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**NOTICES**  
**OF**  
**SULLIVAN'S CAMPAIGN**  
**OR THE**  
**REVOLUTIONARY WARFARE**  
**, IN**  
**WESTERN NEW-YORK :**  
**EMBODIED IN THE ADDRESSES AND DOCUMENTS CONNECTED WITH THE**  
**FUNERAL HONORS**  
**RENDERED TO THOSE WHO FELL WITH THE GALLANT BOYD**  
**IN THE**  
**GENESEE VALLEY,**  
**INCLUDING**  
**THE REMARKS OF GOV. SEWARD AT MOUNT HOPE.**

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TO  
THE PEOPLE OF THE GENESEE VALLEY,  
whose patriotism encouraged, and whose participation sanctioned,  
the funeral honors  
for the Soldiers of Sullivan's Army who fell with the gallant Boyd,  
while bravely struggling for  
American Freedom, against the British and Savage forces, in  
"TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S SOULS,"  
this volume is respectfully dedicated, by the  
ROCHESTER COMMITTEE.

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# **I N D E X .**

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## **A P P E N D I X A N D N O T E S ,**

**Illustrative of Sullivan's Campaign in the Genesee Valley.**

# REVOLUTIONARY WARFARE

IN

## WESTERN NEW-YORK.

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THIS volume is published, pursuant to a resolution adopted by the People assembled in Livingston county, to preserve a record of the honors paid to the Soldiers whose blood first consecrated to freedom the soil of the Genesee Valley.

The committee to whom the publication was intrusted, think that they can most faithfully discharge their duty by presenting the whole subject as nearly as possible IN THE LANGUAGE of the various INDIVIDUALS and PUBLIC BODIES that participated in the patriotic ceremonies—a course most consonant with the truth of history.

## CHAPTER I.

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### MOVEMENTS AT ROCHESTER, &c.

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“THAT country honors and strengthens itself, which honors and respects those who have suffered in its defence.

“A debt of gratitude is justly due from any nation to the memory of those who have sacrificed themselves for its honor or its welfare ; and such nation finds its own interest in paying this debt, by stimulating patriotism and devotion, possibly necessary to its future protection. The weight of the debt is greatly increased, when it is due to those who by their efforts gave the nation independence, and baptized its birth with their choicest blood.

“All who enjoy the blessings of our free government, feel as if honor was worthily bestowed when it is rendered to those who took part in the Revolutionary struggle. The acts of national legislation—the monuments that are erected in



honor of Revolutionary events—the addresses and sentiments that are uttered throughout this wide land upon every anniversary of our national independence—show that the whole spirit of the people delights in paying honor to the patriots of the Revolution.”

Such were some of the remarks of an eminent jurist on the patriotic ceremonies which this volume is published to commemorate.

The recent anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence was signalized by various expressions of feeling consonant with the foregoing sentiments.

“The proximity of our national anniversary,” it was remarked by a writer in one of the Rochester journals on the eve of that patriotic festival, “naturally excites reflection respecting the services of those bold spirits whose patriotic course in field and council was blessed by Heaven to the establishment of American liberty. Unworthy would we be of the freedom we are enjoying, were we to prove forgetful inheritors of blessings secured through the storm and bloodshed of our glorious Revolution! The national honor would have been consulted by more liberal provision for the soldiers

of that memorable strife. But as time rolls by—thinning their ranks with its unsparing scythe—the survivors, like the Sybilline leaves, increase in public esteem as they diminish in number.

“There were those who fell fighting our battles, whose memory has not been fully considered by the inheritors of the liberty for which they fought. This Valley of the Genesee contains the relics of *a gallant officer who bore arms for the Republic* against the former savage occupants, when they were leagued with British red-coats in desolating our frontiers with fire and sword.

“The mouldering relics of that ill-fated warrior slumber now in an obscure grave, almost unknown, as it is without any memorial to apprise the passing traveller that beneath rests the gallant Boyd, the slaughtered officer in the advance guard of Sullivan’s army.

“The heroic valor of Boyd would be worthy of admiration under any circumstances ; but when we know that that valor was displayed in behalf of American liberty, and that his gallantry and his slaughter are identified with the history of the Genesee Valley, how much stronger are those claims rendered which impel us to testify our

love for his patriotism—our sympathy for his fate, by some public testimonial of his worth, and of the gratitude of his country !

“ It may be that our Rochester companies, recognizing promptly all claims of honor and patriotism, will make an excursion this summer to remove the mouldering remains from their lonely grave to our beautiful Mount Hope, and award the last military honors by a proper monument to the MARTYRED SOLDIER.”

The movements of the Military Corps of Rochester on this interesting occasion, were characteristic of their conduct on all patriotic purposes. The spirit which animated them abundantly verified the anticipation that their co-operation would be zealously afforded in rendering funeral honors to the heroic dead.

Some of their proceedings may be appropriately inserted here, as a fitting prelude to the ceremonies in which their companies bore a distinguished part :

ARMORY OF WILLIAMS' LIGHT INFANTRY, }  
Rochester, July 2, 1841. }

At a special meeting of this corps, on Friday evening, at their armory, the subject of disinter-

ing the remains of the brave Lieut. Boyd, which now lie buried in the Valley of the Genesee, between Geneseo and Moscow, and removing them to such place on Mount Hope as shall hereafter be designated, the following resolutions were adopted :—

*Resolved*, That we cordially approve of the recommendations which have been made for the removal to some selected spot, of the remains of the brave and generous Boyd, who, in 1779, fell a victim to the savage barbarity and treachery of the infamous Col. Butler, while, with a detachment of Gen. Sullivan's command, he was endeavoring to drive the savage enemy from the Valley of the Genesee.

*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed to co-operate with other committees that may hereafter be appointed for the purpose of effecting such removal.

Whereupon the President named as such committee, James Miller, Robert A. Hall, and Henry Shears, jr.

JOSEPH PUTNAM, *President*.

F. F. PARKER, *Secretary*.

## HONOR TO THE BRAVE.

ARMORY OF THE UNION GREYS, }  
 Rochester, July 5, 1841. }

The subject of the removal and re-interment of the remains of the gallant Boyd, (having been brought before the corps some weeks since, by the Commandant,) was again called up; and, on motion of Lieut. Dannals,

*Resolved*, That we will cheerfully co-operate with other associations in any measures relating to the recovery and re-interment of the remains of the gallant officer alluded to; and that a committee of three be appointed to confer with any other committees which have been or may be appointed on this important subject.

Messrs. H. P. Dannals, David Moody, Charles Hubbell, Committee.

A. WENTWORTH, *President*.

G. W. FISHER, *Secretary*.

ARMORY OF THE CITY CADETS, }  
 Rochester, July 8, 1841. }

A brief account having been given to this corps by one of its members, of the services of the brave Lieut. Thomas Boyd, under the gallant Gen. Sullivan, and of his inhuman torture and murder by the infamous Col. Butler, it was, on motion,

*Resolved*, That the effort making to remove the remains of Lieut. Boyd, from the grave near where he fell, to Mount Hope, is highly commendable, and that we will cheerfully co-operate with all others desirous to effect that object.

*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed, to act for this corps, in conjunction with other committees that have been or may be appointed, to make suitable arrangements for such removal.

The Chair then named the following persons as such committee : Hiram A. Tucker, James L. Elwood, D. M. Dewey.

E. S. CHURCH, *President*.

F. S. REW, *Secretary*.

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ARMORY OF THE ARTILLERY CORPS, }  
 Rochester, July 9, 1841. }

On motion—*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed to confer with the committees of the other Military Companies of the city, in regard to the remains of Lieut. Boyd.

Whereupon, the following committee were appointed : G. S. Jennings, J. W. Van Vleck, N. B. Gardiner.

T. A. JENNINGS, *Secretary*.

The German Grenadiers, commanded by Captain Klein, promptly concurred in the feelings already indicated by the proceedings of their fellow-soldiers in other companies.

The Fire Department of Rochester, than which there is none better organized in the Union, was represented in the procession to Mount Hope by two of its spirited companies—numbers 4 and 6—the first commanded by Josiah Bissell, Jr., and the last by John I. Reilly.

The “Mechanics’ Literary Association,” and the “Rochester Athenæum—Young Men’s Association,” co-operated by their delegates in making the arrangements :

And the Corporation of the city of Rochester, with creditable promptness, delegated three Aldermen to represent that body in the General Committee of Arrangements for rendering funeral honors to the Heroic Dead, who fell in the Genesee Valley, fighting for the freedom with which our Republic is blest.

The following documents will show the feelings with which the Governor and Senate of the State of New-York, regarded the movements in the Genesee Valley :

## IN SENATE.

BUFFALO, August 19, 1841.

The Senate, now assembled as a Court for the Correction of Errors, having received an invitation from a Committee of Arrangements in the city of Rochester, to unite with them and other citizens of the valley of the Genesee, in rendering honor to the memory of Lieutenant Boyd and his comrades, patriots of the Revolution; and having duly considered the same :

*Resolved*, That the Senate duly appreciate and fully approve of this patriotic movement of their fellow-citizens; but that public duties now resting upon them, forbid their joining therein; and that therefore said invitation is declined.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk of the Senate communicate the foregoing resolution to the said Committee of Arrangements.

S. G. ANDREWS, *Clerk*.

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IN compliance with an invitation from the Rochester Committee of Arrangements, Governor Seward, on the 29th July, wrote that

“It would be a most agreeable duty, if engagements would permit, to accept your invita-



tion to join my fellow-citizens, residing in the vicinity of the Genesee River, in paying just honors to the memory of the patriots who fell in warfare with the savages in the Genesee Valley in the Revolutionary war."

On ascertaining, by a subsequent communication from the committee, that the day fixed for the ceremonial would not conflict with his official duties with the Senate and the troops at Buffalo, (where the Governor was to be on the 16th and other subsequent days of August,) the following answer was sent through the Adjutant General :

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
Albany, August 4, 1841. }

GENTLEMEN—I am directed by the Commander-in-chief to express his thanks for the invitation conveyed in your communication of the 2d inst., and to say, in reply, that, unless detained by unforeseen public business in Buffalo, it will give him great pleasure to unite with you in the ceremonies of the 21st instant.

I am, with great respect, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

RUFUS KING, *Adj't Gen'l.*

To Messrs. H. O'Reilly, L. B. Swan, John Williams, and H. A. Tucker, Committee.

THE wide-spread feeling excited by the proposition for rendering funeral honors to the Revolutionary oldiers who fell in the Genesee Valley, is farther indicated by the following letter from a former resident of Rochester, now State Printer in Michigan, which is inserted here, from its coincidence in sentiment with the documents already printed in this volume :

DETROIT, *June 23, 1841.*

MY DEAR SIR—I observed, with pleasure, a recommendation in one of your journals, that the remains of the gallant BOYD should be removed to Mount-Hope. This recommendation reminded me of a suggestion which I had sooner designed to make to you, to wit: the appropriation of a portion of your beautiful Mount Hope as a receptacle for the remains of all the gallant spirits of the Revolution who are buried in and about your city.

This idea suggested itself to my mind during a recent visit to Rochester, when I saw a neglected grave in your old burying ground, which a rough tomb-stone denoted as belonging to “*a soldier of the Revolution.*”

Do we not owe some such mark of respect to

the memory of those great and good men? An appropriate monument might be erected, as it would be through the munificence of your citizens, which would point those who may come after us, to the resting place of these gallant spirits.

Shall this duty not be performed? Is it not worthy of consideration? I ask you those questions, and leave you to propound them to others.

With sincere esteem,

I remain, yours,

GEO. DAWSON.

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AMONG the few persons from abroad who were specially invited to participate in the ceremonies, Col. Stone and Mr. Wm. W. Campbell of New-York, may be mentioned—the authors of well-known works embodying valuable information respecting the border warfare of the American Revolution.

The “Life of Brant” and the “Annals of Tryon County” are so frequently mentioned in this volume in connexion with Sullivan’s campaign and the fate of Boyd’s party, that the remarks of the authors of those works, upon the

recent ceremonies, may be appropriately inserted in this account of the affair.

It may be premised, that Mr. Campbell's family were among the first settlers of Cherry-Valley in 1740, (the anniversary of which settlement was last year celebrated with becoming spirit in that region,) and few suffered more than that family during the massacre which it was one of the purposes of Sullivan's expedition to avenge. Indeed, some of the relatives of Mr. C. were actually captives among the savages of the Genesee country, during and after that campaign.

Tryon county, at the time of Sullivan's expedition, embraced all the country West of a line running through what is now known as the county of Schoharie : so that the "*Annals of Tryon County*" have reference in fact to all *Western New-York*.

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*Letter from the Author of "Annals of Tryon County," or  
the Border Warfare of the Revolution.*

NEW-YORK, August 1, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR—I received to-day the invitation of the Committee of which you are a member, desiring me to be present and to act as one of the Marshals on the 20th of August, when the re-

mains of Lieut. Boyd and his brave compatriots are to be removed to your own beautiful Mt. Hope.

In the erection of the proposed monument and in the ceremony contemplated, the citizens of your thriving city will give another evidence of their patriotism and their liberality.

I have always thought that our State has not paid sufficient attention to the ashes of her illustrious dead. Where are the monuments of Generals Schuyler and Clinton, Woodhull and Herkimer? The two latter fell fighting in their country's cause, and sealed their attachment with their blood. Congress, immediately after the bloody battle of Oriskany, resolved that they would erect a monument to Gen. Herkimer. More than half a century has gone by, and no sculptured marble, the slight evidence of a country's gratitude, points out to the passer-by the spot where his ashes were deposited. If there be any stone to mark that spot, it has been placed there by the hands of affectionate kindred.

The ashes of the brave Gen. Mercer have recently been transferred to the New Cemetery of Philadelphia, and deposited there with the honors due to his patriotism and his devoted bearing. The example is worthy of imitation.

The mortal remains of Boyd and his fellow-soldiers have long lain in silence and in obscurity. For these remains, Mount Hope is an appropriate resting place. If I am correctly informed, the great Indian path along the borders of the valley of the Genesee River, where

“The hunter of deer and the warrior trode,”

lay directly across the picturesque ground which Rochester has selected as the site of her rural cemetery. The wild war-whoop has doubtless echoed along the sides and through the woods of Mount Hope; but it will probably echo there no more. The ashes of the brave men who fell during the Revolution, will repose there as quietly as the ashes of those who pass away from life in peace and in the presence of their kindred.

It will be very gratifying to me to unite with you in the ceremony proposed, if I can make arrangements to be absent from New-York. Col. Stone is now, I think, at Saratoga.

With my thanks to the Committee, and my best wishes for your future health and prosperity, I am, my dear Sir, truly your friend,

WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

## CHAPTER II.

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### M O V E M E N T S

OF THE

### PEOPLE OF THE GENESEE VALLEY.

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THE people of Livingston county, within whose limits lay the ashes of the honored dead, zealously concurred with the citizens of Rochester, in favoring the proposed solemnities.

Their feelings were happily expressed through the resolutions adopted by a county meeting convened at Geneseo. As some persons doubted the propriety of removing the remains from Livingston county, and as it was desirable that entire cordiality should exist between the people of the different counties on this matter, several prominent citizens of Geneseo issued the following notice for a county convention, that the feelings of the people of Livingston might be freely and decisively manifested for or against the proposed ceremonies.

The proceedings of the Convention thus assembled, rendered that decision emphatic indeed. A copy of the call is herewith published, that the subsequent proceedings may be the better appreciated :

“HONOR TO THE NOBLE DEAD!”

“The undersigned were appointed at a meeting of the citizens of Geneseo, on the 11th inst., as a committee to invite the citizens of this county to meet at the Court-House in Geneseo, on Saturday, the 14th inst., at 2 o’clock, P. M., to take into consideration the proposed removal of the remains of Lieut. Boyd and his companions in arms, from this county, by the citizens of Rochester. *All* who feel an interest in this subject, are earnestly requested to attend punctually at the hour.

“Dated August 12, 1841.”

This notice was signed by C. Metcalf, W. W. Weed, S. P. Allen, E. Clark, Allen Ayrault, W. J. Hamilton, E. P. Metcalf, E. R. Hammatt, D. H. Bissell, C. H. Bryan, C. Colt, L. Turner, S. Treat, W. M. Bond, W. H. Kelsey.



## PROCEEDINGS.

At a meeting of citizens of the county of Livingston, held, pursuant to public notice, at the Court-House in Geneseo, on the 14th day of August, 1841, for the purpose of taking into consideration the proposed removal of the remains of Lieut. Boyd and his companions in arms, from this county, by the citizens of Rochester,

Colonel DAVID A. MILLER was appointed Chairman, and SAMUEL W. SMITH and O. M. WILLEY, Secretaries.

C. H. Bryan, Esq., addressed the meeting on the subject; and, in the course of his remarks, gave a brief but interesting account of the conflict between the Indians and the detachment under Lieut. Boyd, in which the latter was taken prisoner and shortly after put to death by the savages.

Henry O'Reilly of Rochester, at the invitation of the chairman, addressed the meeting on behalf of the committee of that city, in relation to the contemplated removal, and the provision made for the interment of Soldiers of the Revolution in the Cemetery at Mount-Hope. Whereupon,

*Resolved*, That a committee of seven be appointed to report what action is proper to be had by the citizens of this county, at the approaching ceremonies.

The chairman appointed W. W. Weed, W. M. Odell, S. W. Smith, Reuben Sleeper, Mr. Nixon, Allen Ayrault, and Sam'l Lewis, said committee.

The committee made the following report, through Mr. Ayrault :

Your committee having entertained the subject matter committed to them, do most cordially respond to the patriotic feeling evinced by the citizens of Rochester, to do honor to all who participated in the eventful struggle of the Revolution ; and sincerely recommend to the citizens of Livingston county, to unite in the exercises contemplated on the 20th and 21st inst., in the removal of the remains of Lieut. Boyd and his immediate associates, who fell in 1779, in the cause of freedom, while contending with their savage enemies, within the territory now embraced in this county.

The committee, therefore, recommend for the consideration of the meeting, the following resolution :

*Resolved*, That a committee of seven be ap-

pointed, with power to appoint a sub-committee, to make all necessary arrangements for the purpose of conveying to Cuyler the remains of those soldiers of Lieut. Boyd's detachment who fell in Groveland, in time for the exercises of the 20th instant.

The chairman appointed the following persons said committee:—C. H. Bryan, W. T. Cuyler, D. H. Bissell, R. Sleeper, J. Henderson, Horatio Jones, and John R. Murray, jr.

*Resolved*, That said committee be enlarged by the addition of six names. Whereupon,

The chairman appointed the following additional members:—Allen Ayrault, Samuel Treat, E. R. Hammatt, W. W. Weed, W. H. Stanley, and D. P. Bissell.

*Resolved*, That we duly appreciate the praiseworthy and patriotic exertions of the citizens of Rochester, in establishing, in the cemetery at Mount Hope, a suitable place for the public interment in Western New-York of such of the Revolutionary patriots as helped to fight the battles of our country.

D. A. MILLER, *Chairman*.

SAM'L W. SMITH, }  
O. M. WILLEY, } *Secretaries*.

## ARRANGEMENTS IN OTHER PLACES.

THE spirit prevalent through the Genesee Valley may be inferred from these additional particulars, copied from the journals of the time, respecting the proceedings at Scottsville, Mount Morris, &c. :

## SCOTTSVILLE.

In conformity with the request contained in the circular of the Rochester Committee for the removal of the remains of the gallant Boyd and his comrades, to Mount Hope, a meeting was held in *Scottsville*, on Saturday evening, August 14th, to take measures to participate in the ceremonies of that interesting occasion.

On motion of Judge P. Carpenter, a committee of seven, composed of the following gentlemen, was appointed to attend at the ceremonies at Cuyler :—Powel Carpenter, Zephaniah Lewis, John Z. Reed, Peter Sheffer, senior, Levi Lacy, Ira Carpenter, and Freeman Edson.

Another committee, composed of the following gentlemen, was appointed to represent Scottsville in Rochester :—Judge Ira Carpenter, Dr. F. Edson, F. X. Beckwith, William Garbutt, David

McVean, Benjamin Warren, Colonel Finch, General Harmon, General Brown, Martin Goodrich, Joseph Cox, A. T. Lacey, William Reed, Samuel Wood, H. P. Smith, C. Smith, L. C. Andrus, Caleb Allen, O. Cartwright, and E. H. S. Mumford.

F. X. BECKWITH, *Secretary.*

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### MOUNT MORRIS.

The Committee of Arrangements at *Mount Morris*, for co-operating with the citizens of Rochester in rendering honors to the Revolutionary dead, passed the following resolution ; which was enclosed by their chairman (General Mills) to the Rochester Committee of Arrangements :

*Resolved*, That the Mayor and Common Council, the Committee of Arrangements, the Members of the Literary Associations, and the Military Companies of Rochester, be invited to breakfast with the citizens of Mount Morris, on the morning of Friday, the 20th instant.

HENRY SWAN, *Secretary.*

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### GENESEO, &c.

In addition to the proceedings of the county meeting at Geneseo, the following notice was

issued for enabling the people of Geneseo and other eastern towns to unite with the western towns of Livingston, in co-operating with the Rochester arrangements for the funeral ceremonies :

“The committee from Livingston county will accompany the remains to the place of re-interment at Mount Hope. All persons residing on the east side of the Valley and desirous of uniting in the ceremonies of the occasion, are respectfully invited to assemble at Geneseo, on Friday, in season to join the procession from that place, which will move precisely at 11 o'clock, A. M., and arrive at Cuyler before 2 o'clock, P. M. Those residing on the west side, are invited to assemble at the Mound at Cuyler, in season to move with the procession from that place. Revolutionary Soldiers are particularly solicited to unite in the ceremonies of the occasion.

“By order and in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements,

“E. R. HAMMATT, *Secretary.*”

## CHAPTER III.

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### EXHUMATION OF THE RELICS.

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THE spirit manifested by the committees in various parts of the Genesee Valley, was worthy of all commendation.

It may be proper here to introduce the statements made on the part of the committees of Livingston county, respecting the ceremonies at the disinterment of the remains at Groveland and at Cuyler or Leicester.

The reader will bear in mind, that the remains of the party who fell in battle under Boyd, were buried where they fell, in what is now the town of Groveland ; while the bodies of Boyd and Parker were buried at the junction of the streams in the town of Leicester, beside the new village of Cuyler, between Geneseo and Moscow. The following communication was made to the Roches-

ter Committee by the spirited Committee of Livingston County, through their Secretary, Mr. Hammatt: (the names of the committee are included in the foregoing account of the proceedings of the County Convention)—

GENESEO, *August 16, 1841.*

DEAR SIR—By this mail I send you a copy of our village paper, containing a sketch of the Order of Arrangements on the part of this county, for doing honor to the remains of the gallant Boyd and his associates. At a subsequent meeting, we shall mature our plans, the result of which I will send you by Thursday's mail.

To-day, a delegation from our Committee have been to Groveland; and, after a vigorous search, succeeded in finding a portion of the remains interred there. After digging over a small space of ground, they were eminently successful in their search, having found quite a number of bones, some in a tolerable state of preservation, and others more decayed—many teeth perfectly sound, &c. From information derived from some of the oldest settlers, but little doubt existed as to the identity of the remains with those they sought. Before leaving the ground, however, *all* doubt



was removed by the discovery of four lead or pewter buttons in excellent preservation, and distinctly marked "U. S. A." These, with the remains, have been brought to our village; and to-morrow we propose to prosecute the search still farther. Our committee learned from some old settlers who were present, that the ground had been explored some thirty-four years ago; and at that time many bones were discovered, which were either removed at the time, or left exposed to the action of the atmosphere, and consequently soon decomposed. Many relics were also carried off at the time, such as buttons, parts of military dresses, &c. I will communicate the result of our farther search.

We understand that letters have been addressed by your committee to two nephews of Lieutenant Boyd, residing in Pennsylvania. Will you please communicate the substance of their replies, in order that our orator may avail himself of any incidents they may communicate?

You will notice by the paper I send, that our committee propose accompanying the remains to Mount Hope. As there will be but few of us, could we not do so in one of the boats which will come up with the Rochester delegation?

We have written to Maj. Van Campen, requesting him to assist at the ceremonies; but, as yet, have not received his reply.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am, dear Sir, in behalf of the Committee, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

E. R. HAMMATT, *Secretary.*

To HENRY O'REILLY,

*Chairman, &c.*

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S T A T E M E N T .

WE, the undersigned inhabitants of Cuylerville, in Livingston county, deem it proper to make the following record of the proceedings connected with the removal to Mount Hope of the remains of the party sent from Sullivan's army to reconnoitre the savages in Genesee Valley, in the Revolutionary War.

Excavations, made during several days, resulted, on the 7th of August, in the discovery of some remains at the junction of the streams where historical and traditionary accounts state that the bodies of Boyd and Parker were buried, after they were tortured to death—they having been taken

prisoners when their twenty comrades were killed in battle. These streams unite at Cuylerville, near the site of the Indian settlement formerly known as Little-Beard's Town, the chief point against which Sullivan's army directed their operations in the Genesee Valley ; and their junction is midway between Geneseo and Moscow, a few rods from the main road. They were found partly overgrown by the roots of decayed plum-trees, within a few feet of the edge of the bank of the united streams. They were disinterred in the presence of between twenty and thirty persons, including Captain David Shepard, of Geneseo, Henry O'Reilly, Lieut. Cheney of the Rochester Grays, and George Byington of the same city. The remainder of the spectators were residents of this town, along with us.

The relics, as disinterred, were examined particularly by Dr. Garlock, formerly of Canandaigua, and now of this place ; who recognized most of them as parts of two skeletons, which, from the position in which they were found, left not a doubt on the minds of any one present, as to their being the remains of the ill-fated Boyd and Parker. These remains were kept in this village, in charge

of one of the Livingston County Committee, from that time to the 20th of August—being meantime examined, during that fortnight, by many persons from the neighboring towns, who called to witness the erection of the mound at the junction of the streams where these brave men met their fate.

On the mound raised at the junction of the streams, near this place, we hope soon to erect a monument to mark the spot more distinctly. It should be added, that the thousands of people who were present at the ceremonies, (estimated at from six to eight thousand persons,) consummated the proceedings of the solemn occasion, by passing with acclamation the resolution offered by one of the Rochester Committee, that the spot should be still more effectually marked by naming the streams *Boyd's Creek* and *Parker's Creek*, as a perpetual memento of the fate of those brave soldiers, and of the farthest Western point to which the American army pursued the British and Savages during the Revolutionary War.

SEYMOUR L. PHELPS,  
EDWARD MUNSEL,  
A. H. NIVEN,  
W. T. CUYLER.

*Cuylerville, September, 1841.*

## CHAPTER IV.

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### CEREMONIES

AT THE

DELIVERY OF THE REMAINS IN LIVINGSTON.

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THE concurrence of sentiment between the people of Livingston and those in Monroe county who manifested an interest in the subject, led to a satisfactory co-operation in rendering the last honors to the heroic dead.

The movements from Rochester were characterized with the precision which usually marks the operations of the spirited Military Companies that chiefly figured in the ceremonies.

Pursuant to arrangements between the General Committees of Monroe and Livingston counties, the Corporation and Military Companies of Rochester left that city on the afternoon of the 19th August, in a flotilla of boats, five in number—three of which were furnished gratuitously, with

the usual liberality of Colonel John Allen of the Clinton Line—another by Mr. Sidney Allen, also an enterprising and liberal-minded forwarder of Rochester—the fifth being a packet.

On board of these boats, five military companies embarked—Williams' Light Infantry, under Capt. Gibbs; the Union Grays, under Captain Swan; the City Cadets, under Capt. Tucker; the Rochester Artillery, under Captain Davis; and the German Grenadiers, under Captain Klein. With these companies, there went several invited guests—Major-General Stevens and suite, Capt. Eaton of the United States Army, Mr. Shepard of the Rochester Democrat, and others, including several members of the General Committee of Arrangements who were not attached to any military corps.

The Mayor, ELLIAH F. SMITH, with Aldermen Southerin, J. I. Robins, H. Witbeck, and Stephen Charles, as representatives of the Corporation of Rochester, (which body had formally accepted an invitation to participate in the ceremonies,) proceeded in carriages for the scene of action in Livingston county.

The military movements were directed by Col.

AMOS SAWYER, who had been elected commandant for the occasion ; and, from the embarkation of the troops at Rochester on the 19th, till the return of the flotilla with the remains on the morning of the 21st, the whole movements were so fully in accordance with all the previous arrangements, as to reflect credit alike on the promptness of that officer and on the discipline of the troops who had selected him as marshal on this interesting occasion.

The editor of the Rochester Democrat, Mr. Shepard, who participated in the scenes he describes, thus referred in his journal to the progress of the flotilla and the ceremonies in Livingston county :

“ As we progressed up the Genesee Valley Canal, we saw evident tokens of a laudable public feeling, in the bonfires which were kindled at the principal villages, and the countless groups assembled to bear testimony to their reverence for the heroes of the Revolution, as well as approbation of the patriotism which had prompted this enterprise. At Scottsville, Captain ELNATHAN PERRY, of West Rush, one of Sullivan’s men, in the 81st year of his age, joined our party, and

bore his proportion of the fatigues of the next day, apparently with as little inconvenience as any of us. In the morning, passing through Cuylerville, which was already alive with spectators, we went to Mount-Morris to breakfast. Here every thing was in readiness, prepared by the liberality of its citizens ; and after the repast, and a march by the troops through the several streets, we returned to Cuylerville, where we found such masses of people as seldom congregate on any occasion ; proving satisfactorily that the people of Livingston county did not consider the attempt to commemorate the heroism and virtues of those who achieved our liberties, an unmeaning ceremony, or unworthy of their countenance and co-operation.

“The military companies and many of the citizens dined under a bower, while the committees, the survivors of the Revolution, the Mayor and Common Council, Maj. Gen. STEVENS and staff, and other guests, were very hospitably entertained by Colonel CUYLER, at his beautiful residence in the grove on the hill.

“The procession was then formed and proceeded to the mound, some three-quarters of a mile east of the canal. The bones had been dc-



posited in an urn, and after a dirge played with much effect by the band, on the very spot where, sixty-two years ago, the savage yells of Little Beard and his blood-thirsty rangers had been the only requiem of the two dying patriots, (Boyd and Parker,) they were slowly borne away, with the sarcophagus containing the ashes of their comrades, followed by the thousands who had there collected from Geneseo and the eastern extremes of the county. [The citizens from Geneseo, &c., had brought with them to that spot the relics of Boyd's soldiers who fell in Groveland—which were thus united with the ashes of their gallant officer in the honors paid to their heroism by the people of another age, who are enjoying the blessings of that freedom for which those soldiers fell bravely fighting.] On reaching the large grove of stately oaks near Col. Cuyler's house, where a platform and seats had been erected, the vast concourse, (the lowest estimate of which, that we heard, was five thousand,) was called to order, a dirge was played by the band, and the Throne of Grace addressed by the Rev. Mr. GILLETT, of Moscow. Major MOSES VAN CAMPEN, aged 85, and Mr. SANBURN, aged 79, sat on the platform

by the side of Capt. PERRY, all of whom had been actively employed in Sullivan's expedition. Mr. S. was the man who first discovered the mangled bodies of Boyd and Parker in the grass. There were also several other time-honored Soldiers of the Revolution present. After another dirge, Mr. SAMUEL TREAT, Principal of the Seminary at Geneseo, addressed the audience in a strain of eloquence and manly feeling, highly honorable to him as a historian and scholar, giving in the introduction a detail of the massacres at Cherry Valley, Wyoming, &c., which led to the destruction of the wigwams and corn-patches that once covered the now prolific valley which lay spread out before us. As the address is to be published, and should be in every family in Livingston, Genesee and Monroe, we shall attempt no outline of it."

That address is published herewith—forming the main body of this volume, and we will only now quote from it the concluding passages, wherein the orator particularly addressed the Rochester troops, to whose charge the ashes of the worthy dead were delivered for interment on the Hill of the Revolutionary Patriots at Mount-Hope. "Soldiers!" exclaimed the orator—

“Soldiers! yours is a proud duty this day. You have been selected as worthy recipients of these precious relics of an age of glory, to perform the last solemn honors to their memories. For more than a half century they have lain on the very spot where they fell; and nought but the sacred purpose for which we now commit them to your charge, could induce us to suffer their removal. You know the story of their heroism and of their sufferings. You have learned the perils they generously braved; and how, at the call of duty, their blood was poured forth freely in their country’s cause. We feel assured you do, as we would have you at this hour, regard this as no idle pageant. As you bear these honored relics to their final resting place, remember their high virtues and cherish their undying fame. You are now to receive from the hands of their only surviving comrades, all that remains of as noble a band as the annals of history can boast. In the hour of danger, the remembrance of Marathon and Thermopylæ aroused the soldiers of Athens and Sparta to deeds of the noblest daring. If, hereafter, our soil should be invaded by a foreign foe, look on the hill which overhangs your noble city, and

remember there lies a soldier bold and fearless as even Leonidas. Be mindful of the noble example he has bequeathed. Fear no danger—shrink from no duty, however hazardous—be ever ready at your country's call. If, in the doubtful hour of the perilous conflict, an emotion of terror should ever, but for a moment, steal over your brave spirits, call up this hour, when, beneath the gaze of a thousand eyes, you were entrusted with the sacred duty of paying the last honors to the noble dead; and, from the hands of those who had themselves perilled all for freedom, received the sacred trust now to be committed to your charge. Forget not, that, relying on your heroism and virtue, the citizens of Livingston county have deemed you worthy of this high duty; and urged upon you to emulate the example of the gallant Boyd—his disregard of a death far more painful than that on the battle-field, rather than, even by a word, fail in his duty to his country—that the threats of his captor, the intimidations of the savage foe, the most exquisite and lingering torture fiendlike malice could invent—the instinctive love of life, the endearments of kindred, the bereavement of a widowed mother, the dread of lying an unburied

corpse, a prey to the wild beasts of the forest, with no pitying eye to tell his fate—that not one nor all of the most powerful motives which can move the human heart, could stifle, even for a moment, his undying *love of country*.

“Soldiers! one of the few surviving officers, Major Moses Van Campen, our presiding officer, and the old schoolmate and companion in arms of the gallant Boyd, is now standing before you, to perform, in behalf of himself and of his venerable comrades, and in the name of Livingston county, the sacred duty of committing to you these honored relics.

“Listen to his words, and call to mind his own matchless heroism and virtues—those of one worthy of this high duty—the brave soldier and patriot surrendering to the soldiers of another age, the precious remains of his own patriotic and lion-hearted comrades, that they may receive, at the hands of a grateful posterity, the honors which are ever the just due of heroism and virtue.”

The venerable Major VAN CAMPEN, as President of the day, then addressed the vast assemblage by which he was surrounded :

FELLOW CITIZENS—We no longer hear the war

whoop of the savages. We are no longer alarmed by the martial drum calling us to arms. We no longer hear the roaring of cannon nor the din of small arms. We are no longer shocked by the cries of the wounded nor the groans of the dying. We no longer see the fertile fields of our country stained with the blood of your fathers and of my companions in arms. But we see the relics of those patriotic youths who shed their blood for the rights of man, deposited in that sacred urn before you.

Gentlemen of the Committees! Citizens and Soldiers of the counties of Monroe and Livingston! You have conferred upon me the honor of presiding on this day, on this important and interesting occasion.

I confess I want ability to discharge the duty connected with the deep interest felt on this occasion; yet I feel happy in doing what I can to commemorate the scenes which are this day brought before us.

It will not be necessary for me to say much, after the interesting and eloquent address which we have just heard. Yet, I must say that I little expected to live to see the time when the remains

of some of my companions in youth, and all of them my companions in arms, whose blood was shed in the glorious struggle for the liberty and independence of our country, and shed on the soil of Livingston county; and whose patriotic remains, for sixty-two years have been mouldering in her dust—should here, this day be presented to the view of this great assembly.

How different do they appear to me now, from what they did sixty-two years ago, when I saw them in the vigor of life and in the bloom of youth!

Aye! my noble Boyd! could your immortal spirit witness the scenes of this day, methinks it would rejoice to see your old friend and companion making a surrender of your mortal remains and those of your brave men who fell a sacrifice to the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage—surrendering you to the honorable committee and associations from Rochester, who have prepared for you a resting place till you are called from the slumbering dust by the voice of your God.

And you, gentlemen, that have taken so honorable a part in the scenes of this day, your names

are worthy of a page in the history of our country, for this act of patriotism.

Gentlemen ! I now, with these my worthy companions, and the only two surviving members present of the army of Gen. Sullivan, and IN THE NAME OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE COUNTY OF LIVINGSTON, surrender to you these sacred relics for an honorable interment at Mount Hope, where you will pay to them the highest tribute of respect. Gentlemen, they are yours.

The Mayor of the City of Rochester, the Hon. E. F. SMITH, then responded to the sentiments expressed by the venerable VAN CAMPEN.

As one of the Committee appointed on behalf of the citizens and military companies of Rochester, he said, he was impressed with the solemnity of the trust which the people of the Genesee Valley had now transferred to the inhabitants of that city. Appropriate honors, long deferred, had been paid by the multitude here assembled, to the manes of those gallant Soldiers whose life-blood first moistened this valley in the cause of freedom. The remains of those heroic men, now transferred for interment on the Revolutionary Hill at Mount Hope, imposed on the citizens of Rochester a duty



which he was confident would be sacredly discharged—the duty of rendering their resting-place in that cemetery an appropriate mausoleum for those whose services in the cause of freedom entitled them to honor in death as in life.

Yet, he remarked, it was proper to disclaim, on the part of his fellow-citizens, any feeling merely local or sectional. The Revolutionary Hill in Mount Hope Cemetery is designed not merely for the reception of the Revolutionary patriots who may die in Rochester, but for all of the gallant seventy-sixers “who have died or may die in the Valley of the Genesee:” And whose remains more worthy of the first honors, than those of the intrepid soldiers who fell with Boyd in this beautiful valley—the extreme Western point to which the flag of freedom was borne during our glorious Revolution?

The corporation of Rochester, he added, had liberally appropriated a suitable eminence for this hallowed purpose; and the patriotic feeling which characterised the ceremonies thus far, afforded ample guaranty that the people, not merely of Rochester, but of the whole Genesee Valley, would, through long ages, guard with filial care

the resting place of those Fathers of American Freedom who boldly pledged honor and life for the defence of their country, in the "times that tried men's souls."

The following preamble and resolution were then proposed by HENRY O'REILLY, the chairman of the Rochester Committee of Arrangements, and unanimously adopted :

"Assembled for the solemn purpose of rendering funeral honors to the gallant soldiers of Sullivan's army who fell fighting for freedom against the British and savage forces in the Revolutionary War, the thousands here collected from the Genesee Valley, do solemnly

"*Resolve*, That the streams at whose junction was buried the mangled bodies of Boyd and Parker, one of which streams has hitherto been nameless, and the other named after the savage chief whose ferocity was signalized by the shocking tortures of the gallant Boyd—shall hereafter be named in honor of those fallen soldiers—the latter, *Boyd's Creek*, and the former *Parker's Creek*—that those streams and the mound at their junction may commemorate the names and services of those martyrs through all time, 'while grass grows and water runs.' "

## CHAPTER V.

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### RETURN OF THE ROCHESTER TROOPS, AND PROCESSION TO MOUNT HOPE.

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THE return of the procession to Rochester was characterized by the same good order and patriotic feeling which distinguished the proceedings already described.

“After reciprocal interchanges of courtesy between the Committees of Livingston and Monroe counties,” says Mr. Shepard in his narrative of the expedition, and after directing that the proceedings of the whole ceremony should be published along with the oration and other remarks delivered on the occasion, “the Rochester Military took their departure with the remains an hour before sunset, highly gratified with the courtesies which had been extended to them by the citizens of Livingston county.

“ Soon after leaving Cuylerville, stretching the eye across the valley, we had a fine view of the pleasant village of Geneseo, with its neatly painted dwellings, churches, and county buildings; and such was the brilliancy of the ‘ sky-lit west,’ that the reflected rays from the windows had all the effect upon our vision of a general and most superb illumination—an illusion which was much in keeping with the enthusiasm its citizens had manifested during the day.

“ Our military companies never looked better on any occasion, and we trust the beneficial tendency of their excursions will ever be to assimilate us in feeling with the neighboring villages, as our interests are identical.

“ The arrival of the flotilla at Rochester was announced at sunrise by firing the national salute. At 10 o’clock the troops, upon the tolling of the bells, assembled in front of the place where the boats were moored; and after going through various evolutions, formed into procession and moved towards Mount Hope.

“ When the immense cavalcade got in motion, it presented a scene highly interesting and imposing. The procession extended as far as the eye

could reach—consisting of double, and sometimes treble rows of carriages, besides large numbers on horseback. Thousands of spectators lined the sides of the streets, or appeared at the windows, in the numerous balconies, and on the tops of houses. Every eminence and elevated place was crowded with people. Along the whole line of march from the city to Mount Hope, the road-sides were thronged with foot-passengers wending their way to the scene of the final ceremonies.

The escort to Mount Hope, was arranged as follows, but in *reversed order* :

GOVERNOR SEWARD—CHANCELLOR WHITTLESEY,  
 ADJUTANT-GENERAL RUFUS KING,  
 SURGEON-GENERAL McNAUGHTON,  
 MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. GRANGER, and  
 COLONEL GEORGE W. BEMIS of Ontario county,  
 MAJOR-GENERAL HESTOR L. STEVENS,  
 BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH WOOD,  
 BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. E. LATHROP,  
 COLONEL JOHN ALLEN,  
 COLONEL E. DARWIN SMITH,  
 COLONEL JASON BASSETT and STAFF,  
 LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GOODHUE,  
 MAJOR AMON BRONSON,  
 MAJOR SAMUEL RICHARDSON,  
 MAJOR WILLIAM CHURCHILL,  
 C. H. BRYAN, *Chairman*—S. TREAT, *Orator*, and  
 W. H. KELSEY of *Livingston county Committee*,  
 CHAIRMAN AND MEMBERS OF ROCHESTER COMMITTEE,  
 MAYOR AND ALDERMEN OF THE CITY OF ROCHESTER,  
 REV. MESSRS. TUCKER, CARLTON and TOOKER,  
 REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS—PALL-BEARERS,  
 THE HEARSE, URN, &c.

## 54 WILLIAMS' LIGHT INFANTRY—UNION GRAYS.

COL. AMOS SAWYER, MARSHAL OF THE DAY.

## WILLIAMS' LIGHT INFANTRY.

*Commissioned Officers.*

MAJOR JOHN WILLIAMS,

CAPTAIN GEORGE A. GIBBS, | 1st LIEUT. JAMES MILLER,  
2d LIEUT. J. C. CAMPBELL.*Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates.*

H. Shears, Junior,	E. Ide,	J. K. Anderson,
George R. Thomas,	David McKay,	Thomas T. Gilman,
Henry C. Church,	John B. Dewey,	M. H. Swift,
C. H. Sholtus,	Timothy Dunn,	H. Gaul,
J. B. Lockwood,	E. McGeara,	H. McDonnell,
M. Witbeck,	Geo. W. Dingman,	W. Putnam,
F. H. Marshall,	J. B. Southworth,	Cornelius Fielding,
William Jewell,	C. Brown,	S. W. Harris,
Robert A. Hall,	D. C. Roberts,	W. Curtiss,
J. Putnam,	James Henderson,	E. Scoville,
George Whitney,	J. Henry Tucker,	W. R. Gorden,
J. M. Whitney,	Charles C. Lunt,	H. Grinnell,
William C. Storrs,	C. Bristol,	Jacob Howe,
F. F. Parker,	Samuel Kershaw,	C. F. Randolph,

## ROCHESTER UNION GRAYS.

*Commissioned Officers.*

CAPTAIN L. B. SWAN,

1st LIEUT. W. H. CHENEY, | 2d LIEUT. N. R. CHILD,  
1st LIEUT. H. P. DANNALS, | ENSIGN GEO. W. FISHER.*Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates.*

Ariel Wentworth,	H. W. Bowker,	J. Y. Dannals,
Daniel Osborn,	John Fairbanks,	Charles Hubbell,
Nicol Beard,	C. C. Lathrop,	E. B. Collins,
William M. Hayes,	P. P. Thayer,	J. Graham Klinck,
William H. Beach,	Frederick Peck,	James Wilkin,
S. L. Wright,	John Wegman,	John H. Babcock,
James Crouch,	Mason A. Fisher,	J. C. Hyatt,
P. B. Loomis,	J. Calhoun,	V. R. Jackson,
Heman Loomis,	W. C. Brown,	Amos Van Brunt,
George F. Hall,	O. Robinson,	Alfred Judson,
David Moody,	S. Garbutt,	T. D. Jackson,
E. D. McKillip,	E. W. Bryan,	
A. H. Huntley,	David H. Cantley,	

## ROCHESTER CITY CADETS.

*Commissioned Officers.*

CAPTAIN HIRAM A. TUCKER,

1st LIEUT. J. L. ELWOOD, | 2d LIEUT. D. M. DEWEY.

*Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates.*

George B. Bingham,	W. B. Howe,	George Wells,
I. W. Leonard,	E. S. Church,	W. W. Smith,
Charles Winn,	L. S. Hoyt,	William Dumont,
E. J. Moore,	B. E. Stevens,	William W. Bruff,
William Weyburn,	J. O. Kilbourn,	Charles Townsend,
J. H. Fink,	A. A. Schenck,	C. W. Morgan,
Adam McClure,	J. H. Morrison,	George Adams,
Cha's D. Robinson,	Francis S. Rew,	Isaac Messler,
Geo. L. G. Seeyle,	M. F. Stilwell,	J. G. Stebbins,
A. A. Bingham,	Samuel Jillson,	William P. Wilson,
A. H. Ball,	E. C. Johnson,	J. S. Wilson.
Thomas McGregor,	H. M. Waterman,	

## GERMAN GRENADIERS.

*Commissioned Officers.*

CAPTAIN PETER KLEIN,

1st LIEUT. G. ELLWANGER, | 2d LIEUTENANT A. KIEFER.

*Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates.*

P. Schweitzer,	L. Franklin,	L. Weiss,
F. Kunzy,	F. Lauer,	G. Merklinger.
R. Schneeberger,	F. Heidacker,	F. Hengen,
G. Shale,	J. Beggy,	M. Huber,
G. Neier,	C. Abersold,	W. Gerber,
J. Walter,	G. Schirck,	W. Maurer,
E. Huck,	J. Ziegler,	R. Heid,
B. Schœffel,	G. Dieterich,	F. Foss,
J. Weber,	J. Henky,	K. Listmann.
F. Golsong,	K. Knopf,	

## ROCHESTER ARTILLERY CORPS.

*Commissioned Officers.*

CAPTAIN HIRAM DAVIS,

1st LIEUT. N. B. ELLISON, | 2d LIEUT. G. S. JENNINGS.

*Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates.*

John Wilson,	Nath'l Thompson,	Otis Potter,
Edwin N. Brown,	Cha's E. Jennings,	Benjamin Gilbert,
R. W. Underhill,	N. B. Gardner,	Thomas Gordon,
T. W. Van Vleck,	Joseph Gilbert,	Lewis Gilbert,
Henry Alexander,	Thomas Hurley,	Tho's A. Jennings,
Jos'h Hawksworth,	George Wilson,	J. D. Potter,
Peter P. Mellen,	James Patterson,	Lewis Troupe.
James Howland,	Henry Rice,	

## FIRE DEPARTMENT.

## FIRE ENGINE COMPANY NUMBER FOUR.

JOSIAH W. BISSELL, FOREMAN,

H. HAIGHT, 1st Ass'T FORE'M,	H. F. SMITH, SECRETARY,
E. BROWN, 2d do. do.	T. HAWKS, STAND'D BEARER.

Elijah F. Willson,	James Riley,	James H. Goodman,
Lucius Bell,	George Riley,	F. F. Parker,
E. K. Blythe,	Henry Riley,	J. W. Arnold,
Timothy B. Grant,	George Toby,	James Decker,
Newell A. Stone,	B. F. Young,	C. G. McKnight,
Samuel W. Haight,	F. Breck,	James W. Bingham,
S. P. Williams,	William Dumont,	Matthew Witbeck,
H. S. Fairchild,	James Frink,	R. Allen,
J. Hawks, jun.,	W. H. Perry,	J. M. Chappell,
W. Y. Andrews,	J. M. Weeks,	Augustus Pardee,
James Gorsline,	H. Granger,	Jacob Strong,
N. F. Bradstreet,	W. Anderson,	J. H. Hayes,
J. E. Murdock,	C. W. Carr,	J. Dawsey,
Albert L. Wakelee,	E. J. Pratt,	George Bixby,
James Covert,	J. D. Robinson,	S. W. Dibble.
William Riley,	H. Jackson,	



FIRE ENGINE COMPANY NUMBER SIX.

JOHN I. REILLY, FOREMAN,

JNO. COWLES, ASS'T FOREMAN, | S. B. LANGWORTHY, SEC'Y.

Junius Judson,	J. E. Walker,	A. W. Redding,
M. B. Bateham,	R. F. Warren,	David Hyatt,
Ira Haskins,	D. L. Barhydt,	John T. Fox,
James H. Kelly,	G. W. Polly,	William Andrews,
William H. Burtiss,	Francis Brown,	A. Karnes,
B. L. Soullard,	D. P. Brown,	T. B. Forsyth,
Elijah Howard,	U. B. Sheldon,	Warren Burtiss,
Ira Justin,	T. O. Dudley,	James H. Benson,
Thomas Cunningham,	H. S. Brace,	Samuel Palmer,
Alonzo Bennet,	Farrington Price,	John Hinkston,
W. L. Raymond,	J. H. Halpin,	F. H. Marshall,
C. A. Bourgoins,	James Cowles,	A. G. Matlack,
T. J. Langworthy,	John Heaphy,	Hiram Brush.

RE-INTERMENT OF BOYD AND HIS COMRADES.

Written impromptu, while the procession was moving to Mt. Hope.

BY D. W. CHAPMAN.

With drooping flag and muffled drum,  
And slow and measured tread,  
Behold ! on their proud march they come,  
The bearers of the dead—  
The old and glorious dead !—who fell  
Upon the blood-red field,  
Where loud, amidst the battle's swell,  
The fearful war-cry pealed.

In vain against the savage foe  
They waged unequal strife—  
With deadly aim and clanging blow  
They yielded life on life ;

'Till all that gallant band thus gave  
Their blood to the conflict ground ;  
And Boyd—the hapless and the brave !—  
A warrior's exit found.

Not then the teeming field and plain  
Their golden treasures spread :  
The wild-wood, o'er the martyr'd slain,  
Its shadows thickly shed :  
But now above their sleep of gloom,  
A grateful people throng ;  
And to their consecrated tomb,  
Bear their proud dust along.

Amidst the lengthened train that sweeps  
In solemn grandeur by,  
What eye but with emotion weeps,  
(The full heart throbbing high !)  
To hail the scarred and veteran band  
That moves sublimely there !—  
The blessings of a grateful land  
Rest on their silver hair !

Pass on ! and to their honored rest  
Those hallowed ashes bear ;  
And they beneath the green hill's breast  
Their hero-grave shall share.  
For us and for their own loved land,  
Their blood and lives they gave—  
Should we not give, with kindly hand,  
For that free soil, a grave ?

## CHAPTER VI.

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### ADDRESSES AT MOUNT HOPE.

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“UPON arriving at Mount Hope, where a vast assemblage of people were awaiting the arrival of the procession,” says the writer already quoted, “the Military Companies formed a line around the Hill designated as the burial place of the Revolutionary Patriots ; where the sarcophagus and urn were deposited in their final resting place. A short and impressive address, dedicating the ground to its peculiar purpose, was delivered by the Rev. ELISHA TUCKER, of this city, and who also, in the absence of Dr. WHITEHOUSE, read the Funeral Service of the Episcopal Church over the grave.”

The Commander-in-chief of the Military of the State, Gov. SEWARD, was then introduced to the assemblage by Chancellor WHITTLESEY, and said—

FELLOW CITIZENS !—In complying with the request of the Committee of Arrangements, I perhaps

owe it both to you and myself to state, as an apology for the incompleteness of the desultory remarks which I may make, that I reached your city some considerable time after the procession in honor of the remains deposited in this beautiful and sacred spot, had taken up its line of march.

It was not until just as that procession was entering this consecrated ground, that I was able to join its lengthened files. The occasion which has called out that procession and collected the thousands which I see gathered around me, is, of itself, sufficiently interesting and impressive to require no adventitious aid from the address of a stranger, and no additional interest from the remarks of a mere extemporaneous speaker. It is an occasion, of itself, both eloquent and solemn.

It is, perhaps, fitting and proper that, as a Representative of the People of the State, I should here, on their behalf, and as representing them as well as myself, unite in this public manner in these ceremonies, the occasion of which is a matter of so much public interest to this State, and which its whole people must contemplate with satisfaction.

There is a history in the mouldering remains contained in that urn—a history which carries us

back to a time when these United States were colonies of a powerful nation, and struggling with that nation against oppression and for the preservation of their just rights. It was one (and not among the lightest) of the grievances of which these colonies complained, that the British king "had endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguishing destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions."

These bones, gathered from their more than sixty-years resting place, remind us of the truth and justice of this complaint. We are carried back in memory to the times of the Revolution—to the daring, the perils, and the patriotism of our forefathers. We recall to our minds the perilous struggles with the mixed enemies of the savage and civilized races. There is before us a vivid picture of the battles on the Mohawk—of the massacres of Wyoming and Cherry-Valley, and all the horrors of a warfare with the Indians, whose savage propensities were stimulated and directed by the more refined ingenuity of their British allies.

The whole western part of this State was then a wilderness—a hive, from which hordes of sava-

ges, at the instigation of their civilized associates, swarmed upon the settlements of our fathers and visited them with destruction and ruin.

To prevent these frequent and bloody inroads, Gen. Sullivan was despatched with an army to clear this vast forest of its savage tenants. With this army he penetrated the untrodden wilderness, far beyond the verge of the territory which the foot of the white man had pressed. He reached, at a point some distance above us, the beautiful valley of the river whose waters we see through the forest verdure, glancing in the sun-beam. He drove the Indians from their wigwams and their corn-fields ; and was so successful in his expedition, that it virtually closed the history of Indian warfare in this State.

To those whose remains are before us, the expedition was not so fortunate. While near the waters of the Lake Conesus, Gen. Sullivan despatched a scouting party from his army, under the command of Lieut. Boyd. Their movements were watched. They were ambushed by an overwhelming force of British and Indians ; and the whole party, with one exception, paid the forfeit of their lives for their attachment to their

country. Most of them died as soldiers would wish to die—in the field—while fighting for their country. Two of them perished by wasting and painful torture ; and they all found, in the depths of the wilderness, a forest-grave.

We see, in this event, a brief record of what our fathers suffered in the achievement of our independence—their sufferings in the wilderness—death in battle—and death by torture. The bones before us are the remains of some of those who thus suffered. We know not all their names. No history has put on record their names or their deeds. We simply know that *they fell in defence of their country* ; and knowing only this, we see here the proud spectacle of a whole people—a free people—assembled here to do honor to these dry bones gathered from among the clods of the valley.

This is equally an honor to virtue and patriotism in the past, and an encouragement to virtue and patriotism in the future. It is because they DID THEIR DUTY, and FELL in doing their duty, that we are doing honor to their mouldering remains.

God forgive the man who does not feel his blood grow warmer at the recollection of the daring, the devotion, the patriotism, of those who thus acted and thus fell !

For more than sixty years they have slept uncoffined in their graves, unhonored and unknown. Their remains are now removed to an appropriate sepulchre, with those demonstrations of honor and respect worthy of their devotion and patriotism.

Is there not a moral lesson inculcated by all this?

The reverend gentleman who preceded us in the order of this day's services, has read to you from the sacred volume, that "man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live: He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower." But if his days be short, are they not long enough to do some good—to practice some virtue—to perform some patriotic deed for his country? And if the flower be cut down, may not its fragrance survive and fill the whole land with its perfume?

The remains of those patriots whose ashes found no shrine save their rude resting-place upon the banks of the river which passes this spot, are now, after the lapse of more than sixty years, gathered, with solemn and touching ceremonies, by the people of this great and free republic, as the brightest jewels in her coronet.

A few words more, and I have done.

We have passed those epochs in our national



existence, which connected our history with the aborigines of this continent. The red man has retired before the pale faces. Their wars with their pilgrim guests—their wars with each other and the whites, stimulated and excited by two contending European nations—and their strife with the United States after the War of Independence—have all contributed to drive back the red man, and give the country to civilization and the whites.

At the time those men fell, whose remains we have assembled to honor and deposit in this appropriate resting place, the country which we now look out upon, teeming with beauty and fertility, was one wide, unbroken wilderness. The very spot upon which we now stand, and the spot upon which those men fell, was then far beyond the verge of civilization. All beyond the Genesee, the Niagara, the Ohio, the Mississippi, was the forest-home of the Indian savage.

Behold the change! The tide of civilization has rolled on and on—has passed the Genesee, the Niagara, the Mississippi, even to the Pacific ocean!

Look about you, and behold a country teeming with population, beautiful in its fertility, and rejoicing in its civilization. Providence has scat-

tered his blessings bountifully among us, and man has availed himself of the resources which God has placed within his reach. Much of this we owe to the perils encountered and achievements performed by those gallant men whose bones have been this day here gathered, and to their compatriots in arms ; and we should ever treasure their memory with grateful recollection.

This nation is now so strong that it has no external enemy to fear : But while we may safely defy alike savage aggressions and foreign force, we must be the more careful to guard against the progress of vice and corruption among ourselves.

From this day's ceremonies, and the long train of events which it brings in review before the mind, we may learn two lessons—one, the duty of serving our country in time of need, if that time should come, at every peril and every hazard—the other, to guard against the progress of vice and corruption among ourselves—remembering that *virtue and intelligence* are the *only guarantees* alike of *individual happiness* and of *political liberty*.

The remarks of the Rev. Mr. TUCKER, consecrating the Hill for the interment of the Revolutionary dead, formed an appropriate conclusion for

the solemn ceremonies. " Thus closed a scene intensely interesting, and highly creditable to the people of the Genesee Valley; who have done themselves lasting honor in the spontaneous movement for rendering honor to the Revolutionary dead."

"Fellow citizens!" exclaimed the reverend orator, who was accompanied by the Rev'd. Messrs. **TOOKER** and **CARLTON** in dedicating the grounds—

**FELLOW CITIZENS!**—The man who could treat with neglect, or look with indifference upon, the small remnant of Revolutionary heroes now left among us—who, with whitened locks and tottering limbs, are standing upon the very outskirts of the world—must be considered as lost to all the emotions of patriotism and piety :

And to us it seems alike impossible that the patriot or the Christian should contemplate the history of those who suffered unto death in the defence of their country, but with reverence and affection. As he thinks of the self-denial which they practiced, the danger which they braved, and the death they met, he *must* desire that their names and their virtues may be had in everlasting remembrance.

Your determination, fellow citizens, not to allow these ashes to remain unhonored in the midst

of a population in the quiet possession of the principles and privileges which their sacrifices and blood contributed to purchase, is worthy of the enlightened and patriotic character of the inhabitants of this fertile valley. It is worthy of these *young men*, whose military bearing and spirit impress me with the conviction that they have not degenerated from the energy or the integrity of their forefathers, but who at their country's call would be found as ready to face the dangers of the cannon's mouth, and listen with nerves as steady to the clash of arms.

True, every good man must look forward with pleasure to the predicted time when peace and good will shall characterise every nation; and war, with its innumerable evils, shall cease from under heaven. But so long as organized opposition to those principles contained in our glorious Constitution, exist, it would be criminal in us to be found indifferent to their maintenance, or unready or unwilling to meet the dangers of the battle-field in their defence.

More than sixty years have passed away since the gallant Boyd and his companions whose remains are before us, were committed to the grave.

Their repose has not now been idly disturbed. These honors are not intended to express an opinion of their private, but of their public character—of them, as heroes contending unto death, for principles which we ourselves would be unwilling to surrender but with our lives—and rather than sacrifice which, every American father would again give up his sons to the chances and to the hazard of war.

Hence it is, that, with pious and patriotic care, we have gathered up the ashes of these martyrs to liberty, that we may deposit them in the place selected as the final home for the dearest objects of our love, and under the broad sunlight of that Gospel which erects its trophies on the tomb.

And when our children shall visit this spot, and shall ask their fathers, What mean ye by this? it will furnish fit occasion to remind them of the patriotism of their forefathers, and of the obligation of every generation to maintain those immutable principles of eternal justice, in the defence of which they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor—it will furnish fit occasion to influence them, by their example, to that love of country and disposition to make sacrifices

for her good, without which all her interests will be unsafe in their hands.

It will furnish fit occasion to impress them with the conviction, that as piety and patriotism were united in the Revolutionary struggle, and were successful in the issue ; so every attempt to separate them has an inevitable tendency to irretrievable ruin.

This beautiful spot on Mount Hope has been generously presented to your Committee of Arrangements as a Cemetery for the mortal remains of Revolutionary Soldiers “ who have died or may hereafter die ” in the valley of the Genesee : And we do therefore, on behalf of the citizens of Rochester and of this valley, and in the name of our country and of our country’s God, most solemnly appropriate this ground to that sacred purpose.

And may our united and fervent aspirations ascend to the Governor of the Universe, that he will continue to the people of this country, the possession of civil and religious liberty, until the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God shall awaken the slumbering tenants of the tomb !

**ORATION,**  
**ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WARFARE**  
**IN**  
**WESTERN NEW-YORK:**  
**DELIVERED**  
**BEFORE THE PEOPLE OF THE GENESEE VALLEY.**  
**AUGUST 20th, 1841.**

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**BY SAMUEL TREAT, OF GENESEO.**

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" And Nature, in the moss of time attired,  
On her green throne of forest sate, when came  
The host of Sullivan, with vengeance fired,  
To rouse upon thy shore the beast of game,  
And wrap the lodges of fierce tribes in flame,  
Fresh from unhappy Wyoming, and red  
With scalps of hoary age and childless dame—  
Gone from thy borders are the oaks that spread  
Their yellow autumn leaves above the martial dead."

**HOSMER.**

## CORRESPONDENCE.

GENESEO, *August 21, 1841.*

DEAR SIR—At a meeting of the Committees of Arrangement for the removal of the remains of Lieut. Boyd and comrades to Mount Hope Cemetery, held immediately after the close of the exercises at Cuyler, on the 20th inst., the undersigned were appointed a committee to tender you the thanks of the Committees for the very appropriate and eloquent oration delivered by you on the occasion, and to request a copy for the press.

The undersigned avail themselves with much pleasure of this opportunity to tender you the assurances of their high personal regard; and are, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

H. O'REILLY, *Chairman Rochester Com.*  
E. R. HAMMATT, *Sec. Livingston Com.*

To SAMUEL TREAT, Esq., Geneseo.

GENESEO, LIVINGSTON CO., *August 24, 1841.*

GENTLEMEN—Your flattering note of the 21st inst., requesting a copy of the oration delivered by me on the preceding day, was received yesterday. Were I to consult my own private wishes alone, I should most assuredly withhold the address from the public eye. The haste with which it was written, and the impossibility of my giving it a proper revision,\* are with me strong reasons for desiring it to escape publication. But, regarding the great interest generally felt in the solemnities of the day and the importance of the event commemorated in the history of this valley, I present it to you with all its defects, trusting that the same feelings which prompted the Committees of Arrangement to request a copy for the press, will induce them and the public to be charitable in their criticisms.

I have hastily written the accompanying Notes, which I deem proper to have appended as explanatory of the many allusions made in the address; and herewith submit them and the address to your disposal, with the hope that some abler mind will engage in the work of gathering up and preserving, in a suitable form, the many precious fragments of our early history, which at present live only in the memory of the few. I have rapidly passed over a field abounding in the richest materials, and collected but a few of the beautiful flowers that lie scattered over its whole surface.

Please accept my sincere thanks for the kind manner in which you speak of my efforts, and the assurance of my high personal esteem both for yourselves and the committees which you represent.

Yours, truly,

SAMUEL TREAT.

To MESSRS. HENRY O'REILLY, Chairman, &c.,

EDWARD R. HAMMATT, Secretary, &c.

[\* The author left immediately for St. Louis.]



**ORATION**  
**RESPECTING**  
**REVOLUTIONARY WARFARE**  
**IN**  
**WESTERN NEW-YORK.**

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WITH muffled drum and lengthened funeral train, we have this hour followed from their long and silent resting place, the mouldering remains of those gallant men who, in the depths of the wilderness, fell early martyrs for American liberty.

Long have their bones lain, unhonored, beneath the sod moistened by their life-blood, whilst the rank grass has waved, unnoticed, above their fast-decaying frames. The little stream has flowed gently by, and the waters of the neighboring spring gushed forth, unheeded, save when one

more curious than his fellows, has, in his love of traditionary lore, turned aside from the adjacent path, to linger over the grave of these champions of freedom.

And now, after the lapse of sixty-two years, the valiant dead receive the honors which they have so long and hitherto fruitlessly claimed. (See Appendix A.)

From the distant city and all the neighboring towns, an eager multitude have assembled in this sacred temple "not made with hands," under the broad canopy of heaven, sheltered only by these majestic oaks that have, for more than half a century, stood, the silent sentinels of the heroes' graves, to pay the last solemn rites of sepulture to the brave and generous-hearted of another and heroic age.

Thus it always has been—it always must be. The noble deeds, the self-sacrificing heroism of those who die in the cause of God and their country, of virtue and liberty, will at length, though it be at a tardy pace, receive the just tribute of well-earned praise—of solemn admiration. The thousands crowded together here at the present moment, who have left their harvest-fields and their

workshops, their quiet firesides in the still country, and the bustling din of the city's varied pursuits—the high and honored in station, and the humble laborer—all, inspired by one deep and common feeling of reverence for the valiant dead, speak in no faint tones of the IMMORTALITY OF HEROISM AND VIRTUE.

Standing, as I do at the present hour, in sight of these everlasting hills, clothed in many a spot with the richest verdure, and here and there covered with the primeval forest—hills once pathless and untenanted, save by the wild beast and the ruthless savage—gazing out upon the far-spread valley, “the richest and most fruitful which the sun, in all his course, looks down upon”—the luxuriant crop yet scarcely gathered in by its many happy proprietors—an expanse, save in an occasional spot, but a few years since an unreclaimed morass, through which nought but the prowling wolf and the startled deer had ever threaded their dangerous way; and where no sound was heard save the gentle murmurs of yon lazy stream,\* broken, ever and anon, by the wild bird's shrill cry, the

\* Opposite Cuyler, the current of the Genesee, during the dry season, moves very slowly, and is fordable in many places.

snake's deadly rattle, and the Indian's horrid yell—standing here, at this hour, with the scene changed from the desolation of the past, as it were by some magic spell, to yellow fields laden with plenty, barns bursting with the fruits of the harvest, populous villages sown broadcast over the extended prospect—boats,\* laden with the various products of every clime, hurried along yon artificial stream, that has superseded the ancient river and robbed it of its former glory—at our feet, too, on the very site of the red man's home, a busy mart that has sprung into existence in nearly the short space of a single glance—every thing within the limits of the vision, instinct with life, industry, and wealth—thus encompassed by all the blessings of the joyous present, the thoughts, involuntarily turning back to the dismal past, are lost in amazement at the mighty change, and seek, in the thousand mementos around, for the great secret of the wonder-working power which has thus wrought out a fairy land from the gloomy wilderness and the stagnant marsh.

\* The Genesee Valley Canal extends along the western side of the valley, and was visible at the spot of assembling. The river is now never navigated above the bridge at the landing near Geneseo.

That sable pall and consecrated urn tell how, and at what cost, all these wonders have been wrought. As the eye returns from its wanderings over this far-extended and beautiful scene,\* and rests upon those sacred emblems of death, the mind is filled with the traditions of that direful hour which we have met to commemorate. With the vividness of present reality, imagination calls up the very spot† of that awful conflict—the frightful dangers of that painful hour—the sharp and deadly ringing of the Indian's rifle—the glittering tomahawk and bloody scalping knife—the stern yet resolute despair of the gallant few—the short yet fierce encounter—the ground reeking with gore, and covered with the mangled corpses of the dead and yet-quivering bodies of the dying—the painful march and dread suspense—the agonizing torture of the heroic leader, and the demoniac rejoicings of the savage foe.

But let us, for a moment, turn aside from this awful scene, to learn the course of previous events leading to these painful calamities, that, with the

\* On the spot where the speaker stood, and from the neighboring hills, five villages may be distinctly seen.

† The little village of Cuyler, on the ancient site of Beard's Town, has been wholly built within two years.

voice of an impartial posterity, we may fix upon their guilty authors the deep and damning stain of inflicting upon their fellow-men of the same common blood and common country, the most cruel and merciless tortures that fiendlike malice ever devised.

At the commencement of the controversy between England and her trans-Atlantic colonies, there resided in the fertile valley of the Mohawk, in what was then called Tryon county,\* which embraced all of that part of New-York west of Schoharie-creek, several rich and powerful families, that, from their vast possessions and intimate associations with the mother-country, could not long remain indifferent spectators of the controversy. Among these, the wealthiest and most influential were the Johnsons and Butlers. Sir William Johnson had endeared himself to the colonists, not only by his private character, but also by his great exertions during the French and Indian War. For his gallant services and brilliant victories, he had received from his sovereign a bar-

Tryon county, so named in honor of the Governor of New-York, at the commencement of the Revolution included all of New-York west of Schoharie creek, which runs nearly through the centre of the present county of that name.

onetcy, and the commission of General Superintendent of Indian Affairs.(B)

He possessed an unbounded influence over the savage tribes of this State, for whom he ever felt a fatherly care. Bound to the cause of his king by the many marks of special favor which he had received from the royal hand, and equally attached to his neighbors, whom he had so often led to battle, and by whose generous aid he had been enabled successfully to brave the dangers of the wilderness, and to triumph over their common foes, he looked with agonizing emotions upon the fratricidal contest which he foresaw must soon commence. Having suddenly expired in his castle, in June, 1774, he was spared the heart-rending anguish of witnessing the atrocious cruelties of the commencing conflict. His son, Sir John Johnson, succeeded to the titles and estates of Sir Wm. Johnson, his distinguished father; and his son-in-law, Col. Guy Johnson,\* to the office of Superintendent. Brant,† the celebrated Indian chief,

\* Col. Guy Johnson, during the life of Sir William, had been Deputy or Assistant Superintendent, and thus gained an intimate knowledge of the character and wants of the Indians.

† There are many opinions with respect to the parentage of Brant. His Indian name was "Thayendanegca." See Life of Brant.

was the private secretary of the latter, and rendered him the most important services in his efforts to win over the warriors of the Six Nations to the cause of England. Col. John Butler and his son, the infamous Walter N. Butler,\* were near neighbors of the Johnsons, and associated with them in official duties. These men, together with the most influential loyalists of the county, taking advantage of the gathering at the court in Johnstown, in the year 1775, procured the signatures of a majority of the Grand Jurors and Magistrates present, to a declaration in opposition to the proceedings of the Continental Congress, then about to reassemble after the bloody battles of Lexington and Concord. At this meeting the discussion ran high; and, after its adjournment, the patriots returned home filled with generous indignation. They soon infused some of their own burning spirit of liberty into their neighbors' souls, and meetings of the people were held in every town and hamlet. The first assembly met at Caughnewaga. Among the three hundred un-

Walter Butler was a young man of moderate abilities, but of fierce and ungovernable passions. He studied law at Albany, and became, at the commencement of the war, an unsparing tory.



armed men who had come up together to that spot to deliberate on the momentous question of their endangered freedom, Sampson Sammons was, by far, the most zealous. He and his two sons, afterwards so celebrated in the border warfare, with their associates, were just raising a liberty-pole, the emblem of rebellion, when the Johnsons and Butlers, with their armed retainers, rushed into the crowd. Col. Guy Johnson harangued the people at great length, on the power and resources of England ; and denounced, in the bitterest terms and with the most unsparing invective, the measures taken by the disaffected. Jacob Sammons, unable to restrain his goaded feelings, pronounced the speaker a "liar and scoundrel." Johnson retorted the epithet, and seized Sammons by the throat. In the scuffle which ensued, Sammons was severely wounded ; and, on the retreat of the loyalists, returned home, "bearing on his own body the first scars of the Revolutionary contest in Tryon county."

One of the most spirited meetings was held in the church at Cherry-Valley. There the fathers took with them their children, that they might early imbibe, at the altar of religion, an undying

love of liberty. From various indications, the patriots supposed that Johnson was endeavoring to enlist the Indians against the colonists. In consequence of the information sent by their committees, Congress took early measures to prevent such a fearful result. In the address read by the Colonial Commissioners at the council of the chiefs, held in Albany, Congress said: "This is a family-quarrel between us and England. You, Indians, are not concerned in it. We do not wish you to take up the hatchet against the king's troops. We desire you to remain at home and not join either side, but bury the hatchet deep." Here, as at a council subsequently held at German Flats, the chiefs of the Six Nations promised to remain neutral during the pending contest.\*

After various consultations with the Indians, and the employment of every artifice in their power, without success, the Johnsons and Butlers sent runners over the whole Indian country, and visited, in person, most of the tribes, to procure their attendance at a council to be held at Oswe-

\* For a full account of the measures adopted to procure the neutrality of the Indians on the one side, and their services on the other, see the *Annals of Tryon county*, the *Narrative of the White Woman*, and the *Life of Brant*,

go, in the month of July, 1777. The Indians were invited to assemble on that occasion, "to banquet on a Bostonian and drink his blood." Walter Butler harangued the assembled chiefs; and, after portraying, without effect, the great wealth and power of England, stated that the king would give a bounty for the enemy's scalps—money and food to all who joined his troops—"that his men were as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore, and his rum as plenty as the water in Lake Ontario." His representations and bribes produced the expected result. All of the Indians—with the exception of about one-half of the Oneidas—took up the hatchet, in violation of their solemn pledges at Albany and German Flats.

The foul stain of stimulating the savages to the innumerable acts of barbarity exhibited on the frontier settlements during this contest, must rest on the escutcheon of England. Indeed, the shameless avowal of Lord Suffolk in the British Parliament, that the ministers had resorted to such measures, called forth that burst of eloquent indignation from Chatham, which stands unrivalled in our language for withering rebuke. The emissaries of England traversed the whole Indian

country ; and, in their endeavors to arouse the savages to deeds of the most horrid cruelty, omitted no artifice which could excite their passions, no bribe which could tempt, no statement which could influence, no promises which could lure them on to the most relentless warfare. Burgoyne, in his proclamation, "denounced the most terrible war against those who opposed him.\* He admonished them not to flatter themselves that distance or coverts could screen them from his pursuit ; for he had only to let loose the thousands of Indians under his direction, to discover in their most secret retreats, and to punish with condign severity, the hardened enemies of Great Britain." Thus, whilst Congress, averse to enlisting in the war the merciless savages of the surrounding wilderness, employed her agents to procure pledges of neutrality, the mother-country left no means untried to arouse the native ferocity of the Indian warriors against her own children.† But her own gifted orator and statesman "has

\* See Burgoyne's Proclamation, Botta's History.

† For an account of the part taken by the Six Nations in the wars subsequent to the Revolution, see the Narrative of the White Woman, and a Note to O'Reilly's "Western New-York."

damned to everlasting fame the pale-faced miscreants" guilty of this inhuman device. From the time of the council at Oswego, until the close of the war—nay, for a long series of years after, the savages of the North and West continued their depredations and murders on the frontier settlements.

About ten miles south of the Mohawk river, and fifty-two west of Albany, is a fertile valley sixteen miles in length, and varying from one-quarter to a mile in breadth. Far away at the north-east, may be seen, in the dim distance, the Green Mountains of Vermont, mingling with the horizon; whilst, immediately surrounding the valley and terminating in the Catskills on the south-east, are chains of hills whose sides gently slope down to the vale, through which, for miles, a small creek flows to the south, until its waters mingle with the Susquehanna. At a very early period, this lovely spot had attracted the settlers' attention; and the people, who had taken up their abode in this romantic and fruitful valley, became noted for their exemplary lives and fervent piety. Though animated by the most ardent love of liberty, that feeling partook of their religious devo-

tion, and was interwoven with the loftiest sentiments of duty to God. Of the many families residing at this spot, none was more beloved or more marked for all the virtues that adorn the Christian character, than that of Mr. Robert Wells. His family consisted of himself and mother, his brother and sister, his wife and four children. He had held the office of Judge in the county, and been an intimate friend of Col. John Butler and Sir William Johnson.

On the morning of the eleventh of November, in the year 1778, this family, with the Colonel and lieutenant of the neighboring fort, were assembled around the domestic altar. Without, the snow-storm of the preceding night had changed to a heavy rain, and the dense mist shrouded all objects in obscurity. All of that little group, on bended knee, were joining the husband and father in his fervent prayer; and, absorbed in their devout aspirations, were lost to all earthly objects. Whilst the old man's voice, eloquent in prayer, was rising above the fierce raging of the storm without, the fierce war-whoop broke upon their horror-struck ears; and, with a single bound, the Seneca warriors and their more ferocious asso-

ciates stood, with glittering tomahawks, over that still-kneeling group. Ere the half-uttered sentence was closed, or the speaker's voice had ceased vibrating on their ears, he—his lips yet trembling with the fervent devotion of his morning worship—lay quivering in the agonies of death; and by his side were the mangled corpses of all that family, save the loved sister. She who had been an angel of mercy to all within the reach of her ever-active virtues, was now a captive in the relentless grasp of the savage foe. His tomahawk, yet reeking with the blood of her kinsmen, swung over her defenceless head. As it descends on its death-errand, a tory domestic of her father's, turns aside the falling blow, and claims her as a sister. The merciless savage is not thus to be robbed of his victim: the next moment the tomahawk is driven through her upturned face. Col. Alden has escaped from the house, but the deadly weapon speeds unerringly on its course, and he falls, "one of the earliest victims of his most criminal neglect of duty." Lieut. Stacia is a prisoner in the hands of the dusky warriors. From the adjacent house, the aged father of Mrs. Wells is led forth, tottering with age—"the rain falling upon

his bare head, and his feeble limbs shaking like an aspen,"—to meet, in the fury of the storm, the taunts and cruelties of his savage captors. Mitchell, a near neighbor who had been absent but a few minutes from his home, rushes back, only to find his wife and four of his children silent in death, and his little girl quivering in the last agonies of dissolution. As he raises her dying frame, the foe again approaches; and Newbury, the fiendlike tory, drives his hatchet deep into her scarcely throbbing temples.(C)

A few moments thus sufficed to turn a quiet village into a heap of ashes, to change the happy villagers into mangled corpses or miserable captives. The morning prayer was suddenly changed into the groans of the dying and the frantic yells of the ruthless savage. The father, just as his lips were teaching his loved children early devotion to God, was summoned with his little ones to another and unseen world. Most of those who had escaped the first blow, were wretched prisoners, doomed to suffer in the remote wilderness the agonies of long and hopeless captivity, or perish by the most frightful tortures. The few who had fled to the overhanging hills, turned back to be-



hold those dearest to their affections, borne away amid the demoniac shouts of the Indian braves ; or their reeking scalps waving on the spears of the unsparing foe. On that morning, sixty men, women, and children of that village, were inhumanly butchered, and all others, save a mere handful, hurried away to a more cruel fate. Of the three hundred troops, most of whom had been quartered out of the fort, but fifty escaped—one of whom is now by my side.(D)

Such, in a few words, is the painful story of Cherry-Valley.

This attack was concerted by Walter Butler and the Indian, Brant. The former had been taken prisoner the preceding year, and condemned as a spy. By the intercession of his former friends he had been spared, and even released from the rigors of close confinement. Having, however, treacherously effected his escape, he returned to the Indian country, breathing the direst vengeance against the American settlements.\* When he had incited the Seneca braves to deadly hatred, and sufficiently urged on their enkindled passions, he

\* For the particulars of Butler's arrest, escape, and subsequent expedition, see "Life of Brant," &c.

hurried forward with them and his own troop of Rangers, to wreak his burning revenge on the Mohawk settlers. More fiendlike than even his savage allies, the most ferocious of the Indian tribes, he spared neither age, sex, nor condition. Brant had reluctantly joined him, and even attempted to save the family of Mr. Wells. But no : his more savage friend, though boasting of a refined and Christian education, would listen to no suggestions of mercy. His father, Col. John Butler, on hearing their unhappy fate, is said to have exclaimed, "I would have gone miles on my hands and knees, to have saved that family ; and why my son did not do it, God only knows." But the hand of divine justice was not long withheld. Newberry, the murderer of the infant girl on that fearful morning, next year suffered by the halter for his inhuman rage ; and Butler was spared only till his many crimes should call down severe but well merited punishment.

Throughout the many painful scenes exhibited during this and the preceding year, along the frontiers of Pennsylvania, in the valleys of the Mohawk and of the Susquehanna, the tories who composed the corps of Rangers, and hovered over

the unprotected settlements, were guilty of barbarities far more inhuman than those of their Indian associates. At the massacre near Scoharie, all of one family, a mother and her many children, had been cruelly butchered—one alone, an infant, having escaped the general slaughter. An Indian warrior, noted for his cruelty, discovered the babe as it slept in its cradle. As, with uplifted tomahawk, he was about to do the work of death, the little innocent, awaking, looked up in his face and smiled. The better feelings of his nature triumphed over his savage ferocity; and, throwing aside his blood-stained hatchet, he took the smiling infant in his arms, and gently caressed it. But a royalist who had witnessed the humanity of his darker but less savage comrade, thrust his bayonet through the infant, and, as he held it up, struggling in the agonies of death, exclaimed, "This, too, is a rebel." At the destruction of Wyoming, immortal in the numbers of the gifted bard, a few, having thrown down their muskets, swam to an island in the river, and endeavored to conceal themselves in the brush-wood. A party of tories, discovering their retreat, swam the river with their rifles; and, having wiped their firelocks and

reloaded, went in search of the fugitives. One of the pursuers found his own brother lying, unarmed and defenceless, in a neighboring covert; and, regardless of his entreaties and prayers, the Cain-like monster replied: "All this is mighty fine; but you are a d\*\*\*\*d rebel," and deliberately shot him dead upon the spot. So, after the battle of Oriskany, where the gallant Herkimer fell, when Major Frey was brought a prisoner into Butler's camp, his elder brother, one of the tory rangers, was restrained only by force from the most infamous fratricide.\* The annals of the world do not furnish more atrocious acts of villainy, than those oft performed by the refugees along our frontiers, during the Revolutionary contest. Scarcely a hamlet was spared the loss of some of its best and most honored citizens. Scarcely a family that mourned not the death or captivity of some loved member. Danger was in every path. Death seemed lurking for its prey, behind every covert. Defenceless women and children, the aged grand-sire and the sturdy youth, oft fell in one promiscuous slaughter. No one dared venture into the open field without his loaded musket; and the

See "Annals of Tryon county," "Life of Brant," &c.

farms along the whole frontier were left tenantless and uncultivated. Their occupants had fled for safety to the neighboring villages. The Indians "hung, like the scythe of death, upon the rear of our settlements; and their deeds are inscribed by the tomahawk and scalping knife, in characters of blood, on the banks of the Mohawk and the valleys of the Susquehanna."

Congress at length determined to execute the project previously formed, of carrying the war into the Indian country. Gen. Sullivan\* was ordered to ascend the Susquehanna to Tioga Point; and Gen. Clinton, to pass through the Mohawk Valley, to meet the former officer at that place of rendezvous. After various delays caused by the character of the country through which the march was directed, the combined forces, amounting to nearly five thousand men, were ready, on the twenty-second of August, 1779, to commence the campaign. Sullivan's orders were, to destroy the Indian villages, cut down their crops, and inflict upon them every other mischief which time and

\* For the full particulars of Sullivan's campaign, see "Life of Brant," "Annals of Tryon County," "Western New-York," &c.

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circumstances would permit ; and not to return until the cruelties of Wyoming, Cherry, and the border-settlements had been fully avenged.

Permit me, before detailing the events of this campaign, to glance at the previous history of a few of those gallant men whose mournful fate we have this day met to deplore.

After the battle of Monmouth, in 1778, Morgan's riflemen were sent to protect the settlements near Scoharie. . Among those whose term of service had expired before the autumn of '79, was the bold Virginian, Timothy Murphy.\* Instead of returning home, he enlisted in the militia, and continued to wage a desultory war against the savages then hovering over the Mohawk settlements. By his fearless intrepidity, his swiftness of foot, his promptness for every hazardous enterprise, he was, though a mere private, entrusted with the management of every scouting party sent out. He always carried a favorite double rifle, an object of the greatest terror to the Indians, who for a long time were awe-struck at its two successive discharges. In the hands of so skilful a marksman, the greatest execution always followed

Annals of Tryon county.

its unerring aim. He had been several times surprised by small Indian parties ; but, with remarkable good fortune, had as often escaped. When the savages had learned the mystery of his double rifle, knowing that he must reload after the second discharge, they were careful not to expose themselves until he had twice fired. Once, when separated from his troop, he was suddenly surrounded by a large party of savages. Instantly he struck down the nearest foe, and fled at his utmost speed. Being hard pushed by one runner, whom alone he had not outstripped in the flight, he suddenly turned and shot him on the spot. Stopping to strip his fallen pursuer, he saw another close upon him. He seized the rifle of the dead Indian, and again brought down his victim. The savages, supposing all danger now passed, rushed heedlessly on with yells of frantic rage. When nearly exhausted, he again turned, and, with the undischarged barrel, fired, and the third pursuer fell. With savage wonder, the other Indians were riveted to the spot ; and, exclaiming that " he could fire all day without reloading," gave over the pursuit. From that hour, Murphy was regarded by the savages as possessing a

charmed life. When Clinton passed along the Mohawk, on his way to Tioga Point, he again joined his rifle corps, to share the dangers of the march into the wilderness.

A few of the Oneida warriors joined the expedition, and acted as guides. Cornelius and Hon-yerry had distinguished themselves in the battle at Oriskany ; and, from the destructive fire of their rifles, been marked by their foes as objects of especial hatred.

Murphy was placed in the company commanded by Capt. Simpson and Lieut. Thomas Boyd. This was also the company in which the late Mr. Salmon, who subsequently resided in Groveland, and was known to many who hear me, served during this expedition.

Lieut. Thomas Boyd was born in Northumberland, Pa., in the county of the same name, in the year 1757. His father and only sister died before the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle. When that contest begun, the noble-hearted widow proved herself a more than Spartan mother. She, too, had learned the great lesson of liberty, and was prepared to make any and every sacrifice in her country's cause. In the



language of our venerable President—yours, gallant Sir !\*—"When fire and sword had ravaged our frontiers, when the repose of the defenceless settlements was disturbed by the savage war-whoop, and the bloody tomahawk and scalping knife were doing their work of death, then this noble matron gave her three sons to God and her country, with the parting injunction never to dishonor their swords by any act of cowardice, or disgrace them by a moment's fear or reluctance, when called to the defence of home and freedom." Lieut. William, her second son, had fulfilled the mother's noble request, and laid down his life at Brandywine, a willing sacrifice at his country's call. The mouldering bones of the youngest Lieutenant Thomas Boyd, now lie beneath that sable ~~hall~~.†

All the necessary preparations being completed, Sullivan's army left ~~Troga~~ <sup>Troga</sup> on the morning of the 26th of August. The Indians, when first informed of the contemplated expedition, laughed

Major Van Campen

† The author is indebted to Major Van Campen for this account of Boyd's family. Lieut. William Boyd, the second son of Mrs. Boyd, fell at Brandywine, in '77. Lieut. Thomas, the youngest, was at the surrender of Burgoyne and the battle of Monmouth, before joining Sullivan.

at what they supposed the folly of a regular army attempting to traverse the wilderness, to drive them from their fastnesses. When, however, they had learned that the campaign was determined upon, they resolved to make an early stand in defence of their crops and their wigwams. Accordingly a large force, variously estimated from 1,000 to 1,500 Indians and Rangers, collected near Newtown, to risk a general engagement. History has fully recorded the particulars of this hard-fought action. The combined forces of British and savages at last fled precipitately across the river, leaving behind a large number of packs, tomahawks, and scalping knives. The disasters of this terrible battle spread the utmost consternation through all the Indian villages. Many a brave warrior had fallen, and the death-song was heard in every town. Their warriors seemed struck with a panic that nothing could avert. They left their defiles and the dangerous marshes open to the advance of their enemies, and fled at their approach. Sullivan hastened forward without interruption, destroying every thing in his route. At Honeoye he left a small force to guard the sick and provisions, and advanced, with the utmost caution, to the head of Lake Conesus.

The principal villages of the Seneca tribe, were situated along Genesee Valley. A few miles from this spot, at the fording place of the Canasaraga, was a small town and council-house, called Williamsburg. Little-Beard's Town, sonamed from the chief, was just beneath this hill, and stretched for nearly a mile from the bridge over the creek almost to the cluster of houses on the main road across the valley. In the centre of the little village, just at the base of this hill, stood the council-house of this fierce warrior and his ferocious clan.(E) Along these hillocks, and for a short distance upon the valley, were their largest corn-fields and vegetable gardens. From these, their favorite haunts, their warriors had oft, of yore, wandered to the far South, and brought back the scalps of the Catawbias, and ravaged the towns of their foes in the distant swamps of Mississippi and Alabama. The ruin they had oft carried into the wigwams of the red men and the huts of the white settlers, was now, for the first time, to fall upon their own loved homes. They resolved, however, once more to strike in defence of their firesides, and if possible avert the impending blow. In pursuance of the resolution of their council, they lay

in ambush at the head of Lake Conesus, near an Indian town on what is at present called Henderson's Flats.\* At the approach of the army, they rose suddenly upon the advance-guard, which, after a brisk skirmish, fell back upon the main body. Fearing a repetition of the destructive havoc which they had already suffered at Newtown, they waited not the attack of the whole army ; but, having seized two friendly Oneidas, fled with their prisoners into the adjacent forest. One of these captives had been Sullivan's principal guide, and had rendered many important services to the Americans. He was, therefore, regarded by his captors as a prisoner of no little consequence. There is an incident connected with his fate, worthy of note, as presenting a striking contrast to the inhumanity of the tory brothers at Oriskany and Wyoming. " This faithful Indian had an elder brother engaged with the enemy, who, at the beginning of the war, had exerted all his power to persuade the younger into the British

\* Stone, in " The Life of Brant," speaks of two day's marches after this skirmish, before the army encamped on Henderson's Flats. The march from Honeoye occupied only one day, and the skirmish took place in the afternoon, before the encampment of the army at the inlet of the lake.

service also, but without success. At the close of this skirmish, the brothers met for the first time since their separation, when they had respectively chosen to travel different war-paths—the younger a prisoner to the elder. The latter had no sooner recognized his brother after the *melee*, than his eyes kindled with that fierce and peculiar lustre which lights up the eyes of a savage when meditating revenge. Approaching him haughtily, he spoke thus :

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

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

“ ‘ Brother ! you have merited death, and shall die by our hands. When those rebels had driven us from the fields of our fathers to seek out new houses, it was you who could dare to step forth as their pilot, and conduct them even to the doors of our wigwams, to butcher our children and put us

to death. No crime can be greater. But though you have merited death, and shall die on this spot, my hands shall not be stained with the blood of a brother. *Who will strike?*

“A pause of a moment ensued. The bright hatchet of Little Beard flashed in the air like lightning, and the young Oneida chief was dead at his feet.” Thus did the red warrior of the wilderness prove himself nobler than his civilized associates.

After the skirmish just alluded to, Sullivan encamped for the night at the Indian village, and was detained the next day to build a bridge over the inlet and marsh, for his artillery. Early on the evening of the encampment, Lieut. Boyd requested leave to advance with a small detachment, and reconnoitre the next town. The Indian guide, Honyerry, endeavored in vain to dissuade him from the attempt.\* The army was near the red men's stronghold, and their warriors lurked behind every covert. But the gallant Boyd, fearless of

Honyerry supposed that the Indian enemy could not be far distant, from the recent footprints in the sand along the ravine. Boyd probably judged that they had been made by the foe whom they had defeated during the day; and that they were no evidence that the enemy was near, but rather of a retreat.

danger when he could be of service to his country, persisted in his request, until the consent of his commander was obtained. He set out upon this perilous enterprise, about sunset, with a small band—the brave Honyerry acting as his guide. Murphy, ever ready on a scout, joined the troop to share the dangers of the attempt, and to enjoy the excitement of fighting the savages in their own way. Near the summit of the hill, about one mile and a half from the camp, the path divided—one branch being in the direction of Williamsburg, the other of Little-Beard's Town.\* Boyd advanced cautiously, and took the former path to the Canasaga. Aware of the dangers with which he was surrounded, he proceeded slowly, prepared for instant action. So great were the difficulties he encountered, that the night was far spent before he reached the first village. Here, all was silent and deserted.† The Indians had fled but a

\* This Indian path was perfectly distinct before the clearing commenced; and in the field adjoining the spot where the battle was fought, the traces are now visible for a long distance.

† After the last skirmish, and at the approach of Boyd, the squaws and children were probably removed from Williamsburg to Little-Beard's Town on the other side of the river, preparatory to their departure for Niagara.

short time before, as their fires were still burning. His little troop was too much exhausted, and the night too far advanced, for his immediate return. He determined to encamp near the village, and at early dawn to despatch two messengers\* to the camp with the information that the enemy had not yet been discovered ; and then continue his search until he learned the position of the enemy. Surely, a more hazardous enterprise was never undertaken : about thirty men, seven miles from their camp, a dense forest between them and the army, before them a trackless morass, the Indians lurking perhaps behind every tree, ready to fall upon their prey. But Boyd had offered his services for this perilous task, and he would not shrink from its performance. Whilst his comrades are yet buried in sleep, taking with him the dauntless Murphy, he creeps cautiously from the place of concealment, until he gains a view of the village. About its outskirts, they perceive two savages stealing along the woods ; and in a moment their

Before day-break, Boyd sent two messengers to the main camp ; but as they never reached their destination, they were unquestionably slain by some of the Indians in the woods.



unerring rifles have laid their foes prostrate in death, and Murphy shakes in triumph the reeking scalp of his victim. Fearing that this occurrence would alarm the Indians hovering near, Boyd now thought it prudent to retire.\*

During that night, the red warriors had not been idle. Little Beard had summoned his braves for the work of vengeance, and the messengers of Boyd never reached the camp. Brant, with five hundred warriors, and Butler, with an equal number of rangers, at early dawn set forth from Beard's Town, to intercept Boyd and his party. They selected the spot where the two paths united, near the summit of the hill, for their ambuscade. Concealed in a deep ravine near the adjacent path, they were hid by the dense forest from the view of the army, and by the brush-wood from the path. Whether Boyd returned along the trail from Williamsburg or Beard's Town, they knew he must pass the spot where they lay concealed. They had wisely conjectured that, if he were attacked farther from the army, he would be prepared for a bloody resistance ; and that the first fire would

It was Boyd's intention to destroy Williamsburg, and push on towards Beard's Town to discover the enemy.

hasten a large detachment to his relief. Whatever was done, must be accomplished in a moment ; and their success would be certain, if, as they supposed, he should relax his vigilance when so near the camp.(F)

As soon as Boyd had decided to return, he arranged his little troop to avoid being thrown into confusion on a sudden attack. With Honyerry in front and Murphy in the rear, their eagle-eyes fixed upon each moving leaf and waving bough, they marched forward slowly and with the utmost caution. Five weary miles had they thus traversed the dangerous route, and were beginning to descend the hill at whose base the army lay encamped. With rapid march they hurry on, regarding all danger as now past. But just as they emerge from the thick wood into the main path, more than five hundred warriors, with brandished tomahawks, rise up before them. With horrid yells they close in upon their victims, on every side. Boyd is not wanting in this fearful crisis. Quick as thought, he perceives that against the fearful odds—the foe twenty times his own number—one chance of escape, and but one, remains—and that, the always doubtful step of striking at a

given point, and cutting the way through the surrounding foe. At the word, his gallant band fire and rush to the onset. The charge tells fearfully upon the dusky warriors, and ~~many~~ hope gleams upon their clouded fortunes. With unbroken ranks, not one of his own comrades yet fallen, he renews the attack, and still the third time. With only eight now left, he braves the fierce encounter once again. The fearless Murphy(G) indeed bears a charmed life. He tumbles in the dust the huge warrior in his path ; and, while the rude savages are shouting with laughter, he and two fortunate companions escape.\* True to his own dauntless nature, he turns to the foe, and, with clenched fist, hurls at them bold defiance. Poor Honyerry, noted for the wonders that he had wrought at Oriskany, and for his unwavering attachment to the American cause, falls, literally hacked to pieces. But the unhappy Boyd—he, the gallant and noble-hearted ! who never had known

Immediately on the arrival of Murphy at the camp, Sullivan ordered Hand to hurry forward with his brigade to relieve Boyd and his party. On reaching the spot where the skirmish had been fought, Hand found the ground covered with the blankets which the Indians had thrown off for the battle ; and among the dead, one Indian corpse. Supposing it would be useless to push forward, he returned to the main army, ignorant of the captivity of Boyd and Parker.


fear or shrunk from the most imminent peril—he and the equally wretched Parker, are prisoners in the hands of the merciless enemy. At this frightful moment, ~~what~~ are the emotions of these hapless captives? Does not the stout heart of Boyd now beat slowly? Is not his cheek yet blanched with fear? No! Not such *his* spirit. His courage fails him not, even now. “Red men,” he exclaims, “where is your chief? Bring me before the brave warrior. Aye, brandish your hatchets, ye coward squaws, against the helpless: ye dare not strike. Your chief, I say.” At this request the upraised tomahawk is turned aside, and the Indian chief, Brant, stands before him. At the mystic signal, (H) known only to those initiated into the secrets of the craft, the stern brow of the warrior is relaxed, and Boyd and Parker are safe.

The approach of Hand’s brigade, causes the immediate flight of the Indian foe; and, in mad haste, they hurry away with their prisoners, leaving behind their blankets and the rifles of their victims. But this friendly succor comes too late. The fearful strife is over, and the red men are done. Brant leaves the unfortunate Boyd and Parker in the charge of Butler, and withdraws to

provide for the coming danger.\* With painful march, the captives pursue their cheerless route, amid the fierce exultation of the savage tribe, to the Indian village at our feet.

Walter Butler, than whom not a more ruthless fiend ever cursed the human form,(I) summons before him the two prisoners, to learn, if possible, the number, situation, and intentions of Sullivan's army. His questions remain unanswered. Boyd will not, even by a word, betray his country's cause. Perhaps, relying on the plighted faith and generous nature of the Indian chief, he has no fears for the result. Around him gather the painted forms of the grim savages; and, with tomahawks cutting the air, and reeking knives thrust toward his unprotected breast, amid the most hideous yells and frantic gestures, demand the life-blood of their prey. Still, the dauntless Boyd trembles not. He disregards the threats of

\* Brant, being the soul of all the plans for the Indian defences, was probably called away to look after the safety of the children and squaws, or to lurk about the camp to cut off any straggling party which might be sent out. Judge Jones states that his brother was informed by the Indians, that, immediately on Brant's leaving, the Indians cut the sinews of their prisoners' feet, and forced them thus to pursue their painful route to Beard's Town.

his base interrogator, and refuses to reply. Denunciations avail not : danger does not intimidate. He has been nurtured in a nobler school than to basely yield  should be most firm. His country calls—his mother's parting charge is still fresh in his memory—he cannot falter. She had engraven on his heart of hearts, deeper, far deeper, than all other sentiments, *love of country* ; and love of life cannot usurp supremacy in this direful hour. But surely it cannot be, that a man educated in all the refinements of civilized life—early nurtured in the merciful tenets of the Christian faith, against whom the noble prisoners have been guilty of no more heinous offence than fighting for liberty, will—nay, he cannot execute his bloody threat. Do you doubt, ye hapless pair, that such a monster lives ? Ah ! remember the bloody deeds of Cherry-Valley, and know that such a monster now threatens “to give you over to the tender mercies of the savages” clamoring for your blood. Again the question is asked, and again Boyd shrinks not. The fate of the army and the success of the expedition hang upon his firmness. He prefers to die, if it were possible, a thousand deaths, rather than betray the lives of

his country's soldiers and her holy cause. He well knows that their secret must remain unrevealed by his lips—that on his decision now rests the safety of the whole army; and he nobly chooses, by his own fall, to preserve the dangerous secret locked in his own speechless and mangled breast. The bloody command is at last given. Little-Beard and his clan have seized their helpless victims. Stripped and bound to that sapling, Boyd hears the death-knell ringing in the air, and sees the demoniac ravings of his ruthless tormentors, as madly they dance around him. The chief takes the deadly aim: his glittering hatchet speeds through the air. But no: this were too kind a fate. It quivers in frightful proximity, just above his uncovered head. Another and yet another follows—still they glance within but a hair's breadth of his throbbing temples. Their fury becomes too great for so bloodless sport. Now they tear out his nails—his eyes—his tongue—and—But the horrors of that awful hour, are too agonizing for description. The ear is pained at the direful tale. The mind revolts at the cruel reality. (J) Poor Parker, thine is a milder death. With one blow, your frightful suspense, as you lay a

witness of your heroic leader's anguish, and expect a similar fate, is ended. Noble men ! could we but conjure up the agonies of your last hour—could mortal tongue disclose the secret emotions of your soul, the fierce pain of your mangled limbs—every heart in this assembly would cease to pulsate, every cheek grow pale with horror. Gallant Boyd ! thy widowed mother's sacred injunction has been—oh ! how sacredly—obeyed. Here, in the depths of the wilderness, you ceased not to cherish the spirit of her own noble soul ; and, at the immense price of the most lingering death, to show that your love of liberty was stronger than all ties of life and kindred. Far away in your native village, perhaps at that very hour, your mother's fervent prayer for her youngest and her darling son, was winging its course to the mercy-seat. Little did she imagine with what pious devotion you were fulfilling your high duties to God and your country. Oh ! what will be the fearful agony of her widowed soul, when she learns your cruel fate ! Already has she mourned your elder brother's fall ; and now, in the bloom of early manhood, twenty-two summers scarcely passed over your devoted head, and your mangled corpse lies unburied in the remote wilderness.



Talk not of Spartan daring nor Roman firmness, to illustrate his matchless heroism. In the excitement of battle, under the eyes of those who will honor his bravery, the soldier may dare the chances of even the cannon's mouth, to win undying fame. But to die in the remote wilderness, by the most excruciating torture—to die, too, with the power of safety in your own hands, rather than fail in your duty, even by a word—to die, where no pitying eye can behold your fate, and the last solemn rites of sepulture cannot be performed by Christian hands, with no one to bear your dying words to your bereaved mother—to know and feel at that dread hour, that her scalding tears will flow in torrents, when, as the dreary months drag heavily by, she lingers to hear from some passing stranger, if, perchance, her youngest, her brave-hearted boy, yet lives—to die thus, for one's country—where, in the annals of the world, can you find a parallel?

But your blood, ye gallant men, shall not be unavenged.(K) Ere the morrow's sun shall have gone down behind these hills, the homes of your savage tormentors shall be smouldering in ashes, their crops prostrate, their wives and children

houseless wanderers. A year shall not roll away, before they shall perish by thousands, in all the horrors of the most lingering and loathsome disease, dependent for the humblest necessities of life upon the white man's bounty. And he, your merciless betrayer, shall flee for life before the Oneida warrior. His pursuer, like the angel of death, shall not lose his prey. His horse shall not save him—the tangled wood shall not conceal his flight—the foaming stream shall not hide his foot-prints. In vain shall he beg for mercy—in vain shall he conjure the dusky warrior by all that makes life dear, to spare him, if but for an hour. The hand of vengeance shall fall upon his head when his crimes are thickest and blackest. His tears and prayers shall be lost in the remembrance of his past enormities. Cherry-Valley ! Cherry-Valley !! shall your captor thunder in your guilt-stricken soul, and deep in your brains bury the avenging tomahawk.(L)

Yours, ye noble dead, though a cruel, was not an unhonored fate. Yours is the glory of marking with your own life-blood, the very limit\* of the

The spot where Boyd was taken, was the most distant point in Western New-York, at which any skirmish took place during the Revolution.

great struggle for American liberty. With your martial garments, dyed with your own blood, wrapped around your lifeless bodies, you found a grave on the spot of your glory. The insignia of your services and of that high cause for which you fell,\* have remained upon your mouldered bones until, when, after sixty-two years have run their round, a grateful posterity, in seeking for your battle-field and resting place, have been thus assured that their warm-hearted efforts have not been unsuccessful. When your lives were offered up in your country's cause, on yon battleground, your struggling countrymen had hardly dared hope for the wonders which we now behold. That spot seemed the very verge of safety—the farthest extreme to which their undaunted troops should venture to push their conquests. Now it is but the starting point in the journey to its western borders. You perished nearly two hundred miles beyond the remotest western settlement, and now your graves are nearly two thousand east of your country's civilization. Many millions of

\* These three simple letters, "U. S. A.," distinctly legible on the buttons which the speaker held in his hand. See Appendix A.

happy freemen, crowned with the richest blessings, now crowd her extended limits—the few of your day having become a mighty nation. These few initials, borne on your heroic breasts, then told of a dim possibility—of a mere handful struggling for liberty, against the most powerful and determined people on earth. Now, how significant, how full of meaning, are these three simple letters! What visions of past honor and of future promise do they call up, as the eye rests upon them! For more than a half century have your bones borne in death, as did your martial breasts in life, the name of your country, unchanged, by their side. And now they reappear, to show us, your honored posterity, that virtue and heroism, whatever the cost, however momentous the sacrifice, must remain, in death as in life, inseparable from the American soldier.

Such, fellow-citizens, was the price paid for our liberties—such the immense cost of our present free institutions. And yet, I have but feebly depicted one of the thousand scenes witnessed by our fathers. Read the history of their sufferings and of their exploits, and on every page you will find written the thrilling story of some deed of the

noblest daring, or the most exalted patriotism. Listen to the soul-stirring tales of the few survivors of that eventful contest, and you will hear many a narrative of personal suffering and of heroic endurance unequalled in intensity and horror.

Surrounded by the greatest blessing mortals can enjoy, it is good for us, sometimes, to come up together, to draw back the veil of the buried past, and gaze upon its thrilling scenes—to ponder over the story they tell, and thus learn rightly to value our present enjoyments. It was not alone by the patient labor, the unwearied and never-ceasing toil, the watchful prudence and the sagacious foresight of our fathers, that our blessings have been purchased. Their dangers were not alone those of the battle-field. I see before me, at this moment, many who can bear witness to their bitter privations, years of cruel want, sufferings long continued and ever present—their sacrifice of all the endearments of home and kindred, of all the comforts, aye, of the necessities of civilized life. Their history has not yet been fully written. Gathered here, to-day, are many children of one\* who, during a long captivity, had

\* Capt. Horatio Jones. The sketch of his life (App. P) was kindly furnished by Benjamin F. Angel, Esq., of Geneseo.

no little share in mitigating the savage ferocity of the Indian warriors, and in working out the many changes wrought in this western wilderness. Not far from this valley, he passed through the terrible ordeal of Indian cruelty ; and, though he may have sometimes been unsuccessful, yet oft, as you well know, venerable Sir, rescued the unhappy prisoner from the most painful death.

The sufferings of the pioneers in redeeming from an unproductive waste this garden of America, are familiar to you all. The noisome pestilence\* breathed around their rude dwellings, and wasted away the loved wife and children, whom the merciless savage had unwillingly spared. During the silent midnight watches, the weary father and agonizing mother kept together their sleepless vigils over the sick couch of their pale and emaciated little ones, as they withered under the unsparing hand of the destroyer, and struggled in vain to escape from its relentless grasp. And whilst, with exhausted frames and sorrowing hearts, they bent over the sick couch of their loved

\* The destructive sickness which prevailed along the whole valley, and which swept off so many of the early settlers, is well known to most in this section of the state and county.

children, the shrill whistling of the tomahawk and the red man's hideous yell would break the solemn stillness of the mournful scene ; and hand to hand would they grapple with the ferocious foe, to save themselves and their dying children from the stake and the scalping knife. Who can fully describe those fearful days—who do justice to the memories of our brave sires ! Whose imagination can conjure up the anguish of those who fell, or of those who were spared only to see their homes wrapped in flames, their father's cruel death, and their mother's scalding tears as her children were torn from her arms and borne away into hopeless captivity ! By my side are a few, indeed, who can call up those sad scenes in all their fearful reality. They have endured those pangs, have wept over their butchered friends and kinsmen, felt the iron grasp of the Indian warrior fastened with unrelaxed nerve upon their own limbs, seen the reeking hatchet mangle the fair forms of those most loved, and the parent's scalp waved in mad exultation by the merciless foe.

Did you, honored Sir,(M) stand in my place at this hour, and tell to this assembled multitude the unadorned story of your own sufferings and valor,

how thick and fast would fall the burning tears at your painful trials, and how quick beat each heart at your daring exploits! With what renewed force now comes back those patriotic emotions with which you first engaged in your country's cause, when the hand of the oppressor fell heavily upon her! Again rekindles that generous zeal with which you and your old school-mates—one\* of whom now rests beneath the sod on yonder hill—one† on the battle-field at Brandywine—and another's‡ mouldering remains are gathered together in that funeral urn—that zeal with which you and your many youthful companions obeyed the call of freedom! Bearing the commission|| of your country, feel you not once more that you are at the head of your little troop, and leading them on to victory? Do you not again see your flag streaming to the breeze—hear the roar of the hostile cannon, and mingle in the bloody fight? Pence! and Pike! at the mention of those names, do you not seem to be again in the gloomy wilderness at the dead hour of mid-

\* The late Mr. Salmon, of Groveland.

† Lieutenant William Boyd.

‡ Lieutenant Thomas Boyd.

|| During the war he was Lieutenant of a rifle company.



night, pinioned in captivity, the red men lying near, their rifles ready near their hands, the fire dimly burning, your two comrades fast bound at your side? Are not the painful thoughts of that moment now vividly recalled?—the dread of the morrow's march—the certainty of a long captivity—the fears of lingering torture—the reluctance with which your comrades join in the blow for deliverance—the providential procurement of the Indian's knife—the sundering of the cords by which you were bound—the stealthy removal of your captors—the crouching form of Pence ready to fire—the start of the dusky warrior—Pike's shrinking spirit when he should have been most firm—the instant blow which fells the waking red man—the click of Pence's rifle a second time failing—the repeated blows of the tomahawk by which your own strong arm laid low in death five of those merciless captors—the discharge at last of Pence's rifle, and the instant death of four—the bound of the tenth to his feet—his death-grapple as you drive the tomahawk through his shoulder—your fearful struggle as fast clenched you lie undermost—the Indian's blood streaming over your face in a suffocating torrent—the eagerness with

which your hand steals around his belt for the knife beyond your reach—the relaxed hold and rapid flight of the only surviving foe! Thus nine Seneca braves atoned with their life-blood for their murderous torture of your noble comrade, the gallant Boyd. Oh! how ardent must have been your devotion, how undying your attachment to your country, if this frightful scene could not deter you from again going forth to battle in her cause. But your love of country proved stronger than all danger. Once more you become a captive of the Seneca warriors. They suspect that you slew their braves, and your life hangs trembling on the word of their chief. There is a moment's pause, to learn, it may be, the dangerous truth. Their interpreter,\* with notes of friendly warning, promises his aid in baffling your wily foes. At the risk of his own life he resolves to save yours; and, at length, he persuades them they have mistaken their wished-for prey. You, too, can well imagine the anguish of the mother of the gallant Boyd, at the cruel death of her youngest child. You know her deep and ardent

See Mr. Angel's note.

love of her brave sons, and their never-ceasing attachment to her. You remember well the silent grief of your interview with her only remaining son, when you both were prisoners in the enemy's land ; how, with the warm grasp of early friendship and common sufferings, you both stood for minutes speechless ; and that his first words were of his mother : " Is she yet well ?" (N) Yours has been an eventful life ; but you have been kindly spared to receive the grateful tributes of your admiring countrymen, and to witness the unparalleled growth of your country, and the success of her free institutions.

And you, ye little band, are here to-day, a few survivors of that struggle in which all selfish considerations were merged in the higher, purer principles of freedom !\* You then bravely breasted the dangers of the hour, not alone for your own good, but for the happiness of all coming posterity. Life, fortune, and sacred honor, all were pledged ; and that pledge you faithfully redeemed.

And you, venerable Sir,† stood sentinel of the

There were several survivors of the Revolution at the speaker's side.

† Mr. Elnathan Perry, of Rush. See Appendix D.

army on the night when the brave Boyd left the camp on his dangerous errand—never to return. Your eyes were the last to rest on those proud men, as they advanced up the adjacent hill, and were concealed in the thick wood.

And yours was the lot, revered Sir,\* to be the first to learn the melancholy fate of the murdered Boyd. On the morrow's march, as you, moving on the extreme right of Clinton's detachment, were hurrying forward to the deserted village, the headless and mangled bodies of the ill-fated pair, were by you found unburied in the rank grass. Sixty-two years ago, you joined in the solemn duty of committing their remains to the silent grave; and now you have met with us to lament their untimely fall, and to do honor to their memories.

Long have the remains of the heroic leader and his partner in captivity, been separated from those of their comrades in that perilous enterprise. Hereafter they are to lie together in one common tomb—as in life, so in their last resting place, to wait, side by side, for the summons, not as before to bloody combat, but to receive the rich reward

of virtuous deeds and pure, unyielding principle. From your hands these troops wait to receive these precious relics, that, on the distant hill which stands as a sentinel\* at the very entrance to this fertile valley, where their lives were offered up a generous sacrifice in the cause of liberty, they may be not only the first to have a silent home in the mound sacred to the heroic past ; but that there they may serve to awaken in the soul of the visitor, the same unfaltering devotion to country, which their lives and their death so nobly exhibited.

Soldiers ! yours is a proud duty this day. You have been selected as worthy recipients of these precious relics of an age of glory, to perform the last solemn honors to their memories. For more than a half century they have lain on the very spot where they fell ; and nought but the sacred purpose for which we now commit them to your charge, could induce us to suffer their removal. (O) You know the story of their heroism and of their sufferings. You have learned the perils they

From the hill selected in Mt. Hope Cemetery for the Revolutionary dead, you have a view of the Genesee Valley and of the city of Rochester.

generously braved ; and how, at the call of duty, their blood was poured forth freely in their country's cause. We feel assured you do, as we would have you at this hour, regard ~~this~~ as no idle pageant. As you bear these honored relics to their final resting place, remember their high virtues and cherish their undying fame. You are now to receive from the hands of their only surviving comrades, all that remains of as noble a band as the annals of history can boast. In the hour of danger, the remembrance of Marathon and Thermopylæ aroused the soldiers of Athens and Sparta to deeds of the noblest daring. If, hereafter, our soil should be invaded by a foreign foe, look on the hill which overhangs your noble city, and remember there lies a soldier more fearless than even a Leonidas. Be mindful of the noble example he has bequeathed. Fear no danger—shrink from no duty, however hazardous—be ever ready at your country's call. If, in the doubtful hour of the perilous conflict, an emotion of terror should ever, but for a moment, steal over your brave spirits, call up this hour when, beneath the gaze of a thousand eyes, you were entrusted with the sacred duty of paying the last honors to the

noble dead ; and, from the hands of those who had themselves perilled all for freedom, received the sacred trust now to be committed to your charge. Forget not that, relying on your heroism and virtue, the citizens of Livingston county have deemed you worthy of this high duty ; and urged upon you to emulate the example of the gallant Boyd—his disregard of a death far more painful than that on the battle-field, rather than, even by a word, fail in his duty to his country—that the threats of his captor, the intimidations of the savage foe, the most exquisite and lingering torture fiendlike malice could invent—the instinctive love of life, the endearments of kindred, the bereavement of a widowed mother, the dread of lying, an unburied corpse, a prey to the wild beasts of the forest, with no pitying eye to tell his fate—that not one nor all of the most powerful motives which can move the human heart, could stifle, even for a moment, his undying *love of country*.

Soldiers ! one of the few surviving officers, Maj. Moses Van Campen, our presiding officer, and the old schoolmate and companion in arms of the gallant Boyd, is now standing before you, to perform, in behalf of himself and of his venerable com-

rades, and in the name of Livingston county, the sacred duty of committing to you these honored relics.

Listen to his words, and call to mind his own matchless heroism and virtues—those of one worthy of this high duty—the brave soldier and patriot surrendering to the soldiers of another age, the precious remains of his own patriotic and lion-hearted comrades, that they may receive, at the hands of a grateful posterity, the honors which are ever the just due of heroism and virtue.



## APPENDIX.

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THE author of the preceding Address would avail himself of this opportunity to acknowledge the kindness with which he was favored with many interesting particulars in the history of Western New-York, and especially of Sullivan's campaign, by Maj. Moses Van Campen, of Dansville; Gen. Wm. A. Mills, of Mt. Morris; Hon. John Jones, of Leicester; Horatio Jones, Esq., of the same place, one the brother and the other the son of the late Capt. Horatio Jones, a sketch of whose life is given by Mr. Angel, in one of the following notes; and also for the information afforded by Mrs. Salmon, of Groveland, the widow of the late John Salmon. In consulting the "Life of Brant," the "Narrative of the White Woman;" and "The Annals of Tryon county," many inaccuracies and omissions in regard to Sullivan's campaign, were discovered, some of which have

been corrected and supplied in the preceding address, through the assistance of the above gentlemen, and the work of Henry O'Reilly on "Western New-York."

The following notes have been hastily penned, in order that those not familiar with the many allusions to other matters contained in the address, might be understood by all readers. The author hopes that some abler hand will gather up the precious fragments of our early history, which lie scattered over this region and are preserved only by oral tradition. From the mass of materials thrown into his possession in the short space of a few days, he is satisfied that one willing to undertake the task, could easily furnish a work of great interest and service to all our citizens, and to the history of our State.

At the close of the Revolutionary contest, many who had served in Sullivan's army, attracted by the fertility of this region, returned to the scene of their former exploits, and made here a permanent abode. During many subsequent years, the Senecas engaged in those incursions into the frontier settlements, which called for the successive expeditions of Harmar, St. Clair, Wayne, and

Harrison. This tribe is now wasted away to a miserable remnant, which has at last concluded a treaty, by whose stipulations they are to remove beyond the Mississippi.

## NOTES.

## Note (A), Page 74.

The funeral procession which left the village of Geneseo, on the morning of the solemnities, was nearly a mile in length. The remains of those who fell on the battle-field at Groveland, had been previously deposited in an appropriate sarcophagus, and were followed by the citizens living east of the river, to the spot where the bones of Boyd and Parker had been found.

At this spot, the funeral train from the east was met by that from the west, and by the military and civic delegations from Rochester.

Whilst these two processions halted a few rods from each other, the Rochester Military Corps being drawn up on two sides of the mound, the Committee of Arrangements, with the survivors of Sullivan's army, ascended to the summit; and, during the mournful air played by the band,

raised the urn and bore it to the hearse, where it was placed on the sarcophagus by the venerable President of the Day.

The two processions were then united, and moved slowly, under escort of the military corps, to the entrance of Cuyler's Grove. Arrived at that spot, a procession on foot was formed, and marched along the winding path among the oaks, one-fourth of a mile, to the place selected for the audience during the addresses of the respective speakers. This spot was in the grove on the top of the hill, and commanded a view of the valley and surrounding country.

The supposed remains of Boyd (with those of Parker) were found at the spot mentioned in the various written accounts of his torture, and pointed out to many now living, by those who, on the day after the torture, were present at the burial ; particularly by Mr. Salmon, who was one of the company detached for that ceremony by Gen. Clinton, as described in his letter elsewhere given in this volume ; and by Capt. Horatio Jones, who often visited the spot in company with the Indians, during the next and subsequent years.

The grave was at the confluence of Beard's

creek, and a small and heretofore nameless stream. A short distance west, is a spring, always mentioned in connexion with the spot of their burial, and which still continues to send forth its cool waters. The Indian burial-place was one-fourth of a mile west, where many bones have been found during the few past years ; and it is well known by all familiar with Indian customs, that they inter their dead on elevated spots, and in dry and sandy ground. The identity of this spot is put beyond all doubt, not only by the mass of proof above referred to, but also by the testimony furnished by Major Van Campen, in a letter published elsewhere in this volume.

Mr. Sanborn, who was present at the solemnities at Cuyler, was the first to discover the mangled bodies the day following the massacre. Mrs. Salmon says that her husband, in mentioning the event, always stated the fact asserted by Mr. Sanborn, viz., that the decapitated heads of Boyd and Parker were distinguished by a scar on Parker's face, and by the broken front teeth. If there is a certainty of any past event, it is equally certain that the precise spot of burial was, in this case, correctly ascertained, and the bones of the unfortunate sufferers found.

With regard to the graves of those in Groveland, there can be no doubt. Mr. James Boyd, the present proprietor of the farm, made the first improvements upon it, and has long been familiar with the precise spot where those who there fell, were buried, and with all the localities of the battle ground.

He states that, in company with Mr. Salmon, he visited the identical spot at a very early day ; and that then the ground had sunk about twenty inches. When he commenced clearing that place, he heaped up a large quantity of brush-wood over the grave, and left it unploughed.

About ten years ago, he leased the farm to Mr. Britton, and the heap of brush-wood has been since removed, and the spot ploughed over.

The larger of the two graves was between three huge oaks, the stumps of which were remaining five years ago. Thirty-four years since, the graves were opened, and most of the apparel, being in a state which would suffer removal, was carried away as precious relics, by those engaged in the search. Ten years ago, they were again opened, and the bones found rapidly decaying. Those residing near the spot, have often visited

it in company with Mr. Salmon ; and once proposed, at the suggestion of the owner, to place around it a cedar fence. The writer knows not why the purposed work was not attempted. If there had been any doubt of the identity of this spot, it must have been removed on finding among the bones in the grave, four metallic buttons, on which were still distinctly legible the three letters, "U. S. A.," and which were recognized by the survivors present as the kind of buttons worn by the riflemen during the Revolutionary War. These buttons have been placed in the Rochester Athenæum—having been delivered over for that purpose by the Livingston County Committee.

At the time of Sullivan's expedition, all the high land around the Genesee Valley was covered by a dense forest. The Flats were, in some places, cultivated ; but, for the most part, were a marsh, covered with coarse, rank grass. The Indians annually set fire to this grass, and thus burned over the whole valley.

At the fording place of the Canasaraga, there was one Indian village called Williamsburg, which contained a large council-house, termed "The Castle." Many of the inhabitants of this

vicinity remember to have seen the old house standing; and a few of its logs are still resting near its site. The spot is now owned by Mr. Kemp, and is about one mile south of the late Colonel Fitzhugh's residence. Opposite, are the celebrated Canasaraga Flats, now owned by Gen. Mills. There was another village on the site of Cuyler, (why not give it the old Indian name of Beardstown?) which also contained a council-house, and was one of the largest in the valley. This was the residence of Little-Beard and his clan—the most ferocious of all the Seneca nation. About two miles south, and also on the western side of the valley, there was a large village at Squawkie Hill, the abode of Tall Chief, where many of the Indian houses still remain. On the Flats now owned by James Wadsworth, Esq., opposite Geneseo, was the village of "Big Tree." I presume this is the same chief called "Great Tree," by Stone in his "Life of Brant." He was at Philadelphia in 1777, and made a treaty with Congress, in which he pledged himself that the Senecas should not take up the hatchet. But previously to his return, and during his absence, Butler had instigated the tribe to join in the mur-



der and plunder of the Mohawk settlers. There was also a village near Avon, called Canawagus ; and another at the head of Lake Conesus.

Note (B), Page 79.

It is well known that Sir. Wm. Johnson was averse to taking active measures against the colonies. Whilst haranguing an Indian council, a packet of letters from England was delivered to him, which letters were supposed to contain instructions to enlist the savages in the coming war. Some suppose that the despatches were from Boston, showing that war was inevitable. On the afternoon of the same day—the 24th of June, 1774—he died suddenly, not without suspicion of suicide. The Six Nations never had a truer friend. He was the idol of his own neighborhood, and the favorite of his sovereign.

Note (C), Page 88.

Colonel Alden had been duly informed of the contemplated attack, but persisted in regarding the warning given as an unnecessary alarm. To show how entirely groundless he regarded the fears which had been excited, he and his lieuten-

ant slept during the night preceding the massacre, at the house of Mr. Wells. The troops slept in the village as usual, and most of them were cut off. For a full description of the massacre, see the various published accounts. One of the Wells family, a son, had been placed with an aunt in Schenectada, and thus escaped the general slaughter of the family. He was, subsequently, a distinguished lawyer in this State.

Note (D), Page 89.

Mr. Elnathan Perry, of West Rush. He belonged to the Massachusetts' troops, and was stationed under Col. Alden, at Cherry-Valley. During the morning watch he had broken his screw-driver; and, when that watch was relieved, had obtained permission to go to a blacksmith's shop at the east end of the village, to have it repaired. Whilst there, he heard a sudden discharge of rifles, and hurried out to learn the cause. The Indians were seen rushing towards the spot where he stood, and he hastened through the fields to the fort, and escaped.

## Note (E), Page 99.

The Senecas have been justly styled the Romans of the Indian nations. They frequently made expeditions to the far south and west, and returned with a large number of scalps. They completely destroyed the Catawba tribe, which resided on the Cumberland river. There are many traditions, once current among them, of furious wars waged against the Cherokees and Creeks. Whether they ever pushed their conquests as far south as Alabama, or not, it seems certain that, from the Genesee, they sent forth their warriors until all the surrounding tribes became their tributaries. They were the Goths and Vandals of America. Concurring in the view so often expressed, that the gigantic remains of the large cities still seen in Mexico and Guatemala, should be regarded as satisfactory proof of a high state of civilization, I would not omit the evidence furnished by our own valley, in establishing that point. There is still remaining in the valley of the Canasaraga, a dense forest, the growth of many centuries. At isolated spots, during the American Revolution, there were small clumps

of trees of great age, on the valley of the Genesee. But, for many miles in this immediate vicinity, nearly the whole valley was destitute of trees, and no stumps were visible. From the nature of the soil, and its close resemblance to that of the Canasaraga valley, there seems good evidence that the forest once extended along the Genesee river, and had been cut down by some nation, prior to the conquest by the Senecas. That former nation must have gained subsistence by the culture of the soil. Indeed, every thing in the character of this region and in the history of the eastern continent, shows that the "hive of nations" sent forth its swarms, not only to overrun southern Asia and Europe, but the fair fields and cities of America. And what is now witnessed but the progress of the same events? The Anglo-Saxon race from the north, is pushing its conquests over the world; whilst the Russian hordes are fast increasing in strength and numbers, to set in motion the next wave in the tide of history. The southern nations of Europe are daily becoming enervated, ready to fall a prey to some new Alaric. The changes which have swept over our own continent, may not have been

dissimilar to those of the eastern world—though no historian has recorded their strange effects. Some of the Seneca warriors often told our early settlers, that their fathers had driven a race of men from this valley, and gained possession of it by their prowess in fight. That a far different race of men once inhabited this region, but that they were not warlike, and were driven far away or slain on the battle field, is generally supposed, and on reasonable grounds.

Note (F), Page 106.

The written accounts of this attack on Boyd's party, state that it was accidental. I have chosen, in absence of all proof to the contrary, and judging from the well-known character of the Indian warriors, to consider it premeditated. It is impossible that he should have penetrated so far into the forest, without being discovered. No doubt the savages knew his exact position and numbers, long before morning; and had decided on cutting him off without a struggle. If ignorant of his approach, why the hasty desertion of Williamsburg; and for what purpose were the two

Indians skulking about that village in the morning? Besides, one aged and infirm squaw had been left, and the fires were not extinguished—proofs of a hasty retreat. Some have thought that the packs left on the hill, when Hand's brigade approached, show that the fight was unintentional. Why should they have taken their packs, if, as is asserted, they were posted in the ravine to ambush the main army, in one case, more than in the other? It is said in the "Life of Brant," that as the second Oneida, taken prisoner on the preceding day, was walking between two Senecas, he suddenly escaped; and that, when in full pursuit, the Senecas fell in unexpectedly with Boyd. This supposition does not satisfactorily explain the presence of the British troops under Butler; nor their distance from Little-Beard's Town, whither, unquestionably, the Oneida had been conducted the previous evening. And why was the Oneida taken with them in the morning, in their stealthy advance towards the army, rather than left in the village? The nature of the ground selected, would not give one thousand British and Indians so decided an advantage over five thousand men with three pieces of artillery,

as to induce the cunning warriors to select that spot for such an ambuscade. The packs spoken of, were, I presume, only the warriors' blankets, which they always throw off in the fight.

Note (G), Page 107.

The Indians were so much pleased at the manner in which Murphy tumbled one of their largest and most braggart warriors in the dust, that they in their laughter neglected to check his rapid flight. They soon, however, started in full pursuit ; but he was too swift for their best runners. When he was fairly beyond their reach, he exclaimed, "Clean Tim, by G—d !" and shook his fist to insult and dare them to another attempt. One of his companions laid down behind the trunk of a tree which was stretched across the path, on the side towards the valley. The Indians, intent on seizing Murphy, rushed on, one after another, each clearing the tree at a single bound, and not looking back. Thus he laid, with the savages leaping directly over his body in rapid succession, until they, giving over the pursuit, plunged into the wood, to return by a hidden course to the battle-ground.

## Note (H), Page 108.

Brant, when a lad, was sent by Sir Wm. Johnson to the Charity School at Hartford, Conn., then kept by Dr. Wheelock, subsequently the President of Dartmouth College. He there learned the rudiments of an English education; and was thus enabled, afterwards, to act as Secretary to Col. Guy Johnson. He visited England at the commencement of our Revolutionary contest, and was much noticed by several distinguished noblemen, and by the king. He was well known to be a brave and generous warrior. But how Boyd had learned that he was a freemason, I have not been able to learn.

## Note (I), Page 109.

I have, for the purposes of the Address, chosen to regard Walter Butler, rather than the colonel, his father, as the author of this infamous deed. Col. John Butler was inclined to mitigate the rigors of the war; and many instances of his merciful interposition to save unfortunate captives



from the cruelty of the savages, might be mentioned. But his son never, that I can ascertain, acted otherwise than to incite the Indians to the most frightful barbarities. Stone inclines to regard him as less inhuman than he has been generally considered ; but gives no proof to sustain his view, other than a vague surmise of his own, and a letter written by Butler himself after the massacre at Cherry-Valley, in which he desires an exchange of some of his own prisoners for his mother and family who were held as hostages by the Americans. I cannot, on such suspicious testimony, suppose for a moment, that he who had refused Brant the privilege of informing some of the inhabitants of that unfortunate village, of the intended attack, to enable them to escape the approaching slaughter, would send back a few infirm captives the next day, and write an equivocal letter in his own defence from the damning stain fixed upon his character, for any other purpose than to procure the release of his own kindred. The many acts of worse than Indian ferocity which he exhibited during the war, forbid our giving any credence to his own unsupported assertion, that his hands were unpolluted with the

blood of the unarmed and helpless, and his soul guiltless of the foul murders. No! let him bear the-reproach which he has so richly merited, and his name be a by-word through all coming time. I agree with Stone in the suggestion which he makes, and regard the Butler guilty of Boyd's torture and Parker's death, as the infamous Walter.

Note (J), Page III.

The mode of torture practiced on Boyd, was of the most cruel kind. The reason of this unusual severity, I have heard suggested by a gentleman of this vicinity; but am inclined to the opinion that it must have resulted from the firmness which he manifested during the conflict, from the excitement of the passions produced by frequent promises to give him up to the Indians, and the delay in yielding to their demands. He was stripped of all his clothes, and bound fast to a sapling. The Indians then hurled their tomahawks as near his head as possible, without hitting it,—a favorite pastime with some tribes. At length they tore out his nails—plucked out one eye—cut off his

nose and tongue! Several who heard the statements of those who buried his mangled corpse, agree in this story. Then they made an incision in his abdomen, and fastened one of the intestines to the tree—unbound him, and dragged him round the tree until all were wound out of his body! Some one with whom I conversed, a few days ago, upon the subject, confirmed this last statement. If I mistake not, it was Judge Jones who informed me that when his brother, the late captain Horatio Jones, visited the spot a few years afterwards, he found the intestines still wound around the tree. Parker was decapitated without torture. The heads of these two sufferers were tossed upon the spears of the savages and kicked about the grass, until the rage of the foe was exhausted. On the next day their mangled bodies were found and buried at the confluence of the streams hereafter to be known as Boyd's creek and Parker's creek.

Note (K), Page 113.

Sullivan completed the bridge on the day of Boyd's fate, and buried a large number of mus-

kets and a quantity of ammunition. The army had, for several days, been allowed only a half rations. Yet, he determined to push forward with his whole force, and destroy all the villages along this valley. On the next morning, the whole army advanced to the Genesee river, and the main body encamped near Fall-brook, about two miles from Geneseo. There is a tradition prevailing here, that a party of Indians were driven over this fall and dashed to pieces. But I can find no authentic account of any such disaster.

Whilst the main army lay encamped there, Gen. Clinton was sent forward with his whole force, consisting of about two thousand men, to Little-Beard's Town. He crossed over the Canasara at the fording place near Williamsburg, to the Canasara Flats; and the Genesee at the fording place about a mile north of the present village of Mount Morris; and marched down on the west side of the river. Mr. Sanborn was on the extreme of the right wing; and, as the detachment moved forward, this wing was protected by Beard's creek. As it wheeled rapidly round to reach the village, Mr. Sanborn, whilst hastening at a rapid step, discovered the headless corpse

of Boyd. Being startled at the sudden sight, he sprang quickly forward, and the corpse of Parker was at his feet. Finding the village deserted, one company was ordered to the spot to bury those unfortunate soldiers—the company of Capt. Simpson, of which Boyd had been lieutenant. They deposited those mangled bodies in the spot before described, with military honors, and then rejoined the troops in destroying the crops and village.

The Indians had sent their women and children to Niagara, and remained themselves hovering about the forest. Whilst Clinton was destroying the villages and crops on the west side of the river, Poor and Maxwell proceeded on the east side to Canawagus, destroyed that town and the village of Big Tree. After remaining three days, and having destroyed all the crops and villages in the region, Sullivan commenced his march back to Tioga Point. Some of the privates have mentioned that the whole army crossed the Genesee and encamped at Little-Beard's Town; whilst others assert with equal tenacity, that the main army lay at Fall-brook. On examination, I learn that all of the former belonged to Clinton's division; in which fact, I conclude, their mistake had

its origin. A private, on hearing his general's order to march, and seeing two thousand advance, would naturally suppose, in the excitement of the moment, that the whole army was moving. During the next winter—the cold winter—the Indians were fed at Niagara, on salt provisions, and a large number died of the scurvy. The Senecas never recovered from the destruction of their crops and villages, and from the havoc of the disease during the following winter.

Note (L), Page 114.

Walter Butler fell at Canada creek, in the year 1781. The following account of his death is taken from the "Annals of Tryon County." He was pursued by a small party of Oneida Indians. When he arrived at West Canada creek, about fifteen miles above Herkimer, he swam his horse across the stream; then, turning round, defied his pursuers, who were on the opposite side. An Oneida immediately discharged his rifle and wounded him, and he fell. Throwing down his rifle and blanket, the Indian plunged into the creek and swam across. As soon as he had

gained the opposite bank, he raised his tomahawk, and, with a yell, sprang like a tiger upon his fallen foe. Butler supplicated, though in vain, for mercy. The Oneida, with uplifted axe, shouted in his broken English, "Sherry-Valley ! Remember Sherry-Valley !" and then buried it in his brains. There are various other accounts of his death ; but I chose this as furnishing the best description for my purpose.

Note (M), Page 119.

At the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle, Moses Van Campen resided in Northumberland village, in the county of the same name, in Pennsylvania. He was a near neighbor of the widow Boyd, and her sons were his schoolmates. With most of the young men of that patriotic village, he joined the militia ; and, being stationed on the frontier, engaged in many perilous enterprises against the Indians. He was selected, during Sullivan's campaign, to take charge of several important and dangerous scouting movements, suffered the greatest fatigues, and engaged in the most dangerous services. About

one year after the campaign, he was taken prisoner by a party of ten Seneca warriors that had been sent out to obtain captives, subsequently to the unsuccessful attempt on the valley of the Mohawk. The retreating British and Indians had surprised the small settlement at Harpersfield, and the famous Col. Harper and many others were prisoners in their hands. Wishing to return with greater spoils, after their unsuccessful efforts, they sent forward several small parties of Indians against the Minisink settlements. A party of ten Senecas fell in with a small number of whites, and succeeded in taking five prisoners. The father of Maj. Van Campen was thrust through with a spear; and, whilst the red warrior was, with his foot on the breast of his victim, endeavoring to extricate his spear, another savage had dashed out the brains of Moses Van Campen's brother with a tomawawk, and was aiming a blow at Moses' head. He seized the Indian's arm, and arrested the descending blow. Whilst thus engaged, his father's murderer thrust his spear at his side. But he avoided the weapon—being only slightly wounded. At this moment the chief interfered, and his life was spared.



After several days' march, the party of Senecas above mentioned, arrived near Tioga Point, with Lieut. (now Maj.) Van Campen ; a Dutchman by the name of Pence ; Pike, a robust Yankee ; and two small children. During the day, these prisoners marched with the party, bearing the baggage ; and, at the evening halt, were made to carry the wood for the fires.

Van Campen had, for some time, urged upon the two men, prisoners with him, to make an attempt to escape during the night, by tomahawking the Indians whilst sleeping. He depicted to them the horrors of a long captivity, and of the agonizing tortures to which they would probably be subjected. His companions, however, were at first alarmed at the danger of a contest with ten warriors. During the afternoon preceding the eventful night of their delivery, he succeeded in persuading them to join him in the meditated blow, before they crossed the river and their retreat was thereby cut off. He advised them to remove the Indians' rifles ; and, with the head of the tomahawks, dash out their brains ; for if the edge of the weapon were used, the time required to extricate the hatchet after each blow.

would prove a dangerous delay. He was overruled by his comrades ; and, after some discussion among them, that plan was adopted, which was finally acted upon.

At evening, the savages, according to their custom, lighted their fires, and bound the arms of the captives behind their backs. They then cut two forked stakes for each side of the fire, and placed between them (resting on the forks) two poles, against which they could lean their rifles. During their evening meal, one of the savages, after sharpening a stick on which to roast his meat, laid down his knife in the grass, near the feet of Van Campen. Van Campen saw the knife, and so turned his feet as to cover it—hoping the Indian would forget it before going to rest. After the meal was finished, the ten Indians having first examined their prisoners to ascertain if they were fast bound, lay down to sleep. Five were on each side of the fire—their heads under the poles, and his rifle standing at the head of each, ready to be grasped at the instant.

About midnight, Van Campen sat up and looked around, to learn if all were asleep. Their loud snoring told him the hour to strike had ar-

rived. He then, with his feet, drew the knife within reach of his pinioned hands. Rising cautiously, he roused his companions. Pence cut the bands from Van Campen's arms, and the latter then cut loose his two comrades. There had been a slight fall of snow, which had frozen among the leaves, and rendered every footstep fearfully audible. But they succeeded in removing all the rifles to a tree at a short distance from the fire, without awaking one of the warriors. During the afternoon, several of the rifles had been discharged in killing a deer, and, through forgetfulness, left unloaded. The plan proposed was, that Pence, who was an excellent marksman, should lie down on the left of one row of Indians, with three rifles; and, at the given signal, fire. They supposed the same ball would pass through at least two savages. In the mean time, Van Campen should tomahawk three of those on the other side of the fire, and Pike, two. Then there would be but three Indians remaining, and each of the captives was to fasten on his foe—Van Campen and Pike with their tomahawks, and Pence with one of the undischarged rifles. Fortunately for their safety, Pence had taken the two unloaded rifles.

All things being ready, Van Campen's tomahawk dashes out the brains of one of the Indians, at a single blow ; but Pence's rifle snapped without discharging. At the noise, one of the two assigned to Pike's charge, with a sudden " Ugh !" extended his hand for his rifle. Pike's heart failing him at this awful crisis, he crouched to the ground and stirred not. But Van Campen saw the Indian starting to his feet ; and, as quick as thought, drove the tomahawk through his head. Just as the fifth blow of Van Campen had despatched the last savage on his side of the fire, Pence tried the third rifle, and the ball passed through the heads of four. The fifth on that side, John Mohawk, bounded to his feet, and rushed towards the rifles. Van Campen darted between him and the tree, and Mohawk turned in flight. Van Campen pursued him, and drove the tomahawk through his shoulder. Mohawk immediately grappled his adversary ; and, in the struggle, both fell—Van Campen undermost. Each knew his life depended on the firmness of his grasp ; and they clung to each other with unrelaxed nerve, and writhed to break free. Van Campen lay under the wounded shoulder, and was almost suffocated with the

Indian's blood which streamed over his face. He eagerly stretched his hand around Mohawk's body to reach the knife of the latter ; for the tomahawk had fallen from his hand in the struggle. But as they fell, the Indian's belt had been twisted around his body, and the knife was beyond reach. At length they break away, and both spring to their feet. Mohawk's arms had been around Van Campen's neck, and the arm of the latter over the back of the former. As they gain their feet, Van Campen seized the tomahawk and pursued the again-retreating Indian. His first impulse was to hurl the hatchet at his foe ; but he saw at once the imprudence of the course. If it missed its object, it would be turned in a moment against his own life ; and he therefore gave over the pursuit, and one alone of the ten Senecas escaped.

On returning to his comrades, he found Pike on his knees begging for his life, and Pence standing over him with loaded rifle, ready to fire. Pence answered his inquiry, by saying, " De tam Yankee be't cowart, and I must kilt him." With difficulty Van Campen prevailed upon the Dutchman to spare the frightened and dastardly Pike. They then scalped their victims ; and, taking

their rifles, set forward with the two boys, on their return home, which they at length reached in safety. Among the scalps which were strung to the belt of one of the warriors, were those of Van Campen's father and brother. See an imperfect account of this scene in the *Life of Brant*, Vol. 2, page 59.

About two years afterwards, Van Campen was again taken prisoner, and carried to the Indian town on the Allegany, the residence of Cornplanter. Whilst the Indians were standing around, discussing the question of his life or death, Capt. Jones, who had been previously taken a prisoner and adopted into the tribe, with a single bound leaped over the Indians, and stood in the circle. Through the management of Capt. Jones, Van Campen was sent to Niagara, with many other prisoners. For farther particulars of this second escape, see Mr. Angel's note containing a sketch of the life of Capt. Jones.

I must refer the reader, for farther particulars of Maj. Van Campen's life, to a work already in press, "*Memoirs of Van Campen*, by John Niles Hubbard," and which will shortly appear. This new book, I doubt not, will do justice to the his-

tory of that gallant man, than whom, few have passed through more dangers or encountered more imminent perils. This biography, I learn, is written by his grandson, Mr. Hubbard, of Dansville, and will be authentic in all its statements. The incidents above mentioned, I learned, together with many others, from Maj. Van Campen, a few days ago, and I believe are substantially correct. He is now nearly eighty-five years old, and is still healthy and vigorous. His memory is unusually retentive, and his mind remarkably active. Indeed, I have seldom met a man at his age, who possessed so much intelligence, activity, and uniform urbanity. I have before me two letters, written by him during the past week, which show that his hand trembles not, and that his mind has not yet begun to fail. During the few hours which I passed at his house, I was under constant excitement at his thrilling narrations. He is of a very cheerful disposition ; and always, in his descriptions of his own sufferings and hair-breadth escapes, mingles with them so much of the ludicrous, that on the countenance of the listener, tears and smiles alternate in rapid succession. After he had settled in this region,

Mohawk often visited him, and the two laughed over that fearful night in the forest. But I must forbear any farther account, as the public will soon be favored with his biography.

Note (N), Page 123.

After Maj. Van Campen's escape from the hands of the savages, through the aid of Capt. Jones, he was sent to Niagara ; and though the Indians, on learning that he slew their braves, clamored for his death, he was sent to Montreal with many American prisoners. Whilst there, he had an interview with Capt. John Boyd, who had been taken a prisoner in 1781 ; at which interview, both, grasping each others' hands, remained for many minutes, bathed in tears and speechless. At last, Boyd broke the silence by earnest inquiries for his mother.

Note (O), Page 125.

It was the wish of many citizens of Livingston county, that the remains of Boyd and his comrades should not be removed ; but that a monu-



ment should be erected over the grave of Boyd and Parker at Cuyler, and another over the graves in Groveland. At the county celebration in Geneseo, on the previous Fourth of July, a proposition was made, and most cordially assented to by all present, to commence the work on the next national anniversary, with appropriate ceremonies. As the citizens of Rochester had, with so laudable a zeal and with so enlarged views, made a liberal arrangement for the reception and reinterment, not only of these relics, but also of all Revolutionary soldiers who had died, or who should hereafter die, in Western New-York, and whose friends would consent to their removal; the citizens of Livingston county yielded up their own wishes, and delivered over their heroic dead with the most impressive solemnities.

Note (P), Pages 117 and 122.

Mr. Van Campen has ever since regarded the act of kindness which was shown him by Capt. Jones, as the only means which spared him his life at this period; and so strong was the friendship which they then contracted for each other,

and so intimate has been their acquaintance since, that we cannot pass without giving him a short biographical sketch, which we are enabled to do by a communication from a near relative of Mr. Jones, B. F. Angel, Esq. :

Capt. Horatio Jones was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, Nov. 19, 1763. When quite young, he removed with his parents to Bedford county, of the same state, and, at the early age of sixteen, enlisted as a volunteer under Capt. John Boyd. It was when the Indians, led on by the notorious Butler, Brant, and Nellis, were committing their atrocious massacres among the settlers of the frontier, sparing neither age nor sex from the tomahawk and scalping knife. While yet in boyhood, he was an active and brave soldier, and accompanied Capt. Boyd on many important and dangerous expeditions, in which himself and commander had the good fortune to escape unhurt.

At length, in the spring of '81, while Capt. Boyd and his men, numbering thirty-two, were in pursuit of Nellis, they were surprised by a large party of Indians, who killed about one-half of them and took eight prisoners, among whom

was Mr. Jones and his commanding officer. They were brought to the Indian towns in the valley of the Genesee, and there made to run the gauntlet, after which, they came very near losing their lives in a savage frolic. The warriors, upon returning from their excursion, gave themselves up to drinking and merriment. Partaking freely of spirits, they became intoxicated, and all the hidden ferocity of their natures began to be aroused. They tomahawked one of the prisoners, severed his head from his body ; and, sticking it upon the end of a pole, carried it around with wild and frantic yells. They next meditated the death of Boyd and Jones ; and, while they were disputing about the manner in which they would make them suffer, a few squaws conveyed these two prisoners away, and secreted them until the passion of the warriors had subsided. Their lives were thus spared, and Jones was subsequently adopted into an Indian family, and was their interpreter when Mr. Van Campen met with him at Pigeon Woods. He was retained as a captive, until after the treaty of 1784, when he was appointed by Gen. Washington, interpreter of the Six Nations ; the duties of which office he continued to discharge until

within a few years of his death, which took place at his residence in Geneseo, on the 18th of August, 1836.

Mr. Jones was of about the ordinary stature, firmly built, and from his nature, fitted to throw energy and decision into every act of his life. By his bravery, physical strength, and the manly traits of his character, he gained great influence over the Indians with whom he was associated; and, having their entire confidence, was enabled to render the government an invaluable service, in her treaties with the northern and western tribes. He was the favorite interpreter of the celebrated Red Jacket; and his style, on all occasions, was said to be chaste, graphic, and energetic. During the latter part of his life, Mr. Van Campen and he were in the habit of visiting each other once every year; and never did two old patriots enjoy themselves together more perfectly than they. He descended to the grave full of years, and with the proud consciousness of having served well the generation in which he lived.

# LETTERS

FROM SURVIVORS OF SULLIVAN'S ARMY,  
&c., &c.

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## I.

*Letter of John Salmon, &c.*

The prominent events of Sullivan's expedition were briefly and vividly narrated by John Salmon, one of the enterprising pioneers who settled on the Genesee river, after serving patriotically through the Revolutionary War ~~in~~ the army which had previously desolated ~~the~~ settlements of the Indians. Mr. Salmon, who died in 1837, was formerly from Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, and was orderly sergeant of Capt. Simpson's company during the expedition of Sullivan. He had previously served under the gallant General

Morgan ; and the section of the country where he located, was near the scene of some of the most tragical events of the expedition under Sullivan, which first caused him to visit the Seneca territory.

To repress the hostilities and avenge the barbarities of the Six Nations, Congress recommended, and Washington adopted, the most rigorous measures, in 1779. The atrocities perpetrated at Cherry-Valley and elsewhere, in the State of New-York, as well as at Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, excited throughout the army a burning thirst for summary vengeance upon the foe that "hung like the scythe of death upon the rear of our settlements"—a foe whose "deeds were inscribed with the scalping-knife and the tomahawk, in characters of blood, on the fields of Wyoming and Cherry-Valley, and on the banks of the Mohawk."

Gen. Sullivan was ordered to march into the Indian territory, to desolate their settlements, and otherwise inflict signal retribution for the past, while disabling the tribes from prosecuting farther hostilities with their accustomed boldness.

"When it was first announced that an army was marching into their country," says a chroni-

cler of the times, "the Indians laughed at their supposed folly—believing it impossible for a regular army to traverse the wilderness such a distance, and to drive them from their fastnesses."

The statement made by Mr. Salmon, in 1824, and which is embodied in the "Narrative of the White Woman," published by Jas. E. Seaver, Esq., presents the operations of this expedition in a manner which renders it worthy of insertion here, corroborated as it is by the testimony of the White Woman, by the Annals of Tryon County, and by other authorities.

"In the autumn after the battle of Monmouth, (1778,) Morgan's Riflemen, to which corps I belonged, marched to Schoharie, in the State of New-York, and there went into winter-quarters. The company to which I was attached, was commanded by Capt. Michael Simson ; and Thos. Boyd of Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, was our lieutenant.

"In the following spring, our corps, together with the whole body of troops under the command of Gen. Clinton, to the amount of about 1,500, embarked in boats at Schenectada, and ascended the Mohawk as far as German Flats. Thence

we took a direction to Otsego lake, descended the Susquehanna, and without any remarkable occurrence arrived at Tioga Point, where our troops united with an army of 1,500 men under the command of Gen. Sullivan, who had reached that place by the way of Wyoming, some days before us.

“That part of the army under General Sullivan had, on their arrival at Tioga Point, found the Indians in some force there, with whom they had some unimportant skirmishes before our arrival. Upon the junction of these two bodies of troops, General Sullivan assumed the command of the whole, and proceeded up the Tioga. *Colonel* When within a few miles of the place now called Newtown, we were met by a body of Indians, and a number of troops well known in those times by the name of Butler's Rangers, who had hastily thrown up a breastwork of logs, &c. They were, however, easily driven from their works, with considerable loss on their part, and without any injury to our troops. The enemy fled with so much precipitation, that they left behind them some stores and camp equipage. They retreated but a short distance before they made a stand, and built another



breastwork of considerable length, in the woods near an opening. Sullivan was soon apprised of their situation, divided his army, and attempted to surround, by sending one-half to the right and the other to the left, with directions to meet on the opposite sides of the enemy. In order to prevent their retreating, he directed bomb-shells to be thrown over them, which was done ; but on the shells bursting, the Indians suspected that a powerful army had opened a heavy fire upon them on that side, and fled with the utmost precipitation through one wing of the surrounding army. A great number of the enemy were killed, and our army suffered considerably. This was the only regular stand made by the Indians.

“ The Indians having in this manner escaped, went up the river to a place called the Narrows, where they were attacked by our men, who killed them in great numbers, so that the sides of the rocks next toward the river appeared as though blood had been poured on them by pailfuls. The Indians threw their dead into the river, and escaped the best way they could.

“ From Newtown our army went directly to the head of Seneca lake, thence down that lake

to its mouth, where we found the Indian village at that place (Kanadaseago, now Geneva) evacuated, except by a single inhabitant, a male child about seven or eight years old, who was found asleep in one of the Indian huts, and who was adopted by one of the officers.

“ From the mouth of Seneca lake we proceeded without the occurrence of anything of importance, by the outlets of the Canandaigua, Honeoye, and Hemlock lakes, to the head of Conesus lake, where the army encamped on the ground that is now called Henderson's Flats.

“ Soon after the army had encamped, at the dusk of the evening, a party of twenty-one men, under the command of Lieut. Boyd, was detached from the rifle corps, and sent out for the purpose of reconnoitering the ground near the Genesee river, at a place now called Williamsburg [the present residence of Col. Fitzhugh], between Geneseo and Mount Morris, at a distance from the camp of about seven miles, under the guidance of a faithful Indian pilot [Hanayerry, the Oneida, whose fate is afterward mentioned]. That place was the site of an Indian village ; and it was apprehended that the Indians and Rangers might be there, or in that vicinity, in considerable force.

“ On the arrival of the party at Williamsburg, they found that the Indian village had been recently deserted, as the fires in the huts were still burning. The night was so far spent when they got to the place of their destination, that Lieut. Boyd, considering the fatigue of his men, concluded to remain during the night near the village, and to send two messengers with a report to the camp in the morning. Accordingly, a little before daylight, he despatched two men to the main body of the army with information that the enemy had not, as yet, been discovered.

“ After daylight, Lieutenant Boyd cautiously crept from the place of his concealment, and upon getting a view of the village, discovered two Indians hovering about the settlements—one of whom was immediately shot and scalped by one of the riflemen whose name was Murphy. Supposing that if there were Indians in that vicinity or near the village, they would be instantly alarmed by this occurrence, Lieutenant Boyd thought it most prudent to retire, and make the best of his way to the general encampment of our army. They accordingly set out and retraced the steps

which they had taken the day before, till they were intercepted by the enemy.

“On their arriving within about a mile and a half of the main army, they were surprised by the sudden appearance of a body of Indians, to the amount of five hundred, under the command of the celebrated Brant, and a similar number of Rangers commanded by the infamous Butler, who had secreted themselves in a ravine of considerable extent, which lay across the track that Lieutenant Boyd had pursued.

“Upon discovering the enemy, and knowing that the only chance for escape was by breaking through their line (one of the most desperate enterprises ever undertaken), Lieut. Boyd, after a few words of encouragement, led his men to the attempt. As extraordinary as it may seem, the first onset, though unsuccessful, was made without the loss of a man on the part of the heroic band, though several of the enemy were killed. Two attempts more were made, which were equally unsuccessful, and in which the whole party fell, except Lieut. Boyd and eight others. Lieut. Boyd and a soldier named Parker, were taken prisoners on the spot—a part of the remain-

der fled—and a part fell on the ground, apparently dead, and were overlooked by the Indians, who were too much engaged in pursuing the fugitives, to notice those who fell.

“When Lieut. Boyd found himself a prisoner, he solicited an interview with Brant, whom he well knew commanded the Indians. This chief, who was at that moment near, immediately presented himself; when Lieut. Boyd, by one of those appeals which are known only by those who have been initiated and instructed in certain mysteries, and which never fail to bring succor to a ‘distressed brother,’ addressed him as the only source from which he could expect a respite from cruel punishment or death. The appeal was recognized, and Brant immediately, and in the strongest language, assured him that his life should be spared.

“Lieut. Boyd and his fellow-prisoner, Parker, were immediately conducted by a party of the Indians, to the Indian village called Beard’s Town, on the west side of the Genesee river, in what is now called Leicester (near Moscow). After their arrival at Beard’s Town, Brant, their generous preserver, being called on service which

required a few hours' absence, left them in the care of the British Colonel, Butler, of the Rangers—who, as soon as Brant had left them, commenced an interrogation to obtain from the prisoners a statement of the number, situation, and intentions of the army under Gen. Sullivan; and threatened them, in case they hesitated or prevaricated in their answers, to deliver them up immediately to be massacred by the Indians, who, in Brant's absence, and with the encouragement of their more savage [white !] commander, Butler, were ready to commit the greatest cruelties. Relying, probably, on the promises which Brant had made them, and which he undoubtedly meant to fulfil, they refused to give Butler the desired information. Butler, upon this, hastened to put his threat into execution. They were delivered to some of their most ferocious enemies, who, after having put them to very severe torture, killed them by severing their heads from their bodies.

“ The main army, immediately after hearing of the situation of Lieut. Boyd's detachment, moved on towards Genesee river; and, finding the bodies of those who were slain in Boyd's heroic attempt to penetrate through the enemy's line,

buried them in what is now the town of Groveland, where the grave is to be seen at this day.

“Upon their arrival at the Genesee river, they crossed over, scoured the country for some distance on the river, burned the Indian villages on the Genesee Flats, and destroyed all their corn and other means of subsistence.

“The bodies of Lieut. Boyd and Private Parker were found and buried near the bank of Beard’s creek, under a bunch of wild plum-trees, on the road, as it now runs, from Moscow to Geneseo. I was one of those who committed to the earth the remains of my friend and companion in arms, the gallant Boyd.

“Immediately after these events, the army commenced its march back, by the same route that it came, to Tioga Point—thence, down the Susquehanna, to Wyoming—and thence, across the country, to Morristown, New-Jersey, where we went into winter-quarters.

“Gen. Sullivan’s bravery is unimpeachable. He was, however, unacquainted with fighting the Indians, and made use of the best means to keep them at such a distance that they could not be brought into an engagement. It was his practice,

morning and evening, to have cannon fired in or near the camp, by which the Indians were notified of his speed in marching and of his situation, and were enabled to make a seasonable retreat.

“The foregoing account, according to the best of my recollection, is strictly correct.

“JOHN SALMON.”

This narrative of the prominent events of Sullivan's expedition, is substantially corroborated by the journal of an officer, quoted in the “Annals of Tryon County,” and by the testimony of Mary Jemison, the “White Woman.” This latter personage was, at the time, settled as the wife of the chief Hiokatoo, in Beard's Town, the headquarters of the Senecas before the desolation produced by Sullivan's army; and took refuge then (where she remained till 1832) at a romantic spot between the high banks of the Genesee, beside the “Great Slide,” and near the Falls of Nunda.



## II.

*Letter from Mr. John B. Boyd, now in the possession  
of H. N. Taggart, Esq., Dansville.*

NORTHUMBERLAND, PA., Aug. 16, 1841.

DEAR SIR,—I received this morning your favor of the 12th instant, and also a newspaper entitled the "Western New-Yorker," in which intimation is given that the remains of my uncle, lieutenant Thomas Boyd, who was cruelly tortured and buried by the Indians, in 1779, will be disinterred on the 20th of this month, with ceremonies appropriate to the occasion, preparatory to their being deposited in a cemetery at Rochester. It gratifies me much to hear of the intended honors to be conferred upon the remains of one who honored his country while living, and fell a sacrifice to the cause of freedom. Had intimation been given to me at an earlier date, I would have made a considerable effort to be present on the solemn occasion; but it is impossible now. I think it would have been but right and proper that an invitation to my brother and myself, who are the only surviving relatives of Lieut. Boyd, now bear-

ing his name. Perhaps the Committee of Arrangements were not sufficiently acquainted with the family history, to know where the relatives of the deceased could be found.

There were three brothers, John, Thomas, and William—all officers in the army of the Revolution. Two fell in defence of their country's rights—Thomas, by the hands of the savages; and William at the battle of Brandywine. My father, the eldest, escaped through the dangers of those perilous times, and died in peace, in February, 1832, at an advanced age. Their father died when they were quite young, leaving them to the care of their mother; and she, after training them to manhood, freely parted with them all, that they might go to the tented field and fight the battles of their country. She was left alone, for she had no other children but her brave boys; and often did she pray for them, and the cause in which they were engaged, and in which they had perilled their all. Two she saw no more; but the third returned to be a comfort and blessing to his aged parent. I could write much more, with such a theme; but I forbear. I only add, that I will feel under additional obligations to you, if

you will, after the ceremonies, forward to me any of the proceedings that may be published.

With kind regards for your attention, I remain,

Very respectfully, Yours,

JOHN B. BOYD.

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### III.

*Letter from Major Adam Hoops to the Hon. John Greig, Canandaigua, N. Y.*

CANANDAIGUA, Sept. 24, 1841.

DEAR SIR,—The enclosed letter from Major Adam Hoops, who was one of the aids of Gen. Sullivan, in his expedition through this country, in the year 1779, may be interesting to you, as containing some particulars respecting Lieut. Boyd and his associates.

Should I receive any more communications from the Major on the subject, as I dare say I shall, I will transmit them to you.

Yours, &c., JOHN GREIG.

WESTCHESTER, PA., Sept. 18, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—Hearing that Congress have adjourned, I address this letter to you at Canandaigua.

The facts concerning Van Campen and Boyd, are taken from a part of a copy of my Journal, which had been copied from that of Maj. William Pierce, 1st aid-de-camp of Gen. Sullivan—(I was the 3d).

The army marched from Wyoming about the close of August, 1779, and lay some time at Tioga Point. While there, small parties of Indians crept up in the long grass on the other side of that branch. On an occasion which I well recollect, one of our pack-horse men was killed, and another scarcely escaped with an arm broken. The cracks of the Indians' guns were as plainly heard as if they had been within two hundred yards or less. Gen. Sullivan devised a plan intended to intercept these small parties, the execution of which was committed to Van Campen, then a lieutenant. The following is taken from a copy of a narrative which, at my request, he sent me some years ago :

“Major Adam Hoops, an aid-de-camp to Gen. Sullivan, presented to me my instructions, with a sheet of white paper folded up, a leaden weight within, and a twine cord about twenty feet long fastened to it. I was to get as near the enemy’s camp as was prudent—and to select one of the shady oaks, conceal my men in the bush, and place my sentinel in the top of the oak, with the paper and twine cord—to give the signal if he discovered a party of Indians—to sink the paper down the tree as many feet as they were in numbers—if passing to my right or left, to give the signal accordingly.

“It was one of the warm days in the latter part of August. I marched as near to the enemy’s camp as I was directed. I selected my tree—my sentinel ascended twenty or twenty-five feet—and my men were concealed. We laid in watch about one hour. Every eye was fixed on the sentinel. At length the paper dropped down about four feet. I spoke to my men, saying, ‘My good fellows, we shall soon have sport.’ The paper continued to drop to ten feet. I observed again, ‘We shall have something more to do.’ The paper continued to drop to fifteen feet. ‘Now,

my good fellows, we shall have enough to do—fifteen of them to twenty of us. Let every shot make their number less.’ Behold! the fellow had fallen asleep—let the twine-cord slip through his fingers—lost his balance—and came down like a shot, head foremost. He was much bruised by the fall. I made my report to the general, &c., &c., &c.”

The following corresponds with my Journal, copied from that of Major Pierce. I was in the general’s tent when he gave his instructions to Lieut. Boyd, which were very particular—verbal, of course. The country before us was unknown. We had heard of an Indian *Castle* on the river Genesee, which, by our reckoning, might be a few miles ahead of us. The term *Castle*, was taken from *Chateau*—the French having long before magnified Indian villages into *Chateaux*, afterwards rendered literally into English. There were the Oneida *Castle*, perhaps at or near to Utica—the Seneca *Castle*, near to the present village of Geneva—as well as some others. The *Castle* Lieut. Boyd was detached to discover, consisted, probably, of a few Indian huts near Wil-

liamsburg, a few miles above the present village of Geneseo.

“The evening before Lieut. Boyd was detached by General Sullivan from the inlet of the Kanaghas lake, a log bridge was begun, and finished in the night or early in the next morning, over the inlet. Boyd not having returned by daylight, the general was very uneasy ; particularly from finding that, to the six riflemen he meant Boyd’s party should consist of, twenty-two musket-men had been added.

“Early in the morning, Mr. Lodge, the Surveyor, proceeded to chain from the west side of the inlet, where there was a picquet posted, and ascended a little way from the foot of the hill, *outside* the sentinels, in advance from the picquet, and was noting his work, when he was fired on by a single Indian who had crept up near him. Leaving his Jacob-staff standing, he made the best of his way toward a sentinel—the Indian almost at his heels, tomahawk in hand. It is probable the Indian had not seen the sentinel till he raised his piece and (when Mr. Lodge had passed him) fired, and brought down the Indian,

perhaps not mortally wounded. The whole picket immediately advanced, strongly supported ; and, ascending the hill, found a line of packs.

“ In the night, Little-Beard, with probably the main body of the Indians, and Butler’s Rangers or a part of them, had taken post on the hill ; but finding Boyd’s trail, after day had appeared, they took it, leaving a party to meet our advance, and to take charge of the packs. They succeeded in intercepting Boyd’s party, the greater part of whom, with an Oneida chief, Honyerry, were destroyed. Boyd’s head and body, with one or two of his men’s, were found next day, near Little-Beard’s Town—they having been put to the torture. The men of Boyd’s party who escaped, were Murphy, McDonald, and a Canadian.

“ The sentinel whose self-possession and intrepidity saved Mr. Lodge, was a lad, extremely diffident when examined by the general, who ordered a sum to be paid him after the return of the army.” He was, according to the impression on my mind, a recruit in the Jersey line. I received a hurt on my ankle from the edge of an ax tied on the outside of a pack-horse load, when making my way through the pack-horses drawn



up to pass the bridge over the inlet, which did not entirely heal till our return from the expedition ; and this may have prevented my informing myself of the name of the lad, which I wish had been preserved. It may have been entered in the Orderly Book of Col. Barber, the adjutant-general, and transferred into others.

I well recollect other particulars given by Murphy immediately after he got in ; but not of sufficient importance to the object of this letter, to state. I must close my letter, to be ready for to-day's mail ; and remain, dear Sir, sincerely yours,

A. HOOPS.

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#### IV.

##### *Letter from Major Moses Van Campen.*

DANVILLE, September 10, 1841.

To the Hon. Committee at Rochester, associated for the purpose of paying honors to the remains of Boyd and his companions in arms, who fell with him in the campaign of Sullivan, 1779 :

GENTLEMEN,—After the various remarks of approval that you have received for your praise-

worthy exertions in accomplishing the removal, with appropriate ceremonies, of the relics of Boyd and his gallant associates, to the cemetery of Mount Hope at Rochester, it may not be out of place for me to express the pleasure which I felt in being permitted to take a part in the doings of that interesting occasion.

That place, where Boyd and his companion met with their sad fate, has been associated, in my mind, ever since the year '79, with the events of Sullivan's campaign; and upon coming in sight of the mound which had been constructed by your orders, I felt assured that this ~~must~~ be the spot which had been identified in my own mind, not only by reports which were given at the time, but by the assertions which I afterward received from those acquainted with the burial of Boyd, as being the very ground where his remains were deposited.

Major Parr, who was an intimate friend of mine, and who commanded the rifle corps belonging to Clinton's brigade, (which, with General Hand's brigade, was sent across to Little-Beard's Town, to destroy whatever vestige of living they could find belonging to the Indians—to destroy

their corn and burn their village,) gave me an accurate description of the place where Boyd was buried. I afterwards received a description of the place from prisoners that had been given up after the treaty of peace with the Six Nations, and which corresponded exactly with that given by Maj. Parr. I learned the same, also, from one of my own soldiers, Elijah Hunt, who had been a prisoner at Little-Beard's Town two years, and who was well acquainted with the place of interment. They all agree in saying that it was at the junction of a small run[stream] with Little-Beard's creek, in a break of the bank of that creek, near a cluster of plum trees.

Whenever my eye, therefore, rested on the mound which you had constructed; and when I beheld the formation of the ground upon which it was placed, and the above-named junction, I felt that the spot was sacred, and that it was indeed the place which (as was said at the time) had been chosen that it might be afterwards remembered as the resting place of the noble Boyd.

I might say here, that Boyd belonged to Major Parr's rifle corps; and that he, Parr, was present at Boyd's burial. Mr. Sanborn, who was

present with me at the surrendering of his remains, and who had belonged to Sullivan's army, was the first that found Boyd's corpse.

I wish also to express, gentlemen, the pleasure which I felt in seeing that the small detachment under his command, which fell by the tomahawk of the savage, and which were buried on Groveland hill, was not left unremembered upon that occasion. All of these, though the names of most may have perished with them, were brave men—they deserved well of their country—and it was befitting that they should have the honorable tribute which was paid to them on that day. I was acquainted with them all ; and I could hardly express the feelings which came over me, when reflecting that, after the lapse of sixty-two years, they had been brought forth to receive the gratitude which was felt for the services which they had rendered to their country.

I owe many thanks to the gentlemen of the several committees who were present, for their kindness on that occasion ; and, especially, to the liberality of Col. Cuyler, in providing a repast for the aged and the weary. It would have given me much pleasure, gentlemen, to have accompa-

nied you to Rochester ; but my age and the fatigues of the day prevented.

I am, gentlemen, with great respect,

Yours, &c.,

MOSES VAN CAMPEN.

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V.

*Letter from the Hon. John Greig.*

CITY OF WASHINGTON, Sept. 10, 1841.

DEAR SIR,—I received, yesterday, your letter of the 4th instant ; and, upon inquiry at the War Office, I find that there is not there any return, by Gen. Sullivan, of those who were killed in the detachment sent with Lieut. Boyd from Conesus, in advance of the army, to Genesee Flats, in his expedition of 1779. It is possible such a return may be found in some of the other offices, but I cannot find any trace of it ; and I shall not be able to hunt it up, even if it does exist, before I leave this place.

Yours, sincerely,      JOHN GREIG.

## VI.

*Letter from Governor Seward.*

ALBANY, September 15, 1841.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 21st of August, in the name of the Committee of Arrangements for the late patriotic obsequies at Mount Hope, asking me to write out the substance of the address made by me on that occasion, was received on my return to this city, several days since ; but the pressure of my engagements has prevented an earlier acknowledgement.

Duly appreciating the kindness of the Committee, and retaining a very pleasing recollection of the interesting incidents of the day, I should very cheerfully comply with the request of the Committee, if the task were within my power to accomplish. But what was said by me on that occasion, was unprepared ; and the language passed quite as rapidly from my mind, as from those of my respected audience. It would be impossible for me to recal the form of the address. The substance has been well preserved in some of the

public journals. I could not make a more accurate report.

Be pleased to make this my apology to the Committee, and assure them of my sincere respect and esteem.

I am, dear Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

To HENRY O'REILLY, *Chairman.*

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### GENERAL COMMITTEE,

*Appointed by the Livingston County Convention, for  
rendering Honor to the Revolutionary Patriots.*

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Calvin H. Bryan, Allen Ayrault, William T. Cuyler, Daniel H. Bissell, Reuben Sleeper, J. Henderson, Horatio Jones, John R. Murray, jr., Samuel Treat, E. R. Hammatt, W. W. Weed, W. H. Stanley, D. P. Bissell.

## DELEGATES

*Constituting the General Committee of Arrangement  
for the late ceremonies, and for erecting*

A REVOLUTIONARY MONUMENT

*at Mount-Hope, Rochester.*

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### COMMITTEE OF CORPORATION.

Mayor E. F. Smith—Ald'n. Erickson and Cady.

### WILLIAMS' LIGHT INFANTRY.

George A. Gibbs, James Miller, James C. Campbell, and Robert A. Hall.

### UNION GRAYS.

L. B. Swan, W. H. Cheney, H. P. Dannals, and D. Moody.

### GERMAN GRENADIERS.

P. Klein and George Elwanger.

### ROCHESTER CADETS.

H. A. Tucker, James L. Elwood, G. B. Bingham, and D. M. Dewey.

### ARTILLERY CORPS.

H. Davis, G. S. Jennings, N. B. Ellison, and T. W. Van Vleck.

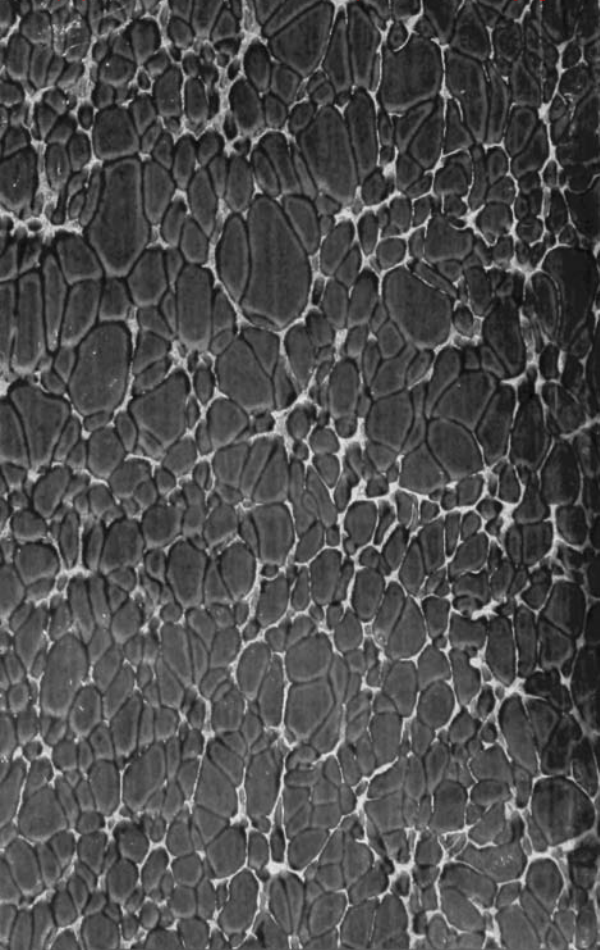
### MECHANICS' LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

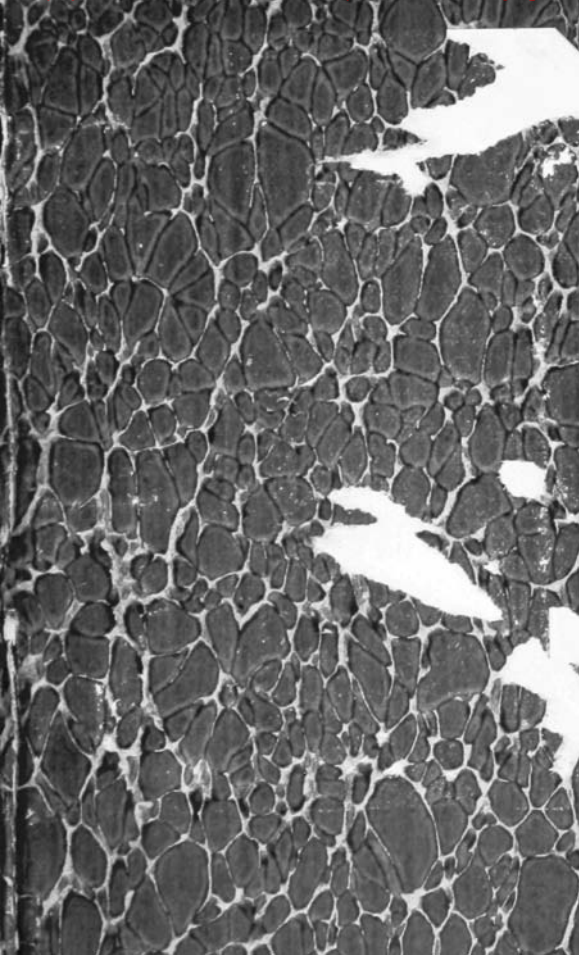
Geo. Arnold, Samuel Bayliss, and J. C. Stevens.

### ROCHESTER ATHENÆUM.

Nathaniel T. Rochester, Henry O'Reilly, L. W. Smith, and James C. Wells.









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