



REMINISCENCES

OF THE

REVOLUTION,

OR,

LE LOUP'S BLOODY TRAIL

FROM

SALEM TO FORT EDWARD.

BY ARTHUR REID.

UTICA :

ROBERTS, BOOK & JOB PRINTER, 60 GENESEE STREET.

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P R E F A C E .

IN the month of March last, a sketch appeared in the *Salem Press*, entitled, "REMINISCENCES OF THE REVOLUTION." Since the appearance of these "Reminiscences," our friends have represented them as containing historical facts worthy of preservation, and have intimated a desire to have them published in a more permanent form. In view of the foregoing solicitation, and in consequence of the seeming demand for this reminiscential article, and in consideration of the perishable nature of the columns of a newspaper, we have concluded to put the work in a pamphlet form, with some alterations and additions.

Without any further prefatory remarks, the following pages are submitted to the public, hoping that they may awaken in the minds, of some at least, a spirit of thankfulness and gratitude for the great change that has taken place since the days of the Revolution,—“the days that tried men’s souls.”

ARTHUR REID.

SOUTH ARGYLE, WASHINGTON Co., N. Y., October 1, 1859.

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REMINISCENCES OF THE REVOLUTION.

It cannot but be interesting and profitable to contrast the present condition of this country, with what it was in its early settlement, when our forefathers had to encounter so many difficulties and toils and trials and privations. Now we are seated by our firesides in the enjoyment not only of the necessaries, but of the luxuries of life; not only of civil, but religious liberty—alike free from internal commotions and foreign invasions. The wigwam and the log cabin have turned into commodious and comfortable dwellings. The hunting shout of the Indian has died away upon the breeze, but he has left his wild, poetic names indelibly impressed upon land and water. The tomahawk and scalping knife have changed into implements of husbandry and usefulness.—The Indian coin—beads and shells—has turned into gold and silver currency. The fragile birchen canoe, skimming the crested wave, has been supplanted by the gallant steamer, plowing deep the majestic rivers and lakes, and anon, riding triumphantly the briny crescent wave. The circuitous, ambushed Indian path has turned into the scientific iron pathway, upon which the iron horse, puffing and blowing, travels at a fearful pace, his whole system wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, his veins distended with boiling liquid, his heart composed of glowing coals, onward he rushes breathing fire and smoke; anon, he stops to slake his thirst, and behemoth like, “drinketh up a river,” and like the overgrown mastodon, devours the trunks of trees to appease his hunger—refreshed, “like a strong man to run a race,” he springs forward, “rejoicing in the greatness of his strength.” The howling of the wild beasts of the forest is changed into the neighing and lowing of domesticated animals. The red man’s wild halloo, echoing and re-echoing along the hills, is changed into the scream of the steam whistle of the locomotive, reverberating from the mountain sides. The dense forests have been turned into fruitful fields; the war whoop of the Indian has been changed into the proclamation of peace and tranquility; and the horrid and terrific yell of the savage, into the din of civilization.

Incidents of the Revolution must be interesting to every American citizen, and particularly so to the surviving friends and relatives of those

immediately connected with such incidents, as well as those now residing in the vicinity where such incidents occurred.

It is perhaps worth while to rescue from oblivion the following reliable reminiscences of the Revolution, which I had from various sources, but particularly from the lips of my aged aunt, (lately deceased,) who was eight years of age at the time these incidents transpired—a time of life in which the memory is in full vigor. The impressions then made are vivid and lasting. The accumulating cares and toils and sorrows of after life can never eradicate them. And even in old age, when the mind is incapacitated for receiving new impressions—when the passing events of the day are soon obliterated, and leave scarcely a trace upon the mind—incidents, even the most minute connected with youth, or even childhood, are recalled without any apparent effort, with vivid and startling accuracy. The human mind being thus constituted, early recollections may be received as reliable information, and may be recorded as such on the historic page.

In the latter part of the summer of 1777, a scouting party of Indians, consisting of eight persons, received an injury, or a supposed injury, from some white persons at New Perth, now Salem, Washington County, New York, for which they were determined to have revenge.

But little more than a year had then elapsed since the birthday of the Empire in which we live,—an eventful period in the history of our country. The colonists had made many unsuccessful attempts to obtain a redress of grievances, and at the same time protested their unabating attachment to the mother country, and a willingness, notwithstanding all that had passed, still to be dutiful and obedient subjects, on condition certain odious acts of the British Parliament were repealed. But when all hopes of effecting a reconciliation vanished, they then openly and avowedly asserted their rights in the very face of the tyranny and oppression of the mother country, and proceeded to dissolve all their allegiance to the British Crown, and to declare themselves free and independent, and, in their weak and infantile condition, were determined to make a desperate struggle in order to obtain a name and place among the nations of the earth; whilst, on the other hand, the mother country was equally determined to exert her every energy to bring into dutiful subjection her disobedient and refractory offspring, and make her succumb to her parental authority, and to crush every effort that was made to set up an Independent Government. One of the measures resorted to in order to intimidate and terrify those who dared to make resistance to her authority, was the adoption of the cruel and mistaken policy of forming an unnatural and culpable alliance with the treacherous and bloodthirsty American savages. The consequence was, that bands of

these merciless marauders were scouring the country, committing depredations and spreading dismay and terror among the scattered settlers.

At the above date, the inhabitants of New Perth and vicinity had erected a temporary fort to which they resorted, especially at night, for protection. The inmates of this fort, observing the scouting party of Indians above alluded to, prowling around, fired upon them from the fort, and killed one of their number, at which the seven surviving Indians were exceedingly exasperated. With a spirit of revenge rankling in their bosoms, they swore, according to their custom, that for the blood of their comrade they would exact the blood and scalps of the first white family that came in their way, as a plenary, expiatory sacrifice. This oath was taken in the presence of a white man, a prisoner then in their possession. Who this prisoner was, where he resided, how, where, and when, they became in possession of him, is not now known; to each of these inquiries history is silent—and all that is known of his future history will appear in the sequel.

The party of Indians alluded to, was a part of a large body, who had assembled, according to previous arrangements, at the place where the invading army, under General Burgoyne, was then encamped, which was on the banks of the Boquet—a romantic and picturesque little river upon the west bank of Lake Champlain, and not far distant in a northerly direction from Crown Point. In order to inspire the savages with courage, Gen. Burgoyne considered it expedient, in compliance with their custom, to give them a war feast, at which they performed many rites and ceremonies peculiar to themselves, indulging in the most extravagant manœuvres, gesticulations, and exulting vociferations, such as lying in ambush and displaying their rude armorial devices, and dancing and whooping and yelling and brandishing their tomahawks and scalping knives. Such barbarous conduct preparatory to engaging in war, must have been looked upon by the assembled civilized troops with suspicion and disgust.

It ought to be stated, in justice to Gen. Burgoyne, that he was in sentiment opposed to entering into an alliance with the treacherous savages. He had been in the country long enough to learn something of the character and disposition of the Indians, and from the knowledge he had acquired of their unrelia- bleness, he was led into the belief that their presence would be a hindrance instead of a help, and he was confirmed in this belief by after bitter experience. The achievement of splendid victories was marred by their inhuman and barbarous conduct, and in the hour of need they basely deserted him. But Burgoyne being ambitious of military preferment, and desirous that his name should go down to posterity covered with military glory, yielded to the positive

instructions of the British ministry, which were to form an alliance with the Indians—a policy cruel and unjustifiable—a policy that redounded to their own confusion.

After the war feast was over, Gen. Burgoyne, attired in splendid uniform, assembled his dusky auxiliaries, and, in a dignified manner, made a speech to them distinguished for its ingenuity and singular energy.—He endeavored to explain to them the cause and nature of the war—that it was not a war waged against a common enemy—that there were many in the country that adhered with unabated faithfulness to the mother country—that there was an intermixture of friends and foes—and that they must discriminate between those that were friendly to the British Crown, and those that were not. He strictly charged them to put none to death excepting those who actually opposed them with weapons of warfare in their hands, and that they might scalp those, and those only, whom they had fairly slain in battle. He was willing to indulge them thus far in the great honor they had affixed to these barbarous badges of victory. But he strictly enjoined them to spare the lives of old men, women, children and prisoners, under every possible circumstance. He forbade them, under any pretext whatever, to scalp the wounded, or even the dying—and pronounced it still more unpardonable, if possible, to kill the wounded, in order to evade the injunction. He promised to reward them liberally for every prisoner they captured and brought into the camp. He profusely bestowed upon them flattering commendations of their previous conduct; and finally, he charged them to—“Go forth in the might of your valor and your cause; strike at the common enemies of Great Britain and of America—disturbers of public order, peace and happiness—destroyers of commerce—parricides of the State.”

When Burgoyne had concluded his elaborate speech, a chieftain of the Iroquois, whose name was *Le Loup*, and who was the chief of the scouting party of Indians alluded to above, arose in a dignified manner, and with an easy repose of limbs, to reply, not only in behalf of his own tribe, but also of the other Indian tribes present. After taking a brief survey of the troops and his fellow-warriors, he stretched forth his hand and spoke as follows:

“I stand up in the name of all the nations present, to assure our father that we have attentively listened to his discourse. We receive you as our father, because when you speak we hear the voice of our great father beyond the great lake. We rejoice in the approbation you have expressed of our behavior. We have been tried and tempted by the Bostonians (meaning the Patriots); but we loved our father, and our hatchets have been sharpened upon our affections. In proof of the

sincerity of our professions, our whole villages able to go to war, are come forth. The old and infirm, our infants and wives, alone remain at home. With one common assent, we promise a constant obedience to all you have ordered and all you shall order ; and may the Father of Days give you many and success !”

This Iroquois chieftain was distinguished for his insatiable thirst for blood and plunder, in consequence of which “ the followers of Montcalm had appropriately bestowed upon him the appellation of ‘ Le Loup’—*the wolf* !” He was so named in consequence of possessing so many points of resemblance to that rapacious, crafty, bold and warlike animal. It is well known that wolves go in packs, and it is said they always select the most bold and ferocious of their pack for a chief or leader ; in like manner, his tribe had chosen Le Loup, inasmuch as he was the most bold and ferocious of their number, for a chief or leader. He manifested his boldness and forwardness in volunteering to speak in behalf of his own tribe, and the other tribes present. In his reply to Burgoyne, he fairly promised a constant obedience to all the orders he had given, and that he might think proper to give, but his wolfish disposition was concealed underneath “ sheep’s clothing.”

It was on the 21st of June that these scenes were enacted at the Boquet ; and it was before leaving this vicinity that Burgoyne issued a manifesto, rampant with pomposity and exaggeration. He prefaced this remarkable manifesto by enumerating all the numerous titles and offices he held, both in America and Great Britain, in order to gratify his vanity, and overawe the Americans by his many high-sounding titles. He invited all well-disposed persons to assist in putting an end to the existing disgraceful rebellion. He promised protection and security to all those who remained neutral, and to those who quietly pursued their occupations. He promised that all those who would furnish the camp with necessary provisions should be amply rewarded. But to those who offered resistance, and obstinately persisted in rebellion, a terrible war awaited them. He magnified the strength of the British armies and fleets, and greatly exaggerated the number of Indians under his direction. He represented that thousands of these ferocious warriors were under his control, and that they were eager to be let loose upon the enemies of Great Britain and America, and that it would be the height of madness and folly to attempt resistance, as there could be no escaping the penetrating search of the Indians. He had only to say the word, and the keen-scented savages, like trained blood-hounds, would penetrate the most distant and deep recesses of the forest. No covert, however recluse, could screen from their pursuit—even the subterraneous caverns could not escape their scrutinizing search.

Copies of this proclamation were scattered broadcast in all directions. The loyalists, who remained at home, quietly pursuing their occupations, rested in comparative security from the depredations of the Indians, relying upon Burgoyne's promised protection; and some, in order to render themselves still more secure, took precaution to obtain a written protection.

Burgoyne endeavored to render the Indians an object of terror, and, by exhibiting them in their hideousness and ferociousness, to frighten the rebels into submission; whilst, on the other hand, he attempted to mitigate their natural ferocity and rapacity, and from the fair promises he had received from them, he was credulous enough to believe that he had accomplished his end. But, alas! all the fair promises he had received from them were as fleeting as the morning dew. "As soon as their nostrils snuffed the first scent of blood," like a pack of hungry wolves, all their natural ferocity was aroused.

Burgoyne was more and more convinced of the cruel and mistaken policy of forming an alliance with the savages. As the invading army moved along towards its destination, he found it impossible to maintain anything like military order among his swarthy auxiliaries. He could not prevent them from wandering from the main body of the army, in small parties, in all directions, plundering and massacring indiscriminately both friends and foes; even a written protection from Burgoyne was generally disregarded. Often royalists and republicans were compelled to flee in dismay before the tomahawks, and scalping-knives, and terrific yells of the savages.

About a month after the above date, we find Le Loup and his party in the vicinity of Salem, as before related. Although more than three-fourths of a century have elapsed since that time, and although all the busy actors of the stirring scenes of the Revolution have passed from off the stage of time, yet may the bloody trail of these fierce marauders still be traced.

Accordingly Le Loup and his band started from Salem, *en route* to the place where the van of the invading army, under Gen. Burgoyne, was then encamped, which was about four miles north of Fort Edward, with a full determination of massacring and scalping the first white family that came in their way.

My grandfather's family was the first that came in the Indian's way on their direct route from Salem to the encampment. At that epoch, the country was exceedingly sparsely settled. The margins of streams and lakes were dotted here and there by small clearings—the vast intervening wilderness was almost entirely uninhabited, except by the Indians and the wild beasts of the forest. At that time a few families

had settled along the right bank of the On-da-wa, now Batten Kill, between what is now called Fitch's Point and the bend of the Kill, about two miles north of Battenville. The Indians passed north of this settlement.

My grandfather's family consisted of six persons, viz:—the parents and four children, the eldest of whom was ten, and the youngest four years of age.

As most of the following reminiscences have been gathered in the township of Argyle, and the present County of Washington, then Charlotte, formerly Albany County, it might not be uninteresting to our readers to give a brief historical outline of said Township and County.

Albany County took its name Sept. 24th, 1664. It was one of the original Counties, and erected by a law of the first legislature ever held in the colony of New York, which was Nov. 1st, 1683. It has since been divided into 48 counties, which embrace something like nine-tenths of the territory of the whole State, and also the counties of Cumberland and Gloucester, now belonging to Vermont, which was ceded to that State Oct. 7th, 1790. March 12th, 1772, the county, by the name of Charlotte, was erected by law; it then embraced the territories of the present Washington and Warren counties. In the year 1784, April 2d, its name was altered from Charlotte to Washington, in honor of General Washington for the military achievements he had performed during the Revolutionary struggle. By an act of the Legislature, passed March 12th, 1813, Washington County was divided—the part lying west of Lake George was erected into a county by the name of Warren, and the part lying south and east retained the name of Washington.

The township of Argyle was organized in the year 1771. It then embraced not only the territory of the present township of Argyle, but also that of Greenwich and Fort Edward. Duncan Campbell was Supervisor the first ten years of its existence. By an act of the Legislature, passed April 12th, 1813, the south part of the township of Argyle was erected by law into a township by the name of Greenwich, the north part retaining its original name. In the year 1818 the west part of the township of Argyle was set apart into a township called Fort Edward, the east part retaining the name of Argyle. The original township of Argyle was composed of several patents, the largest of which was the Scotch or Argyle patent, from which the township derived its name. Originally the Argyle or Scotch patent was a grant of land made by George III. to the Duke of Argyle, of Scotland, and by the Duke of Argyle to 107 persons, emigrants from Scotland, with Capt. Laughlin Campbell, in the year 1738, 1739 and 1740; and surveyed in the year 1764 by Messrs. Archibald Campbell and Christopher Yates,

containing 47,700 acres of land. Through the centre of this patent a strip of land, 24 rods wide, running east and west, was laid out, and called "the Street." On both sides of the street 141 town lots were laid out—in length from north to south 180 rods, and varying in width. The remainder of the patent, north and south of the town lots, was laid out into the same number (141) of farm lots, varying in size from 200 to 600 acres. Each farm lot had a town lot belonging to it, with a corresponding number, and containing 10 acres for every 100 acres contained in the farm lot.

The original design in thus laying out the patent was to give the grantees an opportunity of erecting their dwellings on the town lots near to and fronting the street; thus affording a mutual protection from the wild beasts and Indians; and when the country was more cleared up, to have the parts of the town lots lying back, laid out into gardens and parks and lawns, and the farm lots lying back, to be used for agricultural purposes, and the street to be used as a thoroughfare.

The practicability of such an arrangement might look very feasible, plotted on a smooth surface; but the experienced backwoodsman would at once see the utter impracticability of carrying out such a plan, especially in a heavy-timbered, uneven country; and he might feel disposed to look upon it as tinctured with Scottish aristocratic simplicity.

The present township of Argyle lies wholly within the Argyle patent, and also a part of Greenwich, and a small part of Fort Edward. My grandfather, Duncan McArthur, was one of the grantees of the Scotch patent, and drew town and farm lots numbered 44. In the year 1765, he erected a rude dwelling on the farm lot, and moved his family into the same. About the year 1775, he erected a more permanent and commodious dwelling. It was in this building that the family resided at the time of the intended massacre. It was situated on the south-east corner of the present township of Argyle, and about eight miles westerly from Salem, and about one mile in the same direction from Lakeville. The house was built of hewed white pine logs, 7 by 16 inches, notched at the ends, so that the under and upper edge of each log touched the edges of the logs below and above. Its size was 20 by 24 feet, with five pine beams, 7 by 12 inches, running the long way of the house. On the east side of the house stood a huge stone chimney, with an ample capacity for the reception of fuel. The durability of the logs of which this house was composed may be gathered from the fact that they are still in use. Last year the logs were put together for the fourth time, near the place where the house was first erected.

On the south side of the house flowed a clear, cool stream—the principal tributary of the Cossayuna Lake—and the outlet of what may be

called the Argyle Lake, as it is the only lake lying wholly in the present township of Argyle. In this stream abounded the spotted trout, darting from their places of concealment, and seizing some unwary insect, and quickly retiring with their prey to some favorite place of retreat. On either side of this stream, and for several miles around, stood dense forests covered with thick foliage, interspersed with the ever green pine, rearing their towering tops high above the other trees of the forest,—

“ Whose living towers the years conspired to build ;
Whose giddy tops the morning loved to gild.”

About two miles in a northwesterly direction from my ancestral abode, was situated the Argyle Lake, occupying an elevated position, and distinguished for the picturesque scenery with which it was surrounded. It was circumscribed by a range of hills, the sloping sides of which were covered with thick foliage, which reflected from the waters' smooth surface a brilliant green hue. At its southern extremity there was a recess, through which its surplus water passed off, winding along through narrow defiles and deep morasses, accumulating, as it meandered along, from gurgling springs, gushing from their deep, cool recesses. Opposite the house, there was a fall of some fifteen feet, over the craggy rocks of which, the water went seething and foaming and tumbling, and then rippling and murmuring and meandering its way some half a mile, and mixing with the waters of Cossayuna Lake.

Towards the rising sun, not far distant, lay the placid, sparkling waters of the Cossayuna Lake, girt about by luxuriant forest trees, standing up to the waters' edge on its zigzag shore, reflecting every overhanging branch and leaf from its polished surface. Toward the northern extremity of the Lake was situated a picturesque island, beautifully rounded from its oblong base. The island contains something like ten acres of land, its length being about seventy rods, and its greatest width about one third that distance, and its greatest elevation above the surface of the Lake, about sixty feet. In form, it resembles an inverted boat. It would seem as if the beneficent hand of nature had intended its form as a hint to the artist, as the most suitable shape for a boat that would ride the most successfully the swelling wave—for it must be acknowledged that the works of art, as respects both beauty and utility, are but a transcript from some of nature's works. But the kind hand of nature might have had an additional object in view in the formation of this beautifully proportioned island—in this finishing touch to the Cossayuna Lake. It might have been intended as an elevation whereon the spectator might stand, and view and admire the surrounding scenery, and acknowledge the superiority of the works of nature over those of

art. At the present time, in the vicinity of this island, accommodations have been made for the reception of fishing and pleasure parties, who congregate thither as a place of fashionable resort. But to return to the habitation where dwelt the victims of the intended massacre.

To the humble occupants of the dwelling, nothing was to be seen but the sole productions of an All-Wise Creator. The works of nature remained untouched by the hand of art; they were led to look up from nature's works to nature's God for protection. The waving, somber forests presented a scene of melancholy grandeur. The thick overhanging foliage, and the accumulated droppings of the autumnal leaves for many a century, had effectually prevented the sun from warming the deep, rich soil lying underneath. No woodman's axe had felled the majestic monuments of nature's spontaneous productions, excepting a few rods around the house. An almost melancholy stillness pervaded the surrounding scenery—no resounding of the husbandman's flail, or hum of the threshing machine; no rattling of carriage wheels, or rumbling of railway cars; no shrill blast of the steam-whistle of the locomotive was to be heard.

Silence reigned; broken it may have been by the fluttering of the feathered tribe among the branches of trees, or by their woodwild notes of dulcet melody; or by the chattering of the squirrel, with which the woodland abounded; or by the rustling of the timid, frightened, panting deer, leaping among the thickets; or by the monotonous roar of the adjacent waterfall; or by the dismal howling of the wild beasts of prey; or by the still more dismal yell of the savage; or, when the air became surcharged with moisture, by the vivid lightning's flash, succeeded by the thunder's deep-toned roar.

The house stood in the center of an open sunny space, surrounded on every side by exquisite woodland scenery. And toward the Cossayuna Lake and southward, forming a semicircle, the great pine forest stretched itself over the earth; and underneath its dark green drapery, its aromatic, delicate sheddings were profusely scattered on the ground, intermingling and contrasting with the droppings of the hard-wood, broad-leafed forest trees. Hundreds of gigantic oaks, that had been perhaps centuries maturing, stood in the forest, throwing out their gnarled arms and antling branches over the red man's path, and had perhaps witnessed his dusky form pass and repass for centuries; on the bodies of which trees were left scars from the blade of the tomahawk, hurled by the young Indian warrior, with unerring precision, at some burl or moss spot on their sturdy trunks.

As the Indians approached the clearing upon which the dwelling stood, they halted in an opening in the forest, according to their custom, in

order to make preparations for executing their fiendish design. They examined their implements of warfare; they looked at the powder with which their fire-arms were loaded; they picked their gun-flints; they sharpened their tomahawks and scalping knives, and returned their gleaming blades into sockets prepared for their reception, in broad leathern belts around their swarthy waists, to be drawn the instant they were needed; they put their ammunition in the most convenient place for momentary use. After partaking of a hasty repast—the material of which was a fruit of their plunder—they painted in spots their faces, necks and shoulders, with a thick coat of vermillion, and arrayed themselves with their customary ornaments of warfare. Thus, the naturally savage and ferocious appearance of the Indian, was greatly enhanced by the artificial means studiously employed by them, in order to make themselves appear more hideous and terrific to their enemies. Nature and art being thus combined in producing the ferocious and terrifying appearance of the savage, this appearance needs only to be accompanied by his characteristic yell—so much dreaded by the early settlers—to strike terror to the bravest spirit, and to make the stoutest heart quail. All things being now ready for the expected conflict, the munitions of war having been put in the best possible order, Le Loup and his party moved slowly forward with stealthy steps to the very edge of the forest, and again halted in order to take a survey of the premises around the house, and to mature a particular plan of attack. They were particularly cautious not to expose themselves to a view from the house, concealing themselves behind the trunks of trees, and cautiously peering through small interstices in the foliage. After having made as thorough an examination of the house and its surroundings, as the circumstances would admit, they retired a short distance, and assembled in council.

It was so ordered by the overruling hand of Providence, that on that very day, an unusual occurrence, two men from a distant neighborhood, were assisting my grandfather in harnessing and breaking a young horse. The Indians, on discovering three men about the premises, were not a little disconcerted. They were still more intimidated on discovering what they took to be three dwellings on the place. The temporary dwelling that my grandfather had first erected was still standing, and also a rude barn erected about the same time, making three buildings on the place, with the one the family lived in. The Indians were led into the belief that each of these buildings was occupied by a distinct family, from the fact of there being three men about the place. They hesitated about making an assault upon the house. Accordingly, they convened a council to take into consideration the practicability of carrying out their premeditated plan. The members of the council were

divided on the subject. Le Loup, *the wolf*, on this occasion disrobed himself of the garment of "sheep's clothing," with which he was attired when he made his celebrated speech at the Boquet, and assumed his true character. His wolfship arose in the council chamber, and spoke, with characteristic Indian eloquence, as follows :

"Warriors—the pale man's bullet has stricken down one of our number; our brother's seat in this council is vacant; his voice is forever hushed into silence; his spirit has departed to the realms of the red man's immortality—his body to the bosom of the mother earth; no more can we together in the same path chase the panting deer—no more together in the same canoe skim the foaming wave. Warriors, let us avenge our brother's blood; let us be true to the oath we have taken, and called the Great Spirit to witness; let us not be frightened at the appearance of three pale faces around the wigwams; the more scalps the more glory; let us carry them off in triumph to the red coats' camp.

"Brothers, the white man is our enemy; he has wronged us—deceived us. When he first came over the big waters he was weak and small—not so high as our knee; we were strong and large; we had extensive hunting grounds; we were friendly with the pale stranger; we smoked the calumet with him; we nourished and cherished him; we shared our venison and our succotash with him; we let him warm himself by our fires, and lay down on our bear skins, and hunt on our hunting grounds; he grew—he waxed stronger and stronger, and, like a spoiled pappoose, he lifted up his hand against us; he gave our fathers fire-water to drink; they drank, and became drunk; they knew not what they did; they gave the pale intruder paper titles to our hunting grounds for mere trinkets. Brothers, the forest trees upon our hunting grounds are falling rapidly before the pale man's axe; he has put out our fires on many a hill and dale; his saw-mills are disturbing our fishing places; his plow is on our hunting grounds; his feet are trampling on our father's bones.

"Brothers, the pale intruder is not satisfied; he is striving to spread his paper titles all over our hunting grounds; and if the Indian does not look out for himself, before many moons shall have passed over his head, he will not have a place left, upon which he can spread his blanket. Brothers, we have received a fresh wrong; the pale faces have insulted us; let us not hesitate. Up! warriors, up! let us without delay avenge our brother's blood."

When Le Loup had concluded his inflammatory speech, observing that other members of the council wished to speak, he slowly resumed

his seat. A warrior arose in his place, more cautious and less courageous, and spoke to the following effect :

“ Warriors, our brother has spoken. I have listened to him attentively. His words are big with danger. None of you can feel more keenly the loss of our comrade than I do. I am borne down with grief. Anguish of spirit hath taken hold of me. A thirst for vengeance glows in my bosom with excessive ardor. My thoughts go back unbidden to the death scene of our brother. The scene is still before my eyes ; the blood gushing profusely from the bullet wound ; the imploring look ; the ghastly countenance ; the quivering lip ; the clammy sweat ; the agonies and contortions ; the death gasp ; the last struggle ; the interment of his remains in yon grassy mound, underneath yon big tree top, among the branches of which the wild wind moans dolefully, but he heareth it not ; the pale man’s feet may be trampling on his new made grave, but he heedeth it not.

“ Brothers, truly the white man is our enemy, both on this side and the other side of the big waters ; on the other side of the big waters, the great Chief’s children tell us that the pale faces on this side will cheat us ; and the pale faces on this side tell us that the King’s children, from the other side will cheat us. We must not trust to the one or the other. The Indians must look out for themselves. Brothers, I understand not upon what right the pale intruders are spreading their paper titles upon our hunting grounds. How could our fathers give away that which the Great Spirit has given us to live upon. We derived our title from the Great Spirit. These hunting grounds are ours. Brothers, I am in favor of avenging our wrongs, but let us take care not to rush thoughtlessly and heedlessly into danger. What meaneth those three pale faces about the place ? What meaneth those three wigwams ? In those three wigwams there may be three families. They may outnumber us. They may be stronger than we. They may have guns at their command. They may see us as we step from the forest. They may shoot at us through loop-holes in their wigwams. Their bullets may fall fast around us. In our eagerness to avenge our brother’s blood we may fall a sacrifice to our rashness. Let us pause before we rush into danger. Brothers, our prisoner weakens our force. We could not trust him to fight for us. One of us would have to guard him.— Otherwise he might escape, or turn and fight against us. The remaining six of us would have to do the fighting. The three families might number twice as many as we. Brothers, let us act cautiously. We know not the enemy we would have to meet. Why should we endanger our lives ? What necessity calls us to rush into the presence of an enemy, whose strength we know not ? Brothers, let us turn aside and

pass on. Let us take revenge on the next family. Let us avenge our brother's blood where it can be done in safety."

Thus spake the warriors, and after the question of attack was fully discussed *pro* and *con* in the council chamber, the argument in relation to the probability of there being three families on the premises, had the preponderance. It caused them to hesitate; and finally to abandon the undertaking.

Thus, by the interposition of a kind Providence, a family was saved from a fearful doom. If the overruling hand of Providence had not directed the footsteps of the two men thither, undoubtedly, the family would have fallen a sacrifice to the relentless cruelty of the savages.

Although Le Loup and his comrades had been frustrated in accomplishing their design upon the family, and were not a little irritated and chagrined at the failure, yet their thirst for blood was not at all abated. After they had abandoned the undertaking, they passed rapidly onward with elastic step, in Indian file, winding along among the umbrageous forest trees. In about an hour from the time they started, they came in sight of a clearing upon which a dwelling stood, occupied by a family by the name of Allen. As the Indians neared the clearing, they slackened their pace, and as they approached still nearer, they used more caution—looking in every direction to see that they were not discovered, and finally, with muffled steps, they proceeded to the very edge of the forest, in order to get a view of the premises. It was wheat harvest; the men were in the field reaping their grain. The Indians, after having reconnoitered the place as well as they could, without being discovered from the field or the house, held a short consultation, and unanimously agreed, as it was near mid-day, to wait till the men in the field went into the house to dinner. They considered that time as the most favorable opportunity to approach the house undiscovered, and to perpetrate their diabolical design upon the family.

From the house that the Indians had just left, Mr. Allen's dwelling was situated at the distance of about two miles, in a north-westerly direction, and about three-fourths of a mile north-easterly from the present South Argyle. The land upon which the house stood is now owned by Charles T. Fullerton, and is situated at the distance of about 20 rods in an easterly direction, on a rise of ground, from the residence of Mr. Fullerton, and about the same distance in a southerly direction from the dwelling of Archibald Armstrong, Jr.

The time that has elapsed since the doomed family occupied the house has produced a great change in the vicinity where the house stood. The majestic forest trees that *then* stood in great profusion, have fallen one by one before the woodman's axe, and the place where they stood.

is *now* occupied, at the same season of the year, by broad, green cultivated fields. *Then*, where walked the surly bear, and prowled the hungry wolf, and screamed the spotted panther, *now* may be seen flocks and herds luxuriating on the green, sloping hill-sides; or the farmer swinging his cradle, its delicate fingers gathering the well-filled grain, cut by its broad, thin, gleaming blade; or the mower bending and swaying to his scythe, its polished steel, as it moves to and fro, glistening in the sunlight; or the husbandman chirping to his team, as it hauls the heavily-laden wagon, groaning and creaking under the pressure of the golden sheaves of grain, or the fragrant new-made hay.

Mr. John Allen's family, for the time being, consisted of nine persons, viz:—himself and Mrs. Allen, and three children, and temporarily residing in the family, Mrs. Allen's sister, two colored men and a colored woman. These colored people were slaves owned by Mr. George Kilmore, who was Mr. Allen's father-in-law. George Kilmore (or Yerry, the German name by which he was then called, George being the English of Yerry) resided in a northerly direction, at the distance of about three miles from Mr. Allen's house. Mr. Kilmore's house was situated on the northern suburbs of the present Argyle Village, on the left bank of Moses Kill. The house is still standing, and though in a dilapidated condition, occupied by a family. The building has since undergone repairs within and without, but the hewn hemlock logs of which it was composed remain as they were originally placed. Its form and size were the same as that of my grandfather's before described, and it was probably built about the same time. About that time, Mr. Kilmore erected a small dwelling-house and a grist-mill, not far distant down the stream, to which the inhabitants from a great distance resorted to get their grain floured. He owned a large tract of land around his house, including that upon which Argyle Village now stands. The names of many of the descendants of Mr. Kilmore might be mentioned who are now residing in the township of Argyle and elsewhere, from grand-children down to great, great, great, great grand-children. These numerous descendants must feel particularly interested in reminiscences so nearly connected with their ancestral history.

There appears to be some doubt respecting the precise day that the bloody scene was enacted, which we are about to describe, whether it was on Friday, the 25th, or Saturday, the 26th of July. From the source of information mentioned in the beginning of this sketch, it was on the former of these days. From the fact of the contiguity of our informant to the scene, living at the time, and passing a long life only two miles distant from the place, it is not likely there could be a mistake as to the time. Therefore, according to this information, the

bloody scene transpired at 12 o'clock, M., on Friday, the 25th of July, 1777.

On Friday morning, Mr. Kilmore sent three slaves to assist his son-in-law harvest his wheat. Mrs. Allen's sister went along with them.— Whether the slave woman was assisting harvest the grain, or whether she was assisting about the domestic affairs of the house, is not known. The reapers were in the harvest-field when the Indians arrived, as before related.

It will be recollected that we left the Indians waiting till the reapers retired from the field to dinner. They had nothing to do but to wait quietly till the time arrived. All their paraphernalia of warfare had been put in order for the other occasion, as before related, and had not been used, and was still in readiness. The time fixed for the perpetration of the deed was rapidly approaching. The prisoner made an earnest request that he might be allowed to remain behind, and not be compelled to witness the heart-rending scene. The Indians at first seemed disinclined to grant his request, but after the prisoner had made repeated earnest entreaties to spare his feelings, they finally consented to grant his request. Accordingly it was agreed that one of the Indians was to remain with him and guard him, while the others were to go forward and execute the deed.

Hark! the signal for dinner was announced from the house. The men retired from the field to the house. The family sat down to their last dinner. Little did they think that the signal inviting them to the table was also the signal for the approach of the messengers of death. But no time was now to be lost; the Indians forthwith issued from the forest with all their hideousness and blood-thirstings, and approached the house, and with a terrific yell, they—But what followed can only be gathered from the different positions in which the different members of the family were found, as no eye saw it, save the All-Seeing Eye, and the eyes of the perpetrators of the deed.

Although more than eighty-one years have elapsed since that time, and although the actors in that frightful scene have probably long since departed this life, yet even now, in attempting to describe the horrible scene that presented itself after the awful tragedy was enacted, the imagination sickens, and a noticeable tremulousness of our pen may be observed as we write.

Mr. Allen was found at the distance of a few rods in a northerly direction from the house, about midway between the house and barn. It is supposed that when alarmed by the Indians he had escaped through a back door or window, and had proceeded thus far when shot down by the Indians. Mrs. Allen, her sister, and the youngest child were found

in the same direction from the house with that of Mr. Allen, but nearer, and had probably got out of the house in the same way. It is likely that the women had hold of the child's hands, and were escaping with all possible speed when overtaken by the Indians—tomahawked and scalped. The other two children, when alarmed by the Indians, had secreted themselves in a bed, and were there found tomahawked and scalped. One of the colored men was found with his body in the house, his back downwards, his head protruding from the door, his neck across the threshold, his body gashed and mutilated in a horrible manner, his scalp torn off, and his lips skinned and turned back on his face and chin, thus presenting a shocking sight. From the numerous wounds found inflicted on his body, it is supposed he made a desperate resistance, and probably wounded some of the Indians, and in order to gratify their revengeful dispositions, they thus mutilated his body, and left it in this condition. The position in which the colored woman and the other colored man were found is not distinctly recollected. Thus, in and around the house, lay nine inanimate gory bodies, their scalps torn off, and their bloodshot eyes protruding fearfully from their sockets.

The scene consisted of three stages, which passed in rapid succession: first, the family enjoying their noon-day repast in the full vigor of health and strength, utterly unconscious of any danger; *then*, the foeman's shout—the report of muskets—the clangor of arms—the rattling of tomahawks and scalping knives—the hurry and confusion—the screaming and groaning—the writhings and agonies; and *then*, all was still—the din of war had subsided—the savage yell had died away upon the breeze—the black mouthed guns had been silenced—the clangor of arms had ceased—the wailings and contortions were over—silence reigned, “*emphatically the silence of death brooded over the scene.*” But it is painful longer to dwell on the horrible tragedy.

Mr. Kilmore expected his daughter and slaves home on Friday evening, but as they did not return at that time, he supposed that they had not finished harvesting the wheat, and that they would return in the fore part of the succeeding day. But hour after hour of that day passed away, and they did not return. Mr. Kilmore waited with the expectation that they would make their appearance until it was too late to send, and ascertain the cause of their detention. On the next (Sabbath) morning he sent a colored lad on horseback to find out the reason why they were thus detained. As the boy approached the house, the keenscented horse stopped, and refused to go forward—he smelled the blood of the slaughtered family. It was with the greatest difficulty that the horse was urged forward till his rider got a view of the appalling scene. He was not long in conveying the fearful tidings home. A few men in

the neighborhood of Mr. Kilmore's, assembled on that day and buried the dead.* The men, while performing the burial service, were greatly afraid of the return of the Indians. Whilst some stood with rifles in their hands, the others dug two graves, and spread a sheet in each, and deposited the bodies of the whites in one grave, and the blacks in the other. Although the plow now passes over the ground where the house stood, and where the graves were made, yet their situation can still be pointed out. Until recently, boards have been kept up at the graves to designate the spot.† Two aged apple trees stand near the place, and it is supposed they were young trees at the time the scene was enacted, if so, they are living witnesses of that eventful tragedy.

On Monday evening following, the news of the massacre of the Allen family reached my great-grandfather's, who resided some two miles north of Battenville, on what is latterly known as Dwellie's hill. When the information of the foul murder had arrived, the family thought it was more than probable that their near family relatives had also become the victims of savage cruelty, from the fact of their nearness to the massacred family. In order to relieve the awful suspense under which the family labored, Archibald Campbell, my grandmother's brother, was determined to ascertain what might be the truth of the matter. He endeavored to get some one to accompany him in his undertaking, but

* We were recently informed by Mrs. Robertson, (lately deceased,) who resided at Lakeville, that her father, Mr. Alex. McNaughton, was one of those who assisted at the interment of the massacred family.

† We might take the liberty to suggest that it would be an act of patriotism to erect a monument to the memory of this family. It is possible that the British arms might have been crowned with success, had it not been for the horrid cruelties perpetrated by the savages. The indignant patriots, on hearing of the atrocious conduct of the Indians, were fired with an extra stimulus, and were determined to make a desperate effort to avenge these cruelties, and to free themselves from the arbitrary domination of Great Britain. Not allowing their excited passions to cool, the Colonists, with all possible haste, rushed from the mountain sides and the intervening valleys, and from the extended plains, to the battlefield, and by their daring deeds of valor forced Gen. Burgoyne and his army into an unconditional surrender. This defeat exerted a deleterious effect upon the whole of the British arms in America, and eventually resulted in the withdrawal of the whole army. It is possible that the blood of the victims, shed by savage cruelty, sealed the fate of the American Revolution. Had it not been for the blood thus shed, the star-spangled banner of liberty might never have been unfurled to the breeze over a free and independent government, and the American eagle might never have soared aloft, and spread wide his pinions over a great and prosperous nation. In view of this consideration, would it not manifest a spirit of commendable patriotic zeal, for the citizens of Washington County to erect a suitable monument to the memory of the family described above, whose lives have been sacrificed upon the National altar.

as no one seemed willing to go, he was about to start alone, when Mr. Neil Gillespie (whose daughter, Mrs. Bain, is still living at an advanced age in the township of Argyle), volunteered to accompany him. The two started on horseback, under the covert of the night and the forest trees—the distance being about four miles—with the expectation of bringing back—if, indeed, they came back—mournful tidings respecting the fate of the family. When they were within about half a mile of the clearing, they dismounted and tied their horses to trees, and proceeded on foot, in order to make as little noise as possible. They considered it expedient to approach the house with great caution; for they were apprehensive that the family had been massacred, and that the Indians might still be lurking about the place, or had perhaps taken up a temporary residence in the house. As the two men crossed the stream on the south side of the house, they were not a little alarmed at hearing something that resembled the groans of a person. This groaning, intermingling with the murmuring of the water in the stillness of the night, sounded dolefully upon their ears. They supposed that the family had been murdered, and that the groans proceeded from some of the members of it who had been left for dead. But on a more particular examination, they ascertained that the noise proceeded from a swine sty, and was occasioned by the snoring of its inmates. Encouraged by this discovery, they went forward to the barn-yard, and there found the cattle lying, quietly chewing their cuds. They looked upon this as a good sign that all was safe. They proceeded to the gate that led to the house, and found it shut. They considered this another good sign; for if the Indians had been there, they would likely have left the gate open, and all would have been in confusion. And finally, they groped their way to the house, and found its inmates sleeping soundly—unconscious of any danger. This was the first intimation of the probable danger they had been in, and of what had befallen the Allen family. But as yet they knew nothing about the council of Indians that had convened a few rods from the house for the purpose of determining their fate.

Although the family were not fully aware of the great danger they had been in, yet they knew sufficient to alarm them greatly. Without delay, they arranged their affairs as well as they could, and started that night for Duncan Campbell's. They put the children on the horses, and groping their way through the dense forest, arrived in safety at the place of destination.

Dismayed and terrified, the settlers no longer relied upon Burgoyne's promised protection. The panic-stricken patriots and loyalists, on hearing of the massacre of the Allen family, and other similar depredations committed by the Indians, fled with all possible speed to some place of protection.

At this time, a few families had taken up their residence at the head of the Cossayuna Lake, and in that vicinity. On the northern margin of the Lake, one of these families lived, whose name was McEachron. The maternal head of this household was a daughter of Mr. George Kilmore, and a sister of Mrs. Allen's, whose melancholy fate is recorded on a preceding page. The lineal descendants of Peter McEachron's family reside, at the present day, only a few feet distant from the same place.

On hearing of the direful calamity that had befallen their near relatives, this family, with the others in the immediate neighborhood, resorted without delay to the Cossayuna Island, as the nearest place of comparative safety. This island, as before stated, was situated toward the northern extremity of the lake, and nearly equi-distant, about 150 rods, from the west, north and east shore of the lake; and toward the south the lake extended to the distance of some two or three miles.

These terror-stricken families disposed of their temporalities as well as they could; and taking along with them such of their effects as could be easily removed, including some of the smallest of their domestic animals, they removed to the island, and there encamped for the space of two or three weeks. In choosing a location for their encampment, they were particularly careful to select a spot that was well screened by the thick foliage of the surrounding forest trees, in order to prevent exposure from the lake shore. During the time they sojourned there, they were continually apprehensive that they would be ferreted out by the keen-scented savages. In order to secure their safety, if possible, they took turns in standing sentinels, especially during the silent watches of the night. The sentinels were stationed so that they could have a commanding view in all directions; and if the Indians attempted to approach the island with stealth and muffled oars, they could give the alarm to their companions, and thus be prepared to make a defense. The party on the island deemed it necessary to keep as quiet as possible, so as not to attract the attention of the Indians. They used every means in their power to prevent the wailing of their younger children, and the boisterousness of those that were older; the barking of their hunting dogs, and the crowing and cackling of their fowls. For they were fearful that the noise occasioned by their bipeds and quadrupeds would reveal their whereabouts to the lurking savages. But when Burgoyne had left Fort Edward, and the Indians had disappeared from around the lake, these families cautiously returned to their former homes.

Most of the families residing along the On-da-wa, or Batten Kill, and in that vicinity, went to Fort Edward, and among them was our ances-

tral family. After the different families had arranged their respective affairs as hastily as possible, they assembled and started for Fort Edward, taking along with them some indispensable necessaries, and driving their cattle before them. The company went by way of my grandfather's, and thence to the place where the Allen family were murdered. There the party made a halt, and took a melancholy view of the place where the bloody tragedy had been so recently enacted. Among other things that attracted their notice, was a bloody cap—with a long cut in it, made by the blade of a tomahawk—lying on a stump, that had been worn by one of the family at the time of the murder. After taking a brief survey of the place, they hastened on towards the encampment.

Mr. Alexander Livingstone, in all probability, is the only surviving member of that party. He was eight years of age at that time, and resided with his father on the right bank of Batten Kill, and now resides not far distant from the same place. Many of the incidents of the Revolution are still fresh on his memory, particularly those occurring on the journeying of the said party to Fort Edward. Among other things related by him in a conversation we recently had with him, was the circumstance of meeting a party of Indians, whose hostile and ferocious appearance greatly alarmed the company. On meeting the Indians, the foremost of the company, who were driving the cattle, turned back to the rest of the party, in order that they might be together, and encourage each other. But the Indians did them no harm.

That company, thus journeying amid the unplanted forest trees, the denizens of the forest prowling around them, and bands of fierce marauders encompassing them about, may, in some respects, be compared to the children of Israel journeying in the wilderness, the wild beasts lurking about them, and all kinds of noxious insects annoying them, the Amalekites rushing down from the mountain sides upon them, and wild wandering hordes constantly attacking them. And well might that company who were journeying to Fort Edward, sing, as Moses did when the Israelites were journeying to the promised land, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." But to return to Le Loup and his party.

After the Indians had victimized the family—plundered the house, and satisfied their curiosity—they triumphantly marched off with the nine gory scalps dangling from their war-belts. They exulted more over the scalps of the slain, and attached a greater degree of honor to these barbarous badges of victory, than the possession of the living persons of their enemies. Hence their captive, aware of this characteristic of the Indians, was in constant dread lest they might become weary of conducting him along in person, and come to the conclusion that it

would be more honorable and convenient to take his scalp and leave his body.

From Friday afternoon, the 25th of July, until Sabbath morning following, the whereabouts of Le Loup and his band can not now be designated. But on that morning they made their appearance on the brow of the hill north of Fort Edward, and then and there a shocking tragedy was enacted; and well may it be said, in reference to it, that "truth is stranger than fiction." It was the massacre of Miss Jane McCrea, an amiable and intelligent lady, under peculiar circumstances. She was attired in her wedding dress, and about to be joined in marriage to Mr. David Jones, who was an officer in the British army. The historians of the Revolution have dwelt upon that massacre with melancholy interest. It has furnished a theme for the touching ballad, and a subject for the limners' pencil to depict. Owing, however, to *ex parte* statements—to the confusion and din of war, and conflicting interests existing at the time the scene was enacted—contradictory versions of that lamentable affair have been made. The British, on the one hand, endeavored to smooth over and palliate that tragic scene, and exculpate themselves from having any instrumentality in bringing it about; whilst the Americans, on the other hand, seized upon it with avidity, and in their eagerness to make capital out of it, perhaps somewhat exaggerated it.*

It is believed that the following may be relied upon, which we had from the source already mentioned, and from a work entitled, "The Life of Jane McCrea," by Mr. David Wilson, who seems to have spared no pains in collecting the facts from aged people residing in the vicinity where the incident occurred. But as "The Life of Jane McCrea" is interwoven with "Burgoyne's Expedition in 1777," it is proposed in this place to give a brief description of the parties, and circumstances immediately connected with that bloody tragedy.

Jane McCrea was born about the year 1757. She was the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman, who emigrated from Scotland and settled in New Jersey shortly anterior to the above date. At a tender age she

* For instance, in a letter addressed to Gen. Burgoyne by Gen. Gates, in which, after alluding to the massacre of Jane McCrea and others by the Indians, he directly accuses Gen. Burgoyne with paying a bounty for scalps. But it appears from his reply, as well as from his speech at the Boquet, that the allegation was not strictly true; but still, at the same time, inasmuch as Burgoyne consented to act with those savage allies, and promised them a reward for prisoners, and as he was aware of their uncontrollable passion for scalps—of the great honor they attached to these badges of conquest—the charge made by Gen. Gates was in one sense true.

was deprived of the care and solicitude of an affectionate mother, who was removed by death. When about 16 years of age, she was left an orphan. Shortly after her father's death, she went to reside with her brother, John McCrea, who had settled on the right bank of the Hudson river, not far distant south of Fort Edward. Miss McCrea possessed a natural desire for the acquisition of substantial knowledge, and her father's well filled library furnished ample materials for the gratification of her predominant propensity. The free access to her father's library and the moral and religious parental instruction which she received, rendered her intelligent beyond her years. Her natural and acquired abilities were above mediocrity. In person she was the medium size, and symmetrically formed. It has been said that her hair was so long and exuberant, that when unconfined, it trailed on the floor upon which she walked. In personal appearance she was uncommonly beautiful and prepossessing. Gen. Gates, having occasion to speak of her, represents her as "a young lady lovely to the sight, of virtuous character and amiable disposition." And in his *Field Book*, Lossing describes her as "so graceful in manners, and so intelligent in features, that she was the favorite of all who knew her."

Shortly after John McCrea went to reside on the bank of the Hudson, a family by the name of Jones settled on the same bank of the river—a few miles further north—who had been friends and neighbors in New Jersey. The younger members of the families had been brought up from childhood together. An early intimacy existed between David Jones and Jane McCrea, and on the banks of the Hudson it ripened into affection. David Jones, in person, was handsome and well formed. He was "gay, social and brave," of pleasing address and a generous disposition. The many ennobling traits of character with which he was possessed, rendered him an object of respect among his male companions, and of favor among the other sex.

From the commencement of the difficulties between the Colonies and Great Britain, David Jones leaned to the loyalist side, whilst John McCrea favored the other. The former, however, concealed his views from motives of expediency. He did not wish to take any step that would endanger the pending matrimonial suit that he was prosecuting with so much vigor. The suitors had frequent interviews. Their attachment to each other grew stronger and stronger. They looked forward with joyful anticipations to the day, as not far distant, when they would voluntarily ratify their plighted faith upon the hymeneal altar.

In the meantime, the difficulties increased between the two countries. As the war progressed, the prospective brothers-in-law became more

and more confirmed in the respective principles they had espoused. John McCrea had already enlisted under the patriot banner—had endured the toils and privations of a winter's campaign in Canada—had been promoted to the rank of colonel—and had returned home, disheartened and discouraged at the signal defeat of the Colonists. David Jones, on hearing of the expected arrival of a formidable army at Quebec, under the command of Gen. Burgoyne, resolved to join the Royal army. He made known this resolution to the affectionate maiden, to which she reluctantly consented. He confidently represented to her that the Colonists could not long resist the powerful arm of Great Britain, and that peace would soon be restored, and that then they would be joined in happy wedlock.

Accordingly, late in the autumn of 1776, David Jones started for the purpose of enlisting under the standard of the King. On reaching Crown Point, he awaited the arrival of Gen. Burgoyne. When the army arrived, it encamped, and received the Indian allies, according to previous arrangement, as before related. The manly form and prepossessing exterior of David Jones procured for him the office of Lieutenant in Gen. Frazer's division. He accompanied the victorious army toward the place of its destination. In the meantime, the lovers found means of conveying letters to and from each other, which breathed a spirit of unabating affection.

In order to present an intelligible view of the bloody scene we are about to relate, it will be necessary to describe the relative positions of the belligerent armies, and of the parties immediately connected with the affair. The van of the British army—among whom was Lieut. Jones—had encamped near a place called Moss Street, which was about four miles from Fort Edward. Burgoyne was with the remainder of the army a short distance in the rear. The main body of the American army had abandoned Fort Edward, and marched down the left bank of the Hudson, and had encamped at Moses Kill. The garrison left in command of the fort had stationed a picket-guard, in sight of the fortress, to watch the approach of the enemy, which was daily expected, as the garrison intended to evacuate the Fort on the approach of the British army. Mrs. McNeil's house, in which Jane McCrea was temporarily residing, and from which she was taken captive, is still to be seen near the principal street of the village. "It is a small, antiquated looking building, built after the prevailing fashion of those times, presenting a striking contrast with its princely neighbors." In front stands an aged, gigantic elm—a living witness of the stirring scenes of the Revolution.

John McCrea resided a mile or two down the river from the Fort, and on the opposite bank. He was about to remove his family to

Albany, and expected his sister to accompany him thither. He was already awaiting her return from Mrs. McNeil's. That being the state of affairs, and adverse as they were, Lieut. Jones looked upon it as the most favorable time to have the marriage ceremony performed, as the termination of the war might leave the parties forever separated. But how was it to be accomplished? It could not take place at Col. McCrea's, for they had then become warm antagonistic partisans. Neither could it take place at Mrs. McNeil's, for his appearance there would have resulted in almost certain capture, as he was well known in that vicinity—indeed, it would have been unsafe for him to have appeared beyond the British outposts. In view of these difficulties, Lieut. Jones made a proposition, and communicated the same to the affectionate maiden, which was substantially as follows: "I will send a party of Indians, under the control of an Indian chief by the name of Duluth, in whom I place the utmost confidence, with the assurance of giving him a liberal reward. I will instruct the party of Indians to proceed noiselessly and stealthily among the thickets, taking care not to be seen from the Fort, or the picket guard on the brow of the hill. I will instruct them to display a signal agreed upon, that can be seen from Mrs. McNeil's cottage. On discovering such signal, you will start in the direction of the British camp, as if going to a neighboring house. The Indians will keep pace with you, and serve as an invisible escort, not making their appearance unless you are in actual danger. You will thus be conducted until you are fairly within the British lines, when I will meet you in person, and escort you to the camp, where a chaplain will be in readiness to perform the marriage ceremony, and then you can remain with the officers' ladies, or stay for a time with Mrs. McNeil." This proposition was presented to the fair maiden for acceptance or rejection. She was in a dilemma. Her brother had sent a messenger to ascertain the cause of her detention. It was necessary to keep him in ignorance of the real cause of delay. But the time had come when she must choose the one or the other alternative of this dilemma. She was unwilling to take any step that would mar brotherly love on the one hand, or sexual love on the other. She finally, though reluctantly, under existing circumstances, accepted of the proffered proposition.

Accordingly, Duluth and his party, faithful to their instructions, appeared in the thicket and displayed the signal. The bride, adorned for her husband, had been anxiously awaiting the appearance of the sign. Forthwith she issued from the humble mansion, and directed her steps toward the British camp. Such an act of courage and intrepidity may be looked upon at the present day as bordering upon imprudence

and masculine boldness. But at that time a female apparently passing from one neighbor to another, even between the contending armies, would not likely be molested. According to tradition, the bride herself "laughed at the idea of personal danger, and characterized it as 'a true love scheme.'" If she had started at any other time, even a few minutes sooner or later, in all probability she would have passed unharmed. But just as she was ascending the hill, Le Loup and his party made their appearance on the hill, as before related, and made a violent attack upon the picket guard, and slew the captain, and the remainder fled precipitately in the direction of the Fort. The affrighted girl also fled with them, the Indians hotly pursuing them, and observing her run into Mrs. McNeil's, pursued and seized her and Mrs. McNeil, dragging them out of the house, and put the trembling girl on a horse; Mrs. McNeil being too corpulent for that mode of conveyance, they hurried her along on foot in the direction of the British camp. On the west side of the eminence upon which the picket guard was stationed, stood a majestic pine, at the base of which gurgled a clear, cool spring. At this place the Indians and their captives had arrived, when Duluth, obedient to his instructions, made his appearance and claimed to be the protector of the fair maiden. Le Loup claimed her as his rightful captive. Both chiefs resolutely maintained their supposed rights. Angry words passed between them. Neither would yield. A violent altercation ensued. By this time a body of men had issued from the Fortress in pursuit of the Indians that had attacked the picket guard. Bullets were already whistling over the Indians' heads. No time was now to be lost. Duluth seized the horse's reins upon which the captive rode, and attempted to lead him away—whereupon Le Loup, *the wolf*, in a violent paroxysm of rage, snatched his tomahawk from his belt, and hurled its glittering blade deep into the maiden's side. She fell from the horse. That long glossy hair that had been so recently arranged with more than ordinary care at the toilet, Le Loup grasped with the long, swarthy fingers of his left hand, and seizing his scalping knife with the other, quickly severed the scalp, and brandished it in the air, uttering a yell of savage exultation.

When the gory scalp was presented to Lieut. Jones, he looked at it with a ghastly vacant stare; he spoke not, he wept not—his grief was so withering that the fountain of tears was dried up. From that day he was a changed man. Hitherto he was cheerful and fond of social entertainment, and delighted in scenes of festivity and hilarity. Henceforth, like the lone pelican of the wilderness, he lived a solitary and secluded life. His hopes were blasted, his heart broken, and he sunk into the grave under the pressure of the most pungent grief.

When Col. McCrea was informed of the melancholy fate of his sister, he was overwhelmed with grief. He never fully recovered from that heart-rending bereavement. Not long since we were informed by Mrs. Robertson, to whom a reference has been made before in a foot-note, and who was a niece of John McCrea, that she had often heard her uncle speak of the cruel death of his sister, but never without shedding tears. The brave Colonel could recount the bloody scenes of the battle-field—of the leaden messengers of death whistling past his ears—of his comrades falling here and there around him—of garments rolled in blood—with comparative composure; but when he came to speak of the violent death of his sister, his only sister, the big tears chased each other in rapid succession down his care-worn and furrowed cheeks.

My grandmother had two brothers, James and Alexander Campbell, who were officers in the British army, and were in the camp at the time the scalps of the Allen family and Miss McCrea were brought into the encampment by the Indians. As the Campbells were well acquainted with that family, they recognized the scalps from the color of the hair; and they supposed, from the fact of the contiguity of their sister's family to that of Mr. Allen's, that they were also massacred. But they ascertained from Le Loup's captive that their relatives were safe, but of their narrow escape—of the council of war that was held over their destiny, as before related. Before closing this sketch, there is one other incident that is perhaps worth relating.

An aged Indian was present when the scalps of the Allen family and Miss McCrea were brought into the British camp. The frosts of seventy winters had softened his cruel and barbarous passions—so characteristic of his race—into feelings of justice and humanity. After looking thoughtfully and demurely for a moment at the bloody scalps, he uttered the following remarkable prophecy: "That army can not prosper, that tolerates taking the scalps of women and little children." Whether this prophecy was spoken in reference to the whole of the British army in America, or whether in reference to that division of the army under the command of Gen. Burgoyne, is not now known; in either case, however, it was fulfilled, but more especially in reference to the latter. A prediction coming from such a source—from an untutored savage—predicated upon the toleration of inhumanity, was indeed a withering rebuke to the civilized British troops.

At the time that prediction was uttered there was but little prospect of its being fulfilled. The patriots were discouraged, and were retiring before the prowess of the British arms. The officers of the British army were confidently asserting the success of the royal cause. Burgoyne represented the British armies and fleets as amply sufficient "to

crush every part of America." When the loyalists complained of the frequent massacres committed by the Indians, and demanded protection, Brigadier-General Frazer remarked, "It is a conquered country, and we must wink at these things." The royal army started from Canada under the most auspicious circumstances. The gallant commander, Gen. Burgoyne, was an experienced and celebrated officer. The British government had employed him, some fifteen years prior to that time, in an official capacity in the wars with the Portuguese and Spaniards, and had entrusted him with many other important offices. His government reposed in him the utmost confidence. He set out from Canada with a formidable army, with the prospect of a brilliant campaign. He marched his army triumphantly toward the place of its destination, the enemy disappearing before him, like the morning dew before the rising sun. On the arrival of the royal army at Fort Edward, it was "seized with a delirium of joy." To reach this point was an object long looked forward to with joyful anticipation. "Now the whole army shared in the ardor and hopes of its chiefs; not a doubt was entertained of an approaching triumph, and the conquest of America."

The speedy fulfillment of the old Indian's prediction is worthy of notice. No sooner was it uttered than it was being verified. When at Fort Edward, the British army, being in need of ammunition and provision, Gen. Burgoyne was informed that the Americans had a considerable amount of military stores and provisions at Bennington, and in order to secure them, he sent Col. Baum with about a thousand German troops and a hundred Indians. But when he was within seven miles of Bennington, he learned that the Colonists were more strongly intrenched than was expected. He halted and awaited further orders. Gen. Burgoyne sent a reinforcement of five hundred German troops, but before they arrived, the Americans, under Gen. Stark, made an attack on Col. Baum and defeated him. The pursuit of the Patriots was for a moment checked by the arrival of the reinforcement; but even the army as reinforced, was soon compelled to make a precipitate retreat, with the loss of their general and six hundred men killed and prisoners, and a quantity of military equipments. This was the beginning of the fulfillment of the old Indian's prophecy.

Leaving Fort Edward, Gen. Burgoyne proceeded slowly down the river with his troops, with the expectation of effecting a junction at Albany with the army under St. Leger, but the former meeting the Colonial army under the command of Gen. Gates, when within about twenty-two miles of Albany, a severe battle ensued. Both armies had suffered so intensely that neither chose to renew the battle the succeed-

ing day. About three weeks after, a second battle was fought, in which the Americans were victorious. Gen. Burgoyne, with his troops, retreated to Saratoga ; and shortly after, finding himself hemmed in on all sides, was obliged to surrender the entire army on the 18th of October.

Thus the proud and haughty General, that represented the British troops as amply sufficient "to crush every part of America," was soon forced to yield. The time that perdition was uttered, marked the epoch when Burgoyne's military glory had risen to its meridian splendor ; henceforth it rapidly declined, to set upon the plains of Saratoga, to rise no more. That well-disciplined army, that started from the north under so many flattering auspices, with the expectation of speedily beholding "a conquered country," was soon compelled to submit to the humiliation and degradation of an unconditional surrender. Those furnished arms, glistening in the sun-light upon the shoulders of the British soldiers, were so soon to be grounded in presence of the enemy. That flag that floated so proudly and triumphantly in the breeze, was so soon to be trailed low in Saratoga's dust.

Thus the old Indian's prophecy was literally fulfilled. The time it was uttered marked the precise time between the prosperity and adversity of Burgoyne and his army.

As to Le Loup, *the wolf*, after he had performed the tragic scenes upon the stage of time, as recorded above, the curtain drops, never again to be drawn ; henceforth time's oblivious shades have obliterated his pathway—his subsequent history is shrouded in mystery. It is not known whether he joined the expedition to Bennington—or whether he accompanied Burgoyne, and was with him when he surrendered at Saratoga—or whether, after being severely reprimanded by Gen. Burgoyne for his cruel and barbarous conduct, he deserted and returned to his forest home, there to arrange the numerous scalps, taken in his peregrinations, in some conspicuous place upon the walls of his wigwam, upon which, in after times, to gloat his savage eyes and gratify his morbid sensibility, and to exhibit to his fellow-warriors those badges of victory as honorable trophies of his valor and intrepidity, and to boast of them exultingly at the war-dances of his tribe. Whatever may have been his latent history, it is more than probable that long since "his spirit has departed to the realms of the red man's immortality."

No crowds throng round, no anthem notes ascend,
To bless his coming and embalm his end ;
Even that he lived, is for his conqueror's tongue—
By foes alone his death-song must be sung.