven o'clock on the 13th, came to an Indian town of eighteen houses situated near Conesus Lake. While with sword, knife, and axe the soldiers levelled the corn for the fire, the pioneers began at once to rebuild the bridge over the creek or outlet of the lake. To protect them in their work, Sullivan posted a line of sentries on the farther side of the water, up

and down the hard land between the morass and the hill crest. While the bridge makers plied their tools, the sentries paced up and down, and the surveyors and chain-men went still farther westward beyond the pickets, where they were busy measuring distances. All this time the white leaders, Butler and MacDonald, with their glasses, and hundreds of pairs of keen black Indian eyes, were watching from the hill crest above, the work below. It must have been hard for the individual braves to resist the temptation to crawl forward and fire on the sentries below. Nevertheless, Butler held them back, for he hoped to strike and defeat the whole of Sullivan's force as it defiled in a long line over the bridge and narrow path. Would he not have them hopelessly muddled between the advantageous hill crest and the deep creek?

Suddenly Butler heard firing on his left flank. This surprised him very much. He could not tell what it meant. He knew nothing about Boyd's party, and, if he had, he would have sent only a party of a hundred or two, to attend to such small game, which he could surely capture. The memories of Newtown, the vision of the New Hampshire Continentals bursting, as it were, out of the clouds on his flank, were very vivid. Butler knew that he had an able foe to contend with, ever alert and fertile in resources. Was he again to be outwitted? Had Sullivan amused him with a show of bridge-building, while sending a brigade of men that had risen early

in the morning to strike his rear and drive him down the hill into the morass and into the jaws of the cannon and the main army?

While thus his active brain churned in anxious thought, the firing became so very lively that he felt assured that Sullivan was practising the same tactics as when Poor's brigade struck his flank at Newtown. No time must be lost, so he ordered at least half his whole force to face about, deploy in semicircle, and then surround what he supposed to be the riflemen skirmishers of a larger body, hoping to defeat this supposed flanking force before the bridge was finished, and the cannon and main body of Americans could get over the stream. Then he would call his men, flushed with victory, for the capital work in hand.

Thus Butler lost all chances of victory, for the twenty-five Americans had found shelter in a clump of trees, and, firing unerringly from behind the trunks, sold their lives dearly. Killing perhaps two or three times their number, they also gave time to Sullivan's main army to form. The enemy closed round them, getting nearer and nearer; and then, rushing upon them, fired in their faces, one after the other. All of the twenty-five were slain, except Boyd and his sergeant, Michael Parker, who were captured alive. Among the dead was the brave Oneida chief, Hanyari. After Boyd had refused to give any information in regard to the Continental army, both

were delivered over to the Indians and to incredible tortures. Goaded to desperation by the loss of their homes and farms, the Senecas looked upon Boyd as the head and front of their woes. They gave vent to those brutal instincts which a savage man has in common with the wasp, the rattlesnake, the panther, and the wolf. They revelled in mutilation, as if they were in a Spanish Inquisition; their chief, Little Beard, being master of ceremonies.

Butler gnashed his teeth in rage to see his high hopes once more, as at Newtown, crushed. A paltry band of twenty-five Americans had occupied half his force, given the alarm to Sullivan, and jeoparded the day.

Yet, though so much time had been lost, and his plans disarranged by the fight with Boyd, he had not been flanked as he feared. There were still several hundred Tories and Indians on the hill crest; the corduroy road over the morass, and the bridge, were far from complete, and the special scouts whom he had sent out assured him that all of Sullivan's men, except the sentries and pickets, were still on the eastern side of the stream. Hence there was no danger in his rear. So there was still a prospect of victory in a stand-up fight.

CHAPTER XXI

ABOUT FACE!

IN fact, Butler might have re-formed his men and perhaps "Braddocked" Sullivan, had it not been for another happy accident which contributed to the benefit of the American side. Just what that accident was, let our young soldier tell in the letter which he wrote to his mother, from Fort Reed, when the army halted on its return march.

"DEAR MOTHER: Well, we are on our way home again. We have actually been on the march eastward for four days. Our general would certainly have gone to Niagara, and our fellows would have captured the place, I know, except that our provisions were really all gone. The night before we reached the end of our journey, and the night after, we actually heard the British evening gun. When we got near the last of the great chain of lakes from Otsego to Conesus (I have seen them all now), the body had to halt and build a road through the morass and fix up the bridge that used to continue the road over the stream which is the outlet of the lake.

Although we did not know or suspect it, the enemy were hiding on the hill up which we had to go to get to the famous Seneca Castle. Lieutenant Boyd, commanding his scouting party, went forward the night before, but early the next morning got into an ambuscade. Some of his party escaped, but most of them were killed, and Boyd and his sergeant taken alive and tortured.

"You can imagine how curious the situation was, at sunrise on that morning of the 13th. An army of about fifteen hundred British and savages lay hidden in the grass and behind the trees, within a musket shot of our pioneers, who were making the road and building a bridge. Boyd's party of twenty-nine men had actually passed close to the enemy without either party knowing it, but when Boyd, on coming back, was enticed into the Indian lines and got into a big fight, Butler must have thought himself flanked, and ordered out half his men. Those who escaped of Boyd's detachment say there were about eight hundred Indians that surrounded them, so that seven or eight hundred more must have been left on the hills, waiting for us.

"Among those slain was Hanyari, our brave and wise Oneida comrade. I grieve over his loss, and Vrooman will be a sad man when he hears the news.

"Now, it was my duty to be sentinel that morning, and the general posted a line of us along the bottom of the hills between the crest and the swamp. I

imagine that the savages hiding foremost in the grass could easily have picked us off, by firing from the hilltop just above us, but they had their orders not to, and did not. Pretty soon I saw Lieutenant Lodge, with his four or five chain-bearers, cross over the stream and begin the work of measurement on the Indian path. This Mr. Lodge is a very fine gentleman. I have made his acquaintance and been well treated by him. He and his men have measured every mile from Easton, and he has shown me some of the maps he has made. The party of surveyors soon passed beyond me, although I was at the line of sentries, and they even went up the hill out of sight.

"I thought he was running a risk, but it was none of my business, so I walked up and down the distance assigned me by the officer of the guard, until suddenly I heard firing to the westward. I cocked my gun and held it ready for use. I trembled at first, but very soon was calm again. In a minute or two out came the surveyor and chain-bearers, one less in number than when they went into the woods. They were running for their lives, and a dozen Indians after them with tomahawks, one of whom threw his hatchet at Lieutenant Lodge, but it missed him. The other savages fell back, but a big, brawny red fellow, who had a brass medal on his breast, kept on chasing him. He was just raising his tomahawk to let fly at Lodge, I suppose, when I found he was

within range. Taking aim as coolly as if I were shooting a squirrel on a tree trunk, I aimed at the medal, and fired. The Indian tumbled backward dead, and Lieutenant Lodge got into our lines safely.

"Now all this, as General Sullivan has himself told me, upset the plans of Butler, and demoralized the men hidden on the crest; for by this time the bridge was sufficiently completed to allow Hand's light troops to cross over it on a run. It would have done you good to see how those Pennsylvanians rushed over the log road through the swamp. They stepped neatly over the tree trunks and rapidly over the bridge. Then, with cheers, they moved in the most lively way up the hill. Although Butler was actually at that moment coming back with his reinforcements, and his Indians had the scalps of all of Boyd's party that had not escaped, fifteen in number, he could not get his rangers and savages, whom he had left on the hill crest and in the ravines, into good form again. They were in as much disorder as a flock of scared wild pigeons, and they did not dare to stand before Hand's brigade. I think the glimpse they got of the shining brass cannon moving over the bridge completed their confusion. They didn't even take time to put their packs on their shoulders. Even the white men left their hats behind them; so that, when our whole army had crossed over, we had only a promenade to the great Genesee Castle.

"We destroyed the Indian town to which Boyd had gone, after we had got over the river and marched several miles. It had twenty-two houses. One of them was already burned, for in it the enemy's dead, killed in the fight with Boyd, had been piled up on timber and then all was set on fire. Toward sundown our advance guard found the redskins and Canadians apparently ready for another battle, for they were drawn up in line. For a while it looked as though there would be another fight, but just as soon as the general had started off his flanking divisions, they were so afraid of being struck in the rear that, without firing one gun or giving us a chance to fire one, they retreated. We camped on the spot, and the next day it took two thousand men six hours to level the tall grain, eight or nine feet high, to the ground.

"The next day about noon we started to reach the great Genesee town. Such grass as grows in this valley I never saw before. In moving through it we could see only the shining tips of the bayonets of the regiments near us. Our general had ordered the army to march in the same order as laid down on paper, so we trampled down the grass in a swath half a mile wide. A wonderfully flat country it is, without hills or bushes, and only here and there a clump of trees. On coming to the river, we found it deep and wide, and too big to be bridged. So we locked our arms together and crossed in platoons,

though, on account of the warm day, we were well dried before evening. This is Little Beard's Town, named after the famous Seneca chief, and the largest I ever saw. There were one hundred and twenty-eight houses, and some of them very much finer than the average farmer's log cabin in the upper Mohawk Valley. The savages called this place the 'Western Door' of their 'Long House.'

"Three things happened to us while we were at this town which I shall never forget. The first was, the discovery by Mr. Sanborn, in Clinton's brigade, of the mangled bodies of Lieutenant Boyd and sergeant. The heads lay some distance away from the bodies, for the dogs had run away with them and partly eaten them. I could not tell you all the horrible mutilation which these men had to submit to, besides their tortures. I never saw anything like it. It reminded me of what I had so often read of the Spanish Inquisition, from which our ancestors suffered when King Philip of Spain tried to change our fathers from being Bible readers. It made our men determined to fight to the death, rather than be taken prisoners by such allies of the king of Great Britain. Boyd's men were very fond of him, and his own rifle company were sent to bury him. I saw them digging the graves under a wild plum tree which stood near the forks of two streams.

"The other incident was much pleasanter, I can tell you. Last November the Indians captured, near

Nanticoke, down in Pennsylvania, a woman and her little child, having shot her husband and father, and she was brought to this place. I talked with her, but she could not tell me anything about Mary Vrooman, though she had seen many other captives, both male and female. She escaped very easily, for the Indians were in such a hurry to move toward Niagara, which is eighty miles distant, that they paid no attention to her, and so she hid herself and came within our lines.

"The next morning we were up before sunrise and breakfasted quickly. Then the whole three thousand of us went into the corn-fields to cut down the tall stalks, chop down the fruit trees, and make mighty heaps of the timber and fodder. Then we set the whole on fire. About twenty thousand bushels of corn were destroyed here. As for the size of the ears, I never saw anything like them. We think our Mohawk Valley flats fat land, but this is far fatter. The New Hampshire men, who come from a pretty stony region, I imagine, could hardly believe their eyes at seeing ears of corn twenty-two inches long. A great many of them have carried home specimen ears in their knapsacks. As for the stalks of corn, they are from twelve to fifteen feet high.

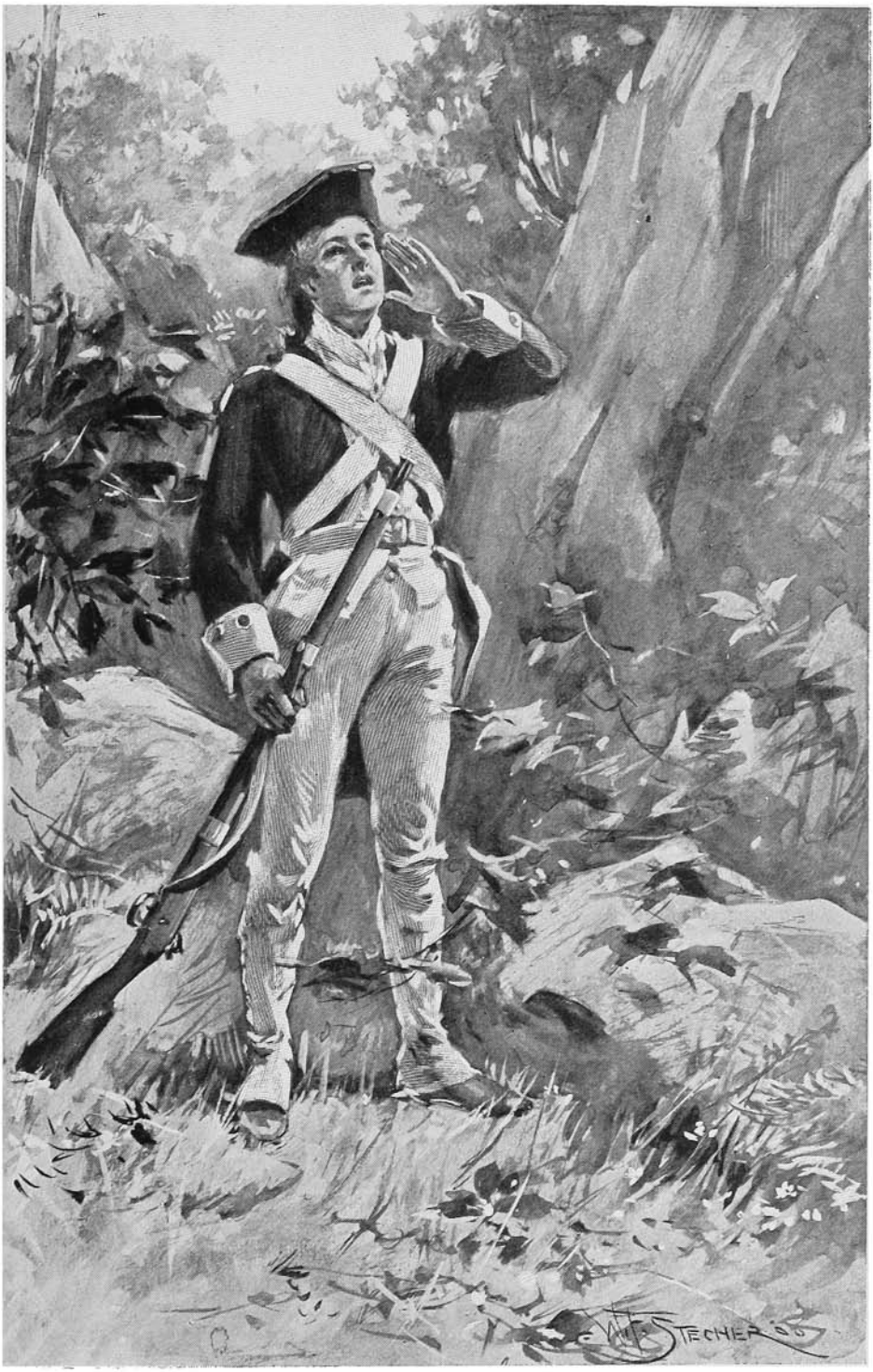
"The third incident took place after we had had our dinner. Then we got the most joyful order we have heard yet. Some of us would like to have seen

Niagara, but to march there on green victuals would have been too much, and we should have starved on our way back, for our meat and flour were wholly gone. So we gladly faced to the right about, and marched toward the rising sun.

"We crossed the river again, and, as we put on our clothes, which we had carried over our heads, I don't think there was ever a happier lot of men. Our camp was on the river flats. The next day we passed the scene of Boyd's big fight, and found there the bodies of fifteen dead and scalped. I think we felt more sad over the fate of Hanyari, the Oneida chief, than for even our own men. He was a great favorite with us.

"At each Indian town, we have seen that the poor savages are in a fearfully dejected state of mind, and I have heard that they just behaved like Baal's prophets. The captive white woman says that they leap and howl in anguish of mind, calling on their gods to come back from their hunting, or wake up from their sleep and to help them, and drive back the men sent among them by the Town Destroyer. That is the name they give to Washington. Yet some of their own chiefs who have wiped out whole settlements are called by the same name, and Destroy Town, a Seneca, is well known.

"Many of the Senecas have no tobacco left, because they have thrown it all in the fires as a sacrifice to their god Ha-wen-ni-yu. I was wondering what it



" . . . A SHOUT THAT WOKE THE ECHOES OF THE ROCKS."

meant, when I found two white dogs hung on poles about fifteen feet high before the council house in the big town. In one place I saw a war-post made of a big tree, cut and carved, painted, and set in the ground. It was wrapped round with the skins of white dogs, so as to be nearly covered. These, I was told, were to appease their god, who takes the hides to make jacket, breeches, tobacco pouch, and moccasins. The captive woman says that after the big battle at Newtown, they went at once after two dogs and killed them and hung them up on poles, all the while beseeching their gods not to be angry with them. This seems to have been done in every village. How terrible must their suffering of mind have been!

"At this place, we had good news from the world, which we had seemed to leave behind us, for General Washington had sent an express with news that Spain had declared war against England and will help us, and that the great Spanish and French fleets have made a junction at sea and will sail together to our shores. I forgot to tell you that most of the men we left at Honeoye are better, and are now marching with us. This is not the case with the poor pack horses. They have been so run down that many of them are worthless, and so we had to shoot a score or more, just as we did with a lot of them after the battle at Newtown.

"All the artillery, five pieces, has got safely

through. This I know, for I counted them, but some of the men say that they lost a cannon at Honeoye. Others declare that it was at another stream, or in a miry swamp, they cannot tell for certain which. I expect that some of the men who have been down on the idea of taking artillery at all, will keep up this notion of a 'lost' cannon. It seems to be the thing to believe, and, if we listen to all the stories, there have been cannon lost all the way from Conesus to Kanedasaga. On one day, the breaking down of a cannon carriage cost a delay of two hours to the whole army, during which time all sorts of stories started.

"A party of Oneida Indians came to the general to plead that the Cayuga Indians on the east side of the lake should be spared, for they are relatives by marriage of the Oneidas, and if all their fields should be wasted, the Oneidas would have to support the warriors' families. General Sullivan, however, determined to carry out the programme of destruction laid down by Congress, because these men were hostile and liars. He has sent Colonel Butler with five hundred men to destroy their settlement. Colonel Gansevoort, with a hundred men, will march into the Mohawk Valley and return to Schenectady by way of Fort Stanwix, or, as we now call it, Fort Schuyler."

CHAPTER XXII

MARY VROOMAN AND THE GLEN FLOWER

LEAVING the main army, Colonel Henry Dearborn, with two hundred New Hampshire men, started to march from north to south down the west side of Cayuga Lake, and then to cross over the intervening country and to go from south to north up the east side of Seneca Lake, thence joining the army at Fort Reed. Like the former marches, this was one in which the torch and the sword joined their forces of destruction. One of the three Indian towns burned on the first day was Ganoga, famous as the birthplace of Red Jacket, who had so used his eloquence in trying to persuade his fellow Senecas to neutrality, that the Tory Butler looked upon him as only a half-hearted warrior, and afterward taxed him with treachery. The next day, burning another town, Dearborn found three squaws and a young crippled Indian, and took them along as prisoners, in the hope of learning something from them.

The pathless country back of the bluffs of Lake Cayuga was "so horrid rough and brushy" that it was almost impossible to advance but with much dif-

ficulty and fatigue. Coming in sight of that rocky and precipitous cape so well known as Taughannock Point, which projects itself into the water, he imagined he had reached the end of Cayuga Lake. In this he was mistaken. The shale rock, which æons ago was grooved or scooped out by glaciers, is here cut up into numerous picturesque gorges. It was impossible to move along the bluffs overlooking the lake, nor was there any Indian path there. But about two miles back, along the heads of the ravine, passing through what is now Hayt's Corners and Ovid Centre, lay the trail. So, moving back to this better ground, Dearborn arrived at the end of the lake near where to-day lies the city of Ithaca, and where, "far above Cayuga's waters," rise the hills on which Cornell University rears her proud edifices, and where, above all, soars the gold-tipped library tower, with its sweet chimes, gleaming against the blue sky. —

May we not stop here, to recall Lowell's lines cut in the granite arch beneath? —

> "I call as fly the irrevocable hours,
> Futile as air or strong as fate, to make
> Your lives of sand or granite, awful powers;
> Even as men choose, they either give or take."

* * * * *

By this time, feeling that he must be near the Cayuga capital, Dearborn sent out small parties to tread every trail, and scour all nooks. Moving up what is now "the Inlet," they found ten or twelve scat-

tering houses and large corn-fields and at last came upon the great town of Coreorganel. The Catawbas, whose fathers had lived between the Potomac and the Roanoke rivers, had, after a long history of war, finally at Sir William Johnson's house, in 1753, smoked the calumet of peace with the Iroquois. Hither on the stream, "the Inlet," flowing into Cayuga Lake, they had come to light their council and home fires.

They had not yet completed three decades of life on this spot, which Dearborn's detachment of Sullivan's army made the grave of a nation.

The work of devastating Coreorganel, two miles from the modern Ithaca, was accomplished on September 24, 1779. Small parties of the New Hampshire Continentals had scoured the region round, burning the outlying and isolated bark lodges and timber houses. They penetrated even into the gorge, through which flows the stream which to-day furnishes the water supply of the Forest City, Ithaca, and through the western end of which bursts the glorious Buttermilk Falls, the actual sight being more sublime than its homely name. It was one of the thirty or more of gorges famous, and of waterfalls three hundred and known, within a radius of fifteen miles of Ithaca, one of the latter excelling Niagara in height.

From 9 A.M. until the long shadows of sunset lay over the landscape, the firing, chopping, girdling, and uprooting went on, until smoke and ashes covered the

once lively place of habitation, like the floor of a furnace. Then the weary Continentals slept, to march at sunrise. It was the pall of smoke hanging over the Inlet valley, that next day made an air mark, to guide Colonel Butler on his way thither.

While all the journals kept by officers and privates, and many of their letters, tell of Dearborn's and Butler's operations in the devastation of the lake country, few or none, thus far recovered, give information concerning Colonel Pierre van Cortlandt's movements around Cayuga Lake.

For several days his regiment camped on ground now in the very heart of the city of Ithaca. Here had dwelt a remnant of the once proud Neodakheats, for even yet there come to light, from time to time, many proofs of their sepulchres continued from time unrecorded. Three ravines or gorges seam the hills facing the west, and, flowing from the plateau on which now stands Cornell University, were two streams of water, which readers of geological time say were made during or after the ice age. The third stream, flowing between East and South hills, is believed to be still older, or preglacial.

On Prospect Hill, a lower plateau of South Hill, overlooking the Inlet valley, the flats and the lakes, and commanding a view of the Western hills was an Indian signal station. It was on this point of vantage that one detachment of Van Cortlandt's regiment encamped during several days in late Sep-

tember, while the other found space, water, and conveniences by the oldest of the future Ithaca's four streams that fed the ever beautiful lake.

The landscape was then clothed in the loveliest of autumn's myriad hues, and the men were happy in anticipation of home; but Herman Clute, despite his glory won at Conesus Lake, felt wretched and disappointed, for Mary Vrooman was as yet unheard from. Must he go back, not knowing whether she still pined as a captive, or was dead, or — the thought vexed him — had she been found or rescued by others?

Then he bethought himself of what Vrooman had told him of the glen flower — the wild primrose, hermit of the ravine, whom botanists of to-day salute as a very Methuselah among plants as to age and a very Melchizedek in royal rarity. He drew out of his leather pocket-book, kept within his bosom, the drawing and colored picture of its root, leaf, stalk, and flower, with a scrap of descriptive environment of rock and moss, and sallied forth hopefully.

The little *Primula Mistassinica* — as later naturalists have called it, from a lake in Labrador — is a survivor of the ice age. It has, as yet, been found only in a few of the deep, shady glens near the lakes in central New York. Here, gloom and shadows, which ally themselves to the colder world of the ice age, love to linger. Its time of bloom is in mid-May, when its clouds of pink attract the skilled observer who

peers into the mingled gloom and glory of the lake region's dark ravines. He who first, as pioneer of science, discovered the primula growing here, felt himself a Columbus; but the Indian maidens knew it long ago.

From the camp on that stream, in science labelled "preglacial," but in common local parlance named the Six Mile Creek, Herman Clute wandered northward over the flats at the base of the plateau which Cornell's edifices now crown. He crossed Cascadilla Creek, and, going a few hundred yards farther, stood within sight of the superb scenery of Fall Creek. He rambled up the gorge, delighted with the beauty of the tumbling, foaming water. Though not then the "local Niagara," that after heavy rains or in time of melting snow it becomes, it was, in volume and beauty, more than enough to fascinate the gazer. Yet despite the thrall of the vision of the forest's colors and of autumn's hardy and richly tinted wild flowers, of dancing spray, and gay fern, and water plant smiling in the foam, Clute was a true soldier, ever alert for a possible lurking foe.

Suddenly, peering into a dark cleft in the face of the southern precipice, he uttered a cry of joy, for there was the leaf long looked for. Pulling up the tiny plant by the roots, and comparing sketch and picture with the reality, he felt sure he had found the place.

Imagination was busy, for, on further sight, he

found the whole cliff so rich in patches of the plant that to think of mid-May, or early June, and its blooms, was to see in faith a firmament of pink. At once he picked a dozen plants, some even with the roots, to take home for souvenirs, and to send by Vrooman to Margaret Eyre in Philadelphia.

But was *she* there?

"She must be near, if alive at all, for this is the place," said the young man to himself.

Thereupon, with a shout that woke the echoes of the rocks, gray with the weathering of æons, he shouted: "M-a-r-y V-r-o-o-m-a-n! A-r-e y-o-u h-e-r-e?"

The echoes died. Not a sound was heard, besides the purling and tinkling of the stream, and the splash and drip of waters, save only as the shrill insect music varied the void of human interests.

Again the young Stentor exercised his lungs. Five times, at intervals, did his shoutings weary the forest with their yearning inquest. The dead gray walls of the north precipice, all the barer in the sunlight, seemed contemptuous in their silence. They even mocked at him, he thought. The south wall seemed to frown at hope. But all the primula leaves seemed to wave in the morning breeze then blowing out of the ravine, and to whisper cheer. They nodded as if to say, "Keep on."

"Well, seven is the holy number, as the domine says; I'll try again."

"M-a-r-y V-r-o-o-m-a-n — a-r-e y-o-u h-e-r-e-e-e?"

"I am. Wait!" sounded from the opposite cliff. Yet Herman Clute saw nothing. Were his ears deceived?

No! soon the bushes on the other side of Trip-hammer Ravine parted, and a brown face, yet not an Indian girl's, appeared. In a moment the full figure in squaw's dress stood out on the edge of the rocks.

"Herman! I know your voice. Wait! I know the way, I'll come to you."

Disappearing for a moment, she ran like a deer back around and down the northern hill slope to the low land where she could ford the creek at the point where now the road passing along Percy Field — seat of Cornell's athletic triumphs — crosses the stream.

Fleet as the white maid of the woods was, the lover was as swift. With feet quickly bared, he was across in a trice, meeting her, his beloved, on the opposite shore. After one glad embrace, he bore her in his arms to the southern side.

An hour of lovers' talk, joy under the "Primrose Cliffs," and then, triumph and welcome at the camp! That was the morning programme! No one but soldiers long in exile from woman friends can tell how radiantly lovely a maiden in full youth and beauty — albeit in squaw's dress — seems in the eyes of homesick men.

The story told to lover and rescuer by the side of the cliff in Triphammer Ravine, beneath the primula's home and amid the music of the waterfall, was repeated in outline to Colonel van Cortlandt and some of his officers. In the hasty flight of the Kendaia Indians, no one had cared for her. She hid herself in the corn-fields, but, not knowing which way the army would come, had fled to her place of refuge, long ago foreseen and chosen. There, bravely and alone, she had waited, amid the alternate agonies of despair and the joys of hope.

The next day, the march began to Fort Reed, where now stands the fair city of Elmira.

CHAPTER XXIII

LEGENDS OF CAYUGA LAKE

THE letters of the young Continental, Herman Clute, to his mother at Schenectady, were full of a fresh glow and enthusiasm and a deep, new joy, from the time that he had found Mary Vrooman in the gorge at Ithaca. His sensitiveness to nature's loveliness seemed to have been kindled afresh, and he wrote freely about the lovely legends that lend such charm to the fairest of the lakes, Cayuga. He thus describes the vision of a glorious dawn, from near that part of the water which the Iroquois named "Constant Dawn" and the white man, "Aurora."

"I witnessed, this morning, what I must call 'the battle of the elements.' Standing on the edge of the lake, I could see the vapors rising cloud-like from the face of the water and then forming again in great streaks and banks. At first they lay still above the surface or moved very slowly, but when the sun rose they seemed to be all stirred and excited, moving up and down hither and yon, until they seemed at times like armies charging in battle. By and by I found the blue sky hidden from my sight, but here and there

the sun's rays tore through the white mass. Gradually, as the heat increased, the once solid banks of clouds were torn and riven, and soon, breaking up into shreds and patches, they went off and became invisible.

"Then the whole blue face of the lake was revealed; but still a new surprise awaited me. Instead of one color, blue or green, there seemed to be a dozen of them. All I had ever read about the stones on the breastplate of the high priest, or the walls of the New Jerusalem, came up to my mind, for here, right on the lake's surface, seemed to be tints of amethyst, emerald, sapphire, ruby, indeed almost every color one can think of, from violet to orange. I had never seen anything like it, and thought that it must come entirely from the varying depths and shallows of the water; but, besides this staining of the water, there were glorious reflections from the sky. I am so charmed with this country that I think that by and by, when the war is over and we get our freedom, I shall come out here to live. I shall choose this spot for my home overlooking Cayuga Lake, where I can watch the war of the elements and enjoy these colors. No wonder that the Indians call this place by a name which means 'Constant Dawn.'

"I must tell you also of the wonderful vision I had of our flag in the sky. It was the grandest picture I have ever looked upon. I was on sentinel duty, and my post was on the high ground near the

banks of the lake, whence I could see up and down the water and over toward the east. Before sunrise I noticed clouds lay on the sky which at daybreak divided into gray bands or wide streaks. Just as the lower cloud bars began to redden with the rays of the rising sun, the upper ones began to shorten, and within five minutes the whole eastern heavens showed on their face the figure of an American flag, for there were thirteen broad stripes, the red ones as red as those on our standard, with a strip of sky in between. I counted them. There were seven cloud bars or stripes, all flaming in the morning sun, and in the upper left-hand part, there was the great blue space of sky. Oh! it thrilled my soul to see it, and yet there were no stars there. How glorious to think of our flag with the stars of night, as well as the colors of the day sky.

"I never saw such a country as this for cascades. I thought the rapids at Little Falls were wonderful and the big falls at Cohoes amazing, but this region astonishes me. The soil around here lies on shale rock, which is rather soft, and the streams of water running down through it wear out great ravines and gorges. Some of these must have been made ages upon ages ago. Up at the head of the lake there are at least three of these, and the sight of the waterfall right after the rain is very fine, and reminds me of what I have heard of Niagara. But the most wonderful place is a great hollow called by the Ind-

ians, 'Taughannock.' Here the rocky heights, some distance back from the lake, have been so hollowed out that I believe one could put the Colosseum of Rome inside of it. Standing at the bottom, one sees opening into the eastern wall, far above him, the smaller gorge that has been worn by Taughannock Creek. The water flows over the rocks first as though it came from a great spout. Then, as it foams toward the bottom, it curves and curls into a lacelike mass of white water. Our chain-bearers, who have a good eye for distance, say that it must be many feet higher than Niagara Falls.

"Domine Kirkland says that Taughannock is not an Iroquois word, but is a Delaware Indian chief's name. On our first march up on the other side of Cayuga Lake, early in September, when talking with Hanyari, the Oneida chief, we learned the story which he interpreted for us one night at the camp-fire, which is this."

The story-teller here prefers to describe briefly the place referred to, and to reproduce here the talk between Hanyari and Vrooman, when, years before, they had travelled hither with Domine Kirkland. Then they had chatted about this wonder of nature, which the Indian accounts for by the poetry of his mythology, even as the white man explains by science.

It was while traversing the western side of Cayuga Lake, they forded a stream leading out of a leafy

ravine into a deep gorge, or opening at the top of a great cliff on the highlands back from the shore. The waters, after ages of activity, had cut out the rocks and worn them smooth. It is out of this upper gorge that the material commonly called flagstone is to-day supplied from the quarry, the neighboring towns and cities receiving the broad, flat slabs for paving.

Still further beyond this smaller gorge, and toward the lake, was an enormous amphitheatre, hollowed out by the action of water and the movement of pebbles against the bed-rock. The churning of the stream in times of flood had done a work which might have occupied giants for an æon. Many hundreds of feet long and over six hundred feet wide, forest trees were growing in the floor of this great hollow, through which the creek wound its way in a silver thread to the lake, while the trees, when seen from the dizzy height and ravine, seemed of a size like toys. All around at the base of the lofty and rocky walls, lay the débris accumulated through the centuries.

Falling from the brink of the perpendicular cliff, through the outlet of the upper and smaller gorge, like a stream of limpid water from the lip of a marble laver, the stream, broadening as it leaped, turned into a white mass of lacelike foam. Tremulous, wavy, and scalloped, its mass seemed as if it were being woven in a living loom. From a height higher than Niagara's level, and into an abyss deeper than

line had yet measured, at morning arched with rainbows, and at night tiaraed with a lunar arch, it had during untold time fascinated the Iroquois. Though at the top a solid liquid mass, polished in its velocity, it scarce reached the bottom in aught but clouds of watery dust. All around were fern and flower, grass and greenery, nodding, gleaming, laughing, under the constant baptism of spray.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed Claes Vrooman, as he gazed upon the scene. "How in the world could ever such a space have been hollowed out of the rocky earth? Come, comrade, can you explain?" said he to his Oneida guide.

"I can only tell you what I have heard," said the Oneida, as his face took on a far-away look. "My fathers have told me of this place, which we Oneidas know well, though it is far from our country." Filling his stone pipe and striking flint and steel, he lighted his forest-grown tobacco, and, after a few puffs, began: —

"Ages ago, when the stone-clothed giants lived on the earth, the spirit of the waters and the spirit of the rocks fell into a disagreement. They had friends among the other spirits of the sky and air: the lightning, the thunder, the wind, and the others that rule the forest, the garden, the corn-field, and the caves. These two spirits, of water and of the rocks, were especially fond of showing their prowess, and wrestled often with each other. The spirit of the water

was considered the gentler, and the spirit of the rock the rougher one, though he was often very lazy. One day the spirit of the rock twitted the spirit of the water with being so active and busy, always taking on so many forms and toiling so hard.

"The rock spirit grew boastful, declaring that he could do more in force and destruction in one minute by rolling a great mass down the mountain, levelling the trees and scraping the earth clean; or, he could make more splash and noise by having a cliff riven so as to fall into the lake, or could accomplish more by a landslide, in a single night, than the spirit of the waters, with all its rain and dew, cloud and moisture, or even a flood, could accomplish in many hours. While the spirit of the water had to depend on the wind spirit to cause the lake's surface to rise and mount into waves and foam, or to make much noise or power in the air, the rock spirit, apparently without any effort, could tumble over the gorge, drop from the cliff, make a landslide, or even crack and open in an earthquake. Thus the rock spirit jeered, even boasting that he was a brave, while the water spirit was only a squaw in his eyes.

"Now, the water spirit was usually very gentle, and did not seek to irritate any one. So he kept quiet for a long time, but finally, when thus jeered at by the spirit of the rocks, said: —

"'Well, I know a place right near my favorite bed of Lake Cayuga, where I have a little stream serv-

ing me. It runs quietly down the slope, from the upper highlands into the lake. Now, I will back that little stream and it will be my agent, and I dare you to come in the form of a big rock, as high as a pine tree and wide as twenty horses, set side by side, and we'll have a wrestling bout before all the stone-clothed spirits, and before the spirits of the wind, the lightning, the thunder, the sun, and the moon, of the corn-field and the cavern. There we'll wrestle, till one of us is beaten and has to retire.'

"'Agreed,' said the spirit of the rocks; 'I'll be there.'

"So, on a certain day, all the spirits gathered round in a circle to watch the contest. At that time there was, instead of the great hollow hundreds of feet wide and deep, nothing but a forest-clad slope, through which the stream of water went purling along to the lake.

"The contestants began, and the water spirit and the rock spirit locked arms and began to wrestle. They were not to give up until one or both was spent as to his strength. Even when they were down, they were to roll over and over, and fight it out in one bout.

"So away they began, rock and water, rubbing and grinding; and oh, how the earth and brushwood did fly! But, while the rock spirit moved round and fussed and fumed, the water spirit held on tightly and persevered, always getting fresh strength

from his supply in the brook. All the time, the two combatants were getting deeper and deeper down into the earth. In their terrible struggles, they dug out a great, big hollow, like two rabbits fighting in the snow, until, by and by, the pit in which they fought was a quarter of a mile wide and a half a mile long. When the wrestling and rolling were over, the rock was all broken to pieces, and the spirit of the rocks had fled out of it; but the spirit of the waters seemed to be no more tired than when he began. First giving thanks to the stream that had helped him as such a faithful ally, and bidding him flow forever over the mighty rock wall, the spirit of the waters rose into a cloud and passed over the lake, to reflect its shadow in thanksgiving there also. And so the creek has flowed on till this day."

"A wonderful story," said Vrooman; "but how did it get its name?" In what dialect of the confederacy does the name Taughannock belong?"

"Well, it is neither Cayugan nor Tuscaroran. It is the name of a chief of the Lenni Lenapes, or, as you white men say, the Delawares."

"How, under heaven, did such a name get stuck on a piece of the earth so far up here in New York? Some chief on the war-path, I suppose?"

"Yes, you are right. I heard the story from my uncle. He told me that long time ago, when the famous Taughannock family of chieftains lived down in the Delaware River valley, before the Tammanys

came into power, they got into a dispute with the white men about the sale of land at the forks of the Delaware. The white people under the Feather (governor of Pennsylvania), knowing that the Delawares had been conquered by the Iroquois and made to wear the petticoat, craftily appealed to the Iroquois to settle the question. Thereupon delegates from the whole confederacy, of whom my father was one from our tribe, held a great council at Onondaga. After some oratory, they agreed to decide in favor of the white men and against the Delawares. This was over thirty years ago. They sent an imposing delegation to Philadelphia, at the head of which was the great chief Kanasatigo. He was accompanied by over two hundred warriors. At the council held in the city of Penn, they addressed the governor, whom they always called 'Feather,' telling him that the Delawares were 'no good; they were women, and had no right to sell their land.' They even went so far as to insult the Delaware chieftains in the council to their very faces."

"Why, yes," said Vrooman; "I have heard that from a friend, who, when a boy, was present at the council. I remember his telling how exultantly the Onondagas sat down to the big dinner and drank unlimited rum, while the poor Delawares went off cowed and disheartened. They made their way into western Pennsylvania, losing most of their old tribal organization and yielding to such adoption into other

tribes as was offered. Yet I remember my friend's telling of one young Delaware chief, named Taughannock, whose eyes danced and snapped like fire. Now, the name of that chief and this place is the same. Is there any connection between the man and the gorge?"

"Yes," said the Oneida; "this chief, whose fathers in a long line had been chiefs, was stung to the quick. He vowed revenge. He separated from his tribe and persuaded about two hundred young warriors to side with him. They consecrated themselves to the purpose of revenge, by what you white men call a war dance. Instead of accompanying his discouraged tribesmen farther west into Ohio, Taughannock led off his band when near Wyoming, and turned northward toward Owego. His purpose was to get into the New York lake country and fall upon the village of Goioguen, where the Seneca Indians and Cayugas had formed a great town of between five and six thousand people. Its name was made up of the names of two chiefs, the one whose mother was a Cayuga and the other whose father was a Seneca. Reaching Ganoga and trending to the left, they went northward. So brave and determined were this band of Delawares that the Seneca scouts and runners, when they had discovered the invaders, would not trust to themselves alone to fight them, but sent messengers through the lake country and even to Onondaga, the central council fire, for aid.

"The chief, Kanasatigo, quickly gathered a band, and marched southward, crossing the lake at Seneca Falls, the Indian village where lived Red Jacket, then a boy. Holding a hurried council at Ganoga, he set out at the head of two hundred braves, and was soon in front of the camp of Delawares, who were painting themselves for the fray soon to come.

"The Delaware invaders found themselves between a band of Neodakheats (Ithacans), who were about to cross the stream on the south, while the Kanasatigo forces were hovering on their flanks on the north. When the Delawares realized their situation and their likelihood of being surrounded and exterminated, they resolved to retreat toward the lake. Seeing this movement, the two bands of enemies signalled to each other, and, while the triple allies, Senecas, Cayugas, and Neodakheats, or Ithacans, moved down the left side of the stream, Kanasatigo moved up from the lake on the left bank, keeping out a line of flankers to prevent the possible escape of the Delawares. The stream was flooded with recent rains, and crossing was difficult under any circumstances, but, in the face of arrows and bullets, how could the Delawares get across?

"This, however, they essayed to do, when near the smaller gorge, just above the falls of the creek. They were repulsed and driven along the banks and on toward the great amphitheatre, with its terrific precipices, yet not dreaming that so large a force

of Onondagas was there confronting them and lying in wait in the forest flanking the great abyss. Suddenly, as the retreating Delawares neared them, these rose up, raising their yells. Then began a terrific battle at close quarters, for the Onondagas in front were now reinforced by the triple band of allies which had crossed the stream. These, with the Onondagas, quickly completed a semicircle of living enemies, while northward was the brink of the awful abyss, whence, far down below, in a sheer line of hundreds of feet distance, lay a multitude of jagged rocks.

"Nevertheless, the Delawares resolved to show themselves, in courage at least, the equals of the Iroquois, to die bravely and at highest cost to their foes. They would leave a name for valor that should cleanse away the stain of disgrace which had so long cursed the Delaware nation. The young chief Taughannock, after having levelled many a warrior to the ground, dashed at Kanasatigo, wounding him with his scalping knife. He might have ended the life of the Onondaga chieftain then and there, but the other warriors rushed to his rescue, and struck down Taughannock. They stabbed him with fiercely repeated blows of their knives, until he was gashed in every part of his body. Then, seizing his bloody corpse, they rushed forward and halting within a foot of the edge of the awful cliff, hurled his body out into the air and down upon the rocks below.

"Only ten of the Delawares escaped. Those who were seized alive were tortured, all singing the death-song and defying their enemies to the last, glorying to have wiped out their nation's shame."

"Thus has Taughannock a memorial in this wilderness, and his fame shall be as lasting as the eternal hills," added the domine, who had listened attentively to the narrative.

Nor can we turn our backs upon Cayuga's waters without recalling the legend which accounts for the presence of Frontenac Island.

Out in front of the lake, looking from Union Springs, is a beautiful island, opposite which, on the mainland, long ago, the Cayuga chief, Pine Cone, dwelt. He had fallen in love with the daughter of a Seneca, at a time when these two tribes were hostile to each other. Failing to get the maiden for his bride by ordinary etiquette, for the old squaws disapproved, he decided on stratagem. To occupy the attention of the wary Senecas, he sent some of his followers, all painted for the war-path, in a canoe to Ganoga. The Senecas, thinking that these warriors were after scalps, gathered together to give them battle. This was just what Pine Cone wanted. Quickly he sped across the lake in his canoe, and seized the maiden, who was waiting and only too ready to go. He put her in his canoe and paddled with all his might across the lake. The Senecas, catching sight of this single canoe and its double burden, suspected

at once what it was. Launching their boats, they started in pursuit, and, since six or eight paddles were at work in the foremost canoe, the Senecas, fresh and strong, began to gain visibly upon the marauding lover. Pine Coné, becoming a little weary from his double journey, feared he would be caught. So, earnestly praying to Ha-wen-ni-yu, he kept on, straining every muscle. This Good Spirit, hearing his servant, thrust down his mighty arm, and, scooping up the earth from the bottom of the lake, formed an island, which enabled Pine Cone to escape to the mainland and turn back the pursuers. This was the origin of Frontenac Island.

CHAPTER XXIV

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

THE main army had camped at Kendaia and reached Catherine's town at noon the next day, where they found the old squaw and left her a further supply of food. Alas for the truth of the proverb, coined later, in Indian parlance, "as cruel as Sullivan's soldiers." Yet the facts show that it was a few irresponsible brutes in human form, and not soldiers wearing the Continental uniform, that gave the name of infamy to the whole army. For, near the corrugated hide of leather that held within it a human soul, — the old squaw, with a quart of corn still left her, — there lay in the ditch near her the corpse of a young Indian woman, shot in wanton sport by some camp followers, or letter bearers from Philadelphia.

Trintje Vrooman recognized the aged woman as one who had long acted as a sort of doctress among the Seneca villages, and, with a true woman's sympathy, spoke words of cheer to her as a human sister; but the old woman said she expected to live but a few days. She was very profuse, and apparently

sincere, in her gratitude for kindness received at General Sullivan's hands. Under Trintje's kindly hands, the young squaw's body was washed, rolled up in a blanket, and buried in a grave dug by her husband Claes. Without a pulse of malice or desire for revenge, this was done; for Trintje, though a slave among savages, had been kept in personal honor and without violence. Suffering many indignities of savage life, she yet remembered this shining fact with a gratitude that lent joy to the gift of a grave in the wilderness to the Indian woman whom Christians had murdered.

When the returning victors came within sight of Fort Reed, there was a mighty noise of welcome from the three-pounder, thirteen rounds being fired, to which our men having the coehorn in advance answered by a similar salute. Here the soldiers ceased to be vegetarians, and enjoyed full rations, remaining several days to rest and recruit, for stores and comforts had been brought up from Wyoming and Fort Sullivan.

On the 25th, great rejoicings were held and five oxen were barbecued. There was no fear of any superstition about the number thirteen, for thirteen fires and thirteen candles were kept burning in General Hand's brigade, and thirteen toasts were drunk in honor of the thirteen United States of America. To this grand affair, we shall devote a chapter.

Dearborn had expected to meet Colonel Butler

with his party at Coreorganel, but did not. The next day, some of Butler's men, coming to the smoking ruins, as we have seen, found Domine Kirkland's horse browsing on the prostrate corn leaves and ears.

Dearborn, marching southwesterly across the country, — this American Interlaken, — reached Catherine's town to find the main army gone forward to Fort Reed. So he pressed forward four miles farther, and camped in a place which a few weeks before would no more have been selected than if it were a purgatory. Now, however, instead of a "vale of woe" or "slough of despond," they found this once horrible place a sunny thoroughfare, and their going through was like a picnic jaunt. Indeed, on their return march, all the regiments went through the great Bear Swamp without much trouble, for four weeks of dry weather had made a tremendous difference, and the men joked and laughed at their first night of horrors here.

Several of the detachments scouring the Indian country were not yet in, but, about two thousand Continentals being in camp at Fort Reed, General Sullivan, who loved the pomp of war, resolved to rejoice. Being in a very happy mood, he ordered all the soldiers to discharge their muskets and to parade at five o'clock in the afternoon, to fire a *feu de joie*, or continuous rattle of rejoicing. The epidemic of delight quickly spread until the whole camp was well inoculated. In all the regiments, the men brushed

themselves up, to look as spruce as possible on dress parade. One blank cartridge was given to each man.

Toward sunset, when all were in line, thirteen rounds were fired from the cannon. Then from all the regiments a fire was ordered, not in a volley but by each musket in succession, and this was done. Powder was burned and the air was desolated.

Yet the way in which the two thousand or more reports saluted the general's ear did not suit him. So he ordered a blank cartridge to be given again to each man. Then making the alignment, along the river flats, of the whole force, in one rank only, he ordered that all should be ready to fire, but that not a man should pull trigger until he came opposite to each musket, as he rode along. When all was prepared, he put his horse at full speed, with whip and spur, and rode from the right to the left end of the line, each man firing as the general came opposite to him. This made a very grand effect, and Sullivan cried out: —

"Well done; that sounds like a hallelujah."

Then, all in line, standing at parade rest, the Continentals gave cheers, three times three, one round for the Congress, three for the United States, and three for the king of Spain. After that followed the dinner of the day, given by General Hand in compliment to his officers. The particularly good feeling toward Congress was that this honorable body

had, on the 18th of August, passed resolutions increasing the pay of the officers.

Saturday, September 25th, the day of the officers' banquet, was one of news, arrivals, and surprises. A messenger from Philadelphia and the Congress arrived, and the officers of Colonel Hubley's command were made happy by receiving their commissions. This officer noted in his diary, also, that about eleven o'clock, Colonel Dearborn's detachment having emerged from Bear Swamp returned to Fort Reed bringing in two squaw prisoners, who looked like frightened deer.

Sunday was enjoyed richly by the veterans, for it was one of complete rest and the day was glorious.

On Monday, two of his men who, on the countermarch had lost track of the army at Canandaigua Lake, came in after seven days' wandering in the wilderness. They were nearly starved at first, but finding along the way two of the pack horses which had been shot, they had taken out their hearts and livers and after that got along very comfortably. Toward evening, all were made happy by the return of the detachment, sent out in the morning to destroy the Indian towns a few miles off, for they saw the men coming back with sixteen boats loaded with most delicious vegetables. "Why, it beats the Philadelphia markets!" said a shoemaker soldier, who remembered the luscious vegetables which he used to buy on High Street.

Colonel Hubley noted also that it was on Tuesday, September 28th, that Colonel Butler's party came into the camp about 10 A.M. of that morning.

While Colonel Van Cortlandt's regiment was on its way to rejoin the army, Mary Vrooman told her lover the mystery of "the lake cannon" — the terrific report as of artillery that had alarmed him when a sentinel by Lake Cayuga's shore, and had even wakened some of the men out of their sleep. This is the story as heard from the old squaw, her quondam foster-mother.

The Senecas have great terror of this Cayuga Lake on a windy day or in a squall, for they think that down at the bottom of the lake lives an old squaw, in a vast, icy cave. All around her are caves and hollows of ice, which she keeps ready to store away the bodies that sink down to her.

It is said that a long time ago, when living on the earth, she conceived a passion for a warrior, but he cared nothing for her. Once, when walking along the steep cliff overlooking the deepest part of Cayuga Lake, she pressed her desire. He seized her in his anger and hurled her out into the lake, sullenly watching her struggles until she disappeared. Sinking down far under the dimpled face of the lake that smiled so sweetly in the sunshine, and far, far down below where fishes can live, into the deep water which is always just on the point of freezing even in summer, her spirit lives. Being lonely and malig-

nant with revenge, she keeps all who come to her. She buries them in ice, so that they can never rise to the top or their friends reclaim their corpses. Her chief occupation is to hew out new caves for the dead. It is the blows of her hatchet, which sometimes dislodges great masses of ice down in the caverns, that causes those terrible sounds like artillery, and which the Indians call "the lake cannon."

All the various detachments were safely united at Fort Reed, before the order to march homeward was issued. Trintje and Mary Vrooman were very happy in their reunion, with life and hope and joyful prospects. It was a pretty scene to see them walking together, to the delight of the young soldiers. Yet they were but one pair in a score or more of white captives rescued from Indian captivity, and now safe and happy.

It was a sight never to be forgotten, too, but often recalled in after years by the veterans who under the bright stars of the cool September night gathered around the camp-fires to tell again the story of their adventures during the "succotash campaign" and their hopes of a speedy ending of the war.

All wondered whether the Spanish alliance would greatly help the American cause. Spain was still the symbol of wealth, despite her real poverty, and "Spanish milled dollars" were what the Continental paper shillings promised to be worth, but were not. The Pennsylvanians, Jerseymen, and New Yorkers

were unanimous in believing that Holland's recognition, when it came, would be worth more than Spain's, for, besides their splendid naval record in the past, the Dutch would be likely to loan the Congress plenty of hard money.

Before we see the rescued captives and the Continentals turning their faces eastward, let us give an account of the officers' banquet by the banks of the Chemung River.

CHAPTER XXV

THE BANQUET ON THE BANKS OF THE CHEMUNG

THE officers of Hand's brigade had built a bowery of timber and poles, had roofed it with hemlock and greenery, and decked it with such flags and trophies as they could extemporize. Over mighty fires, made to burn up and leave a bed of live red coals, the ox, split *barbe-à-queue* (from nozzle to tail) and laid across a huge grid made of green poles, roasted and sizzled, the men catching the savory juice and melting fat for gravy, in iron spoons, dishes, and even hollow stones, as they were able. Finally, after several hours of slow roasting and the occasional renewing of the green poles, the fare was served up.

Besides the carvable parts of the savory and juicy pieces laid out on slabs of timber and slices of bark, there were stews made of the beef's heart and liver with onions, while great quantities of roasted and boiled ears of corn, boiled beans, sliced cucumbers, and other spoil from Indian farms, were served up in such metal dishes as they had brought in the camp mess chests. There were neither tables nor chairs, but on the logs rolled up for the purpose, or on piles

of greenery chopped and laid for the purpose, or on the grass, the officers sat down and ate their dinner with that zest which living in the open air always imparts.

Besides water from the sparkling brook and the moderate allowance of spirits ordered by the general, there were pitchers of milk drawn from the generous udder of Colonel Hubley's cow. This "lady of the glens" had gone through the whole expedition, surviving the dangers of miry swamps, scarce pasturage, and stampeding Indians, furnishing milk every day. The men looked on "Betsey Ann," as they called her, with unusual interest and affection. On this day they had her horns so decked with bits of red flannel and her neck so wreathed with goldenrod that she hardly knew herself, and would certainly have blushed, had she not been a cow. As it was, Betsey Ann really seemed to enjoy the fun, and to be vain of the attentions showered on her. She walked right into the shallow Chemung River, and there mirrored, if not admiring herself, in the tranquil water, she seemed to have attained the summit of bovine pride.

When potatoes, beans, and rich roast beef and gravy had warmed the interior economy of all the officers, and every one was in a merry mood, General Hand ordered in the fifers and drummers of the brigade, to take position just outside the bowery and give the proper responses with fife music and

drum ruffles. He then rose to propose the first toast, which was, "To the Thirteen States and their Sponsors." All the officers lifted their tin cups or pewter mugs, — it would seem more proper to write "glasses," but there was not a glass tumbler or wine cup in the army, — and, touching their receptacles together, drank in water, milk, or whiskey, according to their taste. Then followed the fife and drum music, both fifers and drummers playing most hilariously.

The second toast proposed was to "the Honorable the American Congress," — a body of men much abused but also hard working and worthy of honor.

The third toast was to "General Washington and the American Army." At once rose lively memories of the past, of Bunker Hill and Long Island, of Oriskany, Bennington, and Stillwater, of Trenton, of Princeton and Valley Forge, of Monmouth and Butt's Hill, and again the fifes screamed and the drums rattled and boomed.

Now came glory to "the Commander-in-chief of the Western Expedition," Major-General John Sullivan, whom every officer honored, whom every man in the army followed with enthusiasm. He it was who first of all in the colonies advocated independence, that is, separation from Great Britain. He it was, who, when a corrupt Parliament under a foreigner-king, infringed and abridged the right of a free people to keep and bear arms, by prohibiting

the importation of military supplies in the colonies, made answer by raising a company of troops and drilling them. Sullivan and his companions seized Fort William and Mary, and thus provided the powder which filled the horns at Bunker Hill.

Could any one have looked ahead, from that lonely place in the wilderness, and foreseen the future, he would have discerned that the Empire State would be first to do honor in public memorials to New Hampshire's brave sons, and that then, and not until then, his native state would rear a granite shaft in Sullivan's memory, on the site of the old meeting-house at Durham, where the powder was stored.

Did any then foresee the wilderness blossoming as the rose and millions rejoicing in the glory of civilization, and a century later thousands gathering on the battle-field at Newtown to do honor to Sullivan, the leader of the Western Expedition, and that above the bones of the dead — all New Hampshire men — should rise a memorial shaft?

Did Colonel Cilley dream of the time, only a few years distant, when he should stand by his loved commander's grave-side with cocked pistols, demanding that the veteran's body should have honorable burial and that those who would seize his body for debt should retreat from their ghoulish quest? Surely may John Sullivan be named as one of the makers of the Empire State. Had he been "Braddocked," sacrificed his men in rashness, met

with disaster, or led home a broken and defeated remnant of an army, he might to-day be more famous, or notorious, in American history than he is. As it was, he lost only forty men by battle, disease, and accident, and, doing his work so well, many a book professing to give "the history of the United States" does not even mention Sullivan's expedition of 1779.

Amid forests, though so far inland, the American navy was not forgotten. While the Continentals upheld the cause of freedom on land, our sailors and privateersmen none the less, but as bravely, as affectionately, kept the stars and stripes floating on the sea, and this in the teeth of the mightiest navy in the world. It was not Saratoga or Yorktown that decided the war of the Revolution. It was the clamors of the British merchants, whose ships, numbering many thousands, were captured by our armed vessels. Did the Continental army take six thousand prisoners at Saratoga in New York, and eight thousand at Yorktown in Virginia? The navy made thirty thousand British men prisoners, and captured supplies vastly more. One half the munitions of war and soldiers' equipments for Washington's army came through the privateers, which not only fought and defended themselves, but traded or won from the enemy the clothes, powder, and accoutrements for some of the regiments on this very Western Expedition.

Much, and in some years most, of the spoil came from St. Eustatius in the West Indies through the Dutch, and not a little direct from Birmingham; for Englishmen, like Americans and Dutchmen, love money, and a few of them did not object to earn pounds, shillings, and pence in a clandestine way. Every month Dutch ships loaded in British ports with goods for America via St. Eustatius. Even the very paper on which Mr. Thomas Paine's patriotic tracts, read with eagerness before the camp-fires of the army, were printed, was from Holland, and brought in American privateers from this same horn of plenty in the West Indies.

Yes, the soldiers appreciated our navy, and the toast was drunk by Hand's officers amid an outburst of drum and fife music. They had not yet heard of Paul Jones's splendid victory, fought about this very time. Had they known that, the welkin would have rung again with cheers, three times three.

Not many of the Continentals had yet seen a French soldier, except as they had looked upon Lafayette and a few individuals from France. The red and white uniforms of the "sparkling Bourbonnaires" were not yet in evidence, but they were coming. Lafayette's rearrival must have been known at this time. The sixth toast was "Our Faithful Allies, the United Houses of Bourbon." Our men had a clear apprehension of French history, and realized how the Houses of Bourbon had been united.

In the chat following the toast in honor of France, Colonel Hubley recalled that one of Count De Grasse's vessels was named *L'Alamance;* that in North Carolina was a beautiful stream of water by that name; that he had read a novel with the same title, and that at this place the Regulators had first stood up for their rights against the brutal and extravagant royal governor, Tryon, at the battle of the Alamance. The New Yorkers detested the very name of Governor Tryon, for had he not been promoted by the king for his vile work, and made governor of New York? It was after him that Tryon County, in which Cherry Valley lay, had been named. "Bloody Billy" was what the New Yorkers called him. Just now this same ruffian, instead of facing Continental soldiers, was busy in marauding expeditions in Connecticut.

The seventh or keystone toast, as the proud Pennsylvanian, Hubley, called it, was a long one. It is interesting to note that the Congress was here conceived of as in the feminine gender. Was it in pure gallantry and in the yearning loneliness of man away from sweethearts, wives, and daughters? Or, was it with a flavor of contempt for the weakness of that body? Whatever be the philosophy or the cynicism in the toast, here are the words: "May the American Congress and all her legislative representatives be endowed with virtue and wisdom, and may her independence be as firmly established as the pillars

of time" One wonders whether at the mention of "pillars," the soldiers and officers, paid with Continental paper, did not think longingly of the silver columns and floating scrolls stamped on the good, honest coins minted by their new ally, the king of Spain,—even the scroll and pillars which became our graphic mark for dollars,—$.

The next toast expressed the hope that the civil and military servants of the state would always live in brotherhood, and the man of war ever be the servant of the son of peace. "May the citizens of America, and her soldiers, be ever unanimous in the reciprocal support of each other."

The ninth was a prayer for that unity which gives strength. Here it is: "May altercations, discord, and every degree of fraud, be totally banished the peaceful shore of America."

The tenth was a protest against oblivion and the alleged ingratitude of republics: "May the memory of the brave Lieutenant Boyd and the soldiers under his command, who were horribly massacred by the inhuman savages or by their more barbarous and detestable allies, the British and Tories, on the 13th instant, be ever dear to his country."

This toast was drunk in silence, and for a moment all bowed their heads under the leafy canopy. Then, at a nod from General Hand, the fifers played the Dead March, from Handel's "Saul," after which the drums beat in muffled roll, as though marching in

funeral procession, winding up with a very clear imitation of three volleys over the grave.

This prayer was answered when, in 1841, the bones of Boyd and his companions were disinterred and taken to Rochester, and with elaborate military honors deposited in Revolutionary Hill in Mount Hope Cemetery.

Toast number eleven showed that, while our men were ready to leave the hardships of war and enjoy the comforts of home, they were willing to fight on to the death, unless peace came with honor. The toast explains itself: "An honorable peace with America, or perpetual war with her enemies."

Toast number twelve is unique. It brings up visions of Erin's harp and Tara's halls, of the green flag, of the shamrock, of St. Patrick, of the early centuries when Ireland gave Christian light and learning to Europe, and, last but not least, of later days, when oppressive British trade legislation ruined Irish industry, especially that of flax raising and linen making, which had been introduced into the island by Dutchmen, and which ruinous legislation sent tens of thousands from the northern counties of Ireland to the shores of America. Settling chiefly in New Hampshire and the Middle States, they were powerfully influential in the making of at least one New England state, and of western Pennsylvania and Virginia. They and their sons furnished a tremendous proportion of soldiers to the Continental army.

Sullivan himself, most of his New Hampshire colonels, officers, and soldiers, were of Irish stock, and so were Proctor, of the artillery, and Hand, of the light corps, and many of their fellow Pennsylvanians. Indeed, it might not be too hazardous to assert, or at least conjecture, that the majority of men in this expedition were of the stock of North Ireland.

It was not, then, merely a desire to compliment Generals Sullivan, Proctor, or Hand, or all of them, that prompted the toast. The cynical critic may, indeed, notice in the wording of the toast that vagueness of ideas which is so often associated with the Celt's utterances. Further, since the toast contained a wish, rather than an assertion or prophecy, does it not recall the Addisonian words, "'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, . . . We'll deserve it."

The toast was this, — "May the kingdom of Ireland merit a stripe in the American standard." It was drunk with rollicking delight, and the fifers played.

In defiance of all those superstitions which gather around the number thirteen, inherited from mediævalism, but pointing back to the presence of the Master with the eleven disciples and the traitor Judas, which even yet requires the number to be omitted in a hospital, and often in other places, but to which no American ought ever to pay any attention, the list of toasts conformed to the number of the states.

The poor pack horse, which began business before

the days of army mules, was the butt of the Continentals, even as his long-eared cousin is yet with our soldiers. The last toast was: "May the enemies of America be metamorphosed into pack horses and sent on a western expedition against the Indians."

All drank, amid roars of laughter, and the fifers played the "Rogue's March."

By this time the great star clock of the sky showed that it was near midnight. The men of the rank and file were already wrapped in slumber, and the officers happily laid themselves down to sleep on their hemlock boughs. Most of the watch-fires had burnt low, having so far gone down as to leave only here and there a suggestion of red flame. Beyond the stream and out on the flats, one who listened carefully could hear the sentinels walking, and the cry of "All is well."

CHAPTER XXVI

BACK TO FORT SULLIVAN

IT was now time to prepare to move eastward, so the sick and lame soldiers were ordered down the river in boats. Then the palisades of the fort, with all the timber stuff, boxes, casks, etc., were heaped up and set on fire.

The next day's march took them past the old battle-field of the 29th, and the night's encampment was on the same spot as that occupied on August 27th.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of the last day of September, they were within sight of Fort Sullivan, at Tioga Point. In the same regular line and order of march, exactly as when they left the fort, over a month before, they moved forward. Besides the whole garrison coming out under arms to meet them, there was a salvo of thirteen rounds from the two cannon of the fort, a salute which Proctor's artillery duly returned.

Once back and inside the fort, Major Fogg, one of General Poor's staff officers, and a graduate of Harvard College, wrote out his impressions.

"Although we are now one hundred and twenty miles

from peaceful inhabitants, yet we consider ourselves at home and the expedition ended: having fulfilled the expectations of our country, by beating the enemies and penetrating and destroying their whole country. The undertaking was great and the task arduous. The multiplicity of disappointments occasioning a long delay at the beginning, foreboded a partial, if not a total, frustration of our design; but the unbounded ambition and perseverance of our commander and army led him to the full execution, contrary to our most sanguine expectations; . . . a march of three hundred miles was performed, a battle was fought, and a whole country desolated in thirty days. The very evils that first predicted a defeat were a chain of causes in our favor. Not a single gun was fired for eighty miles on our march out, or an Indian seen on our return. The extraordinary continuance of fair weather has infinitely facilitated our expectation; having never been detained a single day; nor has there been an hour's rain since the thirtieth day of August. He who views the scene with indifference in view of the special hand and smiles of Providence being so apparently manifested is worse than an infidel.

"The question will naturally arise, What have you to show for your exploits? Where are your prisoners?

"To which I reply, that the rags and emaciated bodies of our soldiers must speak for our fatigue, and

when the querist will point out a mode to tame a partridge or the expediency of hunting wild turkeys with light horse, I will show him our prisoners. The nests are destroyed, but the birds are still on the wing."

Another officer wrote: "Thus, by the perseverance, good conduct and determined resolution of our commander-in-chief, with the assistance of his council and the full determination of his troops to execute, have we fully accomplished the great end and intentions of this important expedition; and I flatter myself we fully surpassed the most sanguine expectations of those whose eyes were more immediately looking to us for success. The glorious achievements we have given in extending our conquest so far, and at the same time rendering them so very complete, will make no inconsiderable balance even in the present politics of America."

How the army looked when at Fort Sullivan, in the first days of lovely October, may be learned from Herman Clute's letter, written to Schenectady: —

"DEAR MOTHER: I feel like a veteran at the end of the war, for here we, that is, the whole army, are at Fort Sullivan, from which we started about a month ago. It is quite a substantial fort, with two gates. The walls are made of palisades three thick, and the blockhouses are very strong. Colonel Shrieve has kept everything in good order here, but in two or

three days all will be burned up, and this place will be left to the deer, the bears, and the rattlesnakes again. I do not believe that the savages will inhabit the place for several years to come; but until the white people fully occupy this country, the Iroquois will make Tioga Point their rendezvous, for all their southern and some of their eastern and western expeditions.

"We had two days' march from Fort Reed. The night we arrived here, Colonel Shrieve, the governor of the garrison, had a most elegant dinner provided for the general and field officers of the army. Besides the good things to eat, Proctor's regimental band and the fife and drum corps played during most of the evening.

"On Friday morning, General Sullivan sent his secretary, General Brewer, to give an account to Congress of the great success of the expedition, for certainly it has been wonderful. Most of us have kept well. We have had almost a month of perfectly splendid weather, with little rain and no storms. We have often been tired and some of us lame, but altogether there have been only forty men out of the whole army that have lost their lives, and this includes all who died by accident. We had three battles, one at Chemung, in which seven of Colonel Hubley's men were killed; the big one at Newtown, where, with all the powder burned and lead fired off, only three or four men were killed, while five have since died of their wounds; and the Groveland ambuscade, in which

seventeen were killed. The others were shot by Indians hid in the bush, met death by accident, or were drowned. Not one of the soldiers has died through disease.

"When we started out, we had only twenty-two days' rations of flour and sixteen of meat. So our march has been made on half allowance, but we had more vegetables than we wanted. A good deal of our time has been taking up grating corn. We took old tin pans and punched holes in them with a bayonet, and thus made graters. It was tedious work, and half the men were kept up at night after the day's march was over, grating corn. We made the mess into a kind of a cake. Sometimes we mixed the rough meal with boiled beans or pumpkins, and, pounding or squeezing it into paste, we baked the patties over the fire or on hot stones, and it tasted good.

"But oh, how glad I was at Fort Reed to get a good slice of fresh roast beef! Once in a while I enjoyed a glass of fresh milk. Out of the seven hundred oxen we took with us on the start, some kept up till we got to Canandaigua, but Colonel Hubley's cow, which is a white and black creature of the Friesland breed, showed herself a wonder. She has actually been with us all the time and given us her milk every day. I was really sorry to part with her when we put her in the boat yesterday, to send her, along with the officers' horses, down to Wyoming."

Here follows an account of his finding Mary Vrooman, of the march to Fort Reed, his experiences there, and the return march down the Chemung Valley to Tioga Point.

"On Saturday, General Sullivan gave an elegant entertainment, inviting all the generals and field officers of the army to dine with him. I begged to be allowed to wait on the table, for I enjoyed seeing the officers all together and hearing them talk. They actually did have a long table, made of split timber, and a great many more pieces of table furniture than were visible during our march. This was the first time that I have seen all the officers of the army together. They are a handsome set of men, I can tell you.

"Everything was properly packed up that was to be taken away. Then, all the stores and other baggage, the cannon and the coehorn, were put on board the boats. After resting on Sunday, the whole army was to move on Monday morning, most of the men to march overland to Easton, via Wyoming, and the boats to go down the river.

"The fun of jollity culminated on Saturday night. After supper, a genuine Indian dance was arranged, in which scores of the most athletic men in Hand's brigade took part. A young sachem of the Oneida tribe was the director of the dance, and was assisted by several Indians. During the day the officers, who were to take part in the fun, made wooden masks to

represent Indian deities and spirits of the mountain and the river. These, grotesquely painted, were put on when they danced. The music was original, the sachem, singing an Indian song, started the movements, clashing together his rattle, knife, and pipe. At the end of every measure, occupying five or ten minutes each, the Indians set up a war-whoop, and the dancing continued several hours.

"The next morning, after breakfast, the Oneida warriors, who had been faithful guides, gathered together and received presents. Then, bidding us good by, they started off for their own villages.

"At eight o'clock the march began, and on Thursday, at three o'clock, the whole army, reaching Wyoming by land and by water, made their encampment in the same order as that of the 30th of July. News came from General Washington that Count D'Estaing had arrived with a fleet and an army, and that many of Sullivan's men would be required to join a new campaign of action as soon as the winter was over.

"This happy news cheered up the Continental boys. As it is easier to march faster when going homeward, they did so, moving with an alert step that surprised themselves. Sullivan, turning the command over to General Clinton, set out on Saturday, the 9th, having the day before sent ahead a large party of pioneers to repair the road. It was not possible to get wagons to carry the baggage, and as they had to leave their

boats behind, the only thing for the officers to do was to break up their chests, and load their baggage on pack horses. As these were very weak, many of the officers, like private soldiers, had to carry their own baggage on their backs. Only four miles, up the terribly long hill, were made on Sunday, the 10th, and the encampment was on very stony ground. Again, through the awful swamps they marched, and on Wednesday fresh wagons came to help solve the question of baggage. When they reached Larnard's Tavern, as one officer wrote, 'This was the beginning of the settlement of a Christian country.' It seemed strange indeed to men coming out of the forest to meet with houses built in civilized style. As some of the soldiers were able to get dinner at the country houses, they felt as if they were sharing the luxury of palaces.

"Orders were issued to the private soldiers to make themselves as clean and presentable as possible, for the march into Easton; but officers made a virtuous determination to pass through the town without taking a single drink at any of the taverns. This was less a matter of temperance than a determination to punish extortioners, as it had been told that the shopkeepers of Easton had laid in great supplies of eatables and drinkables, for which they expected to charge very high prices.

"One lieutenant, who made himself both inspector and censor, noticed that, despite the temptation, not

a single soul entered a tavern. Yet, for his vigilant censorship, the officer had to suffer at the hands of some inhabitant, who either had a grudge against him or was eager to break both the tenth commandment and the eighth, also. Having left his underclothes with a washerwoman, to be renovated, these necessities were all stolen from the clothes line during the night. Not having a second shirt to his back, he had to go around wrapped in bedclothes, begging a shirt and a pair of socks from his comrades. His special disappointment was in this, that he wished to go with the whole army to attend worship.

" Evidently his fellow-officers magnified their privileges, for the man who had to stay home and heard not, wrote that the Rev. Dr. Evans preached ' a very Elegant Oration . . . Sutible to the Occasion.' However, having been properly shod and beshirted, the officer without undergarments consoled himself for lack of spiritual nourishment by getting, at a farmhouse, ' Buckwheat Cakes, Butter Milk and honey which was a very great rarity indeed.' A more cheerful view of things was possible the next day, for he recorded in his diary that ' Part of my Cloaths was found to-day hid in the mountain, but two of my best shirts is yet a missing.' "

CHAPTER XXVII

THE AFTERMATH

IT now remains to gather up the threads of our story, and to show how Sullivan's Continentals were the pathfinders of the American Revolution.

From Easton, it proved to be more convenient for the rescued captives to be taken to Philadelphia, and thence distributed among their friends. On this account, the two Vrooman ladies had the pleasure of spending the autumn and winter in the capital by the Delaware.

There again, in the hospitable home of Colonel Jabez Eyre, during a fortnight's furlough in November, nearly the whole party that had met in May assembled, but this time with new faces. Apparently none the worse for their exile in the Seneca country were the two young women who had seen life among savages. Mary Vrooman sat as guest, though "alone, yet not alone." Her lover and rescuer, Herman Clute, was in camp with his regiment. Of Mr. and Mrs. Claes Vrooman it was frequently remarked (sideways and quietly), "What a handsome couple!"

Two young officers of the Continental army had also hung their chapeaux, or three-cornered cocked hats, in Colonel Eyre's hall. One, hearty, ruddy, and with a polished elegance of manner that suggested a long and unconscious inhalation of a refined social atmosphere, was an artillery officer, Phineas Foterall, who had been trained in Colonel Eyre's Pennsylvania artillery. He had just received his transfer and commission as captain in Proctor's regiment (now, in 1900, and for scores of years past, the Second United States Artillery).

The other, pale, and still bearing traces of suffering, was a lieutenant of infantry in the New Hampshire line. He had been desperately wounded in the battle of Newtown, but, nursed (and shall we not say saved?) by the tender care of Henrietta Harby in Fort Sullivan, now his own appraisement of health was that it was almost at par.

Of these two patriots, we need but say that both were "*Spei et in spe*," — the sons of hope, and in hope, as the Dutch say; or, we might call them both "the extinguishers of names." The one expected — ungrateful man — to bury in his own gentile name that of his honored colonel, as well as that of the colonel's daughter. He loved his leader not less, but his leader's daughter more. The other, Uriah Perry, was happy, looking forward to peace and the time when he might bear away, to the Irish-Yankee land of granite and noble character, New Hampshire,

this Pennsylvania maid. Hers was a family name so rare that some would deny its very existence among those Swiss and German folk called "Pennsylvania Dutch."

General Hand, in his best spirits, was the lion of the hour. It was noticed that the bosom of his new buff and blue coat was so full as to seem padded. Had the tailors made him a dandy? Honored by Washington, idolized by his soldiers, saluted on all sides as Sullivan's ablest lieutenant in the campaign, he was less thoughtful of himself than of others. On first reaching Philadelphia, even before holding one interview with a tailor, he had repaired at once to consult the jewellers, whose shops lay between Second and Dock streets. Some of these, despite war, were still open. He was known to have left the design of a rare flower, and to have talked about particular shades of green and pink enamels.

Now, after the dinner and the drinking of healths (in tea, not wine) to the Congress, Washington, Sullivan, all his colonels and his brave army, with one special bumper to the riflemen — which actually made Claes Vrooman's face turn as red as a rose, — a closing liquid tribute was offered, with super-exceeding enthusiasm, to General Hand himself. When palates had been tickled, all eyes, if not voices, called for a response.

The blushing Irish-American rose, put back his chair rather far, and then said: —

"I respond, by calling out mother, wife, and maid for honorable decoration, and ask them to come forward. Mrs. Eyre!"

The matron rose and approached the gallant hero, who, drawing the stars and stripes from behind his lapels and breast buttons, handed the flag with grace and thanks to Colonel Eyre's wife.

"There, madam, my May promise is fulfilled. Your flag and our country's waved at the Seneca castles of Kanedasaga and Genesee."

The matron with beaming smile courtesied and resumed her seat. "A precious heirloom now," she said, as she glanced at Margaret and Captain Foterall.

"Miss Margaret Eyre and Miss Mary Vrooman, come here together!"

The two maidens, one fair, rose-tinted and white, the other brown, with the rich glow of health gained in out-door life, stood together, making a rare picture of varied loveliness.

"Miss Eyre," said the gallant brigadier, "in May I heard your request and in August I heard my friend Vrooman's story.

"Miss Vrooman, I learned from Herman Clute's own lips his adventure at Lake Cayuga. May he soon, victorious and decorated as an officer, come back to be bridegroom."

"This, to Margaret — the pressed glen flowers, roots, leaves, and blossoms, the last as well as the

first from your friend Mary." Suiting action to word, he handed neatly arranged specimens of the glen flower of ancient lineage.

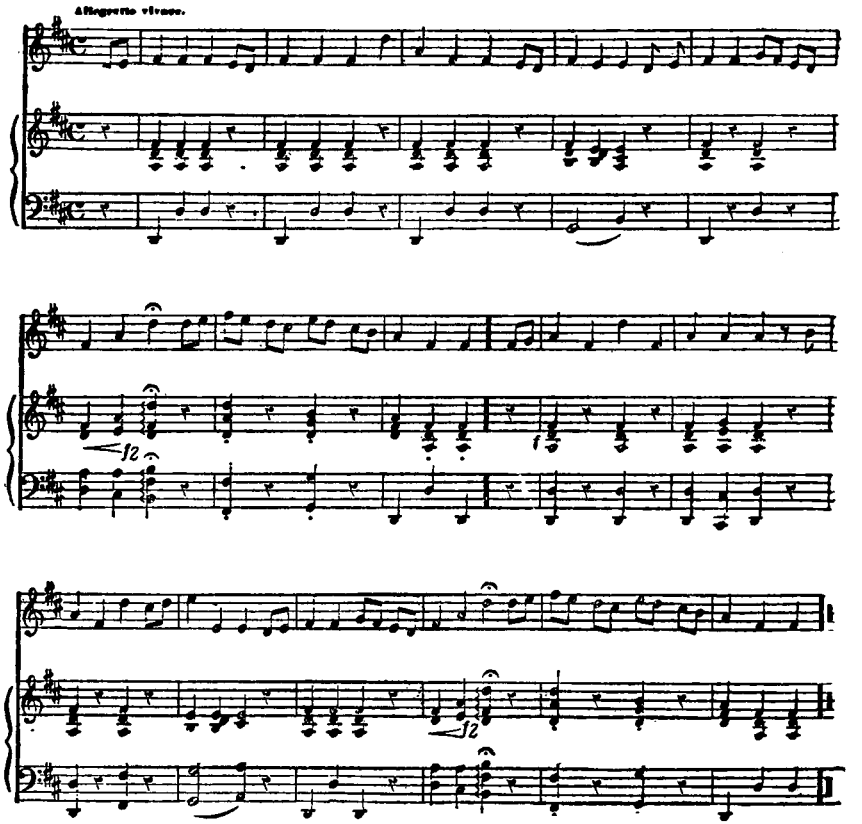
"To both, for bridal gifts, when the happy hour comes, I hand you these jewels, with my congratulations in advance."

Thereupon, the big-hearted Irishman drew out of his inner pocket two shagreen cases. Each was about as large in perimeter as a Spanish milled dollar, but thicker, and apparently as round as Giotto's O. Holding one in each hand, between thumb and forefinger, their springs toward the maidens, he touched them with his digital tips.

Thereupon the lids flew open and revealed twin wonders. Resting upon a silvery green bed of silken plush, which looked like fresh moss, heavy with dew, as seen in morning's light in shadow, was a stem of gold, with serrated leaves of green, and four-petalled blooms of pink enamel, — a triumph of the jeweller's art. It was the glen flower, *Primula Mistassinica*, glorified in the royal metal, with the colors, not of nature woven in the loom of light, but of art, wrought by fire.

After the shower of exclamations of delight, thanks, admiration, and — we must tell the truth — a kiss simultaneously on both the general's cheeks by two happy maidens, the gems were passed around for further joyous appreciation. During this, at a nod from the general, Trintje Vrooman walked over

THE WHITE COCKADE



to the virginal, followed by Claes, her husband. She opened the pretty rosewood case and played the air of the Wilhelmus Lied, while Claes, her husband, sang with a fine tenor voice the stirring words:

"Good," cried General Hand, when the last stanza was finished. "If it were Saint Patrick's Day, I should want the shamrock, but now I am only too happy to look on the glen flower blooming in fresh

glory on maiden's bosom," — for there the twain had placed their trophies — "and now for the 'White Cockade.'"

Thereupon, Margaret Eyre who knew the music well played the famous Jacobite air.

The party broke up, for the sound of drums and trumpets was still in the land. The Dutch boys in the Hudson Valley were singing the Amsterdam street song, "Hier komt Paul Jones Aan," telling how his own ship had gone down near an English cape, and also how "he was a born American" — which this Scotsman wasn't.

Soon the various alliances ripened and came to the fruit-bearing period. That with Spain yielded nothing. That with Holland brought us fourteen million of dollars and naval help, in time to pay off the veterans of Yorktown and restore our credit. While Washington, threatening the British General Clinton in New York, skilfully concealed his march, with the red and white uniformed French troops, the "Sparkling Bourbonnaires," through Philadelphia to Yorktown, the great Admiral Rodney with his mighty British fleet, after demolishing the Spanish ships, sailed — to help Cornwallis? No!

Rather did it seem best to this "man of action" to pass by his countryman and sail to the West Indies to clear out the depot of the American army supplies. So thither he now betook himself and his ships of

the line. Capturing the helpless place, he found there fifty American privateers, and three men-of-war with two thousand of our sailors — but he lost Cornwallis, whom Washington and our French allies compelled to surrender with seven thousand men. While the British soldiers in Virginia listened for his cannon, only the voice of the auctioneer was heard at St. Eustatius.

Herman Clute did gain an officer's epaulettes. After being paid in full, in good Dutch silver and gold at Newburg, he returned to Schenectady, and in the old church was married to Mary by Domine Vrooman. He lived on Ferry Street, while Trintje and Claes dwelt on Martelaar's straat. This thoroughfare, as soon as the shaky "confederation" was over, and the Constitution made the thirteen commonwealths one and indivisible, was named State Street, the blood of the martyrs having proved the seed of the nation.

One might have read in the Philadelphia papers of the marriage of the couples known in life and to their descendants as Captain and Mrs. Foterall and Major and Mrs. Perry — for this rank did the New Hampshire hero attain.

The latter lived long enough to survive and attend the burial of his beloved commander Sullivan, but not to see his native state — only after New York had done abundant honor to his memory — rear on the site of the old Congregational meeting-house at

Durham, New York, a monument to the honor of Major John Sullivan. To Broadhead of Pennsylvania, and Clark of Illinois, like, yes, greater honors should yet be paid.

Long before the heroes of the Revolution had been gathered to their fathers, "Sullivan's road," made by the tramp of his army and the axes of his pioneers, had become the highway of empire.

One can stand on Cornell Heights to-day, or in the White Library of the University, and through the plate glass that at once frames in and reveals God's picture of lake and hill, valley and flat, see with the mind's eye history's shining procession. Hither come Sullivan's veterans, often with brides that had been captives rescued by themselves, to be founders of towns and cities. Yonder, with faces flushed with hope, emerge the beginners of a better time — discoverers of New Jerusalems and Earthly Paradises. The lumberman gives way to the merchant and artisan. On the old Indian trails are laid highways of steel. Pennsylvania and Yankee meet at Penn-Yan. Forest industries thrive. The axeman clears the way for the farmer. Lovely homes, fair as the glen flower, spring up. Churches, schools, colleges, all the blooms of civilization, rise out of the land, apparently, much as the earth produces the flower. In time, "Sullivan's road" becomes the fugitive slave's path to manhood, as he follows the North Star to freedom.

Yet under the joy of life is its travail. Nor, amid all the beauty, comfort, triumph of to-day, do we forget the toil of Sullivan's Continentals, the Pathfinders of the Revolution.