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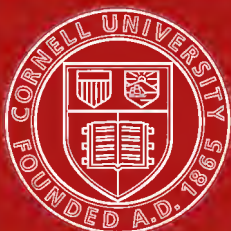
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Life and adventures of Timothy Murphy, t



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PRICE FIFTY CENTS

LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
TIMOTHY MURPHY  
THE  
BENEFACTOR OF SCHOHARIE



His History from the Commencement of the Revolution — Rencontres with the Indians — The Siege of the Three Forts, and the Preservation, by His Unparalleled Courage, of all their Inmates — His Courtship and Marriage, and Anecdotes of His Adventures with the Indians, &c.

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Light care had he for life and less for fame.—*Byron.*



LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

TIMOTHY MURPHY,

THE

BENEFACTOR OF SCHOHARIE

INCLUDING HIS

History from the Commencement of the Revolution—His  
Rencontres with the Indians—The Siege of the three  
Forts, and the preservation, by his unparalleled  
courage, of all their inmates—His Courtship  
and Marriage, and Anecdotes of his  
Adventures with the Indians, &c.

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THE MIDDLEBURGH GAZETTE

PAUL B. MATTICE, Editor,

AUGUST 1, 1912.

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## PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

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After repeated solicitations we have been prevailed upon to reprint the history of him who shared so largely in the toils and dangers that wrought our country's liberty, and to whom the inhabitants of Schoharie county, in the times "that tried men's souls," are so greatly indebted. The first edition of the "Life and Adventures of Timothy Murphy" was written by a Mr. Sigsby, a law clerk in the office of Hamilton & Goodyear, at Schoharie, N. Y., and was printed in 1839 by William H. Gallup, then editor and proprietor of the Schoharie Republican. In 1863 a second edition was printed by Editor A. B. F. Pond of the same paper.

The many inquiries for those pamphlet editions, and the frequent expressed wish that some one would reprint it, especially since the unveiling of the Murphy monument in the Middleburgh cemetery October 17, 1910, has induced the publisher of The Middleburgh Gazette to once more give the public an opportunity to possess a memorial of one of the bravest men of the American Revolution.

THE PUBLISHER.







The village of Middleburgh was settled in 1712 by the Palatine Germans under the name of Weiser Dorf, being the first settlement in the Schoharie Valley. Its name was changed to Middleburgh in 1801. Middleburgh is situated on the eastern bank of the Schoharie River 700 feet above sea level, surrounded by picturesque mountains, still bearing their original Indian names, and contains a population of 1200 souls with a streetage of five miles.

## LIFE OF MURPHY.

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After a country has emerged from a state of degradation and vassalage to the highest degree of prosperity and happiness, its citizens too often forget the individuals by whose patriotism those blessings were acquired and preserved. Rome forgot her Brutus — Greece her Epaminondas — Syracuse her Archimedes — and England her Alfred; and if such great and good men are not properly remembered and cherished, how much sooner will those who acted in an humbler sphere be forgotten! The old adage that "Republics are ungrateful," has gone to the world. It is too true that we are prone to forget those who purchased Liberty with suffering, privation and even life. Every man who lent his aid in that cause which emphatically tried "men's souls," was a link in the great chain which led to our civil and political liberty. In that momentous and eventful struggle to which we allude, although some names sounded louder in the annals of fame, yet all were moved by the same general principles — all had the same objects in view, viz., the acquisition of *civil, political* and *religious Liberty*. The lives of all were equally dear — yet if an officer perished, his kindred, his friends, aye, the nation would lament his fate, and the bright halo of glory would illumine his memory; but if the common soldier who faced the glittering bayonets of his country's foes, perished in the conflict he was frequently unhonored and unmourned.

Our motives in publishing this biography is to pluck those relics from the past history of our country, which are rapidly hastening to oblivion, and present them for the perusal of our patriotic and high-minded countrymen — to arouse anew that spirit of devotion to our country that burned in the veins of our ancestors, and which we trust in God has been transmitted to their posterity; and requires only the breath of reason to fan again into a conflagration, — to make us equally tenacious of our rights, and jealous of the sacred privileges that were secured with as pure blood as ever thrilled a mortal frame, — to collect some of the multitudinous exploits of him who was "the bravest of the brave," and who combined within himself the valor of a De Kalb with the dexterity of a Marion.

### **The Birth of Murphy.**

Timothy Murphy, the hero of this narrative, was born in the town of Minisink, in the county of Sussex and State of New Jersey, in the year 1751. His parents emigrated to this country from Ireland and settled in New Jersey some years previous to the commencement of the French and Indian war, where they remained until 1757; they then removed to the State of Pennsylvania. Of his history previous to the Revolution we know but little, and have not been able to collect anything that will in the least interest the reader. He had very little or no education, except such as was obtained from the pure study of nature.

### **He Enlists in the U. S. Service in 1776.**

In the year 1776, when at the age of twenty-four, he enlisted in the United States service under Col. Morgan, the well known "old wagoner," as the British used to term him. In the year 1778 he was engaged in the battle of Monmouth in New Jersey, and escaped unhurt. After the battle of Monmouth, two companies, detachments from Morgan's riflemen, were sent to the northward under the command of Captain Long, to which Murphy was attached. After the battle of Saratoga and capture of Burgoyne they were ordered to old Schoharie, where the Indians and Tories were murdering and carrying off in concert captives to Canada.

### **He Kills a Tory on the Charlotte.**

The first service on which Murphy was sent, was in connection with a small body of riflemen under command of Captain Long, to take dead or alive a person strongly suspected of toryism, living on the Charlotte river, by the name of Service, who was not only torified in principle, but was an active agent of the British in aiding, victualing and secreting the enemies of the revolution. When they arrived at his dwelling, they silently surrounded it, gathering closer and closer, till at length two or three made bold to enter the room in which he was, before they were discovered. Service instantly stepped out of the door with them, when he was informed that they had orders to take him to the forts of Schoharie. He appeared at first somewhat alarmed, and strenuously objected to the proposal, pleading innocence, and rendering many other excuses, but in the meanwhile was evidently working his way along from the door to a heap

of chips lying between Murphy and one Ellison, a companion of his. The reason of his approaching the chips so cautiously now appeared obvious, for on coming to the spot, he seized instantly a broad-axe and made a most desperate stroke at Murphy, which, however, by his keen vigilance, was eluded, and the fruitless attempt rolled back in vengeance upon its author. Murphy stepped back, drew his faithful rifle to his face — a flash, a groan, and he lay weltering in his own blood with the axe in his hand, a victim of that retributive justice which watched over the fortunes of the revolution. They returned not a little elated with the scalp of the notorious Service to the forts at Schoharie, where Murphy and his company remained during the winter, engaged at times in small parties of scouts, and at others stationed at the forts.

#### **The Indians Dread Him.**

Murphy's skill in the desultory war which the Indians carried on gave him so high a reputation that, though not nominally the commander, he usually directed all the movements of the scouts that were sent out, and on many important occasions, as the reader in the course of this work will perceive, the commanding officers found it dangerous to neglect his advice. His double-barrelled rifle, his skill as a marksman, and his fleetness either in retreat or pursuit, made him an object both of dread and of vengeance to the Indians. He fought them in their own way and with their own weapons. Sometimes habited in the dress of the Indian, with his face painted, he would pass among them, making important discoveries as to their strength and designs without detection. He early learned to speak the Indian language, which, of course, was of great service to him.

#### **He Goes to the Mohawk.**

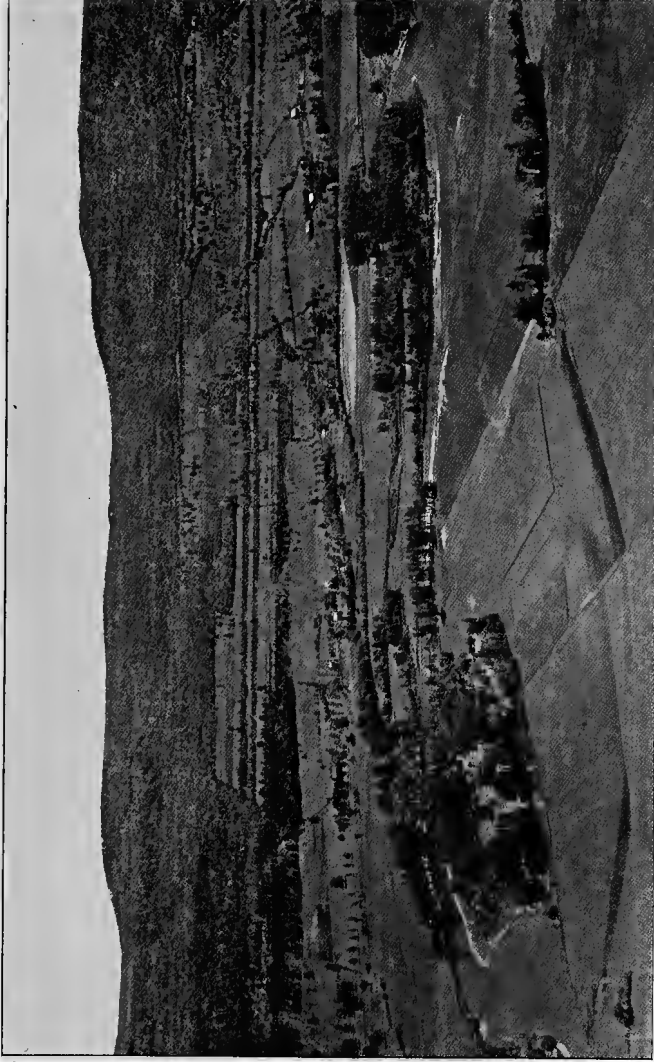
During the succeeding winter, the Indians were continually on the alert. They generally formed themselves into small parties, and a particular portion of country was assigned to a certain party of Indians for their destruction. At this time the German flats, or that portion of country lying on either side of the Mohawk between Utica and Schenectady, was their more immediate sphere of action. Murphy, together with a small party of riflemen, were ordered to that part of the country to watch, and to prevent, if possible, the destruction of human life and devastation of property, then so rapidly being made by the inhuman savages.

### A Narrow Escape.

It was on this occasion that Murphy and two other individuals had strayed from the main party to which they were attached, and were rambling about among the woods and brush studying the plans and watching the movements of the Indians. They had not been long separated from the main party when they discovered a number of Indians skulking about among the weeds and brush, apparently watching the movements of Murphy and his companions. They had proceeded but a short distance further when they saw two Indians sitting upon the trunk of a masterly looking oak, with their backs towards them; they immediately fired, each brought his man, and then ran back to join the main party. The report of the guns, and the death of their fellows, roused the revengeful blood of the savages, and they were almost instantly surrounded by a large body of them. They fought like heroes, but were overpowered in numbers by the blood-thirsty demons, who, as it seemed, had at that moment risen from the very bowels of the earth. At length Murphy saw his associates fall one after another till there were but a few left; at this period Murphy made a rush to pass the Indians, and himself and six others succeeded. Murphy ran with all possible speed, but the weeds and brush through which he had to pass prevented in a measure his progress; however, by jumping up and over the weeds, and being very expert in running, he easily outstripped all the Indians, except one, who he turned to shoot several times, but believing his gun unloaded he determined to reserve his fire for the last exigency. Murphy succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the Indian, and secreted himself in a very dense collection of weeds, and there lay until the Indians came up and stood some distance from him. The Indian that first pursued him now bent forward, and pointing in the direction in which he lay exclaimed to his companions, "kong gwa," which in English means "that way." Murphy jumped up and ran as fast as his limbs would carry him; the Indians fired several times at him, but with no effect. He finally succeeded in getting entirely out of their view, and being from fatigue unable to proceed further, he secreted himself behind a large log. The Indians came up to very near him; but supposing him to have passed on, they turned and went back. There was one circumstance that happened during the heat of the affray at which, though surrounded by the dead and dying, and not much hope







**MOHEGOUTER MOUNTAIN, FROM TOP OF MT. ONISTAGRAWA.**  
Mohegouter Mountain from the Onistagrawa, showing the south side of the Schoharie River along which Col. Sir John Johnson approached the village of Middleburgh (Weiser's Dorf) in his raid down the valley Oct. 17, 1780. His advance here was opposed by a picked company of scouts under Timothy Murphy.

of a better fate, Murphy, as he himself states, could not refrain from laughing. It appears that there was among the Indians a negro, and an Irishman on the other side. The Paddy was chasing the poor negro with a long butcher knife, and every now and then making a desperate thrust at the most sensitive part of the poor fellow's seat of honor. Murphy afterwards inquired of the Paddy why he wished to kill the unarmed black. "Because," he said, "the davalish naggar had no buasness to run afore me."

### **The March to Otsego Lake and the Chemung River, Where He Shoots an Indian.**

The next spring, Long's riflemen, to which Murphy was still attached, had orders to move under Colonel Butler, in connection with other troops, in all amounting to seven hundred, to Springfield, at the head of Otsego lake, where they were to await the arrival of Gen. George Clinton, and the troops expected with him, all of whom when there concentrated were to pass down the Susquehanna, and form a junction with General Sullivan at Tioga Point. The object of this arrangement was the destruction of the Indian tribes on the Chemung and Genesee rivers, who had so often been employed in small parties by the policy of the British government, to distress in a predatory manner the inhabitants of the frontiers, the leader of whom was Brant, so renowned for his warlike achievements in this part of our country, and who was alike notorious for his humane treatment to many of his prisoners, as well as his barbarity and savage discipline, in inflicting the most cruel tortures on them, in their expiring agonies. While encamped at some place unknown near the Chemung river, and previous to their joining the main army, Murphy obtained leave for himself and three others, by name Follok, Tufts and Joe Evans, to go out on a scout to the Chemung. They started in the morning of a fine July day; they traveled until four in the afternoon, at which time they arrived upon the lofty banks that overlook the Chemung river. Making no discoveries, and finding nothing to interest them during their travel, and being some what fatigued, they determined to encamp for the night, and accordingly preparations were made. The scene was passing fair. A little in advance and directly in front of them rolled the Chemung river in all the pride and loveliness of nature; a little to the left and still beyond the river, was a

vacant field, on which were scattered a number of cattle feeding upon the wild luxuriance of nature, which at some day had been the object of cultivation by beings equally as rude as nature herself. They had not been long upon this proud eminence ere they espied three Indians towing a canoe up the rapids, one standing in the canoe steering it, one on the shore tugging away at a rope, and the other using a pole to keep the boat off the shore. No sooner were they observed than Murphy turned to his companions and said: "I'm a notion to try the one standing in the canoe," and suiting the action to the word he drew up and fired, — the distance being somewhat great, he had no expectation of doing effect, but to their utter astonishment he reeled and fell backwards into the river. The other two Indians let loose the rope, dropped the pole and fled to the woods, not even looking behind to see from whence proceeded the bullet that proved so fatal to their companion.

#### **Murphy Is Chagrined at Being Duped By a Boy.**

In the morning they proceeded up the river for some miles, but finding few traces of Indians and discovering none, they crossed over the river, wheeled about, and commenced their march for the encampment, then about thirty miles distant. They had proceeded on their backward course until they arrived opposite the place where the scene just related was enacted the day before, where they discovered at a distance a boy, apparently fifteen or sixteen years of age, in pursuit of cattle. They hailed him, but he fled, Murphy at the same time pursuing; he very easily overtook, and secured him prisoner; they then proceeded several miles into the woods, lit a fire and prepared for the night's repose; the boy whose hands were tied behind, was placed between Murphy and Tufts. Sometime in the night Murphy awoke, and on raising up he discovered the boy, his rifle and moccasins among the missing. He instantly sprang upon his feet, and gave the Indian war whoop, which by the way he mimicked to perfection, to arouse his companions. Murphy, not a little aggravated at the loss of his rifle, moccasins and prisoner, and feeling himself chagrined at being duped by a boy of but fifteen years of age, immediately proposed that they should proceed in search of him; but his companions knowing the result if he persisted in so rash an undertaking persuaded him to abandon it. What was to be done! Murphy was without shoes or

moccasins wherewith to cover his already tender feet, made so by his continual travel. But that benign Providence who never fails to provide for emergencies had upon this all important occasion more than blessed Follok with a pair of leather breeches which, as soon as discovered, were sacrificed to the unmerciful treatment of Murphy's jack-knife. His moccasins completed, they commenced in the morning their homeward course. When they arrived at the encampment Murphy was thus accosted by an officer: "Murphy, where the devil is your rifle?" He made no reply—the rebuke was too much for his naturally proud spirit to withstand, and he again determined to solicit for himself and companions the privilege of going in search of the lost rifle, which being granted, they commenced their pursuit. The next day, about the same hour, and upon nearly the same spot of ground, they saw the identical boy driving cattle as before. They followed on in the rear until they observed him to enter an obscure hut in a remote part of the wilderness. They immediately entered the hut, where were some old women, and more than all, the wished-for rifle. They took the boy once more and proceeded on their way back; when about five miles on their return they met a man on horseback, whom, after some close quizzing, they likewise took prisoner. While crossing the river he threw himself intentionally into it; but on Murphy's drawing his rifle to his face, and threatening to shoot him through, he was glad to make for the shore.

#### **He Recovers His Rifle. Returns to Schoharie.**

They finally arrive safe at the encampment with their prisoners and lost rifle, when in a few days they joined the main army of Sullivan, which numbered in all about five thousand, and then proceeded west, burning and laying waste all the Indian settlements that lay in their reach. After an absence of six months, and enduring many hardships and privations, Murphy and his company returned to the forts at Schoharie.

#### **A Peril Wherein Our Hero Must Fight or Die.**

There is one circumstance that transpired during his campaign to the west which we cannot omit to mention. When near what is now called Canandaigua lake, Murphy with a company of some twenty other robust fellows was despatched round the upper end of the lake to destroy a small Indian village which was

rapidly increasing. After destroying the village and on their return to the main army, they found themselves almost instantaneously surrounded by a body of Indians, more than double their number, and led by the celebrated Brant. What was to be done? Murphy knowing Brant and judging what must be their inevitable fate if they fell into his hands, said to his companions "we must fight or die." The war whoop was given and the savages rushed forward making the woods ring with their yells, as if the very lightnings from heaven had burst their bounds, and were spreading their deathlike gleams upon our little band. They returned every attack with spirit and coolness and with as much effect as their situation would admit. Murphy saw his companions fall one after the other until there were but five left; the contest not diminishing in the least in fury. At one moment all hopes of escape seemed shut out, at the next prospects would brighten for an instant. Their courage never for a moment forsook them; they struggled with desperation; death and the diabolical infliction of savage torture stared them in the face and they determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. At this juncture four of the party made a rush to pass the Indians; the savages immediately ran before them to prevent their escape, which left a vacancy behind, in which direction Murphy ran with the fleetness of a deer; he gained rapidly on them until nearly exhausted, when coming to a brush fence that stood at the top of a bank which descended to a fosse he jumped over and secreted himself directly under the fence; the Indians came up and one of them stood upon the fence directly above him gazing around (Murphy watching his eyes through the brush of which the fence was composed) for some minutes, when the Indian went back. As soon as sufficiently rested he proceeded on his course to the army, which he reached after encamping one night without fire or a particle of food. His companions doubtless were all sacrificed to the bloody tomahawk, as Murphy never heard anything of them to the day of his death.

### **Everybody Has Confidence in His Skill.**

Soon after, he returned to Schoharie, where he was greeted with joy and exultation by every patriot of his county. The women felt themselves secure under his protection. The men, knowing his superiority and skill in tracing and ferreting out the Indians on all occasions, submitted to his judgment and





**THE OLD DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH, MIDDLEBURGH, N. Y.**  
The Reformed Dutch Church, Middleburgh, N. Y. The former structure, standing on Upper Main street, was burned on the morning of Col. Johnson's raid.



command; and finally when there seemed to be a general panic previous to his return, there was a sudden change as if by magic at beholding the noble and fearless countenance of Tim Murphy. Nor were the Indians less surprised at finding their daring opposer often crossing their trails, and frustrating their plans. They fled at his approach, trembled lest his bullet should find from a secret covert a hiding place in their breasts, and feared, perhaps, that his spirit would haunt them in an evil hour.

### The Great Indian Killer at Last Falls in Love.

Soon after our hero came to Schoharie with a detachment of Morgan's riflemen, he obtained permission to go on a scout through the delightful vale of Fulton. It was in the spring, and all nature was waking from the icy lethargy of winter. The Onistagrawa was shaded with various hues as the sun was dancing on its brow. The snow had melted on the plain below, yet small banks might be seen along the hedges and in the forest around. A few rude houses and barns were to be seen at intervals, which he eyed with apparent suspicion. Now he gazed on the adjacent mountain, now on the vale around, as he passed leisurely along. He advanced until he arrived where his sons Jacob and Peter now reside, when his attention was arrested by

“—— A rose complexioned lass,  
Nimbly tripping through the grass.”

with a milk pail on her arm. He stood perfectly still and saw her pass towards a barn where cattle were feeding. She stepped off with all the poetry of motion imaginable. How unlike the mincing step of coquetry! Like Milton's Eve,

“ Grace was in her step and in her action  
Loveliness.”

Her dress was exceedingly plain, in accordance with the fashion which then prevailed, and which was admirably calculated for the exhibition of exquisitely chiselled form to the best advantage. A handkerchief white as her *lily* hand was tied loosely over her head. Her hair did not hang in ringlets — by no means — but was carefully and neatly done up. Neither was her waist girted small as a city belle's, but was of a *proper* size, or to be more specific, an *armful*! Her eyes were not diamonds, nor were her teeth pearl; yet we defy all christendom to produce a brighter

pair of eyes or a finer set of teeth than were possessed by Miss Peggy Feeck. In short, she was not such a girl as would make fifty lovers commit suicide, and after all die an old maid. But was one whom you would love for her artless innocence and real beauty. As Walcott justly observes:

“The dullest eye can beauty see,  
’Tis lightning on the sight;  
Indeed it is a general bait,  
And man, the fish will bite.”

As Murphy approached he thought almost audibly, “J——s, what a swate crature!” and slowly advancing, he bade her “Gude marning,” and they were soon in familiar talk. Reader, what do you think they talked about? Not about the weather — nor about such a one’s courting such another — nor about each other’s appearance — nor about love — or any such trash. But they conversed like persons of *common* sense on subjects of *some* importance. Her conversation pleased him extremely and time passed with unusual velocity, until she arose to return. when she very politely invited him to walk along and take breakfast, which request he as politely accepted. A hearty breakfast was prepared in the true Dutch style, and after indulging some chat with the “old folks” (which was somewhat difficult, as they had but a partial knowledge of English, and he less of Dutch) he departed, not, however, without a request to “call again.”

**“True Love Never Did Run Smooth.”**

Here an old lady remarked, with a knowing twist of the head, that Murphy frequently passed in that direction as he went on a scout. Whether he went to see the romantic *scenery* in that region, or in pursuit of *Indians* or to see

“That lovely being gently formed and moulded,  
A rose with all its sweetness just unfolded;”

we leave for the prolific imagination of the reader to determine. At length her parents considering his visits rather too frequent, directed her to inform him peremptorily that they were not acceptable. But little were they aware that their affections had already been pledged, and less were they aware of the moral courage and determination of a girl in the vigor of youth who has fixed her love. Byron tells the truth when he says:

“ The tree  
 Rent from its forest root of years, the river  
 Dammed from its fountain; the child from the knee  
 And breast maternal, weaned at once forever,  
 Would wither less than these two torn apart—  
 Alas, there is no instinct like the heart.”

What could she do? Should he be sacrificed to the avarice and cupidity of parents? No!

“ Sooner let earth, sea, air to chaos fall;  
 Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all.”

She informed him, with alternate sobs and tears, of her parents' resolution. Murphy was thunderstruck — not a word was spoken for some moments, when after making a single request that they should meet again at a time and place specified, he hastily departed. As he was returning towards the forts he reflected, why this unkind prohibition? At length the thought struck him — it was because he was *poor*.

### The Elopement.

Time passed with a heavy step. Murphy endeavored to calm his feelings by continued action, and engaged in numerous skirmishes with invariable success, yet his downcast eyes in the midst of triumph indicated that something was wrong. Alas, how true the exclamation of the poet:

“ For mighty hearts are held in slender chains.”

At last the night of their meeting arrived, and seating himself beneath a spacious oak he patiently waited to perceive the object of his pursuit. A faint light was glimmering through a window — moments then seemed hours, as he sat reclining against the oak. He waited half an hour longer, when the window was softly raised and his “ lady love ” peeped through, and on recognizing him, beckoned for him to approach. After a serious consultation they came to the determination of being united by

“ That silken tie that binds two *willing* hearts.”

They agreed to meet at the same place a few weeks afterwards. Murphy returned to the fort with a weight of lead from his heart. He consulted *confidentially* with one of the officers, who applauded his *gal-lantry* and afterwards gave him permission to “ *any dis-*

*tance,*" in pursuit of a Dominie. He accordingly went on the appointed evening in pursuit of his bride, and after a short time she escaped through the window in her best petticoat and short gown, and after she was seated behind him they departed as rapidly as convenient for the fort, where they arrived about day-break. They were received by the garrison with three cheers which made the welkin ring. Murphy walked into the fort, escorting his prize, with as much pride as he would half a dozen Indians. The girls all kissed sweet Peggy—the women admired her courage—and the men all declared she would make *a good soldier!* But time was not to be lost; for already they might be pursued by the avaricious father. They soon departed in company with a Wm. Bouck and a lady, in pursuit of a minister. They arrived at Duaneburgh in the afternoon, where Dominie Johnson finished

"That consummation so devoutly to be wished."

They then returned to the fort, when they were again cheered by the soldiers.

### The Father "a Day After the Fair."

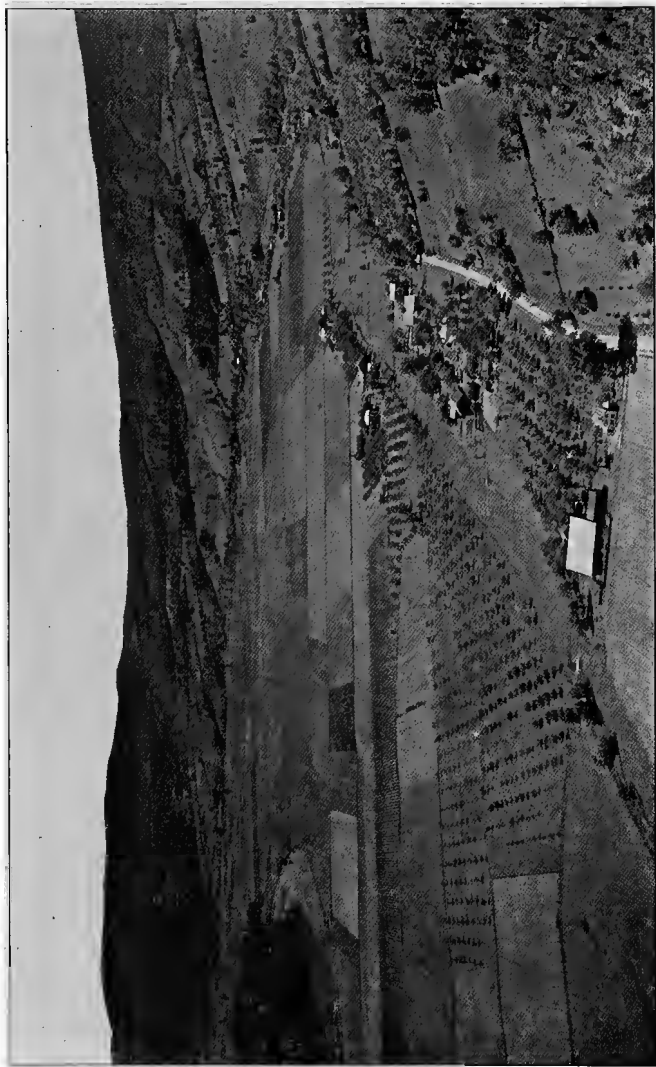
The next day her father came to the fort and with a long face enquired for his daughter, but finding he was "a day *after* the fair," he adopted, like a man of sense, the old motto that "discretion is the better part of valor," and surrendered this *best* prize ever captured by man! Making true what Virgil sang two thousand years ago: *Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.* Or as Dryden freely translates it:

In hell, and earth, and sea, and heaven above,  
Love conquers all, and all must yield to love.

### The Schoharie Forts Attacked by Sir John Johnson.

In the fall of 1780, the enemy, about 800 strong, under Sir John Johnson, made preparations for destroying the valleys of Schoharie and Mohawk. The forces consisted of British regulars, loyalists, tories and Indians, assembled on the Tioga, and marched thence up along the eastern branch of the Susquehanna and crossed thence to Schoharie. On the 16th of October they encamped about four miles above the upper fort. It was their





**VROMANSLAND, FROM TOP OF MT. ONISTAGRAWA, MIDDLEBURGH, N. Y.**  
Vromansland. Adam Vroman, a Schenectady trader, obtained a royal patent for this land Aug. 26, 1714, hence the name. The picture shows the location of the Murphy farm and mill and the Upper Fort just past the bend in the river.



**THE TIMOTHY MURPHY MONUMENT IN THE MIDDLEBURGH  
CEMETERY.**

**This Tablet was unveiled with impressive ceremonies Oct. 17, 1910,  
the 130th anniversary of his heroic services at the Middle Fort.**





intention to pass the upper fort\* at daybreak; as it was expected that the upper fort would be the first object of attack, they hoped to surprise the middle fort by this unexpected movement. Sir John had ordered his troops to be put in motion at four in the morning, but from some mistake it was five before they began their march; consequently the rear guard was discovered by the sentinels of the upper fort and the alarm gun was fired, which was quickly answered from the other forts, and twenty riflemen under the supervision of Murphy were sent out from the middle fort to watch the motions of the enemy; they soon fell in with an advanced party, and retreated back. The firing of the alarm gun disappointing the enemy, became the signal for them to commence the destruction of the settlement; houses, barns and stacks of hay were burned, and cattle, sheep and horses were killed or driven away.

### **The Indians Approach.**

The Indians, being in advance of the regular forces, were the first to approach the fort. Murphy, whose eye was ever watching the enemy, had stationed himself in a ditch a few rods south of the fort that he might, unperceived, the better view the movements of the enemy. The Indians approached to within about eighty yards of the fort when Murphy fired upon them, and as he arose the second time to fire a bullet struck within a few inches of his face and glanced over his head, throwing the dirt in his eyes. He then ran into the fort, not, however, without bringing to the ground another Indian.

### **The Attack. Inclination to Surrender.**

About eight o'clock the enemy commenced a regular attack on the fort, which was returned with effect from the garrison. The regular troops fired a few cannon shot and threw a number of shells, one of which burst in the air above the fort, doing no

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\* The remains of this Fort are still to be seen standing on the farm of William J. Pindar, in the town of Middleburgh. The Upper Fort was about five miles above and the Lower Fort about five miles below. The Lower Fort was built for a church, and is at present used as such. It stands about a mile north of the Court House.

The Lower Fort is now (1863) the property of the State of New York, it having been transferred to the State by the Dutch Reformed Congregation who worshipped there until the year 1844.

injury; another entered and burst in the upper loft of the fort, doing no other mischief than destroying a quantity of bedding and nearly frightening to death a little Frenchman who had fled to the chamber for protection, and came running down stairs, at the same time exclaiming, "de diable be among de fedders." The interior of the fort was several times on fire, but was as often extinguished by the exertions of the women. The Indians retreated behind a row of willow trees, and kept up a constant fire, but at too great a distance to do effect. In the fort all was gloom and despondency; the garrison only amounted to 150 regular troops and about 100 militia. The ammunition was nearly exhausted — to attempt to defend the fort appeared to be madness; to surrender was to deliver up themselves, their wives and children to immediate death, or at least to a long captivity. Major Wolsey, who commanded the fort, was inclined to surrender on the first appearance of the enemy, but was prevented by the officers of the militia, who resolved to defend the fort or die in the contest. Wolsey's presence of mind forsook him in the hour of danger; he concealed himself at first with the women and children in the house, and when driven out by the ridicule of his new associates he crawled around the entrenchments on his hands and knees, amid the jeers and bravos of the militia, who felt their courage revive as their laughter was excited by the cowardice of the major. In times of extreme danger everything which has a tendency to destroy reflection by exciting risibility has a good effect.

#### **Our Hero Will Not Consent to a Surrender and Fires on a Flag of Truce.**

The enemy perceiving that their shot and shells did little or no execution formed under shelter of a small building near the fort and prepared to carry the works by assault. While the preparations were making, a flag was seen to approach the fort; all seemed inclined to admit it, when Murphy and Bartholomew Vroman, who suspected that it was only an artifice to learn the actual strength of the garrison, and aware that for them at least there was no safety in capitulation, fired upon the flag. The flag retired and some soldiers were ordered to arrest Murphy; but so great was his popularity among the soldiers that no one dared to obey. The flag approached a second time and was a second time driven back by Murphy and his adherents. A white flag

was ordered to be raised in the fort, but Murphy threatened with instant death any one who should obey. The enemy sent a flag a third time, and on Murphy's turning to fire upon it Wolsey presented his pistol and threatened to shoot him if he did; but not in the least intimidated by the major's threat Murphy very deliberately raised his rifle, and pointing it towards him firmly replied, "I will die before they shall have me prisoner." Major Wolsey then retired to his room where he remained until Colonel Vroman was despatched in search of him. He was found covered up in bed, trembling like a leaf. Colonel Vroman accosted him, "Was you sent here to sneak away so, when you are attacked by the Tories and Indians? And do you mean to give up the fort to those bloody rascals?" To which Major Wolsey made no reply, but consented to yield up the command to Colonel Vroman. At this change of officers unanimous joy pervaded the whole fort. And even the women smiled to behold the portly figure of Colonel Vroman stalking about the fort—directing and encouraging the soldiers in his melodious Low Dutch tones.

### **The Enemy Withdraw.**

The British officers now held a council of war, and after a short consultation withdrew, and then proceeded down the Schoharie creek, burning and destroying everything that lay in their way.

Soon after General Johnson departed towards the lower fort Murphy followed in his rear and secured prisoner a man by the name of Benjamin Buttons.

The loss of the garrison in this affair was only one killed and two wounded, one mortally. It is not known what loss the enemy sustained, or why they retreated so hastily. The true and most probable cause was the determined spirit of resistance manifested on firing upon the flag, lead them to suppose the defence would be obstinate. The Tory leaders, satiated with blood, may have been unwilling to act over the tragedies of Wyoming and Cherry Valley.

### **The Indians and Tories Pass the Lower Fort.**

A small body of men then left the middle fort under Colonel Vroman, and by a circuitous route reached the lower fort, just as the Tories and Indians were passing where the village of Schoharie now stands. Several buildings which were there erected were burned to the ground. When they arrived at the

lower fort they showed little disposition to attack it, although its garrison did not amount to 100 men. They separated into two divisions, the regular troops marching along the bank of the creek, and the Indians filing off a quarter of a mile to the east of the fort. The regulars fired a few cannon shot without effect, one lodging in the corner of the church. The Indians and Tories in preparing a small brass cannon received such a brisk and deadly fire from the fort, which so frightened them, that they sunk their cannon in a morass and marched to where the road now runs, where they were joined by the regulars. They then fired a few shots with small arms and the Indians approached near enough to throw their bullets into the tower of the church, where some marksmen had been stationed. A discharge of grape drove them back, and passing over the Fox's creek they set fire to a house and grist mill, after which they proceeded to Fort Hunter.

#### **The Valley of Schoharie After that Day of Destruction.**

The beautiful valley of the Schoharie creek presented a scene of devastation on the night of the 17th of October not easily described. Houses, barns and numerous stacks of hay and grain were consumed; domestic animals lay dead everywhere over the fields; a few buildings belonging to the Tories had been spared, but Murphy, among others, sallying out, set fire to them in revenge. After the burning of Schoharie this settlement ceased to be so much an object of Tory vengeance, and during the years 1781 and 1782, though there were frequent alarms, little damage was done by the enemy.

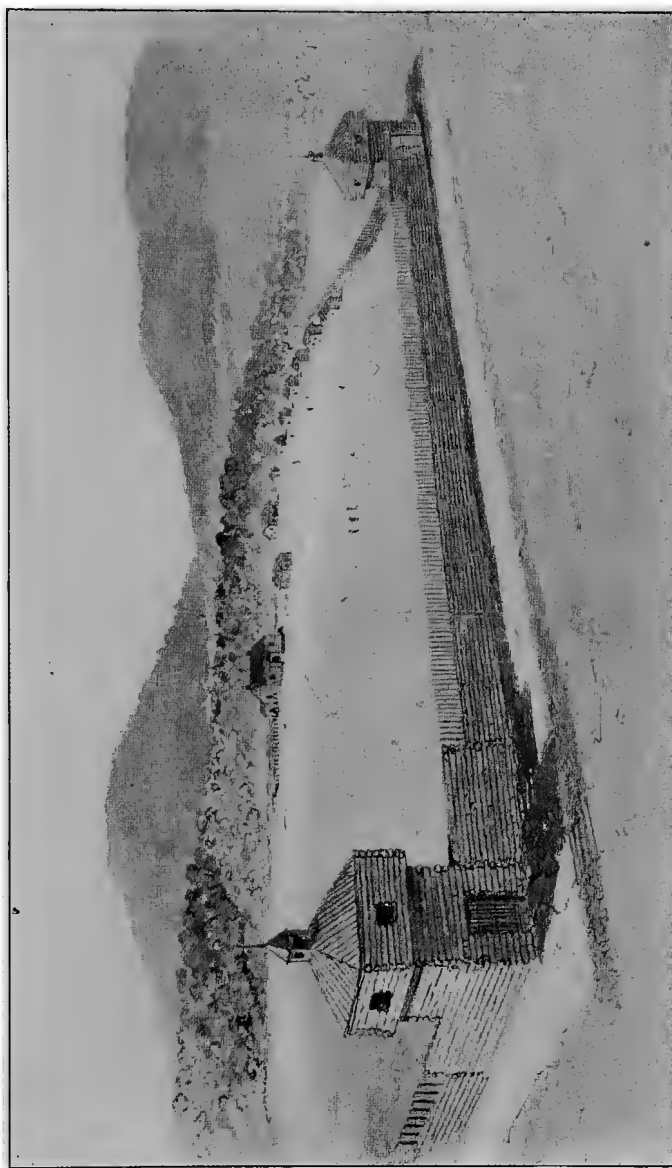
The savages appeared once in Cobleskill, burned a few buildings, killed one man and carried off five prisoners; but the body of the inhabitants had taken refuge in a fort which they had built on their return from Schoharie in 1771, and were safe.\*

**Murphy Shoots an Indian and Covers Him With a Fresh Deer Skin. The Consequence. He Outwits Another Indian and Kills Him and Skins His Legs to Make a Pair of Breeches. The Indians Believe Him Leagued With the Wicked Spirit.**

Soon after Sir John Johnson passed through Schoharie, Murphy and his three friends, Follok, Tufts and Evans, went

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\* We are indebted to the "Annals of Tryon County," for some parts of the foregoing description of the attack on the three Forts.



**UPPER FORT IN SCHOHARIE VALLEY,**  
Enclosing John Feeck's dwelling, afterwards owned by Timothy Murphy. The Upper Fort, near Fultonham, was the extreme western outpost of the frontier of New York and was commanded by the intrepid patriot Captain Jacob Hager



over the hills of Summit. Murphy by some mishap strayed from the rest and wandered in the woods; he at length saw an Indian skinning a deer which he had recently killed. Murphy, being unperceived, took aim and shot the Indian through the head, who, reeling, fell beside the deer. He then ran up, took off the Indian's scalp, and laying him over a log placed the deer's skin over him in such a manner as to make it appear at a short distance like a large deer. This was scarcely done before he heard a rustling in the leaves a few rods off; as quick as thought he crawled among the bushes and thick weeds near, where he could see distinctly three Indians moving their heads about as if doubtful of what had the *appearance* of a deer. Finally, one of them fired at the supposed deer, and rushing up what was their chagrin at discovering that they had shot one of their fellows! They gave several doleful yells to call others and stood, grinding on their teeth and gesticulating wildly. Murphy, fearing that they might discover him soon or that others might arrive, concluded it best to shoot one and hazard a running fight with the other two. He accordingly fired, brought down his man — and rushed behind a very large tree. Before they had recovered from their panic he discharged his other rifle barrel and mortally wounded a second. The only remaining Indian fired; the ball passed through the bark of one side of the tree within a few inches of Murphy's face. The Indian then seized a rifle from one who was rolling and howling over the ground. By this time Murphy had reloaded his rifle and both of them sprang behind trees some fifty yards apart. The moment one looked out the rifle of the other was raised and the head immediately drawn back. At last Murphy put his hat on the end of his ramrod and pushed it slowly to the side of the tree. The Indian immediately fired — his ball passed through the center of his hat. The hat was then dropped, when the Indian rushed up with a hatchet and scalping knife. Murphy fired — he staggered a few paces forward and fell down dead. The Indian was very large and powerful, and Murphy being exceedingly angry, skinned his legs and drew it over his long stockings. He then went in pursuit of his companions. He was unable to find them, and about ten o'clock at night he stopped and kindled a fire on the side of a little rivulet, where he roasted a small piece of the deer which he had carried in his pocket. He had also a small biscuit, which he ate with his meat. After his repast he procured water from the brook, with which he extinguished the fire. He proceeded on a quarter

of a mile farther where he crept in among the limbs of a tree that apparently had fallen a few days before. In the morning he advanced several miles when he was unexpectedly surrounded by a large body of Indians who had followed in his trail. He shot down two who were on the side in which he wished to fly. Several of the Indians fired and, as he afterwards often remarked, the balls whistled by him. He ran with the utmost velocity, and after leaving them far behind he managed to reload his rifle as he ran. But the skin of the Indian having shrunk, began to gall his legs, whereupon he took his hunting knife and ripped them off. Yet his legs were so galled that his speed was greatly retarded, and he had not advanced more than two miles more before a dozen Indians were in view. 'Twas then that his courage began to forsake him; faint and tired he was ready to sink upon the ground. The Indians kept getting closer and closer; when one of them (a Mohawk) called to him in broken English, "*We've got you at last!*" and coming up struck him a blow over the shoulders with the end of his musket. It was that Murphy,

" Stood a foe with all the zeal  
That young and fiery converts feel,  
Within whose burning bosom throngs  
The memory of a thousand wrongs."

and turning indignantly around, he dashed his brains out at a blow. The others came up yelling like wolves sure of their prey. Murphy again plunged with his gun and the Indian's into the woods; but finding himself unable to run he stopped abruptly behind a tree and discharged his own and the Indian's gun. On his firing a second time their superstitious fears began to rise, but when he fired a third time they were confirmed in their suspicions of his being leagued with the *Wicked Spirit* to destroy them, and believing that he could shoot all day they immediately decamped with all speed. He did not stop for a scalp, but slowly wended his way towards the fort, where he arrived in safety.

### ANECDOTES, &C.

#### Murphy Destroys an Indian Village. He Hides in a Hollow Log. A Peculiar Shot from the Rear.

At one time Murphy and a small body of riflemen were despatched to destroy an Indian and Tory village near Unadilla. After a laborious march through marshes and over mountains,



in which they endured innumerable privations, they arrived in sight of the village, which lay in a beautiful valley. They remained on the mountain until midnight, when they advanced slowly and cautiously. Luckily most of the Indians were absent, and after a warm contest, in which clubs, fists, feet and tomahawks were used by the old Indians, squaws and papooses, and were resented by the riflemen with fists, feet and the ends of their guns, the village was reduced to ashes. They had not returned far before they were attacked by the Indians and most of them destroyed. Murphy, who was in advance of the rest, ran some distance and crawled into a large hollow log that lay near a small stream. He had not remained there long before he heard the voices of Indians, and as they came nearer, found to his amazement, they were going to encamp there. They came up and one of them, perceiving the cavity of the log, stooped down, but seeing a spider's web hanging over the aperture, (which luckily Murphy had not displaced), he took no pains to examine further. They then built a fire beside the log in which he was. After which they lay down to sleep with their feet towards the fire. Murphy lay quiet until they began to snore, when he crawled softly to a split in the log, looking through, observed eight Indians laying with their rifles beside them; while one set with his tomahawk and scalping knife in his belt, to keep watch. Murphy drew himself back to his former position, concluding it most expedient to remain where he was for the time being. His position was by no means an enviable one, as ever and anon his olfactories were saluted with a discharge of light artillery, and the log was so burned that he could see the Indians through the holes made by the fire. Early in the morning one of the Indians (who was dressed in English style), went down to the stream, and bent over to drink, until his coat flaps fell over his back. Murphy saw him through the end of the log, and being irritated by the heat, and having the end of his rifle in that direction, he fired — the Indian fell headlong into the water. The other Indians fled precipitately, when Murphy backed out of the log, scalped the Indian, and running as fast as his feet would carry him, escaped.

#### **How he Captured a British Officer. Battle of Saratoga.**

Just before the battle of Saratoga, he went out of the American camp, and having ascertained the British countersign, he went into one of their camps, and seeing an officer writing alone,

he whispered to him [pointing to his hunting knife], that if he spoke a word he would make daylight shine through him. The officer not having sword or pistols near, reluctantly marched before him to the American camp.

At the last battle at Saratoga, in which both armies were engaged, Murphy was, as he states, within five feet of Arnold, when he passed over the fortifications sword in hand. Murphy ascribed, to the day of his death, the chief honor of Burgoyne's defeat to Gen. Arnold, and believed Arnold would never have betrayed his country, had he received the honors which he so richly merited.

At Unadilla, he also went into a fort, several years afterwards, where he made important discoveries of the strength of the enemy.

#### **Another Shot from the Rear.**

On one occasion, when tramping through the woods, Murphy discovered an Indian in a *sitting* posture attending to a peremptory call from nature; such was his haste to shoot, that he fired ramrod, load and all through the body of the Indian. The Indian fell over backwards, and as Murphy states, his rifle was responded to, some forty times by the Indian, in his incompleated operation.

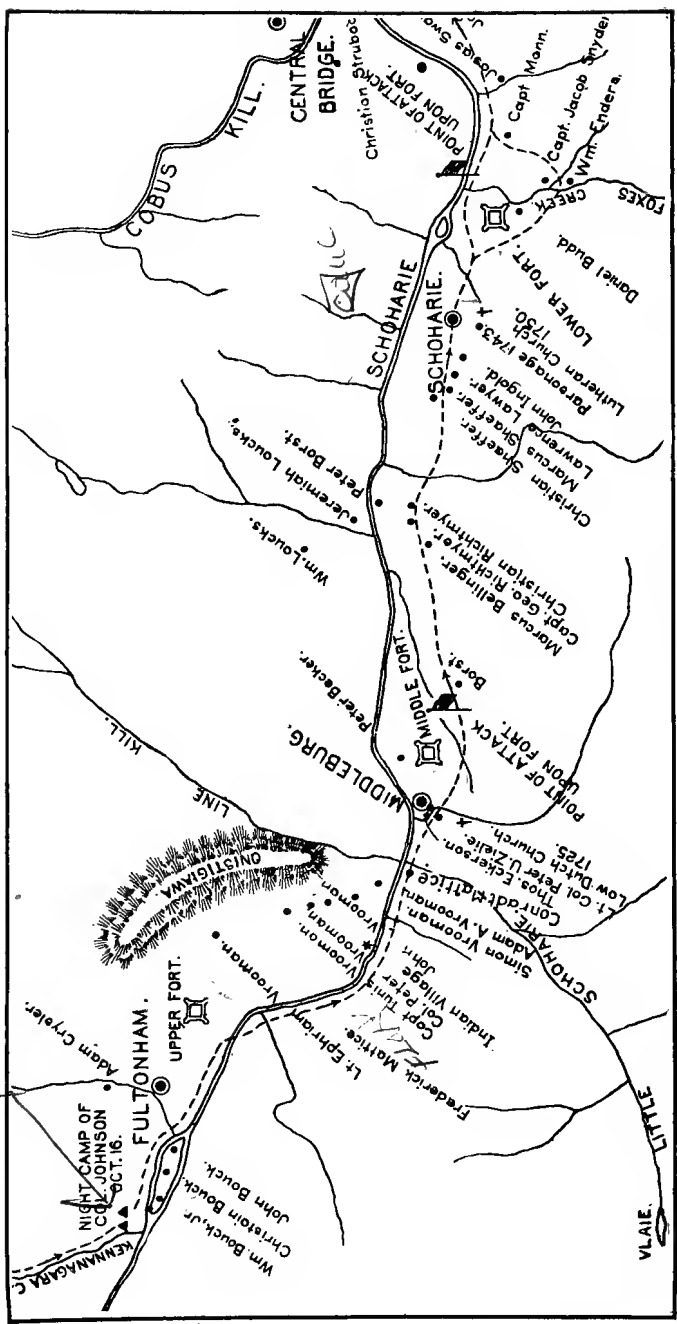
#### **Murphy and Follok Kill a Tory.**

As Murphy was passing towards Summit in company with Follok (a half blood), who generally acted as his pilot, he saw four Indians headed by a Tory, with scalps hanging on their bayonets. They crawled through a swail, and as they came within plain view, they saw on the bayonet of the Tory, what appeared to be the scalp of a woman. They moved carefully, but at last one of them stepping on the limb of a tree, which made a cracking, three of the Indians fired. The balls struck in some limbs that hung before them. They both aimed at the Tory, who fell, when they escaped by running.

#### **They Capture Canadians.**

On another occasion as himself, Follok, Tufts and Evans were passing through the woods, they saw 10 or 12 Canadians marching towards them in Indian file, with what appeared to be muskets on their shoulders. The four secreted themselves, until the Canadians got between them, when what appeared

227th Regt - Cavalry



The dotted line shows the route taken by Col. Sir John Johnson in his attack on the Middle Fort Oct. 17, 1780, and the property owners along the line of march.



to be guns, were mere clubs of black birch. They all arose simultaneously and presenting, ordered them to surrender. Being unarmed (except with hunting knives), they complied, and very demurely marched to the American Camp.

### **Tories Fire a Building. Murphy Shoots a Tory who had Killed a Boy.**

Soon after Murphy came to Schoharie, he went on a hunting and scouting excursion, and as he was returning, late in the evening he saw several men setting fire to an outhouse of a building near the Schoharie river. When he arrived within half a mile of the place he saw several tories standing at the corner of the house and one peeking in the window. After a short time the inmates were aroused and a man, a negro and two boys came rushing out of doors to extinguish the fire. The tories then hid behind the fence, excepting one, more resolute than the rest, who fired, most probably at the man but hit one of the boys, who fell, and was carried into the house by the mother, who had been elicited by his cries. This aroused the vengeance of Murphy, who stood on his knees behind a stump, and laying his rifle over the stump, he shot the tory to the very heart. The others on seeing him fall, and hearing the report in an unexpected direction, scampered away. Murphy then walked up, and was hailed by the habitants with tears of joy. No sleep was enjoyed by them that night. In the morning, the tory killed was found to be no less a person than \_\_\_\_\_, who had pretended to be a whig. Verily he received the reward of his treachery! The next day the family removed to the fort, where the boy recovered in a short time from his wounds.

### **An Occurrence at Gallupville.**

Shortly after the war, a 4th of July was celebrated, at a tavern near Gallupville, which Murphy attended. In the evening they commenced drinking healths, and after several patriotic toasts were offered, a tory gave in ridicule, "A health to *George III.*" This Murphy determined not to suffer with impunity, and rising, as the tory walked towards the door, he pitched him headlong from the stoop. The tory picked himself up and left for Canada or some other country, as he was never heard of afterwards.

### The Sagacity of Our Hero Saves His Own Life and Enables Him to Kill His Would be Murderer.

The following story has been questioned, and we publish it as it has been related to us, without vouching for its entire correctness.

Just before the conclusion of the war, as Murphy was at labor in clearing a piece of woodland, he saw a tall Indian approaching him from the woods with a rifle on his shoulder. As he came nearer, a belt might be seen around his waist in which were a tomahawk and scalping knife, that were partially concealed by a large blanket thrown over his shoulders.

"Which way are you traveling?" asked Murphy.

"Don't know," said the Indian.

"Where do you live?" enquired Murphy.

"There," returned the Indian (pointing towards Canada), "and where do *you* live?"

"Down here."

"Do you know old Murphy?" was the next question.

"Well—well—yes!" was the response.

"Where does *he* live?"

"Away off—yonder (pointing in a wrong direction), but what do you want of him?"

"Oh, nothing," said the Indian apparently embarrassed.

"Murphy was a wicked old devil."

"Yes," said the Indian, "he kill my brother—he kill Indian—he scalp Indian. They say he witch—he shoot without loadin'—Indian no hit him—he kill good many Indian—but he no kill me—I kill him." Murphy's blood began to boil, but he concealed his excitement as much as possible, and remarked:

"You've a very good rifle there."

"Yes."

"Did you ever shoot at a mark?"

"Oh, yes—do you shoot at mark?"

"Well, suppose we try," said Murphy.

The Indian then ran off some distance and putting up a mark against a stump, returned.

"You shoot first," said the Indian.

"No," said Murphy, "you shoot first." The Indian then shot, and to the astonishment of Murphy, pierced the center of the mark. The rifle was then reloaded, and on Murphy's receiv-

ing it he bounded back, exclaiming, "*I am Murphy!!*" The savage gave a yell that reverberated through the hills, and drawing his hunting knife, sprang towards Murphy; but ere he reached him a ball from the rifle entered his breast.

### His Appearance.

In stature Murphy was about five feet six inches and very well proportioned, with dark complexion, and an eye that would kindle and flash like the very lightning, when excited. He was exceedingly quick in all his motions, and possessed an iron frame that nothing apparently could affect. And what is very remarkable, his body was never wounded or scarred during the whole war.

### Murphy's Family. His Death. His Hatred of Tories.

He had nine children by his first wife, and was married again in 1812 or 1813, to Miss Mary Robertson, by whom he had four children. Soon after this marriage, he removed to Charlottesville, in this county, where he remained until a short time before his death, when he moved back to Fulton. He had suffered many years from an obstinate cancer on his neck, which finally terminated his existence in 1818, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He was a good and charitable neighbor, but inveterate to his enemies. He detested the very name of Tory, and if possible with more acrimony than that of Indian, and took the greatest delight in relating the feats and adventures in which he participated; saying that he was resolved to kill himself rather than be taken prisoner, knowing that they would inflict on him the most inhuman tortures. He repeatedly declined holding civil office, considering it would infringe on his natural independence; he always refused a promotion during the war, on the ground that it would confine him to one fort, and frequently prevent his joining scouting parties. In his pecuniary transactions he was perfectly honest and generous, and liberal to the indigent. That he had faults, we are not disposed to deny, but his greatest errors were in furtherance of what he conceived to be the best interest of his country, rather than from any selfish or sinister designs. Those who knew him best speak most in his praise. And it is to be hoped that it will be long ere the citizens of Schoharie will forget the name of Murphy.

"He was a man, take him all in all,  
We shall not look upon his like again."

## THE TIMOTHY MURPHY MEMORIAL.

Unveiling of his Monument in Middleburgh Cemetery — Great concourse of people honor his memory on Oct. 17, 1910,—the 130th Anniversary of his heroic deeds in repelling the attack of British and Indians on the Middle Fort.

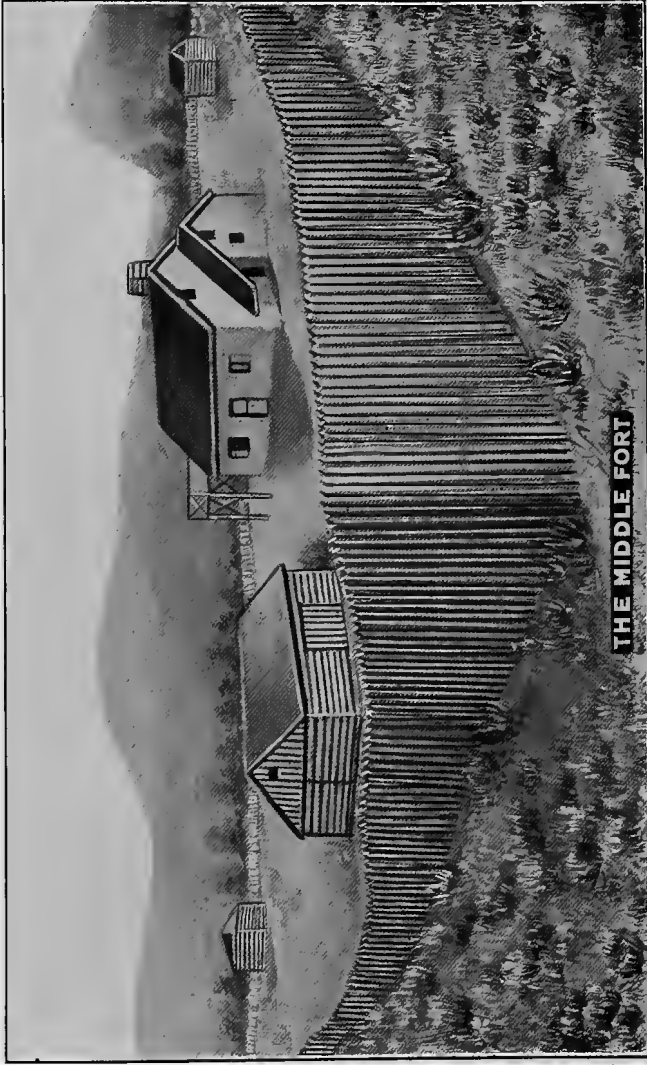
On Thursday the 13th of October, 1910, Counsellor Dow Beekman, President of the Fort Defiance Historical Society, was advised by Mr. Francis O. Winslow, of Boston, Mass., the executor of the estate of Mr. Thomas G. Foster, that the monument to the memory of Timothy Murphy, would be completed and unveiled on the Anniversary Day. There was little time and much work to be done to make suitable arrangements for the great occasion. This work, in all its variety and detail, Mr. Beekman performed. The people most heartily and joyously responded to his call. The early morning sun shone on hundreds of decorating flags, the places of business were closed, and the beautiful day was a holiday indeed. At noon, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow, the sculptress, Miss Evelyn B. Longman, the architect, Mr. Henry Bacon, and the surviving officers and trustees of the Fort Defiance Historical Society, Messrs. Dow Beekman, W. E. Bassler, J. Edward Young, G. L. Danforth and Daniel D. Frisbie, partook an elaborate lunch at Hotel Baker. At one thirty P. M., a great procession formed on Main street, Mr. Winslow's party, relatives of Timothy Murphy, the officers and trustees of the Historical Society, the Board of Trustees of the Village, the Board of Trustees of the Cemetery Association, the Trustees and Faculty of Middleburgh High School, more than 200 scholars of the school, each scholar bearing and waving a flag, citizens of the village and town and of the surrounding towns, and escorted by the companies of the Middleburgh Fire Department and the Cornet Band, and directed by Paul B. Matice as marshal, and Norman J. Vroman as aide, in uniform of Spanish American War Veterans, took up the march to the cemetery, a mile away.

To while away the time and to express their enthusiasm and rivalling the band, the scholars on the way sang:

“Timothy Murphy's body lies a molding in the grave,  
But his soul goes marching on,  
Marching on, Marching on, Marching on.”

Arriving at the gates of the cemetery, the occupants of motor cars and carriages alighted and the procession, more than a half





### THE MIDDLE FORT.

This fort consisted of the stone house of Johannes Becker (on the farm now owned by William J. Pindar) enclosed by pickets with loop holes, from which to fire on the invaders. Citizen's huts were built within the enclosure for the accommodation of their families. The Middle Fort was the headquarters of the Schoharie military district.



a mile long in double file, wended its way up the wide winding walks of the cemetery, and disposed of themselves in a semi-circle to the north of the Murphy monument. To the solemn and impressive strains of martial music, Mr. Mott V. Lawyer, a great-great-grandson of the hero, cut the cord which held in place the great silk flag which veiled the monument, and the flag falling, the people saw disclosed a beautiful shaft of granite, eight feet high, three feet wide and ten inches deep, set in appropriate base, and on the shaft facing the mausoleum, a marvelous bas relief in bronze of the great patriot, scout and warrior. He is represented as of slight but athletic figure, clothed in familiar suit of buckskin, the jacket belted down at the waist, the trousers fringed at the side, a coon-skin cap on his head. In his right hand he holds a musket, the butt of which rests on the ground. He is looking out in the distance. His left foot rests on a tomahawk. His hunting knife is in his belt on which his left hand rests. An arrow is represented as sticking in the earth behind his right leg. The relief is bordered by a tracing of pine needles and acorns. The following inscription appears on the tablet at the base:

TO THE MEMORY OF  
 1751 TIMOTHY MURPHY 1818  
 PATRIOT, SOLDIER, SCOUT, CITIZEN, WHO SERVED  
 IN MORGAN'S RIFLE CORPS, FOUGHT AT SARA-  
 TOGA AND MONMOUTH AND WHOSE  
 BRAVERY REPELLED THE ATTACK OF  
 BRITISH AND THEIR INDIAN ALLIES  
 UPON THE MIDDLE FORT, OC-  
 TOBER 17, 1780, AND SAVED THE  
 COLONISTS OF THE SCHO-  
 HARIE VALLEY.

In the center of the inscription is the head of an Indian of the Mohawk cast of countenance, with the eyes closed, typifying the extinction of the race. The entire work shows great artistic spirit, genius of conception, harmony in its symbolism and is a triumph for the sculptress, Miss Evelyn Longman. After the ceremony of unveiling, Hon. Dow Beekman delivered an address on the subject "Timothy Murphy's Place in History." He

traced the origin of the first public movement in 1889 for the erection of a monument to Timothy Murphy through the medium of the Fort Defiance Historical Society; gave the genealogy of the Murphy family; traced the services of Timothy Murphy from his enlistment in Gen. Morgan's Rifle Corps in 1776, through the Battle of Saratoga, his conduct there, General Frazier's falling under Murphy's fire, the Battle of Monmouth, his part in Gen. Sullivan's Expedition for the subjugation of the Indians in the southern part of the State in 1779, his services in various expeditions in the Schoharie and Mohawk Valleys, analyzed the personal traits and characteristics of his subject as a patriot, soldier and scout, but Mr. Beekman reached the eloquent crisis, when, while adhering to the historical accuracy, with imagination and fire undoubtedly born of the blood of his own Revolutionary forefathers within his veins, he depicted the advance of Colonel John Johnson and his force of 1,000 British and Indians from the defile of the hills above Fultonham at day-break on Tuesday, October 17th, 1780, down the valley, the firing of the alarm guns of the Upper and Middle Forts, the first skirmish of Murphy and his compatriots with the advance of the left wing of the enemy, the firing of the dwellings and the Dutch Reformed Church in the early morning, the attack on the Fort from the hills on the east, the answering fire from the patriot garrison, the attempt of Col. Johnson to obtain a parley and ascertain the real strength of the Colonial troops, the firing on the British flag, Murphy's heroism and keenness in military strategy at the critical moment, the final repulse and retreat of the enemy, rejoicing of the colonists. His closing words were as follows: "Pause a moment, men, women, young men and maidens, whose privilege it is on this day to dwell in this peaceful valley, here surrounded by the Mohegouter, the "Mountain of the Mohegans," in front of you, where early dwelt the primeval tribe, the towering "Oucongona" on your right, the "Corn Mountain"—the Onistagrawa, in the distance; as you stand on this beautiful hill, the entire scene clothed in the romance of the primitive life of your ancestors as they dwelt in harmony in those early days with the Red Man before he was beguiled to murderous deeds by British gold and cunning,—standing here on this holy ground, made sacred by the blood of your forefathers, shed for liberty, glance out on the valley which to-day is clothed in the rich verdure of autumnal glory. If all the graves scattered along yonder winding river and upon the

hillsides and upon the level fields between, could to-day give up their pioneer, their patriot dead and send them marching toward this hallowed spot whereon we stand to-day, the voice of every one would tell of the worth of Timothy Murphy in the trying times of the war which gave us freedom, and rejoice with us that honor, however tardy, has been at last paid his memory."

At the conclusion of Mr. Beekman's address, the Hon. Daniel D. Frisbie, the next speaker, stirred the souls of the great assembly by an impassioned and eloquent portrayal of the many lessons in citizenship, patriotism and whole-souled devotion to duty, as illustrated by the life and deeds of the famous Timothy Murphy. The address was a splendid plea for a higher citizenship, a more exalted manhood, and a greater reverence for patriotism and love of American institutions. Following the address of Mr. Frisbie, Mr. Winslow, in a clear, delightful and masterly address, narrated the provisions of this trust confided to him under the will of Mr. Foster, and explained in detail the symbolisms of the monument, and also handed to Mr. Beekman his check for one hundred dollars to be added to a fund for erecting suitable markers on the sites of the Upper and Middle Forts. Mr. Winslow, in closing, also spoke of the artistic genius of Miss Longman, the sculptress of the monument, and its bas relief and of the statues of Faith, Hope and Charity which crown the summit of the Mausoleum, and requested Miss Longman to step to the speaker's station so that the people could carry her image in their memories of the day. This she gracefully and graciously did, and was received and thanked with warm applause.

The exercises were brought to an end to the music of "The Star Spangled Banner," and the procession proceeded to the village. The weather was in harmony with the occasion, one of the rarest autumnal days, the air balmy and the sun lighting up the brilliant colors of the autumn foliage; a strong contrast to the weather on Oct. 17th, 1780, for as the president said in his address "The pen of history tells us that on the morning of Tuesday, one hundred and thirty years ago, this very day, a strong northeast wind was blowing and that snow in fitful squalls, swept along the hillsides and down over the glistening stream."

Thus the memorial day closed, and the people, scarcely realizing that they had stood for more than two hours, intent and charmed, departed from the city of the dead to the homes of the

living, feeling the beauty, strength and truth of Longfellow's stanza :

“Life is real: Life is earnest:  
And the grave is not its goal:  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

“Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way:  
But to act that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day.”

*The*  
***Middleburgh Gazette***

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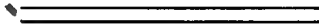
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