

stands a short distance east of the Knickerbacker homestead, and is the admiration of all persons seeing it. It was long called the Tree of Welfare, and when it was planted it is said that Sir Edmund Andros took part in the impressive ceremony. In a return, made on July 20, 1702, this body of savages embraced "110 Indians at Skachcock; 87 below ye [Indian] towne; in all 197 fighting men."

The Schaghticoke Indians always manifested a strong feeling of friendship for the settlers occupying the eight Albany plantations, and not infrequently one or more of them lodged under their roof-trees to defend them against surprise by roving bands of Canadian Indians.

The particulars of the frightful massacre at Schaghticoke, on the night of the twentieth of October, 1711, have so long been misstated by different writers, that it seems imperative that they should now be related with more accuracy as regards the circumstances of time and place, and the names of the persons murdered and carried away into captivity.

On the afternoon of the twentieth of October, Lieutenant Daniel Ketelhuyn and his brother-in-law, Captain Johannes Barentse Bratt, purposing to visit the village of the Schaghticoke Indians, were on their way thither, when they met in the woods through which they were passing a French Indian, with a gun on his shoulder. The lieutenant at once accosted him in the Indian language, and inquired what his purpose was in that locality. To this question, the savage returned the answer that he was hunting. Then he asked him, why it was that he was alone. He said that the camp of his party was not far away. The surprised settler wishing to acquaint his brother-in-law, who was on horseback, with his fears, hastily communicated them to him in a few Dutch words.

The Indian, fully conscious of the jeopardy he was in, cocked his gun, and shot Captain Bratt. Perceiving him to be dead, and aware of his own personal danger as well as that of his family in case the firing of the gun had alarmed the Indian's comrades, Daniel Ketelhuyn immediately ran toward the wily savage to dispossess him of the tomahawk, which he was threateningly brandishing. To keep at bay the intrepid yeoman, the Indian fiercely struck at him with the hatchet as he came within reach, but only hit him on the shoulder with the helve of it.

In the struggle that followed, the lieutenant threw the Indian upon the ground, and wrenched with his left hand the tomahawk from the right of the savage. The strategic red man, thinking to disconcert his powerful antagonist, began telling him that his companions would surely revenge any injury done him, as there were twenty of them near that spot, on each side of the Hudson River. This information, however, did not deter him from making an effort to shift the stone ax from his left to his right hand. To do it, he was compelled