

came down to Fort Miller, on the night of November 28th. Five miles below, at the junction of Fish Creek with the Hudson lay the unsuspecting hamlet of Saratoga, a wooden fort, four mills, some thirty dwellings, including the fortified brick mansion of the Schuylers, (which stood between the present Schuyler mansion and the Champlain canal), barns full of grain, stables of cattle, stacks of sawed lumber; farm produce in considerable quantities and about one hundred souls made up the village of Saratoga.

On that fatal night while farmer and artisan rested from toil, while the embers smoldered on the hearth and childhood dreamed within the trundle bed, the savage foe advancing down the river fell suddenly upon the little hamlet. With fire and sword the settlement was speedily laid waste; fort, dwellings, animals and produce were reduced to ashes, and the inhabitants killed or carried away captive, only two or three escaping to tell the tale. Brave old Philip Schuyler, (Uncle of the General), was shot and killed in his mansion while gallantly defending his home. The morning sun rose upon the smoking ruins of this fertile settlement, the fruits of its industry consumed, its people slain, or following with bleeding feet their savage captors through the frozen wilderness.

Within the next two years a fort on the north side of Fish Creek near the bank of the Hudson had been built, provided with block houses, christened Fort Clinton, in honor of Gov. Clinton, and garrisoned with upwards of one hundred and fifty men.

In June, 1747, a force of French and Indians