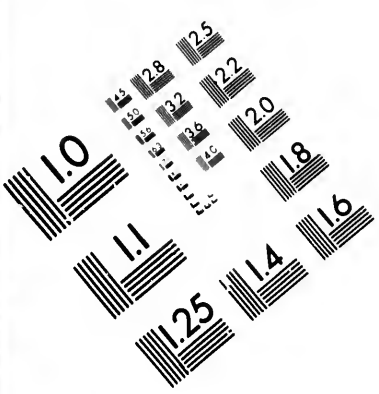

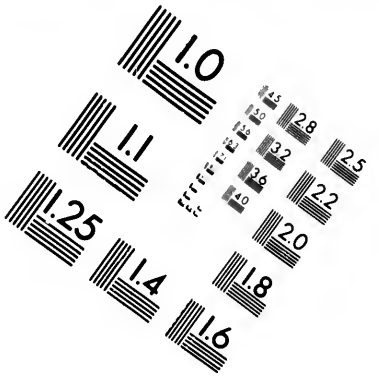

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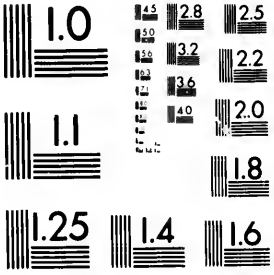

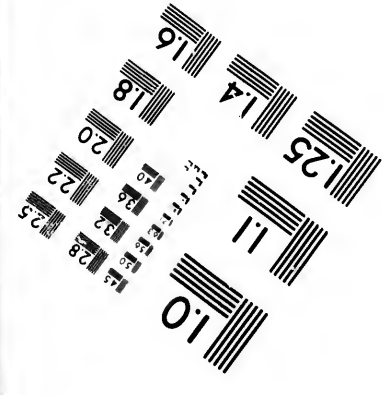

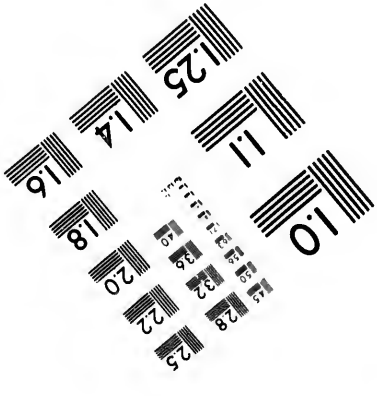

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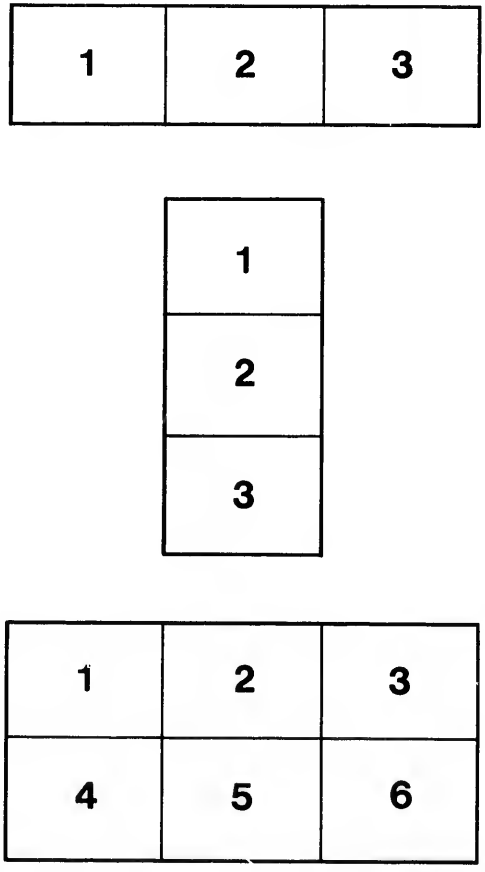


THE

Life and Misfortunes

AND THE

MILITARY CAREER

OF

BRIG. GEN. SIR JOHN JOHNSON, BART.

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

I. Thessalonians v. 20.

BY

J. WATTS DE PEYSTER,

"ANCHOR,"

MAJOR-GENERAL S. N. Y.

NEW YORK:

CHAS. H. LUDWIG, PRINTER, 10 & 12 READE STREET.

1882.

F.Bartolozzi R.A.

Johnson,
Colonel of Indians.

John Johnson

BRIG.-GEN. SIR JOHN JOHNSON, BART.

THE

LIFE AND MISFORTUNES

AND THE

MILITARY CAREER

OF

Brig.-Gen. Sir John Johnson, Bart.

"Lift up your eyes, and behold them that come from the north :"
JEREMIAH xiii. 20.

BY
J. WATTS DE PEYSTER.
("*ANCHOR*,")
BVT. MAJ.-GENERAL, S. N. Y.

NEW YORK:
CHAS. H. LUDWIG, PRINTER, 10 & 12 READE STREET.
1882.

WITH

RESPECT AND AFFECTION

THIS LABOR IS

DEDICATED

TO

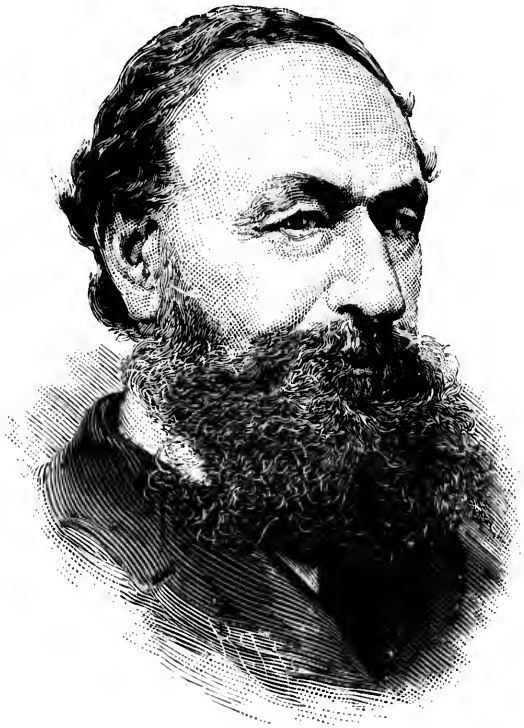
MY VENERABLE FATHER,

Frederic de Peyster, LL. D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY, ST. NICHOLAS CLUB, AND, FORMERLY, OF
THE ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY, &c., &c., &c

With a grateful remembrance of the assiduity with which, at
an early age, the father inspired the son with literary tastes
and introduced him to the study of history,
thus furnishing to him an inestimable
resource in trouble and a sure
solace amid many sorrows.

D--



Frédéric de Peyster

PREFACE.

"Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp, and gratitude for small
And trivial favours, lasting as the life."
COWPER, "*Task.*"

There is perhaps no truer proverb than that which declares that "whoever excuses himself accuses himself." There are exceptions, however, to this as well as to every other rule—although, even in the case of this little work, there would have been no necessity of explanation had circumstances—as conceited mortality vainly imagines—been in reality under human control. Man, let him delude himself as he will, is anything but a free agent. As Canon Charles Kingsley makes one of his characters sing, in "The Saint's Tragedy,"

"'Tis Dame Circumstance licks Nature's cubs into shape:
Then why puzzle and fret, plot and dream?
He that's wise will just follow his nose,
Contentedly fish, while he swims with the stream;
'TIS NO BUSINESS OF HIS WHERE HE GOES."

"*All around is forethought sure,*
FIXÉD WILL and stern decree.
Can the sailor move the main?
Will the potter heed the clay?
Mortal! *where the spirit drives,*
Thither must the wheels obey.

"Neither ask, nor fret, nor strive:
Where thy path is, thou shalt go.
He who made the streams of time,
Wafts thee down to weal or woe!"

A variety of causes delayed the preparation of the historical treatise assigned to the writer, as an Introduction to Wm. L. Stone's "Orderly Book of Sir John Johnson, 1776–7." Among these impediments was the expectation of receiving new facts from Europe. While thus delaying, Nature stepped in and demonstrated that a long series of violations of her laws—one of them excessive mental labor—would terminate in the arrest of all work.

It was at first intended to furnish a complete and detailed narrative of the whole career of Sir John Johnson, Bart., without limitation as to the space required. Subsequently a definite number of pages was assigned. To condense without injury to clearness is not only a rare gift, but also a question of severe labor, of time, and of thought. One of the most celebrated of English writers, when asked to epitomize one of his diffusive works, in order to render it more accessible to general readers, remarked, "I have not time to condense." It was also intended to present in this connection a reprint of a rare little work, entitled "Adventures of a Lady [Mary (Watts) Johnson, wife of Sir John Johnson, Bart.] in the War of Independence in America." This little duodecimo work of 57 pp. has a very curious history, and is very valuable as a presentation of the traditions of the Johnson family in regard to the wrongs inflicted upon Lady Mary (Watts) Johnson, and the sufferings undergone by her in making her

escape from the whigs, patriots, or rebels, in her successful attempt to rejoin her husband, Sir John, within the royal lines at New York. It is the tradition of the victim, as opposed to the legends of the victimizers; it is the memorial of the persecuted, as a set-off to the stories of the persecutors; it is the production of a cultivated mind, in contrast to the recollections of many received as authorities, among whom are numbered the illiterate depending entirely upon the fallible functions of memory.

This story of Lady Johnson's "Adventures" was written by Miss Susan Griffiths Colpoys—daughter of Admiral Griffith Colpoys, of the British Navy—who married Colonel Christopher Johnson, B. A., sixth son of Sir John Johnson, Bart. She was, consequently, sister-in-law of Adam Gordon Johnson, third Baronet, son of Sir John, and aunt of Sir William G. Johnson, the present and fourth Baronet, the grandson of Sir John Johnson, the second Baronet. The publication referred to was received, and the main particulars in regard thereto were derived from Sir William G. Consequently, also, Mrs. Col. Johnson had every opportunity of hearing all the incidents from those most interested in the occurrences and cognizant of the sad facts of the case.

It was the youngest daughter of this Mrs. Col. Christopher Johnson who married Mr. Henry Curwen, who inherited the ancestral abode of the Curwens, the historic estate of "Workington Hall," noted as having been the temporary residence or place of detention of Mary, Queen of Scots, in 1568, when she fled from Scotland after her

defeat at Langside, 15th of June of that year. Among the heirlooms of this family, a portrait of Mary is preserved, which is said to have been presented by the queen herself to Sir (Knight, not Baronet) Henry Curwen, then master or owner of Workington Hall.

In an address delivered by the writer before the New York Historical Society, on Tuesday evening, 6th January, 1880, the case of Sir John Johnson was treated with great care, and to this was annexed two voluminous appendices, presenting at length quotations from original authorities which explained and bore out the views expressed in the paper itself. These supplements likewise embraced accounts of the principal actions in which Sir John was second or chief in command. Even to cite in this introduction the full titles of all the works examined would occupy more space than could possibly be conceded to such a list, and the reader must be content with the pertinent remark of a well-known writer (James Freeman Clarke) who says, in his introduction to the "Legend of Thomas Didymus," "I present no list of the authorities from which my facts are derived, but will merely say that the result of much study may be sometimes contained in the form given to a single sentence." To friends who have interested themselves no thanks are sufficient for their assistance in thought, word and deed. To Gen. Horatio Rogers, of Providence, R. I., the diligent investigator and digester of the facts and fancies, the narratives and traditions of the past; to Col. T. Bailey Myers, of New York city, the true friend, the generous and genial

collector and collator; to Mr. Wm. L. Stone, the painstaking and indefatigable historian, to Wm. C. Bryant, Esq., of Buffalo, N. Y., the disinterested champion of the wronged and misrepresented; to Mr. Henry A. Homes, of the N. Y. State Library, for much trouble and courtesy,—to these and to others in lesser degree, but with great kindness, the warmest gratitude is felt and acknowledged.

J. WATTS DE PEYSTER.

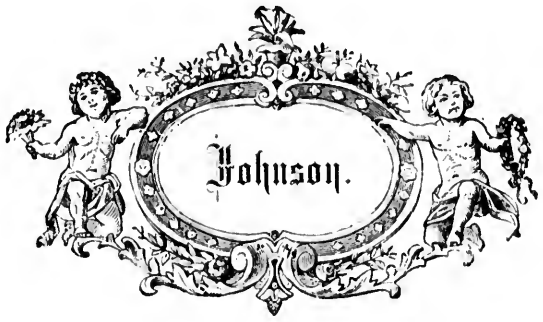
"ROSE HILL,"
Tivoli P. O., Duchess Co., N. Y.
4th July, 1882.

NOTE.—There are few individuals in the United States who have the prerogative of expressing an opinion on the causes and course of the American Revolution superior to that of the writer. Lincoln, in his speech of speeches, at the consecration of the Soldiers' Cemetery at Gettysburg,—an utterance declared by English critics to be second only to Scriptural simplicity and sublimity—said that the brave men living and dead who struggled here—that is on the battlefield—"have consecrated it far above our power to add or to detract;" "that they gave the last full measure of devotion" to the cause that they espoused. The writer's ancestors and relatives "gave the last full measure of devotion" to the cause that they deemed right, and that they espoused. They were among the most wealthy and the most influential in the province of New York. A great great-uncle, Stephen de Lancey, was one of the most accomplished Executives who ever administered public affairs. His brother was a Brigadier-General, and common relatives held commissions in the British service, from general down to cornet. A great uncle, James de Lancey, was Colonel of Light Horsemen, comprising "the Elite of the Colony." His daring enterprises won for him the title of "the Outlaw of the Bronx," and "the terror of the region," "the debatable ground," of Westchester County. A near kinsman and namesake was Major of the 8th or King's Regiment of Foot. He was among the earliest officers to visit Lake George; he built the first frame building at Niagara Falls; won the affections of whites and redskins on the far lakes; left a work, styled "Miscellanies," which is a mine of facts for historians; rose to be colonel of his regiment, and of another, the "Dumfries Gentlemen Volunteers," raised to resist French invasion; is commemorated in the dedication of the "Poem on Life," by a famous pri-

vate in his corps, the poet Burns; died full of years and honors, and was buried with rites only equalled on one other occasion, in the graveyard of St. Michael's Church, lamented and revered by all who knew him. Both grandfathers held royal commissions, the first as the last royal Recorder of the city of New York, and the other as a captain, from 17 to 25, and was severely wounded, but recovered. Three great-uncles by blood were shot on the battlefield: one killed; another desperately wounded, losing a leg; a third by almost a miracle escaping the effects of a rifle-shot. Another great-uncle by marriage, afterwards Earl of Cassilis, was a captain in the British navy; a second was Sir John Johnson; a third (James) was major, afterwards colonel of the British artillery, threatened by the mob with burial alive, and, escaping their rage, lost literary treasures, the accumulation of a lifetime and the rest of his accessible property. The writer's great-grandfather, President of the King's Council, who, if the crown had succeeded, was to have been the Lieutenant-Governor and acting Governor of the Province—in place of his father-in-law, the distinguished Colden—who had maintained the rights of the people against military assumption, narrowly escaped death at the hands of the mob, left the country, was attainted, had his wealth confiscated a year subsequently to his departure, died an exile, straightened in means, and laid his bones in a foreign grave. His noble wife died of a broken heart. This list of martyrs might be greatly augmented.

The same Loyalty which sent these men to the front during the Revolution, actuated their descendants during the war of 1812-15. The writer's father and four uncles, beside other relatives who were of sufficient age, were all in arms for the United States. One cousin, afterwards a major-general, the conqueror of New Mexico and of California, died in consequence of the aggravation of political rancor, nay, persecution.

A kindred loyalty to the government sent every available relative into the field during the Slaveholders' Rebellion, and cost the lives of five out of six of those nearest and dearest. Loyalty, when it pays "the last full measure of devotion," has a right to make itself heard; Loyalty which shuns no danger and fears no consequence, is a better interpreter of Duty than mere passion incited by prospective advantages. To risk the loss of all is a better proof of honesty than the chance of winning something in a desperate game. And it is not only injustice, but spite that would endeavor to attribute unworthy motives to devotion such as was testified by those who threw life, property and all that men hold dear into the scale, and lost all from motives of Loyalty to Authority and Fidelity to the Flag.



THE JOHNSON FAMILY

OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY.*

"Boldness Wins."

(Original motto of Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON, Bart.)

"I cannot see," observes a gentleman (of New York Whig antecedents and ancestry), at once an historical scholar, a practical soldier and an accomplished man of business, "how a man so formed and trusted in himself and his family [as Sir John Johnson] could have acted differently than he did."

In many respects the two greatest men who administered the affairs of the colony or province, or, even since, of the State of New York, were Lieutenant-Governor,

* The following genealogy of the Johnson family is compiled from various sources: from memoranda furnished by the present Baronet, Sir William George Johnson, from Burke's "Peerage and Baronetage of Great Britain, from Sabine's "Loyalists of the American Revolution," from Wm. L. Stone's "Life of Sir William Johnson, Bart.," &c., &c.

acting Governor, James de Lancey, and Sir William Johnson, Bart., the "Indian Tamer"—the Conqueror at Lake George in 1755, and the Capturer of Niagara in 1759. If space permitted, it would be a very interesting and agreeable task or duty to clear up some historic doubts in regard to the first Sir William and introduce illustrations of his ability which have never been presented to the American public.

It is marvellous what ridiculous nonsense has been published in regard to the antecedents and adventures of this remarkable man. The following is the literal truth, furnished from a most authentic source:

"The Hon. Sir William Johnson, Bart., in America, was the son of Christopher Johnson, Esq., of Smith-Town, County Meath (Ireland), a gentleman of great repute and renown, descended from a distinguished Irish family,* and of Anne Warren, daughter of Michael Warren, Esq., of the same county, and sister of Sir Peter

* It has been bruited that originally the family name was not Johnson, but Jansen, and that the first who bore it and settled in Ireland was a Hollander, who, like many of his countrymen, went over afterwards with William III. in 1690, won lands and established themselves. If this report had a grain of truth in it, that the name should become anglicised immediately would be nothing remarkable, since hundreds of similar and of far greater transmutations and travesties, some amounting to simple absolute translations, occurred in this State within a generation after its settlement: the Feuersteins becoming Flints, the Muhlers Millers, &c., &c. This Jansen story, however, is a myth, like many of the stupidities which are engendered by ignorance or started through envy or other like meannesses in illiterate neighborhoods. Col. Guy Johnson, nephew of Sir William, always retained a touch of the brogue. "His tongue bore evidence of his Irish extraction" (Captain Snyder, in Stone's "Brant," II. 67.

Warren, Knight of the most Honorable Order of the Bath, Vice-Admiral in the British Navy under George II. (and well-known for his exploits—among these his co-operation with Sir William Pepperell in the famous expedition against Louisburg, the French Gibraltar in America, in 1745), and niece of Admiral Lord Aylmer, of Balrath, County Meath, Ireland.

"The above Christopher Johnson was son of William Johnson, then called MacSean or MacShane, a general of very great repute and credit in that part of Ireland (county Meath, whose principal river is the Boyne, famous for the victory of William III. over James II., 1st July, 1690), and of Anne Fitzsimmons, of Tallynally, county of Westmeath. William MacSean was the son of Thomas MacSean and Frances Fay, of the very ancient family of Derrinaganale, county Westmeath. This Thomas MacSean was son of John (O'Neil), from whom the MacSeans of that family were called, and was descended from the Royal (Irish) family of Dungannon, County Tyrone, formerly princes of Ulster and monarchs of Ireland, "antecedent to Christianity" and "before the coming of St. Patricke." The family of Warren (here referred to), of Warrentown, is the head and stock of several illustrious families of that name in Ireland, and the founder was one of the principal followers of Earl Strongbow when he conquered Ireland, 1169-70. This family of Warren is descended in a direct legal line from the Marquises of Warrene, in Normandy, France.

According to Sir William George Johnson, Bart., there

is an exceptional honor attached to the patent of nobility conferred upon the first Sir William and his son, Sir John, which is almost unprecedented in British history. The patent which perpetuates the baronetcy in this family contains a clause which gives the title of "Knight" or "Sir" to the eldest son on his attaining his majority, an extraordinary clause, as knighthood as a rule is not hereditary, but is conferred for special services and terminates with the life of the recipient.

I. WILLIAM JOHNSON, Esq. (afterwards Knight and Baronet), was born at Smith Town, County Meath, Ireland, and subsequently adopted by his maternal uncle, Admiral Sir Peter Warren, K. B., capturer of Louisburg, &c., and went out with him to North America, where he rose to the rank of Colonel in the British Army, Major-General of the Provincial Forces and (or) of the Militia, 16th April, 1783, and distinguished himself as a military commander during the French (American) War (1754–63), and as a negotiator with Indian tribes. He was created a Baronet 27th Nov., 1755. In 1756 he received his commission as "*Colonel, Agent and Sole Superintendent of all the affairs of the Six Nations and other Northern Indians,*" "with no subordination but to Loudon (London?)." He died 11th July, 1774, of chronic malignant dysentery, aged 59, at his seat, Johnson Hall, Tryon County, New York, leaving by Catherine Wisenberg [Weissenberg?], his wife:

i. JOHN, his heir.

ii. ANNE, married to Col. DANIEL CLAUSS, of North America, and died about 1798.

iii. MARY, married to Col. GUY JOHNSON, and had two daughters: 1. Mary, wife of Field Marshal Lord Clyde, queller of the East India Mutiny, originally Sir Colin Campbell, and mother of Gen. Sir Guy Campbell; 2. Julia.

The son and heir of Sir William Johnson, Bart.:

II. SIR JOHN, of Johnson Hall,* Tryon (afterwards Fulton) County, N. Y., finally of Mount Johnson, Montreal: Colonel of Regiment of Horse in the Northern District of New York, in 1773; Major-General of the Militia belonging to the same portion of the Province after the decease of his father; Lieut.-Col. commanding the Loyal or Provincial "King's Royal Regiment of New York," otherwise "The Queen's Loyal New Yorkers;" or "Johnson's or Queen's Royal Greens;" Colonel, B. A., 21st October, 1782; Brigadier-General of the Provincial Troops, &c., 14th March, 1782; Superintendent-General and Inspector-

* To furnish some idea of the condition of insecurity in which the Johnson family lived, and the state of preparation maintained at the Hall—the family home—a semi-fortification, the following order, copied from the original by Col. T. Bailey Myers, is inserted entire.

It was by a father who was so careful in his instruction, who was so capable in the handling of men, so conscientious in his labors, administrative, executive and military, and so fortunate in his enterprises, Sir John Johnson was brought up and prepared for the arduous career which absorbed the best portion of his active life.

"1st. You will keep your Party sober and in good order and prevent their having any unnecessary Intercourse with the Indians least any difference might arise between them from too much familiarity.

2d. If any difference should arise between them, if the Indians use any of your party ill, I am to be immediately acquainted with it.

4th. You will in the day time keep one Sentry on the Eminence to the Northward of the House, who upon seeing the enemy advance is to fire his piece and retreat to the Fort. Another Sentry to be posted at the Gate of the Fort on the outside, who is also to enter the Fort on the advanced Sentry alarming him.

3d. The Sergeant to take care that the Men's Quarters be kept very Clean and that they wash well and freshen their Salt Provisions, the neglect of which makes them subject to many Disorders.

7th. In case of an attack the 2 Bastions to be properly manned and the 2 curtains also, there mixing some of my People with yours. The remainder of my People to man the Dwelling House and fight from thence, making Use of the Four Wall Pieces and Musquetoons and of the windows fitted for them.

General of the Six Nations of Indians and their Confederates, of all the Indians inhabiting Our province of Quebec and the Frontier, 16th September, 1791 (a copy of Sir John's commission is appended as a note);* Colonel-in-Chief of the six Battalions of the Militia of the Eastern Townships of Lower Canada. He was Knighted at St. James', London, 22d Nov.,

6th. Whenever an alarm is given by the advanced Sentry, you will order three Patteroes [or Peaeroes, a very small kind of cannon] immediately to be fired, that being the signal I have given to the Mohawks, and on their approach near the Fort, when challenged, they are to answer "George" as distinct as they can, then to be admitted if practicable.

5th. When there are no Indians here the Gates to be locked at 8 o'clock in ye Evening and opened at Six in the Morning, first looking around about to see that all is safe and clear, the advanced Sentry then to be posted Every Day.

The men's arms and ammunition to be kept in Good Order.

To FORT JOHNSON, I am, Sir,
Lieut. August the 9th, 1756. Yrs.,
ALEXANDER TURN BULL. WM. JOHNSON.

NOTE.—On the 10th of August the Marquis de Montcalm, who had succeeded Baron Dieskau in command of French army, invested Oswego. On the 13th the garrison, Shirley and Pepperell's regiments, 1600 men, evacuated and retreated to the old fort across the river, and surrendered on 13th, and both forts levelled. Johnson was at Albany on the 20th when the news arrived, and was sent by Ld. Loudon with two battalions of militia to German Flats to support Gen. Webb, who had started from Albany for the relief of the garrison two days before the surrender, but, on receiving intelligence of it, retreated with precipitancy to German Flats, which ended Loudoun's campaign and disappointed and incensed the Six Nations, who looked for his protection, and gave Sir William much trouble; the Mohawks only remaining reliable, the others for a time negotiating for peace with the French.

Cause of this absence.

* GEN'L J. W. DE PEYSTER, BUFFALO, March 30, 1882.

DEAR SIR:—I enclose copy of Sir John Johnson's commission as Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. The original is bound up in a collection of autographs and documents in my possession, and could not be detached without mutilation.

Possibly this may be of some slight service to you.

Very respectfully yours, WM. C. BRYANT.

[To whom the Johnson family owe a heavy debt of gratitude for

1765. (On the death of his father, Sir William (I.), Sir John positively refused to accept the succession to the former's dignities and offices in connection with the Indians, and they were conferred upon his cousin, Guy Johnson, who exercised them throughout the Revolutionary War, and thus Sir John and Col. Guy have often been confounded, to the disadvantage of Sir John. Sabine says, "Col. Guy Johnson's intemperate zeal for his royal master caused the first affray in that [Tryon] county.") Sir John married, 30th June, 1773, MARY, daughter of Hon. JOHN WATTS, Senior, Esq., some time President of the King's Council of New York, and by her (who died 7th August, 1815) he had issue:

1. WILLIAM, Lieut-Col., born 1775; married in 1802, SUSAN—an extraordinary beauty—daughter of Stephen de Lan-

his noble defence of Sir John Johnson, and the writer abundant thanks for information, rendered doubly valuable by the courtesies attending its transmission. J. W. DE P.]

GEORGE R.

[GREAT SEAL.]

George the Third, by the Grace of God King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To our trusty and well-beloved Sir John Johnson, Bart., Greeting: We reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Loyalty, Fidelity and Ability do by these Presents constitute and appoint you to be Superintendent General and Inspector General of our Faithful Subjects and Allies, the Six United Nations of Indians and their Confederates, and of their Affairs, and also of our faithful Allies the Indians inhabiting Our Provinces of Upper Canada and Lower Canada, in America, and the frontiers of our said Provinces, and of their affairs: And you are to observe and follow such Orders and Directions as you shall receive from Our Commander in Chief of Our Forces in Our said Provinces of Upper Canada and Lower Canada, or, in case of his absence, from the Officer who may be left in the Command of the said Forces for the Time being.

Given at Our Court at St. James's, the Sixteenth day of September, 1791, In the Thirty First Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

HENRY DUNDAS.

cey, Governor of Tobago, and sister of Sir William de Lancey, K.C.B., "Quartermaster-General of Wellington's army," killed at Waterloo; and died 1812, leaving by her (who married secondly, 1815, General Sir Hudson Lowe, K.C.B., and died 1832) three daughters:

1. Charlotte, married in 1820, Alexander Count Balmain, Russian Commissioner at St. Helena, and died in 1824.
2. Mary, died unmarried in 1814.
3. Susan, died unmarried in 1828.

II. Adam Gordon, IIId Baronet.

III. James Stephen, Captain 28th Regiment, killed at Badajoz, born in 1785.

IV. Robert Thomas, drowned in Canada in 1812.

V. Warren, Major 68th Regiment, died 1813.

VI. John, of Point Oliver, Montreal, Col. Com'g 6th Battalion of Militia, born 8th August; 1782, married 10th February, 1825, Mary Diana, daughter of Richard Dillon, Esq., of Montreal, and died 23d June, 1841, leaving issue:

1. William George, successor to his uncle, and present (in 1882) Baronet.
2. Charles, Captain Madras Artillery, born 4th February, 1833.
3. James Stephen, Lieut. 14th Foot, born 5th March, 1836; killed at Barbadoes.
4. Archibald Kennedy, born 20th June, 1839.

1. Maria Diana.
2. Anne Margaret.
3. Eliza Theresa.
4. Mary Anne.

VII. Charles Christopher, of Argenteuil, Canada East, born 29th October, 1798: Lieut.-Col. in the Army; Knight of the second class of the Persian Order of the Lion and Sun; married 1818, Susan, eldest daughter

of Admiral Sir Edward Griffiths, of Northbrook House, Hants (Hampshire) (who took the surname of Colpoys), and died 30th September, 1854, leaving:

1. William, an officer in 20th Regiment, born 28th May, 1821, deceased.
2. John Ormsby, Captain Royal Navy; born 11th August, 1822.
3. Charles Turquand, born 17th June, 1825, deceased.
4. Edward Colpoys, born 11th August, 1855, an officer in the Army.

1. Maria Bowes, married, 18th June, 1867, Rev. Wm. Bell Christian, of Ewanrigg Hall, Cumberland, and Milntown, Isle of Man.
2. Mary Anne Susan.

VIII. Archibald Kennedy, born in 1792, married, 13th September, 1818, Maria Johnson, daughter of Patrick Langan, Esq., of Montreal, died 8th October, 1866.

1. Anne, married to Col. Edward Macdonnell, Deputy Quartermaster General to the Forces in Canada, who died in 1812.
2. Catharine Maria, one of the loveliest, wisest and best of women, married in 1805 to Major-General Barnard Foord Bowes, an officer of unusual ability and intrepidity, who fell in the attack upon the forts at Salamanca, 23d June, 1812.(See Harper's "Alison," III., 476 (2) and note †, and other authorities on the War in Spain). She died at Anglesey, near Gosport, England, in 1850.
3. Marian[illegible]e, died 1st January, 1868.

Sir John, died 4th January, 1830, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

III. Sir Adam Gordon, Lieut.-Col. of the 6th Battalion of Militia, born 6th May, 1781; who died unmarried 21st May,

1843, and was succeeded by his nephew, WILLIAM GEORGE, the present (1882) Baronet.

IV. SIR WILLIAM GEORGE JOHNSON, of Twickenham, County of Middlesex, England, was graduated at Woolwich, and for the best portion of his life held a commission in the British Army as Captain of Artillery, and acted, in the discharge of various staff duties, at different posts, and once upon the Island of St. Helena; born 19th December, 1830; succeeded as IV. Baronet at the decease of his uncle, in May, 1843.

ARMS.—Argent, two lions counter-rampant, supporting a dexter hand gules; in chief, three estoilles of the last, and in bas, a salmon naîant in water, proper.

CREST.—An arm, gules, encircled with a ducal crown, *Or*, the hand grasping a sword, proper, poinard and hilt, *Or*.

MOTTO.—"*Nec aspera terrent.*" "*Difficulties do not stop* (*or deter*) *or dismay.*" "BOLDNESS WINS."

Sir John Johnson, might have exclaimed, in the words of Dryden:

"Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purpl'd greatness met my ripen'd years,
When first I came to empire, I was borne,
On tides of people crowding to my triumph:
The wish of nations, and the willing world
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me, 'til I took pains,
And work'd against my fortune; chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose, yet still she came again.
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have wearied her; and now she's gone.
* * * * * *
Oh! I am now so sunk from what I was,
Thou find'st me at my low-water mark:
The rivers that ran in, and rais'd my fortunes,
Are all dried up, or take another course.
What I have left is from my native spring;
I've still a heart that swells in scorn of fate."

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

"Our knowledge of the future [1861—5], can only be a copy of the past [1775 83]."
TH. RIBOT'S "*Diseases of Memory*."

Cæsar.—"You must obey what all obey, the rule
Of fix'd necessity: against her edict
Rebellion prospers not."
Arnold.— "And when it prospers"
Cæsar.—"'Tis no rebellion."
* * * *
Philibert.— "How now, fellow!
Thou waxest insolent, beyond the privilege
Of a buffoon."
Cæsar.—"You mean, I speak the truth.
I'll lie—it is as easy; then you'll praise me
For calling you a hero."
BYRON'S "*Deformed Transformed*," ACT I., SCENE II

Posselt, in his "History of Gustavus III., of Sweden," after mentioning that he has had a number of manuscripts communicated to him by a high and competent authority, says, "the author, although he fully agrees in opinion with the writer (of these manuscripts), will not communicate them to the public, because *the world will neither hear nor believe the simple truth*, but *wishes to be deceived*."
SCHLOSSER, "*History of the XIX. Century*," IV., 342.

"A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof." JEREMIAH V., 30, 31.

There was a greater and a finer display of Loyalty to the Government, that is, to the Union and to the Flag, in 1861, ten times over, than of patriotism or whatever it may be said to represent, to the cause of Liberty and Independence, that is to the Confederated Colonies, in

1775–6. In 1861 there was a universal popular fervor at the North, totally disinterested—an uprising of the people.* In 1775–6, as a national feeling, it was exactly the reverse. There were more native Americans in the course of the war in the British service than Washington ever had together, regulars and irregulars, under the highest pressure of voluntary and compulsory service.

Lorenzo Sabine demonstrates this, and the following letter is too pertinent and corroborative to be omitted. It is from the pen of a very able Federal general, and one of the most reflecting men of this generation, who is likewise a collateral relation of one of the most prominent Continental generals. In it the writer says:

"The more I read and understand the American Revolution, the more I wonder at our success. I doubt if there were more than two States decidedly whig—Massachusetts and Virginia. Massachusetts (morally) overlapped New Hampshire—and the northern part of Rhode Island—and dragged them after her. [These seemed to realize the dependence of the Second Jager in Schiller's "*Wallenstein's Lager*," or camp—

> "Freedom must ever with might entwine,
> I live and will die by Wallenstein."]

The Massachusetts people were Aryan (by race), with a strong injection of Jewish (instincts). The population of Southern Rhode Island and Connecticut were divided—more loyal than

* There was more patriotism shown at the North, among all classes and conditions of men, during the first two years of the "Slaveholders' Rebellion" than has ever been exhibited, spontaneously, by any people in the world—far more than during the American Revolution. The Loyalists of 1861–2 took up arms for their colors and country and for conscience—for principle; so did the Loyalists of 1775–6.

Rebel. New York was Tory. New Jersey—eastern part followed New York, western part Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania was Tory, Maryland was divided; North Carolina partly followed her, partly South Carolina. South Carolina had many Tories. Georgia followed South Carolina. Two parties constituted the strength of the Whigs—the Democratic Communists of Massachusetts and wherever their organization extended and the (Provincial) aristocracy of Virginia, which was loyal to the King but would not bend to the aristocratic Parliament. The Scotch (Protestant not Papist) Irish in New York, Pennsylvania and North Carolina were Rebels to the backbone. The Dutch families in New York [not in authority], the Huguenots in South Carolina, likewise. The Church party, the Germans, the Catholic Irish and the Quakers were Loyalists. The Dissenters everywhere were Rebels."

Without the active assistance of France and Spain, and the silent influence of other powers, jealous or envious or inimical to Great Britain, the achievement of American Independence would have been an impossibility. When the goal was reached how did the Confederated Colonies, transmuted into the United States, show their gratitude to France and Spain?

Again, there was more honesty, mercy, magnanimity, more charity or philanthropy manifested to the Rebels in 1865, than to their brethren, if they were so in fact, by the Colonial authorities in 1782–3. The Duke of Alva was scarcely more cruel for his race, day, prejudices and opportunities than the authorities of the State of New York, for their blood and their era. Not one sentence of this introduction is written to uphold Great Britain. Even accepting Lecky's depreciatory estimate of George III.

and his ministry, nothing can excuse the animus which permeates the enactments of New York against the Loyalists, stigmatized as Tories, who were certainly as honest and self-sacrificing in their convictions as their opponents.

The uprising of 1861 settled the interpretation or definition of Loyality—Fealty to the Government and Fidelity to the Flag! If there was any man in the Colonies who was a decided enemy to the Crown it was John Adams, and yet he it was who declared, or rather wrote these remarkable words:

"For my own part there was not a moment during the Revolution when I would not have given anything I possessed for a restoration to the state of things before the contest began, provided we could have a sufficient security for its continuance."

The idea thus expressed by John Adams with the pen, was nothing more than Sir John Johnson wrote in fiercer colors with the sword, at the sacrifice of such a magnificent property that John Adams would have regarded a portion of it as an elegant competency.

What have Native Americans gained by all that has been undergone? Would their leaders have taken the stand that they did, if they could have looked forward and foreseen the present condition of things? Is material prosperity the highest good? The wish has been attributed to Jefferson, the "Apostle of Democracy?" that an ocean of fire rolled between his country and the old world, to preserve it from the evils of emigration. Foreigners in a great measure engineered the American Revolution. How

many figured at the head of our armies? How many influenced the resolutions of Congress? Of twenty-eight active major-generals—there were thirty, but one resigned 23d April, 1776, and one was retired in 1778—eleven were foreigners, and four had learned their trades in the British service. Throwing out those who were promoted, of the fifty-five brigadiers, between 1775 and the close of the war in 1782, twelve were foreigners.

The two chief agents of independence were Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine. The first was an accidental American, just born in this country, and the latter an Englishman.

Individual rights are more respected and regarded to-day in Great Britain, and the law is held in more reverence there than in the United States. Here license dictates the laws and a respectable minority has to suffer and succumb. There is no law but public opinion, right or wrong, and the atrocious influence of political greed and grasping monopoly. Is that worse than a royal will, tempered by a constitutional representation?

The atmosphere breathed by so many of the prominent American families of New York was surcharged with Loyalty and Fidelity to a rightful Prince. Whether the idea was wise or foolish, right or wrong, nothing was considered as much a man's personal duty as the maintenance of his honor. The young and charming Lord James Radcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, the idol of the Jacobites, was beheaded*

* "LORD DERWENTWATER'S LIGHTS.—There have been several wonderful and most unusual displays of aurora borealis in England

24th February, 1716; that is, on the very day, it is claimed by Col. T. Bailey Myers, that Sir William Johnson was born, and the wild fervor of Jacobite Loyalty was still alive when Sir John was a boy. The world was yet ringing with the thrilling, touching and trumpet-toned ballads which celebrated the virtues and sacrifices of those who dared and died for the Stuarts. With such examples before them, men who had been elevated and rewarded by the Crown would have been false to manhood if they had not stood by the source of honor whose streams had ennobled and enriched them.

Contrast Lord Derwentwater's famous "Good Night" with a similar poem, evoked by the exile and ruin of the Westchester de Lanceys. The same spirit manifests itself in both.

lately, seriously affecting, as they have done here, the telegraphic communication. In Northumberland, the aurora borealis is known among the peasantry by the name of Lord Derwentwater's Lights. In the attempt to place the Stuarts on the throne, the Earl of Derwentwater, head of the great Roman Catholic north country family of Radcliffe, took a conspicuous part, and paid the penalty on the scaffold. On the night of his execution there was a brilliant display of the aurora borealis, and the simple peasantry, by whom their lord, a man of high and amiable character, was greatly beloved, associated the phenomena with the death of the unfortunate young nobleman.

"There is also a legend, which yet lingers amidst the homesteads of the property which once was his, that the water in the moat of Dilstone Castle, the family seat, turned blood red on that same fatal night. This notion is likely to have arisen from the reflection of the sky [crimson with the aurora] in the water. The vast estates of the Radcliffes were confiscated to the endowment of Greenwich Hospital, and are now worth about £60,000 a year. A maniac, calling herself Countess of Derwentwater, has lately been claiming them." *Post*, Nov. 29, 1870.

"Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My father's ancient *seat;*
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.
Farewell each friendly well-known face,
My heart has held so dear;
My tenants now must leave their lands,
*Or hold their lives in fear.**

"No more along the banks of Tyne,
I'll rove in autumn grey;
No more I'll hear at early dawn,
The lav'rocks wake the day.
Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,
And Forster ever true;
Dear Shaftesbury and Errington,
Receive my last adieu.

"And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
Since fate has put us down,
If thou and I have lost our lives,
Our King has lost his crown.
Farewell, farewell, my lady dear,
Ill, ill thou counsell'dst me;
I never more may see the babe
That smiles upon thy knee.†

"And fare thee well, my bonny grey steed,‡
That carried me aye so free;
I wish I had been asleep in my bed,
The last time I mounted thee.
This warning bell now bids me cease,
My trouble's nearly o'er;

* True to the letter as regards the tenants and dependents of Sir John Johnson.

† Lady Johnson's child, born in captivity, died in consequence of the exposure attending her escape from the Whigs or Rebels, and Sir John only looked upon it to see it die.

‡ Sir John Johnson had a famous (white or whitey-grey ?) charger, which was captured during the invasion of 1780. (See Simm's "Schoharie," 386.)

Yon Sun, that rises from the sea,
Shall rise on me no more.

"Albeit that here in London town,
It is my fate to die;
O carry me to Northumberland,
In my father's grave to lie!
Then chant my solemn requiem,
In Hexham's holy towers;
And let six maids of fair Tynedale,
Scatter my grave with flowers.

"And when the head that wears the crown,
Shall be laid low like mine,
Some honest hearts may then lament,
For Radcliffe's fallen line.
Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My father's ancient seat;
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet."

The touching lines, just quoted, are echoes of similar heart-utterances of every nation which has a literature, and which has been torn by civil war. Several poems of exquisite pathos attest the deep feeling of the Huguenot exiles driven by bigotry from France and from the sunny homes they were never again to behold. Many years ago, among old family records, the writer found some verses in manuscript which embody the same sentiments as those which characterize "Lord Derwentwater's Good Night." They refer to the desolation which fell upon the domain in Westchester County, N. Y., where his grandfather, Hon. John Watts, Jr., married, 2d October, 1775, the lovely Jane de Lancey—a couple so fitted for each other in every respect, that the festival was suitably commemorated in prose and poetry. The gentle Jane was the niece of

Lady Johnson, wife of Sir John, and the sister of the famous Colonel James de Lancey, who organized a Battalion of Loyal Light Horse. "This Troop [the nucleus] is truly 'Elite' of the country," is the record of the Royal Governor. Their commander, stigmatized by his opponents as the "Outlaw of the Bronx," became "the terror of the region" between the Harlem river and the Highlands. He was fearless and indefatigable, and, on one occasion, came near "gobbling" Washington. So formidable did he prove, that Washington's "first offensive design"—after his junction with Lauzun's Legion and the advanced corps of Rochambeau—was an attempt to destroy de Lancey's Legion. This, like that of Lauzun, Pulaski, Armand and "Light Horse Harry" Lee, comprised both Horse and Foot. The enterprise was undertaken on the night of 1st July, 1781. It failed completely.

When the success of the Americans was decided, Colonel James de Lancey, the hero of so much sterling fact and romantic fiction, went forth an exile—a sad fate for so brave and conscientious a soldier, although he was rewarded by the bounty and confidence of the King for whom he had lost all. He was a nephew of Sir John Johnson. When about to leave forever his ancestral home, the "'Outlaw of the Bronx' mounted his horse, and, riding to the dwellings of his neighbors [early associates and constant friends through life] bid them each farewell. His paternal fields and every object presented to his view were associated with the joyful recollections of early life. The consciousness that he beheld them all for the last time, and

the uncertainties to be encountered in the strange country to which banishment was consigning him, conspired to awaken emotions such as the sternest bosom is sometimes compelled to entertain. It was in vain that he struggled to suppress feelings which shook his iron heart. Nature soon obtained the mastery, and he burst into tears. After weeping with uncontrollable bitterness for a few moments, he shook his ancient friend by the hand, ejaculating with difficulty the words of benediction—'God bless you, Theophilus [Bailey]!' and spurring forward, turned his back forever upon his native valley"—the home of the writer's great-grandparents on the mother's side.

The following feeling lines were written by a stranger, an Englishman, who visited the old de Lancey manor, in Westchester County, N. Y., expecting to find there, still existing, some memorials of that gallant, courtly and eminent race which once directed the development of the colony and province. But, alas, in the same manner that war, exile, confiscation and death had smitten and scattered the proud owners, even so had flood, fire and change laid waste or altered their ornate possessions. *A solitary pine*, towering aloft in natural majesty, alone survived to mark the spot where once a flourishing loyal race extended its stately hospitalities, and enjoyed the sweets of a home, the abode of prosperity and the shelter of extraordinary hereditary capacity. A contrast so marked between the past and the present moved even the alien, and in poetic numbers he testified his sympathy and recorded the desolation:

"Where gentle Bronx clear winding flows
His shadowing banks between;
Where blossom'd bell and wilding rose
Adorn the brightest green;
Memorials of the fallen great,
The rich and honor'd line,
Stands high in solitary state,
De Lancey's ancient pine.

"There, once at early dawn array'd,
The rural sports to lead,
The gallant master of the glade
Bestrode his eager steed;
And once the light-foot maiden came,
In loveliness divine,
To sculpture with the dearest name,
De Lancey's ancient pine.

"And now the stranger's foot explores
De Lancey's wide domain,
And scarce one kindred heart restores
His memory to the plain;
And just like one in age alone,
The last of all his line
Bends sadly where the waters moan—
De Lancey's ancient pine.

"Oh greatness! o'er thy final fall,
The feeling heart should mourn.
Nor from *de Lancey's* ancient Hall
With cold rejoicing turn:
No! no! the satiate stranger stays
When eve's calm glories shine,
To weep—as tells of other days
De Lancey's ancient pine."

THE AMERICAN LOYALISTS.

"At the conclusion of a long war, how are we recompensed for the death of multitudes and the expense of millions, but by contemplating the sudden glories of paymasters and agents, contractors and commissaries, whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations." * DR. JOHNSON.

"Thus perished the party of the Gironde; reckless in its measures, culpable for its rashness, but illustrious from its talents, glorious in its fall. It embraced all the men who were philanthropists from feeling, or Republicans from principle; the brave, the humane, the benevolent. But with them were also combined within its ranks numbers of a baser kind; many who employed their genius for the advancement of their ambition, and were careless of their country provided they elevated their party. It was overthrown by a faction of coarser materials, but more determined character, * * * Adorned by the most splendid talents, supported by the most powerful eloquence, actuated at times by the most generous intentions, it perished * * * Such ever has, and ever will be, the result of revolutionary convulsions in society when not steadily opposed in the outset by a firm union of the higher classes of the community; in the collision of opposite factions the virtuous and the moderate will too often be overcome by the reckless and the daring. Prudence clogs their enterprise; virtue checks their ambition; humanity paralyzes their exertions. They fall because they recoil from the violence which becomes, in disastrous times, essential to command success in revolutions."

ALISON'S "*History of Europe*," II., ix., 214, 2.

Fortunately for the colonies, Carleton was not in favor with the British authorities at home, and Burgoyne, substituted in 1777, had neither the wisdom nor the generosity to develop an element of strength which Carleton had found so efficacious and trustworthy. Clinton, in this regard,

* This sentence was adopted as the motto of a somewhat scarce "History of the First Ten Years of George III.," London, 1788, written by (Robert ?) Macfarlane, who kept an academy at Walthamstow, in Essex County, England, seven miles N.N.E. of London.

imitated Burgoyne. The German, Knyphausen, strange to say, was the first to perceive the truth and organize a military organization of the Loyalists that could be relied on upon every occasion. He raised, in 1779–80, six thousand good troops among the citizens of New York, which made this city—the grand base of the British forces—secure. A course similar to that of Carleton, after the capture of Savannah by Campbell, in December, 1778, enabled Prevost to convert Georgia almost entirely from rebellion to loyalty. Clinton, in 1777, was as unwise on the Lower Hudson as Burgoyne had been on the Upper. Cornwallis had all the sense of Carleton without his astuteness. His advice to the Loyalists of the Carolinas was admirable. He counselled them not to take up arms and embody until he was near enough at hand to protect and support them; until they had gathered strength to stand and go alone. His policy in this regard would have worked wonders, had it not been for the intervention of a new element, which had not entered into the calculations of any of the Royal commanders. This was the appearance upon the scene of the mountaineers of the Alleghanies, who were aroused to action by the fugitives from the districts occupied by the temporary victors. Cornwallis, although severe, was just; and it is somewhat remarkable that it was not until 1866 that a little book appeared, entitled "The Last Ninety Days of the War in North Carolina," in which justice is done to the previously misrepresented Marquis. Cornwallis did hang a number; but American historians are very careful not to state that those hanged were taken "red

hand," "with American arms in their hands and with British protections in their pockets." It was only through the generosity of Cornwallis that the Loyalists with him in Yorktown were enabled to get off with safety when the place was taken.

The whole of this matter is misunderstood, and has never been clearly placed before the people.

Too many of the influential Loyalists acted in 1775–6 like the French nobility in 1790–2. Louis de Lomenie, in his "Comtesse de Rochefort et ses Amis" (p. 297), has some remarks on this subject which are pertinent.

> "To explain so prompt a downfall of the French aristocracy of the eighteenth century, writers have often urged the irresistible impetuosity of the Democratic movement. We do not deny this impetuosity, but it is nevertheless necessary to recognize that if this aristocracy, in place of being a mere shadow of what it should have been, had retained the vigor of an effective *patriciate* (higher or better class) and a living body, it would not without utility, perhaps, for the cause of liberty, have tempered the revolutionary movement, or, at least, have opposed to it a stronger resistance than it did. It was broken at the first shock, because this formerly flourishing branch of the great national tree"

was not true to itself. Lomenie goes on to give other reasons which were peculiar to France, whereas in America, although the causes were apparently different, they were at bottom the same, viz.: the better classes had "given hostages to fortune," and this, according to the proverbs of all time, unnerves men until it is too late.

It is inconceivable how the Loyalist strength in the colonies was misapplied, frittered away or wasted. The re-

sult only shows that in all revolutions the Middle or Neutral—generally styled the Conservative—party only embarrass the Ultras on one side in support of the government, and aid the Radicals, on the other side, by attempting to arrest or mediate; thus affording time for the organization of the latter, which converts rebellion into revolution.

In all political crises or cataclysms, a *renaissance* through blood, the best, the conservative class, the champions of right, pure and simple, furnish the first and the bulk of the victims. Thus it was in America. The daring and reckless with comparatively little to lose, with grand exceptions, it is true, fell upon the intellectual and wealthy, who adhered to the government under which they had thriven. The myrmidons of the Crown—selfish, indolent, self-satisfied professionals—were as cruel in their inaction as the leaders of faction were merciless in their exactions. The persecution of the Tories was determined with cold-blooded calculation, since the Saxon can not plead in excuse the excitability of the Celtic or Latin races; what he does he does advisedly. Nor was the desertion of the Loyalists at the Peace of Paris, 1783, less disgraceful on the part of Great Britain. It was fiercely denounced in the House of Commons; it was justly stigmatized in the House of Lords. Even Lord St. Germain redeemed himself in a measure by his eloquent advocacy of the brave party who had abandoned everything for honor—principle, the mother-country; its highest representative of these, the Crown. Lorenzo Sabine has demonstrated all this, laid open the iniquity, revealed the truth, vindicated the

Loyalists or Tories; for the term Tory, as used in regard to a party adverse to Rebellion or Revolution, during 1775 to 1783, is a title of honor and not a term of reproach.

When the difficulties between the Crown and the Colonies first began to develop into positive ideas of ultimate resistance on the side of the latter, the party for independence was in a comparatively small minority and confined to particular disaffected localities. If the whole population had then resolved itself into two camps, the matter might have been decided promptly and for many years to come. As it happened, those who had much to lose were too timid to act instantly and resolutely; and those who had little or nothing to lose became bolder and bolder in the presence of an irresolute antagonism, which was not backed by a military force sufficient absolutely to overawe. Massachusetts was unquestionably in earnest from the first; but antagonism to the Crown was its normal condition. It had always been the hot-bed of what might be harshly termed, from a British point of view, sedition. Although the *first* bloodshed occurred in New York, on the 19th–20th January, 1770, it would not have led to any comparatively general outbreak, had it not been for the terrible uproar following the *second* bloodshed at Boston, 5th March, 1770, and the consequences which ensued from the latter. The very assemblage which considered the Declaration of Independence, in 1776, did not unanimously vote or agree in the act to sever the connection between the colonies and the mother country. The date accepted, 4th of July, is in-

correct; and the Declaration was juggled through, and the signatures were appended from time to time throughout the year, if not a longer period. This accounts for the irregular manner they appear on the document, since the latest were inserted wherever a vacant space was found. It became a sort of test oath.

The *Judge* published an admirable burlesque, or parody, or caricature of Trumbull's famous picture of "The Signing." It depicts the representatives in very dilapidated conditions, with blackened eyes, bruised bodies, torn clothes and general tokens of an affray, drawing near to affix their signatures at the table where Hancock presides looking like the genius of an Irish wake. There is as much truth as poetry in the conception, for the Declaration was not agreed to with anything like unanimity or the generally conceived harmony.

There is something very curious about the respect astached to this "4th of July." The first Congress of the Colonies signed a "Compact of Union" (R. W. G.'s G. W. and his Gens.," II. 15), on the 4th of July, 1754, at Albany. This may account for the selection of this day in 1776. The fact that two of our ex-Presidents, who had signed the Declaration, died on the same date, added additional significance, which a series of victories, from East to West along the whole line on the same day, in 1863, confirmed in the minds of the people.

The Loyalists, confiding in the power of the Crown, did not take up arms as soon as their adversaries; and thus, when they did begin to embody, they were at once

crushed by stronger and better organized masses. The British professional leaders—as a rule throughout all time, and especially in this country—with the usual arrogance of their caste, neither sought to utilize, support nor protect their friends when they did come together, and even treated them with superciliousness and neglect, if they did not absolutely sacrifice them when they appeared as auxiliaries. Carleton was the first who had the wisdom to call this element into play, and through it he saved Canada, just as the French had previously lost New France through a contrary course to his, amounting to the same subsequent lack of judgment on the part of the royal British military governors.

SIR JOHN JOHNSON,

KNIGHT AND BARONET.

BORN 5TH NOV., 1742. DIED 4TH JAN., 1830.

"The Past appeals to the impartiality of the Future. History replies. But, often, generations pass away ere that reply can be given in a determinate form. For not until the voices of contemporaneous panegyric and censure are hushed; not until passionate pulses have ceased to beat; not until flattery has lost its power to charm, and calumny to vilify, can the verdict of history be pronounced. Then from the clouds of error and prejudice the sun of truth emerges, and light is diffused in bright rays, of ever increasing refulgency and breadth. * * * Every age has its own heroes—men who seem to embody the prevailing characteristics of their relative epochs, and to present to after ages the idealized expression of their chief tendencies. Such men must be judged by no ordinary standard. History must view their actions as a whole, not subject them to separate tests, or examine them through the lenses of partial criticism and narrow-minded prejudice."

OSCAR II., King of Sweden, in his "*Life of Charles XII.*"

"I would serve my king;
Serve him with all my fortune here at home,
And serve him with my person in the wars;
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him, and die for him,
As every true-born subject ought!"

THOMAS OTWAY'S Tragedy, "*The Orphan*," 1680.

Perhaps no man in "the Colonies" who adhered to the Crown, has been so cruelly misjudged and consistently misrepresented as Sir John Johnson. Every possible charge, derogatory to him, has been raked up and brought out against him. Why? Because he did not submit quietly to what he deemed injustice, but struck back boldly and severely—made himself felt, made those

suffer who caused him to suffer. He was the only Loyalist who had the opportunity to force the bitter chalice which he had been compelled to drain, back upon the lips of those who filled it for him, and in turn obliged them to quaff the same hateful draught. The de Lanceys and many other Loyalists fought just as boldly and as bitterly, and as persistently, but they never had the same opportunity as Sir John to make every fibre of antagonism quiver.

The father of Sir John Johnson—the subject of this memoir—was the famous Sir William Johnson, Bart., Colonel in the Royal Army, Major-General in the Provincial service and British Superintendent of Indian Affairs. This gentleman was, perhaps, the most prominent man in the province of New York during the decade which preceded the Declaration of Independence. Peter Van Schaack, a very noted lawyer of the period, wrote, July, 1774, a few days after the Baronet's decease: "I own, I consider him as the GREATEST CHARACTER OF THE AGE." If ever there was a leader who deserved the *Corona Oleagina** of the Romans, it was Sir William. Whether a Jansen—a descendant of one of those indomitable Hollanders who assisted to subdue Ireland, and anglicised their names—or of English race, proper, Sir William was a strong example of those common-sense men who know how to seize Fortune by the forelock and not clutch in vain the

* This Corona Oleagina, was a wreath of olive leaves and the reward of a commander through whose instrumentality a triumph had been obtained though not himself in the action by which it was achieved. AUL. GELL., V., 6.; RICH. DICT., R. & G. A.

tresses which flow down her *receding back*. He opened to emigration two of the most productive valleys in the world—the Mohawk and Schoharie: and with the development of their riches rose himself to a height of opulence and influence unequalled in the "Thirteen Colonies." Just in his dealings with all men, he was particularly so with the Indians, and acquired a power over the latter such as no other individual ever possessed. Transferred from civil jurisdiction to military command he exhibited no less ability in the more dangerous exigencies of war, than in the laborious services of peace. He, it was, who first stemmed the tide of French invasion, and turned it at Lake George, in 1755: receiving both from his sovereign and from Parliament a grateful recognition of his extraordinary services. Nor were the people of the Province of New York less demonstrative in their applause or appreciative of his achievements. At "Johnson Hall" he lived in truly baronial state, and no other provincial magnate ever exhibited such affluence and grandeur as was displayed by him in his castle and home (Fort Johnson) on the Mohawk.

His greatest achievement, in immediate as well as ultimate results, was his victory at Lake George over the veteran Dieskau, 8th August, 1755. New England, always jealous of New York, has endeavored as usual to transfer the laurels from Johnson to one of her own people. As king, country and countrymen accorded the honor and reward to Johnson, "success," in his case, "proved the test of merit." That there were New Eng-

landers who could estimate Johnson at his true value, let the following letter (Stone's "Sir W. J.," I., 521) attest. It is from Surgeon Williams, of Massachusetts, to his wife in Deerfield in that colony. It bears the date of the very day of the battle, which, by the way, was exactly a month less a day subsequent to Braddock's defeat; the Provincial by his ability redeeming in New York the incapacity of the Professional and Regular in Pennsylvania:"

"I must say," wrote Williams, "he [Johnson] is a complete gentleman, and willing to please and oblige all men; familiar and free of access to the lowest sentinel; a gentleman of uncommon smart sense and even temper; never saw him in a ruffle, or use any bad language—in short, I never was so disappointed in a person in the idea I had of him before I came from home, in my life; to sum up, he is almost universally beloved and esteemed by officers and soldiers as a *second Marlborough for coolnsss of head and warmness of heart.*"

His next exploit, scarcely less notable and resultive, was the defeat of a superior French force seeking to relieve Fort Niagara, and his capture of this noted stronghold, 24th July, 1759. The distinguished British general and military historian, Sir Edward Cust, in his "Annals of the Wars," refers in the following language to this notable exploit of Sir William: "Th[illegible]tleman, like Clive, was a self-taught general, wh[illegible]nt of innate courage and natural sagacity, with [illegible] help of a military education or military experience, rivalled, if not eclipsed the greatest commanders. Sir William Johnson omitted nothing to continue the vigorous measures of the late gene-

ral [Prideaux, killed] and added to them everything his own genius could suggest. The troops, who respected, and the provincials, who adored him," were not less devoted than the Six Nations of Indians, who gladly followed his own ever fortunate banner and the less fortunate guidon of his no less valiant and loyal son.

Thus, with a sway hard to comprehend at the present day, beloved, respected and feared by law-breakers and evil-doers, the mortal enemies of his semi-civilized wards—the Six Nations—he lived a life of honor; and died, not by his own hand, as stated by prejudiced tradition, but a victim to a chronic debilitating disease, and to that energy which, although it never bent in the service of king or country, had to yield to years and nature. Sick, and thereby unequal to the demands of public business, he presided at a council, 11th July, 1774, spoke and directed, until his ebbing strength failed, and could not be restored by the inadequate remedial measures at hand on the borders of the wilderness. To no one man does central New York owe so much of her physical development as to Sir William Johnson.

Wedded, in 1739, to a Hollandish or German maiden, amply endowed with the best gifts of nature, both physical and mental, "good sound sense, and a mild and gentle disposition," Sir William was by her the father of one son, born in 1742, and two daughters. The latter are sufficiently described in a charming, well-known book, entitled "The Memoirs of an American Lady"—Mrs. Grant, of Laggan. The former was Sir John Johnson, a

more heroic representative of the transition era of this State, than those whom Success, and its *Dupe*—History, have placed in the national "Walhalla." While yet a youth this son accompanied his father to his fields of battle, and, when the generality of boys are at school or college, witnessed two of the bloodiest conflicts on which the fate of the colony depended. He had scarcely attained majority when he was entrusted with an indepen nt command, and in it displayed an ability, a fortitude, and a judgment worthy of riper years and wider experience.

Sent out to England by his father in 1765, "to try to wear off the rusticity of a country education," immediately upon his presentation at court he received from his sovereign an acknowledgment—partly due to the reputation of his parent, and partly to his own tact and capacity—such as stands alone in colonial history. Although his father, Sir William, was already a knight and baronet for service to the crown, John was himself knighted, at the age of twenty-three; and thus the old-new baronial hall at Johnstown sheltered two recipients, in the same family and generation, of the accolade of chivalry. There is no parallel to this double knighthood in American biography, and but few in the family annals of older countries.

This was the era when "New York was in its happiest state."

In the summer of 1773, and in his thirtieth year, Sir John Johnson married the beautiful Mary—or, as she was affectionately called, "Polly"—Watts, aged nineteen.

Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, has left us a charming pen-portrait of this bright maiden.

Inheriting his father's dignities and responsibilities, Sir John Johnson could not have been otherwise than a champion of his sovereign's rights. If he had turned his coat to save his property, like some of the prominent patriots, he would have been a renegade, if not worse. Some of the lights of patriotism had already cast longing glances upon his rich possessions in the Mohawk Valley. Its historian intimates (Simms, 120) that in a successful rebellion the latter counted upon dividing his princely domains into snug little farms for themselves. The germ of anti-rentism was developing already: although it took over sixty to seventy years to thoroughly enlist legislative assistance, and perfect spoliation in the guise of modern agrarian law. Surrounded by a devoted tenantry, backed by those "Romans of America," the "Six Nations," those "Indians of the Indians," the Iroquois, it was not easy "to bell the cat" by force. It is neither politic nor intended to revive hereditary animosities by the mention of names. Sufficient to say, might prevailed over right, and Sir John was placed under what the Albany Committee choose to define a "parole." Modern courts of inquiry, especially in the United States since 1860, have decided that such a vague system of paroling is in itself invalid, and that individuals subjected to such a procedure are absolved *de facto* from any pledges.

It is both persistent and popular to charge Sir John with having broken his parole. Before even entering into the

question, it is simple justice to rebut the charge by denial. His superiors did not recognize it, and able men acquainted with military law are not unanimous in holding that a parole, imposed, as it was upon him, was binding either in law or honor. But, even if it were valid, he did not break it, since the very self-constituted authority that imposed it, abrogated it by its own action.

There are two parties to every contract, legal, equitable or honorable, and if one party uses duplicity and manifests the intention to alter an agreement by a procedure which would completely change the relation of the parties, whatever, great or small, could come within or under the legal signification of fraud, or even deception, or "a snare," abrogates every contract. If Sir John gave a parole to any parties having power to exact it, he was entitled to every right and privilege conferred by a parole. If using the parole as a blind, those by whom it was exacted, undertook to withdraw it simultaneously with the substitution of an order for his arrest and close and severe confinement, and the latter could only be effected by treachery to the obligations of the former, common justice must concede that the discovery of such an intention put an end to the obligation of the parole. The treatment of Lady Johnson subsequent to her husband's escape is the very best proof of the *animus* which dictated the course against Sir John. If a body in authority could hold the utmost penalty over the head of a helpless woman, detained as a hostage, it is only fair to believe that there would have been no mercy shown to the defiant husband. The little

rare work already cited in these pages as an authority, "The Adventures of a Lady in the War of Independence in America," sets forth the cruelty exhibited towards Lady Johnson, and, until that can be shown to be false, it must be accepted as a trustworthy witness.

The treatment of Madame de Lavalette, by the French government, for co-operating in the escape of her husband, condemned to death for his adherence to Napoleon in 1815, has always been considered an indellible stigma upon it. General Cust pronounces him innocent of "*treachery.*" Still, although this lady suffered a rigorous solitary confinement of twenty-six days, no one dreamed, even at this period, of the intensest feeling and bitterest animosity, or intimated, that she should, or would be, held as a hostage for the conduct of her husband. "Now, Madam," is the language addressed to Lady Johnson, as quoted by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Colonel Christopher Johnson, "My command does not extend beyond this province; but, if Sir John comes one foot within my district with his murderous allies—*your fate is sealed!* "How, sir: what do you mean? What can I do!" gasped the lady, overcome for the moment by the information and the manner in which it was conveyed. "I mean, Madam, that if your husband lets his Indians go on scalping our people, we can't prevent them shooting *you* * * Your case, Madam, is different from all others. Sir John [Col. Guy was Superintendent of the Indians, *not* Sir John] has power over the Indians, whom no one else can control. We have no wish to injure you individually; but we must save our people

from his savages. *We hold you and your children as hostages;* and we consider that another such descent as the Indians made yesterday on the village of ——, will justify us in the eyes of the whole world in avenging the slaughter of many women and children, as helpless and more innocent than yourself!"

A prominent major-general, a regular officer, distinguished in his profession as well as with his pen, to whom the question of this parole was submitted, decided in favor of Sir John, and a lawyer of standing and an historian of ability has argued this question at length in his Notes, XXX., XXXI., to the "History of New York," by Judge Thomas Jones, who, likewise, exonerates Sir John. Mr. de Lancey after furnishing his proofs, sums up the matter in these words: "The common charge of historical writers, that Sir John broke his parole, is therefore "*without foundation and untrue.*"*.

In a conversation with Gen. B. B. C——, had 5-3-80, discussing the question of paroles, this gentleman, author of "Battles of the American Revolution," who had given the closest attention to original documents at home and in England, furnished additional arguments as to the impossibility of the right to impose a parole on Sir John. Johnson was put upon parole, so called, by

* In the Appendices ("Proofs Considered") to the writer's Address on Sir John Johnson, Bart., delivered before the New York Historical Society, at its annual meeting, 6th January, 1880, Mr. de Lancey has not only been quoted at length, but additional evidence printed derived from other and various sources.

those who were styling themselves at the time "faithful subjects of his Majesty." If faithful subjects, how had Sir John rendered himself liable when the original charges against him were "subsequently proved false?"

There are some curious circumstances connected with this consideration would require a lawyer's brief to make them plain to common observation. Sufficient to say, everything turns on the success of the Revolution. Might made right, and Sir John, who if the Crown had won would have been exalted to the seventh heaven of honor, since the mother country failed, is thrust down into the lowest nether depths by those who rose on his fall and profited by the confiscation of his extensive estates. Such is human judgment. It is to be hoped the same law does not rule elsewhere. If, however, it was a simple exemplification of "might makes right," there is no more to be said. That is the supreme law of this country today; no other.

Here it is not only pertinent but just to remark, that Count d'Estaing, the first French Commander who brought assistance to this country, had notoriously broken his parole, and yet American writers have never alluded to the fact as prejudicial to his honor. It did not serve their purpose. The French held that Washington once violated his parole; and Michelet, a devoted friend to liberty and this country, feelingly refers to the case of Jumonville, to demonstrate one of the heart-burnings which France had to overcome in lending assistance to the revolted colonies. Marshall, in his "Life of Wash-

ington," enters into a detailed explanation of this event; but it only shows that if national antagonism is so difficult to reconcile, how much more so is the intenser spite of civil differences after blood has been shed. How many Southern officers, in spite of their paroles, met the Union troops on battlefield after battlefield. Regiments and brigades, if not divisions, paroled at Vicksburg, were encountered, it is averred, within a few weeks in the conflicts around Chattanooga. French generals, paroled by the Prussians, it has also been charged, did not hesitate to accept active commands in even the shortest space of time. Circumstances alter cases, and under those which govern in respect to him, the charge against Sir John was a pretext; but, weak as it is, *it is not true.* Power in all ages has not been delicate in its choice of means to destroy a dangerous antagonist.

It would have been well for some of the noblest historical victims, such as Abner, Amasa, Sertorius, Viriathus, Abd el-Kader, Osceola,—if they had comprehended the spirit of these verses (Ecclesiasticus xii., 10, 16) as well as the reply of van der Does, in Leyden, to the Spanish general Valdez, besieging the place:

"The fowler plays sweet notes on his pipe when he spreads his net for the bird."

Sir John was to have been simultaneously released from his parole and made a prisoner. The officer who carried the communication discharging Sir John from his parole, was the bearer also of directions to arrest him as soon as he had read it, "and make him a close prisoner, and care-

fully guard him that he may not have the least opportunity to escape." Sir John had some friends among those who were now in power, and received intelligence of what was going on. He exercised ordinary discretion, and escaped before the trap—a "snare," as Lossing styles it—could be sprung upon him.

Sir John fled, but he did not fly unaccompanied; and among his subsequent associates, officers and soldiers, were men of as good standing as those who remained behind to profit by the change of authority. Many of the latter, however, expiated their sins or errors on the day of reckoning at Oriskany.

"Sir John, after nineteen days of inconceivable hardships, reached Montreal with his companions in a state of fatigue and destitution which they could not have survived many days longer. The regular roads were so entirely occupied by the rebels, that they had to take a circuitous route through the thickets of the forests. The few provisions the Indians had prepared were soon exhausted, and they had to subsist on roots; their boots and clothes were completely destroyed, and when they reached the shores of the St. Lawrence, it was difficult to recognize or understand the gaunt spectres who emerged from the 'bush,' to seek shelter and a passage across [the St. Lawrence] from the wondering 'habitans' of the first settlement they came to. But a few weeks sufficed to restore Sir John to his usual vigor, both of mind and body; and, before he was able to assume an active command, he was at work organizing a force of Loyalists, of which he is the colonel, and his frequent irruptions into the territory held by the Continentals, as they call themselves, were the causes of your [Lady Johnson's] being removed from Albany. He is charged by them with having broken his word of honor, pledged that he would remain pas-

sive; *but we all know that his person would have been seized, had he remained that night* [when Col. Dayton arrived] *at the Hall.*" Stone, in his 'Life of Brant' (I., 144), corroborates this. 'After nineteen days of severe hardship, the Baronet and his partisans arrived at Montreal in a pitiable condition—having encountered all of suffering that it seemed possible for man to endure.' Stone then adds (*Ibid*, 144), and he presents almost the identical idea of the magnanimous Sabine (I., 581): 'Sir John was immediately commissioned a colonel in the British service, and raised a command of two battalions, composed of those who accompanied him in his flight, and other American loyalists who subsequently followed their example. They were called the 'Royal Greens.' In the month of January following, he found his way into New York, then in possession of the British forces. From that period he became, not only one of the most active, but one of the bitterest foes of his own countrymen of any who were engaged in that contest—and repeatedly the scourge of his own former neighbors. He was unquestionably a loyalist from principle, else he would scarcely have hazarded, as he did, and ultimately lost, domains larger and fairer than probably ever belonged to a single proprietor in America, William Penn only excepted."

Sabine (I., 581) observes: "It is thought that he was a conscientious loyalist; and this may be allowed. He lived in a style of luxury and splendor which few country gentlemen in America possessed the means to support. His domains were as large and as fair as those of any colonist of his time, the estate of Lord Fairfax only excepted; and no American hazarded more, probably, in the cause of the Crown. *Faithfulness to duty is never a crime; and, if he sacrificed his home, his fortune, and his country, for his principles, he deserves admiration.* * * * The conduct of the Whigs towards him may have been harsh, and, in the beginning, too harsh for his offences."

The majority of those who were most active in wrong-

ing the family of Sir William Johnson experienced severe punishment, either in themselves or their surroundings, and the consequences of their injustice threatened to undo the work of a century and make Schenectady once more a frontier town.

Not able to seize the man (Sir John), disappointment determined to capture a woman. The victim was his wife. Why? The answer is in the words of a letter preserved in the series of the well-known Peter Force, which says: "It is the general opinion of people in Tryon County, that while Lady Johnson is kept as a kind of hostage, Sir John will not carry matters to excess." Lady Johnson must have been a bold woman; for even when under constraint, and in the most delicate condition that a woman can be, she exulted in the prospects of quickly hearing that Sir John would speedily ravage the country on the Mohawk river to redress his own and her wrongs and suffering. To quote another letter from the highest authority, "It has been hinted that she is a good security to prevent the effects of her husband's virulence."

With a determination even superior to that exhibited by her husband, because she was a woman and he a man, Lady Johnson in midwinter, January, 1777, in disguise, made her escape through hardships which would appal a person in her position in the present day. Through the deepest snows, through the extreme cold, through lines of ingrates and enemies, she made her way into the loyal city of New York. Her story reads like a romance. People cite Flora MacDonald, Grace Darrell, Florence Nightin-

gale. We had a heroine in our midst who displayed a courage as lofty as theirs; but she is forgotten, because she was the wife of a man who had the courage to avenge her wrongs even upon the victors, and chastise her enemies and persecutors as well as his own.

It was intended at first to embody the whole of Mrs. Colonel Christopher Johnson's story of her step-mother's wrongs; but this sketch, as it is, will far outrun all previous calculation. For particulars, the reader is referred to the "Appendices" to his Address before the Historical Society, on file there; to pages 76-81, "History of New York," by Judge Thomas Jones; and to Note XXXI. thereto, by Edward Floyd de Lancey, Esq. The conclusion of the story of her escape, after she had parted from her sister, is too interesting and too touching to be omitted.

"We must now follow the course of the poor dispirited, agitated mother, who, though relying much on the zeal and fidelity of her devoted servants, yet felt keenly the loss of her active and affectionate sister [Anne Watts, afterwards Countess of Cassilis], whose stronger health and spirits were such an inestimable support. Poor Tony's [one of her husband's faithful negro slaves, who risked so much from affection for the family] chief ground of consolation arose from the conviction that, being so very near the British lines, they *could* not fail of reaching them—they were almost within sight, he said! Poor fellow, if strength and courage could have insured the safety of his mistress and her children, he would have carried them or fought for them till he had dropped; but, as resistance to sentries was out of the question, the present business of all was to be prepared to exercise self command, and to reply with composure to the

questions that would be asked. Fortunately, Grove House was but a little out of the way of their real destination, and as it was probable inquiries might be made there, it would not have been safe for them to take the sleigh on. They, therefore, stopped at the cattle-shed, a little distance from the mansion, and leaving the sleigh and horse there, with one of their heaviest wrappings, as an indication that they intended to return, pursued their way with as much speed as possible in the direction of the British camp. By means of their pass, and avoidance of the larger bodies posted at different stations, they went on uninteruptedly to the end of that day; and when they reached a resting place for the night, it was a matter of deep thankfulness to find that, as the Continental camp was protected on that side by a wide river just in a state of partial thaw, that rendered the crossing it dangerous for individuals and impracticable for a body of troops, it had been deemed unnecessary to keep that point very strictly guarded. They easily found, as usual, a meal and a bed; but the anxiety of the Lady was cruelly aggravated by the state of her infant, who depending entirely on the nourishment derived from its unfortunate mother, participated in her physical exhaustion and suffering. The elder children, too, were both so fagged that Tony and the nurse were obliged to carry them almost without intermission—so that the poor Lady could hardly be relieved from the burden of the infant. They rose, therefore, the next morning, with trembling frames and spirits, their sole consolation being that they were but two miles from the river; yet how to cross it was a question that could only be solved on its banks. While taking their breakfast, a soldier was seen looking about in the few cottages that were near their refuge, and presently he came in to them. Happily there was no sign of travelling about them, and supposing them to be the established inhabitants, he began explaining his business by asking after some people who had arrived in a sleigh driven by a black. Most fortunately, also, Tony had separated from

them, and was tak'ng his meal in another cottage. The soldier did not seem to have been dispatched with any very exact or urgent directions; but his officer having received a message from the camp near Grove House, to inquire after a party who had been expected there, and had not arrived, sent his servant to gain some information previous to the arrival of more particular instructions. Taking the license which young and inexperienced soldiers are apt to exercise, of using their own judgment, the man said, 'If the Britishers were sending women and children over to us, we'd send them back pretty smartly; but if any of the stupid fellows who are taking old George's pay, instead of fighting for their country, have a mind to have their wives with them, why, I say, let 'em have the keep of 'em; and I think my captain don't much approve of being sent woman-hunting, and not even a written order. However, if you hear anything of 'em, you can let me know. I'm going by the lane round the corner out there, for I believe there's a kind of an inn to be found;' and, so saying, he wished them good-bye, and marched off. No sooner was he out of sight than the terrified females summoned Tony, and with steps quickened by fear set off towards the river. It was no great distance, and on reaching it the state of the ice showed clearly why its shores were not very carefully guarded. It must here be remarked that the danger of crossing a river, partially covered with ice, is different from that incurred in a milder climate. As long as the ice lasts, it is much too thick to give way to the heaviest weights; but when repeated thaws have loosened its firm adherence to the shore, it breaks into enormous masses, which, driving and struggling against each other, and the force of the current, partially released from its winter bondage, form at once one of the grandest exhibitions of Nature, and threaten fearful peril to those who venture to attempt a passage. But, like most dangers to which the natives of a country are habituated, they often risk their lives even for an inconsiderable motive, and it is not uncommon to

see a sleigh passing the well-marked road over the ice, which in two hours afterwards is floating away like a vast field, unbroken till it crashes against another mass, when both pile upon each other in awful grandeur, till further additions shove them on to final destruction.

"By the side of a mighty stream in this state, stand the fugitives, hopeless of escape, and supposing that the hour has come when they must yield themselves back to captivity,—a bitter anticipation after all their toils and dangers. Tony's experienced eye, however, described, and pointed out to the Lady that the centre of the river was tolerably clear, and that if they could take advantage of one of those moments when the opposing masses were locked against each other, a boat might land them on the opposite side. But could a boat be found? Yes. They see one, and a man in it, paddling about, apparently seeking a safe nook wherein to bestow his little vessel. Tony chose a point nearest the shore, and springing over fissures and firm pieces of ice, succeeded in making the man hear. He was one of those bold, careless characters, who rather enjoyed the risk, as well as the acquirement of the dollars often lavishly bestowed for a passage. It was now unnecessary for the party to feign poverty, therefore the gold hitherto hidden in their garments was produced, and each carrying a child made their way with infinite labor and peril of slipping to the frail vessel, which was to be guided among masses that might in an instant be in motion to crush or overwhelm them. The poor Lady clasped her infant closer and closer to her bosom, not venturing to speak lest she should withdraw Tony's attention from the guidance of the boat; yet trembling at the suspension of the feeble cries which till then had wrung her heart with anguish. The little face was chilled, and the eyes closed; but though she feared the worst, she yet hoped that it was but the sleep of exhaustion. Half-an-hour, which seemed an interminable period, brought them to the opposite shore. The British tents were within sight, gold

was thrown to the boatman, and though the snow was deep and soft, and the Lady staggered with weakness, she struggled on through a mile which yet separated them from the first line of sentries. Indians were the first who spied the party, and though they received with their usual composure the announcement of the Lady's name,* a glance sent off two of their number towards the camp, while the others, wrapping some furs around the Lady and her infant, lifted them with the utmost care and tenderness in their powerful arms, till they were met by the messengers returning with blankets and mattrasses, hastily formed into litters. On these all were carefully deposited and carried on swiftly; Tony weeping with joy and thankfulness over his mistress, and telling her Sir John was coming! The poor mother cast one hopeful glance towards the distance, and another of anxiety upon her infant, who just opened its little eyes, and ere she could see that it was the last convulsion of the sinking frame, she was clasped in the arms of her husband and borne insensible to the quarters of the Commander-in-Chief, where every care and comfort was bestowed on her and her children that their exhausted state required. The first delight of being restored to her husband and seeing her children at rest and in safety was marred by the anguish of missing the little loved one, whom she had borne through so much sorrow and suffering. 'But a few hours sooner,' she thought, 'and my pretty one had been saved.' But the joy and thankfulness of those around her soon stilled her repining. Both her surviving children appeared to be entirely restored to health; but with the little girl the appearance was

* Such was the affection borne by the "Six Nations" to the Johnson family, that, many years after, when the writer's father visited them, in Canada, and when the survivors of this once mighty Confederation, "the Romans of America," learned that he had married a niece of Lady Johnson, they adopted him with the affectionate pseudonym (according to Sir William George Johnson, Bart.): "SAITAT-TSINOU-IAKION," signifying, in substance, "*One of us.*"

fallacious. After the first week her strength and appetite declined, and her parents had the grief of laying her in an untimely grave, from the destructive effects of cold and exposure on a frame previously debilitated by illness during her mother's captivity, when she could not procure either advice or proper medicines." ("Adventures of a Lady in the War of Independence in America," pages 53–7.)

It is not the intention of this work to reflect upon, or refer to, Revolutionary officials further than is absolutely necessary. The Johnson family, the loyalists, their friends and advocates, present an entirely different statement of facts from those which may be styled the popular account, which is that of the victors, realizing the bitter force of the proverb "*ve victis.*" The judgments pronounced by either of these are not more severe in their conclusions and opprobrious in their language than the terms used in the various accounts of the contests between the settlers and their leaders of the New Hampshire Grants, now Vermont, and the authorities of New York and their agents; or of the collisions between the Connecticut settlers and their chief-men in the Wyoming Valley, and the "Pennamites" and their executives seeking to enforce the rights of the Penn Patentees in the Susquehanna Valley, or of the Union party or Loyalists and the Southerners during the "Slaveholder's Rebellion" in 1861–5 and since.

There is nothing so bitter and spiteful, so barbarous and revengful and unforgiving as the rancor and recourse of political struggles and those arising from religious antagonisms, except family feuds. The conflict

of the American Revolution necessarily partook of the nature of all three. Presbyterianism, in one form or another, gave energy to the Revolutionary party, while Episcopalianism was, as a rule, the creed of the Royalists or Loyalists. The former fought to obtain what the others enjoyed, and families and neighborhoods were divided, and blood poured forth like water, with spiteful savageness, by hands whose vigor was derived from the same *veins*, under the impulse of the same brains, of race, kinmanship and connection, family ties and associations. This was especially exemplified in the two bloodiest and decisive encounters of the war, King's Mountain at the South, and Oriskany at the North. In the Carolinas and in the Mohawk Valley, mortals on both sides sometimes surpassed demons in their enmity, because in both, particularly in the latter, fathers, sons, brothers, cousins and former friends exchanged shots, crossed steel and applied the torch. Men of this day cannot conceive the feelings of that, and to judge the Loyalists or Tories by the stories of the Rebels or Patriots is just as fair as to credit the charges of an ultra fire-eating Southerner against Loyal men and the invading troops of the Union. Furthermore, if the fury of the antagonism in the Carolinas equalled that in New York, there was a vast contrast in the legislation that followed the peace. The Carolinas excelled in magnanimity and New York in ungenerous severity. There the offences of the Loyalists were condoned from respect to their gallantry and convictions; in New York the consfiscations and penalties were continued in force

and the Loyalists, true-men, were compelled to live and die, as a rule, in poverty, pain, exile and proscription.

All this occurred prior to the spring of 1776.

Sir Guy Carleton, undoubtedly the grandest character among the British military chieftains, at this time, acting independently, in America, received Sir John with open arms, and immediately gave him opportunities to raise a regiment, which made itself know and felt along the frontier, throughout the war. With a fatal parsimony of judgment and its application, the Crown frittered away its strength, in some cases in protecting private or vested interests, and never accumulated sufficient troops at decisive points and moments. The arrival of these was too often delayed and even afterwards they were diverted from objects of highest importance to points where success could produce no lasting result. In 1777, when Burgoyne was preparing for his invasion of New York down the Hudson, St. Leger was entrusted with a similar advance down the Mohawk. Sir Henry Clinton, an able strategist and a brave soldier, but an indolent, nervous mortal, and an inefficient commander, recorded a sagacious opinion on this occasion—endorsed by Continental Nathaniel Greene—viz., that to St. Leger was assigned the most important part in the programme with the most inadequate means of carrying it out. To play this part successfully, required a much larger force; and yet—to take a fort garrisoned by at least 750 (perhaps 950) not inefficient troops, with sufficient artillery (14 pieces?), and fight the whole available population of Tryon County in arms beside,—

St. Leger had not more than about 410 whites and an aggregation of 600 to 800 Indians from 22 different tribes, gathered from the remotest points administered by British officers—even from the extreme western shores of Lake Superior. To batter this fort he had a few small pieces of ordnance, which were about as effective as pop-guns: and were simply adequate, as he says in his report, of "teasing," without injuring the garrison. St. Leger's second in command was Sir John Johnson.

For the relief of Fort Stanwix, Major (or only Brigadier) General Harkheimer, Sir John's old antagonist, gathered up all the valid men in Tryon county, variously stated at from 800 and 900 to 1000, constituting four embodied regiments of militia, besides numerous volunteers of all grades and standing, a few mounted men (Hoffman), and some Oneida Indians. These latter, traitors to a fraternal bond of centuries, seemed about as useless to their new associates as they were faithless to their old ties. To meet Harkheimer, Brigadier-General St. Leger allowed Sir John Johnson to proceed in person and carry out the able plan conceived by the latter. It is now clearly established beyond a doubt that his ability planned and his determination fought the battle of Oriskany. Had the Indians shown anything like the pluck of white men, not a Provincial would have escaped. In spite of their inefficiency, Sir John's whites alone would have accomplished the business had it not been for "a shower of blessing" sent by Providence, and a recall to the assistance of St. Leger. As it was, this was the bloodiest battle of the

Revolution at the North. Indecisive on the field of battle, it was morally decisive in results. Harkheimer lost his life, likewise several hundred of his followers, and Tryon County suffered such a terrific calamity, that, to use the inference of its historian, if it smiled again during the war it smiled through tears. The iron will of Schuyler, another old, almost life-long personal and political antagonist of Sir John, sent Arnold, the best soldier of the Revolution, to save Fort Stanwix, the key to the Mohawk valley. The rapid advance of this brilliant leader, and the dastardly conduct and defection of the Indians, preserved the beleaguered work; and St. Leger and St. John were forced to retire. On this salvation of Fort Stanwix and NOT on, properly speaking, Hoosic or Walloomscoik, miscalled Bennington, nor on Saratoga, hinged the fate of the Burgoyne invasion and the eventful certainty of independence. No part of the failure is chargeable to Sir John.

As before mentioned, the English war administration seemed utterly inadequate to the occasion. They had not been able to grapple with its exigencies while the colonies were "doing for themselves," as Mazzini expressed it. When France and Spain entered the list, and Burgoyne's army had been eliminated from the war problem, they seem to have lost their heads; and, in 1778, abandoned all the fruits of the misdirected efforts of their main army. The nervous Clinton succeeded to the indolent Howe in the field, and the uncertain Haldimand to the determined Carleton in Canada. Haldimand, a Swiss by birth and a veteran by service, was entirely deficient in the

priceless practical abilities in which his predecessor excelled. Those who knew him considered him an excellent professional soldier, but for administration and organization his gifts were small. He was so afraid that the French and Provincials would invade and dismember the remaining British possessions in North America, that he not only crippled Clinton in a measure, by constant demands for troops, but he was afraid to entrust such brilliant partisans as Sir John Johnson with forces sufficient to accomplish anything of importance. He suffered raids when he should have launched invasions, and he kept almost every available company and battalion for the defence of a territory, which, except in its ports, was amply protected by nature and distance. Washington played on his timidity just as he afterward fingered the nervousness of Clinton. Thus the rest of 1777, the whole of 1778, and the greater part of 1779 was passed by Sir John in comparatively compulsory inactivity. He was undoubtedly busy. But like thousands of human efforts which cost such an expenditure of thought and preparation, but are fruitless in marked results, their records are "writ in water."

In 1779 occurred the famous invasion of the territory of the Six Nations by Sullivan. In one sense it was triumphant. It did the devil's work thoroughly. It converted a series of blooming gardens, teeming orchards and productive fields into wastes and ashes. It was a disgrace to developing civilization, and, except to those writers who worship nothing but temporary success, it called forth

some of the most scathing condemnations ever penned by historians. When white men scalp and flay Indians, and convert the skins of the latter's thighs into boot-tops, the question suggests itself, which were the savages, the Continental troops or the Indians. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, for every Indian slain and Indian hut consumed in this campaign, a thousand white men, women and children paid the penalty; and it is almost unexceptionally admitted that the inextinguishable hatred of the redskins to the United States dates from this raid of Sullivan, worthy of the Scottish chief who smoked his enemies to death in a cavern, or of a Pellissier, a St. Arnaud or a Pretorius. Simmes, in his "History of Scoharie County," N. Y., commenting on Sir John's devastations in 1880, remarks: "Thus was revenged the destruction of the Indian possessions in the Chemung and Genesee Valleys the year before by General Sullivan: *which, had they a historian, would be found a no less gloomy picture.*"

Sullivan's ultimate military objective must have been Fort Niagara, the basis, for about a century, of inroads, French and British, upon New York. Why he did not make the attempt requires a consideration would occupy more space than can be assigned in this memoir. There were adversaries in his front who did not fear pop-gun artillery like the Indians, and were not to be dismayed by an "elegant" cannonade as at Newtown. Haldimand had sent Sir John Johnson to organize a body of 500 (N. Y. Col. Doc., viii., 779) white troops, besides

the Indians, and these were rapidly concentrating (Stone's "Brandt," II., 10) upon Sullivan, when the latter countermarched. American historians give their reasons for this retreat; British writers explain it very differently. In any event this expedition was the last military command enjoyed by Sullivan. The Scripture here affords an expression which may not be inapplicable. "He departed without being desired."

Sir John's further aggressive movements were prevented by the early setting in of winter, which rendered the navigation of Lake Ontario too dangerous for the certain dispatch of the necessary troops and adequate supplies.

The diligent search for information in regard to the details of the movements upon this frontier, has been hitherto baffled. According to a reliable contemporary record, Sir John Johnson, Col. Butler and Capt. Brandt captured Fort Stanwix on the 2d of November, 1779. This is the only aggressive operation of the year attributed to him.

In 1780 Sir John was given head, or let loose, and he made the most of his time. In this year he made two incursions into the Mohawk Valley, the first in May and the second in October.

There is a very curious circumstance connected with the first of these raids. The burial of his valuable plate and papers, and the guarding of the secret of this deposit by a faithful slave, although sold into the hands of his master's enemies; the recovery of the silver through this

faithful negro, and the transport of the treasures, in the knapsacks of forty soldiers, through the wilderness to Canada; has been related in so many books that there is no need of a repetition of the details. One fact, however, is not generally known. Through dampness the papers had been wholly or partially destroyed; and this may account for a great many gaps and involved questions in narratives connected with the Johnson family. The "treasure-trove" eventually was of no service to him. God maketh the wrath of man to praise Him; and although Sir John was the rod of His anger, the staff of His indignation and the weapon of His vengeance for the injustice and barbarisms shown by the Americans to the Six Nations, but especially during the preceding year, the instrument was not allowed to profit, personally, by the service.* The silver and other articles, retrieved at such a cost of peril, of life, of desolation and of suffering, was not destined to benefit anyone. What, amid fire and sword and death and devastation, had been wrenched from the enemy was placed on shipboard for conveyance to England, and, by the "irony of fate," the vessel foundered in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and its precious freight, like that described in the "Nibelungen Lied," sank into the treasury of so much of earth's richest spoils and possessions, the abyss of the sea.

* According to another tradition—as little reliable, perhaps, as such legends usually are—the vessel did not founder, but was captured by a New England privateer out of Salem, Mass. Another legend attributes Sir John's ill luck and loss to a French letter-of-marque.

There is a curious but complete moral in the career of Sir John Johnson. Those who from purely selfish motives persecuted him for his adherence to the crown—loyal from principle and simply striving to save his own; perished or suffered some other just punishment. Nevertheless, Sir John, the instrument of their chastisement, did not profit by his success to the extent of regaining his own, through his triumphant retaliation upon his enemies. The course and consequence of the whole original wrong-doing and reprisals realized the propheey of Isaiah, to the effect that when the Lord had performed his whole work upon Judah, through the Assyrian, "the rod of his anger and the staff of his indignation," he declared that in turn he would punish the instrument, because he had exceeded his commission and made it, as it were, a personal matter. Judah, the Whigs, were to be scourged to the bone for their sins, but the flail, the Loyalists, were not to profit personally by it. This is just about the view that the honest Sabine takes of the whole matter and agrees with the expression of Zechariah, that God was "sore displeased" with those whom he employed to execute his punishment, because he "was but a little displeased, and they helped forward the affliction." So it is ever, alas, in this world. As Ecclesiasticus impresses upon its readers, there is an existing and unerring law of compensation. The pendulum of what "will be" sweeps far to the right, but the law of "must be" gravitates and the momentum brings it back as far to the left; and thus it swings, to and fro, as long as the impetus of cause and result continues to exert their forces; like a thousand agencies, great and small, scourging the world: the west like Attila, the east like Tamerlane; a continent, Europe, like Napoleon, or a country apart, Italy, like Hannibal; a province, as the Lowlands of Scotland, like Montrose, or a district, the Mohawk and Schoharie Valleys, like Johnson. When the mission is fulfilled and the victims have suffered, the agent perishes or the instrument is laid aside; the former often dying peaceably, tranquilly, trustingly; because, however man may judge the act, it is God, alone, who

can judge the motive, which is often fidelity to principle, pure and simple, and an execution in rigid obedience to a law that humanity cannot comprehend. Men in their wrath sow the wind to reap the whirlwind of the passions they arouse. The Whigs of the Mohawk Valley worked their will upon the Tories in 1776, and, if the day of evil had not been mercifully shortened for them, the rich district they coveted would have been left to them a desert.

It is said that Sir John's second invasion of this year was co-ordinate with the plan of Sir Henry Clinton, of which the basis was the surrender of West Point by Arnold. If so, the former bore to the latter the same relation that the advance of St. Leger did in respect to Burgoyne. St. Leger's failure burst the combined movement of 1777; and the capture of the unfortunate André exploded the conception of 1780. Thus Sir John's movement, which was to have been one of a grand military series, unhappily for his reputation became an apparent "mission of vengeance," executed, however, with a thoroughness which was felt far beyond the district upon which the visitation came—came in such a terrible guise, that a hundred years have scarcely weakened the bitterness of its memories. Whatever else may be debited to him, it can be said of Johnson, as of certain, but few, other honest, earnest, Loyal men, who have offended the masses, that he did his work effectively.

Even in 1781 Sir John was still a menace to the frontier. Affairs in New York and Vermont, along Lake Champlain, were in a very unsatisfactory condition. All the assistance that could be hoped for from France was directed to

another and a distant quarter. The very districts of New York which had rallied to oppose Burgoyne and his lieutenants, were disaffected. "The poison was actively at work even in Albany." At this time an expedition was meditated against Pittsburgh, to be led by Sir John Johnson and Colonel Connelly, in connection with combinations among the hostile Indians more extensive than any previously set on foot. Why these all failed is among the unsolved enigmas of the Revolution. If they depended on Gen. Haldimand, the explanation is clear. He had not sufficient activity, either of mind or body, to hold the wires, much less to pull them with the requisite energy.

Although scarcely one hundred years have passed away since the events considered in this sketch, there are almost as conflicting accounts of the personal appearance of Sir John as there are antagonistic judgments in respect to his character. By some he has been represented as over six feet in height; by others as not taller than the ordinary run of men in his district. Doubtless in mature years he was a stout or stalwart figure, and this, always at least to some extent, detracts from height, and deceives unless everything is in exact proportion. The only likeness in existence, said to be of him, which is in accordance with descriptions, is a red stipple engraving of F. Bartolozzi, R. A., that appeared in some contemporary publication, representing him in uniform. It is not inconsistent with the pictures of him at a more advanced age, ordinarily produced in well-known recent works.

These, however, from the costume and expression, seem to have been taken at a much later date.*

By his inveterate hereditary enemies and historians, so styled, who have adopted traditionary bias as fact, Sir John has been "described as cold, haughty, cruel and implacable, of questionable" courage, and with a feeble sense of personal honor. Mr. William C. Bryant, in his admirable biographical sketch, disposes of this repulsive picture with a single honest sentence: "The detested title of *Tory*, in fact, was a synonym for all these unamiable qualities."

According to a recently found sketch of Charleston, South Carolina, published in 1854, it would appear that every American opposed to French Jacobinism was stigmatized as an aristocrat; and when Washington approved of Jay's treaty of 1795, six prominent advocates of his policy were hung in effigy and polluted with every mark of indignity; then burned. Even the likeness of Washington, at full length, on a sign, is reported to have been much abused by the rabble. These patriots experienced the same treatment accorded to the character of Sir John. The procession at Poughkeepsie, in this State, to ratify the adoption of the Federal Constitution, came near end-

* Mr. de Lancey, at page 642 (Note lv.), Vol. 2, appended to Jones' "History of New York," &c., furnishes a description of Sir John, which tallies exactly with the colored engraving by Bartolozzi, in the writer's possession, which has been reproduced for this work.

"He was a handsome, well-made man, a little short, with blue eyes, light hair, a fresh complexion, and a firm but pleasant expression. He was quick and decided in disposition and manner, and possessed of great endurance."

ing in bloodshed. Any one opposed to slavery, when it existed, risked his life, south of "Mason and Dixon's line," if he uttered his sentiments in public. No virtues would have saved him from violence. On the other hand, there were classes and communities at the North who would not concede a redeeming quality to a slaveholder. Passion intensifies public opinion. The masses never reflect.

Here let a distinction be drawn which very few, even thinking persons, duly appreciate. The rabble are not the people. Knox, in his "Races of Men," draws this distinction most clearly. And yet in no country to such an extent as in the United States is this mistake so often made. Old Rome was styled by its own best thinkers and annalists "the cesspool of the world:" and if any modern State deserves this scathing imputation, it is this very State of New York. Count Tallyrand-Perigord said that as long a there is sufficient virtue in the thinking classes to assimilate what is good, and reject what is vicious in immigration, there is true progress and real prosperity. When the poison becomes superior to the resistive and assimilative power, the descent begins. It is to pander to the rabble, not the people, that men like Sir John Johnson are misrepresented. Such a course is politic for demagogues. To them the utterance of the truth is suicidal, because they only could exist through perversions worthy of a Machiavelli. They thrive through political Jesuitism. The Roman populace were maintained and restrained by "*panem et circenses.*" The

bulk of modern voters feed like them—to use the Scripture expression—on the wind of delusion; and it is this method of portraiture which enabled Local Committees to strike down Sir John Johnson, confiscate his property and drive him forth, and "Rings" to carry out their purposes in our very midst to-day.

People of the present period can scarcely conceive the virulence of vituperation which characterized the political literature of a century since. Hough, in his "*Northern Invasion*," has a note on this subject which applies to every similar case. The gist of it is this: The opinions of local populations in regard to prominent men were entirely biased, if not founded upon their popularity or the reverse. If modern times were to judge of the character of Hannibal by the pictures handed down by the gravest of Roman historians, he would have to be regarded as a man destitute of almost every redeeming trait except courage and ability or astuteness: whereas, when the truth is sifted out, it is positively certain that the very vices attributed to the great Carthaginian should be transferred to his Latin adversaries.

Sir John was not cold. He was one of the most affectionate of men. Mr. Bryant tells us that he was not "haughty," but, on the contrary, displayed qualities which are totally inconsistent with this defect. "His manners were peculiarly mild, gentle and winning. He was remarkably fond of the society of children, who, with their marvellous insight into character, bestowed upon him the full measure of their unquestioning love

and faith. He was also greatly attached to all domestic animals, and notably very humane and tender in his treatment of them." Another writer, commenting upon these traits, remarks: "His peculiar characteristic of tenderness to children and animals, makes me think that the stories of his inhumanity during the War of the Revolution cannot be true."

He was *not* "cruel." A number of anecdotes are related to the contrary by those not peculiarly favorable to him. These in themselves, recorded as they are by partisans of a different order of things to those represented by the Johnsons, are sufficient to raise strong doubts of the truth of the charges brought against him, even if they do not positively disprove such a sweeping judgment.

The honest Bryant penned a paragraph which is pertinent in this connection.

"Sir John, certainly, inherited many of the virtues which shed lustre upon his father's name. His devotion to the interests of his government; his energetic and enlightened administration of important trusts; his earnest championship of the barbarous race which looked up to him as a father and a friend; his cheerful sacrifice of a princely fortune and estate on what he conceived to be the altar of patriotism, cannot be controverted by the most virulent of his detractors. The atrocities which were perpetrated by the invading forces under his command are precisely those which, in our annals, have attached a stigma to the names of Montcalm and Burgoyne. To restrain an ill-disciplined rabble of exiled Tories and

ruthless savages was beyond the power of men whose humanity has never in other instances been questioned."

The majority of writers absolved Montcalm; and Burgoyne disclaimed, and almost conclusively proved, that he was not responsible for the charges brought against him by the grandiloquent Gates and others, who did not hesitate to draw upon their imagination to make a point. Sir John, with his own lips, declared, in regard to the cruelties suffered by the Whigs during his first inroad, that "their Tory neighbors, and not himself, were blamable for those acts." It is said that Sir John much regretted the death of those who were esteemed by his father, and censured the murderer. But how was he to punish! Can the United States at this day, with all its power, punish the individual perpetrators of cruelties along the Western frontier and among the Indians? It is justly remarked that if the "Six Nations" had an historian, the Chemung and Genesee valleys, desolated by Sullivan, would present no less glaring a picture than of those of the Schoharie and Mohawk, which experienced the visitations of Sir John. He, at all events, ordered churches and other buildings, certainly the houses of nominal friends, to be spared. Sullivan's vengeance was indiscriminate, and left nothing standing in the shape of a building which his fires could reach. Sir John more than once interposed his disciplined troops between the savages and their intended victims. He redeemed captives with his own money; and while without contradiction he punished a guilty district with military execution, it was not

directed by his orders or countenance against individuals. Hough, for himself, and quoting others, admits that "no violence was offered to women and children." There is nothing on record or hinted to show that he refused mercy to prisoners; no instance of what was termed "Tarleton's quarter" is cited; nothing like the wholesale slaughter of Tories by Whigs at the South whenever the latter got the chance or upperhand: no summary hanging of prisoners as at King's Mountain; and it is very questionable if cold-blooded peculation in the American administrative corps did not kill off incalculably more in the course of a single campaign, than fell at the hands of all, white and red, directed by Johnson, during the war.

As to the epithet "implacable," it amounts to nothing. To the masses, anyone who punishes a majority, even tempering justice with mercy, provided he moves in a sphere above the plane of those who are the subjects of the discipline, is always considered not only unjust but cruel. The patriots or rebels of Tryon county had worked their will on the liberties of the family and the properties of Sir John Johnson; and he certainly gave them a good deep draught from the goblet they had originally forced upon his lips. He did not live up to the Christian code which all men preach and no man practices, and assuredly did not turn the other cheek to the smiter, or offer his cloak to him who had already stolen his coat. Will any unprejudiced person deny that there was great justification for his conduct. The masses a century since and previous could understand nothing that was not brought home to them in

letters of fire and of suffering. Their compassion and their fury were both the blaze of straw; and their cruelty was as enduring as the heat of red hot steel, especially when their passions were thoroughly excited in civil and religious conflicts.

There is only one more charge against Sir John to dispose of, viz., that "his courage was questionable." The accusation in regard to his having a "feeble sense of personal honor" rests upon the stereotyped fallacy in regard to the violation of his parole. This has already been treated of and declared, by experts, to be unsustained by justice. In fact, Mr. Edward Floyd de Lancey has proved that he did not do so. In this connection it is necessary to cite a few more pertinent words from the impartial William C. Bryant. This author says: "Sir John's sympathies were well known, and he was constrained to sign a pledge that he would remain neutral during the struggle then impending. There is no warrant for supposing that Sir John, when he submitted to this degradation, secretly determined to violate his promise on the convenient plea of duress, or upon grounds more rational and quieting to his conscience. The jealous espionage to which he was afterwards exposed—the plot to seize upon his person and restrain his liberty—doubtless furnished the coveted pretext for breaking faith with the 'rebels.'"

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, whose "History of New York" is one of the most remarkable productions of the age, writing with the bias of an American, but nevertheless desirous of doing justice to both sides, makes the following remarks

in regard to Sir John Johnson.* "He was known to be a powerful leader of men: he possessed the magnetism which inspired devotion." "Enough has been said about his own

* In regard to the personal appearance of Sir John, there are as wide discrepancies as in the opinions affecting his character. This, however, should not be surprising to any close student of history. Greater divergencies present themselves in different accounts of the Earl of Bothwell; some picturing him as strikingly ugly and boorish, others as eminently handsome and courtly; also of the Russian hero Suwarrow, who appears in one portrait as tall and commanding, in another as diminutive and repulsive, in one an eccentric genius, but still a genius; in another a buffoon devoid of even courage and ability. Where prejudice mixes the colors and passion holds the brush nothing like truth can be hoped for. "*Homo solus aut deus aut dæmon*," and party or faction elevate a friend or an ally to the former, or sink an enemy or opponent to the latter. This is particularly the case in civil wars. In them there is no *juste milieu* of feeling or opinion. Mr. Wm. C. Bryant, Sir John's most generous American biographer, presents him as six feet two, and large in proportion. This would almost make him gigantic. His kinsman, Edward F. de Lancey, Esq., historian, draws an entirely different portrait. It would be hard to reconcile such contrasts, were it not that some men, like the late General, our great George H. Thomas, are so erect and imposing that they impress beholders with the idea that their physical proportions are as mighty as their intellect and influence. A similar judgment—*absit invidia*—is apposite, as to the moral characteristics of Sir John.

It has been remarked that failure is the greatest crime that mortality recognizes, and that some of the most cruel tyrants would be accepted as exemplars if they had not failed. Such is the opinion of Froude, in regard to the Duke of Alva. He justly remarks: "Religious"—yes, more especially political history—" is partial in its verdicts. The exterminators of the Canaanites are enshrined among the saints, and had the Catholics come off victorious, the Duke of Alva would have been a second Joshua." The opinions of the people of this colony or State could scarcely be otherwise than unjust and injurious in regard to a man who, to a most important portion of it, resembled a tornado or a phenomenal tropical storm. Such cataclysms are not instantaneous developments, but the result of a series of causes. Their immediate effects are never beneficial. Their ultimate effects are often eminently so. The idea that Sir William Johnson committed sui-

fearful losses and the unjustifiable sufferings to which his wife was subjected. She had escaped, thanks to God and herself (1776)." "Thus no restraint could now be imposed

cide to avoid the dilemma of casting his lot in with rebellion or against the crown is utterly preposterous—one of those insane self-delusions that the American people indulged in, blinded with the idea of their own self-consequence. That a man who owed everything to the King, who had pre-eminently distinguished and rewarded him, should go over to the enemies of that monarch, would have stamped him at once as unworthy of the very benefits he had received. Centuries since, the the people were not of the consequence in the eyes of the ruling classes that they have since become. In this remark there is no attempt to presume that the people do not deserve the consideration they are now enabled to exact. But the fact is indisputable that they did not then enjoy it. Washington and Jefferson, and all the great lights of the Revolution, did not regard the masses as the politicians of this day are compelled to do. If they could rise from their graves they would marvel at the almost incredible progress made by the mass of humanity, in wringing, even from despots, a consideration for their opinions.

It is just as ridiculous to imagine that Sir John Johnson would be false to his allegiance as to imagine that Sir William killed himself to avoid changing his uniform. None of the most ardent patriots, so styled, desired in 1775 that complete severance of ties between the mother country and the colonies which the success of the latter gradually more and more concreted into a fixed determination. The wisest could not have foreseen the armed intervention of France and Spain, and yet, without this, independence could not have been secured. The event was still doubtful in 1781, and it was only a concurrence of circumstances beyond mortal control that decided the struggle. For Sir John Johnson to have turned his back on all those characteristics which, by generous minds, are regarded as the finest qualities in man—gratitude, loyalty, consistency—might have made him popular with those who would have profited by his treason, but would have damned him in greater degree with those whose opinions he valued. It is just about as sensible to expect an impartial verdict upon Montrose and Claverhouse from the Whigs and Covenanters of Scotland as from the people of central New York upon Sir John Johnson. No man who is connected by the ties of blood or interest, or who has made up his mind, has a right to sit upon a jury; and no one imbued with the prejudices of the Mohawk Valley, or its historians, has a moral right

upon Sir John's movements, since his family were safe under British protection, and he plunged into the strife with a bitterness scarcely to be equalled. And he was as

to sit in judgment upon the Johnsons. Again, Sir John Johnson did not desire to have anything to do with the manipulation of the Indians. After his father's death he was offered the succession of Sir William, as Indian Superintendent under the Crown, and he refused it, and, at his suggestion, it was given to his cousin Guy. These two have been often confounded; and, on one occasion, when a public defense of Sir John was being made, a descendant of sufferers at the hands of the Indians rose to objurgate Sir John, and had his whole ground cut from under him by the simple demonstration that the party inculpated by him was Colonel Guy, and not Sir John. Let no one think that this is an excuse of the latter at the expense of Guy; but there is a proverb as old as language: "Let each man claim his own credit, or bear his own blame."

The Whigs, or Patriots, or Rebels, of 1774-6, made out a long list of grievances against the Crown, on which they founded the Revolution. Among these, none was so prominent as the hated Stamp Act.

It has been justly said that, in carping or commending, the eyes of most critics are like the turbot's, both on one side. This has never been shown more clearly than the American consideration of the Stamp Act. William Edward Hartpole Lecky, in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," 1882, Vol. III., Chap. 12, p. 340, has summed up the whole matter conclusively against the Colonies, and his verdict is irrefutable:

"I have no wish to deny that the Stamp Act was a grievance to the Americans; but it is due to the truth of history that the *gross exaggerations* which have been repeated on the subject should be dispelled and that the nature of the alleged tyranny of England should be clearly defined. It cannot be too distinctly stated, that there is not a fragment of evidence that any English statesman, or any class of the English people, desired to raise anything by direct taxation from the colonies for purposes that were purely English. They asked them to contribute nothing to the support of the navy which protected their coasts, nothing to the interest of the English debt. At the close of a war which had left England overwhelmed with additional burdens, in which the whole resources of the British Empire had been strained for the extension and security of the British territory in America, by which the American colonists had gained incomparably more than any other of the subjects of the crown, the colonies were asked to bear their share in the burden of the Empire by contributing a third part—they would no doubt ultimately have been asked to contribute the whole—of what was required for the maintenance of an army of 10,000 men, intended primarily for their own defence. £100,000 was the highest estimate of what the Stamp Act would

brave and energetic as he was vindictive, Jones says, that he did more mischief to the rebel settlements upon the

annually produce, and it was rather less than a third part of the expenses of the new army. This was what England asked from the most prosperous portion of her Empire. Every farthing which it was intended to raise in America, it was intended also to spend there."

England (Great Britain) was right and just and the Thirteen Colonies were wrong and ungenerous; and yet the best men in the Colonies suffered for their obedience to the orders of legally constituted authority. They were made to suffer officially and personally, in every line and every degree, in succeeding generations.

The Americans expend volumes of sympathy upon the victims of the British prison-ships. Are they aware that their own side had prison-ships, and on one occasion a number of captives perished in consequence, by a single accident? Are they aware that there was a copper mine in Connecticut, to which respectable people were consigned as laborers, with a want of feeling akin to that with which the Czar Nicholas and his predecessors sent off convoys of noble champions of what they deemed the right, to Siberia. Lynch law was as active among the Patriots as on the so-styled borders of civilization, and the term does not emanate from the semi-barbarous West, but from the anti-revolutionary times and centre of Vermont. As an honest descendant of one of the sufferers at Wyoming justly observed, upon the very spot and under the shadow of the commemorative monument: "The story has two sides, and I am not going to allow myself to be carried away by the prejudices of tradition." To exonerate Sir John Johnson is to condemn his opponents, and to him and them is applicable the sentence of the Highest Authority: "It must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." Sir John did not inaugurate the conflict. He was defendant, and not plaintiff, either in the courts of law or the ordeal of battle.

How many of those who stirred up the difficulty perished at Oriskany, where first the wager of battle occurred, and how many were impoverished in the course of the conflict? Again, the Scripture observes: "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee." Good, undoubtedly, was evolved out of the evil that was done, but how many of those who were its agents lived to see the day? "The mills of the gods grind slowly;" and time with God is nothing. The grist can only be valued when His time has come. Piedmont or Sardinia, Italy, expelled the Waldenses, and was compelled to permit them to return. Spain drove out the Moors, and accepted comparative ruin as the

frontiers of New York than all the partisans in the British service put together."

The charge of "questionable courage" is utterly ridiculous.

It originated with his personal enemies, and, if such evidence were admissible, it is disproved by facts. There is scarcely any amount of eulogy which has not

price of bigoted oppression. France thrust out the Huguenots, and thereby enriched and fortified hereditary enemies. The Stuarts persecuted the Puritans, and, lo, the American Revolution! France assisted a rebellion, and the retribution came within fifteen years. The Americans drove out the Loyalists,* and they constituted the bone and sinew, the industry and wealth of the Dominion of Canada.

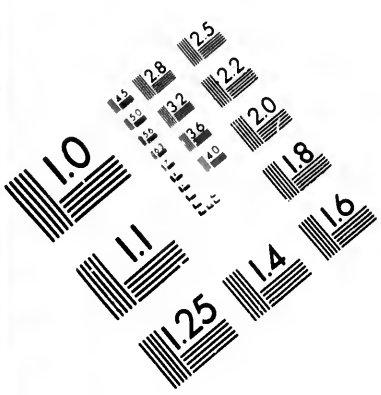
The Seven United States, or Provinces of Holland, two hundred to three hundred years ago, were the "Asylum of Thought," the "Refuge" of persecuted mankind, and the freest country in the world. They fell before their time, from three causes, which are destined to wreck this country: centralization, the mistaking of national wealth for national greatness, and the mistaking of the virulence of political partisanship for the virtue of patriotism. These three disintegrated the whole structure of the body politic, and, when the storm arose and beat upon it, the condition of the fabric revealed itself in ruins.

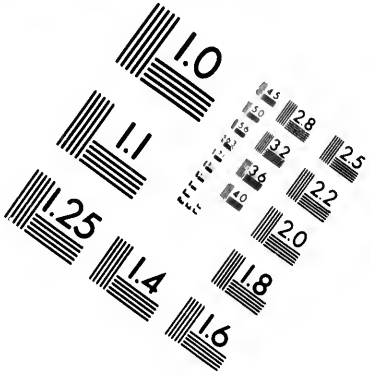
The gods of Homer nod, and an æon has passed away. God shuts his eyes to the evil, and centuries pass away before the expiation comes: but it does come.

* "A number of Loyal Refugees had petitioned, and been permitted by Sir Henry Clinton to embody under proper officers, and to retaliate and make reprisals upon the Americans declared to be in actual rebellion against their sovereign. A party of them, who had formerly belonged to the Massachusetts, made an attempt upon Falmouth, in Barnstable county, but were repulsed by the militia. They renewed it, but not succeeding, went off to Nantucket, and landed 200 men, entered the town, broke open warehouses, and carried off large quantities of oil, whalebone, molasses, sugar, coffee, and everything that fell in their way. They also carried off two brigs, loaded for the West Indies, two or three schooners, and a large number of boats. In a proclamation they left behind *they took notice of their having been imprisoned, compelled to abandon their dwellings, friends and connections, had their estates sequestered, and been themselves formally banished, never to return, on pain of death. Thus circumstanced, they conceived themselves warranted, by the laws of God and man, to wage war against their persecutors, and to use every means in their power to obtain compensation for their sufferings.*" 5th April, 1778. Gordon, III., 236-7.

been lavished upon Arnold's expedition from the Kennebec, across the great divide between Maine and Canada, down to the siege of Quebec, and the same praise has been extended to Clarke for his famous march across the drowned lands of Indiana. Arnold deserves all that can be said for him, and so does Clarke, and everyone who has displayed equal energy and intrepidity. It is only surprising that similar justice has not been extended to Sir John. It is universally conceded that, when he made his escape from his persecutors, in 1776, and plunged into the howling wilderness to preserve his liberty and honor, he encountered all the suffering that it seemed possible for a man to endure. Even Napoleon admitted that Courage is secondary to Fortitude. As one, well acquainted with the Adirondack wilderness, remarked, "such a traverse would be an astonishing feat, even under favorable circumstances and season, at this day." Sir John was nineteen days in making the transit, and this, too, at a time when snow and drifts still blocked the Indian paths, the only recognized thoroughfares. No man deficient in spirit and fortitude would ever have made such an attempt. Both of the invasions under his personal leading were characterized by similar daring. In some cases the want of intrepidity was assuredly on the part of those who hurled the epithet at him. American writers admit it by inference, if not in so many words.

One of the traditions of Tryon county, which must have been well-known to be remembered after the lapse of a century, seems to be to the effect that in the last battle,





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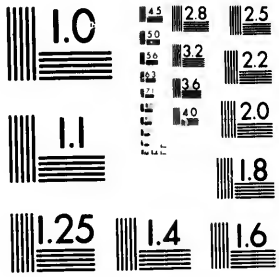

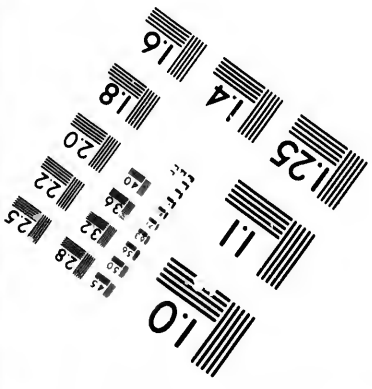

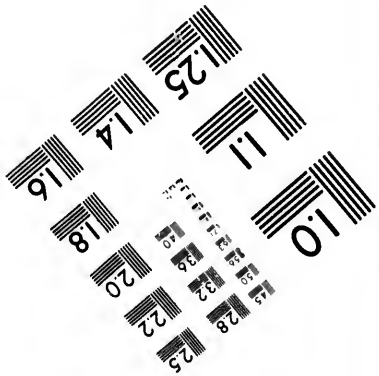

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known as the fight on Klock's Field, or near Fox's Mills, both sides ran away from each other. In degree this was the case at Bull Run 1st. Were it true of both sides, it would not be an extraordinary occurrence. Panics, more or less in proportion, have occurred in the best of armies. There was a partial one after Wagram, after Guastalla, after Solferino, and at our first Bull Run. But these are only a few among scores of instances that might be cited. What is still more curious, while a single personal enemy of Sir John charged him with quitting the field, his antagonist, Gen. van Rensselaer, was generally abused for not capturing Sir John and his troops, although a court-martial decided that, *while the General did all he could*, his troops were very "bashful," as the Japanese term it, about getting under close fire, and they had to be withdrawn from it to keep the majority from going to the rear. The fact is that the American State Levies, quasi-regulars, under the gallant Col. Brown, had experienced such a terrible defeat in the morning, that it took away from the militia all their appetite for another fight with the same adversaries in the evening. Sir John's conduct would have been excusable if he had quitted the field because he had been wounded, and a wound at this time, in the thigh, in the midst of an enemy's country, was a casualty which might have placed a man "fighting," so to speak, "with a halter around his neck," at the mercy of an administration which was not slow, with or without law, at inflicting cruelties, and even "hanging in haste and trying at leisure." But Sir John did

not quit the field prematurely. He was not there to fight to oblige his adversaries; his tactics were to avoid any battle which was not absolutely necessary to secure his retreat. He repulsed his pursuers and he absolutely returned to Canada, carrying with him as prisoners an American detachment which sought to intercept and impede his movements.

To qualify Sir John's evasion from Klock's Field as evincing want of courage, is to stigmatize as such the repeated retreats of Washington, "the Father of his Country," before superior enemies, or the withdrawals after Antietam and Gettysburg, or from Petersburg, of Lee, the idol of the South. A successful retreat or escape in desperate circumstances is credited to a general as equivalent to a victory. To bring such a charge against Sir John on this occasion is as just as to censure Frederic the Great for disappearing from the field of Liegnitz when he had made Loudon "get out of that," as did van Rensselaer's militia, and then did not wait to be fallen upon with crushing force by Daun and Lascy, represented in this case by Colonels Duboise and Harper, who had more men than he could oppose to them. Sir John's capture of Vrouman's detachment, sent to intercept him, will complete the parallel as a set off to Frederic's tricking Soltikoff, advancing for a similar purpose to complete the toils, in 1760.

"I know," said St. Paul (Phillipians iv., 12), "both how to be abased, and I know how to abound." This remark applies eminently to war. Alexander, Hannibal,

Cæsar, Gustavus, Frederic and Napoleon knew when to retreat and when to fight—the latter *never at the volition of an enemy.* Some generals are known to fame by little more than successful retreats: those of Baner from Torgau, in 1637; Vaudomont before Villeroi, in 1695; Frederic before Traun, in 1744; Moreau through the Black Forest, in 1796, and a hundred others are cited as brilliant efforts of generalship, better than victories, when a thousand successful battles are forgotten as unworthy of exemplary citation.

This little work, it is true, is treating of operations which are mere pigmies in comparison to the gigantic parallels cited, in connection; but the trite remark must be remembered, that "the destinies of the world were being decided in America (during the Revolution) by collisions between mere detachments or squads of men."

While van Rensselaer, the scion of a race which displayed uncommon courage in the Colonial service, was being tried and it was sought to make him a scape-goat for the shortcomings of his superiors and inferiors, Sir John was receiving the compliments, in public orders, of his own superior, Gen. Haldimand, to whom the German officers in America have given in their published correspondence and narratives, the highest praise as a professional soldier, and therefore, professionally, a judge of military merit. What is more, as a farther demonstration of the injustice of ordinary history, the severe Governor Clinton was either with van Rensselaer or near at hand, and consequently as much to blame as the latter for the

escape of Sir John. Stone, who wrote at a time when as yet there were plenty of living contemporaries, distinctly says that Gov. Clinton was with Gen. van Rensselaer just before the battle, and remained at Fort Plain while the battle was taking place a few miles distant. Finally, the testimony taken before the court-martial indicates that the Americans were vastly superior in numbers to Sir John's Whites and Indians (if not treble or even quadruple his force), and it was the want, as usual, of true fighting pluck in the Indians, and their abandonment of their white associates, which made the result at all indecisive for the Loyalists. Had the redskins stood their ground some of the militia ought not to have stopped short of Schenectady. All accounts agree that the invaders had been over-worked and over-weighted, foot-sore and fatigued, having performed extraordinary labors and marches; whereas, except as to ordinary expeditiousness, the Americans, quasi-regulars and militia, were fresh and in light marching order, for they were just from home. So much stress has been laid on this fight, because it has been always unfairly told, except before the court-martial which exonerated van Rensselaer. Ordinary human judgment makes the philosopher weep and laugh: weep in sorrow at the fallacy of history, and laugh in bitterness at the follies and prejudices of the uneducated and unreflecting.

Some of the greatest commanders who have ever lived have not escaped the accusation of want of spirit at one time or another. Even Napoleon has been blamed for

not suffering himself to be killed at Waterloo, thus ending his career in a blaze of glory. Malice vented itself in such a charge against the gallant leader who saved the "middle zone" to the Union, and converted the despondency of retreat and defeat into victory. It is a remarkable fact that the majority of people always select two vituperative charges the most repugnant to a man of honor, to hurl at the objects of their dislike, perhaps because they are those to which they themselves are most open—falsehood and poltroonery; forgetting that it is not the business of a commander to throw away a life which does not belong to himself individually but to the general welfare of his troops. Mere "physical courage," as has been well said by a veteran soldier, "is largely a question of nerves." Moral courage is THE God-like quality, the lever which in all ages has moved this world. Moreover it is the corner-stone of progress; and without it brute insensibility to danger would have left the nineteenth century in the same condition as the "Stone Age." A man, bred as Sir John had been, who had the courage to give up everything for principle, and with less than a modern battalion of whites plunge again and again into the territory of his enemies, bristling with forts and stockaded posts, who could put in the field forty-five regiments (?), of which seventeen were in Albany and five in Tryon counties—the actual scenes of conflict—besides distinct corps of State levies raised for the protection of the frontiers—in which every other man was his deadly foe, and the majority capital marksmen, that could shoot off a squirrel's head at a hundred yards—

such a man must have had a very large amount of the hero in his composition. Americans would have been only too willing to crown him with this halo, if he had fought on their side instead of fighting so desperately against them.

In conclusion, readers, your attention is invited for a short space to a few additional considerations. Sir William Johnson was the son of his own deeds and the creature of the bounty of his sovereign. He owed nothing to the people. They had not added either to his influence, affluence, position or power. If this was true of the father as a beneficiary of the Crown, how much more so of the son. The people undertook to deprive the latter of that which they had neither bestowed nor augmented. They injured him in almost every way that a man could be injured; and they made that which was the most commendable in him — his loyalty to a gracious benefactor, his crime, and punished him for that which they should have honored. They struck; and he had both the spirit, the power, and the opportunity to strike back. His retaliation may not have been consistent with the literal admonition of the Gospel, but there was nothing in it inconsistent with the ordinary temper of humanity and manliness.

Some disciples of "*Indifferentism*" have argued that Sir John should have remained neutral, like Lord Fairfax, and retained his popularity and saved his property by the sacrifice of his principles. These forget the severe judgment of the ancient Greek philosopher and lawgiver on such as they.

"*It was a remarkable law of Solon, that any person who, in the commotions of the Republic, remained neuter, or an* INDIFFERENT *spectator of the contending parties, should be condemned to perpetual banishment.*"

The people of this era have no conception of the fearful significance of Loyalty, one hundred years since. Loyalty, then, was almost paramount to religion; next after a man's duty to his God was his allegiance to his prince. "*Noblesse oblige*" has been blazoned as the highest commendation of the otherwise vicious aristocracy of France. It is charged that when the perishing Bourbon dynasty was in direst need of defenders it discovered them "neither in its titled nobility nor in its native soldiers," but in mercenaries. Whereas, in America, George III. found daring champions in the best citizens of the land, and foremost in the front rank of these stood Sir John Johnson. Hume, who is anything but an imaginative or enthusiastic writer, couples LOYALTY AND PATRIOTISM together; and with his philosophical words this vindication of Sir John Johnson is committed to the calm and unprejudiced judgment of readers:

"*The most inviolable attachment to the laws of our country is everywhere acknowledged a capital virtue; and where the people are not so happy as to have any legislature but a* SINGLE PERSON, THE STRICTEST LOYALTY IS, IN THAT CASE, THE TRUEST PATRIOTISM."

"Hopes have precarious life;
They are oft blighted, withered, snapt sheer off:
But FAITHFULNESS *can feed on* SUFFERING,
And knows no disappointment."

CONSIDERATIONS

Bearing upon the Violation—so-styled—of a Parole (?) said to have been given by Sir John Johnson, Bart.

(See text, page xl, *supra.*)

The plan on which turns the whole right or wrong of the parole story, as detailed in a letter to General Sullivan, 14th March, 1776, frequently cited, emphasizes the directions to Dayton, that care must be taken to prevent Sir John Johnson from being apprised of the real design of his opponents. Fortunately the communication despatched, although cunningly conceived, was not sufficiently ingenious to conceal the latent intention. As van der Does, in Leyden, wrote to Valdez, the Spanish general besieging, and trying to delude him, its governor, into surrendering the town: "The fowler plays sweet notes on his pipe when he spreads his net for the bird"—even so the Loyalist leader was not deceived by the specious words of his enemies, seeking to enmesh him.

Lossing, who had all the original papers in his hands, admits (II., 69) a *snare:* "The wily baronet was not to be caught in the snare laid for him by Schuyler."—J. W. de P.'s "Sir John Johnson's Address," Appendix I., page vi., col. 1, 2.

Dr. F. H. Roof, of Rhinebeck, forwarded, 19th June, 1880, to the writer, a copy of a letter, which is pretty good proof that, in the whole of the paroling business, the relative positions of the parties in antagonism, and the circumstances connected therewith, are not only misunderstood, but have been consistently misrepresented. To clear this up is impossible, because the documentary testimony on the loyal side

has almost entirely perished or disappeared. This letter was the property of Henry Loucks, a brother-in-law of Mr. Roof's father (formerly a law partner of Abraham van Vechten) both now deceased. Upon the back of the original was the following note by Mr. Loucks: "Sir John Johnson's granddaughter, 1777, Helen McDonald; presented me by a granddaughter of Jellis Fonda, Oct, 7, 1840. H. L." The date must refer to that of the letter, because Sir John could not have had a granddaughter capable of writing any letter in 1777; but one of his granddaughters did marry a Colonel McDonald, and the latter may have been a descendant, a relative, or a connection of the McDonell, *or McDonald*, who was chief of the Highlanders dependent upon Sir John, who surrendered their arms 20th January (?), 1776, and was one of the six hostages for the rest, seized at that time.

Copy of Letter.—"Sir: Some time ago I wrote you a letter, much to this purpose, concerning the Inhabitants of this Bush being made prisoners. There was no such thing then in agitation as you was pleased to observe in your letter to me this morning. Mr. Billie Laird came amongst the people to give them warning to go in to sign and swear. To this they will never consent, being already prisoners of General Schuyler. His Excellency was pleased by your proclamation, directing every one of them *to return to their farms, and that they should be no more troubled nor molested during the war. To this they agreed, and have not done anything against the country, nor intend to, if let alone. If not, they will lose their lives before being taken prisoners* again. They begged the favour of me to write to Major Fonda and the gentlemen of the committee to this purpose. They blame neither the one nor the other of you gentlemen, but those ill-natured fellows amongst them that get up an excitement about nothing, in order to ingratiate themselves in your favour. They were of very great hurt to your cause since May last, through violence and ignorance. I do not know what the consequences would have been to them long ago, if not prevented. *Only think what daily provocation does.*

"Jenny joins me in compliments to Mrs. Fonda.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"Callachie, 15th March, 1777. "Helen McDonell."

"Major Jellis Fonda, at Caughnawaga."

In this connection nothing can be more pertinent than the remarks of "our greatest and our best," General George H. Thomas, at the breaking out of the "Slaveholders' Rebellion," in 1861–2: "In a discussion of the causes given for their action by some officers who de-

serted the Government at the beginning of the Rebellion, I (a friend of Thomas) ventured the assertion that, perhaps, some of them at distant posts had acted ignorantly; that I had been informed that some of them had been imposed upon by friends and relatives, and led to believe that there was to be a peaceable dissolution of the Union; that there would be no actual government for the whole country, and by resigning their commissions they were only taking the necessary steps towards returning to the allegiance of their respective States. He replied, 'That this was but a poor excuse; he could not believe officers of the army were so ignorant of their own form of government as to suppose such proceedings could occur; and as they had *sworn allegiance to the Government, they were bound to adhere to it, and would have done so if they had been so inclined.*' He said, 'there was no excuse whatever in a United States officer claiming the right of secession, and the only excuse for their deserting the Government was, what none of them admitted, having engaged in a rebellion against tyranny, because the tyranny did not exist, and they well knew it.' I then asked him: 'Supposing such a state of affairs existed, that arrangements were being made for a peaceable dissolution by the Government, the North from the South, and that it was in progress, what would you have done?' He promptly replied: 'That is not a supposable case; the Government cannot dissolve itself; it is the creature of the people, and until they had agreed by their votes—that is, the votes of the *whole* country, not a portion of it—to dissolve it, and it was accomplished in accordance therewith, the Government to which they had sworn allegiance remained, and as long as it did exist I should have adhered to it.'"

There is in this extract a clear recognition of the obligation of his oath to support the Government, and at this very point the better class of Southern officers who joined the Rebellion, and who perhaps took this step with reluctance, made direct issue with Thomas. They claimed that their oath of office was obligatory only while they held office, and that all obligation ceased with resignation, especially when their resignations were accepted. This assumption rests upon the supposed fact that supreme allegiance is due to a single State rather than to the Union of the States or nation represented by the General Government. The subtle logic, by which the doctrine of State Rights was carried to the complete negation of the national unity, or autonomy, had no force with General Thomas, although he greatly regretted the necessity of choosing between the General Government and his own State, in allegiance with other Southern States. And although he had not entertained Northern views of the institution of Slavery, he did not hesitate to maintain his allegiance to the National Government; and, in contrast

with those who claimed their freedom from the obligation of their oath of allegiance, when their resignations had been accepted, carrying this freedom to the extreme sequence, that they could legitimately array themselves in war against the Government that had just freed them. Thomas believed that there was a moral and legal obligation that forbade resignation, with a view to take up arms against the Government. And from this point of view he condemned the national authorities for accepting the resignation of officers, when aware that it was their intention to join the Rebellion as soon as they were in this way freed from the obligation of their oath of allegiance. In his view, resignation did not give them freedom to take up arms against the General Government, and, resting upon this ground, he did not wait till his own State had seceded to make up his own decision, but made it in entire independence of her probable action in the national crisis."—Chaplain Thomas B. Van Horne's "Life of Gen. George H. Thomas," pp. 26, 27.

Introduction to the Battle of Oriskany.

"Against STUPIDITY the gods are powerless."—GOETHE.

" When through dense woods primeval bower'd
A perfect hail of bullets shower'd,
Where bold Thayendanega tower'd—
Good old Harkheimer prov'd no coward,
Commanding at Oriskany!

" True to his Teuton lineage,
Foremost amidst the battle's rage,
As bold in fight, in council sage,
Most glorious as he quit the stage
Of life, by the Oriskany!

"Although he felt the mortal wound,
Though fell in swathes his soldiers 'round,
Propp'd 'gainst his saddle, on the ground,
He calmly smok'd, gave counsel sound,
'Mid war-whirl at Oriskany!

" War never fiercer sight has seen
Than when Sir Johnson's cohort green
Charged on the Mohawk rangers keen;
The sole such strife *Almanza* 'd been
As that on the Oriskany!

" New York's bold yeomen, Watts, at head,
Breasted meet foes—New Yorkers bred—
There, eye to eye, they fought, stabb'd, bled;
Bosom to bosom strove, fell dead
In ambush of Oriskany!

"Alone can Berwick's shudder tell
What fury rul'd that moment fell,
When Frenchman's steel hiss'd Frenchman's knell:
Horrent made the sole parallel
To battle of Oriskany!

"Teeth with like frantic fury set,
There Frank died on Frank's bayonet—
Here neighbor death from neighbor met,—
With kindred blood both fields were wet,
Almanza* and Oriskany!

"And, ceas'd the storm whose rage had vied,
With ruthless shock of fratricide,
There lay the Mohawk Valley's pride
Just as they fought, stark, side by side,
Along the red Oriskany!

"Though neither force could triumph claim
In war's dread, dazzling, desp'rate game,
Enkindled there, the smould'ring flame
Of Freedom blazed, to make thy name
All glorious, Oriskany!"

"ANCHOR" (J. W. de P.), in Chas. G. Jones' *Military Gazette*, Nov., 1860.

These verses were exquisitely translated into German, and printed in Kapp's "*Einwanderung*," 1., 389, by Miss Marie Blöde.

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* The battle of *Almanza*, fought on the 25th April, 1707, was remarkable in two respects—first, for its *result*, in that it assured the crown of Spain to Philip V.; second for a bloody *episode*, which it is said the *Duke of Berwick*, bigoted and pitiless as he always proved himself to be, could never recall without a shudder of horror. In the midst of that conflict, *John Cavalier*, the expatriated French Protestant hero, with his battalion of fellow-exiles, the Camisards, or Huguenots of Languedoc, found themselves opposed to a regiment of French Roman Catholics, who it is supposed had been chiefly instrumental in applying the atrocities of the *Dragonnades* against their native Protestant brethren. No sooner had they recognized each other, than the two corps, without exchanging a shot, rushed to the attack with the bayonet, and engaged in such a mutual, inveterate slaughter that, according to the testimony of Marshal, the Duke of Berwick, not over three hundred survived of both corps. As the *Camisards* constituted a battalion of 700 men, and the Roman Catholics a full regiment of at least 1000 effectives, only one out of every six combatants survived the merciless conflict. Such a slaughter is almost unparalleled in history.

England has never been prolific in great, nay in even moderately great generals, however exuberant in crops of the bravest soldiers. Since Marlborough, who culminated at Hochstedt or Blenheim, 13th August, 1704—178 years ago—there have been only three who stand forth as remarkable leaders—Wolfe, Clive and Wellington. Clive was destined to the command against the revolted colonies, and if he had displayed in America the tremendous power, influence and fortune he exerted in Hindostan, the history of the American Revolution would have had a different termination. The name of Sir William Johnson, "a heaven-born general," has been associated with that of Lord Clive by more than one English writer of distinction, and particularly by one of Great Britain's best military annalists, Sir Edward Cust. Lord Clive perished by suicide, 22d Nov., 1774, and Sir William Johnson, it is insinuated, *but falsely*, in the same manner on 11th July, 1774. He died of chronic, malignant dysentery.

American affairs were desperate enough in 1776 and 1777, in 1780, and even in 1781, to need only a feather's weight in the scale to sink it into ruin. A breath of genius would have done this, but there was no one to breathe it. Cornwallis might have done so had he occupied an independent position like Marlborough, Wolfe, Clive or Wellington, and have added his name to these illustrious four.

Unfortunately for England, and luckily for the United States, he was subordinate to successive superiors, who were his inferiors in everything but rank. Gage was

weak and vacillating: Howe indolent and self-indulgent: Burgoyne vain, self-seeking and over-confident; Clinton nervous and afraid of responsibility. Carleton and Cornwallis are the only two of high rank that relieve the picture. There were able men in lower grades, but they exercised only restricted influence. The American Revolution was a political quarrel between parties in England. It was fought out with so much bitterness that, to injure the Tories, the Whigs were willing to sacrifice the worth, wealth and welfare of the empire. Without this wordy fight in Parliament, the bloody conflict in America would not have lasted six months. It was the story of Hannibal over again. The violence of faction in the senate house of Carthage, at home, sacrificed the hero who was breaking down, abroad, the deadly enemy of his country, and the oligarchs in Africa carried this spite so far that, with the fall of the victimized hero, fell the commonwealth which he sustained. No wonder he burst out into a sardonic fit of laughter when he saw the oligarchs, abject, broken-hearted, hopeless, weeping the bitterest tears on feeling the ruin they had caused when they beheld their own riches the prey of Roman flames. The Loyalists of America were representatives of the spirit of the Barcidæ—faint imitations of the genius, but strong representatives of the feeling which lay beneath it. Like Hannibal they expiated their patriotism and loyalty—all in exile, some in poverty, many on foreign fields of battle, others in prison, not for crime but debt, when rebels were revelling in their sequestrated possessions—and *all* MARTYRS; for there can

be no martyrdom without a full appreciation of the cause—a complete perception of the result and a perfect willingness to suffer for principle.

Tradition can scarcely be deemed worthy of satisfying legitimate importance, or perhaps more properly speaking of serious consideration, by a historian, unless supported or corroborated by other irrefutable testimony, less susceptible of the influence of time and the weakness of the human structure. Even physical proofs, if they continue to subsist, are only trustworthy as to locality or results, but not as to the "why" and the "when," which, after all, to the philosopher, are of the most consequence. This remark as to the little weight that can be attached to human recollections, transmitted from generation to generation, is particularly applicable to the Johnson family in the State of New York and especially respecting Sir John Johnson, the last of them who figured in connection with the affairs of the Mohawk Valley. If ever a mortal has been the victim of bigotted prejudice and continuous misrepresentation, he is the man. The English translator of von Clausewitz's "Campaign in Russia," in 1812, remarks in regard to the action of the Prussian General York, on which hinged the fate of Napoleon, that, whether the Prussian general should be regarded as a traitor or a hero, was not dependent on what he risked or did, but upon subsequent developments based thereupon. The same doubt hangs over the memory of Wallenstein. That, the last, never can be cleared up, although with time York has received full justice. Sir

John Johnson belongs to the category of Wallenstein, because he failed, justifying the maxim—"to appear absolutely able a man must always be successful." Human success, as a rule, is the counterfeit of merit in the majority of cases; as regards the recipient of the reward, a sham. It is often the greatest of impostors. It has certainly been so in American history. And, yet, it is the fallacy which is always accepted by the masses—who never reason—as the reality.

One of the closest students of American history, considers that the two men greatest in themselves who exerted an influence on the colonies were Sir William Pepperell, Captor of Louisburg, and Sir William Johnson, "the Indian Tamer." In regard to the latter, public opinion has been led astray. It believes that he was little better than an adventurer, who owed his start in life to the accidental patronage of his uncle, Admiral Sir Peter Warren. For Sir William Pepperell the best informed would substitute Hon. James de Lancey, who for so many years was Lieutenant and acting Governor of the Province of New York. Of him the great Pitt remarked, "Had James de Lancey lived in England, he would have been one of the first men in the kingdom."

William, afterwards Sir William Johnson, Bart., was more directly influential in the arrest which involved the overthrow of the French power in America than any other individual; and that this does not appear in popular history is due to the local antagonisms, prejudices, and interests, which have obscured all the narratives of the

colonies or provinces that affected more or less closely the arrogant claims of New England. This is owing to the principle which is most evident in war, that while the purely defensive, or passive, is scarcely ever, if ever, successful, the offensive or aggressive, with any proportional power, is almost always so. Example, Alexander of Macedon. The offensive-defensive is likewise most advisable—witness the triumph of "Frederic II. of Prussia, the greatest man who was ever born a king."

When, nearly half a century ago, the writer first had his attention directed to American history, he placed great faith in standard works, accepted by older men, as unquestionable authority. As he investigated more closely this faith became gradually chilled and in many cases killed. Then he came to appreciate the force of the Latin proverb, "Hear the other side." A sterner scrutiny and harsher judgment was now applied to every book, nor were apparent facts alone subjected to microscopic examination. Attention was directed to the motives which imperceptibly or visibly guided the pens or influenced the periods of our most popular and polished writers. With St. Paul he perceived that those "who seemed to be pillars" were not stone or marble but deceptions, stucco or frailer material. All this led to the conviction that no one can prepare a satisfactory narrative, especially of a battle, who does not go back to original documents on both sides, or at least to the works in which they have been reproduced; who has not reflected upon the *animus* which did or might actuate the authors of such papers; who has not

weighed report against report; and then, and only then, after a careful study of the character of the actors and consideration of time, place, and circumstances, has formed an opinion for himself. His first story of Oriskany was written in 1859; his second in 1869; his third in 1878; his fourth in 1880. In all these he continued to pin faith to the American side of the story. Subsequently he determined to investigate with equal care the Loyal story and British side, pure and simple; this, with the discovery of Sir John Johnson's "Orderly Book," has brought with it a feeling that, although the moral effect of the battle, particularly upon the Indians, was to a great extent decisive, the physical circumstances were not so creditable. It was a sacrifice rather than a conflict; an immolation, a holocaust which Heaven accepted, as the Great Ruler ever accepts, not according to what is actually given, but according as man purposeth in his heart to give. "For if there be first a willing mind, *it is* accepted according to that a man hath, *and* not according to that he hath not." As it was admirably put in his Centennial, by the Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, "*Herkimer's glory is that out of such a slaughter he snatched the substance.*" This is a sentence will live, for it is the concrete truth in a very few admirable words.

In comparing Oriskany to Thermopylæ, there is no intention to contrast the physical circumstances. In both cases, however, a heroic leader offered himself for the defence of his country and lost his life in consequence. In both cases a portion of the troops did their duty and

another portion failed, ingloriously, to do so. Eventually, the Greeks, like the Mohawkers, were surrounded and few escaped death, wounds or captivity. A pass, whether across a marsh, or through a wood, or among mountains, any similar locality, in fact, is in a military sense a "defile." The moral similitudes between the 6th July, B. C. 480, and 6th August, A. D. 1777, resemble each other in many respects. Leonidas fell to save Attica and Athens; Herkimer to relieve Fort Stanwix, and thus preserve his native valley.

A better parallel to certain phases of Oriskany is the battle of Thrasimene, B. C. 217. In the latter case the Gauls, like the Indians in 1777, rushed in too soon, and thus by their precipitation enabled a small portion of the Romans to escape. Another apposite example is the battle of Crevant, 31st July, 1423. The French and their Scotch auxiliaries were besieging Crevant, about one hundred miles southeast of Paris on the right bank of the Yonne, and the English and Burgundians advanced to relieve the place. In this case the result of Oriskany* was reversed under similar circumstances, and the besiegers were almost all slain or captured. During the Austro-Hungarian war Gen. Guyon nearly came to grief in a similar trap during the winter of 1848–9. Dade's massacre

* The fight, disastrous for Bale or Basel city, striving, in 1833, to maintown its ancient privileges or influence over the whole State, was a collision similar in many respects to Oriskany. It led to a rupture between the Past and Present, and ended in a division of the canton into two half-cantons, Bale Ville (city) and Bale Campagne (country) to the advantage of neither.

by Seminole Indians, 28th December, 1835, in Florida, was a miniature of Braddock's overwhelming on the Monongahela, 9th July, 1755. The glory of this success belongs to Langlade, the famous French leader of Indians, who prepared a similar trap for Wolfe on the Montmorenci, in 1759. In the latter the great English leader was only saved by the supercilious self-sufficiency of the French regular superior officers, who rejected the proposition of the partisan.

It is somewhat curious that in the same way that the Provincials seemed to have better strategical as well as grand-tactical views than professionals, George III. was wiser in his views than his ministers and generals. He suggested a route for Burgoyne which, had fortune favored instead of thwarting it, would have been far more advantageous and would have enabled Burgoyne to reach his objective, Albany, without doubt. The movement on this point, in 1777, was simply reversing the plan which was triumphant against Canada in 1759. Alas for England, there was no Pitt at the head of military and colonial affairs in 1777, only a St. Germaine; no Wolfe, but a Burgoyne; no Amherst, but a Howe and then a Clinton; no Prideaux or Sir William Johnson, but a St. Leger. Sir William Johnson's son might have rivalled his father's fortune had opportunity favored or circumstances permitted. Like that of 1759, the operations of 1777 were not simple, but complex, triple. In 1759, Quebec was the first objective. Against it Wolfe ascended the St. Lawrence, Amherst ascended the Hudson and descended Lake

Champlain, and Prideaux, afterwards Johnson, ascended the Mohawk and captured Niagara. In 1777, Burgoyne ascended Lake Champlain and descended the Hudson; St. Leger ascended the St. Lawrence and descended the Mohawk; and Howe (afterwards Clinton) was to ascend the Hudson. The Burgoyne of 1777, would have reached his goal had he been the Burgoyne of 1762, and estimated, as then, the value of time, and remembered the orders of his great master in the art of war, Count de la Lippe, through which he avoided, in 1762, a catastrophe similar to that of Saratoga. Everything contributed to insure the Burgoyne fiasco. Where Carleton would have succeeded Burgoyne must have failed. The most important function was entrusted to St. Leger with the most inadequate means. St. Leger was greatly to blame because he did not listen to Sir John Johnson and Colonel Daniel Claus, and because he underestimated the adversaries he had to encounter and the obstacles he had to overcome. The greatest culprit, however, was Sir William Howe, "the most indolent of mortals," apathy itself, who, with ordinary judgment, energy, and even a spirit of lukewarm *camaraderie*, could have even remedied the shortcomings of Burgoyne and the blunders of St. Leger. If Howe had so manœuvred in the Jerseys as to occupy the attention of Washington, simply demonstrating in his front with half his army, which half was fully equal to the whole force under Washington at this time, he could have dispatched *at least* 7000 men up the Hudson to co-operate with Burgoyne. If Burgoyne had attended to his busi-

ness thoroughly, and acted with interprise and audacity, and if St. Leger had had from 1500 to 2000 whites, instead of about 400, the history of this continent would have been totally different. All however hinged, first on Howe's paralyzing Washington, second on St. Leger's cleaning out the Mohawk Valley. The campaign of 1777, as regards the British, was a glaring part of a tissue of blunders. The colonies were at their mercy if they had used the forces, moral and physical, under their control with any judgment—simple common sense. The Duke de Lauzun and other competent military judges confirm these views.

It is ridiculous, however, in a mere military point of view, to claim that all the advantages in this contest were in favor of the British. They might have been, had they utilized the Loyalists, respected them, shown energy and activity, and forgotten professional conceit and inertion in zeal for the crown and patriotic desire to maintain and extend the glory of the imperial dominion. The British, like Napoleon in Russia, were conquered by space. Paradox as it may seem to be, discipline, rigid martinet regulation, may actually, under some conditions, become a disadvantage. Marksmen with some idea of drill may be better than strictly line regulars in a new, a wooded, and a rough or monntainous country. The range of heights extending from northeast to southwest across New Jersey, the broken elevations and extensive marshes around Morristown, as a central citadel, and the spur shot out into the plain opposite the elbow of the

Raritan, between Bound Brook and Middle Brook, with its gaps for sally-ports, saved the American cause. Numbers and *aim* won the first fight at Hoosic (*mis-named* Bennington), and then, when indiscipline, dissolved in plundering, needed the support of discipline, in the second fight, Warner came in with his Continentals or regulars. Man for man, the colonists were as good as the best British, and, being *willing*, better than the Germans *un*-willing combatants. Why not? They were all the same race, and the world has yet to see its equal as enduring and courageous soldiers.

And here it is pertinent to the occasion to remark, that the declamation and shrieks of the Americans at the employment of the Indians by the British is the sheerest hypocrisy. They would have enlisted the tomahawk and scalping-knife without the slightest repugnance if they could have bid as high as the crown, or would have paid cash down as honestly. If the assistance of the savages was nefarious, the Americans would not have objected to its utilization on that account, if they could have contracted for, coerced, cajoled or controlled it. Lucky for the Americans a factions opposition in England and Parliament used the American War as a weapon of offence against the crown, just as the Whigs in America professed loyalty to the King, but opposition, nay bitter animosity, to the Ministry and Parliament. As Gen. C. S. W. wrote (from Innsbruck, 19, 7, 1882), "The English government, like our own, is a government of party; and the consideration of gaining or losing party-capital out-

weighs all others." "Of course the thing [Egypt] was badly managed in many respects." English faction nearly ruined Wellington in Spain and colonial congressional discordances and jealousies very nearly occasioned a worse fate for Washington. Even the liberally praised Chatham, in his hypocritical denunciation of setting the Indian bloodhounds upon the colonists, was reproved or shewn up by General, Lord Amherst, and rebuked by the production of his orders, when Prime Minister, for letting them loose upon the French. The Americans courted the assistance of the Indians with assiduity, but the latter foresaw the fate which would attend the success of the colonists, as their chiefs in council foretold, and remained faithful to the old country, which had always protected and fostered them and treated them with justice and forbearance.

This fact—just referred to—in connection with the employment of Indians, which is too little known, is apposite to the support of the American Revolution in Parliament. The Earl of Chatham (Pitt) denounced in the House of Lords the employment of the wild Indians in conjunction with the British troops, although he himself, nineteen years before, had used Indians in the same manner against the French and the Canadians. In advocating his views he waxed still more loud and indignant, "pouring out fresh volumes of words." "Ministers then offered to produce, from the depository of papers in the Secretary's office, documents written by himself to prove the charge. The dispute grew still hotter; and at length

Lord Amherst, Chatham's general, who had commanded our [the British] troops in that Canadian war, was so loudly appealed to on all sides, that he found himself compelled to acknowledge that he had followed the example of the French in employing savages, which he would not have done *without express orders from government at home*. He even offered to produce the orders, if his majesty would permit him." * * * * *

Lord Denbigh rather happily called Chatham "The great oracle with the short memory," and stated that "Chatham, when in office under George II., had guided and directed everything relating to the war; had monopolized functions which did not belong to him, and had been excessively jealous of any interference by others, whether boards or ministers."

The Lords who supported Chatham now seemed inclined to lay the question by, as far as it concerned his veracity or correctness of memory. According to Lord Brougham, when Lord Bute heard what had passed on this occasion in the House of Lords, and that Chatham had denied his having employed the red men (or Indians), he exclaimed with astonishment, "Did Pitt really deny it? Why, I have his letter still by me, singing *Io Pæans* of the advantages we were to gain through our Indian allies." As a political question, Whigs against Tories, the cause of the Colonies was fought with as much virulence with words, in Parliament, as, with weapons, in America, and in many cases with just as much principle.

Let the consideration, however, confine itself to Oris-

kany. It was the turning point of the Burgoyne campaign and of the American Revolution. Within the scope of the considerations before dwelt upon, it was the Thermopylæ of the Colonies.

In regard to the numbers at Oriskany there are such discrepancies in the various accounts that it is almost impossible to reconcile them. The Americans exaggerate the English numbers to excuse Harkheimer's coming short of decided success, and to exalt the determination of the garrison. How many the latter comprised is by no means certain. Stedman (4to, I., 334) says 750 men, but Gen. Carrington, U. S. A., one of the most careful of investigators, uses language (323) that would justify the belief that it consisted of 950 men. If only 750 "under cover" it ought still to have been a full match for the whole heterogeneous corps that St. Leger brought against it. The "Burgoyne scare" was upon the whole country and the garrison of Fort Stanwix felt the effects of it.

Prior to the discovery of Johnson's Orderly Book, it has always been stated that St. Leger had 675 white troops with him: the Orderly Book, however, distinctly shows that only 500 rations were issued. This demonstrates conclusively that the white troops, at most, could not have exceeded that number. The Americans, to swell the numbers of British and Loyal Provincials under Col. Ferguson, encountered at King's Mountain, 7th October, 1780, based their calculations on the Ration Returns found in the captured camp.

The same rule of judgment in justice should apply to the

force under St. Leger. The difference between 400 and 675 can be easily accounted for in various ways, even if exact proof did not exist to establish the smaller number. Experts, including Napoleon, consider that an army of 100,000 on paper rarely can put 80,000 effectives in the field. In a new country subject to local fevers, when men are called upon to discharge the severest labors at the hottest period of the year, this ratio would, most likely, be greatly increased. Consequently, if St. Leger had 675 at Lachine, near Montreal, it would not be extraordinary if he left a number of invalids behind, besides those, especially individuals foreign to the country and service, who dropped out on the road. There is no mention in this Orderly Book of a list of sick or casualties, and yet it is impossible but that there must have been both. A highly educated pedant argued that the Romans had no Medical Department, because Cæsar does not mention one in his Commentaries. His reasonings were completely demolished by the observation that, on the same plea, Cæsar had no diseases in his camp, because he does not allude to them in any of the accounts of his campaigns, which is what the scholars call an *argumentum ad absurdum*.

The statement attributed to St. Leger, that he had 675 white troops, he never made. It is a deduction of their own by American writers, to make good their case. Any reader desirous of investigating this can easily refer to the reports made by St. Leger to Burgoyne and also to Carleton. These figures are not in either: Where then are these numbers to be found? In a letter from Lord

George Germain to General Carleton, 26th March, 1777, he says:

"From the King's knowledge of the great preparations made by you last year to secure the command of the lakes, and your attention to this part of the service during the winter, his Majesty is led to expect that everything will be ready for General Burgoyne's passing the lakes by the time you and he shall have adjusted the plan of the expedition.

"It is the King's further pleasure that you put under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel St. Leger,

"Detachment from the 8th Regiment, . . .	100	
Detachment from the 34th Regiment, . . .	100	
Sir John Johnson's Regiment of New York,	133	
Hanau Chasseurs, ...	342	
		675

"Together with a sufficient number of Canadians and Indians; and after having furnished him with proper artillery, stores, provisions, and every other necessary article for his expedition, and secured to him every assistance in your power to afford and procure, you are to give him orders to proceed forthwith to and down the Mohawk River to Albany, and put himself under the command of Sir William Howe."

Mark this: not Burgoyne, but Sir William Howe, who was expected to co-operate, but did not, partly because through the indolence of his superior, Lord St. Germain, he did not receive his orders on time.

On the 28th February, one month previous, Burgoyne considers that even a smaller force than the 675 assigned by St. Leger would be sufficient. He only mentions 233 white troops. These are his exact words:

"Not, to argue from probability, is so much force necessary for this diversion this year, as was required for the last; because we then knew that General Schuyler, with a thousand men, was fortified upon the Mohawk. When the different situations of things are considered, viz., the progress of General Howe, the early invasion from

Canada, the threatening of the Connecticut from Rhode Island, &c., it is not to be imagined that any detachment of such force as that of Schuyler can be supplied by the enemy for the Mohawk. I would not therefore propose it of more (and I have great diffidence whether so much can be prudently afforded) than Sir John Johnson's corps, an hundred British from the Second Brigade, and an hundred more from the 8th Regiment, with four pieces of the lightest artillery, and a body of savages; Sir John Johnson to be with a detachment in person, and an able field officer to command it. I should wish Lieutenant-Colonel St. Leger for that employment."

How many men, then, did St. Leger have? Stedman states he had "a body of light troops and Indians, amounting to between 700 and 800 men." Carrington calls it a "composite army of regulars, Hessian-chasseurs, Royal-greens, Canadians, axemen, and non-combatants, who, as well as the Indians, proved an ultimate incumbrance and curse to the expedition." St. Leger did not have 342 Hanau-chasseurs, nor anything like it. This is now known to be an error; he had only one company. Why? Because only one company had arrived when he started. It was commanded by a 1st Lieutenant, Jacob Hilderbrand. There could be no mistake here, because Germans are the most methodical people, and the journals of many of their officers exist, which were written with no idea of their ever seeing the light in print, with no intent to deceive or to influence public opinion. What is more, a company at that time ranged from 50 to 80; in the English Guards, always kept full, 80 is the figure (1788); 50 to 120, number never fixed (James, 1810, Hoyt, 1811). Had more than a company been sent, a higher officer than a 1st Lieutenant would have been placed in command. Sir

John's regiment, or battalion, only numbered 133. The great mistake is the item generally quoted, 342, which should be under 50. If people would read carefully they would avoid many serious errors which serve to feed and stimulate popular vanity. Col. Claus corroborates von Eelking. "And here [at Buck's Island] the Brig'r had still an opportunity and time for sending for a better train of artillery, *and wait for the junction of the* [Hesse-Hanau] *Chasseurs, which must have secured us success*, as every one will allow." Again below Claus expressly mentions "*a* COMPANY *of Chasseurs* lately arrived." Can language be clearer and more unmistakable. The *proper*, or real, not the *intended*, or ideal, enumeration would give St. Leger about 380 organized troops, besides Rangers. Here again people are led into a serious error because they desire so to be. Butler, and other officers belonging to the Rangers, did not have regular white commands at Oriskany, but, *as officers*, were distributed among the Indians to steady them. This was according to French military usage; officers, in France, at this time, were often multiplied in certain regiments to insure solidity by example and influence. Such a course was much more a necessity among undisciplined savages. When Butler got back to Quebec he could only collect or muster fifty out of all he had had or had. There was, it is true, quite a numerous staff of Whites serving with the Indians. The discovery of the "Orderly Book" should settle the matter. The number of rations issued would not have been falsified. This establishes the fact that there must have

been considerably less than 500 to receive them, since, before rations were commuted, officers were entitled to more than one, especially when they had servants to feed, and in those days no commissioned officer took the field without one or more servants. Colonel Claus, Deputy, Acting Superintendent of the Indians, is very explicit in his letter to Secretary Knox. He blames St. Leger for miscalculating the force and efficiency of the enemy and for not taking with him more troops and more powerful artillery when he could have had a full sufficiency of both.* Undoubtedly there were detachments from the 8th (Major, afterwards Colonel, A. S. de Peyster's Regiment) and 34th (St. Leger's own) Regiments, B. A. of 100 each; Sir John Johnson's Royal-greens, 133; and a company of Chasseurs or Riflemen lately arrived in Canada, from Germany, which exactly tallies with von Eelking's published

* Col. Claus, in his letter of the 16th October, 1777, to Secretary Knox, shows that St. Leger himself alone was to blame for not having a sufficiency of artillery of the proper calibre in his expedition against Fort Stanwix. Col. Claus demonstrates that the Americans expected the siege which followed, and prisoners taken agreed in their story revealing the precautions necessary to insure success. St. Leger concedes that "if they [Americans] intended to defend themselves in that fort [Stanwix], our [British] artillery was not sufficient to take it." "The Brig'r." (St. Leger) had still an opportunity and time of sending for a better train of artillery, and wait for the junction of the Chasseurs (German Jaegers) which must have secured us success, as every one will allow." Here we have a repetition of the self-sufficiency of Braddock and the rejection of the wise counsels of Provincial officers like Washington, in this case represented by Sir John Johnson and Col. Daniel Claus. Oh hackneyed but eternally applicable truism of Euripides: "But the dæmon (directing spirit), when he devises any mischief against a man, first perverts (or stultifies) his friend."

account. These are all the white troops he mentions. The best warriors of the Six Nations were with Burgoyne. The sum total of the savages with St. Leger, according to Col. Daniel Claus, their Superintendant in the absence of Col. Guy Johnson, was 800. Among these were 150 Mississaugues, who were accepted as a Seventh by the Six Nations, in 1746, but the alliance did not long continue. In 1755 the Iroquois Confederation found their Seventh member in the ranks of the enemy. The fact is there never were over Five Nations: even the Sixth, the Tuscaroras, did not stand on an equal footing with the original Five; they were simply tolerated. The Mississaugues were afterwards expelled or dropped from the Confederation. They were a miserable set, "drunk and riotous from the start," unreliable throughout, robbers and murderers of the associated Whites at the end. They came from the neighborhood of Lake Nippissing, to the northward of Georgian Bay. Gordon (American) puts St. Leger's Indians "at 700 warriors, who, with their wives, children, other men and women, made up 1400." Deduct the non-combatants and Indians effectives and this, again, demonstrates the number of white soldiers, rank and file, represented by 500 rations, less than 400. The Americans estimated the King's troops at King's Mountain at 1125, from the number of rations issued that morning according to the returns captured; whereas, it is well-known, according to the Diary of Lieut. Allaire, recovered within two years, that Ferguson had only 906 or 907, of whom over 800 were raw militia.

Why St. Leger took with him so few men and such inadequate cannon is due to the supercilious disregard manifested by professional British officials for the advice of American provincial officers. All the ability he did show was due to the advice of Sir John Johnson (Stone's "Brant," I., 226). Wherever he did so, he was successful, and where he did not, he failed. Had Braddock followed the councils of Colonel Washington, he would have escaped the catastrophe in which he fell, in July, 1755. Had St. Leger listened to the suggestions of Colonel Claus,* he would have succeeded in August, 1777. Could Colonel (acting Brigadier) Ferguson† have divested himself of his

* Col. Daniel Claus, writing to Secretary Knox, 6th November, 1777, shows how the jealousies affecting the supersedure of Sir Guy Carleton by Burgoyne were fatal to all the operations of this campaign. Col. Claus, on applying to Sir Guy for orders, was told he had none to give, and that he (Claus) might do as he pleased. This was a curious remark for a chief to make to a subordinate. One fact of interest is disclosed by this letter, viz., that Sir John Johnson, after the failure at Fort Stanwix, was to proceed to join Burgoyne. Why he did not is explained by the concluding sentence of this paragraph of the communication of Col. Claus: "Such friques [freaks?] and jealousies I am afraid have been rather hurtful to our Northern operations last campaign." Verily! (Col. Doc., VIII., 725.)

† Johnson and Claus told St. Leger what he wanted and what to do, and he would not hearken, and did not succeed. De Peyster advised Ferguson as to the character of his opponents, and he was not listened to. Americans knew Americans better than Britishers. The result was, St. Leger failed and Ferguson fell, and with the failure of the one and the fall of the other, it was not the interests of England that suffered only, because the "mother country" came out of the war richer, greater and mightier than ever, but the Loyalists, dupes of their faith in the Home Government, her ability to conquer, and her determination to preserve the rights of all, to punish the guilty and to recompense the faithful.

contempt for the Mountain-men he would not have sacrificed his detachment in October, 1780. Captain (acting Colonel) de Peyster, an American Provincial, his second in command, knew the value of the exquisite picked sharpshooters who were about to assail his superior, in far preponderating numbers. He indicated the course which would have secured immediate relief and eventual success. Ferguson was too fearless or perhaps reckless to listen to his subordinate and the result was a defeat from which the English never recovered at the South. It was exactly the same with the French regulars. They would never pay the slightest heed to the warning of the Canadian provincial leaders, experts in forest-craft and Indian fighting, and thus the Bourbons lost New France. Arrogance in epaulets will never listen to exoteric experience. Members of a caste or hierarchy never pay due attention to the sagacity of intuitive external practical observation which does not exhibit the tonsure or the shoulder-strap. West Point and the regular army pooh! pooh! silently or audibly, everything that is not stamped with their cabalistic emblems or has not joined in the chorus "Benny Havens, Oh!" It has been so since the world began, and brave men will be massacred through "red tape" until the era of common-sense arrives, if it ever does come, to bless mortality—until the descent of the New Jerusalem.

How many men had Harkheimer? Estimates vary from 800 to 1000. There were four regiments of militia, some faithful Oneidas, numerous volunteers of all ranks, a bloom of colonels and officials, and a few mounted men. By how

many was Harkheimer ambuscaded at first? Not near as many as he himself had. St. Leger says that, when Sir John was allowed to plan and trap the Americans, he had not 200 of the King's troops in camp, and he could only spare to the Baronet 80 white men, Rangers and Troops, Sir John's Light Company, the Hanau Riflemen, and Butler with a few Officers and Rangers and the whole corps of the Indians. Here again is incontrovertible circumstantial proof that St. Leger's white troops, present and detached, assembled and scattered between his camp and his depot, or base, at Fort Bull on Wood Creek, did not exceed from 350 to 400 men. After the Indians had flunked and behaved so badly the remainder of the "Royal Greens" were quickstepped into the fight, which would not have added 100 to the force besetting Harkheimer. Consequently the latter could not have been engaged at any time with as many as 200 whites.*

* Mr. Stone (pages *e* and *f*) emphasizes the fact that Stephen Watts is only mentioned as Captain in the "Orderly Book," whereas he was generally known as Major. If he had turned to his own note on the subject of English rank, the discrepancy would at once be explained. It is very unlikely that a man's brother, at a period when the lines of titular distinction were firmly drawn and closely observed, would not have known the rank borne by a brother of whom he was proud, or the name of the corps to which he belonged. Stephen Watts, of Oriskany, was a great favorite in his family, and designated by the most affectionate epithets. What is more, there were a variety of titles of rank in the British Army at that time, two or more of which were often borne by the same individual. A man might be a "line" Captain, very likely "brevet" Major or Lieutenant-Colonel, a "local," "temporary" or "provincial" Colonel or Brigadier, and a militia Major-General. In some cases he did not receive an actual commission, but was delegated in writing to act as such or thus. Sir John Johnson, Bart, held com-

As to how many the Americans lost is another disputed point. St. Leger says in his different reports that not over 200 (out of 800 or 900) escaped. The smallest list of their casualties comprises 160 killed and about 200 wounded and prisoners.

In some respects, Gordon, take him all in all, is the best authority for the American Revolution when in ac-

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missions as Major-General of Militia, as Brigadier-General of the Provincial troops (21st October, 1782), and the date of his commission as "Superintendent-General and Inspector-General of the Six Nations of Indians and their Confederates of all the Indian nations inhabiting Our Province of Quebec and the Frontiers," is of March 14th, 1782. In 1777, as Lieutenant-Colonel, he was commanding his regiment.

Here again Mr. Stone is emphatic. "He says that this regiment is nowhere mentioned as the "Royal Greens." They must have been known as such or else they would not have been thus designated in the histories written *nighest* to their period. Any discrepancy here again is susceptible of lucid solution. At first it was determined to uniform the Provincial corps in green, and some were originally clothed in this color, but had it changed; others, exceptions to the rule, retained it to the end of the war. Doubtless for valid reasons, not now known, it was found more advantageous or economical to issue to the Provincials clothes of the same color as those worn by the Regulars, but with distinctive facings. The same process is now going on throughout the whole British Army, and evoking a perfect wail of indignation and grief from corps which had won renown in dresses and facings of exceptional color and cut.

"We" [English], observes the author of "International Vanities" (No. III., Titles), in *Blackwood's Magazine*, "have carried this adoring love of variety of names and titles even into our army, where we have created five kinds of rank altogether *irrespective of military grades properly so called;* our army rank may be [1] Regimental (substantive), [2] Brevet, [3] Local, [4] Temporary, or [5] Honorary, and we might almost add [6] "Relative" to this *absurd* list, which no other nation can understand. In our navy, at all events, rank is rank; there our officers are in reality what they say they are."—*Littell's Living Age*, No. 1556, 4th April, 1874, p. 14.)

cord with Stedman; but unquestionably Mercy Warren—daughter of James Otis—political dissertationist, poetess and historian, who wrote in the light and memories of contemporaries, presents facts not to be found elsewhere: Paul Allen's "American Revolution" is the most philosophical work on this subject. Here let it be remarked, that Mrs. Warren says: "Their danger"– that is the peril of the garrison of Fort Stanwix—" was greatly enhanced by the *misfortune* of General Harkheimer, who had marched for the relief of Fort Stanwix, but with too little precaution. At the head of eight or nine hundred militia, he fell into an ambuscade *consisting mostly of Indians*, and notwithstanding a manly defence, *few of them escaped.* They were surrounded, routed, and butchered, in all the barbarous shapes of savage brutality, after many of them had become their prisoners, and their scalps carried to their British allies, to receive the stipulated price."

The Americans claimed a victory because the survivors were allowed to retire unmolested. This was due to the fact that the Indians had long since "voted themselves out of the fight," and because the white troops, misled by the false reports of "a cowardly Indian," were recalled to the defense of their camp. There is no intention in this little work to detract from the glory of Harkheimer or of his Mohawk men; but the best regular troops have fallen victims to ambuscades from the time of Cæsar, and, doubtless, long before, judging from analogy, down to the present day. "Eternal fitness of things" is the pertinent philosophical sneer of Sardou. Harkheimer against his better

judgment was plunged into a deadly trap and he suffered awfully, as is the universal result under such circumstances.

Personal enemies, with the presumption of ignorance and the bitterness of spite, have presumed to insinuate that Sir John was wanting in courage. Want of physical bravery in a trained officer or soldier is extremely rare. Moral cowardice has very few and God-like exceptions. As one among numerous proofs that Sir John was deficient in neither quality, physical or moral, it is admitted by friend and foe that "Sir John Johnson proposed to follow the blow given to the reinforcement (who were chiefly Mohawk river people) to march down the country with about 200 men, and I intended joining him with a sufficient body of Indians; but the Brigadier (St. Leger) said he could not spare the men, and disapproved of it." It was an admitted fact, however positively it may be denied now, at this day, that the population of this district were stunned by the catastrophe at Oriskany. Is it any wonder? There was the "Mourning of Egypt" throughout the Mohawk valley. Scarcely a house but wept its dead or missing. It was not until the flaming sword of Arnold and the flashing bayonets of his 2000 regulars, volunteers and militia showed themselves that resolution lifted its head and hearts once more pulsated with the throbbing of hope.

"False as a bulletin," has passed into a proverb. Justice would seem to require that, since bulletins or reports are with few exceptions "special pleas," the statements of both parties concerned should be compared in the light of common-sense, and the verdict given accord-

ing to manifest probabilities. It is the popular notion that Willett's sortie* was a magnificent feat of arms. Why was it? If he found no difficulty in spoiling the British camp at his leisure without experiencing any loss either in his sortie or return to the fort—during which time his wagons drove out, looted and carried back into the fort twenty-one loads of spoil; if, again, the garrison derided the besiegers, why did Colonel Willett and Lieutenant Stockwell volunteer, leave the fort to seek assistance from Schuyler, more than a hundred miles away, against a foe who, according to American accounts, had shown so little vigor during the sortie and had effected so little subsequently? Such facts are hard to reconcile. Within the fort were 750 (to 950?) white men, Americans, who must be considered as good, man for man, as the four to five hundred Englishmen and Americans opposing them; and no one will pretend that an armed white man behind

* That Willett's sortie was entirely destitute of peril and, throughout, uninterrupted, is clearly shown by the thoroughness with which he ransacked the Provincial and Indian camps, and the complete leisure that was afforded for "looting" them, with only a remote chance of reprisals by the absent enemy. All told, St. Leger had only (?) four hundred and ten Whites. At first he sent out eighty of these, and, perhaps, subsequently, one hundred went to the assistance of Sir John, hurried to the scene of action by the report of a cowardly Indian. This would leave St. Leger at most two hundred and twenty-seven. Deduct the men necessarily on detached duty, and any one who is willing to judge fairly will believe the British commander, that he had only two hundred Whites and no savages with him when Willett made the sortie with two hundred and fifty whites, for the savages had all gone to Oriskany with Brant and Sir John Johnson. The wounded men captured had been brought back from the field of fighting during the earlier stages of the battle.

works is not worth ten times as many savages, especially demoraiized Indians. Again, take the plan of the siege, all the works and posts held by St. Leger's whites were on the west of the Mohawk. At all events four to five hundred men could not effect a perfect investment of the fort. For this St. Leger had to depend in a great measure upon his Indians, and nothing shows the untrustworthiness of Indians, either as fighters or scouts, than that Willett and Stockwell could creep out without being observed and get off without being molested. The American story does not hang well together. Common-sense must endorse St. Leger's report, ignoring its magniloquence, which is of no consequence. St. Leger took little account of the troops to whom he was immediately opposed; but he was afraid of his demoralized savage contingent, whose insubordination had ruined his ambuscade at Oriskany—whose anxiety for fighting, but not their thirst for blood, had been allayed in the fight with Harkheimer; and thus when a force of whites, at least quadruple his own men of Saxon blood, were advancing under the best American executive, Arnold, to co-operate with the garrison, really much superior to the besiegers of the same race, St. Leger found himself with less than three hundred and fifty valid soldiers opposed to at least two thousand, with his worst and most dangerous enemy in his own camp, the barbarians who had proved almost worthless as fighting factors.

The Ambuscade on the Oriskany

AND

SORTIE FROM FORT STANWIX.

Old Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-seven,
Of Liberty's throes, was the crown and the leaven.
Just a century since, August Sixth, was the day
When Great Britain's control was first stricken away.
Let us sing then the field where the Yeomen of York
Met the Lion and Wolf on their slaughterous stalk;
When Oriskany's ripples were crimson'd with blood;
And when strife fratricidal polluted its flood.
Oh, glorious collision, forever renowned!
While America lives should its praises resound,
And stout Harkheimer's name be the theme of the song,
Who with Mohawk's brave sons broke the strength of the strong.

To relief of Fort Stanwix the Yorkers drew nigh,
To succor stout Gansevoort, conquer or die;
And if unwise the counsels that brought on the fight,
In the battle was shown that their hearts were all right.
If their Chief seemed so prudent that "subs" looked askance,
Still one shout proved their feeling, their courage—"Advance."

Most unfortunate counsel! The ambush was set,
Leaving one passage *in*, but none *out* of the net,—
Of outlets not one, unless 'twas made by the sword
Through encompassing ranks of the pitiless horde.
Sure never was column so terribly caught,
Nor ever has column more fearlessly fought:—
Thus Harkheimer's Mohawkers made victory theirs,
For St. Leger was foiled in spite of his snares.

The loud braggarts who 'd taunted Harkheimer so free,
Ere the fight had begun, were from fight first to flee;
While the stalwart old Chief, who a father had proved,
And his life offer'd up for the cause that he loved,
'Mid the war-whirl of Death still directed each move,
'Mid the rain from the clouds and from more fatal groove
Of the deadlier rifle,—and object assured,
To him Palm, both as victor and martyr, inured.

Search the annals of War and examine with care
If a parallel fight can discovered be, there,
When nine hundred green soldiers beset in a wood
Their assailants, as numerous, boldly withstood;
And while Death sleeted in from environing screens
Of the forest and underbrush, Indians and "Greens"—
'Gainst the circle without, took to cover within,
Formed a circle as deadly—which as it grew thin
Into still smaller circles then broke, until each
Presented a *round* that no foeman could breach,
Neither boldest of savage nor disciplined troops:—
Thus they fought and they fell in heroical groups—
But though falling still fighting they wrench'd from the foe
The great object they marched to attain, and altho'
The whole vale of the Mohawk was shrouded in woe,
Fort Stanwix was saved by Oriskany's throe.

No New Birth, no advance in the Progress of Man,
Has occurred since the tale of his sufferings began,
Without anguish unspeakable, deluge of blood.
The Past's buried deep 'neath th' incarnadine flood.
So, when, at Oriskany, slaughter had done
Its fell work with the tomahawk, hunting knife, gun;
From the earth soak'd with blood, and the whirlwind of fire
Rose the living's reward and the fallen's desire,
Independence!
For there, on Oriskany's shore,
Was wrought out the death-wrestle deciding the war!

If our country is free and its flag, first displayed
On the ramparts of Stanwix, in glory's arrayed;
If the old "Thirteen Colonies" won the renown
"*Sic semper tyrannis*;—beat Tyranny down;
There, there, at Oriskany, the wedge first was driv'n,
By which British Invasion was splinter'd and riv'n:
Though 't Hoosic and "Sar'tog" the work was completed,
The end was made clear with St. Leger defeated;
Nor can boast be disproved, on Oriskany's shore
Was worked out the grim problem involv'd in the war.

A Poem, by Gen. J. Watts de Peyster, read at the Centennial Celebration of the Battle of Oriskany, 6th August, 1877. Originally published in the "Centennial Celebrations of the State of New York." Albany, 1879.

Burgoyne commenced his march on the 30th of June, ascended Champlain; bridged, corduroyed and cleared twenty-one miles between this Lake and the Hudson, and watered his horses in this river on the 28th of July. From Montreal, St. Leger ascended the St. Lawrence, crossed Lake Ontario to Fort Oswego, moved up the Onondaga River eastward, traversed Oneida Lake, and thence proceeded up, and "*a cheval*," Wood Creek, its feeder. Sixty picked marksmen, under Major Stephen Watts (of New York city) an officer of Sir Johnson's Battalion of Refugees from the Mohawk, known as the "Royal Greens," preceded his march and effectively cleared the way. About this date, St. Leger's advance appeared before Fort Stanwix—the site of the present Rome—on the "great portage" between the headwaters of the Mohawk and the feeders of the streams which unite with the ocean through the Gulf of St. Lawrence. St. Leger was to sweep in and gather supplies for Burgoyne as well as to operate militarily against Gansevoort, in Fort Stanwix.

About the same time the necessary repairs of this Fort were completed, its magazines filled, its garrison augmented under Colonel Gansevoort and Lieutenant-Colonels Marinus Willett and Mellon, and simultaneously the investment was initiated by the advance guard of the British, under Lieutenant Bird, 8th (King's Regiment of) Foot, a famous organization, dating back to 1685.

On the 3d August, 1777, St. Leger arrived before Fort Stanwix and the siege began.

Amid the mistakes and blunders of this campaign, the

greatest was sending "Local" Brigadier-General [Lt. Col.] St. Leger with only 400 to 410 whites (Indians counted as nothing in such an undertaking) to besiege a regular work, held by 750 (or 950 ?) comparatively good troops. Besides this, St. Leger had only a few light pieces, barely sufficient to harass and inefficient to breach or destroy. The carriages of his two six-pounders were rotten, and had to be replaced when actually in battery. Still the "Burgoyne scare" was upon the colony, and nothing had been done as yet to dissipate it, to restore confidence, or to demonstrate how baseless was the terror. ["The Albanians were seized with a panic, the people ran about as if distracted, and sent off their goods and furniture."]

Seeing the importance of relieving Fort Stanwix, Nicholas Harkheimer,* Major-General New York State Militia, a brave man although not much of a soldier, summoned the males of the Mohawk Valley, capable of bearing arms, to meet on the German Flats at Fort Dayton, now bearing his name. He cast his lot in with the revolted colony, although his own brother was a Local Colonel in the British service, and many other relations and connections as well as friends were in the opposite camp. The Militia of the Mohawk rendezvoused at Fort Dayton on the very day (3d August) that St. Leger actually began the siege of Fort Stanwix. The evening of the 5th, Harkheimer was at

* Herckheimer or Herkimer, originally Ergemon or Ergemar, according to "Osgood's Middle States," p. 165, which is most likely to have been the original name. Still, 15th June, 1764, he signed Nicolas Herckmer to an official paper.

"The Mills" at the mouth of Oriskany Creek, some seven to nine miles from Fort Stanwix, and in communication with the garrison, which was to make a sortie in combination with his attack. It is certain that Harkheimer had Indians with him belonging to the "Oneida House," or tribe of the "Six Nations," but how many is nowhere stated. They were of little account. One of them, however, gave the militia the best kind of advice, but as usual was not listened to. This tribe, or a large portion of it, had been detached from the British interest by agents of the Albany Committee. Their decision resulted unfortunately for them; while they accomplished little for the Americans, they brought ruin upon themselves by their defection from the ties of centuries. After the impending battle, the other Five Nations swooped down upon them and nearly destroyed them.

Harkheimer moved on the morning of the 6th August, and immediately fell into an altercation with his four Colonels and other subordinates, and the Tryon County Committee-men. He wanted to display some soldierly caution and send out scouts to reconnoitre and throw out flankers to protect, and thus *feel*, as it were, his way through the woods. For this his officers, with the effrontery of ignorance and the audacity of militiamen, styled him a "Tory," or "a Traitor" and a "Coward," just as the same terms of reproach, with as little justice, were applied to Sir John Johnson. Abuse is the weapon of little minds, and sneers of those deficient in the very qualities which they deny to others they dislike. "Who can defend himself against

a sneer?" The bickering lasted for hours, until Harkheimer, worn out with the persistency of the babblers, gave the order to "March on." His Oneida Indians should have been most useful at this conjuncture. But these traitors to a confederacy "of ages of glory," dreading to meet as foes those whom they had deserted as friends, clung close to the main body, and forgot their usual cunning and woodcraft.

Meanwhile Gen. St. Leger was well aware that Harkheimer was on the way to the assistance of Col. Gansevoort in Fort Stanwix, and listened to the councils of his second in command, Sir John Johnson, and adopted his plan to set a trap for the approaching column. Accordingly St. Leger detached Sir John with a company of Jaegers, or Hesse-Hanau Riflemen, Sir John's own Light Infantry Company, and some Provincials or Rangers with Butler, the total only eighty whites, if St. Leger's Reports are trustworthy, and Brant (Thayendanega) and his Indians. Sir John established an ambush about two miles west of Oriskany. Just such an ambuscade under the partisans, de Beaugeu and Langlade, absolutely annihilated Braddock in 1755; just such, again, under the same Langlade—had he been listened to by Regular Superiors—would have ruined Pitt's grand conceptions for the conquest of the Canadas by destroying the forces under Wolfe on the Montmorency, below Quebec, 31st July, 1759.

Harkheimer had to cross a deep, crooked, S-shaped ravine, with a marshy bottom and dribble, spanned by a causeway and bridge of logs. Sir John completely en-

veloped this spot with marksmen, leaving an INLET for the entrance of the Americans, but no OUTLET for their escape. Moreover he placed his best troops—whites—on the road westward where real fighting, if any occurred, had to be done, and to bar all access to the fort.

No plans were ever more judicious, either for a *battue* of game or an ambuscade for troops. Harkheimer's column, without scouts, eclaireurs or flankers, plunged into the ravine and had partly climbed the opposite crest and attained the plateau, when, with his wagon train huddled together in the bottom, the surrounding forest and dense underwood was alive with enemies and alight with the blaze of muskets and rifles, succeeded by yells and war whoops, just as the shattering lightning and the terrifying thunder are almost simultaneous.

Fortunately for the Americans, the Indians anticipated the signal to close in upon them. The savages—violating their promises to restrain their passions, and disregarding the very plan they had agreed to, and which would have filled full their thirst for slaughter—showed themselves a few moments too soon, so that Harkheimer's rear-guard was shut *out* of the trap instead of *in*, and thus had a chance to fly. They ran, but in many cases they were outrun by the Indians, and suffered almost as severely as their comrades whom they had abandoned. Then a butchery ensued such as had never occurred on this continent, and if the entrapped Americans engaged had not shown the courage of desperation they would all have been sacrificed. But Heaven interposed at the crisis, and sent down a deluging

shower which stopped the slaughter, since, in that day of flint-locks, firing amid torrents of rain was an impossibility. Such "a shower of blessing" saved the English at Montmorenci in 1759, Washington after Brandywine (Gordon ii., 575) in 1778, and perhaps preserved the city of Washington by terminating the fight at Chantilly in 1862. A similar downpour on the 17th June, 1815, certainly had a considerable influence on the Waterloo campaign. Examples may be added *ad nauseam*. This gave the Americans time to recover their breath and senses. Harkheimer, very early in the action, was desperately wounded in the leg by a shot which killed his horse. He caused his saddle to be placed at the foot of a beech tree, and, sitting upon it and propped against the trunk, he lit his pipe, and, while quietly smoking, continued to give orders and make dispositions which saved all who did escape. His orders on this occasion were perhaps the germ of the best subsequent rifle tactics. He behaved like a hero, and perished a martyr to his ideas of Liberty, dying in his own home at "Danube," two miles below Little Falls ("Little Portage"), ten days after the engagement, in consequence of a bungling amputation and subsequent ignorant treatment. The monument he so richly deserved, which was voted both by Congress and his State, to the eternal disgrace of both, has never been erected, and this grand representative yeoman New Yorker has no public memorial of his qualities and services.

When the shower was about over, Sir John Johnson, seeing that the Indians were yielding, sent (?) back to camp

for a reinforcement of his "Royal Greens," under his brother-in-law, Maj. Stephen Watts, or else they were sent them to end the matter more speedily. These, although they disguised themselves like Mohawk Valley Militia, were recognized by the Americans as brothers, relatives, connections or neighbors whom Harkheimer's followers had assisted in driving into exile and poverty. These Loyalists were presumably coming back to regain what they had lost and to punish if victorious. At once to the fury of battle was added the bitterness of mutual hate, spite and vengeance. If the previous fighting had been murderous, the subsequent was horrible. Firearms, as a rule, were thrown aside, the two forces mingled, they grasped each other by the clothes, beards and hair, slashed and stabbed with their hunting knives, thrust with "spears"* and bayo-

* There is a great deal of talk about fighting with "spears" in this battle. "Captain Gardenier slew three with his spear, one after the other." Colonel Willett and Lieutenant Stockwell, "each armed with a spear," crept out of the fort to seek relief, &c. That the Indians used spears is very likely, because a weapon of this sort is primitive and in ordinary use among savages. Storming parties, or troops destined to assault a breach, it is true, were furnished with something resembling "boarding pikes," peculiar to the Navy. That the English and American troops or Militia employed such a weapon is ridiculous. These "spears" were *Espontons*, which were the badges of military rank. "To trail a half pike" was a term once recognised as equivalent to holding a commission. As late as 1811 "the Militia Law of the United States required that the commissioned officers shall severally be armed with a sword or hanger and esponton." The latter was a short pike, about eight feet in length. Colonels carried them, just as in the previous century sergeants bore halberts. "To bring a man to the halberts" expressed the idea of the infliction of corporal punishment. This explains how Colonel Willett and Captain Gardenier and Lieutenant Stockwell came to be furnished,

nets, and were found in pairs locked in the embrace of hatred and death.

There is now no longer the slightest doubt that Sir John Johnson commanded the British Loyalists and Indians at Oriskany. Only one original writer ever questioned the fact, whereas all other historians agree in establishing it. The reports of St. Leger not only prove the presence of Sir John Johnson in command, but they praise his able dispositions for the ambuscade or battle. Family tradition—a sure index to the truth if not the very truth itself—and contemporary publications remove every doubt. Sir John's brother-in-law, Major Stephen Watts, of New York city, dangerously wounded, appears to have been second in command, certainly of the white troops, and most gallantly prominent in the bloodiest, closest fighting. He, like Harkheimer, besides receiving other terrible wounds, lost his leg* in this action; but, unlike the latter, under equally disadvantageous circumstances, preserved his life.

NOT with spears, but with half-pikes or espontons. The last were symbols of authority and command, and in an old print St. Leger is represented with an esponton in his hand. Over a hundred years ago there was a great question whether light double-barrel muskets—something like those furnished to the French military police in Corsica—should not constitute a part of the armament of officers in the French service. The folly of espontons survived down to the beginning of this century in some services, and the canes of Spanish officers to-day may be representatives of the obsolete espontons.

* "Major (Stephen) Watts was wounded through the leg by a ball (he eventually lost his limb), and in the neck by a thrust from a bayonet, which passed through, back of the windpipe, and occasioned such an effusion of blood as to induce not only him but his captors to suppose (after leading him two or three miles) that he must die in consequence. He begged his captors to kill him: they refused, and left him by the

Without attempting to develop the completeness of this fratricidal butchery, it may be stated as one curious fact that Harkheimer's brother was not only, according to some narratives, a titular British colonel, but certainly a sort of quartermaster to St. Leger, and especially charged with the supervision of the Indian auxiliaries who were the cause of the General's death and the slaughter of so many of their common kinsmen, connections, friends and neighbors.

All the Revolutionary battles on New York soil were, more or less, family collisions, and realized the boast which Shakespeare, in the closing lines of his Tragedy of King John, puts in the mouth of the valiant bastard, Falconbridge:

side of a stream under the shade of a bridge (across Oriskany Creek), where he was found two days subsequently covered with fly-blows, but still alive. He was borne by some Indians to Schenectady (Oswego, and then by boat to Montreal), where he remained until sufficiently recovered to endure a voyage to England, where he was often after seen limping about Chelsea Hospital. [Error. He married a Miss Nugent, and reared a family of distinguished sons in elegant ease.] The sash taken from him is still in possession of the Sanders family."—"Legacy of Historical Gleanings," Vol. I., pages 69–70.

"The soldier who carried the Major to the stream—and received the (Major's) watch as a reward—was named Failing, a private in General Herkimer's (own, or original) regiment. He sold the watch for $300, Continental money, to his Lieutenant, Martyn G. Van Alstyne, who would never part with it, &c. M. G. Van Alstyne was First Lieutenant, in the Seventh Company, General Herkimer's (own, or original) regiment, and was a great-uncle of my (F. H. Roof, of Rhinebeck, N.Y.) father. He lived until 1830. My father, now aged 75, remembers the watch well, and has often mentioned the incident to me, as related to him by his uncle."

> "This England [New York] never did (nor never shall)
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
> But when it first did help to wound itself.
> * * * * *
> Come the three corners of the world in arms
> And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue
> If England [New York] to itself do rest but true!"

This savage affair crazed even the Indians. It outstripped their own ferocity. They lost their heads—went mad like wild animals at the sight and smell of blood. They came to the conclusion that the white men had lured them into this very hell of fire and slaughter to exterminate them. The arena of battle became a maelstrom of bloodshed, and the Indians tomahawked and stabbed friend and foe alike, and in the wild whirl and cataclysm of passions, more powerful than their own, suffered a loss which appalled even the fell instincts of the savage.

As an American, and especially as a Knickerbacker, the historian cannot but rejoice in the determination exhibited by the people of his State and kindred blood, and of this opportunity of demonstrating it. Still, as a chronicler of events, there is no evading the concurrent testimony of facts; of "Kapp's History of his People" (*i. e.*, the Dutch and German settlers of the Mohawk Valley), and of St. Leger's Reports. All of these concur in t[illegible]dence, direct and circumstantial, that Harkheir[illegible]le army suffered a *tactical* disaster. That this [illegible]ot remain a defeat and was converted (as was Monmouth) eventually into a moral triumph and political as well as a strategical success, was due to the common-sense commandership of Harkheimer.

According to his plan, the advance and attack of his column of Mohawk Valley men was to be a combined movement, based upon, or involving, a simultaneous sortie from Fort Stanwix. *This sortie was not made in time* to save Harkheimer's life or the loss of over two-thirds of his command, killed and wounded or prisoners. Nothing preserved the survivors of Harkheimer's column but the deluging "shower of blessing." When the flood began to abate, and not until then, did Willett take advantage of the storm to make his sortie and attack that portion of St. Leger's lines which had been stripped to co-operate in the ambush set for Harkheimer. The siege works, or lines of investment—to apply a formal term to very trifling imitations—were very incomplete. To style them "lines of investment" is a misnomer. St. Leger's three batteries—the first, three light guns; the second, four diminutive mortars; the third, three more small guns—were totally inadequate for siege purposes, *whereas there were fourteen pieces of artillery mounted in the fort.* St. Leger did have two six-pounders, but the carriages were found to be so rotten that they had to be reconstructed on the spot, and consequently could not have been of service when most needed. He refers to this fact by implication in his report. The redoubts to cover the British batteries, St. Leger's line of approaches and his encampment were all on the north side of the fort. These were occupied by 250 to 350 regulars and Provincials. Sir John Johnson's camp or works, held by about 133 Loyalist troops, were to the southward. It was against these last, *entirely denuded*

of their defenders, that Willett made his sortie. St. Leger's works and those of Sir John Johnson were widely separated and independent of each other, and the intervals, to make the circuit of the investment *apparently* complete, were held, or rather patrolled, by the Indians, who, however, during the sortie, were all away ambuscading and assaulting Harkheimer. Consequently, Willett's sortie, however successful in its results as to material captured, and as a diversion, was utterly devoid of peril. That he had time to plunder Sir John Johnson's camp, and three times send out seven wagons, load them, and send them back into the post, without the loss of a man, is unanswerable proof that he met with no opposition. He surprised and captured a small squad of prisoners (?)—five, an officer (commissioned or non-commissioned) and four privates —and saw a few dead Indians and whites, but nowhere does it appear whether they had been killed by the fire from the fort or in the attack. All the merit that belongs to his sortie, in a military point of view, is the fact that to save whatever material Willett did not have time to remove, Sir John Johnson had to extricate and hurry back his "Royal Greens" from the battle-ground of Oriskany, four to five and a half miles away; leaving the stage of collision with the expectation that the completion of the bloody work would be effectually performed by the Indians. These, however, had already got their fill of fighting, and to this alone was due the result, so fortunate for the survivors of Harkheimer's column, that its remnant was left in possession of the field, soaked with their blood

and covered with their dead and wounded. The glory of Oriskany belongs to the men of the Mohawk Valley, only in that, although they were "completely entrapped," they defended themselves with such desperation for five or six hours, and finally displayed so much restored courage, that they were able to extricate even a few fragments from the slaughter pit. That Willett captured "five British standards," or five British stand of colors, is not probable; scarcely possible. They may have been camp colors or markers. The regimental colors are not entrusted to driblet detachments from regiments. The "Royal Greens" may have had a color, a single flag, although this is very doubtful, because, if only 133 constituted their whole strength, they formed a very weak—a mere skeleton—battalion. The colors of the Eighth or King's Regiment of Foot were certainly left at headquarters, likewise those of the British Thirty-fourth.* The same remark applies to the Hesse-Hanau Chasseurs—a company of Jagers or

* In corroboration of this view of the subject, take the concluding paragraph of Washington's letter of July 20, 1779, to the President of Congress, reporting the capture of Stoney Point, on the night of the 15–16th July, 1770. In this paragraph he states that "two standards" were taken, "one belonging to the garrison [this was not a standard *proper*, but what is technically called a garrison flag] and one [a standard proper] to the Seventeenth Regiment." Stoney Point was held by a British force only a few less than the white besieging force before Fort Stanwix. The garrison was composed of detachments from four different regular organizations, and yet these had only one standard, proper, which belonged to the Seventeenth. Of this regiment there were six companies, the majority of it in the works, where also the Lieut.-Colonel commanding had his permanent quarters.

Riflemen would certainly not have with it the regimental standard.

As still further proof of this view taken, the camp of the British Regulars, proper, was not attacked. The fact is, the American story of Willett's sortie has an atmosphere of myth about it. St. Leger's report to Burgoyne, and likewise to his immediate superior, Carleton—the latter the most circumstantial—present the most convincing evidence of truthfulness. St. Leger writes to Carleton:

"At the time [when Harkheimer drew near] *I had not* 250 *of the King's troops in camp*, the various and extensive operations I was under an absolute necessity of entering into having employed the rest; and therefore [I] could not send [originally] *above* 80 *white men, rangers and troops included*, with the whole corps of Indians. Sir John Johnson put himself at the head of this party. * * * * * *

"In relation to the victory [over Harkheimer], it was equally complete as if the whole [of the Americans] had fallen; nay, more so, as the 200 [out of 800 or 900 or 1,000] who escaped served only to spread the panic wider; but it was not so with the Indians, their loss was great. I must be understood *Indian computation*, being only about 30 killed and wounded, and in that number some of their favorite chiefs and confidential warriors were slain. * * * As I suspected, the enemy [Willett] made a sally with 250 *men* towards *Lieut.* Bird's post to facilitate the entrance of the relieving corps or bring on a general engagement with every advantage they could wish.

* * * * * *

"Immediately upon the departure of Captain Hoyes I learned that Lieut. Bird, misled by the information of *a cowardly Indian that* Sir John was prest, *had quitted his post* to march to his assistance. I commanded the detachment of the King's regiment in support of Captain Hoyes by a road in sight of the

garrison, *which, with executive fire from his party, immediately drove the enemy into the fort without any further advantage than frightening some squaws and pilfering the packs of the warriors which they left behind them.*"

Col. Claus corroborates and explains this:

"During the action [with Harkheimer], when the garrison found the Indians' camp (who went out against their reinforcements) empty, they boldly sally'd out with three hundred men and two field-pieces, and took away the Indians' packs, with their cloaths, wampum and silver work, 'they having gone in their shirts, or naked, to action;' [Western Indians strip to the buff for fighting to this day] and when they found a party advancing from our camp, they returned with their spoil, taking with them Lieut. Singleton [wounded about the same time with Major or Captain Watts *at Oriskany*], and a private of Sir John's Regiment, who lay wounded in the Indian camp. The disappointment was rather greater to the Indians than their loss, for they had nothing to cover themselves at night, or against the weather, and nothing in our camp to supply them till I got to Oswego."

Nothing beneficial could have resulted from collusion in the reports of the British and Loyal officers. The fact that Willett sent his seven wagons out and in, three times, shows there could have been no enemy encountered, for riflemen in the woods could at least have shot down his horses if they had not the courage to exchange fires with his men.

It was Harkheimer who knocked all the fight out of the Indians, and it was the desertion of the Indians, *and this alone*, that rendered St. Leger's expedition abortive.

In summing up it should be borne in mind that St. Leger had only 375 to 410 regulars and Provincials, in ad-

dition to his ten light guns and diminutive mortars, to besiege a fort, well supplied, mounting fourteen guns, garrisoned with 750 at least, and according to the indefinite language of other authorities, 950 troops of the New York Line, *i. e.*, to a certain degree, Regulars.

Nevertheless, St. Leger continued to press the siege, with at most 410 whites against 750 to 950 whites, from the 6th until the 22d August, and when he broke up and retreated at the news of Arnold's approach with a force magnified by rumor, it was almost altogether on account of the *infamous conduct* of the Indians. All the evidence when sifted justifies his remarks that the Indians "became more formidable than the enemy we had to expect." By enemy he meant Arnold's column, hastening his march against him and the garrison in his immediate front, and yet neither St. Leger nor Burgoyne underestimated the American troops—not even the Militia, especially when the latter were fighting under cover or behind works.

The gist of all this lies in one fact—it was not the defense of Fort Stanwix, but the self-devotion and desperation of Harkheimer's militia that saved the Mohawk Valley, and constitutes Oriskany the Thermopylæ of the American Revolution; the crisis and turning-point against the British,* of the Burgoyne campaign; and the "*Decisive Conflict*" *of America's Seven Years' War for Independence.*

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* As everything in regard to these occurrences is interesting, the following translation of von Eelking's "*Deutchen Hülfstruppen*" (I., 3-23) is presented in regard to the Hesse-Hanau Jager or Rifle Company attached to St. Leger's command:

"Finally it is proper to commemorate in detail an event in connection with this campaign which we have alluded to or treated already more at length: the flanking expedition undertaken, as a side-issue, against Fort Stanwix. The Jager or Rifle Company which was assigned to him was the first that the Count of Hesse-Hanau sent over to America. It left Hanau 7th May, 1777, and reached Canada 11th of June. It was at once sent forward by the Governor (Carleton) to join the troops which had already started up the St. Lawrence and assigned to the column of St. Leger. It was commanded by Lieut. Hildebrand. The march through these distant and sparsely settled districts w[illegible]ng and very laborious, accompanied with all kinds of dangers a[illegible]ta-cles. In order to avoid the almost impenetrable wilderness, a greater circuit was made across Lake Ontario. The corps of St. Leger, *comprising detachments from so many different organizations*, started in the beginning of July from the neighborhood of Montreal as soon as the expected Indian force had been assembled there. The transportation in flat boats 150 miles up the river was very slow; the more so because, every now and then, the boats had to be taken ashore and carried by hand around the rapids or cataracts. Having overcome the difficulties of the river, the route lay across the broad Ontario Lake to Fort Oswego on the south shore. There a day was devoted to rest, in order that the troops might recover to some extent from the exhaustion produced by their previous exertions. Thence the route followed a stream (Oswego River] and a small lake [Oneida] inland in a southerly direction; [thence *a cheval*, and up, Wood Creek] the troops marched to the Mohawk, on which stood Fort Stanwix, held by the enemy [Americans]. The march was extremely laborious, since not only natural difficulties had to be overcome, but also the artificial obstacles which the Americans had placed in the way to hinder the advance of their opponents.

"On the 3d August, the Fort—after the garrison had rejectod the demand for a surrender—was assaulted without success. On the 5th, a relieving column of nearly 1,000 men drew near. St. Leger was aware of its approach in time, and for its reception [Sir John Johnson] placed an ambuscade in the woods. This for the greater part consisted of regular troops, and among these were the Hesse-Hanau Jagers. [It was the intention of the British authorities to send the whole Regiment or Battalion of Hesse-Hanau Chasseurs or Riflemen, but only one company arrived in time, and only one company, not over 40 or 50 men, was furnished to St. Leger.] The rest were Indians."

[This account differs from every one hitherto examined, and shows even yet we are not acquainted with some of the most interesting facts

of this momentous conflict. St. Leger, in his official report, expressly states that he did not send over 80 white men, Rangers and troops included, with the whole corps of Indians, and that Sir John Johnson was in command. The discrepancy, however, is easily reconcilable with what has been hitherto stated, and explains the late arrival of the "Johnson" or "Royal Greens." These latter must have remained in camp to hold the garrison in check. When the Indians began to slink out of the fight, the Royal Greens must have been hurried to the scene of action, leaving their lines to the south of the Fort entirely destitute of defenders. This established what the writer has always claimed, that Willett encountered no opposition at all in his sortie, and that the ordinary accounts of it are no better than a myth. Furthermore, everything demonstrates irrefutably the total unreliability of the Indians as fighters; and that the failure of St. Leger's expedition is entirely attributed to the misconduct of these savages. Finally, since the Burgoyne expedition depended on St. Leger's success, and his utter military bankruptcy is chargeable to the Indians, and to them alone, therefore—as is clearly shown—the whole British Combined Operations of 1777 ended in a catastrophe, through a fatal overestimate of the value of Indians as a fighting power, or as auxiliaries wherever any hard fighting had to be done, or for any useful purpose whatever involving perseverance.]

"The surprise was such a perfect success scarcely one-half the militia escaped. While St. Leger had thus scattered his troops, the besieged made a sortie and plundered his camp. This was a grievous loss to him: because in these almost desert districts pretty much all the necessaries of life had to be carried [along with a column]; since the British troops were wanting in artillery, and since a second relieving column, 2,000 strong, was approaching under the audacious Gen. Arnold, which threw the Indians into such extreme nervous terror that they either scattered or besought that they might be led back again. In consequence of [all] this, St. Leger had to break up the siege on the 23d August, and, abandoning tents, guns and stores, retreat at once.

"So ended this operation *which, if it had turned out more successfully, would, in any event, have prevented the tragic fate of Burgoyne's army.*"

If the disinterested German soldier and historian, von Eelking, does *not* demonstrate that the success of Burgoyne depended on that of St. Leger, and that this was completely frustrated by Oriskany, thus making Oriskany the turning point of the American Revolution—words are inadequate to express the truth.

Engagement near Fox's Mills,*

OFTEN STYLED

THE BATTLE OF KLOCK'S FIELD.

19TH OCTOBER, 1780.

"*History is not now-a-days consulted as a faithful oracle;* it is rather treated like the old lamp as too rusty, too old and homely, to bear light amidst the blaze of modern illumination, but more valuable as an instrument of incantation, which, by occasional friction upon its surface, may conjure up mighty spirits to do the bidding of a master. *Such an instrument in the hands of a good and faithful magician will not be employed upon baseless fabrications*, that new power may dissolve, *but in building upon the foundations of Truth*, that shall still hold all together, in defiance of the agency of even the same enchantment to destroy the structures it has raised." SOUTHGATE'S "*Many Thoughts on Many Things.*"

Of all the engagements which have occurred upon the soil of New York, the "cock-pit," or "the Flanders," of the Colonies, there is none which has been so much misrepresented as this. There is very little basis for the narrative generally accepted as history. Envy, hatred and malice have painted every picture, and even gone so far as to malign the State commander, the scion of a family who risked more than any other for the Commonwealth, to conceal and excuse the bad conduct of his troops. As for the

* Sometimes confounded with that of Stone Arabia (on or near de Peyster Patent); East side of Caroga Creek, where it empties into the Mohawk River, near St. Johnsville, Montgomery County, S. N. Y., sixty-three miles W. by N. of Albany.

leader of the Loyalists, it is no wonder that his reputation fared badly at the hands of a community whom he had made to suffer so severely for their sins against justice, his family connections, friends and himself. The State Brigadier-General was wrongfully accused and abused, although acquitted of every charge by his peers,* and highly commended for activity, fidelity, prudence, spirit and conduct. The Royal leader, like the State commander, was also subjected to the false accusation of want of courage, on the statement of a personal enemy; but, like his antagonist, received the highest commendation of his superior, a veteran and proficient.

Before attempting to describe what actually occurred on the date of the collision, a brief introduction is necessary to its comprehension. The distinguished Peter Van Schaack (Stone's "Sir William Johnson," II., 388) pronounced Sir William Johnson "THE GREATEST CHARACTER OF THE AGE," the ablest man who figured in our immediate Colonial history. He was certainly the benefactor of Central New York, the protector of its menaced frontier, the first who by victories stayed the flood-tide of French invasion. His son, Sir John, succeeded to the bulk of his vast possessions in the most troublous times of New York's history. He owed everything to the Crown and nothing to the People, and yet the People, because he would not betray his duty to the Crown, drove him forth

* "French's Gazetteer," 432; Stone's "Brant," II., 124–5; Stone's "Border Wars," ii., 126–7; Simm's "Schoharie County," 430–1; Campbell's "Border Wars," 199–201.

and despoiled him. More than once he returned in arms to punish and retrieve, at a greater hazard than any to which the mere professional soldier is subjected. By the detestable laws of this embryo State, even a peaceable return subjected him to the risk of a halter; consequently, in addition to the ordinary perils of battle, he fought, as it were, with a rope around his neck. There was no honorable captivity for him. The same pitiless revenge which, after King's Mountain (S. C.), in the same month and year (7th October, 1780), strung up a dozen Loyalist officers and soldiers would have sent him speedily to execution. The coldly cruel or unrelentingly severe—choose between the terms—Governor Clinton would have shown no pity to one who had struck harder and oftener than any other, and left the record of his visitations in letters of fire on vast tablets of ashes coherent with blood.

In 1777, through the battle-plans of Sir John, a majority of the effective manhood of the Mohawk—among these some of his particular persecutors—perished at Oriskany. Neither Sir John Johnson nor Brant had anything to do with Wyoming. This is indisputable, despite the bitter words and flowing verses of historians, so called, and poets, drawing false fancy pictures of what never had any actual existence. In 1779, his was the spirit which induced the Indians to make an effort to arrest Sullivan, and it was Sir John, at length, interposed between this General and his great objective, Niagara, if it was not the very knowledge that Sir John was concentrating forces in his front that caused Sullivan to turn back. In the following autumn

(1779) he made himself master of the key of the "great portage" between Ontario and the Mohawk, and his farther visitation of the valley eastward was only frustrated by the stormy season on the great lake by which alone he could receive reinforcements and supplies.

In May, 1780, starting from Bulwagga Bay (near Crown Point) on Lake Champlain, he constructed a military road through the wilderness—of which vestiges are still plainly visible—ascended the Sacondaga, crossed the intervening watershed, and fell (on Sunday night, 21st May) with the suddenness of a waterspout upon his rebellious birthplace, accomplished his purpose, left behind him a dismal testimony of his visitation, and despite the pursuit of aggregated enemies, escaped with his recovered plate, rich booty and numerous prisoners.

It was during this expedition that Sir William's fishing house and summer house on the Sacondaga were destroyed, and it is a wonder Sir John did not burn to the ground the family hall at Johnstown. This was not a raid, but an invasion, which depended for success upon, at least, demonstrations by the British forces in New York. As in 1777 and 1779, and again in the fall of 1780, there was nothing done by the indolent professionals.

In August-September of the same year, he organized a second expedition at Lachine (nine miles above Montreal), ascended the St. Lawrence, crossed Lake Ontario, followed up the course of the Oswego River, coasted the southern shore of Oneida Lake, until he reached the mouth of Chittenango Creek (western boundary of Madison County

and eastern of Onondaga County), where he left his *batteaux* and canoes, struck off southeastward up the Chittenango, then crossing the Unadilla and the Charlotte, (sometimes called the East branch of the Susquehanna), and descended in a tempest of flame into the rich settlements along the Schoharie, which he struck at what was known as the Upper Fort, now Fultonham, Schoharie County.*

Thence he wasted the whole of this rich valley to the mouth of this stream, and then turning westward completed the devastation of everything which preceding inroads had spared. (Stone's "Brant," II., 124.) The preliminary march through natural obstacles, apparently insurmountable to an armed force, was one of certainly 200 miles. The succeeding sweep and retreat embraced almost as many. The result, if reported with any correctness, might recall Sir Walter Scott's lines ("Vision of Don Roderick," Conclusion II.):

> "While downward on the land his legions press,
> Before him it was rich with vine and flock,
> And smil'd like Eden in her summer dress,—
> Behind their march a howling wilderness."

More than one contemporary statement attests that the invasion carried things back to the uncertainties of the old French inroads and reinvested Schenectady with the dan-

* If the old maps of this then savage country are reliable, he may have crossed from the valley of the Charlotte into that of the Mohawk Branch of the Delaware, or the Papontuck Branch further east again. From either there was a portage of only a few miles to the Schoharie Kill.

gerous honor of being considered again a frontier post. (Hough's "Northern Invasion," 131, 144.

The immediate local damage done by Sir John, *within* the territory affected by his visitation, was nothing in comparison to the consequences, militarily considered, *without* these. The destruction of breadstuffs and forage was enormous. Washington and the army felt it, since the districts invaded and wasted were granaries on which the American commissariat and quartermaster's department depended in a great measure for the daily rations which they had to provide. The number of bushels of wheat and other grain rendered worthless "threatened alarming consequences." Eighty thousand bushels were lost in the Scholarie settlement alone. Washington admits this in a letter to the President of Congress, dated 7th November, 1780. Had the British military authorities in New York and in Canada been alive to the advantages to be derived from the condition of affairs in Central New York, they might have enabled Sir John to strike a blow that would have shaken the fabric of Revolution, throughout the Middle States, at least. Alas! they seem to have been possessed with the spirit of inertion and incapacity, and the abandoned Loyalists might have exclaimed, with Uhland:

"Forward! Onward! far and forth!
An earthquake shout awakes the North.
Forward!
Forward! Onward! far and forth!
And prove what gallant hearts are worth."
Forward!"

The terrifying intelligence of the appearance of this little "army of vengeance" aroused the whole energy of coterminous districts; the militia were assembled in haste, and pushed forward to the point of danger, under Brigadier-General Robert van Rensselaer, of Claverack (now Columbia County), who were guided into the presence of their enemy literally by "pillars of fire by night and columns of smoke by day." Although he knew that he was pursued by forces treble or quadruple if not quintuple his own, Sir John continued to burn and destroy up to the very hour when his troops were obliged to lay aside the torch to resume their firelocks. In fact, if the two engagements of the 19th of October, 1770, were contemplated parts of a combined plan to overwhelm Sir John, he actually fought and burned simultaneously. To whomsoever a contemporaneous map of this country is accessible, it will be evident how vast a district was subjected to this war cyclone. On the very day (19th October) that van Rensselaer was at Fort Plain, the flourishing settlements of Stone Arabia (Palatine Township, Montgomery County), a few miles to the westward, were destroyed. Finding that he must fight, either to arrest pursuit or to insure retreat, Sir John hastily assembled some of his wearied troops, while others kept on burning in every direction, to engage the garrison of Fort Paris—constructed to protect the Stone Arabia settlement (Simm's "Schoharie County," 426)—which marched out to intercept him under Colonel Brown, an officer of undoubted ability and of tried courage. Brown's immediate force consisted of 130 men of the Massachusetts Levies,

and a body of militia—70 and upwards—whose numbers and co-operation seemed to have been studiously concealed by almost every writer at the period; that there were militia present is unquestionable. It is almost, if not absolutely, certain that Brown marched out of Fort Paris in pursuance of the orders and plan of van Rensselaer, in order to cut Sir John off from his line of retreat, and hold him or "head him" until van Rensselaer could fall upon him with overwhelming numbers. The same failure to co-operate in executing a very sensible piece of strategy sacrificed Harkheimer to Sir John at Oriskany, some three years previously, and resulted in a similar catastrophe. To appreciate and to forestall was the immediate and only solution. Sir John attacked Colonel Brown—like "now, on the head," as Suwarrow phrased it—about 9 or 10 A. M., killed him and about 100 of his men, and captured several (Hough's "Northern Invasions" says 40 killed and two prisoners), and sent the survivors flying into van Rensselaer's lines, to infect them with the terror of the slaughter from which they had just escaped. The Stone Arabia fight, in which Colonel Brown fell, was only two miles distant from the "Nose," where van Rensselaer's forces had already arrived. They heard the firing just as twilight was melting into night, in a valley where the latter prematurely reigned through the masses of smoke from burning buildings, which brooded like a black fog, sensible to the touch. Van Rensselaer came upon the position where Sir John had "settled" himself to resist. This "settled" is most apposite. It recalls a spectacle often visible in our woods,

when a predatory hawk, wearied with his flight, settles on a limb to rest and resist a flock of encompassing furious crows, whose nests he has just invaded.

To refer back to the darkness occasioned by smoke, it may be necessary to state that the dwellers of cities or old cultivated districts have no conception of the atmospheric disturbance occasioned by extensive conflagrations in a wooded country.*

It is only lately that forest fires, commingled with fog, so obscured the atmosphere along the coast, to the eastward, that lamps and gas were necessary in the middle of the afternoon.

What is more, the evening air in October is often heavy through a surcharge of dampness, especially along large streams and in bottom lands. To such as can imagine this condition of the atmosphere, it will at once become evident how much it was augmented immediately after a few volleys from about two thousand muskets, the smoke of the conflagrations, and the explosions of the powder, rendering objects invisible almost at arms' length. This is established by the testimony of a gallant American officer, Col.

* The dark day in Massachusetts, of 19th May, 1780, was due to this cause (Heath, 236–7–8), when artificial night, culminating about noon, sent the animal creation to roost and repose with less exceptions than during the completest eclipse, and filled the minds of men with apprehension and astonishment. This is not the only "dark day" so recorded. On *the* 25th October, 1820, at New York, candlelight was necessary at 11 A. M. The 16th May, 1780, was another "dark day" in Canada, where similar phenomena were observed on the 9th, 15th and 16th October, 1785. On the last, "it is said to have been as dark as a dark night." Several other instances are chronicled.

Dubois (Hongh, 183–5), who stated that shortly after the firing became warm, when within five paces of his general, he could only recognize him by his voice. Therefore for anyone to pretend to relate what occurred within the lines of Sir John Johnson a few (15?) minutes after volleys had been exchanged along the whole fronts, is simply drawing upon the "imagination for facts." Consequently, when the American writers say that the enemy broke and ran, it was simply attributing to them what was occurring within van Rensselaer's lines, where the officers could not restrain the rear from firing over and into the front, and from breaking beyond the power of being rallied. Doubtless, as always, the regulars on both sides behaved as well as circumstances permitted. Sir John's Indians, opposed to the American Continentals and Levies for the defence of the frontiers, it is very likely gave way almost at once. Brant, their gallant and able leader, was wounded in the heel, and therefore unable to move about, encourage them and hold them up to their work. Thus crippled he had enough to do to get off, for if taken he knew well that his shrift would be short and his "despatch" speedy, if not "happy." Sir John was also struck in the thigh, and was charged with quitting the field. The only evidence of this is derived from one of his bitter personal enemies, surcharged with spite and a desire for vengeance. How bitterly he felt can be easily conceived, when he turned upon van Rensselaer and emphasized:—(Stone's "Brant," II., 124–5, &c.) Colonel Stone remarks, "other accounts speak differently." (*Ibid*, II., 122.)

Gen. Sir Frederick Haldimand wrote to the home government that Sir John "had destroyed the settlements of Schoharie and Stone Arabia, and laid waste a large extent of country," which was most true. It was added:

"He had several engagements with the enemy, in which he came off victorious. In one of them, near Stone Arabia, he killed a Col. Brown, a notorious and active rebel, with about one hundred officers and men." "I cannot finish without expressing to your Lordship the *perfect satisfaction which I have from the zeal, spirit and activity with which Sir John Johnson has conducted this arduous enterprise.*"

Max von Eelking (II., 199–200), in his compilation of contemporaneous observations, presents the following testimony of the judgment and reliability of the superior, Gen. Haldimand, who reported, officially, in such flattering terms of the result of Sir John's expedition. He says of Haldimand that "he passed, according to English ideas, *for one of the best and most trustworthy of British generals;* had fought with distinction during the Seven Years' War in Germany. * * * *He was a man strictly upright, kind-hearted and honorable.* * * * Always of a character quite formal and punctilious as to etiquette, he was very fastidious in his intercourse, and did not easily make new acquaintances. * * * *He required continual activity from his subordinates.* * * * A Brunswick officer *considers him one of the most worthy officers England has ever had.* * * * This was about the character of the man to whom now the fate of the Canadas was intrusted by his Britannic Majesty."

It now seems a fitting time to consider the number of the opposing forces engaged. There has been a studied attempt to appreciate those present under Sir John and to depreciate those at the disposal of Van Rensselaer. The same holds good with regard to the losses of the former; whereas the casualties suffered by the latter are studiously concealed. No two works agree in regard to the column led by Johnson. It has been estimated even as high as 1500, whereas a critical examination of its component parts demonstrates that it could not have comprised much more than a third of this number at the outset. As all Sir John's papers were lost in the Egyptian darkness of the night of the 19th October, it is necessary to fall back upon contemporaneous works for every detail.

The product of this calculation exactly agrees with the statement embodied in the testimony of Colonel Harper: "The enemy's force was about 400 white men and but few Indians. The post from Albany, 18th October, reported that Sir John's party were "said to be about 500 men come down the Mohawk River." (Hough's "Northern Invasion," 122.)

When Sir John struck the Charlotte or Eastern Susquehanna he was joined by several hundred Indians. But a quarrel founded on jealousy—similar to such as was the curse of every aggregation of Scottish Highland tribes, even under Montrose, Claverhouse and the Pretender—soon after occurred, and several hundreds abandoned him.* (Simm's "Schoharie County, 399.)

* The actual composition of Sir John Johnson's expeditionary co-

Great stress has also been laid on Sir John's being provided with artillery. [The American general did have quite heavy guns for the period and locality, nine pounders.]

lumn is well known, however often willfully misstated. He had three companies of his own Regiment of "Royal Greens," or "Loyal New Yorkers;" one company of German Jagers; one company of British Regulars belonging to the Eighth (Major, afterwards Colonel A. S. de Peyster's) King's Regiment of Foot, which performed duty by detachments all along the frontier from Montreal to the farthest west, and in every raid and hostile movement—besides detachments—a company or platoon from the Twentieth, and (?) also from the Thirty-fourth British Infantry, and a detachment—sometimes rated by the Americans as high as two hundred men—from Butler's Loyalist or Tory Rangers. Sir John in his reports of casualties mentions these all, except the Twentieth Regiment, and no others. Figure this up, and take sixty as a fair allowance for the numerical force of a company, which is too large an allowance, basing it on the average strength of British regiments which had seen active service for any length of time on this continent, and six times sixty makes three hundred and sixty, plus two hundred, gives five hundred and sixty. Deduct a fair percentage for the footsore and other casualties inseparable from such service, and it reduces his whites down to exactly what Colonel Harper states was reported to him by an Indian as being at Klock's Field.

Colonel W. L. Stone ("Brant," II., 105) specifies three companies of Sir John's own Regiment of Greens, one company of German Jagers, a detachment of two hundred men (doubtful authority cited) from Butler's Rangers, and one (only one) company of British Regulars. The Indian portion of this expedition was chiefly collected under Brant at Tioga Point, on the Susquehanna, which they ascended to Unadilla. Stone's language, "besides Mohawks," is ambiguous. Sir John had few Indians left—as was usually the case with these savages—when they had "to face the music."

Governor Clinton (Hough's "Northern Invasion," 154) estimates Sir John's force at seven hundred and fifty picked troops and Indians. Very few Indians were in the fight of the 19th October, P. M. Other corroborations have already been adduced. Simm's ("Schoharie County," 399) says that Sir John left Niagara with about five hundred British, Royalist and German troops, and was joined by a large body of Indians and Tories under Captain Brant, on the Susquehanna, making his effec-

Close study exploded this phantasy likewise. That he he had several pieces of extremely light artillery, hardly deserving the name, with him as far as Chittenango

tive force, "as estimated at the several forts," one thousand men. If this estimate is credited to the several forts who were "panicky," the condition of their vision renders its correctness unworthy of acceptance. He then goes on to say that several hundred Indians deserted.

The strength of regiments varied from three hundred and under to six hundred and fifty. It is well known that some American regiments scarcely rose above one hundred rank and file. It is almost unanimously conceded that Harkheimer had at least four regiments—if not five—the whole comprising only eight or nine hundred men, at Oriskany. This does not include volunteers, Indians, &c., &c.

General van Rensselaer, judging from the testimony given before the Court of Enquiry, and his own letters (Simms, 425, &c.), had seven to nine hundred militia when he reached Schenectady. It is very hard to calculate his ultimate aggregate of militia. He had at first his own Claverack Brigade. *The City of Albany Militia and some other Regiments* had preceded him. Colonel Van Alstyne's Regiment joined him by another route. How did Colonel Cuyler's Albany Regiment come up? Colonel Clyde reinforced him with the Canajoharie District Regiment (Tryon County, for military purposes, was divided into Districts, each of which furnished its quota), likewise (Simm's, 425) "the Schoharie Militia" "near Fort Hunter." This dissection might be followed out further to magnify the American force, and show against what tremendous odds Sir John presented an undaunted front, and what numbers he shocked, repulsed and foiled. Van Rensselaer was afterwards joined by the Continental Infantry, under Colonel Morgan Lewis; the New York *quasi*-regulars or Levies, three or four hundred, under Colonel Dubois; McKean's Volunteers, sixty; the Indians under Colonel Louis, sixty; John Ostrom, a soldier present, adds (Simm's "Schoharie County," 424) two hundred Indians under Colonel Harper, the Artillery and the Horse. The Militia of Albany County were organized into seventeen regiments; of Charlotte County into one; of Tryon County into five; besides these there were other troops at hand under different names and peculiarities of service. It is certain that all the Militia of Albany, Charlotte and Tryon Counties, and every other organization that were accessible, were hurried to meet Sir John, and severe Clinton was not the man to brook shirking. Twenty-three

Creek is true (Hammond's "Madison County," 656). Two of these he sunk intentionally in this stream, or else they went to its bottom accidentally. Thence he carried on two little four and three-quarter pounder mortars, probably "Royals," and a grasshopper three-pounder. As our armies were well acquainted with the improved Cohorns used at the siege of Petersburg, it is unnecessary to explain that they were utterly impotent against stone buildings, or even those constructed of heavy logs. The Cohorns of 1780 were just what St. Leger reported of them in 1777—that they were good for "teazing," and nothing more. Even one of these Sir John submerged in a marsh after his attempt upon the Middle Fort, now Middleburg. Clinton (157) wrote that both were "concealed [abandoned] by the Loyalists on their route from Schoharie."

Most likely it was an impediment. And nothing is afterwards mentioned of the use of the other. The "grasshopper" three-pounder derived its name from the fact that it was not mounted upon wheels, but upon iron legs. It was one of those almost useless little guns which were transported on bat-horses, just as twelve-pounder mountain howitzers are still carried on pack animals. As Sir John's horses, draught and beef cattle, appear to have been stampeded in the confusion of the intense darkness;

regiments of Militia *must* have produced twenty-four hundred men—a ridiculously small figure. Add the other troops known to be with van Rensselaer, and he faced the Loyal leader with five or six times as many as the latter had; or else the Claverack Brigadier had with him only a startling redundancy of field officers and a disgraceful deficiency of rank and file.

almost everything which was not upon his soldier's persons, or had not been sent forward when he "settled" at Klock's Field to check pursuit, had to be left when he drew off. The darkness of the night, as stated, was intensified by the powder smoke and smoke of burning buildings, and the bottom fog which filled the whole valley. Under such circumstances small objects could not be recovered in the hurry of a march.

The Americans made a great flourish over the capture of Sir John's artillery. The original report was comparatively lengthy, but simply covered the little "grasshopper," fifty-three rounds of ammunition, and a few necessary implements and equipments for a piece, the whole susceptible of transport on two pack-saddles. Most probably the bat-horses were shot or disabled or "run off" in the melee.

It is even more difficult to arrive at van Rensselaer's numbers. The lowest figure when at Schenectady is seven hundred. This perhaps indicated his own Claverack (now Columbia County) Brigade. He received several accessions of force, Tryon and Albany County militia; the different colonels and their regiments are especially mentioned, besides the *quasi*-regular command—three or four hundred (Hough, one hundred and fifty)—of Colonel Dubois' Levies raised and expressly maintained for the defence of the New York Northern Frontier; Captain M'Kean's eighty Independent Volunteers; sixty to one hundred Indians, Oneida warriors, under Colonel Louis: a detachment of regular Infantry under Colonel Morgan Lewis, who led the advance (Stone's "Brant," II., 120): a company or

detachment of artillery and two nine-pounders, and a body of horsemen.

Colonel Stone, writing previous to 1838, says: "The command of General van Rensselaer numbered about fifteen hundred—a force in every way superior to that of the enemy." It is very probable that he had over two thousand, if not many more than this. Stone adds ("Brant," II., 119): "Sir John's troops, moreover, were *exhausted* by forced marches, active service, and heavy knapsacks, while those of Van Rensselaer were fresh in the field." Sir John's troops had good reason to be exhausted. Besides their march from Canaseraga, one hundred and fifty miles, they had been moving, destroying and fighting constantly for three or four days, covering in this exhaustive work a distance of over seventy-five (twenty-six miles straight) miles in the Mohawk Valley alone (Hough, 152). On the very day of the main engagement they had wasted the whole district of Stone Arabia, destroyed Brown's command in a spirited attempt to hold the invaders, and actually advanced to meet van Rensselaer by the light of the conflagrations they kindled as they marched along. Each British and Loyal soldier carried eighty rounds of ammunition, which, together with his heavy arms, equipments, rations and plunder, must have weighed one hundred pounds and upwards per man. Van Rensselaer's Militia complained of fatigue; but when did this sort of troops ever march even the shortest testing distance without grumbling?

The Americans figured out Sir John's loss at 9 killed,

7 wounded, and 53 missing. His report to General Haldimand states that throughout his whole expedition he lost in killed, whites and Indians, 9; wounded, 7; and missing, 48, which must have included the wounded who had to be abandoned; and desertions, 3; the last item is the most remarkable in its significance and insignificance. (Hough's "Northern Invasion," 136.)

How the troops on either side were drawn up for the fight appears to have been pretty well settled, for there was still light enough to make this out, if no more. Sir John's line extended from the river to the orchard near Klock's house. His Rangers—Loyalists—were on the right, with their right on the bank of the Mohawk. His regular troops stood in column in the centre on the Flats. Brant's Indians and the Hesse-Hanau Riflemen or Jagers were on the left, in echelon, in advance of the rest about one hundred and fifty yards, in the orchard. Van Rensselaer's forces were disposed: Colonel Dubois with the Levies (*quasi*-regulars) on the right, Whites and Indians constituting the central column, and the Albany Militia on the left. [Simm's "Schoharie County," 430.) Not a single witness shows where the Continentals, Artillerymen and the Horsemen took position. As for the two nine-pounder fieldpieces, they were left behind, stuck in the mud. It was a *tohu-bohu*. The regulars on both sides behaved well, as they almost always do. With the first shots the militia began to fire—Cuyler's Regiment, four hundred yards away from the enemy—the rear rank ran over and into those in front, two hundred and fifty to three hundred

yards in advance (192), then broke; all was confusion. It does not appear that the American Indians accomplished anything. Colonel Dubois' New York Levies ran out Brant's Indians, and got in the rear of Sir John's line, and then there was an end of the matter. (Simm's "Schoharie County," 429–30.) It had become so dark from various causes that, to use a common expression, "a man could not see his hand before his face."

Van Rensselaer had now enough to do to keep the majority of his troops together, and retreated from one and a half to three miles, to a cleared hill, where he was enabled to restore some order. The stories of disorder within Sir John's lines, except as regarded the Indians, are all founded on unreliable data; nothing is known. When his antagonist fell back, he waited apparently until the moon rose, and then, or previously, forded the river (just above Nathan Christie's—(Simms, 430)—and commenced his retreat, which he was permitted to continue unmolested.

It is amusing to read the remarks and reasoning of patriotic imagination on this event. "By this time," says the Sexagenary, "however, the alarm had spread through the neighboring settlements, and a body of militia, of sufficient force to become the assailants, *arrived*, it is said, *within a short distance of the enemy, near the river*, and Sir John Johnson, *in consequence, had actually made arrangements to surrender.*" [Mark the logical military conclusion, Sir John being ready to surrender!] *The Americans, however, at this moment fell back a short distance* [two or three miles] for the sake of occupying a bet-

ter position during the night." If Sir John was scared and willing to give up, what need was there of the brave Americans falling back at all, or seeking a better position? All they had to do was to go forward, disarm the willing prisoners, and gather in the trophies. He had fought a Cumberland Church fight to check pursuit, and there was no Humphreys present to renew it and press on to an Appomattox Court House. He had accomplished his task; he had completed the work of destruction in the Schoharie and Mohawk valleys. There was nothing more to be wasted. Colonel Stone sums it up thus ("Brant," II., 124): "By this third and most formidable irruption into the Mohawk country during the season, Sir John had completed the entire destruction above Schenectady—the principal settlement above the Little Falls having been sacked and burned two years before." French observed that these incursions left "the remaining citizens stripped of almost everything except the soil."*

* The forces of Colonel [Sir John] Johnson, a part of which had crossed the river near Caughnawaga, destroyed all the Whig property, not only on the south, but on the north side, from Fort Hunter to the [Anthony's N. T. 60] Nose (some twenty-three to twenty-five miles), and in several instances where dwellings had been burned by the Indians under his command in May (1780), and temporary ones rebuilt, they were also consumed. * * * After Brown fell, the enemy, scattered in small bodies, were to be seen in every direction plundering and burning the settlements in Stone Arabia. In the afternoon General van Rensselaer, after being warmly censured for his delay by Col. Harper and several other officers, crossed the river at Fort Plain, and began the pursuit in earnest. The enemy were overtaken [awaited him] on the side of the river above St. Johnsville, near a stockade and blockhouse at Klock's, just before night, and a smart brush took place between the British troops and the Americans under Col. Dubois, in

The most curious thing in this connection is the part played by the fiery Governor Clinton. Colonel Stone expressly stated, in 1838, that he was with General van Rens-

which several on each side were killed or wounded. Johnson was compelled to retreat to a peninsula in the river, where he encamped with his men much wearied. His situation was such that he could have been taken with ease. Col. Dubois, with a body of Levies, took a station above him to prevent his proceeding up the river; Gen. van Rensselaer, with the main army, below; while Col. Harper, with the Oneida Indians, *gained a position on the south side of the river nearly opposite*. [Why did they not guard the ford by which Sir John crossed? They were afraid of him, and glad to let him go if he only *would go away*.] The general gave express orders that the attack should be renewed by the troops under his own immediate command at the rising of the [full (between 10 and 11 P. M.?) (H. N. I. 55)] moon, some hour in the night. Instead, however, of encamping on the ground from which the enemy had been driven, as a brave officer would have done, *he fell back down the river and encamped* THREE MILES *distant*. The troops under Dubois and Harper could hardly be restrained from commencing the attack long before the moon arose; but when it did, they waited with almost breathless anxiety to hear the rattle of van Rensselaer's musketry. The enemy, who encamped on lands owned by the late Judge Jacob G. Klock, spiked their cannon [the diminutive three-pounder grasshopper was all they had], which was there abandoned: *and, soon after the moon appeared, began to move forward to a fording place just above the residence of Nathan Christie, and not far from their encampment*. Many were the denunciations made by the men under Dubois and Harper against Van Rensselaer, when they found he did not begin the attack, and had given strict orders that their commanders should not. They openly stigmatized the general * * * but, when several hours had elapsed, and he had not yet made his appearance, a murmur of discontent pervaded all. Harper and Dubois were compelled to see the troops under Johnson and Brant ford the river, and pass off *unmolested*, or disobey the orders of their commander, when they could, *unaided*, have given them most advantageous battle. Had those brave colonels, at the moment the enemy *were in the river*, taken the responsibility of disobeying their commander, as Murphy had done three days before, and commenced the attack in front and rear, the consequences must have been very fatal to the retreating army,

selaer a few hours before the fight, dined with him at Fort Plain, and remained at the Fort when van Rensselaer marched out to the fight. In Col. Stone's, or his son and namesake's, "Border Wars" (II., 122), this statement is repeated. Clinton, in one of his letters, dated 30th October, does not make the matter clear. He says (Hough, 151): "On receiving this intelligence [the movements of the British] I immediately moved up the river, in hopes of being able to gain their front, &c." In describing the engagement he says, "the night came on too soon for *us*;" and then afterwards he mentions "the morning after the action I arrived with the militia under my immediate command." This does not disprove Stone's account. Aid-Major Lansing testified before the court-martial that the Governor took command on the morning of the 21st. It is not likely that Governor Clinton would have found it pleasant to fall into the hands of Sir John, and Sir John would have been in a decidedly disagreeable position if the Governor could have laid hands upon him. There was this difference, however; Sir John was in the fight (Colonel Dubois wrote 11 A. M., the day after the fight (Hough's "Northern Invasion," 118). Prisoners say Sir John was wounded through the thigh) which he might have avoided; and the Governor might have been. Anyone who will consider the matter dispassionately will perceive that, now that the whole country was aroused, and all the able-bodied males, regu-

and the death of Col. Brown and his men promptly revenged.—*Jacob Becker, a Schoharie Militiaman*, 428–430 Jephtha R. Simm's "History of Schoharie County," 1845.

lars and militia, concentrating upon him, Sir John had simply to look to the safety of his command. He retreated by a route parallel to the Mohawk River and to the south of it, passed the Oneida Castle on the creek of the same name, the present boundary between Madison and Oneida Counties, and made for Canaseraga, where he had left his *batteaux*. Meanwhile van Rensselaer had dispatched an express to Fort Schuyler or Stanwix, now Rome, ordering Captain Vrooman, with a strong detachment from the garrison, to push on ahead as quickly as possible and destroy Sir John's little flotilla. A deserter frustrated Burgoyne's last and best chance to escape. Two Oneida Indians, always unreliable in this war, revealed the approach of Sir John, and by alarming saved the forts in the Schoharie valley. And now another such chance enabled Sir John to save his boats and punish the attempt made to destroy them. One of Captain Vrooman's men fell sick, or pretended to fall sick, at Oneida Castle ("Hist. Madison Co.," 656, &c.), and was left behind. Soon after, Sir John arrived, and learned from the invalid the whole plan. Thereupon he sent forward Brant and his Indians, with a detachment of Butler's Rangers, who came upon Vrooman's detachment taking their midday meal, 23d November, 1780, and "gobbled" the whole party. Not a shot was fired, and Captain Vrooman and his men were carried off prisoners in the very boats they were dispatched to destroy.

If any reader supposes that this invasion of Sir John Johnson's was a simple predatory expedition, he has been kept in ignorance of the truth through the idiosynerasies

of American writers. It was their purpose to malign Sir John, and they have admirably succeeded in doing so. Sir John Johnson's expedition was a part of a grand strategic plan, based upon the topography of the country, which rendered certain lines of operation inevitable. Ever since the English built a fort at Oswego, as a menace to the French then in possession of Canada, this port and Niagara were bases for hostile movements against Canada. Pitt's great plan, the conquest of New France in 1759, contemplated a triple attack: down Lake Champlain, across from Oswego, and up the St. Lawrence. The Burgoyne campaign in 1777 was predicated on the same idea: Burgoyne up Champlain, St. Leger from Oswego down the Mohawk, and Howe up the Hudson. Clinton's plan for the fall of 1780 was almost identical, although everything hinged on the success of Arnold's treason and his delivering up West Point. Clinton himself was to play the part Howe should have done and ascend the Hudson. Colonel Carleton was to imitate Burgoyne on a smaller scale, and move up Champlain to attract attention in that direction; and Sir John was to repeat the St. Leger movement of 1777, and invade the Mohawk valley. Arnold's failure frustrated Clinton's movement. Carleton at best was to demonstrate, because the ambignity (or consistent self-seeking) of Vermont rendered a more numerous column unnecessary. As it was, he penetrated to the Hudson, and took Fort Anne. Haldimand's nervousness about a French attack upon Canada made him timid about detaching a sufficient force with Sir John. Moreover, the British

regulars were very unwilling to accompany this bold partisan, whose energy insured enormous hardship, labor and suffering to his followers, to which regulars, more particularly German mercenaries, were especially averse. Von Eelking informs us of this, and furthermore that a terrible mutiny came very near breaking out among the British troops under Johnson in the succeeding June, when Haldimand proposed to send Sir John on another expedition against Pittsburg. The plan of the mutineers (von Eelking, II., 197) was to fall upon the British officers in their quarters and murder them all. The complot was discovered, but it was politic to hush the whole matter up, which was accordingly done. Doubtless there was hanging or shooting and punishment enough, but it was inflicted quietly. These were the reasons that the invasion which was to have been headed by Sir John Johnson was converted into a destructive raid, and this explains why Sir John was so weak-handed that he could not dispose of van Rensselaer on Klock's Field as completely as he annihilated Brown in Stone Arabia.

Finally, to divest Sir John Johnson's expedition of the character of a mere raid, it is only necessary to compare some dates. Arnold's negotiations with Sir Henry Clinton came to a head about the middle of September. It was not settled until the 21st-22d of that month. It is not consistent with probability that Haldimand in Canada was ignorant that a combined movement was contemplated. To justify this conclusion, von Eelking states (II., 195) that three expeditions, with distant objectives, started from

Quebec about the "middle of September,"—the very time when Clinton and Arnold were concluding their bargain;—the first, under Sir John Johnson, into the Schoharie and Mohawk vallies; the second, under Major Carleton, which took Forts Anne and George, towards Albany; and the third, under Colonel Carleton, reversing the direction of the route followed by Arnold in 1775.

The time necessary to bring Sir John into middle New York, making due allowances for obstacles, was about coincident with the date calculated for the surrender of West Point. Arnold made his escape on the 25th of September. Andre was arrested on the 23d of September, and was executed on the 2d of October following. Major Carleton came up Lake Champlain, and appeared before Fort Anne on the 10th of October (Hough's "Northern Invasion," I., 43), Major Houghton (*Ibid*, 146) simultaneously fell upon the upper settlements of the Connecticut Valley; and Major Munro, a Loyalist, started with the intention—it is believed—of surprising Schenectady; but, for reasons now unknown, stopped short at Ballston, attacked this settlement on midnight of the 16th of October, and then retired, carrying off a number of prisoners. Such a coincidence of concentrating attacks from four or five different quarters by as many different routes could not have been the result of accident. Circumstances indicate that Sir Henry Clinton was first to move in force upon West Point, and make him self master of it through the treasonable dispositions of Arnold. This would have riveted the attention of the whole country. Troops would have been hurried from all

quarters towards the Highlands, and the whole territory around Albany denuded of defenders. Thus it was expected that Sir John would have solved the problem which St. Leger failed to do in 1777. Meanwhile, the Carletons, certain of the neutrality of Vermont, whose hostilities had been so effective in 1777, would have captured all the posts on the upper Hudson. In this way the great plan, which failed in 1777, was to be accomplished in 1780. Thousands of timid Loyalists would have sprung to arms to support Sir John and Clinton, and the severance of the Eastern from the Middle States completed, and perfect communication established between New York and Montreal. It would have taken but very little time for Clinton to double his force from Loyal elements along the whole course of the Hudson, as can be demonstrated from records, admissions and letters of the times. The majority of the people were tired of the war, and even Washington despaired. On the 17th October, 1780, Governor Clinton wrote to General Washington: "*This enterprise of the enemy* [Sir John Johnson] *is probably the effect of Arnold's treason.*" On the 21st of the same month General Washington, addressing the President of the Continental Congress, wrote: "*It is thought, and perhaps not without foundation, that this incursion was made* [by Sir John Johnson] *upon the supposition that Arnold's treachery had succeeded.*"

If Arnold's treason had not been discovered in time, the name of Sir John Johnson might stand to-day in history in the same class beside that of Wolfe, instead of be-

ing branded as it has been by virulence, and worse, in many cases, by direct misrepresentation.

"Success is the test of merit," said the unfortunate Rebel General Albert Sydney Johnson—"a hard rule," he added, "but a just one." It is both *hard* and UNJUST, and were courage, merit, self-devotion and exposure to suffering and peril the test, and NOT *success*, there are few men who would stand higher to-day in military annals than Sir JOHN JOHNSON.

Panics

have occurred, not only among *Militia* and *Irregulars*, but in Regular Armies, subjected, in appearance, to the highest state of discipline and the most severe of military codes. These panics are not only incomprehensible, but infinitely more disgraceful than the worst which has been attributed to Militia—even American Militia, such as the Klock's Field *toku-hoku* in 1780; the Bladensburg Races in 1814; and the dissolution of the Union forces at Bull Run I., in 1861. Nothing, however, can approach what took place in the Austrian army under Joseph II., in 1788. It almost transcends belief, and it might be deemed incredible, if it was not recorded in the following language by the veteran French Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, in his "The Present State of the Turkish Empire," translated by Lt.-Col Sir Frederick Smith, K. H., Royal British Engineers, London, 1839, pp. xx–xxiv., "Introduction."

"At Karansebes (on the Temes, 50 miles S. E. of Temesvar, just S. of the Iron Gates Pass) we are reminded of the lamentable catastrophe [Cust's Annals of the Wars," I., iv., 29–30] that befell the troops of Austria, in September, 1788, near this place, in the latter wars [1788–'90] between that power and Turkey.

"Joseph the Second afforded on this occasion a remarkable instance of the misfortunes which a monarch may bring upon his people by overrating his qualifications as a military commander; for, though personally brave, he seemed, when the lives of others depended on his decision, to be deficient in that moral courage and presence of mind which are indispensable in a general; yet he evinced great resolution, as well as indefatigable industry in conducting the civil affairs of the state, and unquestionably possessed superior talent. His political acts have been the subject of much discussion; how far they may be deserving of praise or censure this is not the place to enquire; but it is impossible to deny that the views of this monarch were directed to promoting the welfare of his country. By moving in advance of public opinion, and by promptly effecting those changes in the national institutions which the circumstances of the times seemed to demand, he nipped in the bud, so far as his own dominions were concerned, the revolutions that threatened Austria as well as the rest of Europe.

"In 1789 [1788?], Joseph, having collected together 80,000 men, for the purpose of attacking the Turks, established his camp near Karansbes. The Turks were in a position opposite to the Austrian army, and so placed as to cover the province of Wallachia. All was prepared for the attack; the generals were assembled in the tent of the Emperor to receive their orders, and everything appeared to promise success to the Austrian army: but Joseph, feeling a degree of disquietude respecting the result, asked Marshal Lascy if he felt sure of beating the enemy. The Marshal replied, as any sensible [?] man would have done, under similar circumstances, that he hoped for victory, but that he could not absolutely guarantee it. Unhappily this answer so discouraged Joseph [where were his own resolution and brains?] that he immediately abandoned the intention of attacking the Turks, and resolved to retire behind the Temes.

"The plan of retreat was arranged, and the army was formed in parallel columns, the infantry being placed in the centre, the cavalry on the flanks, and the baggage in the intervals. The Austrians commenced their march at midnight, but shortly afterwards Marshal Lascy, discovering that the order had not been issued for withdrawing the piquets of the left wing, supplied the omission, and suddenly halted the main body to wait for these detachments. [Something similar occurred on the night of 15th December, 1862, when the left wing of the Union army withdrew from before the Rebels, after the disastrous failure of the attack of the 13th, preceding.] The word of command, to 'halt,' was given and repeated in the usual manner; but, being mistaken for the word 'Allah,' which the Turks are in the habit of shouting when about to fall upon their enemies, many of the Austrian troops believed that they were attacked. This was the case with the drivers of the tumbrils, who, seized with panic, put their horses into a trot, in the hope of escaping. The infantry, supposing the noise made by these carriages to be caused by the charge of the enemy, commenced firing in all directions. The havoc they thus created in their own ranks was so great, that no less than 10,000 men are said to have been killed or wounded during the darkness of the night. At daylight the mistake was discovered, and the Austrian army then retreated to the position the Emperor had intended to take up behind the Temes. If, instead of giving way to his alarm, Joseph had attacked the enemy, it is probable that he would have obtained possession of Wallachia without losing more than 3,000 or 4,000 men. As it was, he not only lost 10,000 by the disaster above mentioned, and 20,000 by sickness, which was the consequence of a prolonged occupation of an unhealthy tract of country, but he raised the courage of the Turks, and thereby deprived his own troops of the confidence they had previously reposed both in him and in themselves."

L'Envoi.

The preceding pages are the result of a promise, made in haste and repented at leisure; but kept to the letter, as man's word of honor should be, at whatever cost it may be to him. Reflection soon led to regret that the pledge had ever been given; because, as a friend wisely observed, "the people of this country have sucked in fiction as fact with their mothers' milk, and no amount of reason could reverse the verdict of success, however obtained." No philosopher believes in the judgment of the people, so styled—the people, as usually understood, are the simple dupes and pack and prey of the bold and the designing, who possess the serpent guile of pandering to their lusts and to their passions. There is a PEOPLE, invisible but influential, running through every portion of the body politic, like the mysterious sympathetic nerve on which vitalization depends. This people is that portion of the community referred to when Elijah said, "I, even I only, am left;" and God answered that he had reserved to himself seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal nor worshipped him. Unfortunately this minority entertain opinions which, for their own preservation, discretion teaches them to keep

out of sight as much as possible. They are like the Jews of the Middle Ages, who had to conceal their riches, lest the people, so called, by violence then, by votes now, should "go for them," make a raid upon their dwellings, and "rabble" them. Once in a while a bold exponent of the ideas of the minority comes forward, like an Arnold of Brescia, a Savonarola, a Huss, a Zwingli or a Luther, and inaugurates a moral revolution, generally with fatal and terrible effect to himself: for instance, the first three were burned at the stake, and Zwingli was murdered on the battlefield. Luther, thanks to the ægis of Providence, died a natural death, but lived long enough to feel the disgust that invades the bosom of every able and true man who reaches the period when the decay of the bodily faculties—that is, of the resistive and recuperative powers—begins to quench the hopes and illusions which, with few rarely continue to exist when the downward road becomes rough and steep. The people, so styled, the masses, are to-day what they were a thousand, yes thousands of years ago, the obtuse instruments of wicked minds. "*Panem et Circenses*" (Food and Pleasure) was and is and ever will be their watchword: their bellies and their eyes; in our days, their ears. All great men see through the utter emptiness of popular applause, although few, like William III., have the cold, caustic cynicism to express the conviction publicly. When the mob received him with cheers, he simply remarked, the same class that cries "Hosanna" to-day will shout "Crucify him" to-morrow. Bold, bad men, with serpents' intellects and

oily tongues or versatile pens, like our successful politicians or popular favorites of the press, conduct or excite the "many headed" at their pleasure. The verdict of the people, "by a vast majority," recalls the anecdote of the lamented wit, Arthur Gilman, recently deceased, in regard to Colonel Yell, of Yellville, a member of one of the southwestern legislatures. The Yellville Bank had gone up suddenly, and the funds had disappeared under the receivership of the said colonel. For this the Honorable Kurnel Yell was called upon for an explanation. In a speech, as involved as one of the calculated deceptive utterances of Cromwell, the colonel furnished no clue to the disappearance of the assets of the Bank, or the particular pockets into which they had eventually found their winding way; but he covered his tracks, and awakened the enthusiasm of the Legislature and crowded galleries by a hifalutin (high-for-newton) glorification of the Stars and Stripes "that was kalkerlated to stir the heart of the most fastidious." Pronounce an oration or write a book or article thunderous with citations of the "patriot sires;" shout out or italicize "Bunker Hill! Old Put! Valley Forge! Brutal Butchers! Washington, the Father of his Country! Traitor Arnold!" and "the Captors of Andre," at judicious intervals; abuse "the mother country," multiply the virtues which do not exist in the audience, and a triumph inevitably must ensue. Endeavor honestly to tell the plain unvarnished truth, and hold the mirror up to nature, and the result is either the silence of contemptuous might or inconsequent stupidity, or a storm such as furnishes the speaker

2.8
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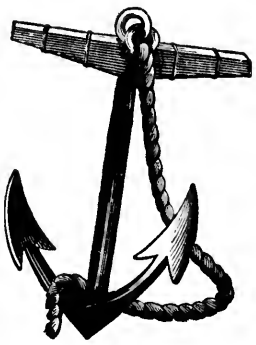
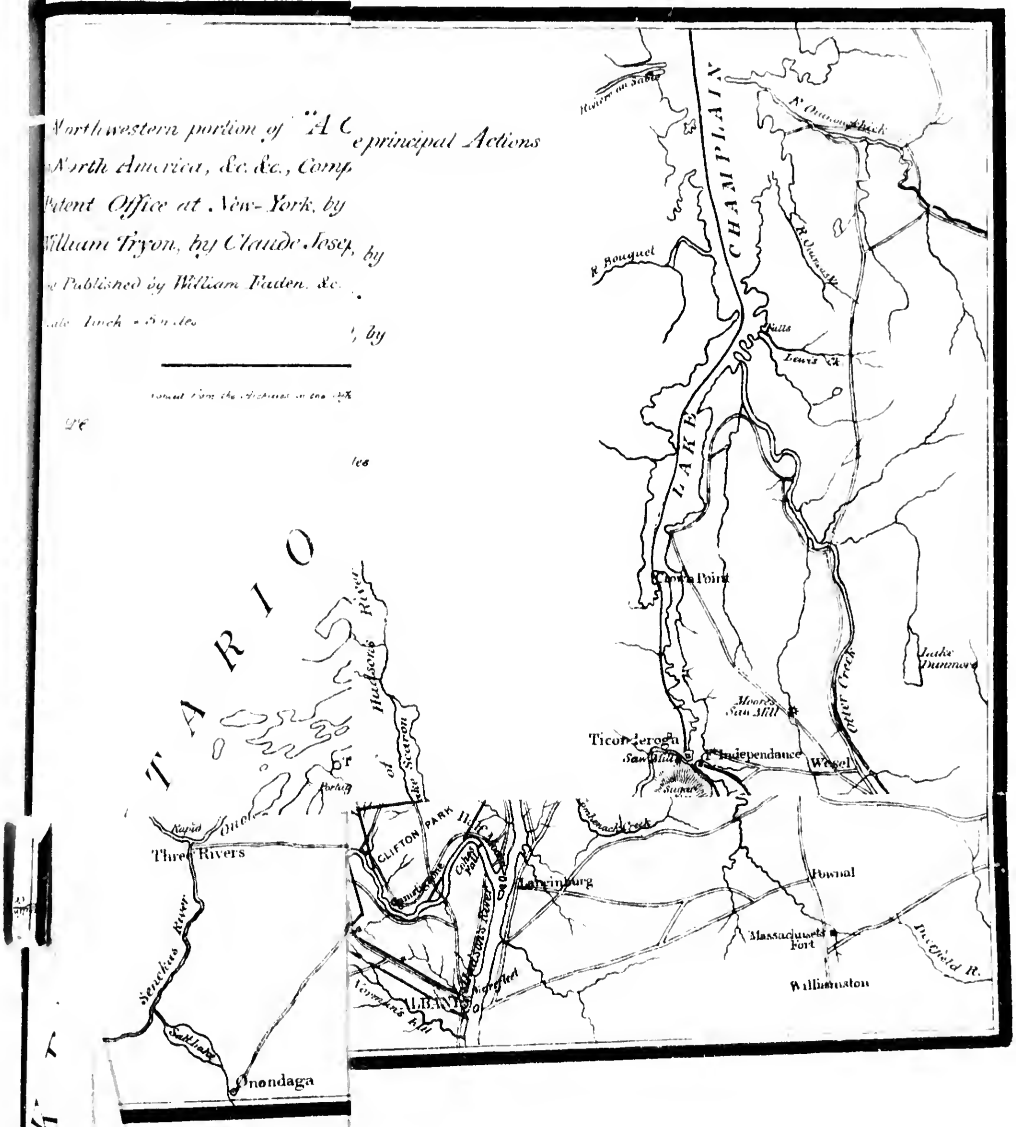
or writer with a full realization of the vulgar but expressive proverb of "having as good a chance as a specimen of the feline genus without claws in the dominion of Abaddon."

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LAKE CHAMPLAIN
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R. Bouquet
Falls
Crown Point
Ticonderoga
Ft Independance
Moores Saw Mill
Otter Creek
Lake Dunmore
TARIO
Three Rivers
Senekus River
Salt lake
Onondaga
CLIFTON PARK
Hudsons River
Lansingburg
Pownal
Massachusetts Fort
Williamston
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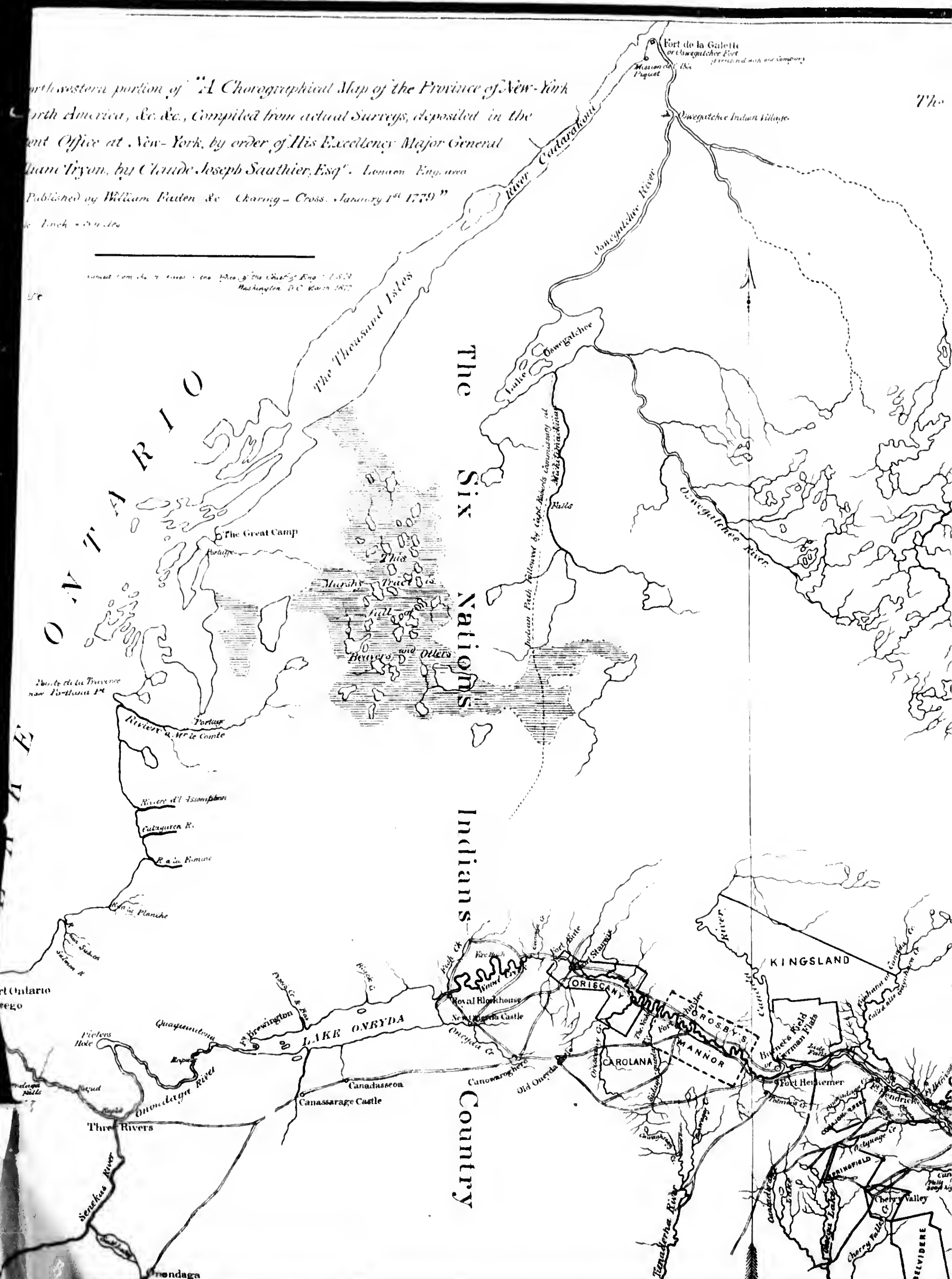
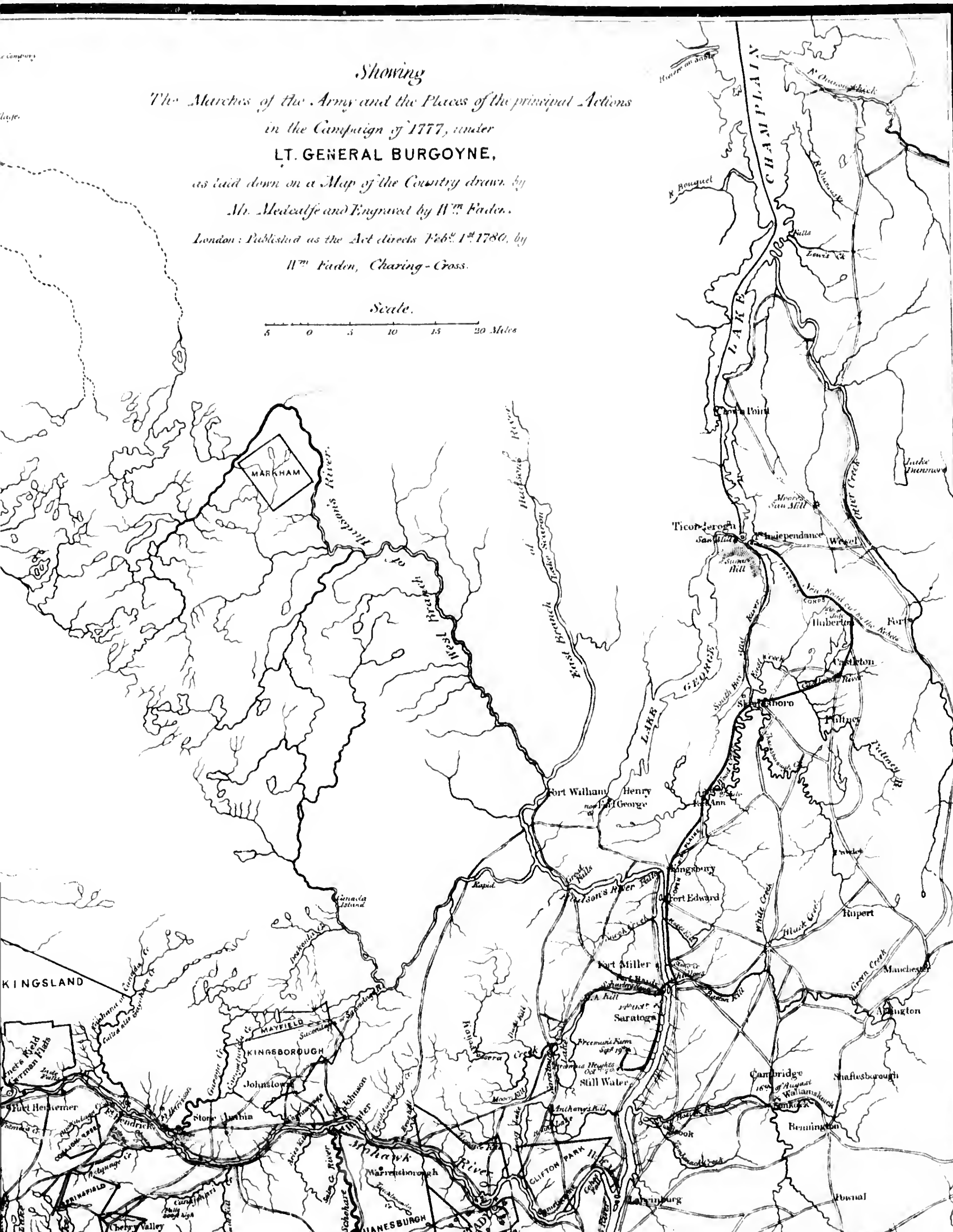


rthwestern portion of "A Chorographical Map of the Province of New-York
orth America, &c. &c., Compiled from actual Surveys, deposited in the
ent Office at New-York, by order of His Excellency Major General
liam Tryon, by Claude Joseph Sauthier, Esqr.
Published by William Faden &c. Charing - Cross. January 1st 1779"
The Six Nations Indians Country
ONTARIO
The Thousand Isles
River Cadarakoui
Fort de la Galette or Oswegatchee Fort
Oswegatchee Indian Village
Oswegatchee River
Oswegatchee
Lake Oswegatchee
The Great Camp
Portage
This Marshy Tract is full of Beavers and Otters
Falls
Riviere a Mr le Comte
Riviere d'l Assomption
R. a la Famine
R. a la Planche
Salmon R.
Fort Ontario
Oswego
Quaquendena
Three Rivers
Onondaga River
Senekas River
Onondaga
LAKE ONEYDA
Royal Blockhouse
New Oneyda Castle
Oneyda Cr.
Canowaroghere
Old Oneyda
Canadasseon
Canassarage Castle
Fort Stanwix
Wood Cr.
Fish Cr.
ORISCANY
CAROLANA
CROSBY'S MANNOR
Fort Herkemer
Burnets Field or German Flats
KINGSLAND
Canada Cr.
Tenaderha River
Cherry Valley
SPRINGFIELD
BELVIDERE


Showing
The Marches of the Army and the Places of the principal Actions
in the Campaign of 1777, under
LT. GENERAL BURGOYNE,
as laid down on a Map of the Country drawn by
Mr. Medcalfe and Engraved by Wm. Faden.
London: Published as the Act directs Feby. 1st. 1780, by
Wm. Faden, Charing-Cross.
Scale.
5 0 5 10 15 20 Miles
LAKE CHAMPLAIN
Crown Point
Ticonderoga
Independance
Mount Hope
Sugar Hill
Fort Anne
Castleton
Skenesboro
Hubberton
Pultney
Rupert
Manchester
Arlington
Cambridge
Bennington
Pownal
Williamstown
Massachusets Fort
Saratoga
Still Water
Fort Miller
Fort Edward
Kingsbury
Fort William Henry
now Fort George
LAKE GEORGE
MARKHAM
KINGSLAND
MAYFIELD
KINGSBOROUGH
Johnstown
Stone Arabia
Fort Herkimer
German Flats
Cherry Valley
BELVIDERE
Mohawk River
Warrensborough
DUANESBURGH
SCHENECTADY
CLIFTON PARK
Albany
Half Moon
Schoharie
Foxes town
Smithstown
Fountaintown
Hudson's River
West Branch
East Branch
Otter Creek
Hoosick R.
Lansingburg
Shaftsbury
Freeman's Farm Sept. 19th.
Bemus Heights Oct. 7th.
Wood Creek
White Creek
Black Creek
Poultney R.
Deerfield R.
Lake Dunmore
Moore's Saw Mill
Kayaderosseras Creek