

They continued to reside in the valley, they met in councils innumerable and stated their grievances constantly; they haunted Johnson Hall, and swarmed through the orchards and gardens, for Molly was the mistress, and her nation were licensed to do as they pleased.

But there was a growing sullenness and discontent among them, for they saw their goodly land in the hands of the white man, and there was no help for it. Sir William died during the first mutterings of the storm, and Sir John, his son, reigned in his stead.

It is not my purpose to enter into any details in regard to the great struggle. The story has been written many times. It has been said that Sir John has been traduced and slandered, but it is doubtful whether any of the descendants of the Mohawk valley revolutionary patriots can ever be convinced that he did not do an atrocious deed when he incited the Mohawks and their kindred to lift the hatchet against the people of the Mohawk valley.

How magnificent was the bravery and love of liberty of these foeman of the Mohawks. Isolated on an exposed frontier, they not only had the British soldier to fight, but they had the foes of their own household, and last and worst of all they had the bloody Mohawks smarting with injuries real and imaginary, and stimulated by British gold, and led on by John Johnson and Guy—by the Butlers, by Croghan, and all the rest of the Johnstown retainers.

Scant justice has been done to our valley by the historians, scant justice to a people who through all the long struggle were a bulwark on the most exposed frontier, who kept back that ever besetting tide from the north, which was ready to sweep down and overwhelm the Hudson and all New England; scant justice to men who faced all the horrors that savages can inflict, and who suffered more for the cause of liberty than any other section of the thirteen colonies.

They fought Briton and Tory and Mohawk alike through all the long struggle, and at its close there was a wide waste of ruined farms, of smoldering houses, and churches, and barns, and three thousand widows and orphan children.

Scant justice have the historians done to the Mohawk valley.