Life of General Philip Schuyler

CHAPTER TWO
The Youth of Philip Schuyler
The French and Indian War

PHILIP SCHUYLER had only Dutch blood in his veins.

Fourth in descent from Philip Pieterse Schuyler, he was grandson of Captain Johannes Schuyler and son of Johannes Schuyler, Jr., Indian Commissioner and Mayor of Albany.

Born on November 11, 1733, he lost his father when he was eight years of age and was brought up by his mother, Cornelia Van Cortlandt, partly at her house in Albany and partly at The Flatts, where Aunt Schuyler's model household was a second home to him.

The surroundings of his boyhood were such as to develop the practical and hardy qualities necessary for success at a time when there was no specialization of activity and when a leading man had to be an adept not only in one, but in various employments.

Shooting and fishing were the natural amusements of the boy.

To handle a horse or a canoe, to sail a sloop, to tread alone without fear the forest paths, became matters of course.

Of moral training he had the best kind in the example of the simple and high minded lives which were lived about him in the family circle at The Flatts; and the religious impressions then made upon his youthful character were strong enough to endure as guides of conduct throughout a long life.

Of the education to be derived from books, young Schuyler received a share unusual at that time, and equaled only by the advantages of the few graduates of Yale College in the province.

A Huguenot tutor taught him until he was fifteen years old, when he was sent to New Rochelle, the home of the Huguenot refugees, and placed in charge of the Reverend Mr. Stouppe, the pastor of the French Protestant church.

There he remained for three years in close application to study and learned to speak French, then an unusual accomplishment for a provincial.

At New Rochelle, as previously at Albany, mathematics was young Schuyler's favorite subject, and the circumstance accords with the methodical, orderly and accurate habit of mind which afterwards characterized him.

Among his papers are a large number of mathematical calculations, generally made for a practical end, to determine the height of canal locks or the sinking fund of the public debt, but often puzzling problems worked out for amusement only.

This intellectual bent, pursued as it was with pleasure, lies close to the foundation of Schuyler's usefulness.

The problems which life was to present to him, in his private business, in his labors as soldier and statesman, were often novel, to be solved by independent thought, unaided by previous education or experience.

John Jay as a boy was also one of Mr. Stouppe's scholars, and lived at his house some years after Schuyler.

From him we learn that the diet provided by Mrs. Stouppe was meager even for those simple days; and the future Chief Justice had sometimes to go hungry to bed in a room so ill protected from the winds of winter that he awoke to find the snow drifted upon the floor.

Schuyler's experience was doubtless the same.

It was while studying at New Rochelle that there first developed what was destined to be the chief drawback and impediment in his life, the liability to attacks of rheumatic gout.

This painful disease confined him to the house for a whole year while he was yet a growing youth.

He never ceased to be subject to the infliction, and at important junctures, when he needed all his strength of body and mind, he had the mortification and sorrow of being totally incapacitated.

After his studies at New Rochelle were concluded, Schuyler returned to Albany and there pursued a branch of education very different, but quite as important for him as the courses of Mr. Stouppe.

The property which he inherited and upon which must be based his future fortune, consisted chiefly of lands, only a portion of which was redeemed from the forest.

He had to familiarize himself with these lands, find tenants to clear and plant them, mark out the best sites for saw-mills, superintend their erection, and arrange for the marketing of the lumber.

His business interests required visits to Oswego, the distant outpost on Lake Ontario, where the Dutch trader and the Indian hunter met to exchange peltry for guns, hatchets and whiskey.

He had to know that watery highway, so often to be followed in peace and in war-up to Mohawk River, past the fortress dwelling of William Johnson, through the country of the Iroquois, over the Great Carrying Place to Oneida Lake and down the Oneida River to the fort.

Rough settlers and lawless traders were necessary associates among whom safety required the cultivation of firmness and tact.

It was part of Schuyler's life to become familiar with the Indians, to learn their ways, how to influence and control them.

The warlike confederacy of the Six Nations was still established in the Long House as in the days of Peter Schuyler, and had still to be cajoled or over rated.

The strong hand of Montcalm held the destinies of Canada and threatened those of the English colonies.

The blackened ruins of the house at Saratoga, where lay the ashes of his murdered Uncle Philip, spoke strongly enough to the youthful Schuyler of dangers to be faced.

This free and varied life of the frontier, in which civilized man was brought so close to nature in its wilder forms, was full of pleasures of its own and of stimulating contrasts.

After the westward journeys through forest trails or in birch bark canoe amidst a wilderness whose human inhabitants were little less wild than the bear and the elk, the home life at Albany, with its solid comforts, its simple but lively social pleasures, acquired a peculiar zest.

The winter's day passed on snowshoes or skates found a happy end with book or games before the roaring logs of a Dutch fire-place.

The visits to each other of the Hudson River families, in winter on sledges skimming over the frozen surface, in summer by the leisurely sloop, tacking lazily between the wooded shores, yielded the more enjoyment that they were not of everyday occurrence.

Many and delightful were the house parties and river frolics among Livingstons, Van Rensselaers, Van Brughs, de Peysters, Ten Broecks, Ten Eycks, Bleeckers, Beeckmans, Lansings, Van Cortlandts and Cuylers.

And the sledge or the sloop of young Philip Schuyler often took him down the river to Claverack, where Catherine, the daughter of John Van Rensselaer, was the magnet of greatest attraction.

Before he had attained his majority, Schuyler paid several visits to New York, mingled with society there and formed intimacies with young men who were to be his allies or adversaries in the exciting scenes of future years.

As a relative of the principal proprietary families of the province, and as a young stranger who was committed to none of the political or religious parties of the city, all doors stood open to him.

Both Livingstons and de Lanceys were friendly.

Young Schuyler could be intimate at the same time with Rev. Henry Barclay, rector of Trinity Church, and the arch-dissenter, John Morin Scott.

In the houses of Bayards, Van Cortlandts, Beeckmans, Watts, de Peysters, he met a circle of the chief families of the town all more or less connected with his own.

New York was a royal province, differing radically in political and social ideas from the independent and democratic New England.

In these years preceding the French and Indian War, English prejudices in favor of aristocratic forms and a state church were very strong.

The Governor's council, the officials, the officers and the little court of provincial magnates who gathered at Government House gave the tone to a loyal and submissive community.

But there was a party of opposition, republican in sentiment and opposed to episcopacy.

In this party the leaders were yet chiefly Presbyterians, because the causes of division were mainly religious.

The clergy and laity of other denominations were forced to contribute to the salary of the rector of Trinity Church.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was known to have a plan on foot, approved by the ministry, for increasing the power of episcopacy in the province.

Many men, distinctly aristocratic in their feelings, were driven by a dread of Church predominance and tyranny into an opposition which became inevitably the party of democracy.

In 1752, was formed the Whig Club, which met once a week at the King's Arms.

Chief among the members were William Livingston, William Smith, Jr., John Morin Scott, Peter Van Brugh Livingston, Robert R. Livingston, David Van Horne, William Alexander, William Peartree Smith and Dr. John Jones.

These men discussed politics and government in a manner quite independent and radical, and scandalized loyal churchmen by drinking to the health of Oliver Cromwell, John Hampden and Hugh Peters.

Three members of the Whig Club took the lead. William Liviingston, William Smith, Jr., and John Morin Scott, the "wicked triumvirate," to whom the loyalist Judge Jones ascribed the later troubles of the province.

They were all graduates of Yale College, an institution remarkable for "its republican principles, its intolerance in religion and its utter aversion to Bishops and all earthly Kings."

Of these men, William Livingston was destined to become the distinguished revolutionary patriot and governor of New Jersey; John Morin Scott, the leader of the ''Liberty Boys'' and a powerful factor in the resistance of New York to ministerial tyranny; William Smith, Jr., the amiable and witty companion, the cultivated author of the History of New York, was to go far with the friends of his youth, but to become at last a loyalist and an exile and end his days as Chief Justice of Canada.

These three young lawyers carried the war into Africa and earned the undying hatred of all churchmen by prosecuting at their own expense the great suit of the heirs of Anneke Jans against Trinity Church.

With Livingston and Smith, Philip Schuyler formed a friendship destined to be intimate.

The establishment of King's, now Columbia College, was then proposed, and the vestry of Trinity Church offered the land for a building on condition that the head of the college should always be a member of the Church of England and that the Episcopal ritual should always be used.

This proposition at once became the subject of heated controversy and political division.

William Livingston had lately founded a weekly publication called the Independent Reflector, in which the social and political interests of the province were discussed chiefly by himself.

In the columns of this paper he continued a series of articles attacking the establishment of the college on the terms proposed, taking the ground that the money for its support was to be raised by a general tax, while the Episcopalians were only a minority in the province.

He was replied to in Gaine's Mercury by the churchmen, Barclay, Johnson and Auchmuty.

Regarding this controversy, Schuyler wrote to a friend in Albany.

"I send you the forty-sixth number of the Independent Reflector, which is making a notable stir here.”

“The clergy and all churchmen are in arms against it, and our friend, Will Livingston, who is the principal writer, is thought by some to be one of the most promising men in the province.”

“I esteem the Church and its liturgy, but I believe he is right in opposing the ridiculous pretensions of the clergy, who would make it as infallible as the Popish church claims to be.''

During one of Schuyler's visits to New York, the first theatrical company arrived in the town.

It was warmly welcomed by the Government House circle, but a number of the more staid gentlemen met and agreed not to countenance the theatre by their presence.

Apparently they had not consulted their wives and daughters, who were otherwise minded, and one by one they fell away from grace and were seen at the theatre, except William Livingston, who was not the man to yield a question of principle.

Young Schuyler had no scruples in the matter.

In September, 1753, he wrote to his friend "Brom," Abram Ten Broeck of Albany, afterwards an important personage, one of those familiar and illustrative letters of which we wish we had more.

"The schooner arrived at Ten Eyck's wharf on Wednesday at one o'clock, and the same evening I went to the play with Phil (Livingston)."

"You know I told you before I left home that if the players should be here I should see them, for a player is a new thing under the sun in our good province."

"Phil's sweetheart went with us. She is a handsome brunette from Barbados, Who has an eye like that of a Mohawk beauty and appears to possess a good understanding."

"Phil and I went to see the grand battery in the afternoon, and to pay my respects to the governor, whose lady spent a week with us last spring, and we bought our play tickets for eight shillings apiece, at Parker and Weyman's printing office in Beaver Street on our return."

"We had tea at five o'clock, and before sundown we were in the theatre, for the players commenced at six."

"The room was quite full already."

"Among the company was your cousin Tom and Kitty Livingston, and also Jack Watts, Sir Peter Warren's brother-in law."

"I would like to tell you all about the play, but I can't now, for Billy must take this to the wharf for Captain Wynkoop in half an hour."

"He sails this afternoon."

"A large green curtain hung before the players until they were ready to begin, when, on the blast of a whistle, it was raised, and some of them appeared and commenced acting."

"The play was called 'The Conscious Lovers,' written you know by Sir Richard Steele, Addison's help in writing the Spectator."

"Hallam, and his wife and sister all performed, and a sprightly young man named Hulett played the violin and danced merrily."

“But I said I could not tell you about the play, so I will forbear, only adding that I was not better pleased than I should have been at the club, where last year I went with cousin Stephen, and heard many wise sayings which I hope profited me something.”

“Tomorrow I expect to go into New Jersey to visit Colonel Schuyler, who was at our house four or five years ago, when he returned from Oswego.”

“He is a kinsman and good soldier, and as I believe we shall have war again with the French quite as soon as we could wish, I expect he will lead his Jerseymen to the field.”

“I wish you and I, Brom, could go with him.”

“But I must say farewell, with love to Peggy and sweet Kitty, very respectfully, if you see her."

In the autumn of 1754, Schuyler came of age.

The English law of primogeniture gave to him, as eldest son, all the real estate which had belonged to his father, which meant substantially the whole family property.

The justice of this law was no more questioned in the province of New York than in England, nor had its privileges been refused by the eldest son in the circle of land-holding families with which he was connected.

But Dutch tradition and the generosity of Schuyler's character caused him to disregard the law.

The estate was divided by him equally among his mother's children, and the considerable fortune which he afterwards possessed was due to his own enterprise and industry.

It was in this year that the first shots were fired in the forests of Virginia by command of Colonel George Washington in that bloody and decisive struggle which in Europe was called the Seven Years' War and in America the French and Indian War.

The importance of this great conflict is somewhat obscured by the grandeur of those other events, the American and the French revolutions, which soon followed and were in considerable measure its sequence.

But it largely determined the future of the world.

Its results in Europe were to make England supreme on the seas, commercially and in war, to make her the great colonial nation of the world, to give her control in America and in India.

Its results in America were to abolish the French power, and thus to make possible the United States, both as to extent of territory and as to political independence.

All the region between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains, from the Gulf of Mexico to the St. Lawrence River, was claimed by France by right of exploration and occupation; the natural highways of that vast domain, the rivers Ohio, Mississippi, St. Lawrence and the great lakes, were jealously guarded by forts, under the command of officers from Versailles, above which, in the endless expanse of leafy wilderness, floated the fleur-de-lis of the old monarchy, a flag which represented everything opposed to human progress.

The prize grasped by the wisdom of Pitt and the valor of Wolfe became the inheritance of the men who were to build up the American nation.

The perspective of time allows us to see the ultimate meaning of this great conflict, to view it as a necessary step in the world's advance from the absolutism of the past to the enlightenment of the present.

But even to the more limited contemporary view the advantages to accrue to the English colonists were visible enough.

Philip Schuyler could see that with Canada under British rule, he might rebuild the house at Saratoga without fear of midnight raids and conflagration; the tomahawk of the savage might be buried deep when a Frontenac or a Montcalm ceased to incite to the warpath; every year might be pushed further to the westward the tide of colonization and enterprise.

The youthful Schuyler played no such important part in the war as to make it appropriate to follow the course of military operations in any detail.

But in this school he, like Washington, Putnam, Stark and many others afterwards distinguished in the Revolution, obtained such military experience as they had, and displayed the qualities which, in the later struggle, induced their fellow citizens to confide to their courage and abilities the safety of their country.

Early in 1755, Schuyler had raised a company in the neighborhood of Albany and had received his commission as captain from Governor James de Lancey.

Two of the young captain's friends, Henry Van Schaack and Philip Lansing, enlisted as lieutenants in his company.

In that year, two great expeditions took place against New France.

In the south, the English general, Braddock, despising provincial advice, clinging obstinately to European methods of warfare, led his regular troops into the Indian ambuscade before Fort Duquesne.

After that awful slaughter in the forests of the western wilderness, while his own life was ebbing away, he realized that Colonel Washington of Virginia knew something about fighting French and Indians.

In the north, this crushing defeat was redeemed by a victory won by provincials, fighting in provincial style.

The object of the northern expedition was Crown Point, a fort on a peninsula projecting into Lake Champlain, which commanded the passage of the lake and for many years had threatened the English colonies.

The commander chosen was William Johnson, an Irishman, nephew of Sir Peter Warren, who acquired extensive lands on the Mohawk River through his marriage with Miss Watts of New York, and who had sent out this nephew to manage them.

About nine years before this time Johnson was living obscurely among the Indians on the Mohawk, when an event occurred which opened a path to his ambition which he trod thenceforward to wealth and distinction.

Governor Clinton of New York and James de Lancey, the Chief Justice of the province, were intimate friends and together controlled public affairs at their will.

One night at Government House, when the two friends had been drinking together, a violent quarrel arose between them, and de Lancey left with revengeful threats which he did not fail to execute.

The ensuing enmity between the Governor and the Chief Justice became a source of great divisions in the province.

Clinton had his official power, and de Lancey his influence with the Assembly to use in the conflict.

Each dealt severe blows at the interests and the friends of his opponent.

Peter Schuyler, Philip's cousin, was then the Indian Commissioner for the Six Nations, an office almost hereditary in that family.

But he was known as de Lancey's friend.

Clinton put in his place William Johnson, who was to show himself wonderfully adapted for it.

Johnson lived a wild and adventurous life in his fortified house on the Mohawk, wielding undisputed sway over his white tenantry and exerting the power of a sachem among the Six Nations.

His house was always thronged with Indians whose sleeping forms encumbered the lower rooms and hall-ways at night.

Fort Johnson, as it was called, was the chief stopping place on the route between the Hudson River and the fort on Lake Ontario.

The fur trader and the land prospector received its hospitalities and protection as they came and went.

Philip Schuyler knew it and its owner well.

Over this semi-civilized household presided for a time a Dutch wife who had two daughters.

When she died her place was taken by a succession of squaws, among whom was a sister of the celebrated Brant.

The two daughters were kept on an upper floor, isolated as much as possible from the wild life about them, under the charge of a governess, who formed their only society.

They both grew up and married.

Johnson himself was powerfully built, with a good intelligence, rough but jovial, accustomed to adapt himself to any surroundings, painting and dressing like a savage when it suited his purpose, disputing with the Indian orators the palm of prolixity and imagery, yet keeping up his relations with civilization and always on good terms with Government House.

He had no knowledge of military affairs, but he brought to his work his forest experience.

He was the very opposite of Braddock and met with an opposite fortune.

The rendezvous of the forces intended to attack Crown Point was at The Flatts, above Albany, near the Schuyler house.

They numbered in all about three thousand, the New England men under General Lyman, the New York regiment under Johnson, while the wise old chief Hendrick commanded the Indians.

Among the New Englanders was Colonel Ephraim Williams, whose will, then made at The Flatts, founded Williams College, Lieutenant John Stark and Israel Putnam, beginning brilliant careers.

Johnson was very slow about starting.

The New England men, then, as afterwards in the Revolution, were ready to leave their homes to fight; but to remain inactive in camp under military discipline was intolerable to them.

To hold together his independent soldiers, Lyman started out in advance, and through the hot July days slowly made his way northward to a point on the upper Hudson where began the long "carry" through the woods to Lake George.

There he began the construction of a fort, called Fort Lyman, but afterwards known as Fort Edward.

In August, Johnson moved at last, with his New York companies and his Indians, stopping in the woods in the heat of the day, and in his jovial manner gathering his officers around a punch bowl.

Arrived at Fort Lyman, he left five hundred men there to finish and garrison the fort, and then with the rest of the troops he moved northward over the "great carrying place," a band of men with axes going ahead to clear a rough road through the forest.

At length the little army arrived at the southern extremity of the beautiful lake, of which the quiet solitude was soon to be rudely broken.

"I found," said Johnson, "a mere wilderness; never was house or fort erected here before."

The waters which the French called Lac St. Sacrement, Johnson named Lake George, "not in simple honor of his Majesty, but to assert his undoubted dominion here.''

The army then went into camp, a motley and ill-disciplined assemblage, the New England ministers exhorting against "cursing and swearing," and preaching their sermons to soldiers and savages.

Meanwhile the French had no idea of waiting to be attacked.

Baron Dieskau, with three thousand regulars, Canadians and Indians, had moved southward to Crown Point.

He was not only a trained soldier, but far surpassed Johnson in energy and judgment.

Finding no indications of an enemy at Crown Point, he continued southward to Ticonderoga.

There his scouts brought in a prisoner who gave him information of Fort Lyman.

The bold Dieskau pushed on, making a circuit to the east of Lake George by way of the South Bay, and at length found himself on the rough forest road which connected Fort Lyman with Johnson's Camp.

He had hardly arrived there when a man came galloping down the road.

Dieskau's Indians shot and scalped him.

Upon him was found a letter from Johnson to the officer in command of Fort Lyman, warning him of Dieskau's approach.

Johnson's scouts to the eastward had come in reporting the woods to be swarming with French and Indians heading toward Fort Lyman, and Johnson had sent off the ill-fated messenger.

This was the first that Dieskau knew of Johnson's Camp.

Soon afterwards some mutinous waggoners who had deserted from the camp came down the road.

Two were shot, two were made prisoners and gave Dieskau full information of the forces at Fort Lyman and the camp at Lake George.

Others escaped and hastening backward, told Johnson of Dieskau's position.

Each commander now understood the position of his enemy.

Dieskau was anxious to continue southward and take Fort Lyman first.

But his savage allies had a great dread of cannon which they supposed would be in action at the fort.

They refused to follow the French there, but consented to attack the camp at Lake George, although it contained the main body of the enemy.

Early the next morning Dieskau set out along the road to the north and had got within three miles of Johnson's Camp when his scouts brought in a prisoner who gave the information that an attacking force had left the camp.

The news was true.

Johnson had sent out a thousand men under Colonel Williams and Chief Hendrick.

Dieskau immediately disposed his Canadians and Indians on both sides of the road in ambush. Into the fatal ambuscade Williams and Hendrick marched at the head of their column and fell at the first fire.

A panic seized the English force taken by surprise and a retreat to the camp began.

But the vanguard, now become the rear, fought so obstinately from behind the trees, that the retreat soon became orderly and Dieskau's force was by no means in a triumphant mood as it advanced.

This engagement was long talked of at Dutch and New England firesides as "the bloody morning scout."

In the camp, the sound of musketry was distinctly heard.

It grew louder and louder, and then: the English knew that their comrades were retreating.

At the eleventh hour, when almost too late, Johnson attempted to fortify his position.

Trees were hastily felled and a rough obstruction raised.

The ambushed column began to arrive, first frightened stragglers, then men carrying the wounded, then the main body in good order, firing to the last.

Every man was placed in position.

Some cannon were dragged up a bank in the rear of the camp and breastworks hastily thrown up about them.

Dieskau's white-coated regulars soon appeared in serried rank, their bayonets flashing among the trees.

The Canadians and Indians approached on either flank uttering frightful yells.

It was the critical moment.

The provincial troops within the camp had never been under fire before.

So many were seen to shrink.

But the officers with drawn swords threatened and exhorted.

The enemy was in front and the lake behind.

The gallant French commander had hastened on in front, planning to enter the camp on the heels of the retreating column.

Could he have done this, his success was assured.

But the Canadians and Indians, at sight of the cannon, scattered widely among the trees, beyond the reach of orders.

The French regulars received the full fire of cannon and musketry as they stood exposed and they too sought the shelter of the trees.

Then for five hours raged the forest conflict.

Five thousand muskets discharged as fast as they could be loaded, with the cannon booming and the balls crashing among the branches.

Dieskau had a poor opinion of the English provincials, and when he heard their numbers, said there were only so many more to kill.

But after this battle his opinion changed.

"They fought in the morning like good boys, at noon like men, and in the afternoon like devils."

Johnson retired early to his tent with a shot through his hip.

Lyman conducted the defense with the greatest intrepidity, and its success was mainly owing to him.

The French officer, St. Pierre, in command of the Indians, the same to whom Washington had carried Governor Dinwiddie's letter in the western forest, was killed.

Dieskau, shot through the leg, sat on a log for hours giving his orders.

The French fire slackened at last, and the English, leaping over the breastwork of logs, dashed upon their enemy hatchet in hand.

Too exhausted to resist, the French fled through the woods and the day was won.

The unfortunate Dieskau, as he sat wounded on a fallen tree, attended only by his aide-de-camp, Bernier, was shot twice again in this final onslaught.

Carried into the camp, he was received into Johnson's tent, where his generous captor spared no effort to relieve his sufferings.

The two commanders lay side by side, receiving the same medical attention, such as it was, and discussing in a friendly manner the past events.

Schuyler’s knowledge of the French language was now useful.

He was assiduous in his attention to Dieskau and Bernier and became intimate with both.

Johnson's Indians, when they returned from the woods with the scalps of the dead, were incensed that the prisoners were not delivered over to their vengeance.

Dieskau, especially, was the object of their bloodthirsty anger, and they demanded his life in return for that of their fallen chiefs.

Johnson was firm in defense of his prisoner and took every precaution to protect him.

"What do they want of me?" asked Dieskau, observing the threatening concourse of savages around the tent.

"They want to kill and eat you, and put you in their pipes and smoke you," answered Johnson, "but they shall not while I live."

It became imperative to send the prisoners away, and Captain Schuyler was ordered to convey them to Albany.

Johnson lent Dieskau fifty pounds on his departure.

The wounded man was borne on a litter over the rough "carry" to the Hudson, and there Schuyler had him placed in a batteau.

With the other prisoners, Schuyler hastened in advance and when Dieskau arrived, comfortable quarters were ready for him and Bernier, who was also wounded.

The battle and its result were known in Albany, and the rejoicing was naturally great.

Had Johnson's camp been defended with less valor, had the chances of war been less favorable to him, Dieskau, with his white-coated Frenchmen, his rough Canadians and his painted savages, would have entered the town as a conqueror instead of a shattered prisoner.

The imagination of the inhabitants did not need to be vivid to portray to them the inevitable consequences.

Hence, the young Schuyler, fresh from the bloody field where he had performed his part, met with a cordial reception.

Nine days after the fight, on the 17th of September, he was married to the "sweet Kitty very respectfully," mentioned in the letter to "Brom," the daughter of John Van Rensselaer of Claverack, and like himself a descendant of Philip Pieterse Schuyler.

For a week after the wedding he remained in Albany, his attention divided between his bride and his French friends.

How much the wounded officers owed to him, and after his departure, to the kindness of his wife and mother, is shown by the following letter written to him in French by Bernier, October 5th.

"I have received, sir, and dear friend, the letter which you have done me the honor to write to me from your camp."

“It is full of politeness and sentiment.”

“As to the portion intended particularly for me, I am truly sensible, and I should esteem myself infinitely happy to be able to give you some marks of my gratitude, and of the esteem and friendship which are due to you.”

“I have read the letter to the Baron Dieskau.”

“It has confirmed him in the good opinion of you, which, you know, he has reason to entertain.”

“He is still as when you left him-still suffering, and uncertain how his wounds will end at last.”

“He charges me to pray you, in his behalf, to present his compliments to M. de Johnson, and to assure him of the extent of his gratitude to him.”

“His greatest desire is to be able to write to him himself.”

“I pray you add to the Baron's wishes my very humble respects.”

“One can add nothing to the politeness of Madame, your mother, and Madame, your wife.”

“Every day there come from them to the Baron, fruits and other rare sweets which are of great service to him.”

“He orders me, on this subject, to express to you all that he owes to the attentions of these ladies.”

“If it was permitted me to go out, I should already have been often to present to them his respects and mine.”

“The Baron has been much pleased to learn by your letter that General de Johnson esteems you and gives you marks of his consideration and kindness.”

“If he shall have the happiness to be restored to health, and to see your general again, he will himself be the proclaimer of all the good words which should be said of you, and which in justice he owes you, for the trouble and care you have had for him."

Johnson showed his incapacity as a general by not following up his advantage and taking Crown Point when he could.

Lyman would gladly have led his New England men to a second and decisive victory, but that Johnson's jealousy would not permit, and Crown Point remained as hitherto a constant menace.

But the victory won at the camp at Lake George was the solitary success in a year of disaster.

The King of England marked his appreciation by a gift to Johnson of five thousand pounds and by creating him a baronet.

Hereafter he is known as Sir William Johnson of Johnson Hall.

Philip Schuyler remained in camp until it broke up late in the autumn, and during the winter, although able to be much in Albany with his family, he was employed in making Fort Edward a depot of military stores.

There was stationed in Albany that winter an English officer named Colonel John Bradstreet, who had already rendered good services to his government and was destined to be much employed in the future course of the war.

Although Bradstreet was much the senior of Philip Schuyler, the two men formed an intimate friendship which had important results for both.

In the spring of 1756, Bradstreet was sent at the head of an expedition to Oswego on Lake Ontario, with the double purpose of keeping open the communications with that western post and of supplying it with military stores.

Schuyler received orders to accompany him.

The expedition, which consisted of about two thousand boatmen and provincial soldiers, followed in safety the western route of river and lake and forest "carry" already familiar to Captain Schuyler.

The stores were deposited at the Oswego fort, where Peter Schuyler was in command with his "Jersey Blues," and where he was soon to be attacked and captured by Montcalm.

In the beginning of July, Bradstreet's force started on its homeward journey.

The long line of canoes was paddled slowly against the current of the Oswego River, between the shores of virgin forest.

The van, consisting of about three hundred men, with Bradstreet and Captain Schuyler at their head, had proceeded about nine miles, the silence of nature hardly broken by the sound of voice or paddle, when suddenly from the forest on the east bank came the rattle of musketry and a shower of bullets.

The volley had been fired by a force of about seven hundred men under Coulon de Villiers, whom Governor Vaudreuil had sent to close the communications between Oswego and Albany.

In the canoes, many men had been struck.

The rest, knowing themselves to be a shining mark for an enemy they could not see, paddled hastily for the west bank and sought shelter among the trees.

Elated by their success, the French started to cross the river by means of an island a little further upstream, with the intention of attacking the English before they could recover themselves.

Bradstreet saw the movement and acted instantly.

He, with Philip Schuyler and six boatmen, paddled quickly to the island, reached it before the French, jumped from their canoes, posted themselves behind trees and fired at the Frenchmen in the water as fast as they could load.

For a few moments, but all important moments, they held the French in check.

Then they were joined by twenty more boatmen.

Three times the French attempted to cross, but they were no sooner in the river and exposed to fire than a well-aimed volley drove them back to cover.

Repelled at this point, Coulon de Villiers led his men up the east bank, with the intention of crossing by an upper ford.

Meanwhile the English had recovered themselves and reinforcements had arrived.

Bradstreet took two hundred and fifty men and marched up the west bank.

But the French had crossed before he arrived and for some time an indecisive exchange of shots took place from behind trees.

At last Bradstreet passed along an order for a charge.

His men made a rush, drove the French across the river and shot many as they passed.

Another party of French who had crossed further up and now sought to join their comrades were in turn attacked and driven off.

Thus, the day, which had opened so inauspiciously for Bradstreet's command, was, by coolness and vigor, victoriously ended.

The expedition continued its journey to Albany with some prisoners and a goodly collection of French muskets and knapsacks.

Bradstreet's action in this engagement afterwards received the praise of Wolfe.

Captain Philip Schuyler's humanity and generosity are illustrated by an occurrence which took place on the day of this fight.

When Bradstreet and his little company on the island had repelled the French and saw them moving up the river, they entered their canoes to join the force on the west bank.

A Canadian had fallen just as he reached the shore of the island and as his enemies were departing begged them not to leave him there to a lingering death.

The canoes were already full and his request was refused.

But Schuyler jumped ashore, took the man on his back, waded across the stream and placed the wounded Canadian in the care of Dr. Kirkland, the army surgeon.

In 1775, when Schuyler, in command of the northern department, was in camp at Isle aux Noix in Canada, this man enlisted in the continental army and appeared at the general's tent to thank him.

In the Spring of 1758, Albany was the scene of unprecedented military preparations.

The inhabitants of the quiet frontier town were almost lost in the crowd of soldiers and boatmen who were camped in its neighborhood and who thronged its streets with little regard to discipline.

The great and ill-fated expedition against Ticonderoga was on foot, bringing together such a military assemblage as had never been seen in the province.

For months there was a camp about Mrs. Schuyler's house at The Flatts, and there sat at her hospitable board many officers whose names were to be familiar in American history.

There was Abercrombie, the incompetent general in command, who stupidly sacrificed his brave men before the breastworks of Ticonderoga.

There was the gallant Lord Howe, elder brother of the Richard and William Howe, who afterwards were sent to subdue the colonies.

Lord Howe, then second in command under Wolfe, and the soul of the army, suffered a painful death, as he led the van through the forest.

There was General Gage, later to command the British troops against rebellious Boston.

And there was Charles Lee, later to play so contemptible a part in the continental army.

Among the provincials were Stark of New Hampshire, then a captain, and Putnam of Connecticut, then a major.

At this interesting and exciting time, Philip Schuyler was living at The Flatts with his aunt.

He was now deputy commissary with the rank of major.

Constant association with the British officers was teaching him much of the principles of regular warfare, of the discipline necessary to control large bodies of men, and of the measures to be taken to keep an army in supplies.

It was for this latter service that he was especially employed, his knowledge of the country and its resources and his business ability being found valuable.

The contempt felt or affected by the British officers for the provincials alienated many who might have been useful.

It was only the more determined among the Americans who would endure the slights put upon them for the sake of remaining in the service.

Lord Howe's mind was of too high an order to entertain such prejudices.

A truly great soldier, he recognized that European methods of warfare were not to be rigidly followed in American forests.

He made a friend of young, Philip Schuyler, who could tell him much of the geographical and natural conditions of the coming campaign.

He was also in frequent consultation with Stark, Rogers and Putnam, who knew the woods and the waterways and had experience of Indian and Canadian fighting.

But the noble nature which made him beloved at The Flatts and its most welcome visitor, the military genius, which attracted the universal confidence of the army, were not destined to fulfil their mission.

"For, A few days after Lord Howe's departure, in the afternoon," says Mrs. Grant, "a man was seen coming on horseback from the north, galloping violently without his hat."

“Pedrom, as he was familiarly called, the Colonel's only surviving brother, was with Aunt Schuyler, and ran instantly to inquire, well knowing he rode express.”

“The man galloped on, crying out that Lord Howe was killed.”

“The mind of our good aunt had been so engrossed by her anxiety for the event impending, and so impressed by the merit of her favorite hero, that her wonted firmness sunk under the stroke, and she broke out into bitter lamentations.”

“This had such an effect on her friends and domestics that shrieks and sobs of anguish echoed through every part of the house."

Philip Schuyler brought back the body of the lamented soldier and placed it in the family vault, where it remained until permanently interred under the Chancel of St. Peter's Church in Albany.

Massachusetts erected a monument in Westminster Abbey which commemorates the universal grief of the colonies.

When that army of fifteen thousand men, which had floated in grand procession over the waters of Lake George, with flags flying and bands playing, had been repulsed with terrible slaughter by Montcalm at Ticonderoga; when the incompetent Abercrombie remained in supine inactivity, unable to take measures to retrieve the disaster, there was great indignation among the lesser officers and the troops.

None felt more strongly than Schuyler's friend, the enterprising Bradstreet.

After urgent entreaties, he obtained permission to lead an expedition against Fort Frontenac on Lake Ontario.

Fort Frontenac was situated on the north shore of the lake, and since the destruction of the rival English fort, Oswego, on the south shore, it commanded the passage of the western lakes.

When Montcalm had forced Peter Schuyler of New Jersey to surrender at Oswego and had burned the fort, he considered that a great triumph had been achieved for Canada.

No English military post then interfered with the French possession of that vast western domain.

Bradstreet, with a true military instinct, saw the importance of taking Fort Frontenac and thus shutting off the western trade of Canada.

And he gave Abercrombie no time to withdraw his permission.

A contemporary says that "he flew rather than marched" over the route to the lake.

He had been allowed three thousand men, nearly all provincials.

Philip Schuyler, who understood boat building, pushed on in advance with a large party of carpenters and boatmen.

He found Oswego a charred and desolate ruin, with no sign of human occupation but the huge wooden cross which the French had planted as a sign of their possession.

He lost no time in setting about his work, and in three weeks had built a sloop which he called the Mohawk and which was capable of carrying the cannon of the expedition to Frontenac.

With the Mohawk and a fleet of boats, Bradstreet appeared before Fort Frontenac on the evening of August 25th, to the astonishment of Noyau, its commander.

He despatched couriers to M. de Vaudreuil at Montreal, begging for reinforcements.

The French Governor, realizing the importance of the emergency, gathered fifteen hundred men from the harvest fields and sent them off in haste.

But it was too late. Bradstreet's cannon, unloaded from the Mohawk, and advantageously posted, swept the interior of the fort.

The Indians fled and the garrison soon surrendered.

Noyau, the commander, was allowed to go to Montreal on condition that he would effect an exchange between himself and Colonel Peter Schuyler, made prisoner at Oswego.

The capture of Frontenac was felt as a very serious blow by Montcalm.

It did much to retrieve the disgraceful defeat of Abercrombie and enhanced the reputation of Bradstreet.

Again, the real work of the war was done by provincials.

The active service of Philip Schuyler terminated with the expedition against Frontenac.

During the campaign of Wolfe and Amherst, in 1759, he was employed at Albany in collecting and forwarding supplies for the army.

Considering the duties which were to be laid upon him in the future, his military experience had been of great value.

In Johnson's camp at Lake George, by Bradstreet's side on the Oswego river, he had fought the close and desperate fight characteristic of American forests, where man was pitted against man, where dauntless courage was essential, where the scalping knife of the savage awaited the wavering or the disabled soldier.

He had learned the methods of moving large bodies of men in a country of rivers and forests, the precautions against ambuscade, the building and management of boats.

The collection and distribution of military stores had been entrusted largely to him, and at the conclusion of the war there was no young man in the province who understood the duty better.

His natural mental gifts and the constant association during five years with military officers had taught him what a soldier's life involved: the importance of discipline, the provision for the future, the necessity of meeting varying conditions with new expedients.

The trained and enterprising Bradstreet was a good teacher, the noble Howe, an example, the narrow and poor spirited Abercrombie a warning.