

“The Ulster Sentinel”, Kingston, Wednesday, Jan. 31, 1827

“The Captivity of Jeremiah Snyder, and his Son, Elias, of Saugerties, Ulster County, NY, During the Revolutionary War”

The published history of that memorable contest which resulted in establishing the Independence of the United States, may be likened to the view which one takes from a lofty mount over an extensive landscape. The eye, indeed, passes successively over brooks and lawns, hills and dales, forests and edifices, yet it stops not to analyze the physical properties or particular beauties of either; and the idea conveyed to the and is that of one grand and glorious outline, without any distinct conception of the parts. But if the historian, from the very nature of his office, has thus been compelled to overlook the separate details of every incident, however interesting they may be, it is the especial province, we had almost said the duty of the antiquary, to gather up the scattered fragments and rescue them from oblivion. The spirit and the romance of story, are only to be found in the living pictures which drop from his pen. They startle by their freshness and minuteness of delineation, and the mind rises from their contemplation with deeper sensibility and a more vivid impression.

Those who have traveled northward from Kingston through the town of Saugerties by what is called the *upper road*, must doubtless have noticed the antiquated gothic edifice called the Kaatsbaan church, with the lofty range of Blue Mountains (parts of the Alleghany Chain) which towers to the skies on the left. It is under these mountains, remote from the populated districts, and on a strip of interval reclaimed from the forest, that Captain Jeremiah Snyder, with a few others, had fixed his abode before the war of 1766 broke out. His family consisted of himself, wife, and seven children, among whom was Elias, with two sisters elder, and three brothers and a sister younger. Captain Snyder who still exists in the 89th year of his age, as one of the spared monuments of a memorable era, was a whig in the fullest sense of the term; and with other worthies of that period in the sincerity of his heart, he had staked “his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor” upon the success of the cause. In the midst of discouragements and of dangers which would have appalled a heart of less firmer mould with the enemies of Liberty upon the very skirts of his homestead – he maintained the purity and consistency of his principles, and never for a moment wavered in zeal.

Some time in the year anterior to the date of the events which we propose to record, Captain Snyder with his son Elias and three others were out upon a scouting party, ransacking the neighborhood in quest of Loyalists, and dislodging them from the by-places into which they occasionally retreated. In the course of their ramble, three of the party, including Elias, were led by the diversion of shooting of wild Turkeys into a distant part of the mountain, leaving Captain Snyder with his remaining comrade, Anthony Van Schaick, to pursue their way alone. Thus separated, they moved cautiously, yet with a bold and undaunted front through the forest; but for some time no living creature crossed their path. At length, passing under the brow of a cliff, the report of musketry suddenly astounded them; and five bullets, aimed at his person penetrated the earth near Captain Snyder. He looked up, and fairly saw into the muzzles of the guns which, within deadly range, had that moment been discharged at him! The enemy d____d him and ordered him to lay down his arms; but Capt. S; preferring the chance of making his escape, hopeless as it seemed, to the doubtful elemency of a vindictive foe, moved off unhurt, though, in all, thirteen deliberate shots had been fired at him. How mysterious are the ways of Heaven, and how vain are the efforts of man against its Providence! Van Schaick, too, though stupefied at

first with the imminent danger, gradually recovered his self command, and ran from the enemy without being injured. Captain Snyder afterwards learned from an acquaintance whom they had that day taken prisoner, that on perceiving his approach with Van Schaick, the Tories had put him forward upon the cliff to ascertain who they were, and that he had, accordingly, given the information. This may account for the fact that most of the shots were fired at Captain S- they being more anxious for the capture or destruction of an officer – and especially for such a staunch officer – than for the capture or destruction of a private.

On Saturday, the 6th of May, in the year 1780, while Captain Snyder and his son, Elias, then in the 18th year of his age, were employed in cultivating a field near the homestead, the instinct of the horses then harnessed to the plough, denoted danger by wild and fearful looks; and, presently, a party of Indians and Tories, disfigured with vermillion, rushed upon them. Their situation was such at the moment of discovery, being in different parts of the field, as to expose them separately to the rapacity of the marauders, and to cut off almost the hope of escape. Bounded on three sides by forests and open only to the north, the field was invaded by them in three distinct parties, and only a passage left clear to the house; so that in the rear and on the right and left, they were completely beset by a ruthless foe. The manner and appearance of these frightful monsters indicated that their irruption was of a hostile nature; and the Captain and his son, abandoning the horses who took to their heels in wild dismay, at once sought safety flight.

But the fortune of war was against them. Six Indians in the rear, among whom were the celebrated John Runnip and Shank's Ben, raised the savage yell and pressed forward with all their might in pursuit. Elias, being nearest to them, aimed for the house, following the steps of his father about half the distance, when, seeing him suddenly turn to the right, each took a different course. On observing this, Runnip and his comrades also separated, three in pursuit of the father and three in pursuit of the son. After progressing thus in different directions for a short space, Elias discovered the cause of his father's sudden divergence in the approach of three Tories from a hill near the house; and finding himself now completely environed, he halted and was taken by a tall fellow, calling himself Hoornbeek, at the head of Ben's trio, who, being old and impaired in strength, came up last. About this time also Captain Snyder was seized by Runnip on the right of the field, having there been intercepted by a flanking party of two Indians and a Tory, who appeared to be very wroth when they saw him halt and surrender to their comrades in the rear.

This, though wholly without design, was in truth the cause of irritation and had nearly proved fatal to him. It was a rule amongst the Indians that he only who first laid hands on a prisoner, or obtained his scalp, should be entitled to the reward from the British government; and in cases where two or more came up at once and no clear right of priority could be made out, the dispute was generally terminated by slaying the prisoner. Of this rule, Captain Snyder was ignorant at the time, and in giving himself over to the party in the rear, he acted only from the impulse of the moment. But the leader of the flanking party, a villain of short stature and dark visage, whose hopes of making prize came so near being realized, constructed it in a different manner, and he was exceedingly provoked on the part of Captain Snyder. He advanced with his comrades in a threatening aspect, and struck his tomahawk into the head of the Captain, evidently intending to put him to death; but, fortunately, though it made him reel, it glanced, and left only a deep cut near the ear. He offered to repeat the blow, but Runnip parried it with his arm and broke its force, so that the head of the hatchet only touched lightly on the Captain's shoulder, commanding the savage at the same time to desist. Another attempted to pierce him

with a spear; but Runnip also put aside the weapon with his hand, and succeeded eventually in saving his life.

When the question of capture had been settled, and there was no farther occasion for remaining in the field, the parties proceeded to the house; which they found deserted by the woman and children, who, on observing what happened in the field, fled into the woods. A general sack of the premises now took place. Pork, clothing, and maple sugar were gathered together in heaps – every apartment was thoroughly searched for such things as might be of use to them in their intended operations – and at last, an attack was made upon the family chest in quest of money. They had been by some means ascertained that the Captain, a few days before, received a small sum in gold from a Tory, and one of the Indians distinctly demanded four guineas, saying he knew they were there. Captain Snyder set about unlocking the chest, to deliver them over, but the savage growling impatient, smote upon the lid with his tomahawk, and when that was open, split the till in his eagerness to obtain the coin. His estimate of the number of guineas was correct; but one of them had been laid out, another dropped among some articles in the body of the chest in the act of delivery, and his body was thus reduced to two guineas and about \$200 in Continental bills. The barn at this time being in a blaze, Captain Snyder, apprehending the destruction of the house also, begged permission to remove some things for the use of his wife and children. This was granted; and with his son he commenced carrying out the chest, bedding, and c. until one of the Indians, declaring that the indulgence had gone far enough, ordered them to desist. The building was then fired, and the wretches with the provisions and plunder set forward for the mountains. Incredible as it may appear, the ruthless scene was enacted within 400 yards of a neighboring royalist, who saw at least part of it, and who fled, not through fear or assistance, (TYPED) but that he might be beyond the hearing of any cry for help!

After going a little way into the forest, at the intercession of the Captain and Elias, the Tories were prevailed upon to release Ephraim, his youngest son, who was lame and then only nine years old, and whom the Indians, for the hopes of reward, had also captured. It may likewise be noted as a solitary instance of humanity on the part of the Tories, that in passing from the hill in pursuit of the captives, they discovered the women in the bushes, but did not offer to disturb them. Not long after, a second halt was made to divide the plunder into convenient packs and to paint the prisoners; and when this was done, the whole group moved forward in Indian style. The fellow that offered to run his spear into Captain Snyder (who had assumed the name of William van Bergen) was the pilot – next came the prisoners – and the remaining Indians and Tories brought up the rear. No packs were allotted to the captives, and Captain Snyder only carried one of the axes which they have brought from his premises. Having been taken directly from the field in their ordinary dresses, the feet of Elias soon became chafed and sore from the ground which had got into his shoes and stockings, and he traveled with considerable pain.

Not far from the spot where the packs have been made up, there is a narrow cleft or gap in the rocks up which the pilot led the way. On coming to the foot of this, he reached high and laid his gun upon a shelf or projecting ledge overhead, and then seizing upon some bushes, drew himself through the gap to a kind of platform above. Elias, being next, saw the process and made use of the same means to ascend; but his father, not having observed the manner of the Indian, attempted to climb with the axe in his hand. This caused some difficulty, until his son relieved him of the incumbrance, and the Captain then also got upon the platform. At this moment, in the presence of a single Indian whose eyes were directed towards a still higher ledge – the others below out of sight – the axe in his hand – and under the firm impression of being

murdered beyond the mountains – Elias felt a strong temptation to sacrifice the savage on the spot; but the Captain, more calm and wary, foreseeing the danger of the step, signified his dissent by a shake of the head and took away the axe.

From this spot they advanced in an oblique direction up the mountain, crossing the Cauterskill near where Palenville now stands, and passing to the south of the Pine Orchard, between two lakes, on to the east branch of the Schoharie kill. They waded breast high through both these kills and a little beyond bivouacked from the night. Labouring, as they did, under the anticipation of an early and violent death, they were relieved from great anxiety when Runnip told them that they should not be hurt if they made no attempt to escape: He said they were going to take them to Niagara – that they should be well used, so far as circumstances would permit, but death would be their lot if they attempted to escape: He would be kind to them, he said, for perhaps it might so happen that he in turn would fall into their hands.

The next morning, being Sunday, the Tories and Indians separated, the former being left at the fire in possession of the Continental bills and the two guns of which they had robbed the Captain – while the latter, with the prisoners and residue of the plunder, under the guidance of Runnip, (who now assumed the command), journeyed on to a ravine of hemlocks near the head of the Schoharie kill. Here was a depot of provisions, elevated about 10 feet from the ground on a scaffold formed by two hemlocks and a crotch, and here they remained until Tuesday morning – Monday being wet and lowery. In the course of the day, Runnip produced a bundle of papers which he had purloined from the Captain's chest, and examined them apparently with great attention. The captives, however, doubted his knowledge of letters, as he threw in the fire only the small papers and kept the large ones. Among the former were many important memoranda of military operations among the Whigs, while the latter consisted of a Lieutenant's and Captain's commissions in the service, with some deeds and other evidence of title.

On Tuesday, the 9th, at daybreak, the Indians arose and commenced storing their packs; taking down from the hemlocks Indian meal and peas, and making up a pack for each. From the time of their arrival on Sunday evening until Tuesday morning, nine hungry hogs could not have destroyed more of this farinaceous food. Van Bergen was the commissary, and he divided the luggage into eight packs, allotting one to each Indian. Runnip and Hoornbeek, the owners of the prisoners, afterwards subdivided theirs, and allotted a part to each. Captain Snyder quietly shouldered his pack without a murmur, but on being requested by Hoornbeek to feel the weight of his pack in order to judge whether he could carry it, Elias ventured to say that it was heavy, but yet believed he could carry it. "Feel then of mine," said Hoornbeek: _ Elias did so: _ "Is it heavier than yours?" _ Elias said it was; but that he was young, and his master a stronger man, and therefore could carry more. This flattering compliment to the superior strength of the Indian had the desired effect. Hoornbeek immediately emptied a full third of Elias' pack into his own.

When all things were in readiness and each man had shouldered his pack, at 8am the party set forward in Indian file, with Runnip in front; gradually ascending a lofty peak in the range of the alleghanies, on the brow of which, on the 9th of May, the snow still lay at least 4 feet deep. It was hard and compact, and bore their footsteps with only a slight imprint; and Runnip ascertained its depth by running in the spear which he now carried in the character of pilot, and which in fact was the only one in their possession. Toward sunset they reached the east branch of the Delaware and encamped for the night. Two of the Indians, John Runnip and the swarthy fellow, immediately set off in the direction of Middletown, (then called in their heavy tongue Poughatoghon), in quest of potatoes, which in their haste to abandon the country the fall previous, the settlers had left in the ground, and which were found to be still in good

preservation. Four others, with Shank's Ben at their head, proceeded a little way upstream to fell an elm for a bark canoe; while the two remaining sat upon the ground at a distance from the fire, busily employed in mending their mockasins. Under these circumstances, which seemed at least to hold out a chance of success, what lover of liberty would not think of and escape? The fire was built with long billets of wood, brightly blazing between the prisoners, and the comrades of the Indians were out of sight. Captain S. and his son sat wide apart, with the fire partly betwixt them, for they were not permitted to be in company at any time; but the two Indians sat even wider apart – one on the right of the father and the other on the left of the son, and both with their faces turned aside. The tomahawks lay on the ground about equi-distance from Elias and the Indian on his left, and the guns were stocked against a beach tree still farther from the group. We often hear of the language of the eye – of its winks and wishful gazes most aptly interpreting the sentiments of the heart – but, on this occasion, a single glance exchanged between the captives spoke volumes. Elias was about to spring for the tomahawks to commence the attack when suddenly the 4 Indians came running to the camp, and thus thwarted the design. They had evidently become aware of the imprudence of their conduct, for they now took Elias with them under pretense of assisting to fell the elm.

An Indian bark canoe is soon built. When the elm is felled and the bark ripped up to the length of the proposed vessel, the Indians remove it with the utmost care from the trunk to prevent it from bursting, and thus carry it to camp. Here, with their tomahawks, they chip off the rough outside so as to make it pliable, and then bend it over the inside out, with stays of green withes fastened to the bottom and sides in the manner of ribs to preserve the shape. A spot on each side near an end is then pared away so as to double up, and this being done, it assumes the form of a bow with a sharp point. The stern is constructed in the same manner. To prevent leakage at these doublings and at knot holes, they pound a quantity of slippery elm bark into a jelly, and caulk with it as sailors do with oakum; taking the additional precaution to lay their packs upon the knot holes, that no risk may be run of bulging out. Their paddles are split out of small white ash trees, which are chiefly used to steer; the Indians at that time seldom or never navigating in still water or against the current.

Into a canoe of this description, the eight Indians with their prisoners and baggage embarked the next day, (Wednesday), at noon; and after sailing about three miles, discovered a small timber canoe, of which, to afford more room, two Indians with their baggage took possession. They ran down the current that afternoon about 24 miles, and went ashore for the night at what was called Middagh's Place, where the Indians opened a secret depot of shelled corn, and took away well for food. The next morning, after descending the river about sixteen miles further, they reached Shehawcon, at the junction of the east and west branches of the Delaware, and at this place the canoes were abandoned. Their march on land, however, at the end of five or six miles, was arrested by the sudden illness of Runnip, who was seized with a violent fit of the fever and ague, which detained them until morning. Being then a little better, the file again moved forward and at noon, on Saturday, struck the Susquehanna about 60 miles above Tioga Point; having been eight days in traversing the distance between that river and Saugerties. This was owing in a great measure to the weight of their packs, being upon an average about 130 lbs. each, which caused the Indians to travel slow and to halt frequently for rest. Here, one of them killed a rattlesnake and brought it to Runnip. He skinned it – cleaned it – chopt it up in small pieces – made a soup of it – drank the soup and ate the flesh – and was a well man!

Having constructed another bark canoe at this spot from the rind of a large chestnut, the whole group embarked on Sunday at 9am, and by Tuesday morning floated down to Tioga Point. On their way, two Indians landed at the head of an island and shot a young elk, which afforded them a fresh meal. Leaving the canoe at Tioga Point, they proceeded along shore up the Chemung River and passed the breastwork which the Indians had thrown up the year before, to resist the invasion of Gen. Sullivan. Between this Indian breastwork and the Genesee Glatts, on Sullivan's route, a couple of mounds were discovered by the side of the path. "There lay your brothers," said Runnip in Dutch, as he passed and pointed at them. These mounds were the graves of a scout of thirty six men, belonging to Sullivan's army, which had been intercepted and killed by the Indians. A private by the name of Murphy escaped; and two officers, Lieut. Boyd and a Sargeant, after being brought before Brandt and Butler, (the leaders of the Indians), for examination, were also given over to be massacred. Somewhere in the vicinity of these mounds, they fell in with one of Sullivan's pack horses, who had probably strayed from the army and passed the noted hard winter of 1780 in the long grass on one of the Chemung flats. He was a small chunky bay, low in flesh, but apparently in good heart. They all stopped to look at him; and he in turn gave them a close survey, without manifesting any signs of fear. It was about this time that the feet of Elias became covered with large blisters, which almost prevented him from getting along' and one day; in particular, so acute were his sufferings that he had nearly given over, when, either through accident or design, the Indians halted an hour before sunset. This afforded him a seasonal relief. They perhaps observed his anguish, though he did not complain; for the Indians never stop to doctor their prisoners, having but one sovereign remedy for their maladies-the tomahawk.

Nothing material occurred after this until the Sunday following, when they arrived at the Genesee Flatts and met the first white men (Tories), John Young and Frederick Rowe, of Saugerties, on their way to the frontiers in company with Indians. Young had lived a number of years within a mile of Captain Snyder, and they had considerable conversations with each other. He enquired particularly after the health of his friends and relatives in Saugerties, the state of the war, and c. and, upon the whole was very civil and sociable. Rowe did not utter a word. At this place they waded the Genesee river up to their arm pits, halting not a moment to dry their clothes. After traveling somewhere about a dozen miles, they encamped near a brook, the sun an hour high. Not long after, a white woman, apparently between twenty and thirty years of age, with a child in her arms, approached their encampment in company with an Indian. She made enquiry in English as to the news, and interpreted the answers which Runnip gave to her companion; who did not understand English or even the dialect spoken by his red brethren in the camp. Having drawn what information she could from Runnip she turned to the prisoners and interrogated them as to the time of their capture, where they were from, and c.; always explaining the answer to her companion in language peculiar to both. She made these enquiries, she said, at his request. Of her own accord, she informed them, that she had been taken in the old French War by the Indians, and had remained with them ever since. She could not tell from whence they had taken her. The Indian with her, she said, was her husband. He was a likely fellow, apparently about thirty years of age, and spoke what the prisoners believed to be the dialect of the Senecas. From his dress and manners, which were above the ordinary savage standard, the supposed him to be a man of distinction in his own nation, in all probability a chief. With his wife and family, whatever it might be, he had passed the winter there, the woman observing that the invaders under Sullivan had not disturbed their hut. This unfortunate female had a countenance not entirely bereft of beauty. She was possessed too of considerable intelligence,

and even in her Indian mockasins, leggins, short petticoat, and blanket, bore an interesting appearance.

For three of four days they now journeyed on over a level region falling in occasionally with Indians scouts, and at length on the 24th of May, encamped on the margin of a stream estimated to be within thirty miles of Niagara. The bed of this stream being in many places shoal, Elias and the youngest Indian (a brother of Runnip), were ordered into it to drive the fish downstream, while the others, stationed on these shoals, shot and speared them as they attempted to pass. The fish thus taken were a species of sucker, some of them exceeding three feet in length, and of a thickness in proportion. They were cooked by the Indians, and at that season of the year, when the sucker is still hard, afforded an acceptable treat. The next morning a runner was dispatched to the fort at Niagara to give notice of their approach, and, probably, to receive orders as to the bringing in of the prisoners. As they were preparing to move, a Seneca, apparently of some distinction, approached, and having spoken a few words to Runnip, came up to Captain Snyder and took hold of his coat. On observing this, Runnip requested him in Dutch to pull it off and give it to the savage; which being done, the latter slung it on his arm and went away. Not long after, while on the march, they met a gang of Indians and Squaws bound to the Genesee Flatts to plants, and the squaws in passing robbed them of their hats. This day, they also met with two squaws, (one of them a sister of Runnip), on their way from Niagara, who joined company and turned back. Great joy was manifested by Runnip and his sister on occasion of their meeting, and the ladies even extended their goodwill to the prisoners, whom they cordially shook by the hand. In fact, at that time, this friendly custom was carried by the Indians to a degree unknown among the whites. Throughout the whole journey whenever they encountered an Indian scout, the ceremony of shaking hands even with the prisoners was scrupulously observed.

Finally, on the morning of the 26th, after passing the night within four or five miles of the fort, the line of march was resumed for the last. At the end of two miles they met the runner on his way from the fort, and some conversation having passed between him and Runnip, he turned back; while Runnip, at the head of the party, left the path and for a mile at least kept diverging in the direction of Niagara river. At this point they were again encountered by the runner, in company with four or five white men, (one of whom appeared to be an officer), and served Indians all unarmed. Under the protection of these and the party of Runnip, Captain Snyder and his son were conducted to the fort, passing through an encampment of several thousands of Indians, whose cabins extended more than half a mile in length. This was called running the gauntlet, which had proved fatal to some defenseless captives. There was no danger of being injured by the warriors, for these were above such mean revenge; but the young Indians and squaws, armed with clubs, took especial delight in beating out the brains of Whigs, against whom they were greatly exasperated, since Sullivan's expedition. The Captain and his son, however, were so closely encircled by their conductors that the wretches could not get at them, and, moving very rapidly, they soon entered the gate of the fort beyond the reach of harm. And thus, after performing a circuitous Indian journey through the wilderness, of probably more than 500 miles, they were at length brought within the grand rendezvous of King George's allies, bareheaded, and the Captain without his coat. And it is a signal proof of the interposition of Providence in their behalf, that after having waded through creeks and rivers up to their armpits at an inclement season – after being exposed nightly to the cold damp of the atmosphere – and enduring more hardships than flesh is commonly heir to – they preserved their health unimpaired. Before proceeding any farther, it may be proper in this place to suspend the

narrative, for the purpose of noting a few abstract particulars which did not naturally fall in with the chain of events.

Their manner of sleeping, while in possession of prisoners, was common to the aborigines in most parts of the country, and varied in nothing from that described in *The Notes on Kentucky*. A long cord, after being passed at the middle around the arms of the captives and knotted on the back, was extended on each side of them to the full length and the ends fastened to a stake in the ground. On the cord the Indians spread their blankets and slept. The captives, when the materials were at hand, generally formed a bed of hemlock branches, and then lay down on their blankets. In rainy weather, of which, luckily, they had but one day, (at the head of the Schoharie kill), they built a little scaffolding of hemlock and slept under that, but the Indians always slept by the side of his prize. With respect to diet, we need hardly mention that every Indian had a small brass kettle, with a common right to cook in a large one which belonged to the company. Van Bergen, being the eldest but one, (Shank's Ben), performed the part of cook, and with a wooden ladle, parceled out to each Indian his mess in the small kettles, leaving the portion of the prisoners in the large one. He always gave them a liberal share. Their meals consisted for the most part of suppaan, boiled peas, and a small quantity of pork which they had rifled from Captain Snyder's premises. Of game they tasted very little, except the flesh of the young elk shot on an island in the Susquehanna, and part of a deer which had been left by the wolves on the bank of the east bank of the Delaware. They also killed muskrats, but these 'small deer' an Indian stomach only could digest. Though salt was not relished by them, they had providently brought some for the use of the prisoners.

The short dark-visaged Indian, who tomahawked the Captain, shaved him regularly twice a week, and acted the tonsor with tolerable expertness. He never spoke of, or appeared to notice, the wound in his head. The prisoners were painted on the first and second days of their capture and then not again until they reached the Susquehanna; after which they were painted by their masters every morning. To give the eyes a fiery cast, they sometimes injected the mixture into them, which, though disagreeable, was not painful. They conversed, what little they did, with Runnip, in broken Dutch; but were generally silent on the march. On the way to Niagara, Runnip frequently declared that they were going shortly after prisoners of a higher rank; they were going to Shawangunk for the Jansens, one of whom, he said, was a Colonel and the other a Major. Captain Snyder and his son afterwards learnt from some prisoners who were brought out in July, that they had met Runnip and his party in the Genesee country, on their way to Shawangunk. This Runnip, though an Indian, had one or two manly traits in his character. Among these last named prisoners were Peter Short, and his son-in-law, Peter Miller, of Woodstock. They were under the sole guidance of Tories, and the dastardly villains had painted short black; which was a sign among the Indians that anyone might put him to death. Runnip spoke shame of it to his white allies – said he had carried Capt. Snyder and his son in safe without treating them in that manner; and bad Short go and wash his face. This saved his life; for with a blackened visage, the Indians and Squaws would have beat out his brains.

A year afterwards, Captain Snyder and his son were informed, in Canada, by Captain Anthony Abeel, of Catskill, of the result of Runnip's expedition to Shawangunk; Capt. Abeel had it from the lips of Shank's Ben himself. He said they had not succeeded in taking the Jansens, but had got their negroes; that the negroes subsequently rose upon them in the wilderness and killed some of the party. It is probable that Runnip lost his life on this occasion. The negroes were never heard of, and it is supposed that being lost in the forest, they perished through want. On meeting each other in the wilderness, the Indians had a peculiar manner of

signifying their good or ill fortune by yelling. The prisoner yell was long and loud, to the full length of the breath, ending with a shrill whoop; the scalp yell was short and abrupt; and the number of these yells corresponded with the number of prisoners or scalps. If two parties came suddenly upon each other without having been previously seen, as was often the case in thickets, not a word was spoken, and they passed apparently without noticing each other; but when they had got at a proper distance apart, those in possession of prisoners or scalps gave the prescribed yells. The Indians never enquired after, nor even thought perhaps, of the gash in the Captain's head. He cured it himself by bathing it daily with his own urine. We now again return to the narrative.

Fort Niagara was at that period a structure of considerable magnitude and great strength, having been erected by the French at an early period of their sway in the Canadas, and being still garrisoned by the British as one of their strongest holds in the west. It stands upon a tongue of land jutting into lake Ontario, with the Niagara river on one side, a cove on the other, and high inaccessible cliffs, fronting the lake, on the third. On the land side it is, or was, protected by a breastwork fifteen feet high; built of timber or stone and covered with turf. It included an area of from six to eight acres. Within its enclosure, the British had erected a handsome edifice of timber for the accommodation of the Head of their Indian Department, and this edifice was now occupied in that character by Col. Guy Johnson, a native of Ireland, and son-in-law of the famous Sir William Johnson, of Johnstown. On the porch or stoop in front of the house, Capt. S. and his son were seated, with the Indians on the right and left; and presently Col. Johnson made his appearance. He was a short puffy man, about 40 years of age – of a stern countenance and haughty demeanor – dressed in British uniform, with powdered locks, cocked hat, and sword by his side. His voice was harsh with a touch of the brogue. He immediately ordered a white flag to be hoisted, as a signal to one Col. Butler, who with a regiment of Rangers lay encamped on the opposite shore; and in the meanwhile directed a servant to treat the newcomers with a glass of rum, which in proof of the Colonel's gentility, was served out to the Indians first. Soon after, Butler came over with two of his subalterns and joined the Colonel on the stoop. He was a native of Connecticut, tall and portly, dressed in green uniform, and apparently about 50 years of age.

The weather being warm and pleasant, when Johnson and Butler, with the two subalterns, had seated themselves on chairs opposite to the prisoners and Indians, Runnipp delivered the papers to Colonel Johnson, and gave a succinct account of the captives and of the place where they were taken. The papers were successively examined by the officers and then laid aside. Johnson then inquired, what news on the frontiers? – and Runnipp, being spokesman, replied that the British fleet had ascended Hudson's River as high up as Kingston; that he and his comrades had been down to the Point, and witnessed the fact. Turning to Capt. Snyder, Johnson continued – “Do you know anything about it?” – Deeming it imprudent to contradict the Indian, Captain Snyder answered, “It may be so, but we do not know.”

Question: by one of the subalterns: – “Is Charleston taken?”

Answer: – “It was besieged, but we cannot say whether it was taken or not.”

Question by Johnson: – “What is the strength of the Rebel army under Washington?”

Answer: – “We cannot tell.”

“Do the rebels still keep up their spirits?”

Answer: – “As far as we know, they do.”

“How are the times?”

Answer: - "Not very encouraging."

Question by the same subaltern: - "Is West-Point called Fort Defiance?"

Answer: - "We never heard it called so."

Subaltern: - "It is called so, and you ought to know it."

Captain Snyder, however, not having before heard of such an absurdity, persisted in declaring that he was ignorant of it. The haughty subaltern appeared to construe this naming of an American fortress, which some story-teller had blown into his ears, as a kind of challenge to the royal army.

Runnip now rose and gave a speech in his native tongue of some 10 or 15 minutes, which a Stockbridge Indian, apparently well-educated, rendered fluently into English. The substance of the speech, so far as the Captain and his son could gather the purport of it, was this. "The quarrel is between you and them, and we expect to be well rewarded for what we have done." Johnson answered that he was willing to reward them, and that they should be rewarded with rum, provisions, and corn; but that they must not give any to the Indians around the fort. He said these have already been furnished and ordered to the Genesee Flats to plant, but that many of them, through laziness or dislike, went a little way, got drunk, and returned. It may here be observed, that the tribes on the Genesee Flatts, commonly called the Five Nations, after their plantations had been destroyed the year previous by General Sullivan, retreated to the vicinity of Fort Niagara, and were there maintained during the winter by the British government.

To complete the negotiation which the occasion produced, Runnip next took Captain Snyder by the hand, and leading him up to Col. Johnson, delivered him over to the officer, who, in token of acceptance, received his hand. The same ceremony was observed with Elias, whom Runnip transferred into the custody of Butler. A messenger was thereupon dispatched to the guard-house, and presently, an escort of regulars advanced to the stoop; who, taking possession of the Captain and his son, conducted them into the guard-house on the stoop of the wall, where they were confined for a week. On the third day, a Tory Sergeant by the name of Rowe, attached to Butler's corps, paid them a visit. He had been bred within a short distance of the Captain's residence in Saugerties, and called to make inquiry concerning his relatives and acquaintances in that neighbourhood. He was civil, and appeared to commiserate their condition; but they were not allowed to have any private conversation - every word was spoken loud and in the hearing of the sergeant of the guard. About this time they were each presented with a frock coat of coarse Indian cloth.

While in the guard-house they were honored with a few visits from the celebrated Brandt. He was a likely fellow, of a fierce aspect - tall and rather spare - well spoken - and apparently about thirty years of age. He wore moccasins elegantly trimmed with beads - leggings and breech-cloth of superfine blue - short green coat with two silver epaulettes - and a small, laced, round hat. By his side hung an elegant silver - mounted cutlass, and his blanket of blue cloth, purposely dropped in the chair on which he sat to display his epaulettes, was gorgeously decorated with a border of red. Brandt's language was very insulting. He asked many questions, and among others, from whence they came? - and when Captain Snyder answered from Esopus - "That," said he, "is my fighting ground." Upon the whole, they were induced to form a very unfavorable opinion of this infamous Indian warrior; - more especially, when near the close of the interview, he addressed himself to Elias and said - "You are young, and you I pity; but for that old villain there," pointing to the Captain, "I have no pity." This fellow, as some have supposed, was not a half-breed.

At the end of the week, they were removed across the river, and with Michael Vreeland, formerly of New Jersey, James Butler, of Philadelphia, and an Irishman by the name of Gilfallen, were put into the hold of a 12-gun vessel on lake Ontario. Sergeant Rowe here repeated his visit, and presented the Captain and his son with second-hand hats; while a humane loyalist by the name of Birch, who had lived on the east branch of the Delaware, generously offered to supply their wants. He had been well acquainted with Benjamin Snyder, brother of the captain, and in remembrance of the friendship which once subsisted between them, he seemed anxious to requite it by kindness to his relatives in distress. Capt. Snyder, however, overcome by such unexpected liberality in a land of ruffians, did not venture to designate any particular favour; and Mr. Birch thereupon sent him about seven pounds of brown sugar and a pound of tea.

In the afternoon of Friday, June 2, the vessel got under way, and when off from the wharf, the prisoners were permitted to come upon deck. On Sunday afternoon, the 4th, they were put ashore on Carleton Island at the foot of the lake. The officers and crew, being loyal Canadians, fired a salute of 12 guns in honor of the king's birthday.

In a small fortress on Carleton Island, which served as a depot in the great chain of communication between Montreal and Niagara, they were confined about three days - the weather being rainy and foggy most of the time. They were then transferred to batteaux, and sent off for under a guard of Tories from Sir John Johnson's first battalion. On their way down the St. Lawrence, they came to a Ogdensburgh, (then called Oswegatchie), and received on board a female prisoner in a most delicate situation, with five deserters from the American army who had belonged to Van Schaick's regiment, and who had narrowly escaped capture by the Oneida Indians, (friends of the Whigs), at Canada creek. The parting between this unfortunate female and her husband, who for some cause was detained a prisoner at Ogdensburgh by his Indian captor, exhibited a heart-rending scene. He followed her down to the batteaux in a paroxysm of grief, and both bade adieu in a flood of tears. At Cote du lac, about 40 miles above Montreal, they were landed and confined in the guard-house for an hour; Sir John's men probably having some business to transact on shore. Here, an Irish soldier called to inquire whether there were any of his countrymen among them? - and on being introduced to Gilfallen as a person of that description, he cursed him at around rate for rebelling against "His Majesty," and went away. In a few moments the son of St. Patrick returned, and presented his "traitor countryman" with a great big piece of bread and butter. Re-embarking, the batteaux-men ran down the current with nothing material to obstruct their progress, and on the morning of the 12th, reached la chine. From hence the prisoners were escorted on foot to Montreal, distant about nine miles, and by noon had quarters assigned them by the Prevot. The poor female, after enduring more in her precarious situation than it is possible to conceive, was liberated soon after their arrival, and it is hoped, for humanity's sake, suitably provided for. Captain Snyder and his son did not learn her destiny.

And what is a British Prevot? - Ah, the soldier of the Revolution can tell to his sorrow. It is a pesthouse - a place of torture - filled with noisome odours and all degrees of suffering - in a word, it is a hell upon earth. The Prevot at Montreal was a large dismal - looking edifice of stone, fitted with gratd windows, and serving as a place for confinement for American prisoners as well as for criminals of every description. Into a room, about 20 feet long by 16 in breadth, in the second story, 40 American prisoners, or Yankees as the enemy called them, were closely shut up until August; and their sleeping apartment, if it were not a mockery so to term it, was of still smaller dimensions. It was an entry or gangway, about 16 feet by 8 in breadth, and in this the 40 sufferers were nightly stowed with their heads to the wall, forming thus a double of twenty each,

with just space enough betwixt t their feet for the guard to pass on his tour of inspection at 9 o'clock. Occasionally, when these miserable apartments were crowded with prisoners even to the number of 50, they were relieved from the pressure by sending off to Quebec some of those who had been longest confined. But it was the good or ill fortune of Captain Snyder and his son not to be sent off at all. The master of the Prevot, a man by the name of Jones, who had married his wife in Albany, used his influence so as to leave this matter entirely at their option, and they preferred remaining under his care. Justice requires it to be added, uniformly manifested humane disposition toward them, and treated them with as much kindness as circumstances would permit.

About the first of August, the prisoners, with a few exception, were taken before General McClean, and elderly Scotchman then commanding at Montreal. The General was a gentleman of mild manners, and used them with the gallantry due from an officer, who had the honor of the victory over our lamented Montgomery. Those who could produce recommendations from loyalist for their good behaviour, were delivered over to Sir William Grant, a Paymaster in the British army, who had married a Canadian lady of great fortune, and when then engaged in building mills on an island at the lower end of the city. But Captain Snyder and his son had none to recommend them; and though, with a disposition to do them kindness, General McClean sent to Butler, (then on visit from Niagara), to gather something favourable in their conduct, that officer returned for answer that he could say nothing for them. In the end, however, the General, taking it for granted that the father would not desert the son, sent away the Captain to labour on the island, while Elias, in pledge of his fidelity, was remanded to the Prevot. The prisoners in the employ of Sir W. Grant, were occupied chiefly in blasting rocks and carrying the hod; and were compensated for their labour in solid coin at the rate of \$5 per month. Captain Snyder, however, being expert in the use of tools, was frequently taken from boring rocks and set to work at the carpenter's bench; and at the end of ten days had so far ingratiated himself into the favour of Sir William, that by his influence Elias was also liberated.

On the night of the 8th October, six of the prisoners under the care of Sir William deserted; and the consequence was that the next day the remainder were all again confined in the Prevot. And here they remained, without stockings, two thirds of the time under guard of a cruel Hessian Sergeant and 24 men, who beat the prisoners with their swords, until the 13th of June following. Somewhere about the latter end of October, Sir Willeam Grant, being still indebted to many of the prisoners for labour, called at the Prevot, and, to his singular honor, paid them their dues in coin. This was followed by an incident of a less agreeable nature. In the height of the winter, several Caughnawaga Indians, then in the service of the British, came to Montreal for a frolic, or, as it is termed in the Indian tongue, a kintekoy. On their way home to their village in the evening, they were met by a couple of Canadians, who not turning out into the snow as far as seemed right to these drunken lords, were instantly attacked, and one of them killed on the spot. The survivor, though wounded, returned to the city; and having entered his complaint to the proper authority, some of the same tribe who had lingered behind were sent in pursuit of the aggressor, and he was brought in that night. What preliminary steps were taken in the matter is not known, but about 11 o'clock a great noise was heard on the stairway, and the door of the prisoners being presently unlocked, this ruthless savage, handcuffed and fettered, was pushed into their room. "Me Yankee," exclaimed the wretch with a satanic grin as he entered the apartment. When the guard had departed, a prisoner, by the name of Brown, whose father had been murdered by the Indians at Harpersfield, proposed taking his life, provided his comrades would not expose him. They all pledged their word to keep it a secret excepting to Hausons

from the Mohawk; who declared their determination to the contrary. This saved the Indian's life. The next day his irons were taken off, and the villain, to the great satisfaction of the prisoners, was removed. What became of him afterwards, they never could learn, but it was rumoured that he got clear.

We may here mention, that during their first confinement in the Prevot, the allowance given them for their weekly support fell short. This allowance consisted of salt beef and pork, peas and oatmeal for soup, with three pints of spruce beer a day. It was drawn every Monday, but so stinted in quantity, as only to serve with the utmost economy for five days out of seven - two days out of the week they were wholly destitute. They were, of course, obliged to cook their own victuals, and that, too, in the guard room below at a single fire. The Hessians were crabbed and frequently drove them away, but as Captain Snyder and his son had informed them that they were of German extraction, and moreover, spoke a little High Dutch, they were treated with some indulgence. It was an invariable rule amongst them to sit down every day after dinner and clear themselves of vermin, wherewith the Prevot swarmed; with the exception of this disgusting diversion, their time was mostly spent in cards. The money received from Sir William Grant enabled them to purchase a little tea and sugar. The scalp yell frequently saluted their ears in Montreal, and they saw Indians coming in with these trophies of barbarity; men, women, and children, old and young, arranged on poles in regular order.

On the 13th of June, Col. James Gordon, of Ballston, was brought in a prisoner with others, having been taken by the Indians on an irruption into that place. Through his influence, Captain Snyder and his son - Captain David Abeel and his son Anthony, of Catskill, (who had arrived at the Prevot in May previous), - with several others, were liberated on written parole and billeted among the Canadians on the Isle Jesu, 16 or 18 miles above Montreal. Here they were not treated well, but rather better than in the Prevot. The women were filthy and crabbed, and strove to hinder them from making tea. In August, Captain Abeel, being over 50, was sent home under a guard, as it was not customary to detain old men, women, and children; the scalps of these being only desirable. About this time, Captain Drake, of Fishkill, proposed making Elias do the duty of waiter; but the latter, having signed his parole with as much solemnity as the best of them, resisted the proposal on the score of equality, and it was thereupon given up. In October, the well known Captain Wood, or Joshen, sole survivor of the massacre at Minisink, joined them. On the 1st of December, they were all, (21 in number), restricted to one house with orders not to leave it. This was attributed to the arrival of Sir John's Battalion, who took up their winter quarters on the island, and it is presumed could not brook the idea of rebels going at large. In three days, however, they were allowed more liberty; but it was not until Christmas that they first began to taste the blessings of good treatment and cleanliness. The isle of Jesu is about 40 miles long by 8 or 9 wide and they were now billeted among the Canadians at St. Rosa's, about the centre of the isle. Captain Snyder and his son lived by themselves in one family, and for the first had the comfort and convenience of a separate bedroom. The master of the house, an aged man, heated his stove night and day, and the door of their bedroom being left open, it so warmed the apartment as to make it quite comfortable. While here, they were presented with a role of cloth, called London Brown, which, it was said, had been sent out by the Quakers of that cit. One of the prisoners, a tailor by the name of Davis, cut it tout, and Captain Snyder, (being ingenious at anything), made up clothes for himself and son after a fashion. In the course of the summer, by assisting in the construction of a couple of houses and by labouring among the farmers, they earned a little money for the purchase of comforts; but the winter was chiefly spent in visiting and cards. One Connolly, an Irishman, who had been imprisoned some time with

them in the Prevot for desertion, on being released stole Pliny's Epistles and presented them to Elias. These were their only source of intellectual amusement. One of the volumes is still in the possession of Mr. Snyder; the other was given by him to James Butler, who carried it to Philadelphia.

Nothing worthy of note, excepting what had just been recorded, occurred until the month of May, 1782, when growing tired of confinement, they began to speak of making their escape. Captain Snyder, in the beginning, strenuously opposed the design on the ground of an unwillingness to violate his parole; but when it was urged that the imprisonment of three days in December had virtually absolved them from the obligation, and Elias super added that he would desert at all events unoccupied by his father, the Captain gradually gave way and yielded his assent. From this time preparations were privately made for carrying it into effect. Young Snyder and Butler, having credit with the merchants, bought leather for mockasins; and a few days before they started, the Captains Snyder and Phillips, (from Juniata, Penn.), procured a passport for Montreal, from the officer of the beat in which they were billeted. While there, watching an opportunity, they entered a shop tended by a boy and purchased three pocket compass as matter of curiosity, pretending ignorance of their use. We must not forget to mention, however, that they celebrated the Declaration of their country's Independence. By contributing a small sum, for gallons of wine, two of rum, with a quantum sufficit of loaf sugar were purchased: - and there, at the lodgings of Captain Snyder - in the heart of the enemy's country - we had almost said with the bayonet at their breasts and the tomahawks over their heads - did 20 faithful Whigs commemorate the 4th of July!

The 10th of September, since made memorable by the victory on lake Erie, was the day fixed upon for the important attempt. On the eve of that day, while at supper with the family, Elias rose from the table, and going into a law structure near the house used as a cellar, he took from thence three large loaves of bread and hid them under a hovel behind the barn. Then returning to the house, the Captain also rose and went into the same cellar for pork, which was also deposited in the same place. Both father and son were now again seated in the supper room; but no sooner had the pious Canadians commenced vespers, then they retired to their apartments as if for rest, and throwing their packs out of the window, sprang through in turn. It required no great space of time, as we may well imagine, to gather up the provisions under the hovel; and then joining their comrades, Jonathan Millett, of Stonington, Anthony Abeel of Catskill, and James Butler, of Philadelphia, at a concerted point, the five adventures set forward for the lower part of the isle.

September 10. - 10pm, a rainy night. Two small boats were found at the end of the isle, and these being lashed together for the greater safety, they embarked with paddles previously provided and shoved off. About three miles below there was a rapids to pass, and the danger of the attempt in a dark night, almost discouraged them. At length it was determined to land Captain Snyder and Abeel with Millett and the baggage to pass down by land on the Montreal shore; while young Snyder and Butler, having separated the boats, were to navigate them down as well as they could, and God willing, meet the others at the foot of the rapid. Fortunately, they succeeded in passing without accident; - but having run rather lower down than was anticipated, they missed their comrades and spent the greater part of the night in search of them. At day break they landed on a small desert island, about three miles below the rapid, and ten below Montreal. Here the boats were drawn up into the long grass, and as it cleared off cold, wind N.W., they lay all day in their wet clothes very uncomfortably. But there was no alternative: the Canadian boatmen passed so near that they frequently saw them and heard them converse. At

dusk they again betook themselves to the boats, and crossing the St. Lawrence at Point au Tremble, by daybreak came in sight of the settlements on the river Chambly. In the course of the night, while traversing the eastern shore of the St. Lawrence, it being very dark, they came so near running foul of a Hessian boat, that the rattling of the muskets and the conversation of these foreigners was distinctly heard, as they passed in or out of their boat. Near Chambly, they lay all day in an old hedge. At sunset, part went up the river and part down in quest of vessels to transport themselves across, and each had the luck to find a canoe. That found by young Snyder and Butler was thereupon sent adrift, the other being large enough to accommodate them all; but afterwards, when too late, it was discovered that the two axes which they had brought with them from St. Rosa's, and which were the only weapons of consequence in their possession, had gone down the Chambly in the drifting canoe. After crossing the Chambly, they went a little way and lay down for the night.

Note. - An error occurred in a part of the narrative inserted in our last week's paper. In describing the sleeping apartments of the prisoners in the prevot, it would appear that they all occupied the gangway or entry; which was not so. The double column of 20 each lay in the room and it was there that a small passage was left between "the soles of their feet for the guard to pass. Several who were crowded out, slept in the gangway.

Conceiving themselves now beyond the reach of immediate danger, they commenced traveling by daylight, passing around the Canadian settlements with one exception, through which they badly marched armed with clubs. At dusk they arrived in the vicinity of a British block-house on Mississque River. Concealing themselves until all was quiet in the block-house, they made a raft and passed over. The opposite shore being rocky and thickly lined with spruce, it was found difficult to move, and, therefore, of necessity, they bivouacked within hearing of the fortress, piling up brush in front to screen their fire from the eyes of the garrison. Their clothes were wet, and they passed rather and uncomfortable night. At the firing of the morning gun they resumed their march, and soon entered upon an extensive tract of drowned land, covered with tamarack and a thick coat of underbrush which ore their trousers into slits. It was perfectly level as far as could be seen. The soil appeared to be of the nature of a soft spongy moss, saturated with water unfit for use. For two days they struggled though this heavy tract, suffering much on account of thirst, and at length arrived upon more solid footing. Between this tract and lake Magog the country assumed a more agreeable aspect, being variegated with uplands and cedar swamps. In these swamps, which were difficult to traverse, the setting sun sometimes compelled them to encamp. One night, Captain Abeel happening to wake, heard what he supposed was the yelling of Indians denoting to each other that they had made a discovery. Instantly arousing his comrades, the fire was quickly covered and each retreated separately into the brush. Every ear was now open to listen - the yell was repeated - when to their great joy it was ascertained to be no other than the hooting of a solitary owl.

In four or five days after leaving the drowned lands, they reached the shore of lake Magog. Here the majority were for keeping their course along the gravelly beach, but Captain Snyder remonstrated against it, alleging that for fear of Indians who generally frequented such places, it would be more prudent to remain in the woods; but he was overruled, and from 10 till 3 they traveled along the beach. On coming to a brook which ran down into the lake, they halted to drink. Captain Abeel, being in the rear, looked over the heads of his comrades and observed in a low tone "there are Indians." In the distance they now espied the smoke of an Indian hut, and two dogs approaching them, which, to their great wonder, did not bark. Signs like these are not to be trifled with. The alarm was at once taken. Each man exerted his utmost to reach the

uplands, climbing an almost inaccessible declivity, and halting not to reconnoitre until they had gained the summit. All was quiet, and not the least symptom of a tawny skin appeared in pursuit. For the greater safety, however, they kept at a distance of 25 feet apart, and traveling on till sunset, they lay down precisely in the same manner during the night. Captain Snyder afterwards learned that the Indians of this hut had in the forenoon of the same day, gone in pursuit of Capt. Phillips of Juniata, who with one Roberts fled from St. Rosa's in the afternoon as Captain Snyder and his party fled at night. They had no doubt, however, but that at least one Indian still occupied the hut, as otherwise, in all probability, no smoke or dogs would have been seen.

They were now nearly out of provisions and began to suffer, living four days almost entirely upon spignet, until they reached the Connecticut river, about thirty miles above the upper Cahoos. Here, at a fire, Elias found the thigh bone of a moose stripped of all but the sinews which had been left there the night previous by the Indians or hunters. He burned the bone and sinews, and ate of them for two days, wearing the bone in his pocket. After journeying for some distance along the right bank of the river, it was resolved to cross, for the sake of avoiding the troubled State of Vermont, and to arrive the sooner at the inhabited districts. The day after reaching it, they caught a few trout, and young Snyder plunging in with his pack and an angling rod, attempted to swim over, but his strength failing when nearly across, he went down and would have been lost, had not a sudden effort brought him forward and enabled him to wade ashore. For some time he lay upon the bank completely exhausted, and this essay so discouraged the others that they felt no inclination to follow his example. Not far below, however, a more favourable opportunity offering, they also came across. Soon after, they were gratified with the first symptoms of civilization - a new field covered with blackberries, of which they halted to partake; and about two miles beyond they fell in with a log hut, the owner of which was a at work in a field. Captain Snyder and Abeel went towards him to inquire for provisions, but in the meanwhile the others had entered his castle and helped themselves to the only article of food the poor backwoodsman had, towit, part of a loaf of bread. Coming in with the two Captains a little after, he made search for his bread where it had lain on a shelf fastened up to the beam; and when he learnt what had become of it, the good man showed no sign of displeasure but said they were welcome. The same evening they went on about a mile to the house of one Williams, whose family generously gave up to them their supper of moose pie and hasty pudding. Here they remained all night, and in the evening several of the neighbors came in with a magistrate by the name of Ames, who, after examining them furnished Captain Snyder with a passport for himself and comrades to the Head Quarters of General Bailey at the lower Cahoos. They were now in New - Hampshire, among a very humane and generous people, who liberally supplied their want; but such was the keenness of their appetites after enduring extreme hunger a few days previous, that they generally ate 6 meals a day of light food, and, in consequence, made slow progress. He ordered shoes to be made for them, and a air to be mended. With him they remained two days, when Captain Snyder, being furnished with a horse by the General, separated from his companions, and made the best of his way home through Massachusetts and Connecticut, crossing Hudson's river at Poughkeepsie. The others passed through Sunderland and Pittsfield, and crossed the Hudson at Kinderhook. Captain Snyder arrived home first, and found his family and relatives all living and in good health. The joy of their meeting we shall not attempt to describe.

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