

Funeral of Major Hoyt.

Major HOYT, who was assassinated last summer, near Fort Saunders, and hastily buried by his friends on Rock Creek, eight miles from Lawrence, was disinterred on Tuesday last, the 23d inst., and brought to this place and buried with military honors.

The services were conducted in the Unitarian Church. The choir furnished some beautiful music. The Rev. Mr. Lovejoy delivered an oration, and the Lawrence Brass Band closed with one of their mournful and solemn airs.

His remains were followed to the grave by the Oread Guards and by a large concourse of citizens, accompanied by music from the Band.

He lies buried between the lamented BARBER and the brave SHOMBRE, in the Lawrence burying ground. So long as men love liberty and hate slavery, so long as they venerate the brave and true, so long as they love principle more than life, so long will they visit the graves of these martyrs to liberty, to strengthen their manhood, increase their courage, and kindle the flame of patriotism by the memories of the glorious dead.

DAVID STARR HOYT was born in Deerfield, Mass., in the year 1821. He was therefore 35 years old, at the time of his death. He leaves behind an orphan child, a daughter, aged six years. He served in Scott's army in Mexico, and was in every battle from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. He was considered a brave and valuable soldier. He was a good scholar and a man of varied attainments. In 1852, he was with Stephens's surveying party, in running out the Northern Pacific Railroad route, from Oregon to Wisconsin. His services were highly appreciated, and well rewarded by the Government.

In March, 1856, he came to Kansas with a quantity of Sharp's rifles, which were taken from him at Lexington, on the Missouri river. From that time forward he served the cause of freedom faithfully and without interruption, till the time of his death.

In the summer of 1856, the Georgia guerrilla companies concentrated under Col. Treadwell, and commenced building fortifications and furnishing themselves with military stores, on Washington Creek, ten miles southwest of Lawrence, on the claim of a Mr. Saunders.

Word went out from this post, and others of a similar character, that all the Free State men must leave the Territory or be killed; but that any Free Mason might come in, and he should be safe. The settlers became alarmed at these frequent threats, and applied to Major Sedgwick, commander of the U. S. dragoons at Leecompton, to drive them away, or allow them to do do it. Major S. sent over an officer with a company of soldiers, to examine into it, and gather information.—The officer reported that they were a company of Southern men building a town, and the logs they were hauling were for cabins.

New developments continued to alarm the inhabitants, and they applied to the people of Lawrence for assistance. In order to determine what course should be pursued, it became necessary to send a messenger to Col. Treadwell, to ascertain what his objects and intentions were.

Major Hoyt volunteered to go. Trusting to the honor of Col. Treadwell as a brother Mason, he expressed perfect confidence in the safety of the enterprise. He left Lawrence in the afternoon of August 11, 1856, entirely unarmed, and staid all night with a friend near Bloomington, and in the morning went over to Washington Creek, to Saunders' Fort. He staid there till after dinner, and left. He was followed out on the prairie by three men, and shot. Early next morning, word came in that a man was shot near Fort Saunders, by the Georgians who were under Col. Treadwell. Two boys who were near the scene of action, witnessed the deed. As Major Hoyt did not return as was expected, his friends became painfully anxious for his fate. A large company of Free State men gathered, and established a camp at Dr. E. G. Macy's, on Rock Creek. They sent over a company of thirty men, under the command of Capt. Shombre, to search for the body. They called upon Col. Treadwell for information as to where it was buried, but could get none. After searching nearly all day without success, they fortunately met a company of surveyors who had seen the grave, and directed them to it. He was doubled up and thrown into a hole, his knees projecting from the ground. They took him up, placed him in a wagon, and then carried him to the camp. On being examined by the physicians, it was discovered that he had been shot from behind, the fatal ball entering the back of the head and passing out at the forehead. His face was thickly covered with corrosive sublimate, so as to destroy his identity as soon as possible; and probably in twelve hours more, it would have been destroyed. A strong box was provided by Henry Hyatt, of Bloomington, in which his remains were deposited, and he was temporarily buried in a beautiful grove on the banks of Rock Creek. He has lain there in peace a little over ten months, when our citizens have performed the last sad rite of burial, by consigning him to his final resting place.