

miles from the city of Utica. She was subsequently taken to Montreal, and in the course of the war travelled several times from thence to Niagara, returning in the Fall to Montreal for winter quarters.

In 1783 peace was proclaimed, and as all the prisoners that had been taken by the Indians were considered as their property, arrangements were made for the United States Government to redeem them at Niagara, and the tribe to which Nancy Smith belonged took her thither with their other captives.

When the latter arrived at Niagara they were met by Col. Schuyler, who made the best bargain he could with their captors, and redeemed all that wished to be released from captivity; but several chose to remain and live with the Indians.

Col. Schuyler asked Miss Smith where her friends were living when she was carried off; and on being told that they lived at Stillwater, and that her father was an Englishman, named Thomas Smith, he said he knew him; he was a well-to-do farmer, who came twice a year to Albany to trade at his (the Colonel's) store, and he would take her home with him and send for her father.

When they arrived at Albany the Colonel sent a man with a letter to Thomas, stating that he had brought his daughter from Canada; that he, Smith, must come immediately, and bring with him the price paid for her ransom and travelling expenses. But her father and mother did not believe a word of the story, because they were sure that Collins's family had all been murdered, and their bones found in the ashes of their house, and that the young female captive must be some other Nancy Smith. However, although it seemed to be a forlorn hope, he went to Albany, and there found his long-lost child. He paid all charges and took her home. I shall not attempt to describe their meeting. The redeemed prisoner was my aunt; she was twenty-four years old when I was born, and I lived near her until I was fifteen years of age, at which time she died.

Another incident that occurred at the same time I will mention. My grandfather on my father's side, who was an Englishman, lived in Newburgh, sixty miles from

New York, and at the commencement of the war he entered with his team into the insurgent commissary service, and remained therein during hostilities. He had a niece that had married, and was settled between Albany and Fort Stanwix, not many miles from the place where Collins and his family lived. At the time that Collins was murdered, two Indians came to her house in the dusk and demanded admittance, and being refused they fired a ball through the door, which killed her husband, when eight more Indians appeared. They broke into the house, captured her and her three sons, set fire to the house, and started for the woods.

After travelling about five miles they encamped in a swamp, where they remained until next night, when they travelled all night, and the next morning again encamped in a swamp. During the day they were joined by four or five squaws loaded with plunder. They remained in their camp two days, feasting and resting themselves. The third day they painted the boys with red and black stripes, and in the afternoon tied the eldest boy, fifteen years of age, to a sapling. They placed a large quantity of dry pine around him, stuck a great many pitch-pine slivers into his body, and burned him alive. The next boy, thirteen years old, they tortured to death, but I have forgotten the process. The third boy, eleven years old, they stripped naked; one Indian held him whilst another cut a hole in his side, took one end of his entrails out, and told him to run, which he did, and fell dead. The remainder is almost too terrible to relate. They hung his heart, liver, and lungs about his mother's neck, and remained in camp three days. At night they tied her to two stakes driven into the ground, and all went to sleep. On the third night, tired out, she slept soundly until midnight, when she was aroused by a terrific yelling, and the first she saw by the firelight was the flourishing of tomahawks. A company of Oneida Indians, friendly to the rebels, and accompanied by a few white men, had got on their trail, killed them all and released her. She afterwards returned to Newburgh, and lived with my grandfather's family until the close of the war.