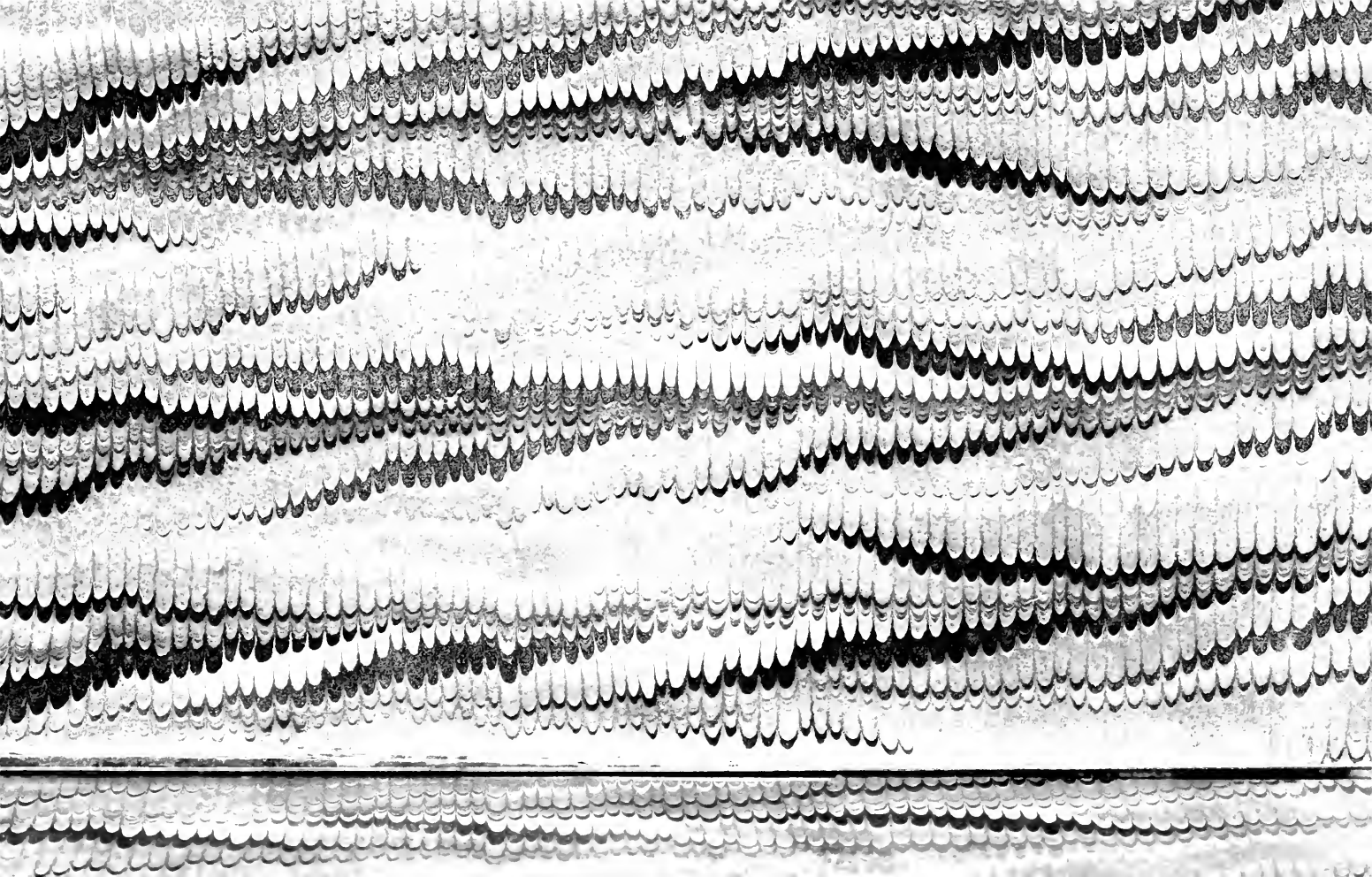


MEMOIR

OF THE

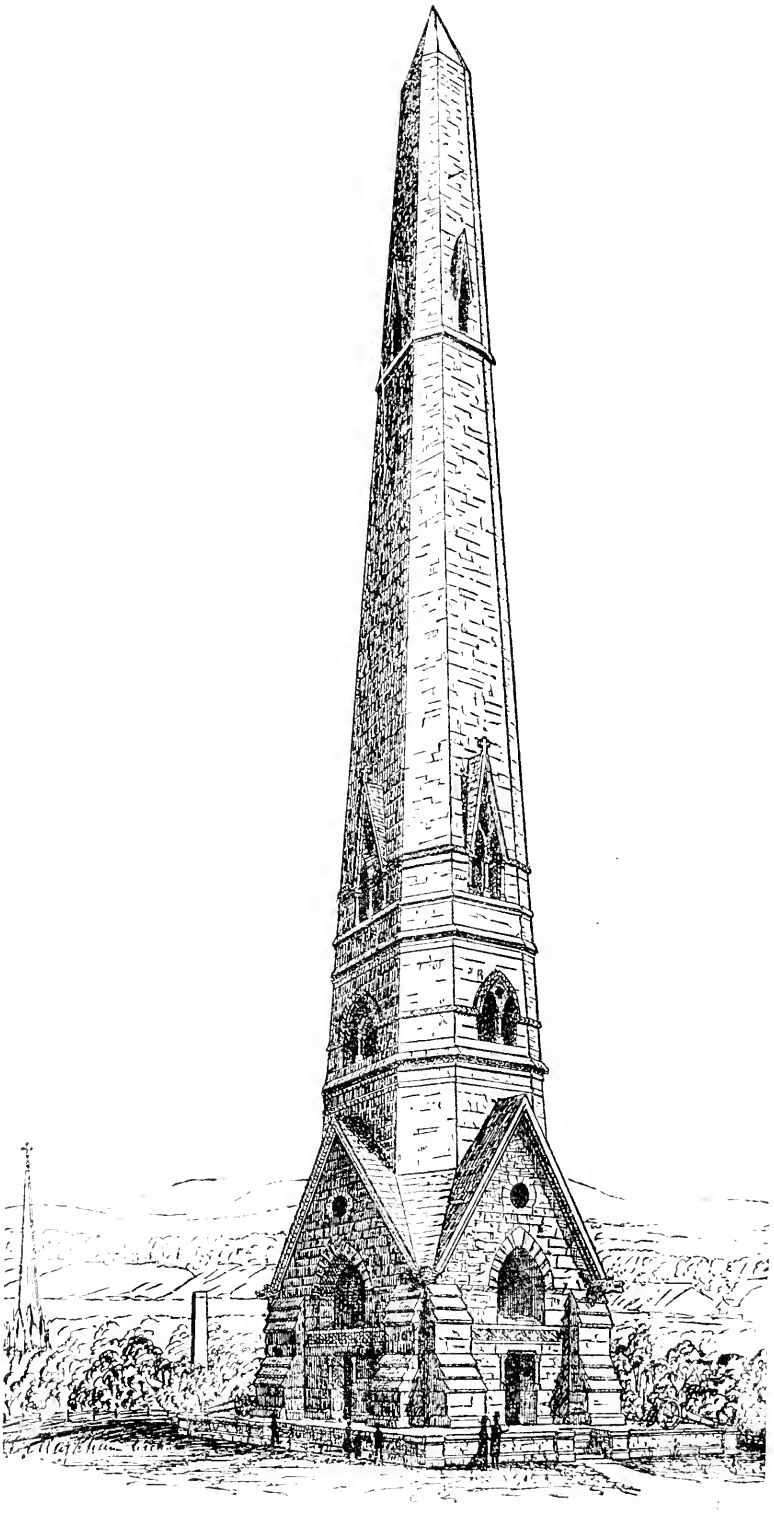
Centennial Celebration

OF

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER,

SCHUYLERVILLE, OCT. 17, 1877.

ALBANY:
JOEL MUNSELL.
1878.



SARATOGA MONUMENT.

MEMOIR

OF THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF

Burgoyne's Surrender,

HELD AT SCHUYLERVILLE, N. Y.,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SARATOGA MONUMENT ASSOCIATION,

On the 17th of October, 1877.

PREPARED BY

WILLIAM L. STONE,

Secretary of the Association.

"History itself must now begin as from a new epoch. They are new powers that must set the wheels of government and of all the world's machinery in motion."

ALBANY:

JOEL MUNSELL.

1878.

NOTE.

The author would here acknowledge his obligations to Col. D. F. Ritchie of Saratoga Springs, and Mr. P. C. Ford of Schuylerville, for assistance in recalling the details of the celebration.

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CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE

SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE.

NARRATIVE.

At early day-break on the Centennial of Burgoyne's surrender I stood upon the highly elevated plateau on which rests the foundation for the Saratoga Monument. A vast amphitheatre was spread at my feet. High as I was above the village of Schuylerville and the surrounding plain, or rather the whole region of country between the Kayaderosseras range on the west, the Green mountains on the east, and the Catskills on the south, the varieties of upland and lowland were lost in the almost perpendicular line of vision in which they were presented to the view. As the dawn grew on apace, a gray jasper tinge slowly crept along the edge of the horizon. Flecks of pale sapphire gradually branched up, which, changing into shoaling spires of emerald and chalcedony, grew more and more distinct, until the entire eastern sky was bathed in the hues of the topaz and amethyst. As the day advanced, and the rays of light darted thicker and brighter across the heavens, the purple clouds which hung over Willard's mountain, were fringed with a saffron dye of inexpressible beauty. As the sun ascended above the horizon — the broad glare of his beams being somewhat

repressed by a dense atmosphere — the orb could be clearly defined by the naked eye. After it had gained the horizon the lesser spires below began to point their tall shadows toward me; a cheerful and mellow light gradually diffused itself around; and the fog, which had rested upon the lower landscape, gently lifting, disclosed hill and vale, wood and river, in all their autumnal loveliness, standing sponsors for the new-born day.

Wednesday, the 17th of October, 1877, was, indeed, a superb autumn day. The air was mild and balmy, and by nine o'clock not a cloud could be descried in any quarter of the heavens. It would seem as if the fates had deliberately combined to render the weather most auspicious. On the Monday previous, a cold, driving rain had set in; and although it had partially cleared, yet the sun of Tuesday had gone down in gloom; while the wailing of the wind in the tall pines and the leaden clouds overhead gave every indication of another storm. Notwithstanding, however, these untoward signs and the continued interrogations "Will it ever clear up?" the citizens of the patriotic little village of Schuylerville continued the work of decoration late into the night. Early in the afternoon of the 16th the advance guard of the visitors, press-reporters and delegates from different military and civic associations began to arrive. Among these came Battery B, of Troy, Captain A. H. Green commanding, with twenty men and five brass twelve pounders, and, also, Captain Tracy of the same city with twenty policemen, whose manly bearing and effective measures for preserving the peace during the celebration received the deserved commendation of all lovers of order. In the evening, the village was generally illuminated, giving to the colored decorations a really fine effect, and eliciting warm encomiums for the tasteful manner in which the ladies and gentlemen had performed their work.

The following morning, a little before sunrise, the artillery men of Battery B turned out, and dividing into four squads proceeded in as many directions to the outskirts of the village where their cannons had previously been placed in position.[1] The day was formally ushered in by a salute of one hundred guns, the echoes of which had scarcely died away, when the people of Easton, from the heights of Willard's mountain, returned the greeting with the same number of guns. The bells of the churches then rang out merrily, and the steam whistles from the factories in the vicinity blew their shrillest notes. The rumbling of wheels along the several roads leading into the village was now heard, and soon the streets were astir with wagons, carriages and omnibusses filled with people from the surrounding country. In Saratoga Springs, twelve miles away, all the stores were closed, and a stillness, more than funereal, hung over its streets; while the entire length of the road leading from that village to Schuylerville was, for more than four hours, covered with a continuous line of vehicles of every description—from the field-wagon, with rough board seat and chains on which to rest the feet and drawn by oxen, to the handsome chariotee of the wealthy citizen.[2] Toward noon the

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[1]These guns were placed respectively near the corner stone of the Saratoga Monument; on the site of the camp of the British Grenadiers; on the hill back of Alonzo Welch's house where General Morgan's riflemen were stationed, and on the high bluff on the east side of the river, the site of old Fort Saratoga during the French and Indian colonial wars, and, just previous to the surrender, occupied by Col. Fellows with a battery. An eighteen pounder captured from the British in 1813, and presented to the Saratoga Monument Association by Frederick DePeyster and Gen. J. W. DePeyster, of New York City, was also placed near the corner stone.

[2]Benj. W. Amsden of No. 70 Lake avenue says that on Wednesday morning vehicles were passing his place, en route to Schuylerville, long before daybreak. Somewhat surprised at the immense number of people moving in the direction of the surrender grounds, he began at six o'clock and kept a tally of each team that passed up to eleven o'clock, five hours,

military, masonic and other organizations that were to take part in the approaching pageant thronged into the town, and by mid-day, the pavements and the windows and porches of the houses were filled with an expectant multitude anxious to secure a good view of the procession.[1]

And well might the scene now presented rivet the eye. It is seldom that a spectacle, such as that which the streets and buildings of Schuylerville afforded on this occasion, is seen. As early as a week previous to the celebration, every flag, large or small, every yard, remnant and piece of colored goods to be found in any of the stores were purchased, to the great gratification of the merchants, who had feared that, in their patriotic enthusiasm, they had been unwise in filling their shelves with so large a stock of red, blue and white goods. Nor were the decorations, so universally displayed, massed together in a hetreogeneous manner without form or comeliness. Good judgment, a cultivated taste and a lavish expenditure of money gave to the public buildings, the hotels and the stores a brilliant and striking appearance; while the façades of the houses adorned with bunting and various original devices illustrative of scenes and incidents of a century ago, showed good taste and commendable patriotism. This,

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and found the number to be three hundred and fifty-four. As this is but one outlet to our village some idea may be formed of Saratoga's delegation to the celebration when the other streets and avenues on the east side are taken into consideration. The number of Saratogians who attended the centennial could not have been less than five thousand.—*Saratogian*, Oct. 18th, 1877.

[1]It was estimated by persons whose experience in large gatherings of a like nature rendered them competent judges, that fully thirty thousand people were in the village and upon the surrender grounds at noon on Wednesday. Had the conveyance to the village been by rail road instead of stages and private teams, undoubtedly more than double that number would have been present. A more orderly and a more intelligent number of persons, it was repeatedly remarked during the day by participants in the Oriskany, Bennington and Bemis's Heights celebrations, was never observed in any other place where people were so closely brought together.

together with the bright and variegated colors of the autumn foliage in the yards and along the side-walks, did much to heighten the general effect. When this handsome adornment was so universal, to specify those residences that were more richly dressed than others would be invidious. So general, moreover, was the desire to create a good impression — when neighbor vied with neighbor in beautifying their houses and places of business — that great would be the difficulty to know how or what to write in regard to the mottoes, buntings, banners and lanterns of each private dwelling.

Among the public buildings thus decorated were the new school building, the engine-house and the churches of St. Stephen and of the Visitation. The Dutch Reformed church wreathed garlands of the red, white and blue around its doric pillars, and the Methodists also expressed their patriotism by a fine display of flags and streamers. The Goldsmith and Gaily Houses were profusely hung with bunting and colored lanterns, and the Schuylerville House presented a picturesque front with its heavy festoonings of evergreens interwoven with the red berries of the bay. Suspended over the main street at a prominent point was a pictorial representation of the surrender. Burgoyne was painted in the act of handing his sword to Gates, while underneath the scene was inscribed the British general's remark: "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner." At a number of points, from newly erected flag-staffs, American colors were floating[1]; and here and there one saw now a

[1]One of these flag-poles, at the corner of Pearl and Burgoyne streets, is one hundred and fifty feet in height; another, close by the corner stone of the monument, is one hundred and sixty feet high. Each of these poles is surmounted by a large glass ball; and the one planted by the corner stone may be readily seen by the aid of a field glass by the citizens of Saratoga Springs, twelve miles distant. These flag-staffs were both the work of Mr. Giles P. Laing, of Schuylerville.

portrait of George Washington, and again one of Philip Schuyler, Morgan or some other old hero in a frame of evergreen. Nor was this kind of work confined to Schuylerville. Standing near the site of the monument the eye took in, for miles around, flags waving from poles set up for the nonce before innumerable farm-houses. In the distance, snugly nestled among the lower spurs of the Green mountains, the pretty villages of Greenwich and Middle Falls looked like two fleets riding at anchor, their tall masts flying gaily colored pennants as if for some great naval victory. Saratoga and Washington counties seemed in very truth to have hung their banners upon the outer walls. Indeed, as it was well said at the time, "What, with the vivid hues of autumn upon the trees, and the vivid hues of patriotism upon the houses, the village and its vicinage looked as gay and attractive as did the splendid army of Burgoyne, as it sailed up Lake Champlain in June 1777, when the sun shone on the scarlet coats of British grenadiers, and on the bright helmets of the German dragoons[1]."

As the troops of the several commands arrived they reported to the Grand Marshal, General W. B. French, on Schuyler Square where they were assigned positions. In consequence, however, of the late arrival of the more distant organizations it was noon before the Marshal and his aides had arranged them into column.[2] Finally, the report of a cannon told that all was in readiness; and at half past twelve o'clock the procession, headed by a platoon of Troy police, filed out of the square into Gates's avenue, General French and his staff gallantly leading

[1]Mr. McElroy, in the Albany *Evening Journal*.

[2]Gen. French deserves much credit for the skill with which he held the procession intact along the line of march. No break or impediment caused any of those halts or separations that so frequently occur on occasions of this kind.

the way. The line of march was from Gates's avenue to Grove street, thence to Pearl; from Pearl to Burgoyne; down Burgoyne to Broad; up Broad to Spring; thence to Church, to Burgoyne, to Pearl, to Saratoga, to Green and up Burgoyne avenue to the monument grounds adjoining Prospect Hill Cemetery.

A volume would scarce suffice to detail the particulars necessary to a full description of the flags and emblems and patriotic decorations which graced the arches under which passed the many divisions and sub-divisions of this imposing pageant; nor yet to give the incidents which, like the fragments of a splendid vision are still floating in bright and glowing masses through the imagination. But the spectacle was too brilliant and the scenes too various for the memory to retain more than certain vague impressions no less beautiful than indistinct. Those who were present and saw the magnificent scene on that lovely autumn day — while it gave them an idea of the appearance of the two armies one hundred years ago at that very hour and on that very spot — will at once admit that it cannot be painted in language; and those who had not that happiness, must content themselves with the assurance that the best endeavors of the writer to convey to them an adequate idea of its effect will fail.

The first arch (tastily draped with flags and bunting) under which the procession marched, was at the corner of Green and Pearl streets, near the handsomely adorned residences of C. W. Mayhew, and G. W. Watson. The next one was at the junction of Burgoyne and Pearl streets in front of the Dutch Reformed church. Upon it in letters of evergreen were the words of welcome ascribed by some to Gates on his first meeting the defeated British general; "I am glad to see you,"[1] with the century

[1] "It is the custom in England, and in America on approaching any body for the first time to say, 'I am very happy to see you.' General Gates

dates of Oct. 17th, 1777, and 1877; the right and left of the centre inscription bearing the names (also in evergreen), of Schuyler, Gates and Morgan. At the corner of Burgoyne and Broad streets another arch, festooned with laurel, spanned the road: while a little further on and opposite the Methodist parsonage, a graceful arch, thrown across the street, bore on its south side the legend, "Methodism honors the occasion," and on the north "Methodism reveres the heroes of 1777." On the lawn, in front of the Marshall House,[1] from a tall liberty pole floated the stars and stripes, and a little distance from the foot of Burgoyne avenue on the Main street, an old elm, whose trunk was wreathed with the "red, white and blue," bore this inscription; "Near this spot, Oct. 17th, 1777, American and British officers met and consummated the articles of capitulation of General Burgoyne to General Gates; and on this ground the British laid down their arms thus securing American independence." Standing on the roof

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chanced to make use of this expression in accosting General Burgoyne: '*I believe you are*,' replied the general, 'the fortune of the day is entirely yours'."—*Travels in North America in* 1780-82, *by the Marquis De Chastellux.*

[1] "A hundred years ago from yesterday, in the cellar of the house, at present occupied by Mrs. Jane M. Marshall, there was a pitiful picture of a few crouching, terror-stricken women and children, and a number of wounded, hungry soldiers; a century later, yesterday, upon the lawn of the same house, there was a joyous, patriotic company of wives and maidens, raising into the air a liberty pole whereon, in a few days shall float the glorious emblem of freedom and victory. With the dark memories of that house upon their minds did these women lift aloft with willing hands the celebrating staff of its peace and domestic love. The sad records of Madame Riedesel stand in dark contrast with this honorary act of Mrs. J. M. Marshall, Mrs. George W. Smith, Miss Jennie Marshall (the two latter the former's daughters), Mrs. Chas. Bartram of Greenpoint, L. I., Mrs. Wesley Buck and Mrs. Joseph Hudson of this village. The pole is eighty-nine feet from the ground and will float a flag twelve by fourteen feet."—*Schuylerville Standard, Oct.* 15, 1877.

Mrs. Marshall also, gave the two Albany companies of the Twenty-fifth regiment, the day after the celebration, an elegant dinner set out on the lawn.

of the Grecian portico of D. L. Potter's dwelling, the Goddess of Liberty, in life size, shone resplendent in a starry crown and a skirt made of the American flag. Within the court-yard of Alonzo Welch — the site of the old Revolutionary Barracks — stood a large marqueé from the top of which were unfurled the American and British colors; while on the northwest corner of Pearl and Terry streets a wooden monument was placed, having upon one of its sides the following lettering:

SARATOGA,
BEMIS HEIGHTS,
BENNINGTON,
ORISKANY,
LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

The eye of beauty, too, gazed with delight upon the passing scene. Every window was thronged; and the myriads of handkerchiefs which fluttered in the air was only rivaled in whiteness by the delicate hands which suspended them; while the glowing cheeks, the ingenuous smiles of loveliness and innocence, and the intelligence which beamed brightly from many a sparkling eye, proclaimed their possessors worthy of being the wives, mothers and daughters of freemen. It was in fine a proud spectacle; but language fails in attempting its description — much more in imparting to paper the sensations which it created. It is not difficult to describe individual objects correctly, but it is impossible to portray their general effect when happily grouped together. We rejoiced, and all who were there rejoiced; although, as we looked upon the countless throng, we could not but remember the exclamation of Xerxes, and feel that "a hundred years hence, not one of all that vast multitude will be alive."

Immediately behind the police and leading the procession proper, came the popular Doring's band of Troy, composed of twenty-six pieces. Following these, and

marching by platoons, were Company F, Tenth regiment N. Y. S. N. G., Captain George D. Weidman commanding, and Company I, Twenty-fifth regiment under Captain Walker. Both companies wore a neat gray uniform, and by their soldierly bearing did credit to the capital city. Colt's armory band of twenty pieces, one of the choicest musical organizations in the land, and clad in scarlet, followed next in order; and directly after them were the Governor's Foot Guards of Hartford, Conn., commanded by Major W. H. Talcott. The presence, on this occasion, of the Foot Guards was particularly fortunate, and most appropriate. Dressed in the rich and peculiar style of the time of George III — bear-skin caps, scarlet coats, knee-breeches, and black velvet leggins with silver buckles on their shoes — they gave to the spectators a correct idea of the appearance of Burgoyne's "Red-coats" at the time of the surrender. Accompanying the Foot Guards were the Veterans of the corps in citizen's dress, wearing Kossuth hats and crimson badges.[1] The Park Guard's band, one of Vermont's best, with the Park Guards of Bennington, Capt. N. O. Wilcox, made a striking appearance in their grenadier hats and steel gray uniforms. Having taken part in the Bennington centennial, it gave them pleasure to participate in Saratoga's celebration. It was one of the best equipped commands on the ground. As the procession moved by, the next command that passed along was

[1] The Governor's Foot Guards were chartered in 1771. In October, 1777, it started for Saratoga to offer its services to Gates though organized specially as a body guard to the governor and general assembly of the colony of Connecticut. The company, under the command of Captain Jonathan Bull, marched as far as the Rhinebeck flats, where, being met by an express with the news of Burgoyne's surrender, they returned home. The battalion now numbers about one hundred, including a band of twenty-five pieces. James Bull, now living at Saratoga Springs, is a grandson of Captain Jonathan Bull, and was a member of the guards fifty years ago. His father Isaac D. Bull was the first major of the organization when it became a battalion in 1813, serving until 1816.

the Hughes Light Guards of South Glen's Falls, Capt. Gleesettle. This company has only recently been organized, but the members carried themselves like veterans, reflecting credit on the most northerly town in Saratoga county. The Whitehall Cornet band then filed past, leading the well known and popular Burleigh Corps of Whitehall, Lieut. Bascom commanding. The Guards and Corps were dressed in the regulation dark and light blue and wore the shako, and made a creditable appearance. This military array was followed by the Knights Templar, their gay trappings, in the bright sunlight of an unclouded sky, being sufficiently gorgeous to have filled the eye of a Persian emperor in the height of oriental splendor and magnificence. The Knights Templar constituted the second division of the procession which was under the command of very eminent Grand Commander Charles H. Holden, assisted by Sir Knight B. F. Judson. Preceding the Washington Commandery of Saratoga Springs, was the Ballston Cornet band dressed in a showy dark blue uniform. Then came the Seventy-seventh regiment band of Saratoga Springs, composed of twenty-two pieces and dressed in military uniform, followed by the Apollo Commandery of Troy and the Temple Commandery of Albany. These commanderies, together with Washington Commandery, sustained well their reputation as among the finest appearing and best drilled organizations of Sir Knights in the state. The Mozart band of Schenectady, uniformed in white, came next in order preceding the commanderies of St. George of Schenectady, De Soto of Plattsburgh, Holy Cross of Gloversville, Lafayette of Hudson, Little Falls of Little Falls, Killington of Rutland, Vermont, and the Tefft of Bennington of the same state. The Schuylerville Cornet band was the next to pass, followed by the Master Masons, who preceded the Grand Lodge of the state of New York. Along the whole ex-

tensive line of march each of the different organizations was received with continual cheers, a circumstance which added not a little to the animation of the scene.

The Saratoga Centennial Cavalry, Major T. S. Hassett commanding, brought up the rear. This company numbered upward of eighty horsemen, and attired in the attractive uniform of Gates's Centennials, they elicited much praise from the bystanders whenever they appeared. This cavalcade formed the escort, or rather the rear guard, to the orators, poets, officers of the day, members of the Saratoga Monument Association and invited guests, who, seated in open carriages, formed the civic portion of the procession. In one of the carriages were Horatio Seymour, George William Curtis and Alfred B. Street, each wearing on his breast, not the gorgeous insignia of the courts of kings, but — typical of Republican simplicity — a silk badge, on which was attached a plain rosette made of the dry leaves of the palmetto.[1] Among the most honored guests were ex-Senator Foster, of Connecticut, whose father was in both battles of Bemis's Heights, and George L. Schuyler, of New York, a grandson of Gen. Philip Schuyler. In another carriage, also, rode Albert Clements, aged[2] ninety-six, George Strover, eighty-six,

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[1] At the top of the badge is printed the word "Gates," and at the bottom, "Saratoga, Oct. 17th, 1877." The badges were the gift of Gen. Stephen D. Kirk, of Charleston, S. C. Gen. Kirk accompanied the gifts with appropriate patriotic sentiments.

[2] Albert Clements, the most remarkable person in the vicinity of Schuylerville, was ninety-six years old on the 24th of October, 1877. Born in Dutchess county, N. Y., he came with his father to Saratoga (Schuylerville) when only eight years old, in 1781, and has resided there ever since. His father purchased five hundred acres of land west of the Schuyler tract, which in part he cleared and made very productive in corn, wheat, buckwheat, flax, barley, etc. He also had a distillery on the Fishkill, about a mile south of Victory Mills, near the houses of Vilorus Winney, and of the father of Mr. Giles B. Slocum, now living in Trenton, Mich.

and William H. McCreedy, eighty-six, the three oldest men in the village, and honored both for their own sakes and from having once been the neighbors of Gen. Schuyler. The presence of these three venerable, but still hale and hearty, village sires, and the distinguished ex-Senator Foster, carried back the minds of the beholders so vividly to those "times that tried men's souls," that they no longer seemed to belong to the "dim past," but to the vitality of the actual present. It had been expected that Governor Robinson, of New York, Governor Rice, of Massachusetts, and Van Zandt, of Rhode Island, would be present; but illness kept them all away. The governor of New York was represented by members of his military family; "but as he had vetoed the state appropriation for the celebration, a word of sympathy from him in the commemoration of the most important of the Revolutionary centennial celebrations in New York state would have been fitting and welcome."[1]

The procession was more than a mile in length, and

His father was a most successful distiller, and manufactured an excellent quality of whisky from buckwheat and potatoes. He also made cider brandy. The longevity of the family is remarkable. His father died at ninety, his mother at eighty. Albert Clements has had eleven children. The youngest living is fifty years old, and he has a son (Dr. Clements, of Saratoga Springs), aged sixty-five. He never belonged to any religious denomination, but attends that of the Methodists. He has never used (so they tell me), "as much tobacco as would amount to one cigar;" but has always drank spirits, "when he felt like it." His earnest sententious speech, without any of the besetting weakness of old age, commands the attention and interest of all with whom he converses. His hale, hearty, courteous manner, and his physical activity make him a man to be noted. When I proposed to send a carriage for him on the day of the celebration, he replied that "he could walk as well as not," though he lives two miles from the village. The father, grandfather and great-grandfather of Mr. McCreedy were all present as soldiers at the surrender, Mr. Clements, Mr. Strover, and Mr. McCreedy, all occupied seats on the speakers' stand, the day of the celebration.

[1] *Harper's Weekly.*

contained nearly three thousand people. It was, indeed, a pageant of indescribable interest, and, to most, of double attraction: the occasion being one in which the deepest sympathies were enlisted, and it being also altogether the finest display of pomp and circumstance ever witnessed in northern New York.

A large part of the population of Saratoga and Washington counties had given themselves up to the enjoyment of the occasion: and gladness, in all its fullness, was depicted in every countenance, while a noble enthusiasm swelled every bosom. The bond of union was complete; and every man, carrying himself back one hundred years, felt as though his country had been rescued, in the last hour, from the most imminent peril.

The head of the procession reached the open square in front of the monument at half past one o'clock. The right of line then opened, and the Grand Lodge advanced to its position, being surrounded by the subordinate lodges formed in a square. The commanderies made the same formation outside of the lodges, while the military, beyond the commanderies, encircled them, having in their rear a vast concourse of citizens, estimated at twelve thousand. The various bands of music, which had enlivened the march of the procession, were concentrated in the enclosure, but so disposed as not to intercept the prospect. The Grand Lodge occupied a position upon the foundation of the monument, and thus the Masonic ceremonies, which were conducted in the usual form, were in full view of the multitude.

After the corner-stone had been laid, the procession was reformed; and, amid the firing of cannons, countermarched to the speaking grounds on Schuyler square where two stands had been built, on which floated the American and British flags. At the southern stand, where Hon. Charles S. Lester of Saratoga Springs presided, the

orations of Horatio Seymour and George William Curtis, and the addresses of Judge Lester and Lafayette S. Foster were delivered, together with the poem of Alfred B. Street, read by Col. E. P. Howe of Saratoga Springs. The short, impromptu speech by Senator Foster, was peculiarly timely and fitting, and of extraordinary interest, owing to the fact that he had often listened to the story of the battle from the lips of his father, who was lieutenant and adjutant of one of the Connecticut regiments on the American side. At the northern stand, Hon. George W. Schuyler, in the absence of Gen. E. F. Bullard, was called upon to preside; but shortly after delivering his introductory address he was summoned away by a dispatch from Albany. Before leaving Mr. Schuyler called upon Col. David F. Ritchie to take his place; and the latter acted in this capacity during the remainder of the exercises. At this stand were delivered the historical address of William L. Stone, and the speeches of B. W. Throckmorton of New Jersey, Judge Austin A. Yates of Schenectady, and H. L. Gladding of Albany. General James Grant Wilson (the biographer of Fitz Green Halleck) read that poet's *Field of the Grounded Arms*, and the Rev. D. K. Van Doren of Schuylerville a poem by General J. Watts De Peyster prepared expressly for the occasion. A new version of the Star Spangled Banner, by Col. B. C. Butler of Luzerne, N. Y., was then read by William L. Stone, and the exercises closed by the reading, by Col. Ritchie, of letters from Benson J. Lossing, Mrs. Ellen H. Walworth, Giles B. Slocum, and General Stephen D. Kirk of Charleston, South Carolina. At the close of the literary exercises, Governor Seymour presented the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Saratoga Monument Association be presented to Booth Brothers of New York

city for their generous donation of the corner stone which has been laid to-day.[1]

It had been the intention to close the celebration with a brilliant military spectacle representing the surrender of Burgoyne to the Continental troops. It was, however, almost dusk when the speaking was finished; and, accordingly, Judge Lester, in dismissing the audience, stated that the Connecticut boys[2] refused to surrender, and that the exercises would therefore be brought to an end by a dress parade. By a curious coincidence both Judge Lester and Col. Ritchie closed the exercises at the two stands by announcing an adjournment until the next centennial in 1977. Although these gentlemen seemed to have little faith that many of their auditors would be present at the second centennial of the same great event, it is to be hoped that they will be mistaken in this instance; and if such should be the case, we trust they may be among the number of those who shall be spared to see that joyous day.

While the literary exercises at the stands were holding, thousands of people who could not get within hearing distance, amused themselves by strolling about the village and visiting the surrender grounds, the remains of old Fort Hardy, the Marshall House (in the cellar of which Mrs. Reidesel took refuge during the cannonade) and the "Relic Tent" containing a sword said to have belonged to Burgoyne, the "Eddy collection," and many other in-

[1] For this handsome gift, valued at three hundred and fifty dollars, the Association, as stated in the text, is indebted to the firm of Booth Brothers whose office is at 51 Chamber street New York. The generosity of this firm of Scotchmen is the more worthy of special notice from the fact that in this matter all other *American* contractors in granite had turned upon the Association the cold shoulder. Booth Brothers are the owners of large quarries, and being, also, contractors and dealers in all kinds of native and Scotch granites, are deserving of a liberal patronage. Their kindness deserves it.

[2] The Governor's Foot Guards, who were to personate the British troops.

teresting trophies. The Schuyler Mansion, built by General Schuyler near the site of the one burned by Burgoyne and owned and occupied by George Strover, was, also, an object of special attraction during the entire day.[1] The continental cavalry from Saratoga Springs, upon its arrival in the village, proceeded thither in a body and saluted the house and its occupants. Among the large number of persons who partook of the hospitalities of the house were ex-Governor Seymour, George William Curtis, H. A. Homes, State Librarian, Hon. George Schuyler, Alfred B. Street, B. W. Throckmorton, Judge A. A. Yates, H. L. Gladding, Charles S. Lester and many other prominent men. Speaking within bounds, at least three thousand people, during the day and evening, visited the house. The large portico with its high columns were adorned with curtains elegantly folded, and with wreaths and festoons of laurels disposed with beautiful and tasteful effect. Over the door-way was suspended the musket, cartridge-box and powder-horn used by Col. Strover in the war of 1812. Immediately after the exercises of the laying of the corner stone, the Governor's Foot Guards of Hartford, escorted by Major J. C. Parson of the veteran corps, and Major W. H. Talcott, with Colt's Military Band, marched to the house; and upon its arrival on the lawn, paraded in line and saluted the old mansion and Colonel and Mrs. Strover, the living representatives of the eighteenth century. The Guards then stacked arms, and upon entering the hospitable mansion were tendered refreshments. They inspected

[1] This is a good opportunity to correct the common error — into which I have myself fallen in my *Life of General Reidesel* — that the present Schuyler Mansion was built by the American army within ten days after the surrender. The massive foundation of the house is sufficient of itself to refute this idea; but if more evidence is required, we have the testimony of the Marquis de Chastellux, who, visiting Gen. Schuyler at Saratoga in 1782 — five years after the surrender — says that "there is nothing to be seen but some barns and the ruins of General Schuyler's house."

all the quaint and curious things which fill the house from cellar to garret. Upon their departure, a parting salute was given: and the band, which had executed for the large number of guests assembled on the portico and lawn, a number of brilliant pieces of music, then played "Home, Sweet Home," and marched across the bridge into the village. Major W. H. Talcott was heard to remark that this visit of the Guards "was one of the most pleasing which he should remember with the laying of the corner stone of the Saratoga Monument."

When at length the sun went down behind the heights upon which Burgoyne had pitched his camp, the multitude slowly dispersed and wended its way through the streets of the village. Broad street took the appearance of Broadway, New York City, and was a thoroughfare of closely packed hacks, stages, wagons and horsemen passing and re-passing toward the several roads leading to their homes. At night, the street with its pendant flags and gayly colored illuminated lanterns; its thronging people; the wild vociferations of the street venders; the passing of uniformed soldiers; and the out going stages filled with departing visitors, made it a scene not soon to be forgotten by the citizens of Schuylerville. [1]

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[1] The centennial exercises were continued at Schuylerville throughout the following day. The village presented a beautiful appearance, the artistic decorations and beauties still attracting attention. Though the crowd was not as large as the previous day, yet there were thousands of people present — all happy at being able to assist in prolonging the exercises of the preceding day. In the large tents on Schuyler square hundreds were banqueted, the supply of provisions furnished being more than amply sufficient to meet all of the demands made upon it. The grand stands were crowded during most of the day, and the corner stone was visited by thousands of people. The exercises of the day were interspersed with local speeches, music, and a military display by companies F of the Tenth regiment, and I of the Twenty-fifth. The occasion was a most joyous one; and to sum up, the citizens of Schuylerville have reason to feel proud at the success of the Centennial Celebration of 1877.— *Schuylerville Standard.*

As night shut in the air became chilly, and the wind, which had seemingly waited until the celebration was ended, now swept around the massive foundation of the monument and over the high table land with a hoarse, sullen roar. But as midnight approached the breeze was lulled to silence, the lights of the village disappeared; the different sounds from the haunts of men ceased; and a gentle silence reigned around. Above hung a broad and sable canopy studded with countless planets; and around stretched the weird-looking horizon apparently dying away into the gloom of that strange firmament. But as it drew on towards the dawn, the stars, led off by the twin Pleiades, tripped away and disappeared one by one; and the light of another day rested on the ground where but a little while before, had been gathered a vast multitude, and where, amid the swelling strains of martial music, had been collected and displayed, in one grand view, the flags, and emblems, and costly decorations, which, in a continued procession called forth such enthusiasm of admiration. It was one of those few bright visions whose evanescent glory is allowed to light up the path of human life — which, as they are passing, we feel can never return; and which, while diffusing a sensation of pleasing melancholy, leads up the mind to contemplation. The splendor of beauty and the triumph of art sure to excite,

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Nor, before bringing our narrative to a close should we neglect to speak of the hospitality displayed, not only of the people of Schuylerville, but also of those of Victory Mills, of Northumberland, of Easton and of Greenwich. These people gave a hearty and hospitable welcome to all. Every one appreciated the bounteous refreshments provided by them and departed with loud spoken compliments and thanks for the goodly entertainment. Mr. Daniel A. Bullard, also, was not only one of the staunchest promoters of the Saratoga Monument, but on the day of the celebration, assisted by his lovely wife, entertained at his hospitable mansion, Horatio Seymour, George William Curtis, Henry A. Homes, George L. Schuyler, Alfred B. Street, Senator Foster, James M. Mann, Gen. Wilson, B. W. Throckmorton, Governor Robinson's staff and many others.

to dazzle and often to improve the condition and promote the welfare of mankind; but "the fashion of this world passeth away;" beauty and art, with all their triumphs and splendors, endure but for a season; and earth itself, with all its lakes and oceans, its woods and mountains, is only as the small dust of the balance in the sight of Him who dwells beyond the everlasting hills.[1]

OFFICERS OF THE DAY.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17th, 1877.

PRESIDENTS OF THE DAY:

HON. CHARLES S. LESTER, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
GEN. EDWARD F. BULLARD, " " "

VICE-PRESIDENTS AT LARGE:

GEORGE L. SCHUYLER, New York City.
PHILIP SCHUYLER, " " "
HON. CHARLES O'CONNOR, New York.
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, " "

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[1] Yesterday will long be remembered in the history of this country; and from the memories of all who participated in the great celebration, it will never pass away. The blue sky, the gorgeous colors of the autumn foliage, the smooth flowing, silver Hudson, the delicious air, the grand old mountains standing like sentinels to guard the spot sacred with so many heroic associations, the brilliant pageant, the impressive ceremonies at the monument which commemorates the past, honors the present, and links both to the unborn future, the grand orations, the stirring poems, the illustrious citizens who recalled to mind the great deeds which those scenes had witnessed, the scenes themselves where the scepter of foreign dominion had forever passed away and America awoke from a splendid dream of Liberty and Independence to find the reality more glorious than the imagination had had the strength to picture — what more could be asked from a single day! As we stood upon the monument, and our eye rested upon the splendid panorama, decorated by the hand of nature with a skill and grandeur at which man can only wonder, we thought of the days when the souls of our fathers had been tried and not found wanting, and of the scene here upon the hallowed ground at our feet which had been wet with their blood, and where with a joy so intense that it was silent, and a tender chivalry which restrained all exultation over a vanquished foe, they saw their proud enemies lay down their arms, and they knew that their final victory was secure! — *Saratogian, Oct. 18th*, 1877.

Hon. Hamilton Fish, New York.
Ex-Governor Hoffman, " "
Hon. Frederick DePeyster, Pres. N. Y. Historical Society.
Hon. George W. Curtis, New York.
Manton Marble, " "
Henry B. Dawson, " "
Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, Utica.
Hon. William J. Bacon, "
E. F. DeLancey, New York City.
Thomas W. Olcott, Albany.
Joel Munsell, "
J. V. L. Pruyn, "
Hon. Robert S. Hale, Elizabethtown, N. Y.
O. H. Marshall, Buffalo, N. Y.
Hon. Hiland Hall, Bennington, Vt.
C. M. Bliss, Sec. Bennington Mon. Ass'n, Bennington, Vt.
Giles B. Slocum, Trenton, Mich.
James McFarland, New Jersey.
Ethan Allen, New York.
Wm. H. Thomas, Bergen, N. J.
Hon. John H. Starin, Fultonville.
Parker Handy, New York.
John F. Seymour, Utica.
Hon. B. W. Throckmorton, Bergen, N. J.
Hon. Henry G. Root, Bennington, Vt.
Maj. A. B. Valentine, " "
Hon. M. S. Colburn, Manchester, Vt.
Ex-Gov. John B. Page, Rutland, "
Lt. Gov. Redfield S. Proctor, Rutland, Vt.
Lt. Gov. E. J. Phelps, Burlington, Vt.
Ex-Gov. John W. Stewart, Middlebury, Vt.
Hon. Frederick E. Woodbridge, Vergennes, Vt.
Wm. H. Clement, Morrow, Ohio.
President Potter, Union College, Schenectady.
Clarence Bate, Louisville, Ky.
Col. John Hay, Cleveland, Ohio.
General Stephen D. Kirk, Charleston, South Carolina.

SARATOGA COUNTY.

Saratoga — R. ENGLISH, H. CRAMER, GEORGE STROYER, H. SCIDMORE, E. RAYMOND, F. DODD, F. K. MARSHALL, W. R. CLOTHIER, P. DENNIS, G. WRIGHT, REV. A. F. BAILEY, REV. D. K. VAN DOREN, REV. G. W. DEAN, REV. H. B. FINNEGAN, N. BENNETT, J. OSBORN.

Saratoga Springs—HON. JAMES M. MARVIN, HON. A. BOCKES, HON. O. L. BARBOUR, GENERAL JOSHUA T. BLANCHARD, STEPHEN H. RICHARDS, President Saratoga Springs, B. F. JUDSON, J. W. CRANE, C. S. LESTER, G. L. AMES.

Ballston — G. G. SCOTT, N. GILMOUR.

Charlton — W. B. CONSALUS, F. D. CURTIS.

Clifton Park — J. PECK, H. PARKER.

Corinth — E. EDWARDS, N. M. HOUGHTON.

Day — I. W. GUILES, E. DARLING.

Edinburgh — I. NOYES, JR., S. H. TORREY.

Galway — DR. PRESTON, I. BROCKETT.

Hadley — C. ROCKWELL, A. PALMER.

Halfmoon — H. S. SHELDON, E. D. ELLSWORTH, C. CLUTE.

Malta — CAPT. ROGERS, J. TRIPP.

Milton — G. WEST, C. B. KILMER, H. KNICKERBACKER.

Moreau — J. W. SHURTER, W. A. SHERMAN.

Northumberland — A. B. BAUCUS, A. L. FINNE, W. TICE, D. H. DEVOE, H. THOMPSON.

Providence — W. B. CLARK, P. MEAD.

Stillwater — G. W. NEILSON, G. A. ENSIGN, L. VAN DEMARK.

Waterford — J. B. ENOS, D. T. LAMB.

Wilton — B. B. GRIPPEN, C. BOYCE.

WASHINGTON COUNTY.

Greenwich — R. W. LOBER, S. L. STILLMAN, E. ANDREWS.

Easton — J. A. VAN SCHAICK, I. BURTON, E. W. HOLLISTER.

Fort Edward — J. E. KING, S. McKEAN, A. D. WAITE.

Sandy Hill — J. DWYER, A. L. ALLEN.

Fort Ann — J. HALL.

Whitehall — W. A. WILKINS, W. H. TEFFT.

Granville — R. C. BETTS.
Argyle — A. BARKLEY, H. DODD.
Hartford — M. J. INGALSBEE, J. M. NORTHUP.
Salem — J. GIBSON, JR., S. W. RUSSELL.
Cambridge — J. S. SMART, H. GORDON.

WARREN COUNTY.

Glen's Falls — T. S. COOLIDGE, W. W. ROCKWELL, I. MOTT, H. M. HARRIS, N. COLE, M. B. LITTLE, JOHN KEENAN, L. G. MCDONALD, AUGUSTUS SHERMAN, JERRY FINCH.
Luzerne — B. C. BUTLER.

RENSSELAER COUNTY.

Schaghticoke — J. A. QUACKENBUSH, J. KNICKERBACKER.
Troy — J. M. FRANCIS, A. G. JOHNSON, J. B. PARMENTER, E. L. FURSMAN, M. I. TOWNSEND, MAYOR MURPHY, I. MCCONIHE, J. J. FILKINS.

ALBANY COUNTY.

Albany — MAYOR BANKS, J. W. SMITH, C. E. SMITH, A. A. KEYES, L. THOMPSON.
Cohoes — C. H. ADAMS, D. J. JOHNSON.

SCHENECTADY COUNTY.

C. SANFORD, EX-MAYOR HUNTER.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

C. B. WINEGAR, A. W. KLINE, F. FISH.

CLINTON COUNTY.

S. M. WEED.

SECRETARIES:

W. L. STONE, Secretary Monument Association New York.
E. W. B. CANNING, Cor. Sec. Saratoga Monument Ass'n.
D. F. RITCHIE, A. S. PEASE, E. J. HULING, Saratoga Springs.
H. L. GROSE, W. S. WATERBURY, Ballston Spa.
R. L. PALMATEER, Waterford.
H. C. MORHOUSE, Greenwich.

H. D. MORRIS, Salem.
H. T. BLANCHARD, Fort Edward.
J. L. MCARTHUR, Granville.
J. H. CUSHMAN, Bennington.

GRAND MARSHAL.

GEN. W. B. FRENCH, Saratoga Springs.

ASSISTANT MARSHALS:

Saratoga Springs — CAPT. B. F. JUDSON, COL. F. R. ANDES, MAJ. W. J. RIGGS, SURGEON WM. H. HALL, COL. HIRAM RODGERS, COL. B. C. BUTLER, COL. WM. Q. BARRETT, CAPT. A. A. PATTERSON, J. W. LESTER, R. A. HEMINWAY, CAPT. W. W. WORDEN, CAPT. JAMES M. ANDREWS, JR., HIRAM OWEN, MAJ. E. T. BRACKETT, CAPT. E. P. HOWE, EBENEZER HOLMES, CAPT. P. F. ALLEN, SAMUEL F. COREY.

Ballston Spa — COL. C. T. PECK, CAPT. W. W. FRENCH.

Stillwater — CAPT. L. VAN DEMARK, CAPT. THOMAS.

Greenwich — DR. GRAY.

Schuylerville — CAPT. GEORGE ROBINSON, D. S. POTTER, A. WELCH, J. S. DILLINBECK, C. H. MCNAUGHTON, S. MCCREEDY, P. S. WHEELER, DR. N. C. HARRIS, LIEUTENANTS DILLINBECK, FLETCHER, PENNOCK.

Albany — GEN. DICKERMAN.

Troy — GEN. CARR.

Sandy Hill — GEN. CHARLES HUGHES.

Luzerne — COL. B. C. BUTLER.

COMMITTEES:

Reception — N. C. HARRIS, N. J. SEELYE, O. BRISBIN, F. GOW, H. A. MCREA.

Music — C. M. DENNIS, S. R. LAWRENCE, J. T. SMITH, J. O. HANNUM.

Finance — S. SHELDON, G. F. WATSON, W. H. SMITH, A. M. GREENE, H. C. HOLMES, S. THORN, S. F. BROTT, J. BILLINGS, JR., J. R. DEYOE.

Entertainment — E. DOOLITTLE, J. H. DERIDDER, R. N. ATWELL, C. E. INGERSON, E. C. BULLARD, M. B. GRIPPEN.

Transportation — J. H. DILLINGHAM, T. TOOHEY, G. H. BENNETT, C. E. WASHBURN.

Decoration — G. P. LAING, R. W. RICE, I. WHITMAN, F. MCNAUGHTON, B. J. BRISTOL.

Military — D. S. POTTER, A. WELCH, J. S. DILLINBECK, C. H. MCNAUGHTON, S. MCCREEDY, P. S. WHEELER.

Grounds and battle field arrangements — W. P. OSTRANDER, W. P. FINCH, H. MARSHALL, S. WINNEY, D. CRAW.

Auditing — D. DEAN, R. SUTFIN, T. SWEET.

Printing — R. MINGAY, JR., CHAS. F. PAUL, C. H. ATWELL, E. M. CARHART.

ORDER OF THE DAY.

National salute at sunrise by Battery B, Captain A. H. Green. The procession will be formed on Schuyler Square, 11:30 A. M., in the following order:

FIRST DIVISION.

Platoon of Police; Gen. W. B. French, chief marshal; chief marshal's staff, Capt. B. F. Judson, Col. F. R Andes, Maj. W. J. Riggs, Surgeon Wm. H. Hall, Col. Hiram Rodgers, Col. B. C. Butler, Col. Wm. Q. Barrett, Capt. A. A. Patterson, J. W. Lester, R. A. Heminway, Capt. W. W. Worden, Capt. James M. Andrews, Jr., Hiram Owen, Maj. E. T. Brackett, Capt. E. P. Howe, Ebenezer Holmes, Capt. P. F. Allen, S. F. Corey, Saratoga Springs; Col. C. T. Peck, Capt. W. W. French, Ballston Spa.; Capt. L. Van Demark, Stillwater; Capt. Geo. Robinson, Capt. Thomas, Dr. Gray, D. S. Potter, A. Welch, J. S. Dillenbeck, C. H. McNaughton, S. McCreedy, P. S. Wheeler, Dr. N. C. Harris, Lieutenants Dillenbeck, Fletcher, Pennock, Schuylerville; Doring's Band of Troy; Co. F's Drum Corps; Co. F, Tenth regiment, Capt. George D. Weidman commanding, of Albany; Co. I's drum corps; Co. I, Twenty-fifth regiment, Capt. Walker commanding, of Albany; First Company Governor's Foot Guards of Hartford, Conn., in old English uniform worn in the reign of George III; W. H. Talcott, Maj. Com. Battalion; Colt's

Band, Hartford, Conn., Thos. G. Adkins, leader; Capt. A. H. Wiley Com. first company; Lieut. R. D. Burdick Com. second company; Lieut. S. E. Hascall Com. third company; Lieut. W. E. Eaton Com. fourth company; Park Guards Band; Park Guards of Bennington, Vt., Capt. O. N. Wilcox, commander; Hughes Light Guards of Glen's Falls, Capt. Gleesettle, commanding; Whitehall Band; Burleigh Corps, Capt. Tho's Hall, commanding, Whitehall Band.

SECOND DIVISION.

Sir Townsend Fonda, R. E. Grand Commander; Sir Chas. H. Holden, V. D. Grand Commander: Sir Knight, B. F. Judson; Ballston Spa Cornet Band; Washington Commandery of Saratoga Springs; Seventy-seventh Regiment Band, Saratoga Springs; Apollo Commandery of Troy; Temple Commandery No. 2, of Albany; Schenectady Band; St. George's Commandery, No. 37, Schenectady, N. Y.; De Soto Commandery No. 49, of Plattsburgh; Schuylerville Band; Holy Cross Commandery, Gloversville, N. Y.; Lafayette Commandery, Hudson, N. Y.; Little Falls Commandery, Little Falls, N. Y.; Killington Commandery, Rutland, Vt.; Tefft Commandery, Bennington, Vt.; Master Masons; Ashler Lodge, No. 584, Greenwich, N. Y.; Montgomery Lodge, No. 504, Stillwater, N. Y.; Schuyler Lodge, No. 676, Schuylerville, N. Y.; Rising Sun Lodge, No. 103, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Fort Edward Lodge, No. 267, Fort Edward, N. Y.; Home Lodge, No. 398, Northumberland, N. Y.; Grand Master of Master Masons of the state of New York, M. W. J. J. Couch; Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

THIRD DIVISION.

Capt. W. W. Worden, assistant marshal, commanding; New York State officials; Presidents of the day; orators; poets; speakers; clergy and chaplain in carriages; Bemis Heights Centennial committee; the Saratoga Monument Association; descendants of Revolutionary soldiers; invited guests; Continental Cavalry, from Saratoga, Major Fassett, commanding; his excellency, Governor Robinson, represented in the persons of General J. B. Stonehouse and General A. H. Taylor.

ROUTE OF MARCH.

Gates avenue to Grove street ; Grove to Pearl ; Pearl to Burgoyne ; Burgoyne to Broad ; Broad to Spring ; Spring to Church ; Church to Burgoyne ; Burgoyne to Pearl ; Pearl to Saratoga ; Saratoga to Green ; Green to Burgoyne ; Burgoyne to Monument grounds, where a hollow square will be formed by the military outside the Knight Templars, and the corner stone of the Monument laid by M. W. J. J. Couch, Grand Master, and R. W. Edmond L. Judson, Deputy Grand Master Masons of the state of New York. After which ceremony the procession will march down Burgoyne to Pearl ; Pearl to Grove, thence to Schuyler square, where the following exercises will take place at the

FIRST GRAND STAND.

MUSIC, DORING'S BAND.

Prayer, REV. RUFUS W. CLARK, D. D., of Albany, Chaplain.

MUSIC.

Introductory address by the President of the Day,
HON. CHARLES S. LESTER.

MUSIC.

Oration by EX-GOVERNOR HORATIO SEYMOUR.

Oration by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

MUSIC.

Poem, by ALFRED B. STREET,
Read by COL. E. P. HOWE.

MUSIC.

Address by HON. LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER.

SECOND GRAND STAND.

MUSIC, COLT'S ARMY BAND, Hartford, Conn.

Prayer, REV. J. E. KING, of Fort Edward, N. Y., Chaplain.

MUSIC.

Introductory address, HON. GEO. W. SCHUYLER, Pres. of the Day.

MUSIC.

Historical address by WILLIAM L. STONE.

Address by HON. B. W. THROCKMORTON, of New Jersey,
Subject, Arnold.

MUSIC.

Fitz Green Halleck's *Field of the Grounded Arms*, read by
Halleck's Biographer, GEN. JAMES GRANT WILSON.

Addresses by HON. A. A. YATES and H. L. GLADDING.

Ode by GEN. J. WATTS DEPEYSTER,
Read by REV. D. K. VAN DOREN.

The Star Spangled Banner, arranged for the anniversary of
Burgoyne's surrender by COL. B. C. BUTLER,
Read by WILLIAM L. STONE.

Letters from BENSON J. LOSSING, MRS. ELLEN H. WALWORTH,
GILES B. SLOCUM and STEPHEN D. KIRK, of Charleston, S. C.,
Read by COL. D. F. RITCHIE.

Short addresses, by HON. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN and E. L.
FURSMAN.

GRAND BANQUET.

Brilliant Military spectacle representing the surrender of
Burgoyne's army.

CEREMONIES AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE SARATOGA MONUMENT

BY THE

Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WM. L. STONE TO J. J. COUCH, GRAND MASTER OF STATE OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 7, 1877.

J. J. Couch, G. M. State of N. Y.:

MY DEAR SIR: The citizens of Schuylerville, N. Y., have requested the Saratoga Monument Association to invite the Grand Master and Grand Lodge of the State of New York, to lay the corner stone of the Saratoga Monument, to commemorate the surrender of General Burgoyne, on the 17th of Oct. next.

I need not say, sir, in being the instrument of conveying this invitation, how much pleasure it would give the Saratoga Monument Association to have this invitation accepted; and if you could make it convenient, yourself, to attend and perform this august ceremony, it would, doubtless, gratify not only the masons in the immediate vicinity, but the fraternity throughout the United States.

Washington, who, through Schuyler, *planned the campaign, which won the battle of Saratoga*, was a mason; and, therefore, aside from the respect which we pay to *living* masons, we pay — and you, sir, pay in this also — homage to the memory of one of its greatest and most revered members.

No expense, permit me to add, will be suffered to be incurred by the Grand Lodge while our guests. Hoping for a favorable reply, I remain respectfully yours,

WILLIAM L. STONE,
Sec'y Saratoga Monument Association.

J. J. COUCH TO WM. L. STONE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14, 1877.

Wm. L. Stone, Esq., Secretary of the Saratoga Monument Association:

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your letter of invitation, conveying the wish of the good people of Schuylerville and your associates, that the corner stone of the Saratoga Monument should be laid by the Grand

Master of Masons in the State of New York; and that this service should be performed on the 17th of October *prox*, in connection with the celebration of the centennial of Burgoyne's Surrender.

Your cordial invitation is cheerfully accepted; and, in company with the officers of the Grand Lodge of New York, I will attend at the appointed time and place, prepared to perform the ceremony of laying the corner stone in "ample form" according to the time-honored usage of our fraternity. Right worshipful John C. Boak, Grand Marshal, will take charge of the preliminary arrangements on the part of the Grand Lodge. Address No. 8, Fourth avenue, New York City.

Very respectfully yours,

J. J. COUCH,
Grand Master.

LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE.

The ceremony of placing the corner stone into its position was conducted by M. W. J. J. Couch, Grand Master of Masons of the state of New York. He first recited the invitation to the Grand Lodge to perform the ceremony, and then called up the Grand Lodge[1] by saying:

"The first duty of masons in any undertaking is to invoke the blessing of the Great Architect upon their work. Let us pray."

INVOCATION BY THE GRAND CHAPLAIN.

Thou Supreme Architect. Thou Master builder of the universe. Thou who hast made all things by the word of Thy power. Thou who hast formed the earth and the world, from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. Thou art He whom we worship and adore, and in whom we are taught to put our trust, and whose blessing we seek in every undertaking in life and in all the work of our hands. Thou, O God, hast blessed the fraternity before thee, and prospered them in numbers, in strength and in influence, so that we are here assembled as Thy servants and as members of the ancient and honorable craft to begin the erection of a monument which we devoutly trust shall stand as a monument for future generations to the praise and glory of Thy name. Grant Thy blessing, O Lord God, upon this enterprise, that it may be carried to successful completion, and may answer the end for which it was designed. That each of us may so adorn our minds and hearts with grace that we may be fitted as living stones for that spiritual building, that house not made with hands; eternal in the heavens; and unto Thy holy and ever blessed name will we ascribe honor and praise, through Jesus Christ, our Redeemer. Amen.

The Grand Master then said: "The Grand Treasurer will now place in

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[1]The Grand Lodge was made up of M. W. Joseph J. Couch, Grand Master, R. W. Edmond L. Judson, Deputy Grand Master; M. W. James Gibson, Senior Grand Warden; R. W. Benjamin Fla ler, Junior Grand Warden; R. W. Gregory Satterlee, Grand Treasurer; William T. Woodruff, Grand Secretary; R. W and Rev. John G. Webster, Grand Chaplain; R. W. John C. Boak, Grand Marshal; R. W. William E. Fitch, Grand Standard Bearer; R. W. Edwin Gates, Grand Sword Bearer; R. W. Albert Parker, Grand Steward; R. W. William Scott, Grand Steward; R. W. Anthony Yeoman, Grand Steward; R. W. John G. Barker, Grand Steward; R. W. Stephen L. Stillman, Senior Grand Deacon; R. W. John M. Riley, Junior Grand Deacon; R. W. John A. De Remer, Grand Pursuivant, and R. W. John Hoole, Grand Tiler.

the corner stone articles prepared for the purpose," which was done. The Grand Master then said: "The Grand Secretary will read a list of the articles so deposited."

LIST OF ARTICLES DEPOSITED IN THE CORNER STONE OF THE SARATOGA MONUMENT, OCT. 17th, 1877.

A history of the Saratoga Monument Association by its secretary, Wm. L. Stone.

A copy of the Bible translated out of the original, presented by the Saratoga county Bible society.

Burgoyne's Campaign and St. Leger's Expedition by Wm. L. Stone.

A copy of Mrs. Willard's history, and an American flag, presented by R. N. Atwell.

Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth's Visitors Guide: Saratoga, the Battle and Battle-grounds.

Gen. Schuyler and the Burgoyne Campaign of 1777 — the annual address delivered by Gen. John Watts DePeyster, before the New York Historical Society, Jan. 1877.

Saratoga County, an historical address by Geo. G. Scott, and a centennial address by J. L. L'Amoreaux.

Saratoga and Kay-ad-ros-se-ra, a centennial address by N. B. Sylvester.

The Burgoyne Campaign; an address delivered on the battle field on the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Bemis's Heights, Sept. 19th, 1877, by John Austin Stevens.

History of Saratoga and the Burgoyne Campaign of 1777; an address by Gen. Edward F. Bullard.

An address to the American people in behalf of a monument, to be erected in commemoration of the victory of the American army at Saratoga, under Gens. Schuyler, Gates and Morgan, Oct. 17th, 1777, by J. C. Markham.

Leading industrial pursuits of Glen's Falls, Sandy Hill and Fort Edward, by J. S. Buckley.

A silver half dollar coin of George III, dated 1777, and one of the United States, dated 1877, deposited by Alanson Welch, president of the village.

Memorial of the opening of the New York and Canada railway, presented by Edward F. Bullard.

Song, commemorative of the surrender of Burgoyne, arranged by Col. B. C. Butler of Luzerne.

Annual report of the canal commissioners of the state of New York.

Records of Schuyler Lodge, No. 176, F. and A. M., and Home Chapter, No. 176, R. A. M.

A photograph of the monument from the architect's drawing.

The cards of John and Samuel Mathews, and E. F. Simmons, the operative masons who built the foundation, base and corner stone of the monument.

The architects' statement of the progress of the work of building the foundation, base and corner stone. D. A. Bullard in charge.

Prospectus of the Bennington Battle Monument Association; forthcoming volume on the Bennington centennial of the week of the 16th of August, 1877.

A pamphlet containing a statement of the Bennington Historical Society, and an account of the battle of Bennington, by ex-Gov. Hiland Hall, published in March, 1877.

THE STANDARD (daily) of Schuylerville; THE SARATOGA COUNTY STANDARD (weekly), Schuylerville; copy of the Troy Daily Press, Troy; Daily Times, Troy; Daily Whig, Troy; Northern Budget, Troy; Troy Observer, Sunday Trojan; Daily Saratogian, Saratoga Sun; Argus, Press, Express, Journal, Times, and Post, of Albany; Herald, Times, Tribune, Sun, World and Express, of New York city.

The grand master then spread the cement upon the stone.

Music by the band and the stone was lowered to its place.

The grand master then seating the lodge proceeded as follows:

G. M. — Brother D. G. M. what is the jewel of your office?

D. G. M. — The square.

G. M. — What does it teach?

D. G. M. — To square our action by the square of virtue, and by it we prove our work.

G. M. — Apply your jewel to this corner stone and make report.

(Done.)

D. G. M. — The stone is square, the craftsmen have done their duty.

G. M. — Brother S. G. W., what is the jewel of your office?

S. G. W. — The level.

G. M. — What does it teach?

S. G. W. — The equality of all men, and by it we prove our work.

G. M. — Apply your jewel to this corner stone and make report.

(Done.)

S. G. W. — The stone is level, the craftsmen have done their duty.

G. M. — Brother J. G. W., what is the jewel of your office?

J. G. W. — The plumb.

G. M. — What does it teach?

J. G. W. — To walk upright before God and man, and by it we prove our work.

G. M. — Apply your jewel to this corner stone and make report.

(Done.)

J. G. W. — The stone is plumb, the craftsmen have done their duty.

The senior and grand deacons advanced to the stone bearing trowel and gavel. The grand master, preceded by the grand marshal, advanced to the stone, took the trowel and spread cement, then took the gavel and struck three blows on the stone, retired to his station and said:

I, John J. Couch, grand master of the masons of the state of New York, declare this stone to be plumb, level and square, to be well formed, true and trusty, and duly laid.

The grand stewards proceeded to the stone, followed by D. G. M., S. G. W., bearing the corn, wine and oil.

The D. G. M., scattering the corn, said:

May the blessing of the Great Architect of the universe rest upon the people of this state and the corn of nourishment abound in our land.

The S. G. W., pouring the wine, said:

May the Great Architect of the universe watch over and protect the workmen upon this monument and bless them and our land with the heavenly wine of refreshment and peace.

The J. G. W., pouring the oil, said:

May the Great Architect of the universe bless our land with union, harmony and love, the oil which maketh man be of joyful countenance.

The grand marshal presented the architect, saying:

I present the architect of this monument. He is ready with craftsmen for the work and asked the tools for his task.

The grand master handed him the plumb, level and square, and directed him to proceed with his work.

The grand master then said:

Men and brethren, we have assembled here to-day as regular masons, bound by solemn engagements to be good citizens, faithful to the brethren, and to fear God. We have commenced the erection of a monument which we pray, may be a memorial for ages to come. May wisdom, strength and beauty abound, and the fame and usefulness of our ancient and honorable institution be greatly promoted.

Benediction.

The grand marshal then made the following proclamation:

In the name of the most worshipful grand lodge of free and accepted masons of the state of New York, I proclaim that the corner stone of this monument has this day been found square, level and plumb, true and trusty, and laid according to the old custom by the grand master of masons.

The grand master, thereupon turning to the audience, made the following address:

ADDRESS OF GRAND MASTER, J. J. COUCH.

We are standing upon historic ground; as citizens we join in commemorating the events of one hundred years ago. As masons we bring to the present undertaking the symbol and traditions of antiquity far more remote. The story of the campaign which gives special interest to the day will be recited by eloquent orators who are present with us. It is my office to say a word with reference to the masonic work this day performed. We hold to this truth, that the controlling and characteristic thoughts of a people crystallize and take permanent form in their architecture. That is alike true of the past and the present; we know not how long the material may have been in solution, or for how many generations the process of crystallization may have proceeded among the ancient Egyptians. That process, is however, clearly brought down to us in the

pyramids, the obelisks, the sphinx; the square massive portals surmounted by winged globes, all speaking the predominant characteristic of mystery, which has come down to us from that people. In Greece the same process of crystallization is found with its nucleus at the Acropolis at Athens, and the result of that process comes down to us in the single word — classic art. Passing on to Italy, we find the same process again taking the form of empire. The story of the feudal ages is plainly written in the ruins of the castles along the banks of the Rhine. The early architecture of England also tells its own story. In sacred story we have an account of a pilgrimage, the thread of which commences with the mysteries of Egypt and running through the Red sea and the wilderness, reaches to Jerusalem, where the pilgrims builded the temple. From here we have the story of another movement, commencing with the apostles, taking in its way something from the philosophy of Alexandria, something of the classic art of Greece, and gathering to itself also the power of the Roman empire.

This movement received its characteristic architectural illustration in the swelling dome of St. Peters, and in the magnificent Gothic architecture which spread over Europe. These various forms were the landmarks which permanently fixed the ideas of different peoples and ages.

Crossing to this country the process of crystallization is still going on. The interest of to-day centres upon the closing events of a campaign memorable in our nation's history. In laying the corner stone we essay to make permanent the record of these events. The thousands of people here assembled will separate never to meet again; the orators of the occasion and their orations will after a time pass from the public mind. The one permanent fact which shall remain to recall the tradition associated with this spot will be the monument this day commenced.[1]

The exercises were then brought to an end by the benediction.

EXERCISES AT THE SOUTH STAND, HON. CHARLES S. LESTER PRESIDING.

PRAYER BY THE REV. RUFUS W. CLARK, D.D., OF ALBANY, N. Y.

Almighty and everlasting Father, we adore Thee as the Sovereign of the universe and the fountain of every blessing. We rejoice in Thee as our Creator, Preserver and bountiful Benefactor; and that in Thee we live, move and have our being. May we to-day be sensible of Thy presence, feel the influence of Thy divine love, be inspired by Divine wisdom and be led to consecrate our whole being with all we have, to Thy service.

We render thanks to Thee, that Thou didst guide our fathers to the shores of this continent, and protect them and their families amid the hardships of the wilderness, and the hostility of savage tribes; and that under Thy providential direction and goodness they were enabled to lay broad and deep the foundations of the American republic.

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[1]The gavel used by the grand master on this occasion was made from wood of the historic charter oak, and is the property of Manhattan Lodge, No. 62, of New York city.

We bless Thee for the unity of spirit and patriotic order that pervaded their councils; and for the wisdom, bravery and noble enthusiasm that inspired the authors of the Declaration of the Independence of these United States. We thank Thee for the self-sacrificing devotion, the heroic fortitude and courage of the officers and soldiers who were enabled to make this Declaration a living fact, attracting the attention of the world, and the admiration and gratitude of the friends of human rights and civil liberty. Especially would we acknowledge Thy divine interposition and goodness in the achievements gained for the American cause on this spot where we are permitted on this beautiful day, with these assembled thousands, to gather to commemorate the victories of the past, that shed such lustre upon our military forces, inspired our people with fresh hopes, and so largely contributed to the final success of our army.

To Thee we owe our fervent gratitude, for the establishment of the American republic with its free institutions, its system of popular education, its just laws, and pure religious faith. Through Thy goodness and watchful care we have enjoyed a century of rapid development, and great prosperity in commerce, agriculture, art; and in all the means that contribute to the happiness of the people, and the stability and growth of the nation. We thank Thee for peace at home, and respect abroad, and we fervently pray that in the future, as in the past, our flag may represent, in all seas, islands and continents the rights of man, and the blessings of freedom.

Vouchsafe to us the continuance of Thy parental care, and Divine protection, and guidance. Bless all the efforts made to extend the principles of our holy religion, and to educate the people to reverence Thy word, and accept it as a lamp to their feet, and a light to their path. Stay the progress of infidelity, Sabbath breaking, intemperance, licentiousness, fraud, and every evil that weakens the republic, and perils its existence.

Bless Thy servant, the President of these United States, and all associated with him in authority. Attend with success his efforts to promote unity, purify the government, and revive business throughout the whole land. Give wisdom to our senators and representatives, integrity to our judges, ability and discretion to our foreign ministers, and a pure and lofty patriotism to all who occupy positions of power, honor or trust.

Bless Thy servant, the Governor of this State, and the members of the Senate and Assembly. May such laws be enacted, and such measures recommended and adopted as shall be for the best interests of this commonwealth, and the honor of Thy holy name.

Graciously preside over the deliberations of this interesting occasion. Aid Thy servants who shall address us. Endue them richly with the spirit of humanity, patriotism, religion; and may their words fire the hearts of the vast multitude before them with fresh gratitude and ardent thanksgiving to Thee, and with new resolution and zeal to maintain our national life and prosperity, and to transmit unimpaired to future generations the precious inheritance bequeathed to us by our fathers.

Bestow upon each individual here the richest of spiritual gifts. Help us to love, honor and serve Thee. May we have strong faith in thy be-

loved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, and grant to us the hope of a glorious immortality.

And to the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost we will give the praise forever. Amen.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS OF HON. CHARLES S. LESTER, PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

Citizens of Saratoga, and Fellow Citizens of our great American Republic:

It has been the custom among all nations which have attained to any degree of civilization to commemorate with appropriate ceremonies the returning anniversaries of those events in their histories which have been productive of great results. It has been the custom too, upon such occasions, to pay a fitting tribute to those whose valor and wisdom have benefitted the people and brought advantage to the state and to contemplate their achievements with gratitude and hold up their example to succeeding generations as worthy of imitation.

In pursuance of such a custom and in grateful remembrance of the heroes who successfully resisted the army of the invaders upon the heights of Saratoga, we have come together to celebrate the centennial anniversary of that great event in our history which made it possible for us to assemble here to-day as free citizens of a free republic.

It was on the 13th of September, a hundred years ago, in full view of the place where we now stand, near where the beautiful Battenkill joins the majestic Hudson, that a proud army, under the leadership of a brave general who had won distinction on many a European battlefield, crossed the river to carry out the mandate of a cruel and arbitrary king, and to crush, if possible, the infant colonies which were struggling for independence.

This army, carefully equipped and furnished in abundance with all the munitions of war, was intended to split like a dividing wedge the patriots of Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts from their brethren in the central and southern colonies. It was intended to deprive them of mutual assistance and advice, and cut off all communication with each other. It was intended to effect a junction with the forces of Sir Henry

Clinton at Albany, and form an army which might move with irresistible effect upon the New England provinces which had offered the first opposition to the British crown and had evinced a stern determination to maintain to the bitter end the bold and noble principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence.

This army, full of confidence in its ability to overcome every obstacle, full of contempt for the undisciplined militia that the colonies had sent to the field, felt as it crossed the Hudson, that the important mission with which it had been intrusted was well nigh accomplished, and vainly deemed its own prowess irresistible.

"Ah," said the proud Burgoyne, "Britons never retreat," and after the passage of the army, he caused the bridge of boats to be broken up behind him. "Britons never retreat, and I shall eat my Christmas dinner in Albany," said the exultant general, as he reviewed the splendid columns of the Brunswick grenadiers and British light infantry. And as he marched on he dreamed that Albany was already a captured city ; that the rebellious provinces had been subdued, and that he had received from a grateful sovereign the reward he so much coveted.

But this splendid army, led by officers of conspicuous courage and experience, was destined to meet a foe inspired by a feeling loftier than the mere love of victory and a determination deeper than the mere desire for renown.

It was in defense of their homes, in defense of their liberties, in defense of their families from the savage allies of Burgoyne and the still more cruel arts of domestic traitors, in defense of those noble principles of human rights and human liberty that animated the signers of that immortal declaration not then two years old, that the Americans from every settlement, from every hillside, from every valley, from the log hut of the pioneer and from beautiful mansions like Schuyler's, flocked to the standard of Gates to aid in repelling the invader.

It is not my province to detail to you those events which have become doubly familiar to you all in this centennial year.

You know what happened at Bemis's Heights, and of those victories the glorious fruits were gathered and this spot conse-

crated to freedom and rendered immortal by the complete surrender of the invading army a hundred years ago to-day.

Our elevated social and political condition is the manifest result of that conquest and I do not think it is mere national pride that induces us to claim that among the many momentous contests of the world's history none were productive of grander results or greater changes in nations and empires than the campaign that closed here a hundred years ago. England and France were powerful nations then, and had been hundreds of years. Their histories stretch back through centuries of growth, of progress, of varying prosperity and power, and of all the powerful nations that existed a century ago, they alone have maintained their leading position.

The deep importance of that event of which this is the anniversary, will more plainly appear when we remember that the struggling infant which was on that day baptized down by the banks of this our national Jordan, is to-day the acknowledged equal in arts, in power and civilization of those ancient empires.

My friends, fifty years ago to-day a smaller company than that assembled here was gathered down on the plain by the river where the ruins of Fort Hardy were then plainly discernible, and where the army of Burgoyne laid down their arms, to celebrate as we are celebrating here to-day the same glorious event. And among the company which was gathered then, there were white-haired men who had fought under General Gates — men who had, from the heights beyond the river, watched the moving columns of Burgoyne — who had seen Morgan at the head of his riflemen, and Lincoln at the head of his brigade — who had known and loved the noble Schuyler, who once owned the broad fields where you now stand — who had lain in the entrenchments which ran along where yonder corner stone has been laid ; and men who had modestly stood in line while the captured British army marched by after the surrender.

They were gathered to rejoice in the success of the struggle in which they bore a part ; to rejoice in the splendid sunshine of national prosperity which had followed the termination of

that struggle, and to receive the grateful thanks of the generation which had sprung up to enjoy the fruits of their labors.

Fifty years have gone since then and all of that little band have passed away. Not a soldier is left who stood in the ranks on those memorable days, not a living witness remains of those interesting scenes.

> Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore
> Who danced our infancy upon their knee
> And told our marvelling boyhood legends store
> Of their strange ventures happ'd on land and sea,
> How are they blotted from the things that be!

So completely has that generation passed away that I believe there is here to-day but one man who can remember to have seen and conversed with Philip Schuyler. He is with us as a connecting link between the present and the past.

The services of to-day give promise that soon a monument, too long delayed, shall rise from yonder foundation bearing suitable inscriptions to the worth and valor of those heroes.

But of those men there remains an unwritten memorial in the heart of every true American. Theirs is the renown that never grows old, but shall be everlastingly recorded with each returning anniversary of this glorious day.

It will be our privilege to-day to listen to the fascinating story of the events to which I have barely alluded, from the lips of eloquent gentlemen who are here to address you.

From the enjoyment of their eloquence I will no longer detain you, but join with you in listening with never flagging interest to the recital of those stirring events.

ADDRESS OF HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR.

One hundred years ago, on this spot, American Independence was made a great fact in the history of nations. Until the surrender of the British army under Burgoyne, the Declaration of Independence was but a declaration. It was a patriotic purpose asserted in bold words by brave men, who pledged for its maintenance their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. But here it was made a fact, by virtue of armed force. It had been regarded by the world merely as an act of defiance, but it was now seen that it contained the germs of a government, which

the event we celebrate made one of the powers of the earth. Here rebellion was made revolution. Upon this ground, that which had in the eye of the law been treason, became triumphant patriotism.

At the break of day one hundred years ago, in the judgment of the world, our fathers were rebels against established authority. When the echoes of the evening gun died away along this valley, they were patriots who had rescued their country from wrong and outrage. Until the surrender of the British army in this valley, no nation would recognize the agents of the continental congress. All intercourse with them was in stealthy ways. But they were met with open congratulations when the monarchs of Europe learned that the royal standards of Britain had been lowered to our flag. We had passed through the baptism of blood, and had gained a name among the nations of the earth.

The value of this surrender was increased by the boastful and dramatic display which had been made of British power. It had arrayed its disciplined armies; it had sent its fleets; it had called forth its savage allies, all of which were to move upon grand converging lines, not only to crush out the patriotic forces, but to impress Europe with its strength, and to check any alliances with the American government. It made them witnesses of its defeat when it thought to make them the judges of its triumph. The monarchs of Europe who watched the progress of the doubtful struggle, who were uncertain if it was more than a popular disturbance, now saw the action in its full proportions, and felt that a new power had sprung into existence — a new element had entered into the diplomacy of the world.

The interests excited in our minds by this occasion, are not limited to a battle fought, or an army captured; they reach even beyond the fact that it was a turning point of the revolutionary struggle. We are led to a consideration of a chain of events and of enduring aspects of nature, which have shaped our civilization in the past, and which now and throughout the future, will influence the fortunes of our country. Burgoyne did not merely surrender here an army, he surrendered the con-

trol of a continent. Never in the world's history, was there a transfer of a territory so vast, and of influences so far reaching, as that made a century ago where we now stand.

We meet to-day to celebrate the surrender of Burgoyne, by appropriate ceremonies, and to lay the corner stone of a monument which will commemorate not only that event, but every fact which led to that result. The reproach rests upon the United States, that while they stand in the front ranks of the powers of the earth, by virtue of their numbers, their vast domains and their progress in wealth and in arts, they give no proof to the eyes of the world that they honor their fathers or those whose sacrifices laid the foundations of their prosperity and greatness. We hope that a suitable structure here will tell all who look upon it that this was the scene of an occurrence unsurpassed in importance in military annals. And it will also show that a hundred years have not dimmed its lustre in our eyes, but that the light shed upon its significance by the lapse of time, has made deeper and stronger our gratitude to those who here served their country so well, and by their sacrifices and sufferings, achieved its independence and secured the liberties, the prosperity and greatness of the American people.

All that throws light upon the scope and policy of the designs of the British government are, on this day, proper topics for consideration. When we trace out the relationships which these designs bore to preceding occurrences; and when we follow down their bearing upon the present and future of our country, we shall see that a suitable monument here will recall to all thoughtful minds the varied history of our country during the past two centuries. It will do more. For the enduring causes which have shaped the past, also throw light upon the future of our government, our civilization and our power.

The occurrences which led to the surrender of the British army, have been appropriately celebrated. The great gatherings of our people at Oriskany, at Bennington and at Bemis's Heights, show how this centennial of what has been well termed the year of battles, revives in the minds of the American people an interest in the history of the Revolution. These celebra-

tions have tended to make our people wiser and better. It is to be hoped that they will be held on every battle field in our country. They will not only restore the patriotism of our people but they will teach us the virtues of courage and patient endurance. This is a time of financial distress and of business disorder, and we have lost somewhat of our faith with regard to the future, and we speak in complaining tones of the evils of our day. But when we read again the history of the war for our independence; when we hear the story of the sufferings of all classes of our citizens; when we are reminded that our soldiers endured from want, and nakedness, and hunger, as no pauper, no criminal suffers now; when we think that the fears which agitated their minds were not those which merely concerned the pride of success, the mortification of failure, or the loss of some accustomed comfort, but they were the dread that the march of hostile armies might drive their families from their homes, might apply the torch to their dwellings, or worse than this, expose their wives and children to the tomahawks and scalping knives of merciless savages, we blush at our complaints. In view of their dangers and sufferings, how light appear the evils of our day.

But there is something more than all this to be gained by these celebrations. Before the Revolution the people of the several colonies held but little intercourse. They were estranged from each other by distance, by sectional prejudices, and by differences of lineage and religious creeds. The British government relied upon these prejudices and estrangements to prevent a cordial coöperation among the colonists. But when the war began, when the men of Virginia hastened to Massachusetts to rescue Boston from the hands of the enemy and to drive them from New England; when the men of the east and south battled side by side with those from the middle states, apd stood upon this spot as brothers to receive with a common pride and joy the standards of a conquered foe; when Green and Lincoln went to the relief of the southern colonies all prejudice not only died away, but more than fraternal love animated every patriot heart from the bleak northernmost forests

of New England to the milder airs of Georgia. And now that a hundred years have passed, and our country has become great beyond the wildest dreams of our fathers, will not the story of their sufferings revive in the breast of all the love of our country, of our whole country and all who live within its boundaries? Men of the east and men of the south, or you who can trace your lineage back to those who served their country a century ago upon the soil of New York, we do not welcome you here as guests; you stand here of right, by virtue of a heritage from our fathers, who on this ground were common actors in the crowning event of the war waged for the liberties, the glory, and the prosperity of all sections of our great country.

At this celebration of the grand conclusion of the campaign of Burgoyne, we have a broader field of discussion than that of a battle, however stirring it may have been. The occasion calls not only for praise of heroic courage, not only for a deep interest in every statement showing the influence of its victories over the judgment of the world as to the strength of our cause, but also for its importance as one of the links in the chain of events reaching back more than two centuries, and which will continue to stretch down into the future far beyond the period when human thought or conclusions can be of value.

INFLUENCE OF THE TOPOGRAPHY OF OUR COUNTRY.

The speaker and others who have addressed the public with regard to American history, have made frequent references to the extent that it has been shaped by the topography of this part of our country. On this occasion it forces itself upon our attention, and we must again outline its relationship to events. We cannot, if we would, separate the design of the campaign of Burgoyne, nor the military aspects of its progress, from the character of the valleys through which its forces were moved, nor from the commanding positions at which it was aimed. Our mountains and rivers have been the causes of so many of the great facts in the history of this continent; they are so closely identified with its political and social affairs, that they seem to become sentient actors in its events. We are compelled to

speak of their bearings upon the course of war, of commerce and of civilization, to make a clear statement of the scope and significance of the events we celebrate. This cannot be given if we speak only of the things which relate to the British invasion of 1777, and of its signal defeat.

Those who would learn the causes which have shaped the course of military and political affairs on this continent, which have given victory in war and prosperity in peace, must spread out before them the map of our country. Having traced its grand system of mountains, rivers and lakes, they will be struck with the fact that for a thousand miles the Alleghanies make long ranges of barriers between the Atlantic and the great plains of the interior. About mid-way of their lengths these lofty mountains are cut down to their bases by the gorge of the Hudson, through which the tides of the ocean pour their floods in triumph. Towering cliffs overshadow the deep waters of the river. Had but a single spur of those rocky buttresses which crowd upon either shore been thrown across the narrow chasm, had but one of the beetling cliffs which stand upon its brink been pushed but a few feet across its course, the currents of events would have been changed as completely as the currents of the floods. The nations who controlled the outlets of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence would have been the masters of this continent. No one who has marked the physical character of our country, and who has studied its history, can pass through the highlands of the Hudson and note how at every turn of its stream the cliffs threaten to close its course, without feeling that the power which made the mountain chains to stop abruptly at its brink, was higher than blind chance — something more than the wild, unreasoning action of convulsed nature.

The valley of the Hudson does not end when it has led the ocean tides through the mountain passes. It stretches its channel northward to the St. Lawrence, and holds within its deep basin not only the Hudson flowing south, but Lake Champlain, which empties its waters into the ocean far north through the gulf of St. Lawrence. It thus not only connects the har-

bor of New York with the basins of the great lakes, but by the Mohawk branch of the Hudson it has also channeled out another level passage, stretching westward to the plains watered by the confluents of the Mississippi. These valleys of the Hudson and Mohawk have been the pathways of armies in war and the routes of commerce in peace. They have been the highways through which the nations of Europe and the people of the Atlantic coast have poured their host of emigrants into the vast regions which stretch out from the Alleghanies to the base of the Rocky mountains. But nature did not stop in her work when she gave to the regions in which we meet advantages of deep valleys, making the easy communication from the sea coast to the interior of our country. From the outward slopes of highlands which guard these channels of intercourse, the waters flow by diverging valleys into almost every part of our Union. These highlands make, in many ways, the most remarkable watersheds to be found on the face of the earth. There is not elsewhere an instance where interlocking sources of rivers pursue courses diverging in so many directions, forming so many extending valleys, and at length find their outlets into the ocean at points so distant from each other, and from the headwaters on the ground where they had their common origin. For these reasons the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk, and the mountain strongholds which command them, have ever been the great central points of control in the wars of both civilized and savage races. Once when in company with General Scott, we overlooked from an elevated point the ground on which we stand and the confluence of these rivers, and the range of highlands which marked their courses, the old warrior with a kindling eye, stretched out his arm and said: "Remember this has been the great strategic point in all the wars waged for the control of this continent."

The mountains and valleys of New York not only make channels for commerce in peace, but a grand system for defence and attack in war. They are nature's commanding works, which dwarf by comparison all human monuments of engineering skill into insignificance. Their influence is most clearly

shown by the power they gave to the Indian tribes who held them when Europeans first visited our continent. The rivers which flowed in all directions from their vantage ground on the highlands, first taught the Iroquois the advantages of united action, and led to the formation of their confederacy. Pouring their combined forces at different times into the valley of the Delaware, or of the Susquehannah, or the Alleghany, they were able to subdue in detail the divided tribes living upon these streams. Thus gaining courage and skill by constant victories, they boldly pushed their conquest into remote sections of our country. The British ordnance maps published during the colonial period, make the boundaries of their control extend from the coast line of the Atlantic to the Mississippi river and from the great lakes to the centre of the present state of North Carolina. There is no instance in history where a region so vast has been conquered by numbers so small. Their alliance with the British government was one of the grounds on which the latter contested the claims of the French to the interior of our continent, by virtue of its discoveries on the St. Lawrence and Mississippi. Thus the victories gained by the Iroquois, through their geographical position, had a great influence in deciding the question, whether the civilization of North America should be French or English in its aspects, laws and customs.

It is a remarkable fact, that with a view of overcoming the British power on this continent, nearly a century before the campaign of Burgoyne, its plan was forecast by Frontenac, the ablest of the French colonial commanders. He proposed to move against the colony of New York by the same routes followed by the British forces in 1777. He was to lead his army through the valley of Lake Champlain and Upper Hudson to Albany. At that point he designed to seize vessels to pass down the river, and there to act with the French ships of war, which were to meet him in the harbor of New York. Nothing can show more clearly the strategic importance of the valley in which we meet, than the fact that he urged this movement for the same reasons which led the British king to adopt it after the lapse of so many years. Frontenac saw that, by gain-

ing control of the course and outlet of the Hudson, the French would command the gateway into the interior, that they would divide the British colonies, and New England thus cut off, would, in the end, fall into the hands of the French. He also urged that in this way the Iroquois would be detached from the English alliance.

The influence of the valleys of our country has not been lost in the wars of our day. "We should have won our cause," said Governor Wise, a distinguished leader of the Southern confederacy, "had not God made the rivers which spring from the highlands of New York, to flow from the north to the south, thus making by their valleys, pathways for armies into all parts of our territories. Had their courses been in other directions, their streams would have made barriers against Northern armies instead of giving avenues by which they could assail us." Nor have they been less controlling in peace than in war. They make the great channels of commerce between the east and the west, and enable us to draw to the seaboard the abundant harvest of the valley of the Mississippi, and to send them to the far off markets of Europe. Numerous and varied as have been the movement of armies along these watercourses, even they sink into insignificance compared with the vast multitudes which have poured through them from Europe and the Atlantic coast to fill the west with civilized states. Through them we draw armies of immigrants, prisoners of peace captured from Europe by the strength of the inducements held out to them by the material and political advantages of our country.

We are in our day the witnesses of a greater movement of the human race, both as to numbers and influence upon civilization, than is recorded in past history. It can tell of no such continued and great transfer of population from one continent to another. Unlike other invasions, it does not bring war and rapine, but it bears peaceful arts and civilization into vast regions heretofore occupied by scanty tribes of warring savages. Familiar with this great movement, we are prone to look upon it with some degree of indifference. But through the centuries to come it will be regarded as one of the greatest events in the history of mankind.

I have not dwelt upon these hills and valleys merely because they have been the scenes of the most dramatic and important events in American annals, but because they have given birth to these events. I have spoken of them, not because they have been associated with history, but because they have made history. They gave to the Iroquois their power; they directed the course and determined the result of the war between France and Britain for domination on this continent. Neither the surrender of the British army on these grounds, the causes which preceded nor the consequences which flowed from it, can be appreciated until the enduring influences of the great features of our country are clearly brought into view. Elsewhere rivers and mountains mark the lines which make enemies of mankind. Here they form the avenues which bind us together by intercourse. They give not merely to a country, but almost to our whole continent, a common language, customs and civilization. The world has never before seen a social structure with foundations so broad. Time may make many changes, but there will ever be a unity in the population of North America, a community of interests upon a grander scale than has yet been seen among mankind. He who studies the map of our continent and doubts this, does not merely lack political faith, but is guilty of impiety when he closes his eyes to the truths which God has written by streams and valleys, upon the face of this continent.

It was the design of the British government in the campaign of 1777 to capture the center and stronghold of this commanding system of mountains and valleys. It aimed at its very heart — the confluence of the Mohawk and Hudson. The fleets, the armies, and the savage allies of Britain were to follow their converging lines to Albany. Its position had made that city the place where the governors and agents of the colonies had been used to meet with reference to their common interest. Here the agents of the New England and southern provinces came to consult with the chiefs of the Iroquois, and to gain their alliance in their wars with the savages of the west, who threatened the European settlements. In the expressive language of the Indians, Albany was

called the "Ancient Place of Treaty." It was also the point at which the military expeditions against the French at the north and west were organized. Even before Benjamin Franklin brought forward his plan at Albany for colonial union, the idea of such alliance was constantly suggested by the necessity of common action in attack or defence against savage or civilized enemies.

There was much to justify the boastful confidence of the British that they could thus crush out American resistance. To feel the full force of this threatened blow, we must forget for a time our present power; we must see with the eyes of our fathers, and look at things as they stood a century ago. The care with which the army of Burgoyne was organized, its officers and men selected, and its material for an advance and attack provided, has been made familiar to our people by this year's addresses. The progress of the British navy up the Hudson to a point west of the Alleghany range, its seizure in its course of Stony Point and Fort Clinton, its success in forcing a passage through the highlands at West Point, the capture and burning of Kingston, where the British admiral awaited communication from Burgoyne, have all been clearly narrated on the pages of history. Had the commander of the expedition gone to Albany he might have saved the army of Burgoyne. General Gates saw if this had been done he would have been forced to retreat into New England. But it was not known at the time how great a peril was averted by an act of negligence in the British war department. It appears that orders were prepared, but not sent to General Howe, directing him to coöperate with Burgoyne with all his forces. If this had been done, there is reason to fear the result would have been fatal to our cause. This is one of those strange occurrences recognized in the lives of individuals as well as in the affairs of nations, showing that there is an over-ruling Providence that watches over both.

The importance of the movement from the west by St. Leger and his Indian allies is not generally understood by our people. It was made with confidence of success: and when its commander wrote to Burgoyne that he would be able to sweep

down the valley of the Mohawk and place himself in the rear of the American army, there was much to justify that confidence. The address of Mr. Roberts and others, at the Oriskany celebration, are valuable contributions to the history of St. Leger's invasion. The Palatines who inhabited the valley of the Mohawk were, by their position, language and usages, severed from the body of the American colonies. The wise policy of Sir William Johnson had done much to attach them to the British crown. To enable them to worship God in accordance with their own creed and in the faith of that part of Germany from which they came, aid was given to them for the erection of churches for their use. Many of these were strong stone churches, which were afterwards fortified and used as places of refuge and defence during the Revolution by the families of the settlers against the ruthless warfare of savages. Most of these churches still stand, monuments of the past, and are now used for the sacred purposes for which they were built. The heirs and representatives of Sir William were with the army of St. Leger, and assured him that the dwellers upon the Mohawk would respond to their appeals, and rise in arms to uphold the cause of the crown. No stronger proof can be given that the love of liberty and of democratic principles were engendered and born upon our soil and not imported in some latent form in the ships which brought over the first colonists, than the fact that these settlers from the Palatinates of Germany, who had not known of republican usages in their native land, and who could not, from their position and their language, receive impressions from the other colonists, had yet, amidst the trials and perils of border life and warfare, gained the same political convictions which animated the colonists in all parts of our country. It was the most remarkable fact of the revolutionary war, and of the formation of state and general governments, that, although the colonists were of different lineages and languages, living under different climates with varied pursuits and forms of labor, cut off from intercourse by distance, yet, in spite of all these obstacles to accord, they were from the outset animated by common views, feelings and purposes.

When the independence was gained, they were able, after a few weeks spent in consultation, to form the constitution under which we have lived for nearly one hundred years. There can be no stronger proof of the fact that American constitutions were born and shaped by American necessities. This fact should give us new faith in the lasting nature of our government. In the case of the Palatines of the Mohawk this truth shines out more clearly than elsewhere. Isolated by language, lineage and position, the great body of them fought for the American cause, and showed a sturdy valor from the outset. They endured more of suffering and danger in its most appalling form, than were felt elsewhere. With the loss of their language and from the great inflow from other states and countries into Central New York, many of the incidents and traditions of the valley of the Mohawk are lost. It is due to them from the whole country that, as far as possible, its history should be developed and made familiar to our people. The most telling blow to the cause of the crown, and to the hopes of St. Leger, was that the mustering of the men under Herkimer, their desperate valor in the fight at Oriskany showed that he was to be met with undying hostility where he had looked for friends and allies. From that day the hope which animated him when he promised to aid Burgoyne faded away.

The defeat of St. Leger and their allies was given by Burgoyne as one of the great causes of his failure to reach Albany While the hostile Indians inflicted great evils upon the Ameri can settlements, their prestige was lessened in the eyes of the world.

INDIAN ALLIES.

The importance of the Indian alliance with the British during the Revolution, has been undervalued by most of those who have written the histories of the Revolution. We look upon Indian wars as mere savage outbursts, which may cause much misery and suffering, but which threaten no danger to governments. We are apt to think that the savages were merely used to divert and distract the American forces. But such

was not the import of their alliance, in the judgment of the contending parties or of the nations of Europe, who watched with interest the course of military events on this continent. We must bear in mind the estimation in which the Iroquois were held at the close of the French war. They had done much to give the victory to the English. At times, the hostility of these savage confederates would have been fatal to the British cause. Their position made them conquerors of their kindred races. Victories inspired them with heroism. Extended conquests had taught them much of the policy of government. In the councils of their confederacy, orators and statesmen had been formed. They extorted from their French enemies expressions of admiration and statements of virtues, which we should do well to imitate in our own day and in our own councils. Colden, who was familiar with their polity, states that the authority of their rulers consisted wholly of the estimation in which they were held for integrity and wisdom, and they were generally poorer than the rest of the people. He adds, "there is not a man of the Five Nations who has gained his office otherwise than by merit." Their enemies, the French, testified in their histories, that while they were the fiercest and most formidable people in America, they were politic and judicious in the management of their affairs. For nearly a century the French and English struggled to gain their friendship by every influence of religion, of diplomacy and display of power. Even as late as 1754, George Washington, then a colonial officer, called upon them for assistance in his movements against the French on the Ohio river, and claimed that he went forth to fight for their rights, because the French were occupying territories which belonged to the Iroquois. Only twenty years before the revolutionary war, the British ministry insisted in its correspondence with the French government, that the Iroquois were the owners, by conquest, of the Ohio territory, and that they were the subjects of the British crown. This was the claim set up against the French rights of discovery. It is a remarkable fact, that the French did not deny the right of conquest by the Iroquois, but denied that they were the subjects of Britain in

these strong words : "Certain it is that no Englishman durst, without running the risk of being massacred, tell the Iroquois that they are the subjects of England." One of the first acts of the continental congress was designed to secure the alliance of the Six Nations. In this they were unsuccessful, except as to the Oneidas. The coöperation of their savage allies was deemed of the utmost importance by the British.

I do not speak of the action at Bennington nor of the battle of Bemis's Heights. The late celebration upon the grounds upon which they took place, have made the public familiar with all their aspects and results.

INFLUENCE OF BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

France saw that upon the very theatre of war where Britain had wrested from it the control of this continent, its ancient enemy had been beaten by the new power which was springing into existence. To the French government this victory had a significance that no like victory could have had upon other fields. It knew better than others the commanding features of this region. Its missionaries were highly educated men, who marked with care the character of our mountains, lakes and streams. Impelled by religious zeal and devotion to the interests of their native land, they boldly pushed into the remote portions of the continent in advance of commercial enterprise or military expeditions. Their narratives are to this day of great value and interest. The surrender of Burgoyne had also a marked effect upon the tone and policy of the British cabinet ; it no longer fought for conquest, but for compromise. Its armies were moved with a view of saving a part if it could not hold all of its jurisdiction. It was able to take possession of the principal cities, but it could not find elsewhere positions, like that aimed at by Burgoyne, which would enable it to sunder and paralyze the patriot forces. It exhausted its armies in campaigns which produced no results, even when successful in repulsing our forces or in occupying the points at which they were directed. Its commanders were animated by only one gleam of hope. The proud power which at the outset called upon the world to witness

its strength in crushing rebellion, stooped to dealings with a traitor, and sought to gain by corruption what it could not gain by force. The treason of Arnold excited the deepest feelings, because the loss of West Point, the key of the Hudson, would have given the British a position from which they could not have been dislodged at the center of the strongholds of defence and the commanding basis for attack of the Hudson and its guardian mountains. The fact that the loss of West Point would have been deemed a fatal blow to the American cause places the strategic importance of this region in the strongest light.

The surrender of Burgoyne not only gave new hope to the patriots, but it exerted a moral influence upon our soldiers. The colonists up to that time had been trained in the belief that British soldiers were irresistible. To hold them superior to all others in arms had been American patriotism. Through the century of the French wars, precedence had always been yielded to the officers of the crown; and the colonists looked mainly to the British army to protect their homes from invasion. Colonial papers showed an extravagance of loyalty which is frequently exhibited in the outlying and exposed settlements of all nations. The Revolution, while it made a revulsion of feeling, did not at the outset destroy this sense of the superior skill and power of British arms. The early engagements in the open fields had not been fortunate for the patriot cause. The armies of the crown were still buoyed up by that sense of superiority, which, in itself, is an element in martial success. Burgoyne did not doubt his ability to destroy any army he could reach. The battle of Bemis's Heights was a fair and open contest on equal terms. In strategy, in steadiness, in valor, the continental troops proved themselves in all ways equal to the picked and trained men against whom they fought.

From the day that victory was won, the American soldier felt himself to be the equal of all who could be brought against him, and he knew that he was animated by higher and nobler purposes than those which moved the ranks of his enemies. The whole spirit of the contest was changed. Our armies reaped a

double triumph on this field. There was much in the contempt which had been shown by their enemies of their qualities as soldiers, much in the taunts and sneers of the British cabinet, much in the pillage and destruction which ever attend the march of invading armies, to excite the victors to exhibitions of triumph over fallen foes. But they bore themselves, not as men intoxicated by successful fortunes in war, but as men who felt it was in them to win victories there or elsewhere. There was a calmness in the hour of triumph, which more than even courage upon the battlefield, impressed the defeated army with the character of those of whom they had spoken so contemptuously. The enemy were twice conquered, and in many ways the last victory over them was most keenly felt. The moral and the military advantages of the surrender of the British army was marred by no act which lessened the dignity of the conquerors. And he who reads the story of the contest, finds himself most triumphant in his feelings over the moral rather than the martial victory.

GENERAL SCHUYLER.

When we read the story of the event which we now celebrate, whether it is told by friend or foe, there is one figure which rises above all others upon whose conduct and bearing we love to dwell. There is one who won a triumph which never grows dim. One who gave an example of patient patriotism unsurpassed on the pages of history. One who did not, even under cutting wrongs and cruel suspicions, wear an air of martyrdom, but with cheerful alacrity served where he should have commanded. It was in a glorious spirit of chivalrous courtesy with which Schuyler met and ministered to those who had not only been enemies in arms, but who had inflicted upon him unusual injuries unwarranted by the laws of war. But there was something more grand in his service to his country than even this honor which he did to the American cause, by his bearing upon this occasion. The spirit of sectional prejudice which the British cabinet relied upon to prevent cordial coöperation among the colonies, had been exhibited against him in a way most galling to a pure patriot and a brave soldier. But, filled with devotion

to his country's cause, he uttered no murmur of complaint, nor did he for a moment cease in his labors to gain its liberties. This grand rebuke to selfish intriguers and to honest prejudices did much to discomfit the one and to teach the other the injustice of their suspicions and the unworthiness of sectional prejudices. The strength of this rebuke sometimes irritates writers who cannot rise above local prejudices, and they try to lessen the public sense of his virtue by reviving the attacks, proved to be unjust upon investigation, and which, by the verdict of men honored by their country, were proved to be unfounded. The judgment of George Washington and of the patriots who surrounded him, with regard to men of their own day and affairs with which they were familiar, cannot be shaken by those who seek to revive exploded scandals and unfounded suspicions. The character of Gen. Schuyler grows brighter in public regard. The injustice done him by his removal from his command, at a time when his zeal and ability had placed victory almost within his reach, is not perhaps to be regretted. We could not well lose from our history his example of patriotism and of personal honor and chivalry. We could not spare the proof which his case furnishes, that virtue triumphs in the end. We would not change, if we could, the history of his trials. For we feel that they gave luster to his character, and we are forced to say of Gen. Schuyler that, while he had been greatly wronged, he had never been injured.

SARATOGA MONUMENT.

The association formed under the laws of this state to erect a suitable monument to commemorate the defeat of the British army under Burgoyne, has selected this spot upon which to place it, because here it will recall to the mind not only the final act, but every event which led to the surrender. It will carry the thoughts of him who looks upon it back to the first and fierce fight at Oriskany. It will remind him of the disaster to the British forces at the battle of Bennington. It will excite the deepest interest in the contest on the hills at Bemis's Heights. It will do more. It will bring before the public mind that grand

procession of events, which for two centuries have passed through the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk. When it shall excite the interests which attach to the occasion which we celebrate linked history will lead the public mind back, step by step, to the earliest period of the French and English settlements on this continent. We shall be taught what made the savage tribes of this region superior in war and polity to their kindred races. We shall be reminded of the forays of savages, the march of disciplined armies, the procession of Christian missionaries, which exceed in dramatic interest and in far reaching consequences, all other incidents of war, of diplomacy, and of religious zeal exhibited on this continent. The events which have occurred in these valleys have also been closely connected with the most important facts of European history. The ambition of Louis the fourteenth of France aimed at supremacy on two continents. The prolonged war over the balance of power in Europe, concerned the civilization of America. The genius of Marlborough, and the victory of Blenheim, were of more enduring consequence to us than to the parties engaged in the contest. They did not foresee that they were shaping the civilization of a continent, or the destinies of a people at this day exceeding in numbers the united populations of the countries engaged in the war. Where else in our country can a monument be placed, from which will radiate so much that is instructive? Where else can a structure be erected which will teach such varied history? Elsewhere, great achievements in peace or war, make certain spots instinct with interest. Elsewhere, the great features of nature have influenced the fate of nations. But it is not true that elsewhere mountains and rivers have been such marked and conspicuous agents in shaping events. Here they have directed the affairs of this continent. In selecting a place where a monument should stand, this association has not been embarrassed by any questions as to the comparative importance of the act of surrender of the British army, or of the battles which made that surrender inevitable. Each has its peculiar interest, and each should be marked by suitable monuments. But the last scene in the drama unfolds to the mind the plot and incidents which reach their

conclusions at the close. A monument on this ground not only commemorates what occurred here, but it recalls to the mind all the incidents and battles which preceded it, and gives to each a deeper interest, than when they are considered separately. Each is viewed not only in the light of the wisdom, valor or patriotism displayed, but of its bearing upon the grand result. He who visits the scene of the bloody fight at Oriskany, or looks over the hills where the men of Vermont drove back the troops of Burgoyne, or studies the movements of the armies at the battle of Bemis's Heights, finds that his thoughts do not rest until they dwell upon the grand conclusion reached upon this spot. When his mind is kindled with patriotic pride upon either of the battle-fields to which I have alluded, he will turn to the ground upon which we now meet, and thank God for the event we now celebrate.

The surrender of Burgoyne marks the dividing line between two conditions of our country: the one the colonial period of dependence, and the other the day from which it stood full armed and victorious here, endowed with a boldness to assert its independence, and endowed with a wisdom to frame its own system of government. From this review of the past we instinctively turn our minds and try to scan the years that are to come. It is not given to us to forecast the future. But when we study the great natural features of our country, and see how they have directed the past, we learn from the silver links of rivers and the rocky chains of mountains that God has written and stamped on the face of this continent, that it shall ever be held by those speaking a common language, with a common civilization, and living together with that freedom of intercourse which shall forever, under some forms, make them one people.

A monument upon this spot will not merely minister to local pride; it will not foster sectional prejudices; every citizen of every state of this union will feel as he looks upon it that he has a right to stand upon this ground. It will tell of the common sacrifices and common trials of the fathers of the republic. Men from all parts of our union will here be reminded that our

independence as a people was wrought out by the sufferings and sacrifices of those who came from every quarter of our country to share in this valley in the perils of battle and in the triumphs of victory. Here sectional passions will fade away; and the glorious memories and the fraternal feelings of the past will be revived.

We are told that during more than twenty centuries of war and bloodshed, only fifteen battles have been decisive of lasting results. The contest of Saratoga is one of these. From the battle of Marathon to the field of Waterloo, a period of more than two thousand years, there was no martial event which had a greater influence upon human affairs than that which took place on these grounds. Shall not some suitable structure recall this fact to the public mind? Monuments make as well as mark the civilization of a people. Neither France, nor Britain, nor Germany, could spare the statues or works of art which keep alive the memories of patriotic sacrifices or of personal virtues. Such silent teachers of all that ennobles men, have taught their lessons through the darkest ages, and have done much to save society from sinking into utter decay and degradation. If Greece or Rome had left no memorials of private virtues or public greatness, the progress of civilization would have been slow and feeble. If their crumbling remains should be swept away, the world would mourn the loss, not only to learning and arts, but to virtue and patriotism. It concerns the honor and welfare of the American people, that this spot should be marked by some structure which shall recall its history, and animate all who look upon it by its grand teachings. No people ever held lasting power or greatness, who did not reverence the virtues of their fathers, or who did not show forth this reverence by material and striking testimonials. Let us, then, build here a lasting monument, which shall tell of our gratitude to those who, through suffering and sacrifice, wrought out the independence of our country.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS'S ORATION.

Within the territory of New York, broad, fertile and fair, from Montauk to Niagara, from the Adirondacks to the bay, there is no more memorable spot than that on which we stand,

Elsewhere, indeed, the great outlines of the landscape are more imposing, and on this autumnal day the parting benediction of the year rests with the same glory on other hills and other waters of the imperial state. Far above, these gentle heights rise into towering mountains ; far below, this placid stream broadens and deepens around the metropolis of the continent into a spacious highway for the commerce of the world. Other valleys with teeming intervale and fruitful upland, rich with romantic tradition and patriotic story, filled like this with happy homes and humming workshops, wind through the vast commonwealth, ample channels of its various life ; and town and city, village and hamlet, church and school, everywhere illustrate and promote the prosperous repose of a community great, intelligent and free. But this spot alone within our borders is consecrated as the scene of one of the decisive events that affect the course of history. There are deeds on which the welfare of the world seems to be staked ; conflicts in which liberty is lost or won ; victories by which the standard of human progress is full high advanced. Between sunrise and sunset, on some chance field the deed is done, but from that day it is a field enchanted. Imagination invests it with

"The light that never was on sea or land."

The grateful heart of mankind repeats its name ; Heroism feeds upon its story ; Patriotism kindles with its perennial fire. Such is the field on which we stand. It is not ours. It does not belong to New York ; nor to America. It is an indefeasible estate of the world, like the field of Arbela, of Tours, of Hastings, of Waterloo ; and the same lofty charm that draws the pilgrim to the plain of Marathon resistlessly leads him to the field of Saratoga.

The drama of the Revolution opened in New England, culminated in New York, and closed in Virginia. It was a happy fortune that the three colonies which represented the various territorial sections of the settled continent were each in turn the chief seat of war. The common sacrifice, the common struggle, the common triumph, tended to weld them locally, politically and morally together. Doubtless there were con-

flicts of provincial pride and jealousy and suspicion. The Virginia officers smiled loftily at the raw Yankee militia; the Green mountain boys distrusted the polished discipline of New York; and the New York Schuyler thought those boys brave but dangerously independent. In every great crisis of the war, however, there was a common impulse and devotion, and the welfare of the continent obliterated provincial lines. It is by the few heaven-piercing peaks, not by the confused mass of upland, that we measure the height of the Andes, of the Alps, of the Himalaya. It is by Joseph Warren not by Benjamin Church, by John Jay not by Sir John Johnson, by George Washington not by Benedict Arnold, that we test the quality of the revolutionary character. The voice of Patrick Henry from the mountains answered that of James Otis by the sea. Paul Revere's lantern shone through the valley of the Hudson, and flashed along the cliffs of the Blue Ridge. The scattering volley of Lexington green swelled to the triumphant thunder of Saratoga, and the reverberation of Burgoyne's falling arms in New York shook those of Cornwallis in Virginia from his hands. Doubts, jealousies, prejudices, were merged in one common devotion. The union of the colonies to secure liberty, foretold the union of the states to maintain it, and wherever we stand on revolutionary fields, or inhale the sweetness of revolutionary memories, we tread the ground and breathe the air of invincible national union.

Our especial interest and pride, to-day, are in the most important event of the Revolution upon the soil of New York. Concord and Lexington, Bunker Hill and Bennington, the Brandywine and Germantown, have had their fitting centennial commemorations, and already at Kingston and Oriskany, New York has taken up the wondrous tale of her civil and military achievements. In proud continuation of her story we stand here. Sons of sires who bled with Sterling on the Long Island shore; who fought with Herkimer in the deadly Oneida defile; who defended the Highland forts with George Clinton; who, with Robert Livingston and Gouverneur Morris, were driven from town to town by stress of war, yet framed a civil consti-

tution, all untouched by the asperity of the conflict and a noble model for all free states ; sons of sires who, leaving the plough and the bench, gathered on this historic war-path — the key of the then civilized continent ; the western battle ground of Europe ; the trail by which Frontenac's Indians prowled to Schenectady, and crept to the Connecticut and beyond ; the way by which Sir William Johnson and his army passed in the old French war, and humbled Dieskau at Lake George ; the road along which Abercrombie and his bright array marched to disaster in the summer morning, and Amherst marshaled his men to coöperate with Wolf in the humbling of Quebec ; sons of sires, who, mustering here on ground still trembling with the tread of armies, where the air forever echoes with the savage war whoop, or murmurs with the pathetic music of the march and the camp —

> "Why, soldiers, why
> Should we be melancholy, boys ?
> Whose business 'tis to die !"

even here withstood the deadly British blow and enveloping the haughty Burgoyne, compelled not only him to yield his sword, but England to surrender an empire ; sons of such sires, who should not proudly recall such deeds of theirs and gratefully revere their memory, would be forever scorned as faithless depositaries of the great English and American tradition, and the great human benediction, of patient, orderly, self-restrained liberty.

When King George heard of the battle of Bunker Hill, he consoled himself with the thought that New York was still unswervingly loyal ; and it was the hope and the faith of his ministry that the rebellion might at last be baffled in that great colony. It was a region of vast extent, but thinly peopled, for the population was but little more than one hundred and sixty thousand. It had been settled by men of various races, who, upon the sea shore, and through the remote valleys, and in the primeval wilderness, cherished the freedom that they brought and transmitted to their children. But the colony lacked that homogeneity of population which produces general sympathy of conviction and concert of action ; which gives a community

one soul, one heart, one hand, interprets every man's thought to his neighbor, and explains so much of the great deeds of the Grecian commonwealths, of Switzerland, and of Old and New England. In New York, also, were the hereditary manors — vast domains of a few families, private principalities, with feudal relations and traditions — and the spirit of a splendid proprietary life was essentially hostile to doctrines of popular right and power. In the magnificent territory of the Mohawk and its tributaries, Sir William Johnson, amid his family and dependants, lived in baronial state among the Indians, with whom he was allied by marriage, and to whom he was the vicar of their royal father over the sea. The Johnsons were virtually supreme in the country of the Mohawk, and as they were intensely loyal, the region west of Albany became a dark and bloody ground of civil strife. In the city of New York, and in the neighboring counties of Westchester upon the river and sound, of Richmond upon the bay, and Queens and Suffolk on the sea, the fear that sprang from conscious exposure to the naval power of Great Britain, the timidity of commercial trade, the natural loyalty of numerous officers of the crown, all combined to foster antipathy to any disturbance of that established authority which secured order and peace.

But deeper and stronger than all other causes was the tender reluctance of Englishmen in America to believe that reconciliation with the mother country was impossible. Even after the great day on Bunker Hill, when, in full sight of his country and of all future America, Joseph Warren, the well-beloved disciple of American liberty, fell, congress, while justifying war, recoiled from declaring independence. Doubtless the voice of John Adams, of Massachusetts, counseling immediate and entire separation, spoke truly for the unanimous and fervent patriotism of New England; but doubtless, also, the voice of John Jay, of New York, who knew the mingled sentiment of the great province whose position in the struggle must be decisive, in advising one more appeal to the king, was a voice of patriotism as pure, and of courage as unquailing.

The appeal was made, and made in vain. The year that

opened with Concord and Lexington, ended with the gloomy tragedy of the Canada campaign. On the last day of the year, in a tempest of sleet and snow, the combined forces of New England and New York made a desperate, futile onset; and the expedition from which Washington and the country had anticipated results so inspiring was dashed in pieces against the walls of Quebec. The country mourned, but New York had a peculiar sorrow. Leaving his tranquil and beautiful home upon this river, one of her noblest soldiers — brave, honorable, gentle — the son-in-law of Livingston, the friend of Schuyler, after a brief career of glory, died the death of a hero. "You shall not blush for your Montgomery," he said to his bride as he left her. For fifty years a widow, his bride saw him no more. But while this stately river flows through the mountains to the sea, its waves will still proudly murmur the name, and recall the romantic and heroic story of Richard Montgomery.

The year 1776 was not less gloomy for the American cause. Late in November Washington was hurriedly retreating across New Jersey, pursued by Cornwallis, his army crumbling with every step, the state paralyzed with terror, congress flying affrighted from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and the apparent sole remaining hope of American independence, the rigor of winter, snow, and impassable roads. Ah, no! It was not in winter but in summer that that hope lay, not in the relentless frost of the elements, but in the heavenly fire of hearts beating high with patriotic resolve, and turning the snow flakes of that terrible retreat into immortal roses of victory and joy. While Howe and his officers, in the warm luxury and wild debauchery of the city they had captured, believed the war ended, gaily sang and madly caroused, Washington, in the dreary Christmas evening, turned on the ice of the Delaware, and struck the Hessians fatally at Trenton; then in the cold January sunrise, defeating the British at Princetown, his army filed with bleeding feet into the highlands of New Jersey, and half starved and scantily clothed, encamped upon the frozen hills of Morristown. "The Americans have done much," said despairingly one of their truest friends in England, Edmund Burke, "but it is now

evident that they cannot look standing armies in the face." That, however, was to be determined by the campaign of 1777.

For that campaign England was already preparing. Seven years before, General Carleton, who still commanded in Canada, had proposed to hold the water line between the gulf of St. Lawrence and the bay of New York, to prevent a separation of the colonies. It was now proposed to hold it to compel a separation. The ocean mouths of the great waterway were both in complete possession of the crown. It was a historic war path. Here had raged the prolonged conflict between France and England for the control of the continent, and in fierce war upon the waters of New York, no less than on the plains of Abraham, the power of France in America finally fell. Here, also, where it had humbled its proud rival, the strong hand of England grasping for unjust dominion was to be triumphantly shaken off. This region was still a wilderness. Seventy years before, the first legal land title in it was granted. In 1745, thirty years before the Revolution, it was the extreme English outpost. In 1777, the settlers were few, and they feared the bear and the catamount less than the tory and the Indian. They still built block houses for retreat and defence like the first New England settlers a hundred and fifty years before. Nowhere during the Revolution were the horrors of civil war so constant and so dire as here. The tories seized and harassed, shot and hung the whigs, stole their stock and store, burned their barns and ruined their crops, and the whigs remorselessly retaliated. The stealthy Indian struck, shrieked and vanished. The wolf and the wild cat lurked in the thicket. Man and beast were equally cruel. Terror overhung the fated region, and as the great invasion approached, the universal flight and devastation recalled the grim desolation in Germany during the thirty years' war.

Of that invasion, and of the campaign of 1777, the central figure is John Burgoyne. No name among the British generals of the Revolution is more familiar, yet he was neither a great soldier nor a great man. He was willing to bribe his old comrade in arms, Charles Lee, to betray the American cause, and

he threatened to loose savages upon the Americans for defending it. Burgoyne was an admirable type of the English fashionable gentleman of his day. The grandson of a baronet, a Westminster boy, and trained to arms, he eloped with a daughter of the great whig house of Derby, left the army and lived gaily on the continent. Restored to a military career by political influence, he served as a captain in France, and returning to England was elected to parliament. He went a brigadier to Portugal, and led a brilliant charge at Valentia d'Alcantara, was complimented by the great Count Lippe, and flattered by the British prime minister. For his gallantry the king of Spain gave him a diamond ring, and with that blazing on his finger he returned once more to England, flushed with brief glory. There for some years he was a man of pleasure. He wrote slight verses and little plays that are forgotten. Reynolds painted his portrait in London, as Ramsay had painted it in Rome. Horace Walpole sneered at him for his plays, but Lord Chatham praised him for his military notes. Tall and handsome, graceful and winning in manner, allied to a noble house, a favorite at court and on parade, he was a gay companion at the table, the club and the theatre. The king admired his dragoons, and conferred upon him profitable honors, which secured to him a refined and luxurious life. In parliament, when the American war began, Burgoyne took the high British ground, but with the urbanity of a soldier, and he gladly obeyed the summons to service in America, and sailed with Howe and Clinton on the great day that the British troops marched to Concord. He saw the battle of Bunker Hill, and praised the American courage and military ability, but was very sure that trained troops would always overcome militia. The one American whom he extolled was Samuel Adams. He thought that he combined the ability of Cæsar with the astuteness of Cromwell; that he led Franklin and all the other leaders, and that if his counsels continued to control the continent, America must be subdued or relinquished.

Burgoyne saw little actual service in this country until he arrived at Quebec on the 6th of May, 1777, as commander of

the great enterprise of the year. The plan of campaign was large and simple. One expedition led by Burgoyne, was to force its way from Quebec to Albany, through the valley of the Hudson, and another, under St. Leger, was to push through the valley of the Mohawk, to the same point. At Albany they were to join General Howe, who would advance up the river from the bay. By the success of these combined operations, the British would command New York, and New England would be absolutely cut off. This last result alone would be a signal triumph. New England was the nest of rebellion. There were the fields where British power was first defied in arms. There were the Green mountains from which Ethan Allen and his boys had streamed upon Ticonderoga. There was Boston bay where the tea had been scattered, and Narragansett bay where the Gaspe had been burned, and the harbors of Machias and of Newport, from which the British ships had been chased to sea. There were Faneuil Hall and the town meeting. There was Boston, whose ports had been closed — Boston with the street of the massacre — Boston, of which King George had bitterly said that he would "as lief fight the Bostonians as the French." There were the pulpits which preached what Samuel Adams called liberty, and Samuel Johnson sedition. The very air of New England was full of defiance. The woods rustled it, the waters murmured it, the stern heart of its rugged nature seemed to beat in unison with the stout heart of man, and all throbbed together with the invincible Anglo-Saxon instinct of liberty. To cut off New England from her sisters — to seize and hold the great New York valleys of Champlain and the Hudson — was to pierce the heart of the rebellion, and to paralyze America. Here, then, was to be the crucial struggle. Here in New York once more the contest for the western continent was to be decided. Burgoyne had airily said in London, that with an army of ten thousand men he could promenade through America, and now the brilliant gentleman was to make good his boast.

While he was crossing the ocean to begin his task, and when every possible effort should have been made by congress to

meet the ample and splendid preparations for the British invasion, wretched intrigues displaced General Schuyler in the northern department, and it was not until late in May that he was restored to the command. The peril was at hand, but it was impossible to collect men. By the end of June, the entire garrison of Ticonderoga and Fort Independence, the first great barrier against the advance of Burgoyne, consisted of twenty-five hundred continentals and nine hundred militia, barefooted and ragged, without proper arms or sufficient blankets, and lacking every adequate preparation for defense. But more threatening than all, was Sugar-loaf hill, rising above Ticonderoga, and completely commanding the fort. General Schuyler saw it, but even while he pointed out the danger, and while General St. Clair, the commandant of the post, declared that from the want of troops nothing could be done, the drums of Burgoyne's army were joyfully beating in the summer dawn; the bugles rang, the cannon thundered, the rising June sun shone on the scarlet coats of Brittish grenadiers, on the bright helmets of German dragoons, and on burnished artillery and polished arms. There were more than seven thousand trained and veteran troops, besides Canadians and Indians. They were admirably commanded and equipped, although the means of land transport were fatally insufficient. But all was hope and confidence. The battle flags were unfurled, the word was given, and with every happy augury, the royal standard of England proudly set forward for conquest. On the 1st of July, the brilliant pageant swept up Lake Champlain, and the echoes of the mighty wilderness which had answered the guns of Amherst and the drum-beat of Montcalm, saluted the frigates and the gunboats that, led by a dusky swarm of Indians in bark canoes, stretched between the eastern shore, along which Riedesel and the Germans marched, and the main body advancing with Phillips upon the west. The historic waters of Champlain have never seen a spectacle more splendid than the advancing army of Burgoyne. But so with his glittering Asian hordes, two thousand years before, the Persian king advanced to Salamis.

At evening the British army was before Ticonderoga. The

trained eye of the English engineers instantly saw the advantage of Sugar-loaf, the higher hill, and the rising sun of the 5th of July glared in the amazed eyes of the Ticonderoga garrison, on the red coats entrenched upon Sugar-loaf, with their batteries commanding every point within the fort, and their glasses every movement. Sugar-loaf had become Mount Defiance. St. Clair had no choice. All day he assumed indifference, but quietly made every preparation, and before dawn the next day he stole away. The moon shone, but his flight was undetected, until the flames of a fire foolishly set to a house suddenly flashed over the landscape and revealed his retreat. He was instantly pursued. His rear guard was overtaken, and by the valor of its fierce but hopeless fight gave an undying name to the wooded hills of Hubbardton.

Ticonderoga fell, and the morning of its fall was the high hour of Burgoyne's career. Without a blow, by the mere power of his presence, he had undone the electric deed of Ethan Allen; he had captured the historic prize of famous campaigns. The chief obstruction to his triumphal American promenade had fallen. The bright promise of the invasion would be fulfilled, and Burgoyne would be the lauded hero of the war. Doubtless his handsome lip curled in amused disdain at the flying and frightened militia, plough boys that might infest but could not impede his further advance. His eager fancy could picture the delight of London, the joy of the clubs, of parliament, of the king. He could almost hear the royal George bursting into the queen's room and shouting, "I have beat all the Americans." He could almost read the assurance of the minister to the proud earl, his father-in-law, that the king designed for him the vacant Red Ribbon. But his aspiring ambition surely anticipated a loftier reward — a garter, a coronet, and at last, Westminster Abbey and undying glory.

Ticonderoga fell, and with it, apparently, fell in Europe all hope of the patriot cause; and in America, all confidence and happy expectation. The tories were jubilant. The wavering Indians were instantly open enemies. The militia sullenly went home. The solitary settlers fled southward through the forests

and over the eastern hills. Even Albany was appalled, and its pale citizens sent their families away. Yet this panic stricken valley of the upper Hudson was now the field on which, if anywhere, the cause was to be saved. Five counties of the state were in the hands of the enemy; three were in anarchy. Schuyler was at Fort Edward with scarcely a thousand men. The weary army of St. Clair, shrunken to fifteen hundred continentals, all the militia having dropped away, struggled for a week through the forest, and emerged forlorn and exhausted at the fort. Other troops arrived, but the peril was imminent. New York was threatened at every point, and with less than five thousand ill-equipped regulars and militia to oppose the victorious Burgoyne, who was but a single long day's march away, with only the forts and the boom and chain in the Highlands to stay Clinton's ascent from the bay, and only the little garrison at Fort Stanwix to withstand St. Leger, General Schuyler and the council of state implored aid from every quarter. A loud clamor, bred of old jealousy and fresh disappointment, arose against Schuyler, the commander of the department, and St. Clair, the commander of the post. The excitement and dismay were universal, and the just apprehension was most grave. But when the storm was loudest it was pierced by the calm voice of Washington, whose soul quailed before no disaster: "We should never despair; our situation has before been unpromising and has changed for the better; so I trust it will be again." He sent Arnold to Schuyler, as an accomplished officer, familiar with the country. He urged the eastern states to move to his succor. He ordered all available boats from Albany to New Windsor and Fishkill, upon the Hudson, to be ready for any part of his own army that he might wish to detach. While thus the commander-in-chief cared for all, each cared for itself. The stout-hearted George Clinton, and the council of New York were thoroughly aroused and alert. Vermont called upon New Hampshire, and the White mountains answered to the Green by summoning Stark and Whipple, who, gathering their men, hastened to the Hudson.

While this wild panic and alarm swept through the country,

Burgoyne remained for a fortnight at the head of Lake Champlain. He, also, had his troubles. He was forced to garrison Ticonderoga from his serviceable troops. His Indian allies began to annoy him. Provisions came in slowly, and the first fatal weakness of the expedition was already betrayed in the inadequate supply of wagons and horses. But the neighboring tories joined him, and counting upon the terror that his triumphant progress had inspired, he moved at the end of July from Lake Champlain toward the Hudson. His march was through the wilderness which Schuyler had desolated to the utmost, breaking up the roads, choking with trees the navigable streams, destroying forage, and driving away cattle. But Burgoyne forced his way through, building forty bridges and laying a log-wood road for two miles across a morass. The confidence of triumph cheered the way. So sure was victory, that as if it had been a huge pleasure party, the wives of officers accompanied the camp, and the Baroness Riedesel came in a calash from Fort George to join her husband with Burgoyne. But before that slowly toiling army, the startled frontier country fled. Almost every patriot house west of the Green mountains and north of Manchester was deserted. The tories, proud of British protection, placed signs in their hats and before their doors, and upon the horns of their cattle, wearing the tory badge, as Gurth wore the collar of Cedric the Saxon. To us the scene is a romantic picture. The scarlet host of Burgoyne flashes through the forest with pealing music; the soldiers smooth the rough way with roystering songs; the trains and artillery toil slowly on; the red cloud of savages glimmers on his skirts, driving before him farmers with wives and children, faint and sick with cruel apprehension, flying through a land of terror. To us, it is a picture. But to know what it truly was, let the happy farmer on these green slopes and placid meadows, imagine a sudden flight to-night with all he loves from all he owns, struggling up steep hills, lost in tangled woods, crowding along difficult roads, at every step expecting the glistening tomahawk, the bullet, and the mercies of a foreign soldiery. Not many miles from this spot, the

hapless Jane Mac Crea was killed as Burgoyne's savages hurried her away. Her story rang through the land like a woman's cry of agony. This, then, was British chivalry! Burgoyne, indeed, had not meant murder, but he had threatened it. The name of the innocent girl became the rallying cry for armies, and to a thousand indignant hearts, her blood cried from the ground for vengeance. We come with song and speech and proud commemoration to celebrate the triumph of this day. Let us not forget the cost of that triumph, the infinite suffering that this unchanging sky beheld; the torture of men; the heart-break of women; the terror of little children, that paid for the happiness which we enjoy.

Burgoyne reached the Hudson unattacked. As he arrived, although he had no tidings from below, he heard of the successful advance in the valley of the Mohawk. St. Leger had reached Fort Stanwix without the loss of a man. It was necessary, therefore, for Burgoyne to hasten to make his junction at Albany with Howe and St. Leger, and on the 6th of August he sent word to Howe that he hoped to be in Albany by the 22d. But, even as he wrote, the blow fatal to his hopes was struck. On that very day the patriots of Tryon county, men of German blood, led by Nicholas Herkimer, were hastening to the relief of Fort Stanwix, which St. Leger had beleaguered. The tale has just been eloquently told to fifty thousand children of the Mohawk valley gathered on the field of Oriskany, and it will be told to their children's children so long as the grass of that field shall grow, and the waters of the Mohawk flow. In the hot summer morning, Herkimer and his men marched under the peaceful trees into the deadly ambush, and in the depth of the defile were suddenly enveloped in a storm of fire and death. Ah! blood-red field of Oriskany! For five doubtful desperate hours, without lines, or fort, or artillery, hand to hand, with knife and rifle, with tomahawk and spear, swaying and struggling, slipping in blood and stumbling over dead bodies, raged the most deadly battle of the war. Full of heroic deeds, full of precious memories; a sacrifice that was not lost. The stars that shone at evening over the field, saw the Indian

and the white man stark and stiff, still locked in the death grapple, still clenching the hair of the foe, still holding the dripping knife in his breast. The brave Herkimer, fatally wounded, called for his Bible and tranquilly died. He did not relieve the fort, but it held out until Benedict Arnold, sent by Schuyler, coming up the valley, craftily persuaded St. Leger's Indians that his men were as the leaves of the forest for number. The savages fled ; St. Leger's force melted away ; the Mohawk expedition had wholly failed, and the right hand of Burgoyne was shattered.

Every day lost to the English general was now a disaster. But his fatal improvidence forced him to inaction. He could not move without supplies of food and horses, and an expedition to secure them would also serve as a diversion to favor St. Leger. Three days after Oriskany, and before he had heard of that battle, Burgoyne detached the expedition to Bennington. New England was ready for him there as New York had been at Stanwix. Parson Allen from Pittsfield came in his chaise. Everybody else came as he could, and when the British advance was announced, John Stark marched his militia just over the line of New York, where the enemy was entrenched on the uplands of the Walloomsic, and skillfully surrounding them, the Yankee farmers who had hurried away from their summer work, swept up the hill with fiery and resistless fury, seized the blazing guns, drove the veteran troops as if they were wolves and wild cats threatening their farms, and after a lull renewing the onset against fresh foes, the New England militia won the famous battle of Bennington, and the left hand of Burgoyne was shattered.

So soon was the splendid promise of Ticonderoga darkened. The high and haughty tone was changed. "I yet do not despond," wrote Burgoyne on the 20th of August, and he had not yet heard of St. Leger's fate. But he had reason to fear. The glad light of Bennington and Oriskany had pierced the gloom that weighed upon the country. It was everywhere jubilant and everywhere rising. The savages deserted the British camp. The harvest was gathered, and while New

England and New York had fallen fatally upon the flanks of Burgoyne, Washington now sent Virginia to join New York and New England in his front, detaching from his own army Morgan and his men, the most famous rifle corps of the Revolution. But while the prospect brightened, General Schuyler, by order of congress, was superseded by General Gates. Schuyler, a most sagacious and diligent officer whom Washington wholly trusted, was removed for the alleged want of his most obvious quality, the faculty of comprehensive organization. But the New England militia disliked him, and even Samuel Adams was impatient of him; but Samuel Adams was also impatient of Washington. Public irritation with the situation, and jealous intrigue in camp and in congress procured Schuyler's removal. He was wounded to the heart, but his patriotism did not waver. He remained in camp to be of what service he could, and he entreated congress to order a speedy and searching inquiry into his conduct. It was at last made, and left him absolutely unstained. He was unanimously acquitted with the highest honor, and congress approved the verdict. General Schuyler did not again enter upon active military service, but he and Rufus King were the first senators that New York sent to the senate of the United States. Time has restored his fame, and the history of his state records no more patriotic name among her illustrious sons than that which is commemorated by this village, the name of Philip Schuyler.

Largely re-enforced, Gates, on the 12th of September, advanced to Bemis's Heights, which the young Kosciuszko had fortified, and there he awaited Burgoyne's approach. Burgoyne's orders had left him no discretion. He must force his way to Albany. With soldierly loyalty, therefore, he must assume that Howe was pushing up the Hudson, and that his own delay might imperil Howe by permitting the Americans to turn suddenly upon him. On the 11th of September he announced to his camp that he had sent the lake fleet to Canada, that he had virtually abandoned his communications, and that his army must fight its way or perish. On the 13th he crossed the Hudson, and then received his first tidings from Howe, in

a letter from him written long before, and which did not even mention a junction. Burgoyne had already felt himself deserted if not betrayed, and he comprehended his critical situation. Howe was on the Delaware and Carleton would give him no aid from Canada. The country behind him was already swarming with militia. He was encamped in a dense forest, with an enemy hidden in the same forest before him, whose drum-beat and morning gun he could hear, but whose numbers and position he did not know. Yet while he could see nothing, every movement of his own was noted by an eagle eye in a tree top on the eastern side of the Hudson, and reported to Gates. And when at last Burgoyne marched out in full array, with all the glittering pomp of war, to find the foe in the forest, Gates instantly knew it. Burgoyne boldly advanced, his communication with Canada gone, the glory of Ticonderoga dimmed, the union with Howe uncertain, disaster on the right hand and on the left, the peerage and Westminster Abbey both fading from hope, and he suddenly confronted breastworks, artillery and an eager army. He must fight or fly, nor did he hesitate. At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 19th of September, he advanced in three columns towards Gates's line on Bemis's Heights. At one o'clock the action began; at four it was general and desperate; at five, Burgoyne's army was in mortal peril; at nightfall the Germans had stayed the fatal blow, and the battle ended. Both sides claimed the victory, and the British bivouacked on the field. As on Bunker Hill, the first battle in America which Burgoyne had seen, if this were a British victory another would destroy the British army.

Burgoyne huddled his dead into the ground, hastily entrenched and fortified a new position, soothed his discouraged army and meditated a fresh assault. But receiving the good news of Howe's success at the Brandywine, and of the immediate advance of Clinton to break through the highlands of the Hudson and fall upon the rear of Gates, he decided to wait. He was encamped in the wilderness without communications, but he sent word to Clinton that he could hold out until the 12th of October. Again through the forest he heard the morning and

evening gun and the shouting of the American camp, and once the joyful firing of cannon that he could not understand, but which announced American victories in his rear. The alarm of the British camp was constant. The picket firing was incessant. Officers and men slept in their clothes. Rations were reduced, and the hungry army heard every night the howling of the wolves that hunted the outskirts of the camp as if making ready for their prey. At last, with provisions for sixteen days only, and no news from Clinton, Burgoyne summoned his generals for a final council. It was the evening of the 5th of October, and, could he but have known it, Howe at Germantown, had again succeeded and Sir Henry Clinton was just breaking his way through the Highlands, victorious and desolating. On the very morning that Burgoyne fought his fatal battle, the river forts had fallen, the boom and chain were cleared away, the marauding British fleet sailed into Newburgh bay, Clinton sent word gaily to Burgoyne, "Here we are! nothing between us and Albany," while Putnam was hastening up along the eastern bank and George Clinton along the western, rousing the country and rallying the flying citizens from their alarm. Of all this Burgoyne knew nothing. In his extremity, his own plan was to leave boats, provisions and magazines, for three or four days, and falling upon the left of the Americans, to attempt to gain the rear. The German General Riedesel advised falling back toward the lake. The English Fraser was willing to fight. The English Phillips was silent. Compelled to decide, Burgoyne at last determined to reconnoitre the Americans in force, and if he thought that an attack would be unwise, then to retreat toward the lake.

On the morning of the 7th of October, at ten o'clock, fifteen hundred of the best troops in the world, led by four of the most experienced and accomplished generals, with a skirmishing van of Canadian rangers and Indians moved in three columns toward the left of the American position into a field of wheat. They began to cut forage. Startled by the rattling picket fire, the American drums beat to arms, and the British approach was announced at headquarters. Morgan and the Virginia sharp-

shooters were thrown out beyond the British right. Poor, with the New York and New Hampshire men, moved steadily through the woods toward the British left, which began the battle with a vigorous cannonade. The Americans dashed forward, opened to the right and left, flanked the enemy, struck him with a blasting fire, then closed and grappling hand to hand, the mad mass of combatants swayed and staggered for half an hour, five times taking and re-taking a single gun. At the first the fire upon the left, the Virginia sharp-shooters, shouting, and blazing with deadly aim, rushed forward with such fury that the appalled British right wavered and recoiled. While it yet staggered under the blow of Virginia, New England swept up, and with its flaming muskets broke the English line, which wildly fled. It reformed and again advanced, while the whole American force dashed against the British center, held by the Germans, whose right and left had been uncovered. The Germans bravely stood, and the British General Fraser hurried to their aid. He seemed upon the British side the inspiring genius of the day. With fatal aim an American sharp-shooter fired and Fraser fell. With him sank the British heart. Three thousand New Yorkers, led by Ten Broeck, came freshly up, and the whole American line, jubilant with certain victory, advancing, Burgoyne abandoned his guns and ordered a retreat to his camp. It was but fifty-two minutes since the action began. The British dismayed, bewildered, overwhelmed, were scarcely within their redoubts, when Benedict Arnold, to whom the jealous Gates, who did not come upon the field during the day, had refused a command, outriding an aid whom Gates had sent to recall him, came spurring up; Benedict Arnold, whose name America does not love, whose ruthless will had dragged the doomed Canadian expedition through the starving wilderness of Maine, who volunteering to relieve Fort Stanwix had, by the mere terror of his coming, blown St. Leger away, and who, on the 19th of September, had saved the American left, — Benedict Arnold, whom battle stung to fury, now whirled from end to end of the American line, hurled it against the Great Redoubt, driving the enemy at the point of the bayonet; then

flinging himself to the extreme right, and fin ling there the Massachusetts brigade, swept it with him to the assault, and streaming over the breastworks, scattered the Brunswickers who defended them, killed their colonel, gained and held the point which commanded the entire British position, while at the same moment his horse was shot under him, and he sank to the ground wounded in the leg that had been wounded at Quebec. Here, upon the Hudson, where he tried to betray his country, here upon the spot where, in the crucial hour of the Revolution, he illustrated and led the American valor that made us free and great, knowing well that no earlier service can atone for a later crime, let us recall for one brief instant of infinite pity, the name that has been justly execrated for a century.

Night fell, and the weary fighters slept. Before day dawned, Burgoyne, exhausted and overwhelmed, drew off the remainder of his army, and the Americans occupied his camp. All day the lines exchanged a sharp fire. At evening, in a desolate autumn rain, having buried solemnly, amid the flash and rattle of bombs and artillery, his gallant friend, Fraser; leaving his sick and wounded to the mercies of the foe, Burgoyne who, in the splendid hour of his first advance had so proudly proclaimed "this army must not retreat," turned to fly. He moved until nearly day-break, then rested from the slow and toilsome march until toward sunset, and on the evening of the 9th he crossed Fish creek and bivouacked in the open air. A more vigorous march — but it was impracticable — would have given him the heights of Saratoga, and secured the passage of the river. But everywhere he was too late. The American sharpshooters hovered around him, cutting off supplies, and preventing him from laying roads. There was, indeed, one short hour of hope that Gates, mistaking the whole British army for its flying rearguard, would expose himself to a destructive ambush and assault. When the snare was discovered, the last hope of Burgoyne vanished, and unable to stir, he sat down grimly north of the creek, where his army, wasted to thirty-four hundred effective men, was swiftly and completely encircled by the Americans, who commanded it at every point, and harassed it

with shot and shell. Gates, with the confidence of overpowering numbers, purposely avoided battle. Burgoyne, deserted by his allies, his army half gone, with less than five days' food, with no word from Clinton, with no chance of escape, prepared honorably to surrender.

On the 14th of October, he proposed a cessation of arms to arrange terms of capitulation. His agent, Lieutenant-Colonel Kingston, was received at the crossing of the creek by Adjutant-General Wilkinson, and was conducted by him, blindfold, to General Gates. Gates's terms required an unconditional surrender of the army as prisoners of war. Burgoyne, anxious to save his army to the king for service elsewhere, insisted that it should be returned to England, under engagement not to serve again in North America during the war. Gates had no wish to prolong the negotiations. He had heard from Putnam that the English army and fleet were triumphantly sweeping up the river, and that he must expect "the worst," and he therefore hastened to accept the proposition of Burgoyne. But Washington, with his Fabian policy, scorned even by Samuel and John Adams, had made "the worst" impossible. Hanging upon the army of Howe, engaging it, although unsuccessfully, at the Brandywine and at Germantown, he had perplexed, delayed and disconcerted the British general, gaining the time which was the supreme necessity for success against Burgoyne. By reason of Washington's operations, Howe could not strengthen Clinton as they both expected, and Clinton could not move until his slow re-enforcements from over the sea arrived. When they came, he burst through the Highlands indeed, with fire and pillage, and hastened to fall upon the rear of Gates. But before he could reach him, while still forty miles away, he heard the astounding news of Burgoyne's surrender, and he dropped down the river sullenly, back to New York, he, too, baffled by the vigilance, the wariness, the supreme self-command of Washington.

For a moment, when Burgoyne heard of Clinton's success, he thought to avoid surrender. But it was too late. He could not, honorably, recall his word. At nine o'clock on the

morning of this day, a hundred years ago, he signed the convention. At eleven o'clock his troops marched to this meadow, the site of old Fort Hardy, and with tears coursing down bearded cheeks, with passionate sobs and oaths of rage and defiance, the soldiers kissing their guns with the tenderness of lovers, or with sudden frenzy knocking off the butts of their muskets, and the drummers stamping on their drums, the king's army laid down their arms. No American eyes, except those of Morgan Lewis and James Wilkinson, aids of General Gates, beheld the surrender. As the British troops filed afterwards between the American lines, they saw no sign of exultation, but they heard the drums and fifes playing "Yankee Doodle." A few minutes later, Burgoyne and his suite rode to the headquarters of Gates. The English general, as if for a court holiday, glittered in scarlet and gold ; Gates plainly clad in a blue overcoat, attended by General Schuyler in citizen's dress, who had come to congratulate him, and by his proud and happy staff, received his guest with urbane courtesy. They exchanged the compliments of soldiers. "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner." Gates gracefully replied, "I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of your Excellency." The generals entered the tent of Gates and dined together. With the same courtly compliment the English general toasted General Washington, the American general toasted the king. Then, as the English army, without artillery or arms, approached on their march to the sea, the two generals stepped out in front of the tent, and standing together conspicuous upon this spot, in full view of the Americans and of the British army, General Burgoyne drew his sword, bowed, and presented it to General Gates. General Gates bowed, received the sword, and returned it to General Burgoyne.

Such was the simple ceremony that marked the turning point of the Revolution. All the defeats, indeed, all the struggles, the battles, the sacrifices, the sufferings, at all times and in every colony, were indispensible to the great result. Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill, Moultrie, Long Island, Trenton, Oris-

kany, Bennington, the Brandywine, Germantown, Saratoga, Monmouth, Camden, Cowpen, Guilford, Eutaw Springs, Yorktown, — what American does not kindle as he calls the glorious battle roll of the Revolution ! — whether victories or defeats, are all essential lights and shades in the immortal picture. But, as gratefully acknowledging the service of all the patriots, we yet call Washington father, so mindful of the value of every event, we may agree that the defeat of Burgoyne determined American independence. Thenceforth it was but a question of time. The great doubt was solved. Out of a rural militia an army could be trained to cope at every point successfully with the most experienced and disciplined troops in the world. In the first bitter moment of his defeat, Burgoyne generously wrote to a military friend, " A better armed, a better bodied, a more alert or better prepared army in all essential points of military institution, I am afraid is not to be found on our side of the question." The campaign in New York also, where the loyalists were strongest, had shown, what was afterwards constantly proved, that the British crown, despite the horrors of Cherry Valley and Wyoming, could not count upon general or effective aid from the tories nor from the Indians. At last it was plain that if Britain would conquer, she must overrun and crush the continent, and that was impossible. The shrewdest men in England and in Europe saw it. Lord North himself, King George's chief minister, owned it, and grieved in his blind old age that he had not followed his conviction. Edmund Burke would have made peace on any terms. Charles Fox exclaimed that the ministers knew as little how to make peace as war. The Duke of Richmond urged the impossibility of conquest, and the historian Gibbon, who in parliament had voted throughout the war as Dr. Johnson would have done, agreed that America was lost. The king of France ordered Franklin to be told that he should support the cause of the United States. In April he sent a fleet to America, and from that time to the end of the war, the French and the Americans battled together on sea and land, until on this very day, the 17th of October, 1781, four years after the disaster of Burgoyne, Cornwallis, on

the plains of Yorktown, proposed a surrender to the combined armies of France and the United States. The terms were settled upon our part jointly by an American and a French officer, while Washington and La Fayette stood side by side as the British laid down their arms. It was the surrender of Burgoyne that determined the French alliance and the French alliance secured the final triumph.

It is the story of a hundred years ago. It has been ceaselessly told by sire to son, along this valley and through this land. The later attempt of the same foe and the bright day of victory at Plattsburgh on the lake, renewed and confirmed the old hostility. Alienation of feeling between the parent country and the child became traditional, and on both sides of the sea a narrow prejudice survives, and still sometimes seeks to kindle the embers of that wasted fire. But here and now we stand upon the grave of old enmities. Hostile breastwork and redoubt are softly hidden under grass and grain; shot and shell and every deadly missile are long since buried deep beneath our feet, and from the mouldering dust of mingled foemen springs all the varied verdure that makes this scene so fair. While nature tenderly and swiftly repairs the ravages of war, we suffer no hostility to linger in our hearts. Two months ago the British governor-general of Canada was invited to meet the president of the United States, at Bennington, in happy commemoration not of a British defeat but of a triumph of English liberty. So, upon this famous and decisive field, let every unworthy feeling perish! Here, to the England that we fought, let us now, grown great and strong with a hundred years, hold out the hand of fellowship and peace! Here, where the English Burgoyne, in the very moment of his bitter humiliation, generously pledged George Washington, let us, in our high hour of triumph, of power, and of hope, pledge the queen! Here, in the grave of brave and unknown foemen, may mutual jealousies and doubts and animosities lie buried forever! Henceforth, revering their common glorious traditions, may England and America press always forward side by side, in noble and inspiring rivalry to promote the welfare of man!

Fellow-citizens, with the story of Burgoyne's surrender — the revolutionary glory of the state of New York — still fresh in our memories, amid these thousands of her sons and daughters, whose hearts glow with lofty pride, I am glad that the hallowed spot on which we stand compels us to remember not only the imperial state, but the national commonwealth whose young hands here together struck the blow, and on whose older head descends the ample benediction of the victory. On yonder height, a hundred years ago, Virginia and Pennsylvania lay encamped. Beyond, and further to the north, watched New Hampshire and Vermont. Here, in the wooded uplands at the south, stood New Jersey and New York, while across the river to the east, Connecticut and Massachusetts closed the triumphant line. Here was the symbol of the Revolution, a common cause, a common strife, a common triumph ; the cause not of a class, but of human nature — the triumph not of a colony, but of United America. And we who stand here proudly remembering — we who have seen Virginia and New York — the North and the South — more bitterly hostile than the armies whose battles shook this ground — we who mutually proved in deadlier conflict the constancy and the courage of all the states, which, proud to be peers, yet own no master but their united selves — we renew our heart's imperishable devotion to the common American faith, the common American pride, the common American glory ! Here Americans stood and triumphed. Here Americans stand and bless their memory. And here, for a thousand years, may grateful generations of Americans come to rehearse the glorious story, and to rejoice in a supreme and benignant American Nationality.

ALFRED B. STREET'S POEM.[1]

READ BY COL. E. P. HOWE.

When fell Rome's fabric in the chasm it wrought
Dense darkness rushed without one star of thought:
Scowled the whole midnight heaven, one general tomb,
Where formless monsters moved in Gothic gloom.
What though breathed Music in Provençal bowers,
And architecture wreathed its fadeless flowers:
The loftiest virtues of the soul lay dead
Right, swordless, crouched to Wrong's crowned conquering head,
And though grand Freedom's essence never dies,
It drooped, despairing, under despot skies.
If aught it asked, Darius-like the throne
At its awed look, in wrathful lightnings shone.
Its food the acorn and its home the cell,
Its only light but showed its manacle:
Until its eye, at throned Oppression's foot,
Saw slavery's towering tree, its heart the root,
Cast Upas shadow o'er one common grave,
With naught but its own soul its life to save.
And then it rose; up with one bound it sprang;
Thunder from a clear sky its war-shout rang; —
Out like a sunburst, flashed its falchion wide,
And gladdened thousands sought its warrior side;
As the mist streaming from some towering crag,
It spread the blazon of its glittering flag.

In savage gorges which the vulture swept,
In lonely caverns where the serpent crept,
Close where the tumbling torrent hurled its spray,
And shadowy cedars twined a twilight day:
Clutching its sword and battling on its knee,
Still Freedom fought; and though the swelling sea
Of cruel Wrong still drove it struggling higher
It could not quench its pure celestial fire;
From peak to peak it rose until the height
Showed it but heaven wherein to take its flight.

[1] The text gives only such portions of the poem as, owing to the lateness of the hour, were read on the occasion.

Round flew its glance, it saw its myriad foes
Following, still following, rising as it rose;
Following, still following! was no refuge nigh?
Naught on the earth, and only in the sky?
Round flew its glance, it pierced beyond the wave!
Ha! the New World emerges!—shall it save?
Hark, a wild cry! It is the eagle's scream!
See, a broad light, the far league-conquering stream
Linking all climates, where it reaching flows;
Its head the snow-drift and its foot the rose.
Mountains rise there that know no tread of kings;
Blasts that waft liberty on chainless wings:
Lakes that hold skies, the swallow tires to cross;
Prairies, earth-oceans; woods a whirlwind's toss
Would seem a puny streak: and with one tongue
All thundered "Come!" the welkin, echoing, rung
"Come!" and it went; it took its Mayflower flight;
Fierce raged the blast, cold billows hurled their might:
Winter frowned stern, it pierced to Freedom's heart;
White spread the strand and hunger reared its dart;
Round the frail hut the panther prowled, the gloat
Of the wolf's eyeball starred the chimney's throat;
Though winter entered in its heart, it braced
With strength its frame; its feet the forest traced
Despising hardship; by the torrent rocked
Its bark canoe; the wild tornado shocked
Way through prostrate woods, it grazing, sent
No dread, as by its roof it whirling went:
From choice it climbed the dizzy cliff to glance
O'er its realm's magnificent expanse.

Oh, glorious Freedom! grandest, brightest gift
Kind heaven has given our souls to heavenward lift!
Oh, glorious Freedom! are there hearts so low
That its live flame finds there no answering glow?
It soars sublime beyond the patriot's love
Stateliest that sways save thought that dwells above.
Slaves love their homes, a patriot glad will die
For native land, though she in chains may lie;
Noblest of all the soul that loves to fall
In the red front at Freedom's sacred call;
His heart right's shield, he braves the despot's ban.
Not for himself to perish but for man.

So when crowned Wrong made here, his first advance,
Flashed from our fathers wrath's immediate glance;
Freedom their life, the sceptre but essayed
Attempt, to send their swift hand to their blade.
Their serried front said "stay!" their eyes "beware!
Rouse not the still prone panther from his lair!"
But vain the mandate, vain the warning spoke,
The king strode onward and the land awoke.

Stately the sight recording History shows
When the red walls of our Republic rose.
Reared in deep woods, beneath a scarce-known sky
In puny strifes that hardly claimed the eye;
Of lands still trembling with the thundering track
Of Saxe and Marlborough; where startling back
Russia's black Eagle had the Crescent hurled
Threatening so late to dominate the world.

* * * * *

Three threatening strands were woven by the Crown —
One stretching up Champlain; one reaching down
The Mohawk valley, whose green depths retained
Its Tory heart, Fort Stanwix, scarce restrained,
And one up Hudson's flood — the three to link
Where stood Albania's gables by its brink.

Glance at the picture, ere we spread our wing,
Of the grand battle whose famed deeds we sing.
Here spreads Champlain with mountain-skirted shore —
Caniadere Guarentie — open door
Of the fierce Iroquois to seek their foes
In regions stretching from Canadian snows.
West, in a purple dream of misty crag,
The Adirondacks wavy outlines drag:
East the Green mountains, home of meadowy brooks,
Of cross-road hamlets, sylvan school-house nooks,
Church-covered hills and lion-hearted men,
Taught by the torrent tumbling down the glen,
By the grand tempests sweeping round the cliff,
By the wild waters, tossing by their skiff,
Freedom, till Freedom grew their very life,
And slavery with all earthly curses rife.
Next the dark Horican, that mountain-vein,
Bright islet-spangled tassel to Champlain;

The Highlands, souled with Washington and grand
With his high presence watching o'er the land;
Thy heights, oh Bemis! green with woods, yet white
With flakes of tents, zigzag with works and bright
With flags; while in perspective, we discern
Grouped round grand Washington, with features stern
In patriot care and doubt, the forms of Wayne,
Putnam and Greene and all the shadowy train
Of congress, wrapt spectators from afar
Of where fierce Battle drove his flashing, thundering car.

As when some dream tumultuous fills the night
With changeful scenes and plunges past the sight
In hazy shapes looks frowning, till at last
With all its weird, wild phantasm it is past,
So the broad picture as it melts away,
And once more in our heart peals out our trumpet-lay.

A deep, stern sound! the startling signal-war!
And up Champlain Burgoyne's great squadron bore.
In front his savage ally's bark canoes
Flashing in all their bravery wild of hues;
Their war songs sounding and their paddles timed;
Next the bateaux, their rude, square shapes sublimed
With pennon, sword and bayonet, casting glow
In pencilled pictures on the plain below;
Last the grand ships, by queenly Mary led,
Where shines Burgoyne in pomp of gold and red,
And then in line St. George, Inflexible,
And Radeau, Thunderer, dancing on the swell
The glad wind made; how stately shone the scene!
June in the forests, each side smiling green!
O'er her dark dome the chestnut's tassels stretched
Like golden fingers; pearl that seemed as fetched
From Winter's heart the locust mantled o'er,
While its rich, creamy mass the dogwood bore,
Like a white helmet with its plumes atop.
And the sweet basswood higher appeared adrop
With ivory gems: the hemlock showed its edge
Fringed with fresh emerald; even the sword-like sedge
Sharp mid the snowy lily-goblets set
In the nook shallows, like a spangled net
Was jewelled with brown bloom. By curving point

Where glittering ripples amber sands anoint
With foamy silver; by deep, crescent bays
Sleeping beneath their veil of drowsy haze,
By watery coverts shimmering faint in film,
Broad, rounded knolls, one white and rosy realm
Of laurel blossom, with the Kalmia-urns
Dotted with red, the fleet, as sentient, turns
The winding channel; in tall towers of white
The stately ships absorb the emerald light
Glossing the lake; like huge, dark claw-urged crabs
Ply the bateaux their poles; the paddle-stabs
Of the canoes make music as they move,
Gliding along unjarred, as in its groove
The car-wheel glides; the panther views the scene
And bears her cubs within the thicket's screen;
The wolf lifts sharpened ear and forward foot;
Waddles the bear away with startled hoot,
As some sail sends a sudden flash of white
In the cove's greenery, slow essaying flight
The loon rears, flapping, its checked, grazing wings,
Till up it struggling flies and downward flings
Its Indian whoop; the blue-bird's sapphire spark
Kindles the shade; the swarming pigeon's dark
Deep blue breaks out; the robin's warble swells
In crumply cadence from the skirting dells:
And restless rings the bobolink's bubbly note
From the clear bell that tinkles in his throat.
Thus stately, cheerily move the thronging fleet!
O'er the lake's steel the blazing sunbeams beat;
But now a blast comes blustering from a gorge,
The whitecaps dance; it bends the tall St. George
And even the Thunderer tosses: the array
Breaks up; canoe, bateau grope doubtful way
Through the dim air; in spectral white each sail
Glances and shivers in the whistling gale;
All the green paintings of point, bank and tree
Vanish in black and white, and all but see
A close horizon where near islands lose
Their shapes and distant ranks of forest fuse
Into a mass; at last the blast flies off,
Shallows stop rattling, and the hollow cough
Of surges into caves makes gradual cease
Till on the squadron glides, once more in sunny peace.

So in some blue-gold day white clouds up-float
In shining throng, and then are dashed remote
By a fierce wind, next join in peace again
And smoothly winnow o'er the heavenly plain,
Or some fleet of wild fowl on the lake
Dipping and preening quiet journey take,
Till the sky drops an eagle circling low
For the straight plunge, wild scattering to and fro.

* * * * *

When lay Champlain in eve's gold-plated glass,
And rich, black pictures etched the glowing grass,
The crews debarked, their camp-fires round would rear,
And hang their kettles for their nightly cheer;
Then rose the tents, like mushrooms to the moon,
Swords would be edged and muskets polished; soon
Slumber would fan its wings, and in the bright,
Soft, delicate peace would croon the summer night.

Then the gray day-dawn through the leaves would look,
Red coats would gleam in every emerald nook
And weapons glitter; as the mist would crawl
From the smooth lake and up the forest-wall,
Sails would shine out and spottings of canoe
Moored with batean would thicken on the view;
Rings of dead ashes, fallen trees half burned,
Trunks into black Egyptian marble turned,
Where curling fires had scorched the streaky moss,
Roofs of dead leaves where branches stooped across,
And soil burned black and smoking still would show
Where through the night had shone the camp-fire glow;
Limbs drooping down and logs with gaping cuts
Where the brigade had reared their bushy huts;
A deer's head on a stump, a bear skin cast
On trampled ferns — the red man's late repast;
The damp drum's beat would sound, and shrilly fife,
Dingle and aisle would flash with martial life;
Once more the fleet would start and up their way
Take as the whole scene brightened into day.

On Lady Mary's deck Burgoyne would stand,
Drinking the sights and sounds at either hand,
Replete with beauty to his poet-heart,
Laughing to scorn man's paltry works of art,

The grassy vista with its grazing deer,
The lone loon soaring on its shy career,
The withered pine tree with its fish-hawk nest,
The eagle eyrie on some craggy crest,
The rich white lilies that wild shallow told,
Their yellow sisters with their globes of gold
At the stream's mouth; the ever changeful lake,
Here a green gleaming, there a shadowy rake
Of scudding air-breath; here a dazzling flash
Searing the eyeball; there a sudden dash
Of white from some swift cloud; a streak of white
The wake of some scared duck avoiding sight.

* * * * *

Changing the scene, Burgoyne his camp would trace
Round the Red House at the Great Carrying Place;
There when the sun is bright the sentry sees
Madame Riedesel dining under trees,
As the chasseur beholds her gliding round
Off flies his bear-skin helmet to the ground.

* * * * *

Meanwhile the tidings of Oriskany
And Bennington careered, and glad and free
Hope spread white pinions; throngs to Schuyler pour
Swelling his ranks, all abject terror o'er.
Poor Jennie's mournful doom has roused an ire
Wrapping the region with consuming fire.
The boy strode downward in his rustic sleeves,
His coarse frock fragrant with the wheaten sheaves;
The old blue swallow-tailed artillery coat
Trod by the hunting shirt from wilds remote.

* * * * *

But on! the morning dawns: still on! the height
Of Saratoga hails the pallid light
Of closing eve, and here at last the weighed
And weary step of poor Burgoyne is stayed.
Gates follows after from the jewelled isles
Of Horican, the stately rocky piles
Of blue Luzerne, where the majestic crags
Of "Potash Kettles" change the clouds to flags.
Within a ball-swept tent Burgoyne sits now
In council with despair upon his brow;
Curtains of scowling blackness fold him round,
Closed is the net and he is firmly bound.

Turns he toward Horican? the foe is there!
East, Fellows' cannon-lightnings scorch the air.
West, the live forest but his coming waits,
And in his rear the frowning front of Gates.

* * * * *

On the Fort Hardy green, this dainty day,
The conquered hosts of England march, to lay
Their weapons down. The hour has struck, and now
With heavy footstep and with sullen brow
They come, but with no patriot eye to see,
For nobly Gates in generous sympathy
Has banished all within their tents. They come
Yet with no banner spread, no beating drum,
Tramp, tramp, they come! tramp, tramping rank on rank!
Tramp, tramp, they come! tramp, tramping; hark, that clank!
Those piling arms! clank, clank! that tolling knell
To bowed Burgoyne! what bitter, bitter swell
Of his proud heart! ah, sad Burgoyne! what death
To thy high hopes, all vanished like a breath!

* * * * *

Loudly may laureled Saratoga claim
A marble tribute to her splendid fame!
In the grand chariot which her war-steeds drew
She first placed Freedom, pointed to her view
The glorious goal. Shall pagan Egypt bid
The heavens be cloven with her pyramid?
Shall Greece shrine Phidias in her Parthenon
To live till fade the stars and dies the sun?
Rome with her mighty Coliseum whelm
The earth with awe? — a peerless, wondrous realm —
And our free nation meanly shrink to write
With marble finger in the whole world's sight
Grand Saratoga's glory? Sound aloud
Song thy wide trumpet! let the heavens be bowed
With love of country's wrathful thunders, till
A reverent people with united will
Shall bid the monument arise and stand
Freedom's embodied form forever in the land.

EX-SENATOR FOSTER'S ADDRESS.

In introducing the speaker to the audience, Judge Lester said:

FELLOW CITIZENS: I take pleasure in informing you that there is on the platform with me the son of a soldier who fought at Bemis's Heights one hundred years ago. (Cheers) But that is not his only title to our esteem. He has served his own state with distinction in the United States senate, and has been vice-president of these United States. I have the honor to introduce to you Senator Foster from Connecticut.

Ex-Senator Foster then stepping to the front of the platform spoke as follows:

Will you pardon me, fellow citizens, if I say that I am quite in sympathy with the whole of this vast crowd which surrounds this stand? The thought that is uppermost in all your minds at this moment I am sure is that he must be a bold man, bold even to rashness, who should dare at this hour of this day to stand before you with the design of making a speech. The eloquence of two most distinguished citizens of the Empire state is yet ringing in your ears. They have discussed the great event which we are assembled to commemorate and perpetuate, in such a manner as to leave nothing to be added; at least I have not the courage to attempt it, and I trust I have no cowardly blood in my veins, for my father stood on this field one hundred years ago to-day. In the battles which preceded the surrender he bore an active part, and I think that I am warranted in saying that he performed his duty faithfully and well. My mother had two brothers here. My state had two regiments here, and several troops of Light Horse. So I don't feel myself a stranger or intruder here. Your worthy ex-governor has courteously said, that though this celebration was in the state of New York, for a victory won on the soil of New York, it was not alone a New York celebration. The descendants of those from other states, who aided in winning the victory, were here, not as guests, but because they had a right to be here. One of the Connecticut regiments was made up from the eastern part of the state, from New London and Windham counties. To that my father belonged. He was a lieutenant in the line and adjutant of the regiment. Colonel

Latimer was the commander. My father's warrant as adjutant is dated the 17th of October, 1777, and was given on the field. He has been dead fifty-three years, and the earliest recollections of my boyhood are sitting on his knee and listening to the stories of the march, the camp and the battle field, with all the eagerness belonging to that period of life. Those tales made an impression on my mind too deep and too vivid ever to be erased. May I quote to you a stanza of a song, which he was in the habit of singing, especially on the return of this day, a day he never failed to celebrate, as he celebrated the 4th of July. It ran thus:

"The 17th of October,
The morning being clear,
Brave Gates unto his men did say
'My boys be of good cheer,
For Burgoyne he is advancing,
And we will never fly,
But to maintain our chartered rights,
We'll fight until we die.'"

The eloquent orator who has preceded me has alluded to the manner in which General Arnold bore himself on the field at the final battle before the surrender. I well recollect hearing my father say that Arnold came dashing along the line, the speed at which he rode leaving his aid far behind, and as he came up to my father's regiment he called out, "Whose regiment is this?" My father replied, "Col. Latimer's, sir." "Ah," said he, "my old Norwich and New London friends. God bless you; I am glad to see you. Now come on, boys; if the day is long enough, we'll have them all in hell before night." General Arnold was a native of Norwich, and was born within fifty rods of my house in that town. Until after this surrender, we felt proud of him as a son of Connecticut. Subsequently, he became a son of perdition, and so we let him pass.

Among the numerous incidents that my father used to relate, which occurred a short time prior to the surrender of Burgoyne, I call to mind one that I will repeat. His regiment was ordered at a certain time to take up a new position. In marching through the woods to the post assigned them, they encountered a body of Hessians who were lying in ambush in their way, and who rose up suddenly and fired upon them. My father was

marching by the side of Colonel Latimer. On receiving the enemy's fire, the colonel slapped his hand on his thigh, as my father thought in a rather excited manner, and called out, fire! The order was very promptly obeyed, and the order to form in line was almost simultaneously given. My father was marching with a musket, which he snapped when the order to fire was given, but from some defect in the musket-lock, it stopped at half-cock, and did not go off. Most of the men by this time had changed their positions, and my father was left standing almost alone. He made up his mind, however, not to leave till he had fired his gun. He re-cocked it, took aim again, pulled the trigger and fired. He then took his place in the regiment, and after one or two more volleys, the Hessians retreated in disorder. On reaching their position, the regiment pitched their tents and encamped. My father occupied a tent with Colonel Latimer, and at night, when the colonel pulled off his boots to turn in, a bullet dropped from one of them on the ground. This led to an examination, and they soon found that his coat which had long pocket-flaps, reaching down on his legs, had a bullet hole through one of the pockets. In that pocket, the colonel had a large pocket-book quite filled with papers, and among them his colonel's commission. The bullet had passed through this pocket-book, and was thus so deadened in its force, that on reaching the colonel's person it made only a slight indentation in the skin and dropped down into his boot. This served to explain the hurried manner of slapping his thigh with his hand when the first fire of the Hessians was received. The slight twinge which the bullet gave him was immediately forgotten in the excitement of the occasion. The commission was folded as it lay in the pocket-book, and when opened, it showed seven bullet holes through it. My father always alluded to that commission as one that *a soldier* would prize.

I would like also to say something of the march of my father's regiment towards Albany the day after the surrender, and the crossing of "the Sprouts" of the Mohawk — the lateness of the hour forbids.

Allusion has been made to some of the battle-fields famous in

the world's history, and this is surely worthy of mention in that connection. Dr. Johnson said that man was little to be envied whose patriotism did not grow warmer on the plain of Marathon. There certainly can be no man with an American heart in his bosom, whose patriotism is not warmed into a fervid glow on this plain of Saratoga.

After the reading of the poem the president of the day closed the exercises as follows :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : The commemorative exercises of to-day are over. Our first centennial celebration has been made a magnificent success by the eloquence of our speakers and the golden sunshine with which we have been favored. It becomes my duty now to adjourn this meeting for one hundred years.

EXERCISES AT THE NORTH STAND. HON. GEORGE W. SCHUYLER (*in the absence of* E. H. BULLARD) PRESIDING.

PRAYER BY REV. JOSEPH E. KING, D.D., OF FORT EDWARD, N. Y.

Lord God of nations, our father's God, and ours, we reverently and humbly worship Thee, and gratefully acknowledge Thee as the giver of all good. We bless Thee devoutly, that Thou hast been benignly present in all the history of our country. We bless Thee for the heroic race of wise and patriotic men, whose self-sacrificing and successful exertions to found an independent nation, we are met to commemorate, on this auspicious day. We bless Thee, also, for the discreet and godly and patriotic women of that time, worthy to be the mothers and wives and daughters of the men who vindicated by their counsels and their arms, the right of our infant republic, to take its place among the nations of the earth. Bless us, with thy presence, who unite in these memorial services, inspire the people of this historic valley, with noble purposes and make us worthy of our ancestors. Vouchsafe thy blessing to this commonwealth and its chief, under whose protection we are met. Bless the president of the United States and all the states which are clustered under that banner which was unfurled in victory here one hundred years ago. Let this nation live! O, let it not be, that the people whom the mightiest monarchy could not subjugate, whom the most appalling civil war could not divide, should, after all, fall a victim to political corruption and to the weakness and wickedness of intemperance. O impart to us that righteousness which alone exalteth a nation. Grant us, this our prayer, O God, with the pardon of our sins, we humbly beseech Thee through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS OF HON. GEORGE W. SCHUYLER, PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

One hundred years ago General Burgoyne, at the head of a large and well appointed army, on these grounds, surrendered to the undisciplined forces of a few millions of people just struggling into national existence. It is only natural that we should forget the event for a moment, and enquire as to the actors in the drama. Standing upon the ground where the surrender was made we look into the past. We see the English general with well disciplined legions and savage allies sweeping through the northern lakes and down through the valley of the

Hudson, driving the little army of the republic from post to post. In their front we see the army of citizen soldiers, few in number; without uniform, without supplies, almost without arms, disputing the way step by step, until recruited from the farms and workshops of New England and New York, with a Spartan band from the sunny South, they take position on the heights of Saratoga, and stay the onward progress of the enemy.

We see the armies preparing for the contest — there the English regiments, and their German mercenaries, with Canadians and Indians on their flanks — here the patriot army unused to arms, but self reliant and hopeful.

We see the form of General Gates at the door of his tent, at a safe distance from the scene of conflict, sending by messengers his orders to his officers in the field. We see the fiery Arnold at the head of his command charging furiously — the brave and prudent Lincoln leading his men into the deadly strife — the lion-hearted Morgan with his southern riflemen raining deadly fire on the enemy's wavering ranks — we see thousands of noble heroes intent upon victory or death.

Still gazing back off to the left, up the valley of the Mohawk, we behold the dying Herkimer with his patriot band within the toils of Butler's tories and Indian allies at Oriskany — we see the gallant Gansevoort at Fort Schuyler sending word to St. Leger and his beleaguering hosts, "we will hold the fort or die,"— and near by we see Hons Yost (termed the half-witted) and one Indian companion, warily threading their way through the forest alone to raise the seige, and relieve the half starved garrison.

Still backward, off to the right, among the green hills of Vermont, our gaze rests upon the manly form of the modest and determined Stark. Surrounded with his hardy neighbors they are rejoicing in victory over the cohorts of General Baum.

But among the hosts of brave and gallant men there is one that fixes our gazing eyes. In citizen's dress, quiet, dignified, earnest, he looks, as he is, the hero. Pardon me, fellow citizens, while we take a longer look at this one than at the others.

Fatherless, in his boyhood he assumed the place of a father in his dead father's family. Reserved and silent, in early youth he began the battle of life. In early manhood his business pursuits associate him with an English officer with whom against the French of Canada he acquires some knowledge of war. In later years we see him as a legislator contending for the rights of the people against the abuses of arbitrary power. We see him sacrificing social position and the friendships of years, and voting for the right, sometimes alone.

Later the congress place him in command of the northern department with the rank of major-general. He knows the difficulties of the position with no army, no arms, no supplies, no money, no credit. But his patriotism will not allow him to decline, and he accepts the trust with all its responsibilities. In the department of the north were included the upper valley of the Hudson, the Lakes George and Champlain with the contiguous territory stretching through the wilderness to Canada; and the valley of the Mohawk with the almost unknown country beyond to the great lakes. These had been the great highway through which the French for more than a century had led their armies to devastate the outlying settlements, and, if possible, to capture Albany, thus giving them control of the territory west of the Hudson. Through these valleys it was believed the English would now seek to lead their armies, gain possession of Albany and the lower Hudson, thus sundering the colonies and making it easy to subdue the patriots in detail. In anticipation of these designs the northern general organized a force for the invasion of Canada, and by conquering that province securely close the gates through which our state might be attacked. He successfully opposed the influence of Sir William Johnson and his numerous tory adherents, organized the patriots, and placed the valley of the Mohawk in a position of defence. He procured arms and supplies for the troops, pledging therefor his personal responsibility and his private fortune. His small army under the command of an able general penetrates the enemy's country, capturing their forts and strong positions until before the walls of Quebec the gallant Montgomery fell, when the tide of success is turned.

In the following year he is confronted by a large and well appointed army, before whom his handfull of men is forced to retreat out of Canada through the lakes, down to the Hudson. Another army composed of regulars, Canadians, tories and Indians, marches from Oswego to the upper valley of the Mohawk, and lay siege to Fort Schuyler, the only obstacle between them and Albany.

Our general has not yet an army sufficiently strong to meet and resist this double invasion. He is without supplies or money. Congress fails to render efficient support. There is disaffection in the ranks, and coldness among the people. But he is not dismayed. He is still hopeful and pleads for assistance. Forced to retreat, step by step he obstructs and delays the advance of the enemy, gaining the needed time for reinforcements to join him. At last reaching a strong defensible position, with an army reunited in numbers and courage, he prepared for battle. He saw his enemy far from his base of supplies, his numbers depleted by battles and desertions, his line of retreat cut off, and he knew that with a well delivered blow he must submit to capture. But when about to strike, his arm was arrested. His domestic foes had proved more powerful than hostile armies, and had prevailed on congress to remove him from command. Another takes his place, who, almost against his will, delivers the battle already prepared, and is crowned with the glory belonging to another.

Although wronged and insulted, his love of country did not grow cold. His advice and services still sought were rendered cheerfully. He encouraged his friends in the army, and when the victory was won, he rejoiced with perfect satisfaction. Standing on the neighboring heights, he witnessed the destruction of his mills and manufactories, of his houses and barns, of his crops and orchards, by the defeated and fleeing enemy, and called it "the fortune of war." In his tent he received the widows and orphans of enemies slain in battle, soothing their sorrows and supplying their wants. In his own house in the city he gave asylum to the captive general and his officers, winning their sympathies for his oppressed and struggling people.

He saw the rewards of his own personal labor and sacrifices bestowed upon another. He saw the crown prepared for himself placed upon the brow of an alien. He endured detraction and reproach. But his love for the cause never failed. Freedom from the yoke of England became a passion which no flattery could soothe, no wrong extinguish.

The memory of General Philip Schuyler needs no eulogy from one who bears his name, and in whose veins there is only a trace of collateral blood. History will yet do him justice. Posterity will crown him the Hero of Saratoga. The nation will recognize him as the general who prepared the battle which won our freedom.

WILLIAM L. STONE'S HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

The battles of the 19th of September and the 7th of October, were so fully described at the Bemis's Heights celebration, that I pass at once to the occurrences succeeding that event and immediately preceding the surrender.

On the morning of the day succeeding the action of the 7th of October, Burgoyne, before daybreak, left his position, now utterly untenable, and defiled on to the meadows by the river (Wilbur's basin) where were his supply trains : but was obliged to delay his retreat until the evening, because his hospital could not be sooner removed. He wished also to avail himself of the darkness. The Americans immediately moved forward, and took possession of the abandoned camp. Burgoyne having concentrated his force upon some heights, which were strong by nature, and covered by a ravine running parallel with the intrenchments of his late camp, a random fire of artillery and small-arms was kept up through the day, particularly on the part of the German chasseurs and the provincials. These, stationed in coverts of the ravine, kept up an annoying fire upon every one crossing their line of vision, and it was by a shot from one of these lurking parties that General Lincoln received a severe wound in the leg while riding near the line. It was evident from the movements of the British that they were preparing to retreat ; but the American troops, having, in the delirium of joy

consequent upon their victory, neglected to draw and eat their rations — being withal not a little fatigued with the two days' exertions, fell back to their camp, which had been left standing in the morning. Retreat was, indeed, the only alternative left to the British commander, since it was not quite certain that he could not cut his way through the American army, and his supplies were reduced to a short allowance for five days.

Meanwhile, in addition to the chagrin of defeat, a deep gloom pervaded the British camp. The gallant and beloved Fraser — the life and soul of the army — lay dying in the little house on the river bank occupied by Baroness Riedesel. That lady has described this scene with such unaffected pathos that we give it in her own words, simply premising that on the previous day she had expected Burgoyne, Phillips, and Fraser to dine with her after their return from the reconnaissance. She says :

"About four o'clock in the afternoon, instead of the guests who were to have dined with us, they brought into me upon a litter poor General Fraser, mortally wounded. Our dining table, which was already spread, was taken away, and in its place they fixed up a bed for the general. I sat in a corner of the room, trembling and quaking. The noises grew continually louder. The thought that they might bring in my husband in the same manner was to me dreadful, and tormented me incessantly. The general said to the surgeon, 'Do not conceal any thing from me. Must I die?' The ball had gone through his bowels precisely as in the case of Major Harnage. Unfortunately, however, the general had eaten a hearty breakfast, by reason of which the intestines were distended, and the ball had gone through them. I heard him often, amidst his groans, exclaim, 'O fatal ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! My poor wife!' Prayers were read to him. He then sent a message to General Burgoyne, begging that he would have him buried the following day at six o'clock in the evening, on the top of a hill which was a sort of a redoubt. I knew no longer which way to turn. The whole entry was filled with the sick, who were suffering with the camp sickness — a kind of dysentery. I spent the night in this manner : at one time comforting Lady Ackland, whose

husband was wounded and a prisoner, and at another looking after my children, whom I had put to bed. As for myself, I could not go to sleep, as I had General Fraser and all the other gentlemen in my room, and was constantly afraid that my children would wake up and cry, and thus disturb the poor dying man, who often sent to beg my pardon for making me so much trouble. About three o'clock in the morning they told me that he could not last much longer. I had desired to be apprised of the approach of this moment. I accordingly wrapped up the children in the coverings, and went with them into the entry. Early in the morning, at eight o'clock, he died.[1]

"After they had washed the corpse, they wrapped it in a sheet and laid it on a bedstead. We then again came into the room, and had this sad sight before us the whole day. At every instant, also, wounded officers of my acquaintance arrived, and the cannonade again began. A retreat was spoken of, but there was not the least movement made toward it. About four o'clock in the afternoon I saw the new house which had been built for me, in flames; the enemy, therefore, were not far from us. We learned that General Burgoyne intended to fulfill the last wish of General Fraser, and to have him buried at six o'clock in the place designated by him. This occasioned an unnecessary delay, to which a part of the misfortunes of the army was owing.

"Precisely at six o'clock the corpse was brought out, and we saw the entire body of generals with their retinues assisting at the obsequies. The English chaplain, Mr. Brudenell, performed the funeral services. The cannon-balls flew continually around

[1] General Fraser belonged to the house of Lovatt, whose family name was Fraser. The Earl of Lovatt was one of the noblemen who were compromised by the rebellion of the last Stuart pretender, and whose fortunes were ruined at the battle of Culloden, in 1745. General Fraser, a scion of the house, of a sanguine temperament, ardent and ambitious, entered the army, and became so distinguished for his military ability as to be advanced to the rank of brigadier-general, and was selected for a command in Burgoyne's expedition. He had received intimations that, if the enterprise were successful, the government would revoke the act of attainder, and restore to him the family title and estates. With a knowledge of these facts, it is easy to understand the meaning of the wounded general's exclamations as he lay waiting for death in the little "Taylor Farm-house" — the first alluding to the sad extinction of his own cherished hopes of well earned position and renown, the second betraying his anxiety for his commander, whose impending disgrace he clearly foresaw.

and over the party. The American general, Gates, afterwards said that if he had known that it was a burial, he would not have allowed any firing in that direction. Many cannon-balls also flew not far from me, but I had my eyes fixed upon the hill, where I distinctly saw my husband in the midst of the enemy's fire, and therefore I could not think of my own danger." "Certainly," says General Riedesel, in his journal, "it was a real military funeral — one that was unique of its kind."

General Burgoyne has himself described this funeral with his usual eloquence and felicity of expression: "The incessant cannonade during the solemnity; the steady attitude and unaltered voice with which the chaplain officiated, though frequently covered with dust, which the shot threw up on all sides of him; the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance — these objects will remain to the last of life upon the mind of every man who was present. The growing duskiness added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master that the field ever exhibited. To the canvas, and to the faithful page of a more important historian, gallant friend! I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress and their period, find due distinction; and long may they survive, long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten!"

As soon as the funeral services were finished and the grave closed, an order was issued that the army should retreat as soon as darkness had set in; and the commander who, in the beginning of the campaign, had vauntingly uttered in general orders that memorable sentiment, "Britons never go back," was now compelled to steal away in the night, leaving his hospital, containing upward of four hundred sick and wounded, to the mercy of a victorious and hitherto despised enemy. Gates in this, as in all other instances, extended to his adversary the greatest humanity.

The army began its retrograde movement at nine o'clock on the evening of the 8th, in the midst of a pouring rain, Riedesel leading the van, and Phillips bringing up the rear with the advanced corps.

In this retreat the same lack of judgment on the part of Burgoyne is apparent. Had that general, as Riedesel and Phillips advised, fallen immediately back across the Hudson, and taken up his former position behind the Batten kil, not only would his communications with Lake George and Canada have been restored, but he could at his leisure have awaited the movements of Clinton. Burgoyne, however, having arrived at Dovogat two hours before daybreak on the morning of the 9th, gave the order to halt, greatly to the surprise of his whole army. "Every one," says the journal of Reidesel, "was, notwithstanding, even then of the opinion that the army would make but a short stand, merely for its better concentration, as all saw that haste was of the utmost necessity, if they would get out of a dangerous trap." At this time the heights of Saratoga, commanding the ford across Fish creek, were not yet occupied by the Americans in force, and up to seven o'clock in the morning the retreating army might easily have reached that place and thrown a bridge across the Hudson. General Fellows, who by the orders of Gates, occupied the heights at Saratoga opposite the ford, was in an extremely critical situation. On the night of the 8th, Lieutenant-Colonel Southerland, who had been sent forward to reconnoitre, crossed Fish creek, and, guided by General Fellows's fire, found his camp so entirely unguarded that he marched around it without being hailed. He then returned, and reporting to Burgoyne, entreated permission to attack Fellows with his regiment, but was refused. "Had not Burgoyne halted at Dovogat," says Wilkinson, "he must have reached Saratoga before day, in which case Fellows would have been cut up and captured or dispersed, and Burgoyne's retreat to Fort George would have been unobstructed. As it was, however, Burgoyne's army reached Saratoga just as the rear of our militia were ascending the opposite bank of the Hudson, where they took post and prevented its passage." Burgoyne, however, although within half an hour's march of Saratoga, gave the surprising order that "the army should bivouac in two lines and await the day."

Mr. Bancroft ascribes this delay to the fact that Burgoyne

was still clogged with his artillery and baggage, and that the night was dark, and the road weakened by rain." But according to the universal testimony of all the manuscript journals extant, the road, which up to this time was sufficiently strong for the passage of the baggage and artillery trains, became, during the halt, so bad by the continued rain that when the army again moved, at four o'clock in the afternoon, it was obliged to leave behind the tents and camp equipage, which fell most opportunely into the hands of the Americans. Aside, however, from this, it is a matter of record that the men, through their officers, pleaded with Burgoyne to be allowed to proceed notwithstanding the storm and darkness, while the officers themselves pronounced the delay "madness." But whatever were the motives of the English general, this delay lost him his army, and, perhaps, the British crown her American colonies.

During the halt at Dovogat's there occurred one of those incidents which relieve with fairer lights and softer tints the gloomy picture of war. Lady Harriet Ackland had, like the Baroness Riedesel, accompanied her husband to America, and gladly shared with him the vicissitudes of campaign life. Major Ackland was a rough, blunt man, but a gallant soldier and devoted husband, and she loved him dearly. Ever since he had been wounded and taken prisoner his wife had been greatly distressed, and it had required all the comforting attentions of the baroness to reassure her. As soon as the army halted, by the advice of the latter she determined to visit the American camp and implore the permission of its commander to join her husband, and by her presence alleviate his sufferings. Accordingly, on the 9th, she requested permission of Burgoyne to depart. "Though I was ready to believe," says that general, "that patience and fortitude in a supreme degree were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of spirits, exhausted not only for want of rest, but absolutely want of food, drenched in rains for twelve hours together, that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking and delivering herself to an enemy, probably in the night,

and uncertain of what hands she might fall into, appeared an effort above human nature. The assistance I was enabled to give was small indeed. All I could furnish to her was an open boat, and a few lines, written upon dirty wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection."

In the midst of a driving autumnal storm, Lady Ackland set out at dusk, in an open boat, for the American camp, accompanied by Mr. Brudenell the chaplain, her waiting-maid, and her husband's valet. At ten o'clock they reached the American advanced guard, under the command of Major Henry Dearborn. Lady Ackland herself hailed the sentinel, and as soon as the bateau struck the shore, the party were immediately conveyed into the log-cabin of the major, who had been ordered to detain the flag until the morning, the night being exceedingly dark, and the quality of the lady unknown. Major Dearborn gallantly gave up his room to his guest, a fire was kindled, and a cup of tea provided, and as soon as Lady Ackland made herself known, her mind was relieved from its anxiety by the assurance of her husband's safety. "I visited," says Adjutant-General Wilkinson, "the guard before sunrise. Lady Ackland's boat had put off, and was floating down the stream to our camp, where General Gates, whose gallantry will not be denied, stood ready to receive her with all the tenderness and respect to which her rank and condition gave her a claim. Indeed, the feminine figure, the benign aspect, and polished manners of this charming woman were alone sufficient to attract the sympathy of the most obdurate; but if another motive could have been wanting to inspire respect, it was furnished by the peculiar circumstances of Lady Harriet, then in that most delicate situation which can not fail to interest the solicitudes of every being possessing the form and feelings of a man." [1]

On the evening of the 9th the main portion of the drenched and weary army forded Fish creek, waist deep, and bivouacked

[1] The kindness which had been shown to his wife Major Ackland reciprocated, while on a parole in New York, by doing all in his power to mitigate the sufferings of the American prisoners. His end was particularly sad. On his return to England he was killed in a duel to which he had been challenged for having warmly defended American courage against the aspersions of a brother officer.

in a wretched position in the open air on the opposite bank. Burgoyne remained on the south side of the creek, with Hamilton's brigade as a guard, and passed the night in the mansion of General Schuyler. The officers slept on the ground, with no other covering than oil-cloth. Nor did their wives fare better. "I was wet," says the Baroness Riedesel, "through and through by the frequent rains, and was obliged to remain in this condition the entire night, as I had no place whatever where I could change my linen. I therefore seated myself before a good fire and undressed my children, after which we laid down together upon some straw. I asked General Phillips, who came up to where we were, why we did not continue our retreat while there was yet time, as my husband had pledged himself to cover it and bring the army through. 'Poor woman,' answered he, 'I am amazed at you. Completely wet through, have you still the courage to wish to go further in this weather? Would that you were our commanding general! He halts because he is tired, and intends to spend the night here, and give us a supper.'" Burgoyne, however, would not think of a further advance that night; and while his army were suffering from cold and hunger, and every one was looking forward to the immediate future with apprehension, "the illuminated mansion of General Schuyler," says the Brunswick Journal, "rang with singing, laughter, and the jingling of glasses. There Burgoyne was sitting with some merry companions at a dainty supper, while the champagne was flowing. Near him sat the beautiful wife of an English commissary, his mistress.[1] Great as the calamity was, the frivolous general still kept up his orgies. Some were even of opinion that he had merely made that inexcusable stand for the sake of passing a merry night. Riedesel thought it his duty to remind his general of the danger of the halt, but the latter returned all

[1] Were this statement made by the Baroness Riedesel alone, and not by the Brunswick Journal, it would be necessary to receive it with caution, since her prejudices often carried her unintentionally into extremes. Mr. Fonblanque, however, in his admirable *Life and Correspondence of General Burgoyne*, admits this by implication, but seeks to leave the impression that the champagne and the "flirtation," as he calls it, were indulged in to relieve the mental agony consequent upon his defeat. Mr. Fonblanque's book is characterized by great fairness and liberality of tone — a circumstance which must commend it to the American reader.

sorts of evasive answers." This statement is corroborated by the Baroness Riedesel, who also adds: "The following day General Burgoyne repaid the hospitable shelter of the Schuyler mansion by burning it, with its valuable barns and mills, to the ground, under pretense that he might be better able to cover his retreat, but others say out of mean revenge on the American general."

But the golden moment had fled. On the following morning, the 10th, it was discovered that the Americans, under Fellows, were in possession of the Batten kil, on the opposite side of the Hudson; and Burgoyne, considering it too hazardous to attempt the passage of the river, ordered the army to occupy the same quarters on the heights of Saratoga which they had used on first crossing the river on the 13th of September. At the same time he sent ahead a working party to open a road to Fort Edward, his intention being to continue his retreat along the west bank of the Hudson to the front of that fort, force a passage across, and take possession of the post. Colonel Cochran, however, had already garrisoned it with two hundred men, and the detachment hastily fell back upon the camp.

Meanwhile General Gates, who had begun the pursuit at noon of the 10th with his main army, reached the high ground south of Fish creek at four the same afternoon. The departure of Burgoyne's working party for Fort Edward led him to believe that the entire British army were in full retreat, having left only a small guard to protect their baggage. Acting upon this impression, he ordered Nixon and Glover, with their brigades, to cross the creek early the next morning under cover of the fog, which at this time of year usually prevails till after sunrise, and attack the British camp. The English general had notice of this plan, and placing a battery in position, he posted his troops in ambush behind the thickets along the banks of the creek, and, concealed also by the fog, awaited the attack, confident of victory. At early daylight Morgan, who had again been selected to begin the action, crossed the creek with his men on a raft of floating logs, and falling in with a British picket, was fired upon, losing a lieutenant and two privates. This led him to believe

that the main body of the enemy had not moved ; in which case, with the creek in his rear, enveloped by a dense fog, and unacquainted with the ground, he felt his position to be most critical.

Meanwhile the whole army advanced as far as the south bank of the creek, and halted. Nixon, however, who was in advance, had already crossed the stream near its confluence with the Hudson, and captured a picket of sixty men and a number of bateaux, and Glover was preparing to follow him, when a deserter from the enemy confirmed the suspicions of Morgan. This was corroborated, a few moments afterward, by the capture of a reconnoitering party of thirty-five men by the advanced guard, under Captain Goodale, of Putnam's regiment, who, discovering them through the fog just as he neared the opposite bank, charged, and took them without firing a gun. Gates was at this time at his head-quarters, a mile and a half in the rear ; and before intelligence could be sent to him, the fog cleared up, and exposed the entire British army under arms. A heavy fire of artillery and musketry was immediately opened upon Nixon's brigade, and they retreated in considerable disorder across the creek.

General Learned had in the mean time reached Morgan's corps with his own and Patterson's brigades, and was advancing rapidly to the attack in obedience to a standing order issued the day before, that, "in case of an attack against any point, whether in front, flank, or rear, the troops are to fall upon the enemy at all quarters." He had arrived within two hundred yards of Burgoyne's battery, and in a few moments more would have been engaged at great disadvantage, when Wilkinson reached him with the news that the right wing, under Nixon, had given way, and that it would be prudent to retreat. The brave old general hesitated to comply. "Our brethren," said he, "are engaged on the right, and the standing order is to *attack*." In this dilemma Wilkinson exclaimed to one of Gates's aids, standing near, "Tell the general that his own fame and the interests of the cause are at hazard — that his presence is necessary with the troops." Then, turning to Learned, he continued, "Our troops on the right have retired, and the fire you hear is from

the enemy. Although I have no orders for your retreat, I pledge my life for the general's approbation." By this time several field officers had joined the group, and a consultation being held, the proposition to retreat was approved. Scarcely had they faced about, when the enemy, who, expecting their advance, had been watching their movements with shouldered arms, fired, and killed an officer and several men before they made good their retreat.

The ground occupied by the two armies after this engagement resembled a vast amphitheatre, the British occupying the arena, and the Americans the elevated surroundings. Burgoyne's camp, upon the meadows and the heights of Saratoga north of Fish creek, was fortified, and extended half a mile parallel with the river, most of its heavy artillery being on an elevated plateau northeast of the village of Schuylerville. On the American side Morgan and his sharp-shooters were posted on still higher ground west of the British, extending along their entire rear. On the east or opposite bank of the Hudson, Fellows, with three thousand men, was strongly intrenched behind heavy batteries, while Gates, with the main body of Continentals, lay on the high ground south of Fish creek and parallel with it. On the north, Fort Edward was held by Stark with two thousand men, and between that post and Fort George, in the vicinity of Glen's Falls, the Americans had a fortified camp; while from the surrounding country large bodies of yeomanry flocked in and voluntarily posted themselves up and down the river. The "trap" which Riedesel had foreseen was already sprung.

The Americans, impatient of delay, urged Gates to attack the British camp; but that general, now assured that the surrender of Burgoyne was only a question of time, and unwilling needlessly to sacrifice his men, refused to accede to their wishes, and quietly awaited the course of events.

The beleaguered army was now constantly under fire both on its flanks and rear and in front. The outposts were continually engaged with those of the Americans, and many of the patrols, detached to keep up communication between the centre and right wing, were taken prisoners. The captured bateaux were

of great use to the Americans, who were now enabled to transport troops across the river at pleasure, and re-ënforce the posts on the road to Fort Edward. Every hour the position of the British grew more desperate, and the prospect of escape less. There was no place of safety for the baggage, and the ground was covered with dead horses that had either been killed by the enemy's bullets or by exhaustion, as there had been no forage for four days. Even for the wounded there was no spot that could afford a safe shelter while the surgeon was binding up their wounds. The whole camp became a scene of constant fighting. The soldier dared not lay aside his arms night or day, except to exchange his gun for the spade when new entrenchments were to be thrown up. He was also debarred of water, although close to Fish creek and the river, it being at the hazard of life in the daytime to procure any, from the number of sharp-shooters Morgan had posted in trees, and at night he was sure to be taken prisoner if he attempted it. The sick and wounded would drag themselves along into a quiet corner of the woods, and lie down and die upon the damp ground. Nor were they safe even here, since every little while a ball would come crashing down among the trees. The few houses that were at the foot of the heights were nearest to the fire from Fellows's batteries, notwithstanding which the wounded officers and men crawled thither, seeking protection in the cellars.

In one of these cellars the Baroness Riedesel ministered to the sufferers like an angel of help and comfort. She made them broth, dressed their wounds, purified the atmosphere by sprinkling vinegar on hot coals, and was ever ready to perform any friendly service, even those from which the sensitive nature of a woman will recoil. Once, while thus engaged, a furious cannonade was opened upon the house, under the impression that it was the head-quarters of the English commander. "Alas!" says Baroness Riedesel, "it harbored none but wounded soldiers or women!" Eleven cannon balls went through the house, and those in the cellar could plainly hear them crashing through the walls overhead. One poor fellow, whose leg they were about to amputate in the room above, had his other leg taken

off by one of these cannon balls in the very midst of the operation. The greatest suffering was experienced by the wounded from thirst, which was not relieved until a soldier's wife volunteered to bring water from the river. This she continued to do with safety, the Americans gallantly withholding their fire whenever she appeared.

Meanwhile order grew more and more lax, and the greatest misery prevailed throughout the entire army. The commissaries neglected to distribute provisions among the troops, and although there were cattle still left, no animal had been killed. More than thirty officers came to the baroness for food, forced to this step from sheer starvation, one of them, a Canadian, being so weak as to be unable to stand. She divided among them all the provisions at hand, and having exhausted her store without satisfying them, in an agony of despair she called to Adjutant-General Petersham, one of Burgoyne's aids, who chanced to be passing at the time, and said to him, passionately, "Come and see for yourself these officers who have been wounded in the common cause, and are now in want of every thing that is due them! It is your duty to make a representation of this to the general." Soon afterward Burgoyne himself came to the Baroness Riedesel and thanked her for reminding him of his duty. In reply she apologized for meddling with things she well knew were out of a woman's province; still, it was impossible, she said, for her to keep silence when she saw so many brave men in want of food, and had nothing more to give them.

On the afternoon of the 12th Burgoyne held a consultation with Riedesel, Phillips, and the two brigadiers, Hamilton and Gall. Riedesel suggested that the baggage should be left, and a retreat begun on the west side of the Hudson; and as Fort Edward had been reënforced by a strong detachment of the Americans, he further proposed to cross the river four miles above that fort, and continue the march to Ticonderoga through the woods, leaving Lake George on the right — a plan which was then feasible, as the road on the west bank of the river had not yet been occupied by the enemy. This proposition was approved, and an order was issued that the retreat should be be-

gun by ten o'clock that night. But when every thing was in readiness for the march, Burgoyne suddenly changed his mind, and postponed the movement until the next day, when an unexpected maneuver of the Americans, made it impossible. During the night the latter, crossing the river on rafts near the Batten kil, erected a heavy battery on an eminence opposite the mouth of that stream, and on the left flank of the army, thus making the investment complete.

Burgoyne was now entirely surrounded ; the desertions of his Indian and Canadian allies,[1] and the losses in killed and wounded, had reduced his army one-half ; there was not food sufficient for five days ; and not a word from Clinton. Accordingly, on the 13th, he again called a general council of all his officers, including the captains of companies. The council were not long in deciding unanimously that a treaty should be at once opened with General Gates for an honorable surrender, their deliberations being doubtless hastened by several rifle-balls perforating the tent in which they were assembled, and an 18-pound cannon-ball sweeping across the table at which Burgoyne and his generals were seated.

The following morning, the 14th, Burgoyne proposed a cessation of hostilities until terms of capitulation could be arranged. Gates demanded an unconditional surrender, which was refused ; but he finally agreed, on the 15th, to more moderate terms, influenced by the possibility of Clinton's arrival at Albany. During the night of the 16th a provincial officer arrived unexpectedly in the British camp and stated that he had heard, through a third party, that Clinton had captured the forts on the Hudson highlands, and arrived at Esopus eight days previously, and further, that by this time he was very likely at Albany. Burgoyne was so encouraged by this news, that, as the articles of capitulation were not yet signed, he resolved to

[1] In justice to Burgoyne it should be stated that the chief cause of the desertion of his Indian allies was the fact that they were checked by him in their scalping and plundering of the unarmed. Indeed, the conduct of the English general was, in this respect, most humane ; and yet, with strange inconsistency, he was among the first strenuously to urge upon Lord North the employment of the Indians against the colonists. See Fonblanque's work, p. 178,

repudiate the informal arrangement with Gates. The latter, however, was in no mood for temporizing, and being informed of this new phase of affairs, he drew up his troops in order of battle at early dawn of the next day, the 17th, and informed him in plain terms that he must either sign the treaty or prepare for immediate battle. Riedesel and Phillips added their persuasions, representing to him that the news just received was mere hearsay, but even if it were true, to recede now would be in the highest degree dishonorable. Burgoyne thereupon yielded a reluctant consent, and the articles of capitulation were signed at nine o'clock the same morning.

They provided that the British were to march out with the honors of war, and to be furnished a free passage to England under promise of not again serving against the Americans. These terms were not carried out by congress, which acted in the matter very dishonorably, and most of the captured army, with the exceptions of Burgoyne, Riedesel, Phillips, and Hamilton, were retained as prisoners while the war lasted. The Americans obtained by this victory, at a very critical period, an excellent train of brass artillery, consisting of forty-two guns of various calibre, 4,647 muskets, 400 sets of harness, and a large supply of ammunition. The prisoners numbered 5,804, and the entire American force at the time of the surrender, including regulars (Continentals) and militia, was 17,091 effective men.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 17th the royal army left their fortified camp, and formed in line on the meadow just north of the Fish creek, at its junction with the Hudson. Here they left their cannon and small-arms. With a longing eye the artillery-man looked for the last time upon his faithful gun, parting with it as from his bride, and that forever. With tears trickling down his bronzed cheeks, the bearded grenadier stacked his musket to resume it no more. Others, in their rage, knocked off the butts of their arms, and the drummers stamped their drums to pieces.

Immediately after the surrender, the British took up their march for Boston, whence they expected to embark, and bivou-

acked the first night at their old encampment at the foot of the hill where Fraser was buried. As they debouched from the meadow, having deposited their arms, they passed between the Continentals, who were drawn up in parallel lines. But on no face did they see exultation. "As we passed the American army," writes Lieutenant Anbury, one of the captured officers, and bitterly prejudiced against his conquerors, "I did not observe the least disrespect, or even a taunting look, but all was mute astonishment and pity; and it gave us no little comfort to notice this civil deportment to a captured enemy, unsullied with the exulting air of victors."

The English general having expressed a desire to be formally introduced to Gates, Wilkinson arranged an interview a few moments after the capitulation. In anticipation of this meeting, Burgoyne had bestowed the greatest care upon his whole toilet. He had attired himself in full court dress, and wore costly regimentals and a richly decorated hat with streaming plumes. Gates, on the contrary, was dressed merely in a plain blue overcoat, which had upon it scarcely any thing indicative of his rank. Upon the two generals first catching a glimpse of each other, they stepped forward simultaneously, and advanced until they were only a few steps apart, when they halted. The English general took off his hat, and making a polite bow, said, "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner." The American general, in reply, simply returned his greeting, and said, "I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of your excellency." As soon as the introduction was over, the other captive generals repaired to the tent of Gates, where they were received with the utmost courtesy, and with the consideration due to brave but unfortunate men.

After Riedesel had been presented to Gen. Gates, he sent for his wife and children. It is to this circumstance that we owe the portraiture of a lovely trait in General Schuyler's character. "In the passage through the American camp," the baroness writes, "I observed, with great satisfaction, that no one cast at us scornful glances; on the contrary, they all greeted me, even

showing compassion on their countenances at seeing a mother with her little children in such a situation. I confess I feared to come into the enemy's camp, as the thing was so entirely new to me. When I approached the tents, a noble looking man came toward me, took the children out of the wagon, embraced and kissed them, and then, with tears in his eyes, helped me also to alight. He then led me to the tent of General Gates, with whom I found Generals Burgoyne and Phillips, who were upon an extremely friendly footing with him. Presently the man, who had received me so kindly, came up and said to me, 'It may be embarrassing to you to dine with all these gentlemen; come now with your children into my tent, where I will give you, it is true, a frugal meal, but one that will be accompanied by the best of wishes.' 'You are certainly,' answered I, 'a husband and a father, since you show me so much kindness.' I then learned that he was the American General Schuyler."

The English and German generals dined with the American commander in his tent on boards laid across barrels. The dinner, which was served up in four dishes, consisted only of ordinary viands, the Americans at this period being accustomed to plain and frugal meals. The drink on this occasion was cider, and rum mixed with water. Burgoyne appeared in excellent humor. He talked a great deal, and spoke very flatteringly of the Americans, remarking, among other things, that he admired the number, dress, and discipline of their army, and, above all, the decorum and regularity that were observed. "Your fund of men," he said to Gates, "is inexhaustible; like the Hydra's head, when cut off, seven more spring up in its stead." He also proposed a toast to General Washington — an attention that Gates returned by drinking the health of the king of England. The conversation on both sides was unrestrained, affable, and free. Indeed, the conduct of Gates throughout, after the terms of the surrender had been adjusted, was marked with equal delicacy and magnanimity, as Burgoyne himself admitted in a letter to the Earl of Derby. In that letter the captive general particularly mentioned one circumstance, which, he said, exceeded all he had ever seen or read of on a like occasion. It was that,

when the British soldiers had marched out of their camp to the place where they were to pile their arms, *not a man of the American troops was to be seen*, General Gates having ordered his whole army out of sight, that no one of them should be a spectator of the humiliation of the British troops. This was a refinement of delicacy and of military generosity and politeness, reflecting the highest credit upon the conqueror.

As the company rose from table, the royal army filed past on their march to the sea board. Thereupon, by preconcerted arrangement, the two generals stepped out, and Burgoyne, drawing his sword, presented it, in the presence of the two armies, to General Gates. The latter received it with a courteous bow, and immediately returned it to the vanquished general.

General Burgoyne added to a prepossessing exterior the polished manners and keen sagacity of a courtier. He was also witty and brave. But personal courage alone does not constitute a commander; for of a commander other qualities are expected, especially experience and presence of mind. Burgoyne lacked both. In his undertakings he was hasty and self-willed. Desiring to do everything alone, he hardly ever consulted with others; and yet he never knew how to keep a plan secret. While in a subordinate position, continually carping at his military superiors and complaining of the inferiority of his position, yet when given a separate command he was guilty of the same faults which he had reprehended in others. Being a great Sybarite, he often neglected the duties of a general, as well toward his king as his subordinates; and while he was enjoying choice food and wines, his army suffered the keenest want. Soon after the surrender he returned to England, and justly threw the failure of the expedition upon the administration.[1] He was received very coolly at first by the court and

[1] There can be no doubt that had Burgoyne been properly supported by Howe, he would, despite his mistakes, have reached Albany, since in that case Gates would not have been at Stillwater with an army of men to oppose him. Mr. Fonblanque makes public, for the first time, a fact throwing entire new light on the apparent failure of Howe and clears up all that has hitherto seemed mysterious and contradictory. Orders fully as imperative as those to Burgoyne were to have been sent to Howe, but, owing to the carelessness of Germaine, they were pigeon-holed, and never forwarded. Hence Howe acted on the discretionary orders sent him previously, and concluded to go to

people, the king refusing to see him; but, upon a change of the ministry, he regained somewhat of his popularity.

In regard to General Gates, the same incapacity which afterwards characterized his unfortunate southern campaign was manifested from the time of his assuming the leadership of the northern army until the surrender. It was, perhaps, no fault of his that he had been placed in command at the North just at the auspicious moment when the discomfiture of Burgoyne was no longer problematical. But it is no less true that the laurels won by him ought to have been worn by Schuyler. Wilkinson, who was a member of Gates's own military family, has placed this question in its true aspect. He maintains that not only had the army of Burgoyne been essentially disabled by the defeat of the Germans at Bennington, before the arrival of Gates, but that the repulse of St. Leger, at Fort Stanwix, had deranged his plans, while safety had been restored to the western frontier, and the panic thereby caused had subsided. He likewise maintains that after the reverses at the North, nowise attributable to him, and before the arrival of Gates, the zeal, patriotism, and salutary arrangements of General Schuyler had vanquished the prejudices excited against him; that by the defeat of Baum and St. Leger, Schuyler had been enabled to concentrate and oppose his whole Continental force against the main body of the enemy; and that by him, also before the arrival of Gates, the friends of the Revolution had been reanimated and excited to manly resistance, while the adherents of the royal cause were intimidated, and had shrunk into silence and inactivity. From these premises, which are indisputable, it is no more than a fair deduction to say that "the same force which enabled Gates to subdue the British army would have produced a similar effect under the orders of General Schuyler, since the operations of

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Philadelphia, instead of to Albany, merely telling Clinton, if other reinforcements came meanwhile from England, he might make a diversion in favor of Burgoyne. *Primarily*, then, the failure of Burgoyne's expedition was due to the negligence of the war minister. Even, however, with the failure of Howe's support, Burgoyne, but for his errors, might have joined Clinton. Neither does this failure of Howe palliate the blunders by which he lost his army during the retreat. It should also be stated that Burgoyne, in arranging with the king for the campaign, insisted most strongly that his success depended on Howe's coöperation.

the campaign did not involve a single instance of professional skill, and the triumph of the American arms was accomplished by the physical force and valor of the troops, under the protection and direction of the God of battles."

THE FIELD OF THE GROUNDED ARMS, SARATOGA.

WRITTEN IN 1831 BY FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

Read by General JAMES GRANT WILSON, Halleck's Biographer.

Strangers! your eyes are on that valley fixed
Intently, as we gaze on vacancy,
When the mind's wings o'erspread
The spirit world of dreams.

True, 'tis a scene of loveliness — the bright
Green dwelling of the summer's first-born hours,
Whose wakened leaf and bud
Are welcoming the morn.

And morn returns the welcome, sun and cloud
Smile on the green earth from their home in heaven,
Even as a mother smiles
Above her cradled boy,

And wreathe their light and shade o'er plain and mountain,
O'er sleepless seas of grass, whose waves are flowers,
The river's golden shores,
The forest of dark pines.

The song of the wild bird is on the wind,
The hum of the wild bee, the music wild,
Of waves upon the bank,
Of leaves upon the bough.

But all is song and beauty in the land,
Beneath her skies of June; then journey on,
A thousand scenes like this
Will greet you ere the eve.

Ye linger yet — ye see not, hear not now,
The sunny smile, the music of to-day,
Your thoughts are wandering up,
Far up the stream of time.

And boyhood's lore and fireside-listened tales,
Are rushing on your memories, as ye breathe

That valley's storied name,
FIELD OF THE GROUNDED ARMS.

Strangers no more, a kindred "pride of place,"
Pride in the gift of country, and of name,
Speaks in your eye and step —
Ye tread your native land.

And your high thoughts are on her glory's day,
The solemn sabbath of the week of battle,
Whose tempest bowed to earth
Her foeman's banner here.

The forest leaves lay scattered cold and dead,
Upon the withered grass that autumn morn,
When, with as widowed hearts
And hopes as dead and cold,

A gallant army formed their last array
Upon that field, in silence and deep gloom.
And at their conqueror's feet
Laid their war-weapons down.

Sullen and stern, disarmed but not dishonored;
Brave men, but brave in vain, they yielded there:
The soldier's trial-task
Is not alone "to die."

Honor to chivalry! the conqueror's breath
Stains not the ermine of his foeman's fame,
Nor mocks his captive doom —
The bitterest cup of war.

But be that bitterest cup the doom of all
Whose swords are lightning-flashes in the cloud
Of the invader's wrath,
Threatening a gallant land!

His armies' trumpet-tones wake not alone
Her slumbering echoes; from a thousand hills
Her answering voices shout,
And her bells ring to arms!

The danger hovers o'er the invader's march,
On raven wings hushing the song of fame,
And glory's hues of beauty
Fade from the cheek of death.

A foe is heard in every rustling leaf,
A fortress seen in every rock and tree,
The eagle eye of art
Is dim and powerless then,

And war becomes the people's joy, the drum
Man's merriest music, and the field of death
His couch of happy dreams,
After life's harvest-home.

He battles heart and arm, his own blue sky
Above him, and his own green land around,
Land of his father's grave,
His blessing and his prayers;

Land where he learned to lisp a mother's name,
The first beloved in life, the last forgot,
Land of his frolic youth,
Land of his bridal eve —

Land of his children — vain your columned strength,
Invaders! vain your battles' steel and fire!
Choose ye the morrow's doom —
A prison or a grave.

And such were Saratoga's victors — such
The Yeoman-Brave, whose deeds and death have given
A glory to her skies,
A music to her name.

In honorable life her fields they trod,
In honorable death they sleep below;
Their souls' proud feelings here
Their noblest monuments.

B. W. THROCKMORTON'S ADDRESS.

SUBJECT, ARNOLD.

Who among us has ever gazed upon scenes more magnificent and inspiring than those by which we are this day surrounded. In Milton's phrase they might "create a soul under the ribs of death." We stand upon holy haunted ground. We gaze upon a vast sea of humanity. Now surging and restless, now lulled to quiet, even as the ocean swells and slumbers. A quickened mass; awakened to an intensity of patriotism. Above, a clear

October sky, from which the sunlight falls like a benediction. Around us hills rising into mountains, illuminated by heroic deeds and events, with no less brightness than that which now glorifies them, shining resplendent as they do in their rich autumnal colors, by "nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on." Almost at our feet the historic Hudson, the "still-water" of the olden time, glides onward with murmurs harmonious as music heard in dreams. While beyond from the hilltops, wreathed masses of smoke curl upward from batteries, planted where one hundred years ago other cannons belched forth their fires, signals to the commanders in the field. Participating in the ceremonies of an occasion such as this, surely one may say, life has not been lived altogether in vain, such a celebration has no mere sectional import. It is national in its interest. The pride felt by New York to-day provokes no jealousy in other states. A representative, so to speak, of New Jersey, let me say a word for her. Her sacrifice in blood and treasure, in proportion to her wealth and population, was as great, during the revolutionary struggle, as that of any other colony; indeed some historians assert they were greater. She is immortal in the memories of Princeton, Trenton and Monmouth.

Some of her troops formed a part of the right wing of Gates's army during the battle of Bemis's Heights, September 19th; and more would have shared with those of New York and other of the colonies the glories of Saratoga, had they not, with Washington at their head, been engaged in defending their own firesides. New Jersey is jealous of the glorious work she did in securing for this nation its independence. Yet to-day, she congratulates New York that, upon its soil were fought the battles that, being crowned with victory, secured the French alliance, and dissipated the gloom that had hitherto hung like a pall over the hearts of those who hoped and struggled for the ultimate of American liberty.

Orators and poets have this day, already painted the scenes of the past, so glowingly, that they stand out before the imagination even as the colors of the master upon the canvas.

There seems to be but little left for me, save the work of

needless reiteration. And yet, I cannot refrain from adding my contribution of spoken words to this occasion. In one respect, it almost seems a melancholy one.

Who shall say otherwise, when contemplation dwells upon the subsequent career of him, who was perhaps the most conspicuous actor in the drama, the end of which was announced, when the curtain fell upon the surrender of Burgoyne.

Millions have lived upon the earth, and given expression to thoughts that should never die. Heroism has been displayed and sacrifice endured on land and sea, deserving of deathless memory. Deeds have been performed in every walk in life that might put to blush many that are recorded as the noblest; yet, as to these, history is silent. Poetry tunes not her lyre, and not even a name is graven upon churchyard stone. Lives that have benefited the world, seem to have been but as drops that fell into the ocean of time and were lost.

A great virtue may never be remembered, but how deathless is a great crime!

But for the valor of Benedict Arnold, there had been no reason, perchance, for the assembling of this vast concourse, and this corner stone might never have been laid, of a monument, which, when completed according to design, will recall with startling and awful emphasis, a deed that blackened a soul, and had for its purpose the ruin of a nation!

Remembering the services Arnold rendered his country upon the battle field of Saratoga, one can almost wish that oblivion might blot his name from the future pages of history. But this could not be.

To every virtue, doubtless its reward! To every evil, its avenging sequel! And, it would almost seem that the avenging sequel to the evil Benedict Arnold wrought, would affright the world against the crime of treason!

Wounded before Quebec, Arnold wrote: "I am in the way of duty, and I know no fear."

"Conscience does make cowards of us all."

He knew what "fear" was, when he skulked from the presence of Washington and made his traitor flight from West Point.

It was at Saratoga, a century ago, October 7th, that a shot struck the leg that had been wounded at Quebec. Better a thousand times, it had pierced the heart or cleft the brain of him whose own treachery taught him cowardice.

A very old couplet runs thus :

> "Burgoyne, alas, unknowing future fates,
> Could force his way through woods, but not
> Through gates."

Unmerited honor is even in this quaint rhyme, bestowed upon one, who, in Schuyler's place, should have stood in citizen's dress beside the commander who received the sword of Burgoyne.

The blows that crippled the English general were struck September 19th, and October 7th, 1777. On the morning of the 19th, both armies were ready for battle. Gates, of whom Bancroft says, "he had no fitness for command, and wanted personal courage," had determined to act upon the defensive within his own lines, and scarcely left his tent throughout the whole of the conflict. Towards noon of the day, a hoarse gun booms its echoes through the surrounding country. It is the signal for the advanced guard of the enemy to move forward. At length a large force push toward the left, right and centre, of the American army. Yielding at last to Arnold's repeated pursuasions and entreaties, Gates permits him to send out Morgan and Dearborn to begin the offensive. American pickets drive back a party of Canadians, tories and savages. Burgoyne prepares to fall upon the American right and centre. Fraser seeks to turn the American left. Arnold makes a rapid and brilliant movement to turn the British right, but fails, because Gates refuses to furnish him with reinforcements.

Each army now pressed forward with little knowledge of the other's movements, because of the density of the forest. Unexpectedly they meet, and a desperate conflict ensues upon the banks of Mill creek, the waters of which run red with blood. Arnold, forced back by Fraser, rallies his men and hurls them upon the foe with an impetuosity that compels the enemy to waver, but with the aid of fresh troops they stand firm. There

now comes a lull — like the sudden quiet that precedes the giant storm ; the pause in which nature seems to steady herself for resistance to the blow that must fall — and the terrible tempest of battle is renewed. An intervening wood shelters the Americans. The British are in an open pine forest. Burgoyne recommences his hostilities with a fierce cannonade, orders a bayonet charge, and pushes columns of infantry across the cleared space toward the American troops. The latter, silent and motionless, wait, until the fire of the foe has been drawn, and then hurl themselves with such fury upon them that they are forced back half way. Arnold is at head quarters, pleading for reinforcements, in vain. He is told that the battle is again raging. That victory for either side hangs in the balance. Impatiently exclaiming, "I'll soon put an end to it," he mounts his horse and sets off at full speed. His presence infuses new ardor into the troops, and for three hours the conflict rages, closing only when darkness enwraps the scene. "But for Arnold on that eventful day," says Lossing, "Burgoyne would doubtless have marched into Albany, at the autumnal equinox, a victor."

And again during the fearful and decisive battle of October 7th, where was General Gates? Directing his orders from the camp, and part of the time engaged in wordy discussions with his prisoner, Sir Francis Clarke, upon the merits of the Revolution. Where was Arnold ? Refused a command through the jealousy of his superior officer, hurt to the core by the indignity thus heaped upon him, he watches with eager eyes the progress of the battle. He sees Morgan hurl himself with resistless fury upon the British right flank and throw it into confusion ; sees Dearborn with fresh troops attack the shattered masses of the foe upon their front ; sees their terrified flight, but marks their rally under the inspiration of Lord Balcarras ; unable longer to keep down the impetuous ardor that forces him to the front, he puts spurs to his horse and rushes headlong into the conflict. Gates instantly sends Major Armstrong to call him back. Arnold beholds him coming, guesses his purpose, and before it can be carried out, is at the head of three regiments,

and in the very thickest of the contest. From this moment, mid flame and smoke and the terrible heat of battle, he is the master power. With sword in hand, the incarnation of valor, he encourages by voice and action those who follow him even to a point within the enemy's entrenchments. Here, at the head of the troops he has led to victory, the foe in full retreat, wounded and disabled himself and his horse killed beneath him, he is overtaken by Major Armstrong with Gates's order that he return to camp, lest he "might do something rash." The "rash something" he had already done — made Burgoyne's surrender a foregone conclusion. The student of history, pausing here, might well think a grateful people would erect upon this scene of conspicuous triumph, a monument dedicated to Arnold alone. But the corner stone of such a monument will never be laid. And when the monument, of which the corner stone is this day laid, shall lift its granite shaft one hundred and fifty feet toward the heavens, there will be niches in the four large gables — three filled with groups of sculptured bronze, representing the three generals, Schuyler, Gates and Morgan, the fourth vacant, with the word "Arnold" underneath.

The glory earned by Arnold at Saratoga, is obliterated by his subsequent treason, the reward for which was fifty thousand dollars and the brevet rank of brigadier in the British army. Who shall estimate his punishment? His countrymen execrated him. Even one of his own kin could write the scorching acrostic, pronounced by Lossing to be "bad poetry, and worse sentiment."

"Born for a curse to virtue and mankind,
Earth's broadest realms ne'er knew so black a mind;
Night's sable veil your crimes can never hide,
Each one so great 'twould glut historic tide;
Defunct, your cursed memory shall live,
In all the glare that infamy can give.
Curses of ages will attend your name,
Traitors alone will glory in your shame.

Almighty's vengeance sternly waits to roll
Rivers of sulphur on your treacherous soul;
Nature looks shuddering back with conscious dread,
On such a tarnished blot as she has made.
Let hell receive you, rivetted in chains,
Doom'd to the hottest focus of its flames."

And though he received British gold and rank he was despised by the nation that bought him.

English statesmen refused to speak in the House of Commons, observing Arnold in the gallery. And upon one occasion when George III was addressing parliament, Benedict Arnold stood at his right hand. Lord Lauderdale, on returning to the Commons, could not restrain an expression of his indignation that his majesty should have been supported by a traitor! Lord Balcarras, with whom he almost crossed swords at Saratoga, and who there recognized him as a brave and honorable foe, spurned an introduction, even at the hands of his sovereign, remarking, as he turned upon his heel, "I know General Arnold, and I despise traitors." A challenge followed from Arnold. The two met. They were to fire simultaneously. The signal being given, Arnold discharged his weapon. Lord Balcarras turned contemptuously away without even deigning to aim. "My lord," exclaimed Arnold, "why do you not fire?" "Sir," said Lord Balcarras, "I leave you to the executioner." The prejudice of English officers was so great that when he made application to serve in the war between England and France, it was denied because they refused to associate with him.

. Something of an insight into Arnold's own feelings may be obtained from his reply to Talleyrand, who, knowing him simply as an American, requested some letters to some friends in his own country. His answer was: "I was born in America, and have lived there; and I am the only man in the wide world who can raise his hand to heaven and say, 'I have not one friend in America; no, not one! My name is Benedict Arnold.'"

The consciousness of crime, the knowledge of the loss of men's regard, the certainty of being an object of loathing, the stings and smitings of conscience are terrible enough, but an immortal, tainted memory, is more terrible still. Throughout ages to come, thousands in each succeeding generation will visit this spot to view the monument that commemorates the surrender

of Burgoyne. The niche left vacant, will prompt, forever, the question "why?" But one answer can be made.

That niche can never really be vacant — empty to the sight — Benedict Arnold will fill it. There he will stand, pilloried before the gaze of centuries, ten thousand times more than if a figure of bronze met the eye with the word "traitor" stamped upon it. The designers of the monument leave that vacant niche from no fondness in contemplating the dark crime of the traitor, but because of the lesson it must forever teach. By its warning may it help to enkindle throughout the length and breadth of our land a love of country so fervent, that from henceforth there will be no need for empty niches in any monuments erected upon our soil, to commemorate American achievements.[1]

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[1] In striking contrast to the sentiments of the acrostic in the text is the following letter, which, itself a model of tenderness and simplicity, was written by Hannah Arnold to Benedict Arnold, and has lately been furnished me through the kindness of Hon. Horatio Seymour. The original is in the possession of Miss A. Varick, New York City.—
[B. W. T.]

N. HAVEN, *June*, 1775.

"DEAR BROTHER:

Take this opportunity pr. Capt. Oswald to congratulate you on your late success in reducing Ticonderoga and making yourself master of the vessels on the lakes. Sincerely wish all your future endeavors to serve your country may be crowned with equal success. Pity the fatigue you must unavoidably suffer in the wilderness. But as the cause is undoubtedly a just one hope you may have health, strength, fortitude and valor for whatever you may be called to. May the broad hand of the Almighty overshadow you; and if called to battle may the God of armies cover your head in the day of it. Tis to Him and Him only my dear brother that we can look for safety or success. His power is ever able to shield us from the pestilence that walks in darkness and the arrows that fly by noonday. May a Christian resignation to His will strengthen your hands and fortify your heart. May you seek His aid and rest your whole confidence in Him; and then you will have no fear but that of offending Him; and if we are to meet no more in time may a wise preparation for eternity secure to us a happy meeting in the realms of bliss, where painful separations are for ever excluded. The men who went under your care to Boston give you the praises of a very humane, tender officer. Hope those now with you may meet with an equal degree of tenderness and humanity.

Your little family are all well. Benedict is eager to hear everything relative to his papa. Mr. Mansfield, contrary to all expectation, is again able to ride out; and his physicians think he is in a fair way of recovering a comfortable state of health. Mr. Harrison, you have undoubtedly heard, is dead by a fit of the apoplexy. We have numbers of people daily coming here from N. York and Boston. Capt. Sears, and Mrs. Brown, and Platt with several other families from York are now here. The world seems a universal flutter and hurry. What the event will be God only knows. But in all its changes of this I am certain; that your health and prosperity are dear to me as my own.

Your affectionate sister,
HANNAH ARNOLD."

H. L. GLADDING'S ADDRESS.

In listening to the eloquent sentences of the gentlemen who have preceded me on this Centennial occasion, I have been reminded of the words which the great dramatist puts into the mouth of the Archbishop of Canterbury in reference to King Henry V—

> "When he speaks,
> The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
> And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
> To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences."

For the scenes of the decisive events which we to-day celebrate, and the deeds of the brave men who were actors in them, have been so graphically portrayed that nothing is needed to be added to the noble tribute which has been here paid to the heroes of October, 1777.

It is said that on entering the apartment that contains the matchless statue of the Apollo Belvidere, and standing before that most wonderful creation of human genius, there is on the part of the visitor an involuntary straightening up of the figure, a standing erect, and a feeling that his own form dilates, becoming taller and nobler.

And so to-day, coming among these scenes, and standing upon this consecrated ground made forever memorable by an event which gave form and shape to the future destiny of the young republic, there is an instinctive lifting up of the soul; and as upon this one hundredth anniversary we gather to reverence the memory of its heroes and to call the roll of those gallant men — Morgan, Dearborne, Learned, Ten Broeck, Lincoln, Glover, Poor, Cilley, Kosciusko and Schuyler, and their no less gallant associates in the ranks — the men who took part in or who were instrumental in bringing about this glorious consummation, among whom were some of the noblest figures that ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life — we to-day cannot fail to be imbued with something of the spirit which animated them and a desire to emulate their noble patriotism and their self-sacrificing efforts.

The declaration of freedom made on the 4th of July, 1776,

did not immediately bring forth the fruits of freedom. Years of struggle were necessary. A new-born nation, accustomed only to peaceful pursuits, without a standing army, without a navy, was to confront on many fields of bloody strife an old and powerful government; a government which through hundreds of years had been trained in martial arts; which had amassed great wealth and secured vast material resources, a nation whose armies were the acknowledged conquerors of the earth, and whose flag everywhere proclaimed her the mistress of the seas.

The year which followed the declaration of independence witnessed little else than a series of disasters to the cause of the colonists. With the exception of Trenton, Princeton and Bennington the long list of reverses to our arms was almost unbroken. It was indeed the most gloomy period of the Revolution; it was the crisis of the struggle of these colonies for independence. Look at the sad record of the year. First the defeat of Putnam on Long Island, of McDougall at White Plains, of the brave Col. Magaw at Fort Washington, with the loss of two thousand of the best troops in the American army. Then came the abandonment of Ticonderoga, a fortress deemed impregnable — the loss of Fort Ann and Fort Edward — the defeat at Hubbardton — the terrible reverse at Brandywine — the defeat of the impetuous Wayne at Paoli — of Washington himself at Germantown — and the loss of Forts Clinton and Montgomery. The mere mention of these names brings to our minds continued scenes of gloom and suffering. For the greater part of the time during these sad months, from August, 1776, to October, 1777, our army, reduced in numbers, depressed by defeat, exhausted by fatigue, naked, barefoot, destitute of tents, and with scanty provisions, was fleeing before a triumphant enemy, who was well appointed and abundantly supplied. And, worse than all, the continued triumphs of the British had produced a common apprehension (in the minds of the people of the middle states at least, if not generally), that any further struggle would be useless and that this country must eventually return to her allegiance to Great Britain.

But this long and gloomy night of defeat and disaster was about to pass away, and joy and a new hope was to spring up in the heart of this people in the bright morning of victory.

The conflict of October 7th, 1777, was to demonstrate the fact that the Continental armies were able to meet the martial hosts of Britain and her mercenaries in the open field, and to scatter them as the dead leaves of the forest before a mighty wind. As the armies of ancient Israel, under divine guidance, were to overcome their enemies, however great in numbers or skilled in war, so under the direction of the God of battles were our fathers upon these fields to overcome the proud and powerful hosts of Great Britain.

We have heard to-day in glowing words the story of Saratoga. Masters of the art have pictured to us the scenes and incidents of the campaign, which its projectors believed would end in the complete subjection of the colonies to the mother country. We have seen the British general on his triumphant march from Canada, fortress after fortress falling an easy prey into his hands. We have seen the hosts of England crossing the Hudson and for the first time planting their feet upon the soil of old Saratoga. We have seen Burgoyne's army in holiday attire, with drums beating and colors flying, with furbished arms glistening in the sunlight, marching to what they believed would be an assured victory. We have seen that on the 19th of September, this proud army for the first time learned that their march to Albany was not to be a holiday pastime. We have seen the conflict that day waged on both sides with desperate valor, a conflict that was only closed by the mantle of night falling over the scene.

Then we have been brought face to face with the second act in this terrible drama. We have seen the British army, brought to bay on the memorable 7th of October, making a last desperate effort to cut its way through the ranks of the opposing forces, in the hope to join Sir Henry Clinton upon the lower Hudson.

But it was not so to be. General Burgoyne, who on the 6th of August, wrote so confidently to General Howe, "I shall be in possession of Albany on the 22d or 23d," was indeed to be

there only a little more than two months later, not however as he had anticipated, in the royal robes of a conqueror, but in the sackcloth of a prisoner of war. Alas! the sanguine general forgot the proverb —

> "The man who once did sell the lion's skin
> While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him."

And so on the 7th of October, 1777, the sun went down upon the leagued hosts of Britain and Germany discomfitted, scattered, overthrown; and these hosts, with seeming judicial blindness, not availing themselves of their last hope, a speedy retreat, were compelled only ten days later, upon this immediate spot, under the starry flag, then first thrown to the breeze of heaven, to surrender to the hitherto despised army of the colonies.

> "To the sages who spoke, to the heroes who bled,
> To the day and the deed strike the harp-strings of glory;
> Let the songs of the ransomed remember the dead,
> And the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story;
> O'er the bones of the bold be the story long told,
> And on fame's golden tablets their triumphs enrolled.
> Who on freedom's green hills freedom's banner unfurled,
> And the beacon fire raised that gave light to the world."

As the great law giver of ancient Israel was permitted from the top of Pisgah to look over into the promised land which was soon to become the possession of the Jewish people, so from these green heights one hundred years ago were our fathers enabled to see in the near future the Canaan of freedom spreading out in all its radiant beauty before them, and as the leader of the chosen people rejoiced over the prospect of the promised inheritance of his followers, so did our revolutionary sires in that glad hour rejoice that the reward of all their toils was before them. And all over the colonies the full hearts of strong men overflowed with gratitude and went up to heaven on wings of praise to that God who had given them the victory.

And there was to be rejoicing elsewhere over this great event, our friends abroad must speedily learn of this glorious success. So the good news goes forth, and the manner in which this news is received in Europe clearly shows that there, as well as here, the event of the surrender of Burgoyne's army was regarded as decisive of the final result. "A fast sailing vessel is prepared and a

special messenger goes to carry the tidings to France, the natural ally of the young republic. The messenger crosses the ocean, arrives at Paris, and pushes on rapidly to Dr. Franklin's residence at Passay; but swiftly as he goes a rumor of the arrival of important news precedes him, and on his arrival at Passay he finds the whole circle of official Americans there, who, as the noise of his carriage is heard, hurry out to meet him. Before he has time to alight Dr. Franklin cries out: 'Sir, is Philadelphia taken?' 'Yes,' replies the messenger, 'but I have greater news than that, Gen. Burgoyne and his whole army are prisoners of war?' The effect was *thrilling, electrical, overwhelming, indescribable.*" In a few days all Europe rang with the news, and except the tory party and the holders of English stocks all Europe rejoiced at it. France immediately threw off the veil with which she had endeavored to conceal her intentions and notified the British government that she had concluded a treaty of alliance, friendship and commerce with the American states. On the 18th of December, only sixty days after the surrender of Burgoyne, M. Gerard informed the American commissioners that, after mature deliberation, his majesty Louis XVI, had determined to recognize the independence of the United States, and that he would not only recognize it, *but would support it with all the means in his power.* And the deeds of this great nation proved the honesty of her words; her material aid was prompt and effective. The French government -- which had at that time a navy that equalled if it did not exceed Great Britain's — at once fitted out a squadron under Count D'Estaing, which in the spring of 1778 sailed for the United States.

In England the alarm created by the tidings of Burgoyne's surrender was increased by the still more fatal news that the disaster had roused the Bourbon courts to avenge the humiliation of the seven years' war. The most brilliant success had been expected in the campaign, the most ignominious result had occurred; the pride of the British nation was humbled, and those who had disapproved of the war poured upon the ministry a torrent of invective. The Duke of Richmond and a large

number of whigs openly advocated the acknowledgment of American independence. That noble man and true friend of the colonies, Lord Chatham, in the British parliament pressed for peace, saying with prophetic ken, "You can never conquer America, never, never, never!" When we remember that six months after this that great man breathed his last, we may conclude that

> "The sunset of life gave him mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before."

Even in the minds of the British ministry all hope of conquering America had disappeared. Under these circumstances the cabinet determined to grant to the colonies all that they had demanded at the beginning of the contest. Two bills of a pacific character were passed by parliament, one of which prohibited any further imposition of taxes upon the colonies, and commissioners were sent to America to effect a reconciliation. But it was *too late*, the Rubicon had been passed. Congress refused to treat with the commissioners until Great Britain should withdraw her fleets and armies or acknowledge the independence of these states.

Had it not been for the insane obstinacy of one man, the close of the year 1777 would have witnessed the acknowledgment on the part of Great Britain of American independence. But King George III was not ready to acknowledge the inevitable. The monarch who in 1774 had vauntingly said, "Four regiments will be sufficient to bring the Americans to their senses," was not quite prepared to acknowledge his mistake. The obstinacy of the king, which was only equalled by his ignorance and vulgarity, was clearly shown in the terms which he proposed to Germaine (Lord Shelburne) upon his accession to office as state secretary. The king said to Germaine, I will be plain with you; the point next my heart, and which I am determined never to relinquish but with my crown and life, is to prevent a total unequivocal recognition of the independence of America," and he added, "promise to support me in this matter and I will leave you unmolested in every other and with full power as the prime minister of this kingdom."

Upon this one hundredth anniversary of the great event which

more than any other event of the Revolution led the way to the practical realization of American independence, we take the first steps to commemorate the decisive deed. It is proposed upon this corner stone to erect a shaft which in its colossal proportions and stately grandeur shall fitly tell to coming ages the story of the glorious deeds of October, 1777.

The noblest obelisk now upon the soil of America is that one which rears its top heavenward from the crest of Bunker Hill. It is indeed a grand structure, worthy of the gallant deeds it commemorates and of the noble state upon whose bosom it rests.

But if there is a spot in all this broad land, from the waves of the stormy Atlantic to the shores of the mild Pacific, upon which should be erected an enduring monument with a broader base and more lofty proportions than all others it is here upon these consecrated heights of old Saratoga, where our fathers taught the chivalry of England and the pride of Britain's soldiery that in a righteous cause they were invincible, and where the world learned the lesson that these united colonies were destined to be, as they of right ought to be, free and independent states.

Let the people of the Empire state see to it that the stain which has hitherto rested upon her proud escutcheon, in failing to recognize and honor these great events, is speedily effaced. Let them see to it that neither the tardiness of legislation nor the opposition of the executive is allowed longer to hinder this laudable work. The great state of New York owes it to herself in this matter to at once refute the libel which asserts the ingratitude of republics. "It is time to arise and build!" and the good work commenced let it go steadily on to full completion. Let this monument ascend in its simple grandeur until the top stone shall be brought forth with shoutings of grace, grace unto it. The men of Massachusetts commenced the shaft on Bunker Hill, but they left the work for the women of Massachusetts to complete. All honor to the noble women of the old Bay state for their high purpose, their indomitable resolution, their unwavering faith. But whether it shall be the men of New York who shall do this work, or whether by their failure

it shall become necessary for the noble, patriotic women of this great state to assume the responsibility, the work will go on, this monument will surely be built.

And, as was said by Mr. Webster in regard to Bunker Hill monument so let the people say in regard to the Saratoga monument, "let it rise until it meets the sun in his coming; let the first rays of the morning gild it and the last beams of expiring day linger and play upon its summit."

A. A. YATES'S ADDRESS.

This is a strange as well as memorable place. Though here a mighty republican empire was born, and here kingly rule met its death-blow, the precise spot where a ceremony occurred that was the pageantry of a nation's birth, is yet the subject of debate and discussion. Men have wandered over meadow and through ravine, by brookside and river, to seek in some straggling patch of earthwork, some excavation that looks like a rifle pit, for the convincing proof of the place where John Burgoyne made his last parade. The memories of those gone before us have been called up, that the testimony of the dead might set at rest the doubts of the living — the aid of nature invoked, that her speaking face should show us the way or give some landmark that should stand like a way-side shrine beside the place where a heroic deed was done, or gleam like a star over the spot where a hundred years ago the young child of liberty lay.

Marvelous indeed is it that, though the splendid achievement which this monument shall commemorate, is so young that its record has but just become impartial history — so far from old in the world's story that it has no right to put on the silver crown of tradition — yet the visible signs of it are as indistinct as the dust and ashes in the Englishman's coffin — as untraceable as the Hessian's level grave. Embankment and fortress, earthwork and embrasure have been flattened by the hundred heavy hands of the century, or ploughed and riven and harrowed out of all resemblance to war by the husbandman of peace.

We believe we are standing now where we should be, on the sacred spot where our fathers stood in the happy hour of their triumph — that the white spire shall glisten in the morning like a finger pointing upward from the very place where they raised their country from despair to faith, that it shall lay its shadow at evening along the pathway where the brave man walked to give up his sword to braver men.

We have in times gone by cared but little to know of the earlier days. In our splendid progress the eyes of a people, the youngest on earth, have been earnestly gazing into the future. The centennial has come upon us with a bound. Startled — surprised, in our young manhood, this magnificent young giant of a Republic halts, astonished at its strength, marveling at its own progress. With all our conscious power — our free, young healthy life, there comes over us a sense of deep and lasting gratitude, a feeling of unutterable and thankful reverence for the grand and sturdy ancestors, whose stubborn, stalwart heroism on fields like this made free the land we love. And we pause in unspeakable sorrow to reflect, that while England knows just where King John stood six centuries ago when he surrendered to a favored few the rights of freemen, that while the Irishman knows just where his countryman won imperishable renown at Fontenoy, and Prussia can show just where the great Frederic won his most splendid victory, we are arguing as to which side of the stream it was where the Lord of England discovered in sorrow and defeat that he could not be master of America. We shall take better care of history in the future!

We are gathered to-day, some of us children's children of the very men who stood here a hundred years ago, all representing different shades of political belief and social life — every one of us just like the men conquered here — brethren of the same loyal faith in our beloved land — fellow citizens united in one common sentiment that overshadows all others.

And we are looking back with intense interest upon the panorama that passed in review before the world's eye just a century ago. Thanks to one historic artist who has hunted up the

old picture from the national garret, given over in our thoughtlessness to rust and decay, as useless incumbrance and by the touch of restoring genius has given it to us in all its brilliant hues we can see it distinctly.

Who are we that look upon it: democrats and republicans? No; a thousand times, No! Old revolutionary whigs! Not a tory or the son of a tory among us!

Are we conjecturing who shall be governor next year, president two years after; who shall be postmaster of Saratoga or town clerk of Stillwater? Are we longfaced or chuckling over the election returns from Ohio?

Thank heaven! No. We are all with one accord doing homage to those who made presidents and governors possible, and filled honored graves before little Ohio was born.

What a grand spectacle it is and what a strange picture it presents!

On either side, drawn up in parallel lines stand the conquerors, in every style of garment, with every hue of dress known to the man of a hundred years ago. Not decked for a holiday parade — this is the first they have had for many a weary month and the smell of the fire of Bemis's Heights is yet upon their garments, the stain of Stillwater powder on their bronzed faces. Here and there perhaps a uniform of blue and buff, powdered hair, shining boots and showy laces on neck and wrist, mark the stylish officer whose pride is as mighty as his bravery. On the left the faded green and yellow of Morgan's riflemen. Let us recognize them with applause. They came from under a southern sky to rush beside their northern brethren against their common enemy. We trust in a good providence that is making their descendants our brethren once more, that their children will never again be found anywhere else.

And who are these who march between the lines?

Lords and gentlemen, the pet and flower of the English army glittering in epauleted splendor, flaring in scarlet and gold, downcast, sullen, disappointed brave men, put down by the iron will and resolute valor of men who with home behind them and home in their hearts no army could subdue.

And who are these who wear neither English dress, nor English faces, at the sight of whom the colonist grows stern and hard in face and at whom he mutters a smothered curse. These are they left of those whom John Stark hunted up hill and down dale, who, driven through ravine and underbrush and hounded like beasts of prey, thank the Lord for their rest at last, the hireling Hessians learning the lesson yet taught to-day that he who serves the cause of wrong for place or money will sooner or later in this broad land of ours find not rest for the crown of his head or the sole of his foot.

Within sight of the strange scene, the commanders of either army — the one massive and haughty, the very type of his powerful nation beyond the sea, the other shorter, plainly dressed, rugged of face — look upon the scene.

Within sound of the rejoicing is the displaced commander whose patient courage and brave soul was but illy rewarded when the laurel of victory was snatched from his grasp. Within sight of the lovely village that bears his honored name posterity in this hour of commemoration does full and ample justice to the courage and valor and magnanimity of Philip Schuyler.

Another was absent from the place where the fruits of his rash mad bravery were to be gathered. Smarting from the wound that gave him more mental suffering than bodily pain, when it took him from the sight of his humiliated enemy, the then gallant soldier was fretting and fuming, his impetuous, fiery and turbulent nature chained down upon a couch of agony.

Would to heaven that after the 19th of September the historian had no more to record of Benedict Arnold. A hundred years ago this day this land of ours rang with his praises and gloried in his splendid name. To-day the sculptor, in obedience to a merciful command, permits the blank unchiseled tablet to be expressionless in the story of his shame,— to be faceless and formless, that his face and form may be hidden from the people he betrayed, that the sculptured silence above his name shall mutely tell of the undeserved forbearance, the unfeigned sorrow of posterity.

There were mellow lights and gloomy shadows in the days that followed — the land was chequered with the brightness and gloom of victory and disaster, but now in the broad light of history that streams upon this place in this, the meridian of our national greatness, we know that the morning of our deliverance broke upon us here — and there is no place on earth where the monumental tribute of a nation's pride could more fitly be placed, to stamp the soil with a people's unforgetting gratitude and crown it with the mausoleum of its heroic deeds.

What a splendid lesson was handed down by the men of that stern day to the men of this, written all over the long miles that were trodden down by the feet of contending armies then, that are brilliant with the victories of peace to-day!

Nations, so runs the story of the world, must be born like man in pain and travail. But to march on in progressive greatness there must be years of peace on earth, good will to men. This vast battle field has been restored to the farmer, not by the hand of science nor by the level of the engineer. Military genius has not flattened the earthwork which military genius reared. Long years of patient labor has made the battle wilderness to bloom, the seamed and scarred ravine to blossom with the fruits of the better days of peace. In the fate of him whose splendid courage and restless genius was the life and soul of yonder battle for the rights of the people, let the selfishness that prostitutes the country's good to gratify the passion of personal resentment, or subserve personal ambition, take a solemn warning. No glitter of splendid achievement on field or forum will reconcile the people of this land to the betrayal of the people's lasting good for the price of money, for office or for sectional hatred and the president, senator or soldier who forgets this lesson may remember it in horror in a fall like Arnold's.

It was shoulder to shoulder, with the touch of elbow that brought the conquerors through many red days of carnage to this place of triumph. It was the northern and the southern soldier who fought the fight for the good of the whole people. It is in the Union created Oct. 17th, 1777, it is in the Union re-

stored October 17, 1877, that by the blessing of God this government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Let then this monument rise till it meets the sun in its coming, whose first rays lingering on Mount Willard to gild the spot where the faithful sentry stood, shall glitter and play upon its summit. Grand and everlasting, its solid firmness shall commemorate the faith of those who stood as proudly here one hundred years ago and perpetuate the memory of those whose dust has been traceless for a century within sight of its spire. Let the last rays of the evening fasten its shade on the pathway our fathers walked amid the ringing praises of their grateful countrymen.

Let us all come closer together beneath its base. We too have had our sorrows We have had our killed in battle. We have the mourners who go about our streets — we have the widow and the fatherless — we have our poor in heart.

The evening of our first century has been red as theirs with the scarlet tinge of blood. Webster's awful foreboding has been realized. The land has been rent with civil discord and drenched with fraternal blood, but we, like the men who gathered here, have had our triumph and heart-elating victory, and we can thank the God of our fathers that the statesman's aspiration has been realized, that the new flag first unfolded here, waves over a land happy, free and prosperous, that there is inscribed upon it no such motto as "what is all this worth" or that other miserable inscription, "Liberty now and Union afterwards," but written all over its bright folds as it floats over the land and over the sea those other memorable words, "Liberty and Union now and forever, one and inseparable."

GENERAL J. WATTS DE PEYSTER'S ODE,

Read by REV. D. K. VAN DOREN.

THE SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE, "SARATOG," 17TH OCTOBER, 1777.

Brothers, this spot is holy! — Look around! —
Before us flows our mem'ry's sacred river,
Whose banks are Freedom's Shrines. This grassy mound,
The altar, on whose height the Mighty Giver
Gave Independence to our country; when,
Thanks to its brave, enduring, patient men,
The invading host was brought to bay, and laid
Beneath "Old Glory's" new born folds, the blade,
The brazen thunder-throats, the pomp of war,
And England's yoke, broken forever more.

Like a destroying angel, Burgoyne's host
Burst through Ticonderoga's bulwarks, hoary;
And flaming wrecks, wide ruin 'long its coast,
Renew'd past awful scenes of Champlain's story,
When France's Lilies dy'd themselves in blood,
Floated to triumph on Algonquin flood —
Made William Henry's siege a tale of horror —
Made Abercrombie's failure land-wide sorrow,
Like many conflicts though right bravely fought —
The only comfort was by Schuyler brought.
Our frontier people shrunk before the scare;[1]
The load was left for Schuyler 'lone to bear.

And how he bore it, now, at length, we know;
How steadfastly he damm'd the crimson tide;
Baffled and stopp'd the five-fold stronger foe;[2]

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[1] The scare or panic which succeeded the first appearance of Burgoyne was of the same character with that which shook the whole country after Bull Run First, 21st of July, 1861, and was equally causeless. The people recovered from it much quicker in 1777 than in 1861, for Oriskany and its rich harvest, due to Schuyler, which broke the spell, was fought exactly one month to a day after the fall of Ticonderoga, whereas the victory won by General Thomas, the Schuyler of the Slaveholders' Rebellion, at Mill Spring which taught the North that, under an honest and able leader, theirs were the best men, was not achieved until the 19th of January, 1862, *six* months after the first battle of Bull Run.

[2] Allen says Schuyler did not have over 1,000 men at Fort Edward, and even after he got down to Half-Moon, it would appear that the majority of his troops were boys, old men, negroes and parti-colored. If the real truth could be reached, there is very little question but that proof exists that Burgoyne had over 10,000 men, regulars, provincials

To timid counsels hero strength supplied.
Burgoyne victorious, ere he left Champlain,
Startled preceiv'd his brilliant prospects wane;
Saw in the Lion's path a Nimrod stand;
Saw all his mighty projects counterplann'd;
Ere Burgoyne reached the Hudson, fast *empoign'd*
In Schuyler's grasp, he felt he was "Burgoyn'd."

O mighty soul! — by envious souls decried,
New York's great son in giant height now stands;
Argus to watch, Ulysses to decide,
Gath'ring resources with Briarean hands,
His the victorious field Harkheimer made
St. Leger's foil, stopp'd Johnson's tiger raid;
Fort Stanwix sav'd, the Mohawk valley sav'd —
Was all his work, who coward counsels brav'd;
Stak'd honor, fortune, all, upon the throw,
So by the cast he beat his country's foe;
Oriskany is due to New York's son;
Likewise to Schuyler's *brain* is Bennington,
Fought on our own state soil, on Hoosic's hill,
Vict'ries that yet the nation's pulses thrill.
At length Burgoyne, the haughty, brought to bay
At Saratoga knew our country's might;
At Freeman's Farm saw triumph fade away;
Saw Hope itself take wings on Bemis Height.
Barr'd, baffled, beaten, crippled, short of food,
In vain his craft, his vet'ran multitude,
Caught in the toils through which he could not break,
Chain'd like a victim to the fatal stake
Just where we stand — thanks to Sabbaoth's Lord
Boasting Burgoyne gave up his vet'ran sword.

Here Albion's battle flag, which, round the world,
Following the sun at morning-gun 's unfurl'd,
Here, where we stand, the crucial flag of Mars
Stoop'd, in surrender, to our Stripes and Stars
Where at an army's head, was first display'd
Our Starry Flag with triumph's halo ray'd.

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or loyalists, Canadians and Indians, when he started on this expedition. He himself admits 7,863 men. Schuyler at Fort Edward, when Burgoyne was within twenty-one miles of him, had only 1,500 miserably furnished troops. Burgoyne surrendered, valids and invalids, 5,763 men to Gates, who had, besides staff, bateau-men, artificers, etc., a force numbering 18,624, according to official returns. Gov. and Gen. Clinton of New York estimated the forces of Gen. Gates at between 23,000 and 24,000 armed men.

A century since Burgoyne surrender'd here![1]
British dominion its Centennial year
Had just completed — which its Lion tore
From Holland's zone, the richest gem it bore, —
And now assembled thus, we celebrate
The triumph sure which seal'd th' invader's fate;
Without this deed, Freedom had not been ours;
Without this fact, unbroken Britain's powers;
Burgoyne defeated, France became our friend,
A source of strength on which we could depend,
For all that War's strong sinews constitute —
To foster Freedom's tree — *'neath us the root.*

All was decided here, and at this hour
Our sun leap'd up, though clouds still veil'd its power.
From Saratoga's hills we date the birth, —
Our Nation's birth among the powers of earth.
Not back to '76 New Yorker's date:
The mighty impulse launched our "Ship of State"
'Twas given here — where shines our rising sun
Excelsior! These hills saw victory won.
This vale the cradle where the colonies
Grew into states — despite all enemies,
Yes, on this spot — Thanks to our Gracious God
Where last in conscious arrogance it trod,
Defil'd as captives Burgoyne's conquer'd horde;
Below[2] their general yielded up his sword
There[3] to our flag bow'd England's, battle-torn.
Where now we stand[4] th' United States was born!

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[1] The New Netherlands were not definitely ceded to Great Britain, and did not become permanently New York until the 9th February, 1674, by the peace signed at Westminster. The city of New Amsterdam or New York, was not finally yielded up, however, until the 10th November, 1674.

[2] "*Below.*" On the alluvial flat, a few feet distant from the foundation of the contemplated Saratoga Monument (according to W. L. Stone), Burgoyne went through the ceremony of resigning his sword to Gates. The Duke de Rochefoucauld-Liancourt (ii, 302) who visited "Saratog" in 1795, says that the ceremony took place in the courtyard of Schuyler's ruined homestead.

[3] "*There.*" About a hundred rods to the front and eastward, near the site of old Fort Hardy and present village of Schuylerville, the British forces laid down their arms.

[4] "*Here where we stand.*" The Convention of Saratoga traversed all the British plans, lost to the Crown an army which could not be replaced, won by the colonies the French alliance, without whose men, material and money, independence was still an impossibility. And afterwards no great general battle was fought, nor did the English achieve a single success which led, even comparatively speaking, to important results. The sun of the 17th of October, 1777, witnessed the safe delivery of the infant United States.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR TO THE PRECEDING POEM.

The writer of these verses has endeavored to convey in a few lines facts worthy of remembrance, which thus concisely put could be recalled without exertion, and read or listened to without fatigue. The facts thus grouped together in rhyme, and so briefly presented, were the result, however, of years of the closest study. The author's researches had already borne fruit in a series of publications. The most prominent of these was an "Annual Address," delivered on the 22d of January, 1877, before the New York Historical Society, and entitled "Major General Schuyler and the Burgoyne Campaign, in the summer of 1777:" June, October, 1777; "Justice to Schuyler," published in the *New York Citizen, Citizen and Round Table*, in or about January, 1868; also "Schuyler and Practical Strategy," published in the *Army and Navy Journal*, 27th January, 1865, vol. III, page 336. The last two were published in 1876, as a Monograph, with notes. In addition to these, the author, Major General J. Watts de Peyster, prepared a series of nineteen articles, bearing the general title "The Revolutionary Year, 1777," which came out in the *New York Evening Mail* and *New York Mail*. The first appeared on the 5th of April, and the nineteenth on the 13th December, 1877. The series treated of all the prominent events of "the real beyond contradiction, Centennial year." They filled nearly thirty columns of this *Evening Daily*. Over and above this immense labor, the same exponent of the truth of American history, wrote twelve voluminous articles on "the Burgoyne Campaign" for the *New York Daily Times*, treating in detail, not only the Burgoyne Campaign, proper, but all the military operations bearing upon or connected with the same. These occupied at least thirty-six columns brevier and agate type in this prominent daily journal. Some of them were pronounced by experts to be exhaustive of facts and authorities. Nor was this the entirety of his labors. He furnished a monograph and poem on the Battle of Oriskany, with notes to *Stone's New York Military Gazette*, of the 15th November, 1860, and a detailed article on the same subject to the *New York Historical Magazine* (new series, vol. v, No. 1), for January, 1869. The poem which first appeared in the *Military Gazette*, was considered of sufficient merit to be translated into German and republished in Hon. Friedrich Kapp's "Gerchichte der deutchen Anwanderung in Amerika," vol. 1, "*Geschichte der Deutschen in Staate New York bis zum anfange des neunzehnten Jahrhundert*," *New York*, 1867, pages 389–90. It was again reproduced in the *Staats Zeitung*, of the 6th of August, 1877. His second poem on Oriskany, written for the occasion, was read at the Centennial Anniversary of this decisive battle, noteworthy in connection with the battles and capitulation of Saratoga, because it did decide the fate of the Burgoyne Campaign. This received the most flattering notice from the press throughout the state as well as elsewhere.

The motive for all this work was patriotism in the sense in which it was applied in olden times when a man's sympathies were not expected to embrace a continent: Love of New York, the Empire state in the truest sense of such an appellation, imperial even in its errors. With gradually developing thought, even New England has attained the majesty of justice to Schuyler (see *Stevens's Burgoyne Campaign*, page 27).

Alas! this justice comes just one century too late. New England's envy and injustice, in 1777, deprived Schuyler of his glory in the very hour of triumph. New England, for which Washington had so little good and so much bitter both to say and to write.

All the conflicts of the Burgoyne campaign were fought on New York soil, and all the great factors in the triumph, except the mere nominal chief actor, were born within the limits of the original colony, of the New Netherlands, afterwards New York. Children of its soil fought out the question, on the Upper Hudson (underlying Fort Anne), at Oriskany, and in the passes of the Highlands. Namesake and kinsman, blood relation and connection, neighbor and dependant, met breast to breast, to solve the great problem whether their country should be happier, under a constitutional monarchy, or a constitution and congress.

They did not decide it then, and it is an enigma which still remains unsolved. Events are tending fast to its solution, but the tangled skein is certainly not yet entirely unravelled.

What scathing words Washington hurls around him, at various members of the old original Thirteen. He is unsparing. New England does not escape, nor Pennsylvania, nor even his own native Virginia.

"In 1777 (says Theodore Parker in his *Historic Americans*) when the British held Philadelphia, and Washington went into winter-quarters at Valley Forge, only a day's march off, at a time of the greatest peril, the * * state of Pennsylvania had but twelve hundred militia in the field to defend their own firesides." "Pennsylvania * * did little for independence."

These are quotations. If the charges are unfounded let the author justify them. One fact is patent, just as in 1862 and 1863 Pennsylvania had to call, in 1777, upon her sister states to protect her homesteads.

Meanwhile what is the record of the Rev. William Gordon (111, 399), in regard to New York, which, "though consuming at both ends, and bleeding at every pore, had her complement of Continental troops (congress soldiers, regulars), in the field; beside having raised in the month of May [1780], eight hundred new levies to guard the frontiers."

In 1780, when New York was devastated (at its heart) by her own offspring, while thus suffering and still exerting itself, several of her sister states were in full and peaceable possession of their territories, seemingly slept in security, and had not a third of their quota in the field." "Yet (at this very period) in 1779–80, General Arnold, the traitor, with less than two thousand men (British, regulars and loyalists) ravaged the whole state of Virginia for two years. Jefferson did nothing against him." (*Parker's Historic Americans*, Washington, 144.) Nor was the Father of his Country less severe on the original Colonial Virginia Militia or Provincial troops. (*Ibid*, 86–88.)

This theme might be pursued with healthful instructiveness through pages for the edification not merely of the men of the day, but of posterity, to show that not only were the shores of the noble river (which bears his name), "the loveliest country (according to Hudson) on which the foot of man was ever set," but the men who were bred and born along this majestic stream and its affluents, were worthy of such a partial soil.

The pen labors to reproduce all the honors that cluster around New York.

"The curtains of yesterday drop down, the curtains of to-morrow roll up, but yesterday and to-morrow, *both are!*"

The first North American Colonial Congress met at New York, on the call of Leister in 1690 (Lamb, 1, 379). The second (by many styled the first), celebrated Congress, consisting of delegates from all the colonies, convened by order of the Lords of Trade, at Albany in 1754 (Lamb, 1, 640).

The fate of the thirteen colonies was decided in the state of New York, one hundred years ago; and the first president of the United States was inaugurated in the city of New York, eighty-eight years ago, in a building, Federal Hall, whose site was a gift to his native city, one hundred and eighty-five years ago, by the then mayor, the lineal ancestor of the writer of the poem which precedes this note.

So much space has been devoted to this illustration, because if General de Peyster's part in the exercises on the 17th Oct., 1877, at Schuylerville was comparatively small, his "chivalric" labors to place the state of New York upon the grand elevation its majesty deserves, have not been exceeded by any "son of the soil," since first it had a literature and records.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER, PREPARED FOR THE OCCASION BY COL. B. C. BUTLER.

READ BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
  On Saratoga's broad plains what so proudly is streaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
  O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming.
For our fathers this day, to this field made their way
To glory, in the conquest of the foes proud array.
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

In its field stood the plow, the axe ceased in the wood,
  From his log cabin gladly, the wild hunter sallied,
From city and glen, they came like a flood
  To the ranks where the brave and the valiant were rallied.
O let Stillwater's Heights, and Saratoga's dread fight
Tell how nobly our sires, tought and bled for the right,
While the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

This day, when our sires trod on scepter and chain,
  And the foes of proud Britain were scattered before us,
Then went up to heaven with loudest acclaim
  From the hearts of true freemen, that victory is o'er us.
'Twas Huzzah! Huzzah! from the lake to the shore,

Our cause it has triumphed, we are subjects no more —
The star spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the foes' desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-blest land,
Praise the power that hath blest, and preserved it a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

LETTERS FROM BENSON J. LOSSING, MRS. ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH, GILES B. SLOCUM, AND STEPHEN D. KIRK OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

READ BY COL. D. F. RITCHIE.

BENSON J. LOSSING'S LETTER.

THE RIDGE, DOVER PLAINS P. O.,
DUTCHESS CO., N. Y., Oct. 15, 1875.

William L. Stone, Esq.:

My Dear Sir — I find, at the last moment, that circumstances will deny me the enjoyment of participating in the ceremonies at Saratoga on Wednesday.

I have anticipated much gratification in revisiting the region of Burgoyne's disaster, over which I traveled twenty-nine years ago, with pencil and note-book in hand, guided in my researches on Bemis's Heights, by Mr. Nelson, who, I believe, still lives in Arnold's headquarters.

The mention of Arnold's name opens to view the unpleasant scene in the career of the "conqueror of Burgoyne," which Americans are willing to conceal by a curtain drawn by the hand of charity in behalf of human weakness. I mean the culmination of the intrigues of Gen. Gates to obtain the honorable position held by Gen. Schuyler as commander of the Northern Department, whose judicious management with feeble means had secured the victory to Saratoga before the battle was fought.

The unselfish patriotism of Schuyler, second to that of no man engaged in the grand struggle for liberty in America a hundred years ago, was manifested in various ways. He never let personal feeling or interest stand in the way of the public good. When Gates came as his successor in command of the army and treated him with marked supercilliousness, Schuyler endured the cruel sting with calmness, and not only offered but promptly and generously gave to Gates his services and his influence which secured a triumph for the haughty commander and the patriot cause. He saw with deep concern the danger with which the cause was menaced by Gates's jealousy of Arnold; and he expressed that concern orally and in letters to his friends; but he never uttered a word in derogation of Gates who, with the aid of his friends in congress, had cruelly wronged Schuyler.

The lofty character of that patriot is displayed in some private letters which Schuyler addressed, at the time, to Colonel Richard Varick, who had been his military secretary and aide-de-camp, and was his much loved friend. These letters, in unpublished manuscript, are before me. They have a peculiar interest in connection with this centennial celebration. I make the two or three subjoined extracts from them. Two days after the first battle on Bemis's Heights (Sept. 21, 1777), Schuyler wrote to Col. Varick, who was in the field in front of Burgoyne :

"I am exceedingly happy that the affair of the 19th has turned out so much to our advantage. I hope the same good fortune will attend us in every subsequent one. A report prevails that a second fracas has happened between Gates and General Arnold, but the occasion is not mentioned. I hope it is not of such a nature as to oblige that gallant officer to leave the army. If he does, I shall be far, very far indeed from being so easy as I feel myself in the reflection that he is with you. Advise me what has happened."

On the 25th, Schuyler again wrote to Colonel Varick, saying :

"I am pleased to hear that my gallant friend, General Arnold, has determined to remain until a battle shall have happened or Burgoyne retreats. Everybody that I have yet conversed with on the subject of the dispute between Gates and him thinks

Arnold has been extremely ill-treated. I wonder at Gates's policy. *He will probably be indebted to him for the glory he may acquire by a victory;* but perhaps he is so very sure of success that he *does not wish the other to come in for a share of it.*"

The destruction of his property to the amount of $50,000, his mansion and mills at Saratoga, did not draw from Schuyler a word of complaint. When Burgoyne, who had caused that destruction, was entertained at Schuyler's table, in Albany, after the surrender, and spoke feelingly of the event, the patriot replied: "Don't speak of it; it was the fortune of war." And two days before the surrender, when tidings of negotiations to that effect had reached Schuyler, he wrote to Colonel Varick (Oct. 15, 1877): "The event that has taken place makes the heavy loss I have sustained set quite easy upon me. Britain will probably see how fruitless her attempts to enslave us will be. I set out to-day."

Schuyler's suggestion that Gates might be indebted to Arnold for the glory he might acquire by a victory, was prophetic. It was even so; and he showed, in omitting Arnold's name in his despatch to congress, that he was unwilling that another should "come in for a share of the glory."

I have written this letter with an earnest desire to impress upon the minds of my countrymen the truth which undeniable facts certify, that to the unselfish patriotism, sleepless vigilance, untiring industry, marvelous fortitude, rare judgment and skill, unflinching courage, lofty faith and wide social influence of General Schuyler, more than to the exertions of any other man, is due the honor and the praise of any turning back a most formidable invasion of northern and western New York, in 1777, and the ruin of the armies of the invaders. That event was the pivotal point upon which the fortunes of the war turned in favor of the Americans, and led directly to circumstances which secured our independence.

Yours, with sentiments of high esteem,

BENSON J. LOSSING.

MRS. WALWORTH'S LETTER.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Sept. 4th, 1877.

Mr. Wm. L. Stone, Sec'y,

Dear Sir — Accept my thanks for your polite invitation, to attend the Centennial celebration of the surrender of Burgoyne. I will endeavor to be present. It is an occasion in which I naturally take a very lively interest, having been over the ground many times both practically and theoretically in the preparation of my map of the battles. I have also a traditionary interest in the event since my great grandfather was in both battles and present at the surrender. As you have requested me to furnish you with a short sketch of his life to be used at the celebration, I enclose a few items and regret that pressing engagements prevent me from referring to interesting family papers.

Colonel John Hardin was born in Fauquier county, Virginia, Oct. 1st, 1753. Martin Hardin, his father, moved from Fauquier county, to George's Creek, on the Monongahela river, when John was about twelve years old. This was a new settlement on the frontier, and Martin Hardin thought it was in Virginia, but when the state line was drawn, it was found to be in Pennsylvania. In their new situation, hunting was an occupation of necessity. Young Hardin, with his rifle, traversed the vales, crossed the hills and clambered the mountains in search of game until he became one of the most perfect hunters of his time. The rapidity and exactness with which he used his rifle (a weapon still preserved in the family), made him what is called a "dead shot."

In the expedition conducted by Governor Dunmore against the Indians in 1774, John Hardin served as ensign in a militia company. The following year he volunteered with Captain Jack Morgan, and was wounded during an engagement with the savages. A rifle ball struck his thigh and lodged near the groin whence it was never abstracted. Before he had recovered from his wound or could dispense with his crutches, he joined Dunmore in his march against the Indian towns.

Soon after the peace that ensued, Hardin prepared for a journey to Kentucky, as the scene of new adventures, but rumors of approaching war with Great Britain led him to abandon this project.

When the American congress called for a military force Hardin offered himself to the business of recruiting and soon joined the continental army with the commission of second lieutenant. He was attached to Morgan's rifle corps, and was held in high esteem by Gen. Daniel Morgan, and was often selected by him for enterprises of peril which required discretion and intrepidity to ensure success. While with the army of Gen. Gates he was sent on a reconnoitering expedition with orders to capture a prisoner for the purpose of obtaining information. Marching silently in advance of his party, he found himself, on reaching the abrupt summit of a hill, in the presence of three British soldiers and a Mohawk Indian. The moment was critical, but without the slightest hesitation he presented his rifle and ordered them to surrender. The British immediately threw down their arms, the Indian clubbed his gun. Hardin continued to advance on them, but none of his men having come up to his assistance he turned his head a little to one side and called them. The Indian warrior observing Hardin's eye withdrawn from him reversed his gun with a rapid motion for the purpose of firing. Hardin caught the gleam of light that was reflected from the polished barrel of the gun, and readily divining its meaning, brought his own rifle to a level, and without raising his gun to his face gained the first fire and gave the Indian a mortal wound. The ball from the warrior's rifle passed through Hardin's hair. The British prisoners were marched into camp and Hardin received the thanks of General Gates. Soon after this he was offered a major's commission in a new regiment, but he declined, alleging that he could be of more use where he was.

In 1786, he removed with his wife and family to Kentucky, and was in every expedition into the Indian country from that state, that occurred during his life. In 1792, he was sent by General Wilkinson with overtures of peace to the Indians. He

was on his route to the Miami villages, attended by his interpreter and a party of Indians who professed to be friendly. They proved to be treacherous and cruel and shot him to death. The Indian chiefs assembled in council expressed much regret upon hearing of Hardin's death though they were suspected of having instigated the tragedy, the victim being held in dread as one of the "mighty men" of the "dark and bloody ground."

With cordial wishes for the success of the celebration, I remain,

Very truly yours,

ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH.

GILES B. SLOCUM'S LETTER.

TRENTON, WAYNE CO., MICH.,
Oct. 10th, 1877.

William L. Stone, Esq.,

My Dear Sir — I take great pleasure in responding to your request that I should write you some of my early recollections of Schuylerville, and of the celebration which occurred in that village in 1822. Brief, as they must necessarily be, they may, perhaps, possess some degree of interest.

It may not be out of place to say that my grandfather, Giles Slocum, was well acquainted with Major-General Schuyler (whom he greatly admired) as he first rented a farm and afterwards bought it of that general. The farm is now owned by one Lockro on the west bank of Fish creek about a mile below Stafford's bridge. On this spot I was born in 1808, but my father and grandfather moved over to old Saratoga, in 1814, and bought the place now owned by Hiram Cramer, situated about two miles south-west of Schuylerville. This was the same farm, in fact, on which resided Major Dunham — the captor of the noted tory Lovelace who was hung as a spy on the hill just in front of the old Schuyler mansion.[1] The remarkable and aged Albert Clements at that time lived on the adjoining farm to ours, and he is still living, adjoining, but about a mile east of his former residence.

When a school boy, we used to find leaden bullets on Bur-

[1] The skull of Lovelace is now in the possession of George Strover Esq. — *W. L. S.*

goyne's battle-grounds of which we made plummets to rule our writing paper, as they were the softest and best lead to be had. I well remember the "entrenchments or breastworks" on the west slope of the heights of Saratoga of which Mr. Clements speaks in his affidavit ;[1] and I also well recollect the embankment enclosing Fort Hardy, at the north side of Fish creek, just at its junction with the Hudson — the point where Burgoyne's army piled their arms.

About fifty-five years ago there was a big celebration on the 4th of July, of which Philip Schuyler, the grandson of General Schuyler, was the leading actor. The extensive tables on the occasion were set on the grounds of old Fort Hardy, with a canopy of evergreens to protect the guests from the sun although the oration was delivered in a shady grove on the eastern slope of the heights, near where the Dutch Reformed church now stands, by the "eloquent but unfortunate" Rev. Hooper Cummings of Albany, at that time a brilliant light in the American pulpit, but destined, "like a glowing meteor, to go suddenly down in darkness and gloom."[2] I well remember, also, that there were about a dozen old revolutionary soldiers present, seated in a row on a bench close under the voice and eye of the orator (so that they could the better hear and see) ; and that when the speaker, in the course of his remarks, addressed them personally, it was in such glowing terms of thankfulness and honor for their invaluable services, few dry eyes could have been found within hearing of his voice. John Ward, one of the body guard of General Schuyler, and who was carried off by the tory Waltermeyer, into Canada, when the latter attempted the abduction of the general from Albany, was among those seated on the bench.

The gathering was a very large one, the people of the whole county being nearly all there. Brigadier General De Ridder from across the river, a substantial property holder and a gene-

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[1] See Mrs. Walworth's *Guide Book*, and Stone's *Burgoyne*.

[2] This noted orator seems to have been a favorite speaker on such occasions. In the summer of 1826, when the remains of Jane McCrea were taken up and reburied, he delivered the discourse. See Lossing's *Field Book of the Revolution*. — *W. L. S.*

ral in the war of 1812, was mounted on a fine horse at the head of a large troop of light horse (as they were then called) and other military companies. The "soul stirring drum and ear piercing fife" were the materials in that day in the way of music. I recall the fact, also, that the breastworks surrounding the fort were nearly perfect at that time, as General De Ridder, at the head of the military, marched around on the top of the entrenchments.

Philip Schuyler, and General De Ridder were the great personages of that day, and were the only ones who came to the old Dutch Reformed church in their coaches.

Two years ago, I visited Schuylerville with my son. I then looked in vain for the first vestige of the old fort, or of the entrenchments on the heights. I recollect the old Dutch Reformed church situated about half a mile south of Schuylerville, as mentioned by Mr. Clements; and in my childhood was edified by hearing each Sunday two sermons by the Rev. Mr. Duryea. The building was enclosed, but not plastered, and was used by the British in the campaign. I was well acquainted with Philip Schuyler, the grandson above mentioned, who left that section of the country in 1837. I, also, left the same year for this place, where I have resided ever since. I came here for the first time, however, in 1831.

You will see, therefore, that I cannot but have a great desire to see the monument completed in my time, as I have always had a strong attachment for the place of my birth.

I regret very much that I cannot attend the celebration at Schuylerville on the 17th.

I hope it will be a grand success and insure the erection of a monument on the far famed "heights of Saratoga" worthy to commemorate the great event of American history.

With much esteem,

Very truly yours,

GILES B. SLOCUM.

STEPHEN D. KIRK'S LETTER.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 10, 1877.

William L. Stone, Esq.,

My Dear Sir — I am in receipt of your favor. It will give me great pleasure to have my name added to the list of the honorable gentlemen who are to be vice presidents on the great occasion alluded to; and, at the same time, thank you sincerely for assigning one of the descendants of the fathers of one of the "old thirteen" a place in the programme.

I feel, as all Americans should, that what concerns your great state, certainly belongs to me also; and as citizens of one great nation, we can only maintain our sovereignty by such feeling.

The year previous to the annihilation of Burgoyne in New York, Sir Peter Parker was expelled in disgrace from South Carolina; and when France and Holland recognized our great country as free and independent, New York and the *Palmetto state* mutually rejoiced at the welcome event. Then why should not the children and grandchildren, from generation to generation, love and cherish each other; and at all times make these anniversaries national, if not in fact at least in feeling? My maternal grandfather (Wm. Roberts) was a soldier of the Revolution. My paternal grand uncle (Gideon Kirk) was almost continually fighting the tories, and, on one occasion, a brother of his was killed by them through mistake for Gideon. After the war he was a member of our state legislature at the time of its adoption of the federal constitution May 23d, 1788.

With much respect,

Yours most cordially,

S. D. KIRK.

LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FROM THOSE WHO WERE UNABLE TO BE PRESENT IN RESPONSE TO THE FOLLOWING INVITATION.

BOX 2374, NEW YORK CITY, August 22, 1877.

DEAR SIR:— One hundred years ago — the 17th of October, 1877 — Burgoyne surrendered on the plains of Saratoga; and with that event closed the most important chapter of the American Revolution. This secured for us the French alliance — and lifted the cloud of moral and financial gloom that had settled upon the hearts of the people, dampening the hopes of the leaders of the Revolution, and wringing despairing words even from the hopeful Washington. From that auspicious day, belief in the ultimate triumph of American liberty never abandoned the nation till it was realized and sealed, four years later, almost to a day, in the final surrender at Yorktown.

Arrangements have accordingly been made, under the auspices of the Saratoga Monument Association, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender, upon the field of that event, at Schuylerville, N. Y., on the seventeenth day of October next, in a manner every way worthy of the occasion. Hon. Horatio Seymour of Utica, and Hon. George William Curtis of New York city, will deliver the orations, and Alfred B. Street of Albany, the poem. You are cordially invited to attend this celebration.

Yours very respectfully, WILLIAM L. STONE,
Chairman Invitation Committee.

WILLIAM L. STONE, P. C. FORD, E. F. BULLARD, Invitation Committee representing the Saratoga Monument Association. An early answer is requested.

THE LETTERS.[1]

GLENCLIFFE, GARRISON, Putnam Co. N. Y., Sept. 4, 1877. William L. Stone, Esq., New York. My Dear Sir: I am in the receipt of the invitation which you have kindly sent me under date of the 15th of August, to attend the celebration on 17th October next, of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne on the plains of Saratoga. I regret that it will not be in my power to be present on the very interesting occasion. The importance of the great event which you propose to celebrate cannot be too highly appreciated by those who are now enjoying the benefits of the government whose infant life was secured by the results of the Battle of Saratoga. Very respectfully yours,

HAMILTON FISH.

CUMMINGTON, MASS., Aug. 25, 1877. My Dear Sir: For various reasons I cannot attend the commemoration of the surrender of Burgoyne, on the 17th of October. Few events in the history of our revolutionary war are of such importance or so well deserve to be recalled to our grateful recollection. I should be glad to hear the oration of Mr. Seymour set off by the advantages of his voice and manner, and to be present at

[1] In reading these letters of the distinguished men, the most casual reader cannot fail to notice the universal recognition of the supreme importance of the great event which was so appropriately and successfully commemorated. Had not congress been in session many of the writers would doubtless have been present. The editor could easily have filled many pages with the letters that were received had space permitted. He has thought it best, therefore, to select a few only from the different professions and walks in life to show the general and kindly response to the invitation of the committee.

the reading of Mr. Street's poem, which, I am sure, will worthily celebrate the occasion. But I must content myself with seeing them in print, and thanking your committee for your obliging invitation,

I am, sir, faithfully yours, W. C. BRYANT.

NEW YORK, Oct. 2d 1877. W. L. Stone, Esq., Dear Sir: I accept with pleasure the honor of being one of the vice-presidents of your association. If my health permits I will be present at the celebration on the 17th inst. Respectfully yours, GEORGE L. SCHUYLER.

WALDSTEIN, FAIRFIELD, CT., OCT. 11, 1877. William L. Stone, Esq., Dear Sir. The invitation to me from your committee to attend the Saratoga celebration does me honor, and I trust that all success will attend the occasion which cannot but be full of wholesome lessons and incentives, as well as rich in patriotic remembrances. I regret that I must be content to join with you and your associates in spirit only and that I cannot leave home next week. Yours respectfully, SAM'L OSGOOD.

NEW YORK CITY. My dear Mr. Stone: I am exceedingly pleased with your remembering me in so patriotic a connection, as well as because I am one of Dr. Wayland's boys. Your letter would have been answered before, but it would have involved an answer to the question, "Why I go fishing," and neglect correspondence quietly lying at home. I am just "off Nantucket," and that is my excuse for tardiness. Congress meets 15th Oct., and your "Event" is 17th Oct. It will be impossible, therefore, for me to be with you. If Congress is postponed, I will be on hand. My revolutionary centennial is at Monmouth, where my grandfather fought, and that is next year. So my turn *will* come. With thanks for your invitation, I am Yours truly, S. S. COX.

POTSDAM, Oct. 10, 1877. Dear Sir: Yours of the 8th inst., extending to me an invitation to participate in the ceremonies connected with the laying of the corner stone of the monument to be erected commemorative of Burgoyne's surrender is received. I sincerely regret that previous engagements prevent me from accepting your invitation, as it would afford me very great pleasure to be present on that patriotic and instructive occasion, and listen to the orations of the distinguished gentlemen referred to. Hoping that the association will have all the success which the cause and occasion should command, and thanking you for the compliment which the invitation conveys, I am very respectfully yours,

E. A. MERRITT.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24, 1877. My Dear Sir: I thank you for your polite invitation to attend the Centennial of Burgoyne's surrender as one of the vice presidents of the day. * * * My grandfather bore arms in the critical and decisive fight which you celebrate (as well as afterwards in the Jerseys and at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown), so that it is for filial as well as for patriotic reasons that I wish you very cordially a complete success. Faithfully yours, MANTON MARBLE.

FULTONVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1877. Wm. L. Stone, Esq., Dear Sir: It will afford me much pleasure to accept your invitation, to be present on the occasion of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne, at Schuylerville. An event which contributed so notably, to the achievement of the liberties of our country, deserves suitable recognition. I am assured that the interest displayed in the proposed celebration, as well as well as the spirit with which it may be conducted, will not prove unworthy of either the times, or the men, which our country hold in such grateful remembrance. I remain with regard, Yours very respectfully, JOHN H. STARIN.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3d, 1877. Hon. Wm. L. Stone, Dear Sir: I regret that I cannot accept your kind invitation to attend the Centennial celebration of the battle of Saratoga, as one of the vice presidents of the ceremonies, on the 17th of October, next. This has been called one of the decisive battles of history. Who can say that it was not? When Burgoyne surrendered to the victors, the flower of the British forces in America, then, but not till then, did independence seem possible. It has always seemed to me that General Fraser was the controlling spirit of the enemy in this engagement, and the bullet that laid him low, was the chief instrument of a victory that opened the way to our national existence. If at Lexington, was fired the "shot heard round the world," with equal truth that shot, at Saratoga, that took the gallant Fraser from the field, is echoing through the centuries. It is commendable that these heroic deeds of our ancestors should be made the object of our homage. These deeds make us to-day the freest people on the earth. We are reaping in ease the harvest sown in tears. We shall be wasteful of our inheritance of liberty and careless to guard it unless its cost be kept constantly before us. Thanking you and the gentlemen of your committee for your invitation. I have the honor to remain, Yours very truly, ETHAN ALLEN.

OFFICE OF THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE, NEW YORK, Sept. 3, 1877, Wm. L. Stone, Esq., Dear Sir: I thank you very cordially for the courteous invitation to attend the celebration at Schuylerville of the one hundredth anniversary of Burgoyne's surrender. That event was the turning point in the American Revolution, and the campaign which led to it is one of the brightest pages in American history. I regret that my pressing duties will prevent me from joining in the anniversary festivities.
Yours truly, DAVID M. STONE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3, 1877, Dear Sir: Accept my best thanks for the nonor you have done me in asking me to join in the commemoration of so glorious and important an anniversary. If I could stand upon the Field of Grounded Arms, on the 17th of October, I should be the richer for life by another imperishable memory; but engagements made months ago, compel me to be in Boston on that day. Very respectfully yours,
BAYARD TAYLOR.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 6, 1877. My Dear Sir: I am very sorry to be constrained to decline your kind invitation for the 17th inst., but I have a positive engagement at home for that day at one o'clock, P.M., and of course cannot be at Schuylerville. I wish very sincerely that it were in my power to go, and to perform the service which you request. Most truly yours, R. S. STORRS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19th, 1877. William L. Stone Esq. Dear sir. I am in receipt of an invitation to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne. I take great pleasure in accepting the same, and should circumstances permit I shall be present at the interesting ceremonies. With much respect, HENRY KIDDLE, *City Supt.*

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 10, 1877. Wm. L. Stone, My Dear sir: Your very polite invitation to be present at the centennial celebration of Burgoyne's surrender and act as one of the vice presidents of the day is duly received. While appreciating highly the compliment thus conveyed, I greatly regret that an imperative engagement at Washington for that day will prevent my being with you in person on that occasion. I am, Respectfully yours, PARKER HANDY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, Aug 26, 1877. Dear Sir: I am directed by the president to acknowledge the receipt of your valued favor

of the 18th inst. extending to him an invitation to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne, at Schuylerville, N. Y., on the 17th of October next, and to say, in reply, that while he thanks you for your courtesy, he regrets his inability to accept, owing to previous engagements. Very truly yours,

O. L. PRUDEN, *Ass't Secretary.*

WINDSOR, VT, Aug. 27, 1877. My Dear Sir: I should be very glad to attend the celebration at Saratoga, and am much obliged to you for your personal invitation which enforces that of the committee. I should expect great pleasure from hearing ex-Gov. Seymour's oration, and would willingly take part in the homage of our generation to the great deeds of our ancestors on the famous battle-fields of Saratoga. But I cannot at present count upon being able to leave Washington even for a short absence, in the middle of October. Please convey my thanks to the committee for their attention, and accept, for yourself, my acknowledgments for your personal courtesy. Wishing all prosperity to the celebration, I am, yours very truly,

WM. M. EVARTS.

WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington, Aug. 23, 1877. Wm. L. Stone, Esq., My Dear Sir: I regret exceedingly my inability to accept your very kind invitation to attend the centennial anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne, for which please accept my sincere thanks. Sincerely yours,

GEO. W. MCCRARY, *Secretary of War.*

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Washington, D. C., Aug. 26th, 1877. Wm. L. Stone, Esq., Dear Sir: I have received your favor of Aug. 15th inviting me to attend the centennial celebration of the surrender of Burgoyne on Oct. 17th at Schuylerville, N. Y. I thank you, and through you the committee, for the honor of the invitation, and regret that other engagements prevent me from accepting. Wishing you success in your undertaking, I remain very truly,

D. M. KEY.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, Washington, Aug. 28, 1877. My Dear Sir: I extremely regret that my engagements are such as to compel me to decline the polite invitation of the committee to join in the celebration of the important event of the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne, on the 17th of October. Your obedient servant,

CHARLES DEVENS, *Attorney General.*

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, Washington, Aug. 23, 1877. Dear Sir: I have received your kind invitation to attend the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne and in reply regret to say that in all probability my official duties will prevent my attendance, much as I might wish to be with you. I have the honor to be, Your obedient servant,

C. SCHURZ.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, Oct. 5, 1877. Dear Sir: In reply to your favor of Sept. 10, accompanying the formal invitation to the celebration at Schuylerville on the 17th inst., Mr. Blaine directs me to say that imperative engagements in Washington render it impossible to accept, otherwise he would be very happy to attend. Very respectfully,

T. H. SHERMAN, *Secretary.*

STOWE, VT., Aug. 21, 1877 William L. Stone, Esq, Dear Sir: As the Supreme Court meets early in October, I shall be unable to accept the kind invitation of the committee to be present at the Centennial anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne. Yours very truly,

JOS. P. BRADLEY.

LYME, CONN., Aug. 20, 1877. Dear Sir: I am just in the receipt at this place, of your invitation to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne under the auspices of the Saratoga Monument Association, and regret to say that my official engagements at Washington will prevent my acceptance. Yours very respectfully,

M. R. WAITE.

PARIS, September 14, 1877. Wm. L. Stone, Esq., Dear Sir: The invitation of your committee only found me the other day in Scotland. It will not be in my power to reach home in time to be at Saratoga on the 17th of October. I hasten to thank you, however, and those associated with you in your efforts to testify the national appreciation of a battle which — if any one link in the chain of God's Providences is of more importance than another — was beyond question the most important battle of the Revolution. It was at Saratoga that our militia first became aware of their ability to cope successfully with English regulars. It was in that battle the British government learned the folly, if not the wickedness of its unholy alliance with savages. It was the defeat of Burgoyne which practically decided France to lend us her sword, thereby insuring, if not actually accomplishing, our deliverance. Such a landmark in our history can hardly be made too conspicuous. It is only less meritorious to assist in perpetuating the memory of important public services than to have conferred them. The monuments of a nation's gratitude are perhaps the truest measure of its patriotism and the most eloquent propagators of those distinctive virtues by which great states are founded, aggrandized and perpetuated. Should it be proposed at your gathering in October to erect some memorial of the Saratoga victory, more durable — if such a thing be possible — than the discourse and poem to be pronounced on that occasion, I venture to solicit the privilege of associating myself with the advocates of such a proposal and, according to my means, with any effort looking to its realization. I am, dear sir, very respectfully yours,

JOHN BIGELOW.

ALBANY Aug. 22, 1877. William L. Stone Esq., My dear Sir: I thank you for your kindness in sending me an invitation from the Saratoga Monument Association to attend their celebration at Schuylerville of the 100th anniversary of the fifteenth decisive battle of the world. Unless detained by some unforeseen circumstance, I shall not fail to be present, that I may enjoy the luxury of sharing simultaneously in the patriotic emotions of the tens of thousands who will be assembled there on the occasion. Very respectfully yours, HENRY A. HOMES.

ALBANY, Sept. 1, 1877. My dear Mr. Stone. I thank you for the kind invitation to be present at the anniversary of the 17th of October. From your intimate knowledge of my sentiments expressed to you in our many conversations upon this subject, you must feel assured that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be present on that occasion.

In times like these, however, business must receive the first and the undivided attention; and an imperative engagement on the day of the celebration, far away from home, will oblige me to decline. Very cordially yours. JOHN S. PERRY.

ALBANY, Sept. 1, 1877. Sir: I have the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your very polite invitation to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne, and I shall be most happy to avail myself of the same if my official duties here do not prevent. Thanking you for very courteous attention, I remain, Yours very truly,

FRANKLIN TOWNSEND, *Adjutant General.*

NEW YORK, October 3, 1877; My Dear Sir: Your cordial invitation to attend the anniversary at Saratoga on the 17th inst., has been received. The many centennial commemorations in which the people now so heartily participate have awakened intense interest in the early history of our country; and, as a teacher, I rejoice in every such celebration. The anniversary of an event so important in the Revolution, as the surrender of Burgoyne cannot fail to arouse every true patriot. Congratulating you upon the great success of your undertaking, and thanking you for your kind remembrance. I am most faithfully yours, JOHN G. MCNARY.

UTICA, Oct. 8, 1877. W. L. Stone, Esq., My dear Sir: you will remember that in acknowleding the reception of your invitation to be present at the interesting ceremonies on the 17th at Saratoga, I intimated the improbability of my being able to attend. It is now rendered quite certain that I cannot from the fact that congress will be in session at that date, and my public duty will require me to be there. I need not say how much I regret the necessity that constrains my absence. It would be my duty, as it certainly would be my pleasure, as one of the associates in the board of direction, to countenance the enterprise by my presence, at least, even if I were able to give to the occasion no other aid, were it possible for me to attend. These celebrations are great educators of the people. The one at Oriskany, in which I was so happy as to be able to participate, was such an outpouring of the people as central New York had never seen, and a most lively historical interest was imparted to the important events, which that day commemorated. I say "important" because, as I have had occasion to remark without Oriskany, it is quite doubtful whether we should have had any Saratoga to celebrate. Saratoga was the grand culmination of which Oriskany and Bennington were most essential complements.

Let me add too that the work you have recently given to the public as the fruit of much labor and extensive research, while it may tend to correct some popular errors, and should be carefully studied in connection with the whole story of Burgoyne's marches, engagements, and final surrender. It may call out some discussions and even controversy, but it will be wholesome, if wisely and decorously conducted, and, as to the result, I venture the prediction that yours will be accepted as the most veritable narrative of the events of which it treats, and the best sustained by contemporary and reliable authority.

Renewing my regret, that events I am unable to control, will prevent my presence and participation in the ceremonies of the 17th — and trusting it will be, as I cannot doubt it must be, in all respects, a most successful demonstration, I remain, with much regard, Your obedient servant,

WM. J. BACON.

UTICA, N. Y., October 15, 1877. Hon. William L. Stone: Contrary to my expectations I shall be prevented from attending your celebration of the surrender of Burgoyne. The campaign of which that was the consummation, had such importance in securing our independence, and especially is so brilliant and momentous a chapter in the history of New York, that our people cannot recall it too often, nor mark it with monuments too grand and resplendent. Your celebration will summon so many and such distinguished men, that my absence will not be observed, but to myself it is a source of regret and disappointment. Yours very truly,

ELLIS H. ROBERTS.

FIRE ISLAND, N. Y., Sept. 4th, 1877. Wm. L. Stone, Esq., My Dear Sir: Your kind invitation of the 28th ult., directed to me at Utica has been forwarded to me at this place. Your kind invitation to be present

with you as one of the vice presidents in your exercises of the 17th of Oct., has not been received by me. I am here as a victim of hay fever which will not permit any escape until the 19th of Sept. On my return to Utica, and by the 24th of Sept. I shall be able to ascertain whether it will be in my power to accept your kind invitation and I will then write to you again.

If, in any way, I can aid you in your good work do not hesitate to call on me by letter or otherwise. Sincerely yours, JOHN F. SEYMOUR.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 13, 1877. My Dear Sir: I regret extremely that I cannot comply with your request. But I have not a moment's leisure for anything beyond the imperative demands upon my time, and must beg to be excused. Yours truly, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BEVERLY FARMS, Mass., Aug. 25th, 1877. Gentlemen: I regret that my engagements will not permit me to have the privilege and pleasure of attending the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Burgoyne's surrender, at Schuylerville, to which you have kindly invited me. Very truly yours, O. W. HOLMES.

WORCESTER, Sept. 4, 1877. My Dear Sir: My public duties will deprive me of the great pleasure of accepting your invitation for Oct. 17. I am, yours very respectfully, GEO. F. HOAR.

BURLINGTON, VT., Aug. 25th, 1877. Dear Sir: Have yours of the 15th inst., inviting me to attend the celebration of the Centennial anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne. I regret that the session of congress called for the 15th of October will prevent my attendance. I rejoice that you are to celebrate that most important event. It was a great white stone, set up in the long and dreary pathway of the Revolution. As distance from a mountain is necessary to enable us to see correctly its greatness and proportions, so the distance of time from which we now observe it, the grandeur of the Revolution that has now given to us as its happy fruit, not only the memories of great soldiers and wise statesmen, but one country of freemen justly rejoicing in universal liberty under a government at once separate and united and with peace and order everywhere. The century now past should be an inspiration to our republic of citizens and of states for the development in the next and all succeeding ones of that happiness and prosperity that should grow more and more from universal liberty and the reign of equal law. Thanking you for your courteous invitation, I am, Very truly yours, GEO. F. EDMUNDS.

BURLINGTON, VT. Aug., 21, 1877. My Dear Sir: I have to thank your committee for the invitation received this morning, to attend the celebration at Schuylerville, on the 17th of October. I very much regret that professional engagements at that time, will deprive me of the pleasure of accepting it. No event in the Revolution is more eminently worthy of special commemoration, than the surrender of Burgoyne. I trust your celebration will be in every respect a success, worthy of the occasion, and of the gentlemen who have it in charge. With much respect,

Very sincerely yours, E. J. PHELPS.

BURLINGTON, VT., Oct 9, 1877. My Dear Sir: I have delayed, until now, a reply to your invitation to attend the celebration of Burgoyne's surrender, set for the 17th of October, hoping that I should be able to be present. I regret to say, that I find it impossible. The 16th of August at Bennington, and the 17th of October on the plains of Saratoga, are bound together as facts of a series — the beginning and the ending — associated in the memories of either day, and well deserving the recognition which

the first received at the centennial observance at Bennington, and the latter the crowning work, shall receive, upon the field of that event, after its hundred years of memory and influence. "The Green Mountain Boy," and the "Yorker" must be at one as they look upon either monument, and so, I trust, they shall ever be in all patriotic actions.

With great respect, I am your obedient servant, DANIEL ROBERTS.

BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 30, 1877. My Dear Mr. Stone. Returning last night from a journey, I find your kind invitation to the Saratoga festival in October, and regret that I shall be prevented by engagements from being present on so interesting an occasion. Yours very truly,

F. PARKMAN.

NEWPORT, Oct. 8, 1877. Dear Sir: Your very kind note of the 6th, accompanying the formal invitation to be present at Saratoga on the 17th and act as one of the vice presidents, at the celebration, is at hand. Be assured that I appreciate your kindness and hope to be able to be present.

I regret to say that the late severe illness of Gov. Van Zandt will prevent his making the journey. It would be unsafe for him to do so. I saw him yesterday, and to-day he rode out a short way in a close carriage for the first time since his return from the West. I shall try to arrange to leave here on Monday night and hope to meet you on the old battle ground.

Very truly yours, S. G. ARNOLD.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., Oct. 11, '77. My patriotic co-worker, Mr. Stone: No man who will stand on the "Field of Grounded Arms" on the centennial anniversary will carry in his bosom a heart more full of rejoicing than mine, which must necessarily keep time at home to the glad pulsations of the thousands who will shout over the corner stone. To think that, after years of labor, discouragement and vexation over disappointment on every hand, we have begun to witness the fulfillment of our long deferred hopes, is a glory as well as a joy.

I feel that, when the foundation stone of our long desired memorial is duly and deftly laid, the people of the Empire state, if not of other states, will generously rally for the superstructure, nor feel content till its proud summit has received its cap-stone and stands in its grandeur, "heir of the sunset and herald of the morning." Under the stimulus of oratory and patriotism, our enterprise *must* receive its title-deed to complete success. Glorious will be the day when the captured cannon of Burgoyne shall tell the land in thunder tones, that the work has been accomplished. I can almost fancy the bones of both my grandsires stirring in their graves at the peals of joy on the field where they witnessed the great surrender.

Very truly yours, E. W. B. CANNING.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, Aug. 24, 1877. My Dear Stone: I have just received your invitation to be present at the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne. I must congratulate you on the success, which has crowned your arduous labors in preparing the public for a fitting commemoration of this great event. It would give me the greatest pleasure to participate in the celebration, but my official engagements render it impossible for me to do so. Thanking you for your courteous invitation, I am as ever, Yours most truly,

JAMES B. ANGELL.

BUFFALO, Oct. 10, 1877. Gent.: Thanks for your invitation to attend the centennial anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne. I wish it were so that I could go. I am reluctantly compelled to decline. My best wishes attend you at the gathering. Very respectfully yours,

O. H. MARSHALL.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Oct. 8, 1877. William L. Stone, Esq., My Dear Sir: I received your kind invitation to be present on the 17th inst., on the ground where Burgoyne surrendered, and join in the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of that great event. If it were only to visit again the scenes amid which I spent the earliest years of my childhood, and near which I spent my early manhood; if it were only once more to pass over the historic field that gave its name to the regiment, "The Bemis Heights Regiment," which I had the honor to command in the late war for the Union; if it were only for these reasons, I should desire to be with you. But your invitation has even greater inducements for me than these. Perhaps the greatest achievements of the revolutionary period were the Declaration of Independence, the victory of Saratoga, and the Federal Constitution, and the first and the last of these turned upon the second as upon a pivot. Without that victory the Declaration would have gone for naught, and the Constitution would never have existed. The battle of Saratoga, the most important in our Revolution, has been pronounced one of the "fifteen decisive battles of the world." How strange that success in such a battle should seem to have depended upon an accident! The British war minister wrote peremptory orders to Howe to support Burgoyne, then put the order in a pigeon-hole and forgot to send it. Howe marched to Philadelphia and not to Saratoga. Was it an accident? In God's government, whether of matter or of mind, there are no accidents. Who can doubt that it was and is in the order of Providence, that this republic should be founded, and should survive all assaults from without and all dissensions from within?

"The right is with us, God is with the right,
And victory is with God!"

The distance is so great, and my engagements are such, that I cannot be present, on the 17th inst., on the ground where Burgoyne surrendered. I must, therefore, content myself with thanking you for inviting me to participate in so interesting an occasion. I am, very respectfully, Your obedient servant, JAMES B. MCKEAN.

PEORIA, ILL., Aug. 7th, 1877. Gen. E. F. Bullard, Dear Sir: I do not believe it will be possible for me to be with you on the immortal 17th of Oct. I thank you heartily and sincerely for the invitation. Yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

WOODSIDE, KY., Sept. 1st, 1877. Wm. L. Stone, Esq., My Dear Sir: I have the pleasure of acknowledging your courteous invitation to visit Schuylerville and participate in the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne, "as one of the vice presidents of the day." This compliment I highly appreciate; and unless prevented by circumstances on which I have no control, I will be with you on that occasion. Again returning you my thanks for the honor conferred.
I remain, Yours most respectfully. COL. CLARENCE S. BATE.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1877. My Dear Sir: I thank you for your kind invitation to attend the Burgoyne centennial. If possible you may be sure I will not fail to attend, but my engagements for the month are very pressing and I fear I may fail. You know how great an interest I have always taken in the history of Burgoyne's campaign, the turning point of our Revolution and so of American history. I trust and indeed am sure it will be worthily celebrated. Very truly yours, ROB. S. HALE.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, State of Connecticut, Hartford, Oct. 5, 1877. Sir: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your very courteous invitation to

attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne. Regretting that I am obliged to deny myself the pleasure, and thanking you for your courtesy, I have the honor to be, Your ob't serv't, R. D. HUBBARD.

BOSTON, Oct. 1, 1877. William L. Stone, Esq., Dear Sir: I am directed by his excellency, the governor, to acknowledge the receipt of your very courteous invitation to attend the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender at Saratoga, on the 17th inst., and to communicate to you his regret that public and official duties will compel his presence within the commonwealth at that time. I am Sir, with high respect, etc.

G. H. CAMPBELL, *Private Secretary.*

STATE OF KENTUCKY, Executive Department, Frankfort, Sept. 4, 1877. William L. Stone, Esq., Dear Sir: Yours of recent date in behalf of the Saratoga Monument Association, inviting me to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne, is at hand and I regret that official engagements will prevent my attendance. Very respectfully, JAMES B. MCCREARY.

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, Executive Chamber, Harrisburg, Aug. 22, 1877. Gentlemen: I beg leave to acknowledge your cordial invitation to attend the celebration of the anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne on the seventeenth of next October, and regret that my probable engagements and the uncertainty of affairs in Pennsylvania for the next few months, will not permit me to accept the same. The occasion is one of so much interest, that I should like extremely to participate. Under the circumstances I can only return to the Saratoga Monument Association my thanks for their kind remembrance and wish them and the occasion the greatest success and enjoyment. I am, gentlemen, with high regards. Yours very truly, J. F. HARTRANFT.

STATE OF ARKANSAS, Executive Office Little Rock, Sept. 3, 1877. William L. Stone, Esq., Dear Sir: Your invitation to attend the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender at Saratoga, is received. I wish that it might be possible for me to attend, but have to regret that pressure of official duties, at home, will probably prevent. Centennial commemotions are frequent enough, just now; but that of Burgoyne's surrender is one of exceptional interest. The event, as recorded in history, is one of those which linger in the recollection of every patriotic American, and go to assist the fund of feeling which makes us one people A common ancestry, a common glory, a common pride, are the strongest links to bind a nation together, and the best guarantee of stability for our political institutions. Very respectfully, your ob'dt serv't, W. R. MILLER,

Governor of Arkansas.

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI, Executive Department, Jackson, Miss., Aug. 22, 1877. William L. Stone, Esq., Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your courteous invitation, to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne, on the 17th of October. Fully sympathizing with the objects and purposes of the occasion, I should esteem it a great pleasure to attend, but my engagements will be such at that time as to compel me to deny myself that pleasure,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant, J. M. STONE.

STATE OF COLORADO, Executive Department, Denver, Aug. 22, 1877. Wm. L. Stone, Esq., Dear Sir: In the absence of Governor Routt, I reply to your invitation of the 15th inst. by saying that he will not probably be able to accept, by reason of certain official duties in the selection of public

lands, etc., which will require his presence in the state at the time of your celebration. He will advise you definitely upon his return, which will be within a fortnight. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN M. REIGART, *Private Secretary.*

PROVIDENCE, Aug. 22, 1877. William L. Stone, Esq., Dear Sir: Your polite invitation to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender at Saratoga came duly to hand. It was addressed to myself individually, but of course, was intended for the present governor, Van Zandt. I have forwarded the invitation and he will undoubtedly cordially respond to it. Very truly yours, HENRY LIPPITT,

Ex-Governor of Rhode Island.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, Executive Department, Newport, Sept. 7, 1877. Dear Sir. Your favor is received, and I shall be gratified to be present with my adjutant general and the six members of my personal staff at your celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne on the 17th of October next. With great respect, most truly yours, CHAS. C. VAN ZANDT,

Governor.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, Executive Department, Trenton, Oct. 8, 1877. Wm. L. Stone, Esq., My Dear Sir: Permit me to thank you and the committee for the honor of an invitation to be present on the 17th inst., at the centennial of the surrender of Burgoyne.

I find that it is impossible to accept, owing to official duties here. This I really regret, as the occasion will not only be pleasurable but will commemorate one of the brightest and most important events of the Revolution.

Again thanking you, and wishing that the day may be a success as it cannot be otherwise. I am yours, very respectfully, J. D. BEDLE.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, Aug. 23. My Dear Sir: Your very polite invitation to participate in the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne reached me yesterday. I regret that it will not be in my power to witness the interesting ceremonies of the occasion, and beg that you will convey to the gentlemen of the committee my thanks for their courtesy, and my regret that I cannot avail myself of it. With my best wishes for the complete success of the celebration,

I am very respectfully yours, GEO. B. MCCLELLAN.

OREGON, Executive Office, Salem, Sept. 12, 1877. Hon. Wm. L. Stone, Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your courteous invitation to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Saratoga. I fully appreciate the importance of the event that this celebration is designed to commemorate. The least observing student of American history must see that the surrender of Burgoyne was the turning point of the Revolution. It gave the colonists a confidence in the stability and ultimate triumph of the infant republic which never afterwards deserted them, and is unquestionably brought to their aid the French alliance. I have no doubt that your proposed celebration will be an occasion of much interest, and I therefore so much the more regret the fact that my official duties will not permit me to attend. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, S. F. CHADWICK,

Governor of Oregon.

WISCONSIN, Executive Department, Madison, Sept. 25, 1877. Wm. L. Stone, Esq. Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your valued invitation to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne, and to convey to you my

sincere regret, that urgent duties will prevent my acceptance of the same, Were it possible for me to be present on so interesting and historic an occasion, I would most gladly have availed myself of your distinguished courtesy. Yours with respect, H. LUDINGTON.
Governor of Wisconsin.

NEW ORLEANS, August 27, 1877. Dear Sir: Your kind invitation to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Burgoyne's surrender at Schuylerville, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1877, is accepted. Thanks. Truly yours, S. B. PACKARD.

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA, Governor's office, Richmond, Sept. 5, 1877. William L. Stone, Esq., Dear Sir: Your letter inviting me to attend the celebration of the 17th proximo, at Schuylerville, New York, is received as a highly appreciated honor; and I regret that my other engagements forbid me the privilege of uniting with you on an occasion so interesting. Yours very respectfully, JAMES L. KEMPER.

MAINE, Executive Department, Augusta, Aug. 28, 1877. Mr. William L. Stone, Dear Sir: I beg you will receive my sincere acknowledgments of your courtesy in inviting me to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender at Saratoga, on the seventeenth day of October next, and my regrets that I cannot be present on that interesting occasion. Yours very respectfully. SELDEN CONNOR,
Governor of Maine.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Oct. 10, 1877. William L. Stone, Esq., My Dear Sir: I duly received your very courteous invitation to attend the Centennial celebration of Burgoyne's surrender at Schuylerville on the 17th instant, and I have hoped to avail myself of that plasure, but at this late day I find that unavoidable business, official and private, will prevent my attendance, which I much regret. Thanking you for your very kind invitation, I remain, Yours very respectfully, HORACE FAIRBANKS,
Governor of Vermont.

APPENDIX.

ARCHITECT'S STATEMENT.

To the Building Committee of the Saratoga Monument:

GENTLEMEN: The foundation of the mounment is built. It is of concrete, thirty-eight feet square and eight feet thick. One quarter of the granite plinth or base is also built. D. A. Bullard, of the executive committee, has been an efficient auxiliary in soliciting aid, purchase of material and employing of labor, to carry to asuccessful completion the work required preparatory to laying the corner stone. Much of the labor and material has been donated by the inhabitants of the vicinity; the granite corner stone was given by Booth Brothers, of New York, at a cost of $300. It is of Cape Ann granite They also furnished, under contract, the granite used in building the quarter of the plinth; the blue stone was given by Monta, of Sandy Hill. The master mason employed was John Matthews. The detail drawings for the granite were made by William T. Markham in New York, the stone being cut partly in New York, and partly at the quarry, shipped to New York, and then transferred to a canal boat and taken to Schuylerville and set without fitting or cutting. The work has progressed rapidly and without accident; and to-day the corner stone is to be laid by the ancient and honorable Order of Free Masons, the Grand Lodge of the state of New York performing the ceremony.

J. C. MARKHAM, *Architect.*

Schuylerville, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1877.

LIVING DESCENDANTS OF THOSE WHO FOUGHT IN THE BATTLES OF SARATOGA 1777, AS FAR AS ASCERTAINED.

COLLECTED BY SAMUEL WELLS OF SCHUYLERVILLE, N. Y.

NAME.	RESIDENCE.
Layfayette S. Foster,	*Norwich, Conn.,*
Lemuel H. Hardin,	*Louisville, Ky.*
Martin D. Hardin,	" "
Austin A. Yates,	*Schenectady, N. Y.*
John Brisbin,	*St. Paul, Minn.*
Josiah St. John,	*Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Herman St. John,	*Luzerne, N. Y.*
R. D. Palmatier,	*Waterford, N. Y.*
Stephen T. Burt,	*Northumberland, N. Y.*
Killian D. Winney,	" "
Hurland Baker,	*Mechanicsville, N. Y.*
Manton Marble,	*New York City, N. Y.*
John Austin Stevens,	" " "
John A. Bryan,	" " "
J. D. Billings,	" " "
Jeremiah McCreedy,	" " "
Robert Bryan,	*Saratoga Springs, N. Y.*
Stephen S. Dunn,	" " "
Lewis Ostrander,	" " "
James S. Ostrander,	" " "
Frank Walworth,	" " "
Nathan A. Wells,	*Pittsfield, Ill.*
John Dunham,	" "
John H. Dunham,	" "
George McCreedy,	*Cohoes, N. Y.*
Henry McCreedy,	" "
William A. Dunn,	*Stillwater, N. Y.*
Judson Ostrander,	" "
David Brisbin,	*Fort Edward, N. Y.*
Charles Neilson,	*Ketchum's Corners, N. Y.*
E. R. Mann,	*Ballston, Spa.*
George Dunn,	" "

Samuel Wells,	*Schuylerville, N. Y.*	
Oliver Brisbin,	"	"
George Strover,	"	"
James H. Dillingham,	"	"
Samuel St. John,	"	"
Gorden Van Valkenburgh,	"	"
Charles Van Valkenburgh,	"	"
David Crane,	"	"
William H. McCreedy,	"	"
Peter G. Gillett,	"	"
Marcus Carey,	"	"
Alanson Welch,	"	"
Lorenzo D. Welch,	"	"
Nathan Welch,	"	"
Dudley Welch,	"	"
P. Curtis,	"	"
C. Curtis,	"	"
George McCreedy,	"	"
William McCreedy,	"	"
John McCreedy,	"	"
Samuel McCreedy,	"	"
V. W. Ostrander,	"	"
W. S. Ostrander,	"	"
Cornelius B. Winne,	"	"
Valorus Winne,	"	"
S. H. Winne,	"	"
Douw F. Winne,	"	"
Seward Winne,	"	"

ROSTER OF THOSE OF THE GOVERNOR'S FOOT GUARD OF HARTFORD, CONN., WHO WERE PRESENT AT THE BURGOYNE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

Wm. H. Talcott,	*Major Commandant.*
A. H. Wiley,	*Capt. and 1st Lieut.*
W. E. Eaton,	*2d Lieut.*
R. D. Burdick,	*3d Lieut.*
S. E. Hascall,	*4th Lieut.*

Sergeants.

1*st* John D. Tucker.
2*d* James C. Pratt.
3*d* C. C. Strong.
4*th* T. J. Lewis.
5*th* L. N. Hillman.
7*th* T. C. Naedele.
8*th* Thomas Hewitt.

Corporals.

C. B. Lenourd.
W. W. Bronson.
Samuel Allen.
W. D. Main.
E. M. Quigley.
J. A. Downing.
J. Robt. Dwyer.

Privates.

John H. Allen.
W. S. Andrews.
Samuel J. Bidwell.
Frank C. Burr.
J. M. Boyle.
Robert Boyce.
P. T. Bolton.
E. T. Bowers.
W. G. Cowles.
J. P. Collord.
D. D. Donovan.
R. J. Dwyer.
W. S. Dwyer.
H. E. Easterly.
A. H. Embler.
Thos. Fox.
Chas. U. Frazier.
A. W. Gleason.
T. H Goodrich.
C. E. Gilbert.
J. J. Goodacre.
C. G. Goodell.
Jas. Hull.
J. P. Haff, Jr.
John H. Hale.
L. A. Hitchcock.
Frank Halloner, Jr.
Thos. H. Hewitt.
Augustus Loomis.
Horace G. Lord.
Thos. Moran.
J. H. Mannix.
R. D. McMannus.
G. A. J. Naedele.
F. D. Newell.
Jas. Officer.
Thos. Oakes.
John Propson.
Edwin Smith.
E. D. Sessions.
Jacob Stern.
Frank Stone.
William B. Wells.
Alfred Williams.
Geo. H. Williams.
H. O. Whitney.
Frank G. Wells.

VETERAN CORPS.

George B. Fisher, *Captain.*

Wm. B. Ely, *ex major.*
J. C. Parsons, *ex major.*
A. M. Gordon.
J. B. Russell, Jr.
Geo. W. Newton.
A. M. Hurlburt.
D. C. Pond.
E. W. Parsons.
J. M. Grant.
F. E. Bliss.
N. G. Hinckley.
Cyrenus Green.
M. R. West, *Judge Advocate.*
H. J. Case.
P. S. Riley.
F. H. Boyle.
T. H. Laughton, *Hartford Times.*
F. C. Clark.
Edward Wadsworth.
Geo. W. Woolley.
William P. Woolley.
H. C. Havens.
J. D. Burnham.
A. B. Work.
C. C. Goodman.
T. W. Russell.
John Olmsted.

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE MEMOIR.

NAME.	RESIDENCE.
GEORGE L. SCHUYLER,	*New York City.*
PHILIP SCHUYLER,	" " "
MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER,	" " "
J. WATTS DEPEYSTER,	" " "
B. W. THROCKMORTON,	" " "
JOHN H. STARIN,	" " "
CHARLES O'CONNOR,	" " "
BOOTH BROTHERS,	" " "
JAMES GRANT WILSON,	" " "
WEBSTER WAGNER,	" " "
PARKER HANDY,	" " "
JOHN BIGELOW,	" " "
ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN,	" " "
MANTON MARBLE,	" " "
J. J. COUCH,	" " "
EDWARD F. DELANCEY,	" " "
DAVID M. STONE,	" " "
C. C. CHURCH,	" " "

J. C. MARKHAM, - - - *New York City.*
HENRY KIDDLE, - - - " " "
JOHN G. MCNARY, - - " " "
SAMUEL OSGOOD, - - - " " "
S. S. COX; - - - - - " " "
ETHAN ALLEN, - - - " " "
FRANK BURDGE, - - - " " "
J. D. BILLINGS, - - - " " "
THOMAS WILLIAMS, - - " " "
HORATIO SEYMOUR, - - *Utica, N. Y.*
WILLIAM J. BACON, - - " "
JOHN F. SEYMOUR, - - - " "
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, - *West New Brighton, N. Y.*
LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER, - - *Norwich, Conn.*
MRS. MARY S. MILLER, - *Rhinebeck, N. Y.*
A. AUSTIN YATES, - - - *Schenectady, N. Y.*
CO. I, GOVERNOR'S FOOT GUARD, *Hartford, Conn.*
GILES B. SLOCUM, - - *Trenton, Mich.*
STEPHEN D. KIRK, - - - *Charleston, S. C.*
ROBERT S. HALE, - - *Elizabethtown, N. Y.*
ASA C. TEFFT, - - - *Fort Miller, N. Y.*
JOSEPH E. KING, - - - *Fort Edward, N. Y.*
B. C. BUTLER, - - - - *Luzerne, N. Y.*
WILLIAM H. CLEMENT, - *Morrow, Ohio.*
GRATZ VAN RENSSELAER, - *Ithaca, N. Y.*
S. G. ARNOLD, - - - *Providence, R. I.*
J. R. BARTLETT, - - - " "
L. B. PACKARD, - - - *New Orleans, La.*
O. H. MARSHALL, - - - *Buffalo, N. Y.*
JAMES B. MCKEAN, - - *Salt Lake, Utah.*
JOHN WOODBRIDGE, - - - *New Brunswick, N. J.*
JOHN HAY, - - - - - *Cleveland, Ohio.*
THOMAS W. OLCOTT, - - *Albany, N. Y.*
HENRY A. HOMES, - - - " "
JOEL MUNSELL, - - - " "
GEORGE W. SCHUYLER, - - " "
RUFUS W. CLARK, - - " "

H. L. GLADDING, - - - - *Albany, N. Y.*
LEMON THOMSON, - - " "
ABRAHAM LANSING, - - - " "
JOHN S. PERRY, - - - " "
CHARLES S. LESTER, - - *Saratoga Springs, N. Y.*
E. F. BULLARD, - - - " " "
JAMES M. MARVIN, - - - " " "
WINSOR B. FRENCH, - - " " "
JOSEPH G. COOKE, - - - " " "
PHILIP MENJES, - - - " " "
W. H. HALL, - - - - " " "
H. W. MERRILL, - - - " " "
MISS WAYLAND, - - - " " "
MRS. ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH, " " "
MRS. C. H. BROWN, - - " " "
O. L. BARBOUR, - - - " " "
P. C. FORD, - - - - *Schuylerville, N. Y.*
A. WELCH, - - - - - " "
G. F. WATSON, - - - " "
C. W. MAYHEW, - - - " "
MRS. JANE M. MARSHALL, - " "
CHARLES M. BLISS, - - - *Bennington, Vt.*
F. H. SANDS, - - - " "
I. W. RICHARDS, - - - *White Creek, N. Y.*
GEORGE WEST, - - - *Ballston Spa, N. Y.*
GEORGE G. SCOTT, - - - " " "
APOLLO COMMANDERY, - - *Troy, N. Y.*
FRANCIS W. STONE, - - - *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
CHARLES D. STONE, - - " "
WILLIAM H. STONE, - - - " "
R. S. STORRS, - - - - - " "
COL. CLARENCE S. BATE, - - *Louisville, Ky.*

ERRATA.

Page 5. 8th line from bottom, for *shoading*, read *shooting*.
" 13. 4th line from top, for *Vonzo*, read *Alanson*.
" 13. 7th line from top, for *Terry*, read *Ferry*.
" 16. 4th line from top, for *Hassett*, read *Fassett*.
" 16. 7th line from top, for Gates's *Centennial's*, read Gates's *Continentals*.
" 23. Note, 2d line from bottom, for *Mann*, read *Marvin*.
" 23. Last line of text for *sure*, read *serve*.
" 25. 3d line from bottom for Clarence S. Bate, read *Col.* Clarence S. Bate.

INDEX.