

Alvord, it has always recalled the lamented victim of Indian atrocity and the venerable partner left behind him. So strong is this feeling that, should I ever go to Hartford, for the very name and memory's sake, I should take the liberty of finding you out, and hardly account you a stranger.

"While living in New York City, recently, I was on the point more than once of visiting Hartford. Especially to see the Colt Arms factory, and get one of their neat little rifles as a keepsake. We boys of the frontier naturally took to rifles, and now at eighty-two, it is one of my recreations to target at a mark in the woods, where I shot squirrels and pigeons seventy years ago, where my uncle helped feed the family with bear and venison thirty years before that, and where the Senecas and Tuscaroras roamed a hundred years before that. Patches of the old forest yet remain and are favorite haunts for me, the only one left to recall their earlier day. If there is any further information I can secure for you, be free to send to me and I shall gladly oblige you. The name 'Alvord' is a pleasant one for me to recall and even to write.

Very truly yours,  
JOSHUA COOKE, (Retired Pres. minister.)"

The following is an extract from a letter of Mrs. Clara P. Walten, whose first husband was Edward G. Field, grandson of Dr. Joseph and Mary (Woodward) Alvord. The latter lived in her family for a number of years and she gives her recollections of the grandmother and the story of the tragedy as it came from her lips:

(The letter was written Feb. 18, 1905.)

"During the War of 1812 they were living at Lewiston, N. Y. Her husband, Mr. Alvord, as you know, was a physician. His office was in connection with his house. The children were all young Mary only three months old. They were seated at the breakfast table one morning when they heard the cry, 'The British are coming,' and looking off on the hill, they saw the soldiers, and springing to their feet they hastily prepared to leave their home. They were soon driven to the country or a place of safety—by they I mean grandma and her children. Mr. Alvord started on foot. Here grandma would give way to her emotions as she recalled it all, and would say, 'I never saw him afterwards, but was told that he had only gone a short distance from his home, when he was shot by a British officer.' Those were sad times for the widows and children. Their houses were burned. Her house was burned and she had nothing left except the land on which it stood, and the clothes they had on when they made their hasty flight from the peace and security of a happy home. Without husband or home, with only her little ones about her, our grandmother rose to the occasion, and with the assistance of neighbors and friends, made a home or dwelling place for those depending on her care. She has told me many times of how she burned the mid-night oil in sewing and washing for her children that they might have clean clothes to put on in the morning. She dwelt happily on the helpful sympathy of friends in her new life and sad experiences, and how they all tried to do for each other.