

History of the Capture and Captivity of David Boyd from Cumberland County Pennsylvania, 1756*

Edited by Mrs. Elvert M. Davis

In the early part of the eighteenth century, John Boyd, of Scotch-Irish ancestry emigrated from the north of Ireland at the age of eighteen and settled in Northumberland County, Pennsylvania. There he married Miss Nancy Urie.

The Urie family was prominent among the pioneers of that day. They suffered untold hardships from the depredations of the Indians, and being prompt to avenge their injuries they knew no rights in that race that they were bound to respect.¹

They were known all over Western Pennsylvania in the forays common to those times. Two names were very common among the Uries, Thomas and Solomon. My Grandfather, David Boyd, oldest son of John Boyd, was born in Northumberland County in 1743. Later John Boyd and a neighbor, John Stewart, moved to Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, and settled near Shippensburg, then an unbroken forest. Their cabins stood more than a mile apart. John Boyd was a farmer and John Stewart a weaver.

On the 10th of February, 1756, John Boyd went over to Stewart's for a web of cloth. After he left home the mother sent David to the clearing—as it was termed—a short distance from the house, to get some dry wood to make fire in the town oven. Saturday, among the Presbyterians of that day, was devoted to preparation for the Sabbath, on which day no work not strictly necessary could be done. David's brother John, then six years old, went with him. David took his hatchet with him and while

*This manuscript was furnished to the society by Mrs. C. L. Steinrok; she and her brother, Mr. Clark Hammond, both of Pittsburgh, are direct descendants of David Boyd. In the Central Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh is a small pamphlet, presented by Mrs. Joseph Waugh and evidently prepared for publication by Mr. Joseph Waugh from this manuscript, which differs but slightly from the original. This has had little circulation outside the families of David Boyd's descendants, and has become very rare. An abridged account of his captivity is given in Crumrine's *History of Washington County* (Pa.), together with some biographical details and the Revolutionary services.

cutting the brush heard no sound of approaching footsteps. John, being a short distance away, screamed. David looked up, saw a frightful being standing beside his brother. He had heard of ghosts and thought this must be one. But there were several of them and he was not long in doubt.

The big fellow said, "Ugh, Ugh", caught David by his belt and threw him across his shoulder. Another Indian did likewise with John, and went off at a fast trot. A band of eight Indians had left the main body and surrounded the settler's little home. Soon they all came to the rendezvous, bringing the mother, two sisters, Sallie and Rhoda, both older than David, and the youngest a brother two and a half years old. 2

The mother being in very delicate health was not able to travel. She sat down on a fallen tree. They took her children from her one at a time, except the youngest. David looked back after he left her. She had her hands raised to Heaven and was praying "O God be merciful to my children going among savages". He said that prayer was ever present with him. He never spoke of it that he did not shed tears.

As soon as they got the children away the Indians killed her and the little boy and scalped them. Two savages were deputed to do this deed and when they rejoined the party, with a refinement of cruelty which it is hard to realize, they gave the scalps to Sallie and David and forced them to carry them in turn for an entire day.

They pillaged the house and then burned it. They missed the father on his way home from the weaver's. Stewart and his wife were both killed and their cabin burned. They had no children.

The savages, on these raids, went rapidly and stealthily through a settlement. When John Boyd came in sight of his home it was burning slowly. He said he could have easily put it out, but when he found his wife and children were gone he paid no attention to it but hurried off to alarm the settlers, gather a party to pursue the marauders, overtake and rescue his family. But the Indians moved with great celerity, traveling night and day till they were far beyond the settlement.

The pioneers were few and far between and it took some time to organize a pursuit. After the party started it was not long before they found pieces of Mrs. Boyd's

dress clinging to the bushes, which led them to a ravine where they found the mutilated bodies. The pursuit was kept up for days but with no results.

By the time the Indians reached their villages the children were almost naked, having neither clothing nor shoes. They made no pause even to take food, they ate as they ran. The evening of the third day they stopped, built a fire, toasted a little bear's meat which they offered the children while the Indians enjoyed the cheese and other things they had stolen. David had no appetite for bear meat and did not take any. He was planning to escape from them that night, but he was secured between two Indians and the children were not allowed to speak together. John cried a great deal; he was too young to know his danger. The next morning they rose very early. While preparing to start, the old Indian by whom David was afterward adopted, took a sharp stick, put a piece of meat on it, held it in the fire a few moments, pushed the piece back, put on another, and did likewise till he filled the stick, and then handed it to David secretly. David ate the cooked edges as he ran along. for he had to run to keep pace with them. This was the beginning of a long series of kindnesses on the part of the old chief during the captivity.

When the Indian village in Ohio was reached the children were separated and the booty that they had taken during the raid was divided. David saw them counting the money his father had taken with him that morning to the weaver's, consisting of silver dollars, some of which were cut in halves and quarters to make change. By this time he knew the Stewarts had been killed. He supposed for a long time that his father had been killed too, but the old chief, after the adoption, said they missed him on the way between the two houses.

The raiding party belonged to the great division of Indians known as the Iroquois, composed of several tribes of which the Delaware was one. David was claimed by the Delawares, the sisters and younger brother by some of the other tribes. Of John no further account was ever known. Being young he may have succumbed to the hardships of barbarous life, or possibly adopting their customs and habits he may have lived and died an Indian.

The next year, 1757, David met his sister Sallie with a party of Indians but he was not allowed to speak to her. He never saw his sisters again until they came home in 1763. They were held prisoners seven years and were exchanged at Detroit, not at the same time, some space intervening between the dates. They were never together during their captivity. When Col. Bouquet was bringing in two hundred white captives from the Indians to Fort Pitt, Rhoda Boyd and Elizabeth Studeker^s escaped and ran back to their wigwam friends, but were again gathered up and taken to Detroit.

David was now subjected to a discipline by which his captors intended to develop a great brave or have a fit subject for their amusement. For some time he had to run the gauntlet, which amusement, for the Indians, consisted in running a prescribed limit between two lines made up of vindictive squaws and young savage rogues armed with sticks, stones, or whatever suited their purpose best, each desirous of touching up the pale-face boy.

This was very degrading to David both mentally and physically. He set his wits to work to devise some plan to put a stop to it. The old Chief who had befriended him before told him secretly that if he would catch one of the boys separately where he would have at least an even chance, and succeed in giving him a sound thrashing the ceremony would be dispensed with in the future. He determined to try the experiment. There was one boy who was particularly ingenious in the cruelties he bestowed, and David thought if he died in the attempt he would feel some satisfaction if he could repay this rascal a little of what he owed him. It was nothing but death anyway in a short time. Every morning when he awoke he thought they would kill him that day; every change he noticed in their countenance he thought betokened some determination to torture him. Life under such circumstances one would think would have but little charm, but to the boy of fourteen "Hope springs eternal".

About this time a large party of them went to gather haws, nuts, etc. for winter supplies. He often said that he believed he had eaten fruit from every haw, hickory and walnut tree in the state of Ohio. While they were in the woods at this time this Indian boy was very insolent to

David, and he thought now or never was his time to avenge himself. He sprang upon his tormentor; they had a rough and tumble wrestle, but at last the pale-face found himself on top and he redressed his wrongs as only an infuriated boy could. Finally a noise attracted his attention and looking up he saw squaws and braves running towards him, tomahawks uplifted. It was sure death now and as it was his last chance he redoubled his licks. Coming nearer and seeing his determination they dropped their weapons and patted him on the back saying, "Make fine Indian, make fine Indian." This was the turning point with him. His dusky playmates had at last a wholesome regard for him and he was no longer a target for every squaw's vengeance. He was emancipated from the gauntlet performance. '

The first year of his captivity was drawing to a close. He still belonged to the tribes in common, to go and come as he was ordered by any one who chose to command him. It had been a dreadful year for him. He suffered greatly from want of clothing and great exposure.

It was towards the last of January 1757, when he missed his old friend from the camp and was greatly troubled on account of his absence. He had felt for some time a sense of protection when he was near.

When the chief had been absent about two weeks one morning two warriors came to him tricked out in all the finery and paint of the war path. Commanding him to follow them, they took him about two miles to a river, there they stripped him of what few tatters he had on and dipped him three times into the water, each time saying, "Go down white man, come up red man". Then they shaved his head, leaving a tuft of hair on the crown, painted him in the most approved style, put a hunting shirt on him, gave him moc-casins, and fastened the same belt on him that he had on when captured.

They then led him to a pool of water to look at himself in nature's mirror; the two jumping and dancing around him seemed delighted with their handiwork. David was horrified with his appearance. He looked so much like an Indian that he thought he must really be one, and that that was the way they were made.

They next took him back to the village. It was all in commotion. The warriors were dressed in war costume, painted and file ready for marching. He was put in front

and with the indescribable noise that they called music, they set out.

As often as my grandfather related this to me he would say, "Child, I can't describe my feelings as I marched along. I could not conceive what they were going to do with me. I supposed they were going to put me to death as there could be nothing else they would make such a parade about. I had never seen anything like it among them before and they never gave me any intimation of what they were going to do".

They traveled about six miles in close file until they reached an open space or natural meadow. There was a great gathering of the tribe formed into a large circle. When the procession came up the circle opened and he was ushered in. There he saw standing in the center an old brave, all alone, with a large knife in his hand, looking very stern. He was a stranger to David and must certainly be the executioner. The old man advanced, knife in hand, inserted it under the boy's belt and cut it in twain.

The imagination plays wonderful tricks with us. David was sure he had received his death blow; he felt the warm blood trickling to his feet and expected to see it on the ground. At that instant the chief took him in his arms exclaiming in the Indian language, "My son, my son, my son". David then recognized his old friend, who made an oration to the assemblage saying that he called them to witness that he took this boy to be his son in place of the one he had lost when on the war trail. After this he took the belt that he cut off, divided it into many pieces, giving the largest to his nearest friend. He gave David an Indian name and presented him with the hatchet with which the boy was cutting brush when he was captured. ⁵

This was followed by great feasting and dancing, with plenty of fire water. When they were all engaged in their pastime the old Chief quietly withdrew, and taking his new son sought his own wigwam for he feared that in the drunken carousal some accident might befall the new made Indian. The old wife welcomed and claimed him for her own, bathed his feet, removed the thorns, applied a healing salve and made life seem worth having again. Thus even in savage life a woman's kind offices makes existence endurable.

From this time on he could make no complaint of his treatment. He shared the good and evil times of his surroundings. His father was a man of influence in his tribe and his son enjoyed the advantages of his position. The Chief took him to his heart and always called him "My son".

My Grandfather always said the Chief was a great and noble man. He worshiped the "Great Spirit" in truth, recognized a Superior Power that regarded the actions of men. Whenever he ate his food he invoked the Spirit by raising his hand heavenward three times crying, "Ho, Ho, Ho." •

As time passed along David began to be pleased with his mode of life and became reconciled to his fate. He never expected to get home. At that age any boy would be pleased with the desultory life, rambling over the country, hunting and fishing, engaging in the pastimes of a warlike people. He retained his love of hunting during life, and was a very fine marksman till age dimmed his vision. He recounted in after life the many mishaps that befell him during these expeditions. One day when he was hunting haws—which seems to have been a favorite business of his, he came across a white man sitting on a log looking as if he were in great terror. He asked David if he knew what they were going to do with him. Being answered no, the man said he was afraid they intended to burn him. On looking around David saw a party of Indians arranging a fire. He hurried away as he was powerless to rescue the man; his sympathies were all with his own race. He never knew how the event terminated.

In the autumn of 1757, a great hunt was organized to secure provisions for the ensuing winter. The squaws were taken along to relieve the braves of all drudgery, carrying the stores, taking care of the game after it was killed, etc. One old squaw had charge of the ammunition. One day as they were camping about noon she discovered that the powder had been forgotten at the camp left in the morning. There was great consternation; on the powder depended their supply of winter's meat. The braves decided to send two of the fleetest boys back to get it. David, much to his disgust, was selected as one of the two. His father positively refused at first to let him go, but as it was a matter of grave importance to secure the powder he finally con-

sented to send him. An Indian lad of his own age accompanied him. They set out with all speed and when they arrived within a short distance of the former camp they heard a great explosion. The wind had fanned the embers left from the morning fire and running along the dry grass reached the powder.

It was now late evening and the boys concluded to stay there that night and rejoin the party the next day. Seeing a drove of turkeys they secured one and were going to have a toothsome supper. They soon had it dressed and hanging by the toes before the fire. As they lay there watching it sizz, and inhaling the delicious odor, for they were very hungry, all at once they heard a short snarl or yelp; they knew in a moment that it was a pack of wolves. They seized their turkey, tearing bits of flesh from it as they ran. The wolves were gaining on them. At last, hoping to delay the furious beasts, they threw the turkey behind them, it had the desired effect and they climbed a tree before the wolves reached them. They were besieged all night, and not till morning did the brutes give up their expected prey. They gnawed the bark all around the tree as high as they could reach, springing with all their force trying to reach the lower limbs. I asked my Granfather how they slept; he said they did not get sleepy as the music they heard was not soothing.

When the wolves left they resumed their journey and regained their former camp about noon. Some of the braves met them a little way out and were greatly troubled about the disaster and of course visited their wrath on the head of the squaw who in turn wanted to wipe out her indignities on the boys. She tried to kill them; said had they run faster they could have reached the place in time to have avoided the misfortune. The old Chief interposed his authority, but told David to keep out of sight of the infuriated woman till her anger burned out.

The captive boy had now to all appearances cast his lot with the red men. He had no idea that any single member of his own family was living. He had never been, even in his farthest wanderings, more than a few hours ride at this day, from his old home, yet he was farther separated from it actually than he would be were he now at the farthest ends of the earth.

The French and Indians were still at war with the British. The winter of 1757 and 1758 was spent in hunting, fishing and idling about the village. In the spring of 1758 there was great commotion. Messengers coming and going, war councils, orations made, dancing indulged and finally they set out on the war path. The end of their journey found them in Fort Duquesne, French and Iroquois together.

It was during this campaign that these united forces ambuscaded and utterly defeated Gen. Grant, who led the division of British soldiers against the Fort. After the rout of Grant's army the French and Indians quarreled over the division of the spoils. The Indians grew so angry that they retired from the Fort, crossed the river and returned to their villages. The French, abandoned by their allies, deserted the fort and when Gen. Forbes came to retrieve Grant's disaster he found no enemy.

The Indians, now disgusted with the French, made overtures to Forbes for peace. They repaired once more to the Fort, now in possession of the British, and called Pitt. When they crossed the river they walked up to the stockade between two lines of bayonets. As David passed up between these lines of soldiers no one suspected his white parentage. Of dark complexion, black eyes and straight hair, and being bronzed by years of exposure he readily passed as an aboriginal. His foster father felt that he ought to surrender him, yet such was his love for the boy that he hesitated. He questioned David in regard to his wishes, holding inducements to him to return again to the wilderness, stay with him a little while longer and then he would take him to his own father's door. He had never before revealed the fact that the father had been missed at the time of the massacre.

The old Chief then paid an Englishman two dollars to write and deliver a letter to Mr. Boyd, telling him that his son still lived, and assuring him that he should be returned in safety to him. The letter was delivered according to contract but the father was incredulous; he had never since that fateful morning heard aught of the missing children. He believed the messenger had forged the order to impose on him in some way. Surely his son would have availed himself of such an opportunity to return to his people. It

is difficult for us at this time to understand the limitations of that day.

The old Chief began to be anxious to know something of the white-man's learning. When David was captured he had by chance two or three leaves of an old Psalm book in his pocket. These he carried with him and read daily while he had a pocket; then he put them in the recess of an old tree, and as often as he passed that way he took them out and read them over until no longer was there a legible word on them. He would read them to his foster father till he got quite interested in the Psalm.

The Chief begged him to teach him at least the alphabet, and with a small piece of board and a bit of red keel David set about his task. I wonder how a professor of languages now would get on with such apparatus. About this time a Bible fell into their hands in some way, and he soon had the satisfaction of hearing his pupil read.

A year had now passed since the return from Fort Pitt. The winter had been spent in trapping for furs and they had been very successful. The furs had been carefully stored, no sale being made at the usual time. With the taciturnity of his race the chief made no explanation of his plans to David, but it began to be evident to him that the old man was much agitated.

One evening they were sitting in their wigwam—it was a little apart from the village—the sun was about setting. He called David's attention to it, "Do you see how swiftly the sun is going down, and my sun will soon be set too. Then I will be in the happy hunting grounds where my son is, and I want to restore you to your own father before I go". Grandfather thought he wanted as far as in him lay, to atone for the great wrong that had been done. He was the very Indian that had snatched him from his family and left his father childless and homeless. But he had great misgivings about venturing on the journey on account of the hostility of the whites; the time had been too short to allay the enmity between the races. He would ask David how he thought his father would treat him when he would return his long lost son to him, then walk back and forth looking very sad. He was deeply attached to the son of his adoption, but he felt that the red man's fortune was waning and he was anxious for the future of

the boy. According to his light I know of no nobler impulses than had this child of nature.

The old wife was dead and with no near kindred the declining years were bearing heavily on the old man. David felt loath to leave him to his empty wigwam. As the spring opened up the old man made his preparations slowly but steadily; selecting the best of the ponies he packed them with the furs, and they started on their eventful journey homewards, in different plight than when he made that forced trip in the gloomy winter of 1756. The foster father said he would see to their safety through the Indian territory, but must look to David when they got among the palefaces. They traveled under a flag of truce, a white cloth tied to a stick being borne aloft throughout the journey. It was dangerous yet for an Indian to be traveling with a white boy in the colony of Pennsylvania.

They traveled without incident until they reached Carlisle, arriving in the afternoon. It was soon noised through the village that an Indian had brought in a white boy. Thomas Urie, who was soon on the spot, anxious to see if it were possible he might be one of his murdered sister's family, made a furious attack on the old man. Cooler heads intervened; he was prevented from wrecking his fury on the creature standing under his flag of truce. It was a bitter pang to Urie that this of all Indians should go unpunished.

The saddened Chief, in his own dialect, bid David beware of such a man; he might not be a relative at all, but David recognized his uncle. Refusing to hold any parley with an Indian except at the muzzle of his rifle, he took his nephew out to his own home. The foster father felt that it was cruel return for all his kindness.

When David recounted to his uncle his history, dwelling on the noble traits and unvarying kindness of his friend, the uncle grew more reasonable and consented to David's return the next morning to the old Indian.

David was anxious to present his benefactor to his own father, but Urie refused to allow the Indian to proceed any farther, saying he could trust no redskin out of his sight. This was a great disappointment, as it was the Indian's great desire to take the boy to his own father's door. Finding the feeling so hostile the old man set about

carrying out the rest of his plan. He sold the furs and ponies for a considerable sum, bought clothing for the boy so that he should be presentable and gave all the rest of the money to David, retaining only enough to carry him with a single pony back to his people.

From my Grandfather's account there was a very sad parting between them. He would look sorrowful whenever he spoke of it. He never heard of or saw the old Chief again. He supposed the old Chief soon passed to that country termed by the red-man "The Happy Hunting Ground".

It was about twenty miles from Carlisle to Shippensburg. His father still lived on the farm whence David was taken. Things were greatly changed; his father had remarried; neither mother, sister nor brother was there to greet him. He had grown fond of the wild and free life of the forest and was greatly dissatisfied by his new surroundings. He determined to rejoin his Indian father and live and die among the people of his adoption. He had to be closely guarded for weeks before he relinquished his plan. He was seventeen years old when he came back to civilized life.

In 1771, David Boyd married Miss Elizabeth Henderson, of a wealthy and influential family. The late Judge Jere Black ' was a descendant of the same family. My grandmother has told me that when she first met my grandfather she was afraid of him because he looked so like an Indian. She likewise said that the first night they were under their own roof, they erected a family altar and that worship had never been omitted morning or night during all those years that numbered then more than fifty.

He was a Revolutionary soldier, serving constantly throughout the war, having enlisted three times. He was engaged on the bloody field of Brandywine. He was at the crossing of the Delaware and the surprise at Trenton. He was at Valley Forge during that terrible winter when the blood from the bare feet of the soldiers marked the frozen ground. He told of the elation of the army at the arrival of Lafayette bringing hopes of succor from France. His rank was that of Lieutenant. "

Though he could forgive the red race and justified many things they did because of the wrongs they suffered from the whites, yet such was his hostility to the British that in

his old age, 1828, when every son he had voted for John Quincy Adams, he cast his vote for Andrew Jackson, saying that if he whipped the British he could be trusted to govern the United States. His children said as children will, "Father is growing old".

Grandfather early united with the Presbyterian church under the ministrations of Rev. William Waugh, at Silver's Spring, Cumberland County. He was one of the strictest of the sect. He believed in the doctrines and usages of the church, in the Westminster confession; he thought it embodied the truths taught in the old and new Testaments. Sacramental occasions were times of great spiritual comfort to him. He observed the fasts, neither eating nor drinking the entire twenty fours of Thursday preceding the communion.

He still lived in the county in which he had been captured. Here a large family was born to him, the five older being daughters, and five younger sons. On account of this rising family of boys he decided to move farther west, and accordingly in the fall of 1794 he came to Washington County, Pennsylvania. He purchased and settled on a farm nine miles west of Washington, the county town, on the West Middletown road. He felt that he was in the "Far West". Here was soon formed a church of his choice, Upper Buffalo, in whose welfare he was always greatly interested. '

His home was immediately on one of the main thoroughfares of the country, and the hospitality of those days was unbounded. Many old soldiers crippled by the hardships they had undergone, many enslaved by vicious habits they had contracted in the army, passed to and fro, some of them eking out a precarious existence by peddling wooden hay forks, shovels, ladles and other specimens of their handiwork. These men he invariably entertained without money and without price. They would enjoy a happy hour shouldering their crutches and fighting over their battles, and when they were ready to pass on he would advise with them and according to their wants add a little money to help on their way.

He was delighted when the Government passed the Pension Act, meagre as it was, because it would bring aid to many veterans disabled by age and poverty. He abso-

lutely refused to make application for any aid in his own case. He had been fortunate in escaping the vices which are almost inseparable from army life, and had for his simple wants a competence. He was very lenient towards the failings of his old compatriots and his heart and purse were ever open to their wants. He was a great reader and lover of books. He acquired the nucleus of quite a good library, History, Politics and Theology being well represented.¹⁰

Of the ten children born to this worthy couple the five elder were daughters. The eldest of them, Nancy, married Thomas Gilson in Cumberland County, settled near Carlisle, and her descendants still live there. The second daughter, Elizabeth, married Thomas Christy, and finally moved to Ohio. The third daughter, Sally, married William Waugh, and they came west with her father, her eldest son Richard, being born in her father's house before they were established in their home. The fourth, Nellie, married Hugh Lytle. Some of her family live near Steubenville, Ohio.

The oldest son, James, married Miss Mary Buchanan, settled a few miles west of his father, brought up a large family, and died in Independence, Pennsylvania, in 1881 in his ninety-ninth year. John, the second son, married Asenath Williams, settled in West Middletown, Pennsylvania, where having brought up a large family, he died at an advanced age, respected by all who knew him. Thomas married Miss Scott, inherited the old homestead, but late in life settled at Hayesville, Ohio. David, the fourth son, married early and died while still a young man. William, the youngest, married Miss Barclay of Kentucky, settled near Maysville where his posterity may still be found.

In the year 1831, David Boyd, having been preceded by his wife six years, was laid to rest in the cemetery adjoining the church which he helped to rear and long supported, having realized to its fullest extent the efficacy of the prayer of his mother on that fateful evening in his early life for "God had been merciful to him".

This account was written by Hester Boyd Jones assisted by her sister Christiana Boyd Clemens, daughters of John Boyd, from the tales they heard from their Grandfather as they sat by his chair during many, many pleasant evenings in their youth.¹¹

NOTES

1. For Thomas Urie, see *Colonial Records*, XI, 234, 303, 389. *Pa. Archives*, VII, 534.
2. *History of Northumberland County* (Pa.), Bell, Chicago, 1891. P. 47-48, Delawares ravaging the border in 1755-(6). *History of Cumberland and Adams Counties* (Pa.), Chicago, (Beers), 1887. P. 55, "1756 a dark year", etc.; p. 56, twenty-seven houses burned, innumerable raids and murders of settlers on border, p. 49-50.
3. *Col. Henry Bouquet and His Campaigns*, Cort, Lancaster, Pa. 1883. P. 67, One hundred and sixteen Pennsylvanians returned, forty-nine men, and sixty-seven women and children; for incident of Rhoda Boyd and Elizabeth Studebaker, see page 69.
4. This paragraph has been changed in a few words to agree with the printed copy, and in a few other places that has been followed as it is sometimes clearer than the manuscript.
5. This ceremony agrees with those described in other captivities.
6. There is a tradition in the family that this chief was Cornstalk.
7. Probably Judge Jeremiah S. Black is meant. If so, it may have been through the McCulloughs that they were kin. See, *Hist. Cumberland & Adams Cos.*, p. 73.
8. *History of Washington Co.*, Crumrine, Phila. 1882. Page 814. *Pa. Archives Series V*, 2, p. 17; p. 645; 6, p. 207. He went out with the very first body from Pennsylvania, under Col. Wm. Thompson, in Capt. James Chambers' company. They were enlisted for one year, at the expiration of which most of them re-enlisted for three years. *Hist. Cumberland & Adams Cos.* p. 81-82.
No record is found of his rank. He may have acquired that in militia service after the Revolution.
9. For Upper Buffalo Church, see *History of Washington County*, Creigh, Harrisburg, 1871. Page 107.
10. From Crumrine's *History of Washington County*, we learn that he was Justice of the Peace for twenty-five years. (p. 814). From Creigh's history of the county, we learn that this was a more important position than it is now, at one time a Justice of the Peace acted also as Justice of the Court of Appeals and of the Orphan's Court. Several of his descendants also held this office, later.
11. The pamphlet referred to in the introductory note closes thus: "The narrative is on the authority of Mrs. Hester Boyd Jones, a granddaughter of Mr. Boyd Mrs. Jones had an uncommonly good memory."